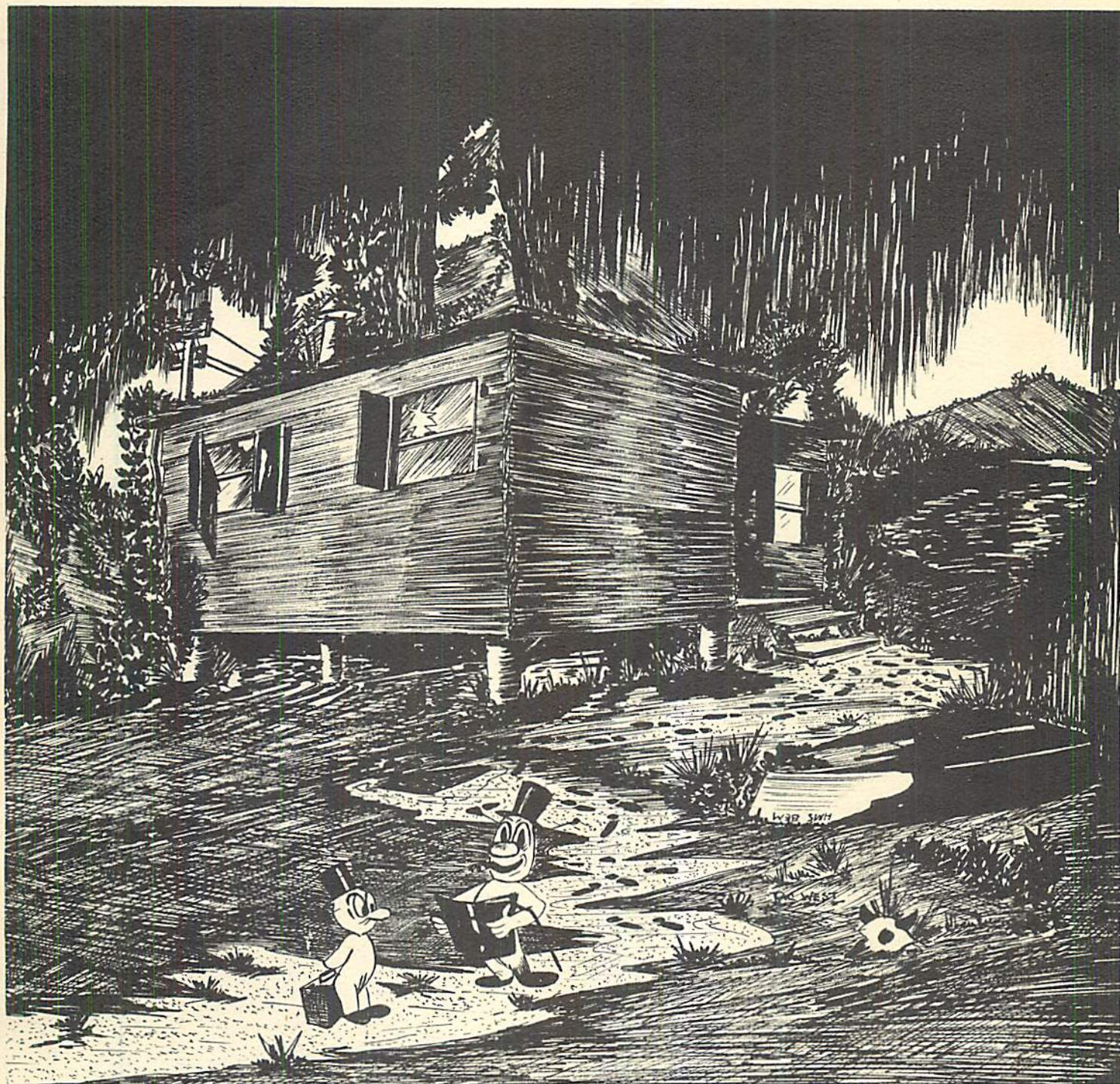


cry of the

september 1958
number 119

NAMELESS



*"Why of course, Smedley, for a fannish good time.....
IT'S DETROIT IN '59"*

Yes, here is C*R*Y O*F T*H*E N*A*M*E*L*E*S*S # 1 1 9 , September '58.

CRY is published implacably each and every month by Wally Weber. It is edited mostly by Burnett R Toskey, M.A. It struggles under the handicap of a contents-and-editorial page by F M Busby. The monotony is varied by stencils cut on the Bodoni-typeface portable Olivetti by Elinor Busby, who also feeds the FenDen Gang on these occasions. Quite often (as today), publishing is aided by Otto Pfeifer, who is seldom fooled by Toskey's request to "bring me page 10, so I can run off page 11" or etc.

CRY sells for \$2 per year and short-term subs can be had for the impecunious, at 5 issues for \$1, or single copies for 25¢ each. Contributions (including letters used in Cry of the Readers) and trades will get you free issues, if you address them correctly to Box 92, 920 3rd Ave, Seattle 4, Washington. Unused contributions will get you a Fabulous CRY Rejection Slip, if you enclose return postage in the proper amount. Complaints will get you nowhere.

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C O N T E N T S

COVER by Ric West (lettering Multigraphed by Toskey) - - - - - Up Front

"The Dark Confusion of Wm. Deeck", by Wm Deeck and Boyd Raeburn, being mostly reprints instigated and titled by the latter in preference to continuing the "he said's, you said's" in the lettercol - - - - -page 8

"A Joy Forever", a fanhistorical episode by John Berry - - - - - 17

"The Three BEMs", a story (reprinted from DESTINY) by Wally Weber - - - - -20

"Well Now...", an enlightening poem by Joe Lee Sanders - - - - - 26

and our more-or-less Regular Departments...

"Digging the Fanzines", reviews by Boyd Raeburn and both the Pembertons this time, Anolia having been somewhat snowed-under of late - - - - - 4

"The Science-Fiction Field Plowed Under", by Ronfrow Pemberton - - - - - 10

"Amazing Stories in Review" (Part XX, 1945), by Burnett R Toskey, M A - - -22

"Mminutes of Nameless Mmeetings", by Wally Weber- - - - - 24

"CRY of the Readers", where T*O*S*K*E*Y is the Master - - - - -27

ART CREDITS: Adams 28 30 34, Adkins 19 36, ATom 31, 38, Barnes 21 29, Bryer 27, Cameron 32 35, Donahue 23, Moran 37, Reiss 26, Sanders 32 33 36, A Domini 19 58.

= = = = =

Publication date of CRY #120 will be Sunday, September 28th. Write NOW.

= = = = =

I note that Toskey is giving the Nameless Ones a larger-than-usual dollop of free egoboo, in laying out his cover-logo on the Multigraph. Don't worry, all you would-be CRY-taker-overs out there - you haven't been scooped - it's all in the interests of free publicity for the club's upcoming Convention bids, like:

= = SEATTLE for the '59 WesterCon, and the P*U*C*O*N in '61 ! ! ! = = = = =

Tomorrow, Elinor and I are leaving for South Gate. We are going by rail, because trains stay on the ground and have Club Cars, besides requiring no knowledge of local traffic ordinances. Shortly afterward, Wally is setting out to drive down with a load of Nameless Ones in the trunk of his Chevrolet. Boyd Raeburn left here for Frisco last Friday (he likes airplanes) after a visit here which we thoroughly enjoyed, even though he wouldn't trap into a one-shot, at all. That's about the only Clayfoot item we have on Boyd, except that he takes coffee with cream and sugar, which disclosure is hardly apt to Shock Fandom to the Core.

Hope to see as many as possible of you loyal readers at the Con. All of you be sure to act real faannish, now, so we'll have some good material for Reports. So OK, we'll see you in the bar. You bring the Perfect Solvent, and we'll all dissolve the WSFS, Inc. --FMB.

DIGGING THE FANZINES

BOYD RAE BURN &
REN FREW & AMELIA PEMBERTON

VOID #13. Greg Benford, 10521 Allegheny Dr., Dallas 29, Texas.

VOID, in the last issue or so, has shown itself to have become one of the Better Fanzines, and this issue maintains the same high quality, in spite of an unfortunate slimness. Particularly missed is any word by the editor himself in that capacity, although he makes up for it in a parody on Peter Graham's "Clayfeet Country," entitled "Clayfeet Country Revisited." Not since Howard Lyons parodied Ellison's "The Ivory Tower" in "The Ivory Tooth" have I seen such a fine hatchet job on fannish breast-beating.

Harry Warner writes on the law of libel, exploding a few fallacies, and giving helpful advice to the faneditor and writer. This is followed by an interlineation which in itself makes the zine worth getting.

Carter Little reviews fanzines in a slashing manner which shows that either his opinions differ greatly from those of many other reviewers, or that other reviewers have grown kind and hypocritical.

Kent Moomaw writes a report on the Southwestercon, which confirms my prior opinion that the whole thing would be one big bore. He also reveals that this convention too was the victim of publicity seeking on the part of the chairmen. I cannot understand this mad passion convention chairmen have for getting their names in newspapers, no matter how ridiculous they are made to appear in the process. The issue is finished by a short but interesting and literate letter column. BR

WUDGET #1. Andrew Joel Reiss. 741 Westminster Road, Brooklyn 30, New York.

This consists of six pages of messy typing and messy scrawls, the latter most inaccurately labelled "art". It is free, but isn't worth getting. Reiss, judged by his writings, is a silly little boy. His childish burblings, which display a complete lack of thought, should have very limited appeal. BR

A Thing From Jim Hitt, 2432 Hillglenn Rd., Dallas 28, Texas.

This is Volume 1, #1, but no title is given. This Thing is even worse than the usual Dallas publications (while VOID is published in Dallas, it is not usually considered a Dallas publication, in that the Benfords are in that area temporarily and are not of the Dallas mainstream). The main item appears to be a rambling and incoherent history of the Dallas Futurian Society. Its dullness is occasionally relieved by such intriguing lines as "We began making new members right and left." The editors have much fun jeering at the spelling of Richard Koogle, but, while their own spelling is atrocious, it seldom shows the imagination of some of Koogle's efforts, e.g. "pronophicfe" for "pornography". BR

Twig #10. Guy Terwilleger, 1412 Albright St., Boise, Idaho. 15¢, 6/80¢, 12/\$1.50.

The meat of this zine is an article by Dean Grennell, answering the complaints of fan like John Koning and "Norman Sanfield Harris" whose maunderings are presented therewith. The subject is "BNF vs. NEO", and Grennell says: "If a neophan (ugh!) sticks with it and works hard and publishes a magazine of his own and corresponds widely and ever more widely... eventually he will find out with fearsome clarity why it was that some of the people he wrote to in the beginning didn't always answer."

Other items are a fannish story by Gary Deindorfer with a pretty good punchline, an article by Rich Brown and unfortunately almost completely illegible fanzine reviews by Dan Adkins. (Twig has just got a new ditto, and was having problems with the fluid). AP

RUMBLE #16. John Magnus, Jr., 6 S. Franklinton Rd., Baltimore 23, Md.

A little larger than the usual RUMBLE, this is 8 pp, five of which are Midwest-con report -- interesting. There's also letters -- from Len Moffatt, Kent Moomaw, and Richard Ellington. AP

FANTASY ASPECTS #1. August 1958. Alan J. Lewis, Box 37, East Aurora, New York. 15¢, 8/\$1.00.

23 pp., neatly mimeod reprint zine. All herein is quite serious, instructive and like that. Material by Ashleys, Lowndes, Moskowitz, divers Williamsons, Ley, & Arthur J. Burks. Burks & Lowndes were fairly interesting, but the zine as a whole seems rather a drag. AP

SPECTRE #3. Summer, 1958. Bill Meyers, 4301 Shawnee Circle, Chattanooga 11, Tenn. Trade, letter of consent, 15¢, 2/25¢.

This is the best SPECK to date, by a considerable margin. Contains pleasantly rambling editorial, G&S parody by Bruce Pelz -- cute, record & fanzine reviews by George W. Fields whose writing I do not enjoy, a fanstory by Marion Zimmer Bradley who does this sort of thing very well indeed, 6 pp. of concise book reviews by Pemby (one of which is so concise that he doesn't even mention the name of the book), an enjoyable article by Harry Warner, and a 13pp lettercol. Bill got a great many very good letters from divers people -- Dave Jenrette, Marion Bradley, Walt Willis, etc. Highly recommended. AP

THETA #2. Jack Harness, 547 South Harvard Blvd., Los Angeles 5, Calif.

This is an 8 pp letterzine, and is Harness at his best. He tells about meeting Terry Carr & Ron Ellick, & going out with them to see Ed Cox & Lee Jacobs. Sample: "They talk about how, on the West Coast, fandom is not so strongly a way of life as it is on the East Coast, but merely something to indulge in during off moments not taken up by work or school or women or jazz or many other things... They tell me at vast lengths their indifference to it all. ... And they tell me of their prowess of being Publishing Giants, and of how they took ten solid days out from college, during Midterm Exams, to do the Incomplete Burbee." The last five pp. of the zine is about Flash Gordon. I couldn't care less about Flash Gordon, but I found the writeup about him fairly interesting, so a Flash Gordon fan would likely be entranced. AP

FIJAGH #1. Dick Ellington, P.O. Box 104, Cooper Station, New York 3, N.Y. For OMPA.

This is a 33 pp. zine, partly mimeod, partly multilithed, all well duplicated. The first 23 pp. contain some interesting editorializing, a very good article about skiffle (a reprint), a poem by R/A Kirs which I certainly can't evaluate. Then there's "The Making of a Science Fiction Movie" by Pat Scott which is very cute, a Berry tale, and an article purporting to describe NY fandom thru Russian eyes -- good but tantalizingly innercircle. The last 10 pp. is "What Socialist America Will Look Like." I didn't read it, as I hope this is something I'll never find out. Besides, it's just a reprint. I'd rather hear what Ellington himself has to say. AP

Rec'd last week (thanks, Ted!): STELLAR #14, GAFIA #9, GAFIA #10, STELLAR #15, 16, 17, 18. Ted. E. White, 1014 N. Tuckahoe St., Falls Church, Va.

STELLAR #14 is old. It has some good material, some poor material (Geis' sulks), and some I've read before. But the general impression is that the zine is oooold. Lettercol deals largely with White-DeVore feud, now long since made up. 'Tis a handsome 23 pp. zine. The other items listed above are Ted's little newssheet, which changed its name from GAFIA to STELLAR in midstream. Items particularly enjoyed: Ted's Midwestcon Report in GAFIA #9, and Walt Willis' "Mike Hammer at the Clevention", STELLAR #18. The Willis tale is very funny & rather sweet.

All in all, I like Ted's li'l zines very much. Wish he'd mail them out more regularly! AP

SCIENCE-FICTION TIMES #297-297a. P.O. Box 184, Flushing 52, New York. 10¢, 20/52.

The combined 2nd-July and 1st-Aug. issue consists of one folded sheet, or 4 pages. SFT is within a holler of catching up with schedule, but should really drop the "forecasts" of prozine-contents until it does catch up; it's less than thrilling to read a list of titles when you've read (and in my case, reviewed) the stories listed.

Complaint has been proven futile, but I still hate that (cont'd, cont'd, cont'd) format. Why now a news magazine, boys, and be readable about it?

Forrest J. Ackerman presents obituaries for R. DeWitt Miller, Albert S. de Pina, and Francis Towner Laney, doing very well at the first two. However, there was nothing sweet about the idiocy of assigning the Laney obit to Ackerman; it was only to be expected that the man would be unable to restrain himself from firing a LASFS-feud broadside over his adversary's grave. Some of 4sf's Laney-inflicted wounds are doubtless still festering -- that was one rough brannigan in spots -- and I don't condemn him for not being one who can drop a grudge, as the inability is a painful affliction rather than a deliberate vice. In fact, I'll bet that Ackerman felt that he was being more than fair, and I'm sure he exercised superhuman self-restraint. But the editors of S-F Times did him no favor by printing his unsuccessful attempt at a proper obit for his old foe.

In fact, the editors of S-F Times didn't do much for themselves by this bit of poor taste, either, in my book. Somebody should have used some sense.

I hope Burbee's comment appears where I get the chance to see it. rp

FANDOM'S BURDEN'S LAST RIDE. Nick & Noreen Falasca, 5612 Warwick Dr., Parma 29, Ohio.

The 3rd and (it says) final discussion of the WSFS, Inc., from this tempest-stirring source, FBLR summarizes the past, present, and probable future flaws in the incorporated society as it stands, correcting an error in a previous FB and now and then lapsing into an exasperated cussword or two. As the outcome of these discussions, the suggestion is made that the WSFS, Inc. be dissolved, and that if "corporate protection" is desired, each convention committee incorporate for the duration of the financial business of the convention. (Interestingly enough, our spies report that the Nameless Ones of Seattle are incorporating all on their own, as a means of coping with tax problems connected with fund-raising activities pointed toward various major and minor convention bids. The legal end will be handled by John Bristol Speer, currently running for the Washington state legislature from the 47th district, so I imagine the club will come out all shipshape and able to take care of itself).

I have appreciated the insights into the WSFS hassles, as given in the FB series. I think the Falascas have accomplished their purpose, if it was to give their readers enough background to rouse interest in the mess, and enough facts to form some sort of valid opinions. Nice going. rp

IMPOSSIBLE #2. Colin Cameron, 2561 Ridgeview Drive, San Diego 5, Calif. No price, comments wanted.

Better go back to IMPROBABLE, Colin. Burnett R. Toskey was using IMPOSSIBLE seven-eight years ago, and while I doubt he'll jump you about it (as Rich Brown was tagged for unknowingly usurping CALIFAN), I'm sure you'll want to do the fannish thing.

Here are four pages, well-mimeo'd except for part of page one on ours, devoted to frustrating our local Nameless Ones' bid for the '59 Westercon by trying to grab it for Sandy Ego (sic). Also film-reviews, which seem to be as inevitable as staples, off-the-beanie "profiles" of SD fen, and some hoked-up one-line "comments" on the first issue. And lots of enthusiasm, at least. rp

SUPER-FANTASI #1. Sture Sedolin & Roar Ringdahl, Sweden & Norway respectively; American agent Jesse Leaf, 4510 Church Ave., Brooklyn 3, N.Y. 10/\$1.

36 pp here, and aside from the covers and contents, all but 9 pages of our copy are in the inscrutable Scandinavian. Our copy, to make it worse, is missing 2 of the 3 pages of John Berry's article on English fans he has known. These deals bug me -- why don't they don't they send just the English pages to us ignorant monolinguals, and save postage? RP

FLAFAN #2. Sylvia Dees, Box 6738, Rawlings Hall, U. of Fla., Gainesville, Fla. Whew! That's as bad as Rapp's address, nearly. Anyhow, there are 16 well-dittoed sheets of paper (actually about 28 pages, when blanksides are discounted) for 15¢, contributions, trades, and successful letterhacks.

Larry Stark has another downbeat piece of fanfiction using real names, mostly. Lots of Drama and Significance, but on rereading, there's the sour taste of Clayfeet. Guess that was the intended effect, but I'm not in the mood for it this evening.

What I am in the mood for is stuff like John Berry's hilarious "Gastrocomical", which gets funnier every time I read it, Bob Tucker's "Bad Luck Chain Letter," Harry Warner's "The Matter of the Fact" ("...the difference between plagiarism and research... : you copy from one book for the former activity, and use two books for the latter."), the shortshort editorial, and a right lively lettercol. And I'm still impressed by the original approaches to ditto as a medium. RP

PROFANITY #3. Bruce Pelz, currently at 4010 Leona St., Tampa 9, Fla. Same terms as for FLAFAN except Bruce gives 2/25¢, also. Mimeocover and 22 dittoed pages, with better luck on the school's spirit-duper than last time.

Right behind the contents-page comes a medium sort of lettercol, followed by S*I*X P*A*G*E*S of Buck Coulson's fmz-reviews (dammit, Amelia should be doing this part: how can I be impartial after all that nice egoboo from Buck?); I'm particularly glad to see Larry Stone's PAUCITY get a well-deserved plug, Sanderson a needed tranquillizer (like a hit on the head), and the thorough coverage.

"Doddments" are back in the enjoyable swing of The Only True Dodd of a couple of years ago, after some rather soggy stuff in recent months (well, maybe it was just that Dodd was reviewing moon-pitches, and maybe I could care less, but not much). This time it's mostly about a for-real water-level-reporting robot, and a fmz-review hoax that Dodd was too tender-hearted to use, after all.

Humm -- Dainis Bisenieks' "Ecological Niche" is slight, but at least a good solid coverage for fanfiction. The Editor (ol' Pelz, remember?) has a G&S parody for the Solacon; fun. Al Andrews s-h-r-e-d-s the Steve Allan paback anthology "14 for Tonight". The "Re-Authored Books" (stuff like "The Black Cloud" -- Otto Pfeifer) and "The Society of Gimlet-Eyed Snobs vs The Movies" continue as departments here and there throughout the issue, which I enjoyed. RP

Rec'd today: DETENTION #3, Geo. H. Young, 11630 Washburn St., Detroit 4, Mich. DETROIT NEWSLETTER #1, Howard DeVore, 4705 Weddel St., Dearborn, Mich., THE SWINGING BOLE #6, Ma. C. Rickhardt, 467 Central Park West, New York 25, N. Y.

George gives the tentative time schedule & route of the Travelcon to the Solacon. Howard says that the "MSFS meeting reported by ^{in a recent city} Bill (you know, Leinster!) Jenkins of Philly" was "rather factual". Bill has news of his trips to New York, and more details about the death of Laney.

The DETENTION is particularly interesting for its two pages of fan photos, taken over the past eight years. AP

In the letter column of CKY #118 Wm. Deeck wrote:

"I did leave fandom about the time of Raeburn's 'blast' -- which was, in substance, a combination of personal attack and quotes out of context; and that, along with Mr. Raeburn's absolute horror of 'Big Words', made for an exceedingly humorous, but singularly unedifying, article that may have titillated A Bas readers, but certainly wouldn't bother the person attacked -- but I left for personal reasons that shall be nameless."

Boyd Raeburn says "I did not attack Deeck personally. Far from quoting him out of context (with the phrase's implication of distorted meaning) I quoted him in full. In no way did I express any horror (absolute or otherwise) of 'big words'. Either Deeck's memory is faulty, or he is deliberately lying.

The following is quoted in its entirety from A BAS #9:

It would seem that in some respects the convention was rather a fiasco, but as far as I (you know, selfish cynical I) am concerned it was a great success. I spent much time with many old friends, and some new ones, and had myself a ball.

But such apparently was not the case with Wm. Deeck. Wm. Deeck is not what one would term a well known fan. His activities in fandom appear to be confined to dull, rambling articles which appear occasionally in the lesser fanzines, the editors of which are either desperate for material, or else have a strange predilection for Wm.'s prolix prose.

Wm. wrote a letter to George Spencer, and George printed an extract from it in his editorial in OUTRE #3.

Wm. said: "'Cliquish' is quite an understatement when applied to cons. I was not dismayed by it, but I, with the ever-discerning eye, noticed many who were estranged by that puerile manifestation of esoterica. Or if the many young ones who wandered around the packed rooms -- and over-flowing bar -- were not estranged, they were certainly disillusioned. The famed extroversion of the fans was not evident. Some day some courageous fan, bereft of his senses or tired of fandom, will attend a con in its entirety, and then will proceed to publish a very erudite dissertation (in God knows what journal) on the puerility of both the psychological and sociological manifestations at the con. It should be a paper worth reading, and it might even dissuade certain of the 'intellectuals' in fandom from attendance of the cons and thus force a revision of policies in regard to 'cliquishness'. But I fear that fans, so progressive in their outlooks, are as so many backwoods Tennesseans exhorting William Jennings Bryan to further efforts when he produced the sterling idea that men were not mammals. The fans want their cherished traditions, as Bryan wanted Genesis, to remain unchanged and unquestioned."

Isn't that something? Doesn't that make the "arguments" and "explanations" of George the puling paranoiac appear as limpid logic? But let us have a close look at what Wm. is trying to say.

"...but I, with the ever-discerning eye..." Say, that's good, you know. Our Wm. shows in three words not only that he can use Classy, almost Poetic phrases, but that he went about, not in a bemused dither, but Noting Things.

"...noticed many who were estranged by that puerile manifestation of esoterica." To what is this phrase meant to refer? Apparently to "cliquish." Why does Wm. consider cliquishness a puerile manifestation of esoterica? He doesn't tell us. Probably at this stage we are expected to be so overwhelmed by his Big Words that we shouldn't expect him to justify his contentions.

"...if the many young ones who wandered about the packed rooms...were not estranged..." I presume this cliquish con that Wm. attended was the New York con. Were you at the New York con? Did you notice some of these young ones who were wandering round the packed rooms? More estrangement is what we need.

"...some courageous fan...will attend a con in its entirety." Oh, do most fans only attend part of a convention?

"...to publish a very erudite dissertation...on the puerility of both the psychological and sociological manifestations at the con." Wm. doesn't quote any examples of what he considers puerile psychological and sociological manifestations. Those words look so pretty all by themselves, it might be awkward to try to back them up with examples.

"...might even dissuade certain of the "intellectuals" in fandom from attendance of the cons..." Presumably these "intellectuals" are too stupid to notice the puerile psychological and sociological manifestations until they are pointed out in the erudite dissertation by the courageous fan.

"...and thus force a revision of policies in regard to 'cliquishness'" What policies in regard to cliquishness? Imagine the happy scene. One day the "intellectual" fan looks up and says to himself, "Oh joy. There has been forced a revision of policies in regard to cliquishness. Now I can go to a con and extrovert happily with Wm. Deeck and loud-mouthed children. Oh frabjous day." Oh balls.

And this is as far as the guided tour of Wm.'s outburst goes. Make what you like of the last two sentences of his letter. To me they are meaningless. I doubt that even Wm. knows what he means by them. But they are impressive, aren't they? Indirect references to the Scopes trial and all that. Gee. .

You know what I think? I think Wm. is peeved. Perhaps nobody rushed up to him at the con and said, "Geegoshwow you're Wm. Deeck geevhiz I mean gosh I mean why don't you come and join this circle of close friends for although you don't know us and we don't know you and we have nothing in common your personality must be fascinating in inverse proportion to your articles and wow I mean you know?"

And at this stage I am sure some kind-hearted and wodly-minded readers will be aghast at the way I'm being so downright mean to poor Wm. Deeck. To these I would point out that I am not attacking Wm. Deeck personally. Wm. appears, by my interpretation of his babblings, to be trying to voice in a superior manner a complaint which is occasionally heard regarding conventions. To this complaint and his manner of presentation I take exception. There seems to be a belief held by some people that the mere fact of their attendance at a convention automatically entitles them to go to any party, to crash any group, no matter how private the gathering may be; and on being denied admission to a private **circle** they are hurt and bitter. A person may go to a convention knowing few if any of the people there, and make many friends and attend many gatherings. But he should not feel hurt if he is rebuffed. The fact that you are at a convention and I am there also gives no reason to assume that we shall automatically delight in each other's company. It is often claimed that fans are friendly. Even if so, there is no basis for considering that this friendliness should be indiscriminate and all-embracing.

On reading over the foregoing, I have a suspicion that somebody may be so obtuse as to completely misinterpret what I said - in view of the weird interpretations of the printed word some fans have aired in the past, it is not inconceivable. If you are of the opinion that I am espousing unfriendliness if not downright hostility as normal convention demeanour, go read MUZZY. You belong there."

(OK, Boyd, there's the recapitulation, as requested. We await further developments with interest-- those of us who did not dash off to read MUZZY, that is.... FMB)

THE SCIENCE-FICTION FIELD PLOWED UNDER

(Renfrew Pemberton, spurs ajingle, mounts again)

F & S F, Sept, arrived a bit too late for last month's brannigan. Part Two (the middle) of Heinlein's "Have Space Suit - Will Travel" finishes off the plot-line as set forth to date. The cliffhanger at the end of this installment leads off a brand-new situation (unless I'm missing a bet for possible tie-in); I hope this upcoming final part does not sag into a mopping-up sequence, or another "Stanley, Sturdy Stalwart of the Stock Exchange" bit, all same like "Citizen of the Galaxy". This resists synopsising, so I won't.

Wm C Boyd's article ("Will Time Wait?") kicks the relativistic time-paradox around as thoughtfully as I've seen it done. Taking into consideration the oft-neglected datum that the Einstein time-paradox is double-ended, Boyd suggests that perhaps The Majority Rules--- that motion may be relative (oops, make that, measured, relative) to the center-of-mass of the Universe as a whole, so that any upstart speeding spaceship is in motion, Einsteinianly speaking, and his home planet mostly at rest. So perhaps Captain Jocelyn's "Hound of Heaven" will indeed go out on six-month trips and return to a 500-year-older Earth. Comforting, isn't it?

There are also some good single stories in this F&SF. "Casey Agonistes", by R. M. McKenna, is about as off-trail as you can get. Set in a VA deathward, this story should, by rights, be as downbeat as Quinn's favorite issue of IF, but it doesn't work out that way, somehow. The raunchy gotohell atmosphere is terrific.

John Collier's "A Word to the Wise" is a justifiable reprint for showing that ESQUIRE was a good zine in 1940. It also shows that inflation is an insidious thing. In 1940, apparently, a 35-inch bust carried prestige. Anyhow, this one is strictly offbase, screwball, and would give ulcers to Gernsback.

"A Demon at Devotions" (Jane Roberts) pits a nun against interstellar invaders. Cute, but not a patch upon such as her "Migma" duo.

"Poet in Residence". Willard Marsh. Old man, new body. Sharpie (once again, always, yet, every damned time with no relief in sight) out-sharped. Dammit, Marsh, if you can't make it original, you could at least make it convincing: no man would drop from tycoon to garbage-scavenging to reclaiming a 90-year-old body without at least a token attempt at one thing you forgot to mention (W*O*R*K).

"Last Call" (or "The Word from Space"--- there's a little confusion between the contents-page and the text, but this sort of thing can happen anywhere), by Wright Morris, double-switches the problem of What To Do When the Saucer Comes. Any time you find more cogent Social Satire in some other eight pages, tell me.

"That Hell-Bound Train": if anyone can make me like a bargain-with-the-devil story, it's Robert Bloch, and here he does it. Let's face it: Bloch is Superb.

AMAZING IS BACK in this column for a quick hauling-over, at least. Lead novels by Jack Vance and Alan Nourse sparked the purchase of the Aug and Sept issues, so you're stuck, too! having read the lead-pieces, I read the whole of both issues. As noted in the quick glance (in #115) at the May issue, I find that there have really been some changes in Amazing since my last look. The Jan-to-March '57 issues were an Abominable Snowjob slanted for the lip-moving reader of the teen-age do Sade set, just the same as when I dropped AS in 1955: the Crud, the Whole Crud, and Nothing But the Crud, with the editor's own pseudonymous offerings deliberately written-down as contemptuously as possible for the class of reader at which the zine was aimed. Well, somewhere along the line, since then, the theme has changed, mercifully. The Amazings of Summer, 1958, have dropped the sordid-sadism pitch and the stupid-phony-sexy routine; they are now slanted for the Newer but Literate Reader. It's quite an improvement; the Field can use New Literate Readers.

(when you're digging Ziff-Davis, you gotta go deep...)

First, let's recognize that Z-D is not an outfit to let tradition stand in the way of Circulation. Anything goes, if it sells. Thus, we have seen the ol' Shaver Mystery, the digest-conversion with the Big Names and the Fancy Artwork, and (when the latter didn't work) the all-out play for the rusty-chain group. These quick-changes make sense when we realize that Z-D has always held its own readers in little regard, for being such a minority: it seems to be a Z-D truism that nearly any change should increase circulation, because we have so few readers that any change should bring more now readers. The "highbrow" pitch of the early digest-sized Amazings didn't pan out because Howard Browne couldn't buy editorial judgment with any budget. The organization then reasoned that sex/sadism was the pitch, because everybody knew that most new fans were adolescents, and the Board of Directors had all seen "The Blackboard Jungle". Unfortunately, there were two unforeseen factors: most of the intended audience read only comic books if at all, and the needs of the rest were better taken care of by the "M*E*N'S" magazines. (Why poop around with "The Golden Ape" in AMAZING, when you can get "I Was Raped By a Paranoid Orang-Utan" in MEN'S CLIMAX ((25¢))?) So eventually somebody wised up; the result can be seen in the Aug & Sept Amazings. Like this:

Currently, AS is featuring stories for the thinking and literate neofan. This is a New Departure, and it's one I like. Vance's "Parapsycho" (Aug) carries some terrific ideas, but is stereotyped as a story, mostly. Nourse's "Gold in the Sky" plots-out old as the hills, with tags around the Heroes and Villians so's you don't miss them, and big-corporation greed raising hell with asteroid mining. The short stories follow the same pattern-- the plots are old, but the treatment is literate. In other words, if any one of us had read one of these stories as our first exposure to the given plot, we would be thrilled, quite possibly.

I am all in go-favor of this latest slant from Z-D: good renditions of the older plots, for newer readers, is as sensible a pitch as I've seen for a long, long time. I hope it pays off, so that it will continue. Incidentally, I read all through both these issues; there are some fairly stupid plots, but none as insulting as the bare-faced crap that was running in AS two years ago. At least, these are slanted for the intelligent neo. You might enjoy some of them; I did.

SATELLITE, Oct: Lead novel is "The Man With Absolute Motion" (Noel Loomis), an unacknowledged sequel to a TWS piece entitled "The Bryd" or at least mostly concerned with that li'l deus-ex-machina, who tends to kill an otherwise-good space-opera by sitting there with all the answers right on call, so that we know it's that way. I hunch that this tale was half-completed for the late lamented Standard Mags, and resurrected with insufficient rewrite for this zine. There is something about a li'l critter who can do anything, that tends to louse up the suspense on a story with just people in it. Too bad, as this is otherwise a perfectly OK "Look out! Here they come!" super-galaxative epic. Toujours gai.

Elsewhere in SATELLITE, SaMoskowitz extolls Burroughs to good effect, and we have two shorts: Arthur Sellings' "Pentagram" is the anti-Utopian side of the Home-Gestalt picture as framed in Sturgeon's classic "More Than Human" (to no particular effect except that you can't win if you're working for an author who's an Orwell buff). "The Body and the Brain" (Thos Calvert McClary) is strictly cold-time stf from the Golden Age, with an Evil Scientist and a Good Scientist and a mostly-passive narrator who does all the work but has no say in the editorial policy. Hmmm, maybe this is an allegory on the origin of the CRY???

The word is that SATELLITE will take a fling at monthly publication, and then if circulation doesn't improve, the zine will fold. WRONG MOVE, friend publishers: the trouble has been the finding of a good 60,000-word piece on a bi-monthly sked. Up it to monthly, and you're only killing your editor that much faster. Oh, well, let's have The Faan's Prayer: that someday there will be a publisher who knows his anus from a posthole with regard to science-fiction and circulation. Amen.

FUTURE, Oct: Robert/Randall's "A Little Intelligence", leading, is a straight detective story with interstellar aliens as suspects and a nun as detective. Well, there are plot-gimmicks requiring the s-f background, at that. Self-consistent.

"Fueling Stop" (Cal Knox) doesn't say much-- furry little alien packrats off with the ship's portable computer (which does all the automatic controlling and also handles freehand translation) in return for fuel-ores. Spaceman is left wondering about the li'l alien: is he is, or is he ain't, as primitive as he is supposed to be? (Maybe if Amelia would get off the phone I could think of a more definitive comment in place of this shallow synopsisizing.) (Ah, that's better.)

Pombertonian chortles accompanied the reading of Dr Asimov's "It's All How You Look At It" (sung to "The Flowers That Bloom in the Spring").

"The Variable Constant", by Russ Winterbotham, takes nearly 50 pages to come to the conclusion that repression, near-genocide, and selective breeding can never make human beings predictable and controllable. Trouble was, likely, that the Conquering Aliens never bothered to read Vance Packard....

Editor Bob Lowndes comments on the s-f of 1928; I enjoy these capsule summaries of the earlier vintages.

In "The Last Paradox", Edward D Hoch takes a somewhat different view of the possibilities of time-travel, to a semi-mystical conclusion, effectively!

Dick Wilson's "Boy" is a post-atomic vignette, rather ingeniously sparked by a bit of semi-ambiguous grammar in a public document of ours.

====Sidelight: Back in "CRY of the Readers" (if Toskey doesn't goof) is a letter from editor RAWL, concerning my comments on de Camp's "Tower of Zanid" (which I found excessively thin for a four-part serial, in the "Hand of Zoi" tradition)!. Now, I have read RAWL's letter and am forced to admit that he is correct in saying that the "picaresque novel", or even the straight adventure-novel, is not required to meet some of the standards which "Tower of Zanid" was chewed for not meeting. Yet I'm still unsatisfied with "TofZ" even though I have liked similar stories, so I'm forced to re-examine my complaint, define terms, and all. So.

"Tower of Zanid" is altogether too thinly-plotted to hold interest and to pay off convincingly for the trouble of reading it as a 4-part serial. It, and "Hand of Zoi" are simply unsuited for serialization under the restrictions current in today's sfzines. I doubt that "Green Odyssey", "Big Planet", "Planet of the Damned", or a number of other stories that I've enjoyed reading in one joyous burst, would hold up any better under the (4-part) circumstances. And I doubt that RAWL himself would have so enjoyed "Zanid" under the conditions experienced by the reader (no fair saying I should save up and read it all at once, either).

OK, we all realize that the editing business has its own Imperatives; RAWL had good and sufficient reasons for printing "Zanid" in 4 parts. But for me, it was not enough Story for this mode of presentation. In fact, I don't believe I have ever read any of de Camp's work that would stand up to much serializing, tho I've highly enjoyed nearly all of ol' Sprague's one-piece items, long or short.====

IF, Oct, is an Experimental Issue: other/^{wise-}unrelated stories have been assembled in future "chronological order" as a sort of loose Future History. To be really effective, such an attempt would need to be composed of stories carefully screened for compatibility, lack of mutual contradiction, etc. So let's just consider the stories individually (after noting that leading-off with four downbeat tales in a row seems to have been unwise-- when this zine came up for review, I discovered that somehow I had never happened to finish reading it, before now).

But let us go on to the next page before considering these stories, and get a good run at them.....

IF (for Oct) begins with "The Pure Observers", by B J Rogers, a short depressing bit which deals with the We Are WATCHED theme, and which has one poor Watcher all fouled up by identification with Stupid Ol' Us. Oh, peep!

Chandler's "Albatross", as you might gather from the title, parallels "The Ancient Mariner" for a few stanzas, and would probably be considerably more effective in less monotonous surroundings. Damon Knight is listed as the editor for this issue, but I find it impossible to believe that dk would load off a zine with so much unrelieved Joe Btfsplk (two more coming next, kids).

"Man Alone" (Don Berry) is a very well-worked item on the theme of "Man, you'll lose your mind, out there in all that S*P*A*C*E". Very believable, and the ending fumbles for no other reason than: what else can they do?

Boyd Ellanby's "A Toothache on Zenob" is on the idea of "They Died Because They Were Stupid Superstitious Idiots". I believe it, but I don't like it.

"Shandy", by Ron Goulart, breaks the morbid kick (and you'll never know what a comfort that is). Here's a shape-changer on a new planet, played for more than the usual horrible-horrible.

Then there's the "Fishdollar Affair", by R M McKenna: this is choice, with a heroic-dreaming space ensign tangling into the problems of an all-female secession movement (on a small scale and for good and sufficient reasons). Ensign Welnicki is a veritable Studs Lonigan for incorrigible day-dreaming on scant grounds, and the developments all go very well. Now if this one could somehow have been used to break up the Nelson Algren mood of the first half of this zine.....

Cordwainer Smith's fourth published story has been titled (rather ineptly, to my taste) "The Burning of the Brain"; also on the dragside are the chapter headings. This author's violent originality of concept has become proverbial; in "Brain" it is reinforced by some character-dwelling but weakened (to me) by an unworthy end-gimmick. That's not quite a fair statement, either, come right down to it-- the piece is terrific in its own too-rare way.

"Brink of Creation", by Dean McLaughlin, is all-out for Scope: what do we do when the Galaxy runs out of planets for us? The first story I've seen based on the Fred Hoyle theories, this one suffers by being insufficiently so based. That is, with Hoyle's "Frontiers of Astronomy" inescapably brought to mind by the plot-problem, the focussing of that problem onto a Question that is obvious by the Hoyle cosmology, and the solution by a trivial or even anomalous Answer, is a big letdown (by Hoyle, the Problem doesn't exist!).

Quinn had better remove the cushion from the editorial chair-- here we have dk reviews which draw only the ooze of capillary blood, rather than the spurt of slashed arteries (perhaps the carnivora do not thrive in captivity).

FANTASTIC UNIVERSE, Oct: Lee Chaytor's "Operation Disaster" is another of the world-went-boom, fixit-with-time-travel, epics, in the tradition of Jack Williamson's "Hindsight" and "Backlash" (aSF, latter story in Aug '41 and a lot more to it than Chaytor has done, 17 years later). Naturally, the plot backfires.

"Let the Dream Die" (Stanley Mullen) is an Overthrow Piece with a kicker too inconsequential in context for effectiveness, but logical enough if you do not worry about how things got that way. Anti-Utopia #5,271,009, at least, and the buildup is all out of proportion to the windup.

Dol Rey's "Survival in Space" article stresses the point that the US cannot afford to horse around twiddling for Perfection while the Russians take space by brute force (an effective method). He discusses various factors in both manned and unmanned exploration, and so far as I can see, he is fairly accurate (except for saying that human beings don't come less than 30 inches high; what about that 19-inch pygmy mother who showed up in the Sunday Supplements, 3 weeks ago??).

(more on FU, which is hard reviewing, with all these short items....)

"Symposium of the Gorgon" is by Clark Ashton Smith, but is by no means one of his extended orgies of description (per "City of the Singing Flame" and etc). Here's a short lively bit of fantasy with a shot of wry.

"Shadow of the Sword" (Wynne N Whiteford): 35 pages of Cold War in Space, solution by way of discovering abandoned alien interstellar ship-- all wrapped up nice, and then given the baggago-smasher treatment with a trick ending. Sigh.

ALL these shorts! Like Clyde Hostetter's "Search for Life", which takes 1½ pages to see how close the writer can come to the end of his space before you see his "punchline", which is that he's talking about robots rather than people. And not one damn thing else is there, to this story.

Then there's Wm F Nolan's "Lap of the Primitive" which is mostly in the Evelyn E Smith tradition of slapstick with a light backdrop of sex. It's sort of fun.

And "Companion" (John Ashton), in which still another race comes here and finds the Last Earthman (in suspended animation, this time, and left there) to survive our traditional atomic race suicide. It's better than I'm letting on.

The editor's "Universe in Books" dep't is pleasant reading, and there's no point in describing the CSI piece: if you go for this UFO kick you'll read it, and if you don't, you won't. It's on the bland side, this go-round.

ASTOUNDING, Sept: PoulA's conclusion of "We Have Fed Our Sea" does not measure up to Part-One hopes in some respects, and exceeds them in others. On the levels of the Personal Ordeal, the Big Picture, and Expanding Scope, the tale is eminently satisfying to read (besides being quite powerful in spots). But somehow, there's the feeling that there should have been either an intermediate installment which has somehow been mislaid, or else an additional one. Certainly, I hope this one is c-xp-an-de-d for the paperback presentation; the feeling is that there is more that should be said here.

Novelots: "Foghead", Chris Anvil, relates another Mission (Desperate) to Win the Interstellar War. I don't know how long it's been since the HUMANS lost an I.S.War in ASF, but in this one there is not even a Point of Decision: we win it when we're getting so close to the end of the story that we have to get to doing something, and for no other reason that I can see. The obstacles are ingenious.

Ol' "Vega" Schmitz is back, and not too far off his best 1949-51 form, at that. James H has "Harvest Time", and except for an absurd exaggeration of the "skip-the-vital-action-and-then-recap-it" method, he is strictly with it again.

Oops, on the Anvil piece, forgot to mention that the appending of an extra ending on the "but actually, their troubles were only beginning" theme has been damn well run into the ground in Astounding; it's getting monotonous.

Gordon Dickson's "The Quarry" is one of those pitiless things about Present-Day Man at bay in a future beyond his understanding, with relentless ending.

"Interview" (Daniel Luzon Morris): well, let's just say that here's an encapsulated continuation of Vance's recent "The Miracle Workers", ideawise. Or you could read the blurb, a quick review in itself.

Avis Pabel's "Agreement", added to the Morris item, argue that Campbell is nourishing an unheralded revival of UNKNOWN under ASF covers. So OK by me; this is a choice little piece.

Alastair Cameron's article "The Evolution of the Stars" appears to be mostly digested extracts from Hoyle's books, and none too easy to read. I'm not sure if I'd've been able to follow this too well if I hadn't previously read the original.

Sky Miller's "The Reference Library" seldom gets its deserved praise: GoodWork!

GALAXY, Oct: All you Galaxy-haters shuffle on out for a quick reefer-break, because this one I mostly like. To start with, there's the beginning of Robert Schockley's first looong story: "Time Killer". I have no idea as to where this one is going, but it has certainly started on an interesting path: artificial reincarnation, paid-up afterlife-insurance, and the hero in a truly vanVogtian mess. I suppose this one could blah out, but it doesn't start out thataway.

"Paramount Ulj", by Avram Davidson, is fascinating up until the ending, which is on the order of early, or smart-aleck, Shockley. Much promise, mostly wasted.

Willy Ley covers lots of interesting subjects. If I could summarize it in the available space, there wouldn't be much to his article, would there?

Fred Pohl's "The Wizards of Pung's Corners" is wholly delightful but fully as improbable. Pung's Corners rebels against the encroachment of postwar advertising (oh, you know which War), and it's a good thing somebody did.

"Lisbon Cubed", by William Tenn, is a terrific piece of hell-for-leather man-in-a-concrete-mixer plotting, up until ol' Wm ran out of steam and grafted on the ending from one of his famous earlier successes. Fie, William; why the hell did you have to louse up such a good thing in one last paragraph? (And the wiseguy who writes in to admonish that the author doesn't see this complaint, can better use his stamps to forward this zine, so that he does see it.)

Bob Bloch's UNKNOWN-type little gem of Inevitability is a li'l bit hampered by sharing covers with two other stories of the same flavor. This one is choice; so were the Davidson and the Tenn, by themselves. In fact, it wasn't until I got into the actual reviewing (onstencil) that the cumulative effect backfired. Yeh, this zine was good reading, but the lack of balance shows up on the recap.

INFINITY, Oct: Loading is Cal Knox' novel(et) "The Silent Invaders", in which the dedicated Alien Agent succumbs not (as usual) to lovable ol' Earth as such, but to a couple of other factors so read it and find out.

Bert Chandler's "Words and Music" is a quietly ironical treatment of the Earth Slob's relationships with the Sensitive Natives, and that for him.

"Between the Dark and the Daylight" (David C Hodgkins): I like even the title on this one. Colonists on alien planet deliberately mutate successive generations toward the goal of being able to live unshielded on the verschtunken planet. The dictatorial leader of the ninth or tenth generation-group gives everybody a bad time; the windup is terrific. Somebody must have goofed the prologue to set up such a situation as this, but given it--- hoo boy!

Thomas E Purdom, in "The Man Who Wouldn't Sign Up", takes the Conformism Story (enjoyably) to the individual level, and doesn't muff it, either.

John Silletto's "Fairylend Planet" is a well-done item concerned with the problems of an artificial microcosm; the author solves them, interestingly, in the microcosm, but his intended extrapolation to the human race is tenuous.

Ol' Agberg is really shaping up as a book-reviewer. His earlier nonfiction was on the stiff side, but no more. It just took a little practice, was all.

Algis Budrys' "Infiltration" builds a really unique idea of the origin and situation of the human race, then piddles it away on a completely ambiguous ending. I wish I could figure out just what this writ/er was pointing for, in intimating that his protagonist wins by getting himself killed.

Getting toward the bottom of the page, so I may's well gas on and mention that Infinity now claims monthly publication (and I hope this proves to be the correct evaluation). The zine, after a sag, is definitely improving.

= = = = =
 = "the CRY is slowly but steadily losing ground." -- G M Carr (in SAPS and FAPA) =

F & S F, Oct: First reading of a final-installment is not qualification for a definitive appraisal of a serialized-novel, except for obvious weaknesses. In Heinlein's "Have Spacesuit - Will Travel", no such easy aids are forthcoming. Although this one is doubtless scheduled to hardcover for "juvenile", the only tip-off is lack of "mature" sex values. Like, nobody gets laid; if somebody did, and it influenced the plot, that would be "mature". If it didn't influence the plot, that would be strictly for reader appeal. So we have that straight, now. Anyhow, this particular Heinlein job strikes me as worthy all the way around; it reads well, holds interest, and carries considerable emotional identification.

(Incidentally, the zine's changed cover-format will probably elicit comment all over the place. Granted that the change breaks familiarity-patterns, and that I prefer more picture and less Big Fat Print, I wonder if a given logo makes very much difference over the long haul? This one smacks the eyeballs, surely.)

Yipo! Wm Tenn's "Eastward Ho!" bites deeply, with post-atomic Americans on the downgrade before the resurgence of the Sioux and the Seminoles, who were here first, after all. Kicker is flawlessly, inhumanly logical.

Arthur C Clarke articles about personality-recording via cybernetics, and all etc, not mentioning that immortality on a tape-spool somehow unappeals.

Chas G Finney's "The Black Retriever" is well-written "fumble-fantasy", the older type in which any supernatural element is left ambiguous at the end. Phoo.

"The Terribly Wild Flowers" brings Gerald Kersh face-to-face with science-fiction, again. It's a good match, but Kersh is an easy winner, as usual.

FredBrown's "Unfortunately" is a one-page pun whose title is apt. Boucher's reviews are stimulating, and Poul Anderson's poem rings with the clang of shields and such, muffled by the ravages of relentless chemistry.

Wilbur Daniel Steele's "The Bogey Man" is pleasantly semi-pointless after the fashion of the New Yorker and the above-mentioned Mr Finney. Golf, yet.

"The Night of Lies" (demon knight) is a tableau rather than a story. Well, the editor said it (but differently) before I did. We both liked it, somewhat.

Alfred Bester (no loss) has "The Men Who Murdered Mohammed", and here is one brand-new idea on time-travel into the past and its paradoxical effects. Bester, in my index, is usually filed under "Terrific", and although this story doesn't shoot the blue sparks from all my joints, let's just downgrade the classification to the lower-case "terrific". This man has it.

F&SF is changing somewhat, under the change of editors, but as yet I see no p-a-t-t-e-r-n of change. Let's stick around and watch it for awhile: Boucher was doing a good job, and Mills is doing a somewhat-dissimilar good job. So far, it's a little different, but not enough so's we can tell where the difference lies.

Well, that does it for this time. I wonder what the CRY staff will do with the rest of this stencil. Tsk. --- Renfrew Pemberton.

Aug 24: This morning's headlines announced the launching of Explorer V, but radio reports say the beast didn't orbit, after all. This gives us 4 successful satellites out of 8 tries, I believe; successes are one Vanguard out of 3 shots, and Explorers I, III, & IV. What with our sloppy newspaper coverage, I'm not sure how many of these are still up, but Exp III is the only one I've seen reported down. Sputnik III (and its final-stage carrier) are still up, and everyone but me seems to have seen the carrier go overhead; we have no way of knowing how many trials were necessary for the 3 Russian successes, of course.

If I'm boring you, just think how lucky you are that the Army came up with this filler item today, and spared you the Holocaust illo planned for here...RP

A JOY FOREVER

John Berry

I staggered into the office - my mundane one, not to be confused with the mythical GDA office - and tried to remove three square inches of fresh tar off my trouser leg. I had just spent an hour hanging like a bat from a drainpipe three stories up, trying to find a finger imprint on a roof which a young detective investigating a shop-breaking, swore was there at 6 am that morning. I had proved to him in a practical fashion, at the expense of my trousers, that the sun had melted the tar and also his fingerprints.

Yes. I must confess that the sun was hot. Nothing like it had been for at least a year. The day was unique - the 28th June, 1958 - and it is still referred to in a whisper as 'The Day The Sun Shone In Belfast For The First Time in 1958'.

I remember it for a totally different reason.....

I staggered into the office - my mundane - oh, you know all about that....

"Phone call for you whilst you were out," I was told, "foreign voices - said they'd be round at your house this afternoon."

And so the great day had arrived at last. Sol had obviously heard about it too. For the reference to foreign voices meant that Joy and Vince Clarke and H.P. (Sandy) Sanderson had set foot in Belfast, and had intimated their intention of visiting 'MON DEBRIS', the Berry residence at 31 Campbell Park Avenue.

I raced home on my motor-assisted pedal cycle. I three caution to the wind and pedalled in time with the engine. The short three mile journey only took me 37 minutes (and that includes the time the engine fell off and I had to re-tie it on with my bootlace. Hell. If it's got to be fixed - it can be fixed, that's my motto.)

I rushed up the path and into the living room.

"Joy, Vince and Sandy are coming soon, Diane," I shouted to my wife.

She was visibly shaken.

"And the front garden is in such a mess," she explained in horror.

"The dustman took the old pram away," I said indignantly, "and lawns are being grown long this year. All I need to do it to re-adjust the fence."

I nipped into the front garden. Right enough, my wife had a point. The garden did look somewhat surrealistic. To add to the general effect, a small child of about three years old was irrevocably enmeshed in the broken wire-netting fence. Ghod knows how long it had been there. I should worry. It wasn't my child....was it???.....No!

The drastic decision had to be made. BNF's from the London Circle didn't cross my muddy threshold every day. With a reckless sigh, I remounted my machine and cycled to the local shopping center. I found it difficult to obtain a length of wire netting measuring 7 feet 8½ inches. The shop-keeper obviously hadn't an eye for big business. "Heck," I said, "you'll never miss it off those 60 foot lengths." But to condense this report to within the scheduled 35,000 words, I'll miss out all the exacting details of how I trudged from house to house looking for a householder who wanted 52 feet 3½ inches of wire-netting. I eventually found one, and after the shop-keeper had calmed down sufficiently to manipulate his wire cutters without any lethal possibilities, I balanced my share of the wire-netting and returned home.

I noticed on my return that the child in the fence had gone, although a strip of green material in its place denoted that his rescue hadn't been a simple affair. I recollected that a woman down the road sometimes wore a green dress. Crikey. I grabbed the old wire, pulled it down, and using a hammer with careless abandon, stapled the new length in place. It looked fine indeed.

"Fence O.K." I told Diane, but she was busy with mops and things.

In my opinion, meeting new fans is always tinged with a feeling of intense wonderment and fascination. Being a relatively unique specimen of homo sapiens, we fan are individualists, with our own particular ideas about things. To come into contact, however infrequent

it may be, with others of a like ilk is the nicest thing that can happen to a lonely fan. It is like a rusted and neglected duper getting a thorough overhaul by its parent firm (that reminds me) soothing...exciting...rejuvenating....and necessary!!!

And so, on this momentous afternoon, when I heard the front door being kicked (our bell push doesn't work) I was filled with this sense of wonder.

Diane opened the door and ushered the visitors in.

Typical fans, I thought, as I saw them for the first time. No doubt about it. Joy radiated happiness and charm. She seemed so happy as she gripped my hand and ripped the skin off my knuckles. Strong, too.

Vince sported a long beard. He was dressed in a shabby waterproof coat and a shabby trilby trilby. I hope he doesn't hear about this, but he corresponded to my impression of a commie agent in the '30's about to plant a bomb somewhere. This, of course, was a first impression of his physical appearance. I discovered afterwards, as you shall hear, that he is really a likeable chap, polite, intelligent, and shrewd.

H.P. Sanderson was somewhat of a shock to me. Since the Joan Carr hoax, I've always tended to think of him as a female impersonator. But no, Sandy (and don't let Schultheis hear about this) was immaculate. His slick appearance on this afternoon was so polished and neat that I immediately started to fuss and looked searchingly for my tie, and itched to comb my hair. I reverently wished I'd shaved that morning.

Sandy was also very polite.

After they had tried to fit themselves into the unique atmosphere of 'MON DEBRIS', I took them into my den. Unfortunately, as you've read in a previous CRY, not my old den, that hallowed room upstairs which all the BNF's had visited. No. My stuff at the time of the Clarkes' visit was dumped in a corner of the unfurnished front room.

The three expressed delight at my fannish items I had collected, and professed a desire to examine my Gestetner.

Proudly I removed the metal cover, and revealed the sleek machine that reproduced such fine print in my fanzines.

Vince whistled, his mouth sagged open and his eyes grew open with awe and envy.

Joy and H.P. also bent forward to try their hand at the polished movement of the crank. I did so too, rather proudly, if you know what I mean, then 'ping...ping' two of my trouser buttons shot across the room. The ones my braces were buttoned to.

Joy sized up the situation in a glance. Seeing me standing there, embarrassed, with a bewildered expression on my face, and a fist full of trouser waistband in each hand, she directed me to the living room, and threading a needle with accomplished finesse, and before the condescending gaze of Vince and H.P., re-sewed the buttons on.

I feel my prestige went up a point. I mean, it isn't everyone can say that Joy Clarke sewed trouser buttons on for them within five minutes of meeting her. Perhaps it was my electric personality...on the other hand, maybe she felt a pang of pity when she saw my humiliating stance. Possibly it was self-preservation. She did a good job anyway. A good job.

After tea, we puffed cigarettes, and chatted amicably. The visitors' conversational techniques were as far apart as they could possibly be. Sandy was thorough...so thorough. If he was asked to explain something, he took a deep breath, mentally marshalled his reserves - and gave a concise, lucid and accurate resume of the subject matter. No after-thought, no mistakes...just the facts.

Joy was pleasant and effervescing. She conversed naturally and intelligently, without apparent thought. She talked about anything and everything, and was never lost for a suitable word - one of my faults. Diane was particularly thrilled with Joy's endless repartee, and later expressed her delight at being able to converse with someone intelligent for a change.

At the other extreme was Vince. He thought a great deal before making an oral commitment. His diction was faultless, and his comments were shrewd and witty.

As you can imagine, I wallowed in this long sought-after mental exhilaration. It was delightful to throw a verbal aside to them, and hear them tear it apart, make clever word play, and be pleasant and companionable at the same time.

Just after 9 pm they departed. The previous night they'd travelled on the boat from Liverpool to Belfast, and they were understandably tired.

I walked a little way with them, to guide them through the complicated Campbell Park Avenue maze. I was a little hurt that Sandy didn't seem to want to utilize the map I'd drawn and sent them, and which he'd used to find my house that very afternoon. He broke out in a sweat, and said, really, they were very tired, and they did want to get to their lodgings as soon as possible. "In fact," he added, backing away, "we did experience just a leetle difficulty finding your house this afternoon. You missed out a road, you know."

I stopped at the junction of the Upper Newtonards Road and said 'Goodnight' to them.

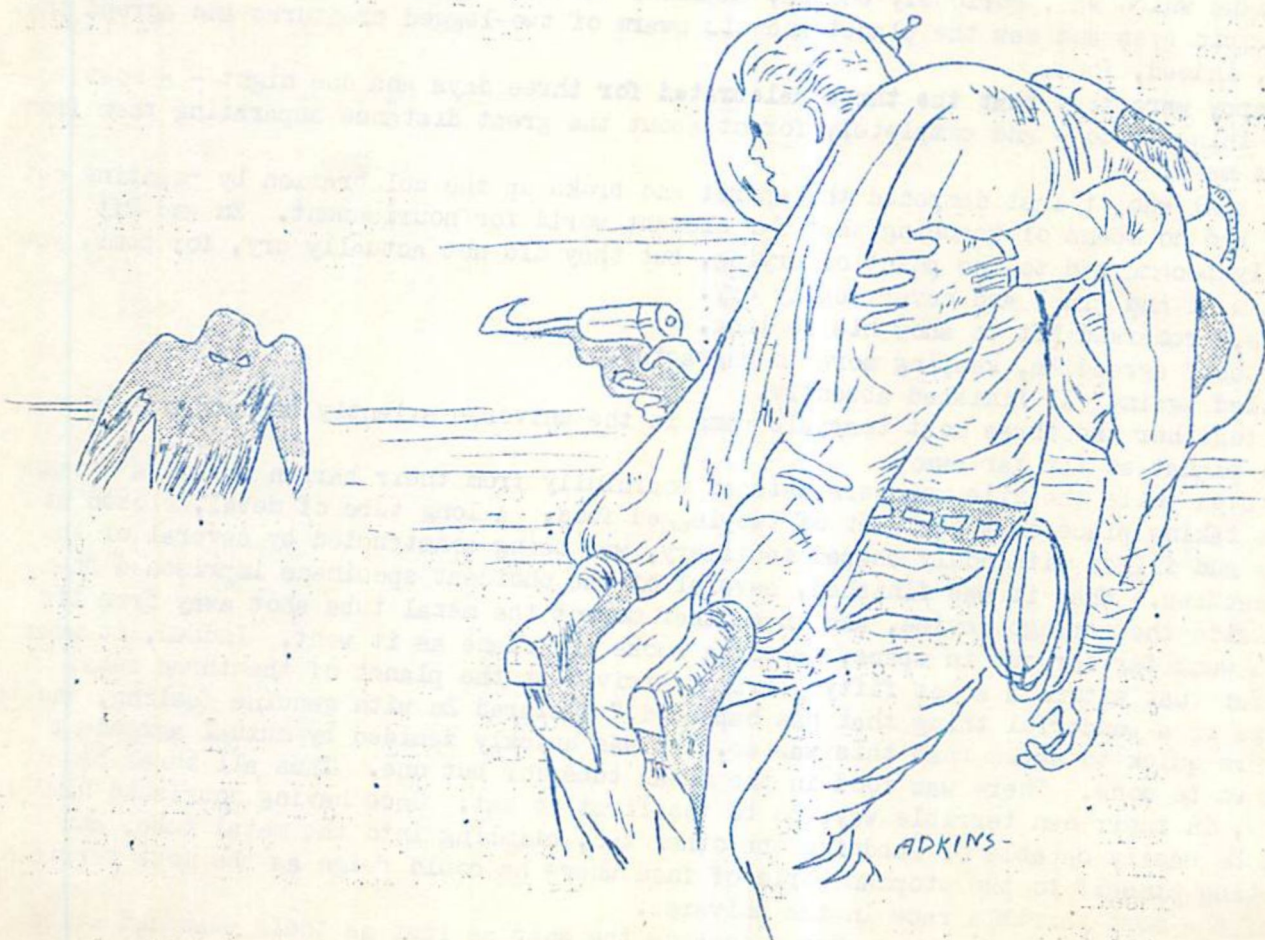
I stood and watched as they retreated downhill to their lodgings.

Y'know, this fandom is something extra special. I suppose it's partly because of the extensive interchange of letters and fanzines. Although our paths had never crossed before, I was as friendly with Joy and Vince and H.P. on that first meeting as if I'd known them intimately for years. That I attribute to the fact that I'd read all about them over the years, and they'd read about me.

And these visiting fans are so important too, aren't they???

I mean, I wouldn't have fixed that fence for anyone else!

(end)



THE THREE BEMS (page 20)

by WALLY WEBER

Once upon a planet, far far from our own Solar System, there lived three races of bems. They were vicious bems, and, as bems often will, took great pride in their cruelty and general low characters. Each race declared itself the worst, the meanest, the most selfish race of monsters in the universe. To prove their claims, each race engaged itself in battle with the other two races, determined to wipe them out completely.

For thousands of years the three races battled, killing and eating one another as quickly and as horribly as strength, imagination, and appetite would permit, until at last there remained but one surviving member of each. The names of these three survivors were Zm, Xl, and Pft, and each of them were the cruellest, the most vicious, and most utterly disgusting specimens of their respective races. But even so, none of them were capable of killing and eating the other two, though they tried again and again with every bit of energy and craftiness at their command.

Finally there came a day when the battle was called off by Zm, Xl, and Pft. It wasn't that they no longer cared which of their races was the most terrible, but for thousands of years they had lived entirely from the nourishment provided by the bodies of their victims, and now that they were no longer supplied with a steady flow of victims, they were so weakened by hunger that they were unable to carry on the fight.

Then one day, as Zm was feebly scanning the sky with his telescopic bug-eyes, he discovered a world far far away that was just ever so swarming with little two-legged creatures who were busy as could be killing one another. "Food!" shouted Zm with joy, speaking his native tongue which was, curiously enough, English. At once Xl and Pft looked up with their own telescopic eyes and saw the planet and its swarm of two-legged creatures and agreed that there was, indeed, food.

So happy were they that the three celebrated for three days and one night - a most difficult thing to do - and completely forgot about the great distance separating them from their next meal.

It was Xl who at last dampened the spirit and broke up the celebration by pointing out that they had no means of reaching that far distant world for nourishment. Zm and Pft immediately became sad to the point of crying, but they did not actually cry, for bems, you know, are mean and cruel and never really cry.

"Alas," remarked Pft to show his feeling.

"Curses," agreed Zm, keeping more to character.

"Foiled again," Xl finished absently.

And together the three most terrible bems in the universe silently brooded over the wonderful planet so far far away.

But even while the vile monsters watched mournfully from their barren world, a strange event was taking place on the planet of two-legged food. A long tube of metal, closed at both ends and filled with oddly shaped machinery, was being constructed by several of the small creatures. When it was finished, several of the choicest specimens imprisoned themselves inside the strange device, and in another moment the metal tube shot away from its world and went far far out in space, belching smoke and flame as it went. Indeed, it went so very far that within a scant fifty years it arrived at the planet of the three bems.

"This is a wonderful thing that has happened," declared Zm with genuine feeling, and the others were quick to agree that this was so. It was quickly decided by mutual agreement what was to be done. There was food in the metal tube for but one. Thus all three bems would try, in their own terrible way, to be the first to eat. Once having nourished himself he would be easily capable of subduing the other two, climbing into the metal tube, and transporting himself to the utopian world of food where he could reign as the most terrible member of the most terrible race in the universe.

Thus decided, the three bems rushed towards the ship as fast as their weakened limbs

would allow, each eager to be the first to arrive. So intent were they upon their task that none of them took note of the small opening that suddenly appeared in the side of the metal tube. In a moment, however, Zm, Xl, and Pft were suddenly shaken from end to end by such agony as they had never before experienced. With horror they noticed holes appear in their skinny bodies and saw pieces of scaly flesh disintegrate before their very bug-eyes. Even when they fell to the ground and withered pitifully in their death throes, the terrible agony increased and the holes in their bodies grew.

As Zm, Xl, and poor old Pft passed from this plane of existence, they suddenly knew who the most terrible race of monsters in the universe actually were.

And so the end - - -.

(((((reprinted from Destiny, Winter 1950))))))



AMAZING STORIES in review

by Burnett R. Toskey

Part XX: 1945:

Four issues of the magazine appeared during this year, dated March, June, September, and December; the first two had 212 pages, and the last two issues had 180 pages, a size which the magazine kept for many years to follow.

But the above facts are merely statistics. The year 1945 and Amazing Stories will probably always be remembered in the history of science fiction, because it was then and there that the Shaver Mystery, a mythos that captured the imagination of more people than any other science fiction author has ever been able to inspire, began. Ray Palmer, insofar as I have ascertained, played a dual role. By emphasizing the cult-mystery angle, he enlisted subscriptions to his magazine from the crackpot fringe; by careful editing of Shaver's first few stories he inspired Shaver to develop his writing talents into producing excellent science fiction, which, as far as I am concerned, is entirely the product of Shaver's imagination and shall be discussed as such here.

Shaver had a writing style uniquely his own. He has been compared to Burroughs, Merritt, and Lovecraft, but his general style and mood is more closely parallel to Lovecraft than with the other two. But more directly, his style derives from the writings of E.R. Eddison, whom he has mentioned on occasion as his literary idol. Ray Palmer now claims to have written the first several stories in this series, but, while I am certain that his editorial hand was heavy during this period in which Shaver was developing his style, that Palmer could not have written these stories. In Palmer's own stories, his characters, while life-like, lack color, nor was Palmer able to ^{portray} love or beauty realistically; the heroes and heroines of the Shaverian epics of even this first year are grand and colorfully heroic, yet intensely human and deeply emotional.

Almost immediate response to Shaver came in the form of Roger P. Graham, more commonly known as Rog Phillips, whom Palmer lured to Chicago as a result of correspondence about the Shaver Mystery and then quickly developed into a sf writer. Phillips' first story appears in the December issue, a remarkably good first effort.

The cover artwork for 1945 consisted entirely of the work of Robert Gibson Jones, each cover illustrating a Shaver Story.

NOVEL LENGTH STORIES (Both rating equal: A,1.9)

"I Remember Lemuria" by Richard S. Shaver, March. Here is a story of ancient Lemuria and Atlantis told in different context than any other story you are ever to read, unless it is by Shaver --- for it is the beginning of a vast series of stories in pseudo-prehistoric civilization that far outstrips in its complexities the future histories of Heinlein or Asimov. Here also is magnificent space opera in an entirely new style. In this story the people of ancient Earth are unwittingly in deadly danger from a degenerate Elder; a few men (led, of course, by the hero) manage to learn of the danger, escape, and enlist the aid of the immortal Elder Gods to destroy the evil and to aid man to escape from the Sun and, as a result, the "disease" of old age. Shaverian scientific concepts abound.

"Quest of Brail" by Richard S. Shaver, December. Palmer's hand is virtually non-existent in this space epic in which the planet Earth is not so much as referred to or implied. It is the story of the Horde whose degenerated animal-like rulers know only that they must subdue and enslave all potentially dangerous forces, who lack intelligence themselves, but have control over machinery enabling them to enslave women (who are also used for other purposes!) and use their intelligence to sweep throughout the Galaxy. The hero, Prince Brail, works to establish a new civilization which will be safe from the Horde, fighting with brains and science rather than fists (A common failing of Shaver heroes!). There are loads of women in the story, all beautiful, sweetly feminine, intelligent, and willing. Stimulating.

"B" stories (In order of preference)

"Thought Records of Lemuria" by Richard S. Shaver, June. The framework of this loosely constructed story purport to tell of the adventures of Shaver himself and of how he found the caverns and listened to the "thought records", wherein he lived past lives -- the professed origin of the Lemurian epics. Within this framework are two stories from the thought records themselves, one very brief, and the second taking perhaps 10,000 words and relating the

story of an intelligent worm which had grown so huge that he encircled the entire Earth and threatened human life. The hero solves the problem in a unique and unexpected manner. This story was revised and expanded greatly for the recent Shaver issue of Fantastic, but the story of the WormJormungandur is left virtually unchanged.

"Valley of Delirium" by Richard Casey (Leroy Yerxa), March. Stories in which madmen are characters are seldom done well, but this is an exception. Not only are most of the characters screw-loose, but so is the scenery and events. It is a tour-de-force in inconsistency.

"C" stories (in order of publication) (worth reading)

March: "Moon of Double Trouble" by A.R. Steber (Ray Palmer)

"The Lying Lie Detector" by Leroy Yerxa

"Dr. MacDonough's Encephalosemanticommunicator" by Leo A Schmidt (shocker short-short)

June: "Weep no More, My Robot" by Chester S Geier

"Invaders From the Monster World" by Edmond Hamilton

"The Radiant Rock" by Frances M. Deegan

"The Scarlet Swordsmen" by Don Wilcox (almost a "B")

September: "Cave City of Hel" by Richard S. Shaver

"The Voice from Venus" by Don Wilcox

"Cursed Cavern of Ra" by Lee Francis (Leroy Yerxa)

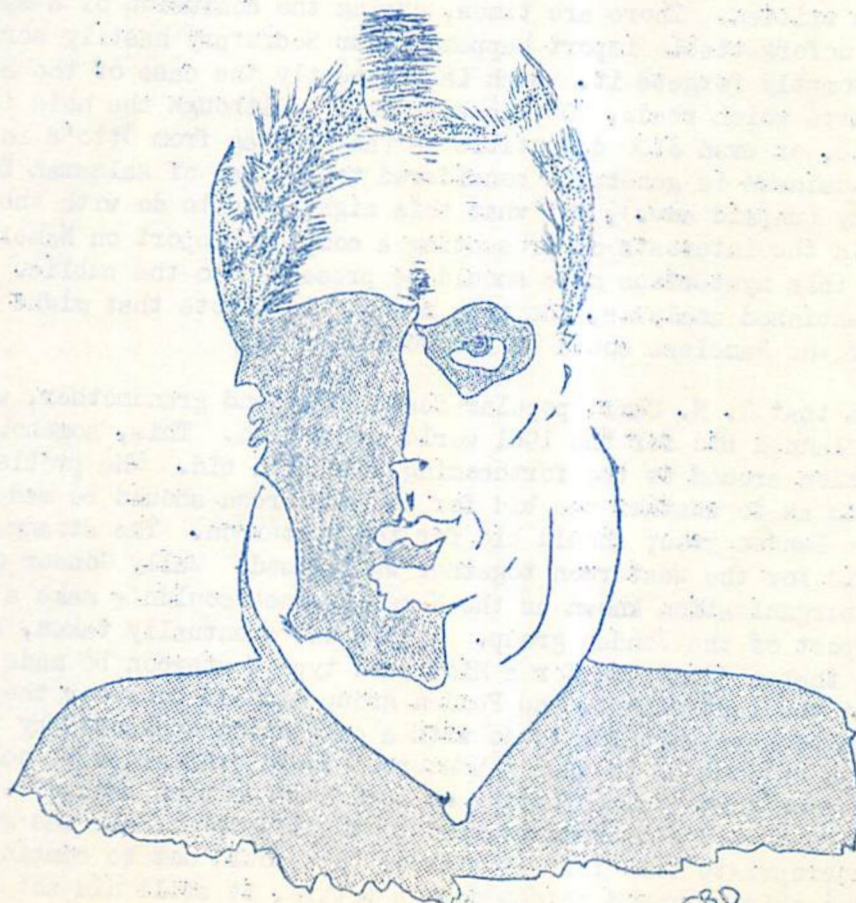
"Mysterious Crater" by Leroy Yerxa

"Two Worlds to Conquer" by Elroy Arno (Leroy Yerxa)

December: "Let Freedom Ring" by Rog Phillips (Roger P. Graham)

The fourteen unmentioned stories are rated "D".

FLASH: According to the Don Day index, the story in Fantastic Adventures reviewed in the last Cry, "The Strange Mission of Arthur Pendran", by John X Pollard, was actually written by Howard Browne. I dunno...the story didn't seem much in Browne's style; either that or he did a hasty job.



580

by

Wally Weber

212th Meeting:

The 212th meeting of the Nameless Ones took place at the residence of Wally Weber, Otto Pfeifer, and other less significant sub-entities. This residence, which is often referred to as "Swamphouse", eventually contained ten members of the Nameless in addition to one or two of the hosts.

The first thing to be taken up at the meeting was a peculiar mechanism commercially known as a "Wheelo". This strange machine consisted of three parts. Part A consisted of a single thin rod tortured into peculiar pretzel-like curves just barely out of the fourth dimension. Part B was a plastic wheel mounted on a metal axel which attached itself in turn to part A by magnetic attraction. Part C was anyone weak-minded enough to attach himself to one end of part A and frantically wave it around in the air with the sole purpose of causing part B to move jerkily about the weird contours of part A.

Dick Nulsen was first to mention anything having any semblance to club business. He suggested having a program at a forthcoming convention which would include a man dressed as Science, a woman dressed as Fiction, and a baby dressed as Science Fiction. His suggestion was given no serious consideration, partially because Mr. Nulsen was rather vague about what a woman would have to wear in order to be dressed as Fiction, and primarily because almost any suggestion made by Mr. Nulsen is certain to involve conflict with the law.

Note by Honorable Secretary: This note concerns a note among the notes from which this report is being written. There are times, during the confusion of a Nameless Meeting, when an incident of unforgettable import happens, your Secretary hastily scribbles it down in his notes, and promptly forgets it. Such is apparently the case of the scrawled but definitely legible note which reads, "Otto's business." Although the note is legible, it is not comprehensible, or even \$100 deductible -- (an old gag from Otto's insurance-selling days). Now Otto's business is generally considered to be that of salesman for the Kee-Lox Manufacturing Company (unpaid adv.), but what this might have to do with the meeting is entirely unknown. In the interests of presenting a complete report on Nameless meetings, it was decided that this mysterious note should be presented to the public. Perhaps in the light of cold, unbiased analysis, the true meaning to a note that might well hold the key to the future of the Nameless could be uncovered. -- WWW/

It was revealed that G. M. Carr, popular Seattle BNF and grandmother, was advertising the Nameless Ones' planned bid for the 1961 world convention. This, somehow, brought the subject of conversation around to the forthcoming Westercon bid. The problem still remained from the last meeting as to whether the bid for the Westercon should be made by the Nameless Ones, or whether the Fenden group should bid for the Westercon. The strange idea that both groups could bid for the Westercon together was raised. Wally Gonser offered the opinion that the disorganization known as the Nameless Ones couldn't make a successful bid without the support of the Fenden group. A vote was eventually taken, and it was unanimously decided that a joint bid for a Midwescon type Westercon be made for the 1959 Westercon. At the last report, the Fenden group did not consider the vote sufficiently unanimous and refuse to have anything to do with a convention sponsored by the Nameless Ones. -- WWW/ Some one was curious as to when a Westercon would ordinarily be held. There was a feeling within the group that a club putting on such a convention should really know. It was finally determined that the weekend nearest to the fourth of July was generally considered to be the appropriate time for a Westercon that would not be combined with a world convention. Although this narrowed things down a little, it still did not solve the problem

of which week-end would be nearest to July 4, 1959, a Wednesday. The members were quite willing to put aside further discussion of the matter until it was discovered whether or not Seattle would actually obtain the Westercon.

Flora Jones reported on a call made to her by G. M. Carr who reported on a letter from Eleanor Rockey who reported on a letter written to her by a woman doctor who was willing to lecture to clubs such as the Nameless Ones on the subject of flying saucers. After much debate on what to do with this unusual opportunity to at last learn the facts about saucers that fly, the members decided to withhold action until the original letter from Eleanor Rockey could be brought to the meeting. Wally Gonser agreed to collect the letter from G. M. Carr and bring it to the next meeting.

More discussion concerning the club picnic resulted in the locating the picnic at Lincoln Park, fixing the "donation" for the lunch at \$1 per person, 50¢ for adults under twelve years of age (not many of these are expected), and a plea for information concerning where to obtain good food at no cost.

Geneva Wyman reported on her long-distance telephone call to Jack Speer (Yes, Colin, The Jack Speer!) concerning incorporation of non-profit organizations. Apparently a \$6 incorporation fee would entitle the club to take in up to \$300 per month without being taxed. This would be a big boost for the club because it has never made \$300 before, and incorporating would certainly be easier than having to work to raise funds. Evidently incorporation would require that the club keep strict accounting of its funds. (I'm afraid these minutes have to be speeded up. Toskey is getting impatient for this stencil.)(WWW) How the club is ever going to account for its \$300 per month income when it has no funds is not yet figured out.

Dick Nulsen insisted on asking, "Why incorporate," but he was ignored. We have no time for such ignorance.

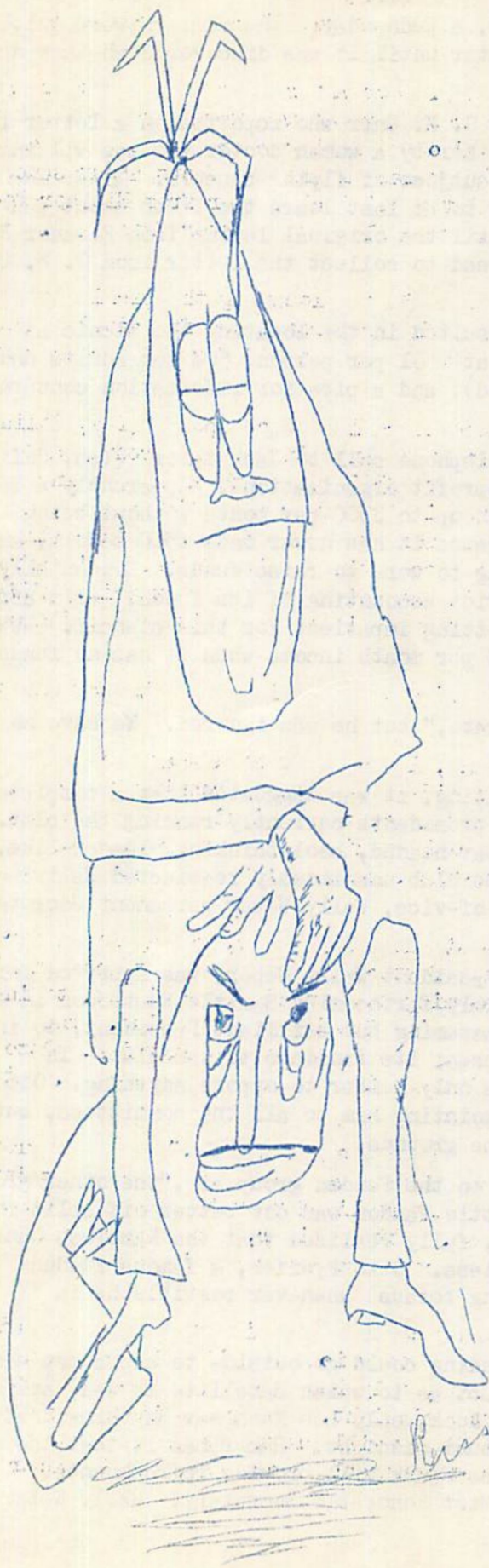
Since the club is in dire danger of incorporating, it was suggested that a complete set of officers be elected instead of the mass of presidents currently running the club. With a certain amount of confusion despite the clear-headed, cool thinking, leader-like, and above all modest leadership of Wally Weber, the club unanimously re-elected Wally Weber president, Wally Gonser President-in-charge-of-vice, Wally Weber permanent Secretary, and Geneva Wyman treasurer.

Immediately a committee, to be appointed by President Wally Weber, was approved for the complex and exacting job of planning the possibly forthcoming Seattle Westercon in 1959. Another committee, also to be appointed by the unassuming but brilliant President, to investigate the incorporation of the club and to present its findings to the club. The obviously backward and uncouth Dick Nulsen was the only member to oppose anything. Otto Pfeifer insisted on getting revenge on Dick by appointing him to all the committees, but the courageously active President refused on coffee grounds.

Geneva Wyman voiced an objection to referring to the Fenden group as "the other group." She seemed to have the ridiculous notion that Seattle Fandom was not better off split into two groups. The cunning President Weber, however, fully realized that the Nameless Ones should keep unorganized riff-raff out of the Nameless. Otto Pfeifer, a famous Fenden personality, was permitted to remain in the meeting because whenever possible he is organized riff-raff.

The meeting was recessed so that those attending could go outside to see a man-made satellite pass overhead. Since there was some doubt as to which satellite it was, and there was no information as to which direction to look, only Lee Noon saw anything that might have been it. The meeting was adjourned around midnight. Rumor has it that the next meeting will be held at the Wymans' where Rose Stark will provide refreshments.

Most Honorable Secretary, Wally Weber



"WELL, NOW..."

When Colin asked me about

"The quiet neogan",

I replied:

Don't worry,

It was all a misunderstanding--

A mistake--

An error--

A typo--

No more.

Adams was in a hurry

When he typed the letter;

Obviously, what he meant to say was:

"The quit neogan".

But this did not satisfy Colin.

"What is a quit neogan?" he asked

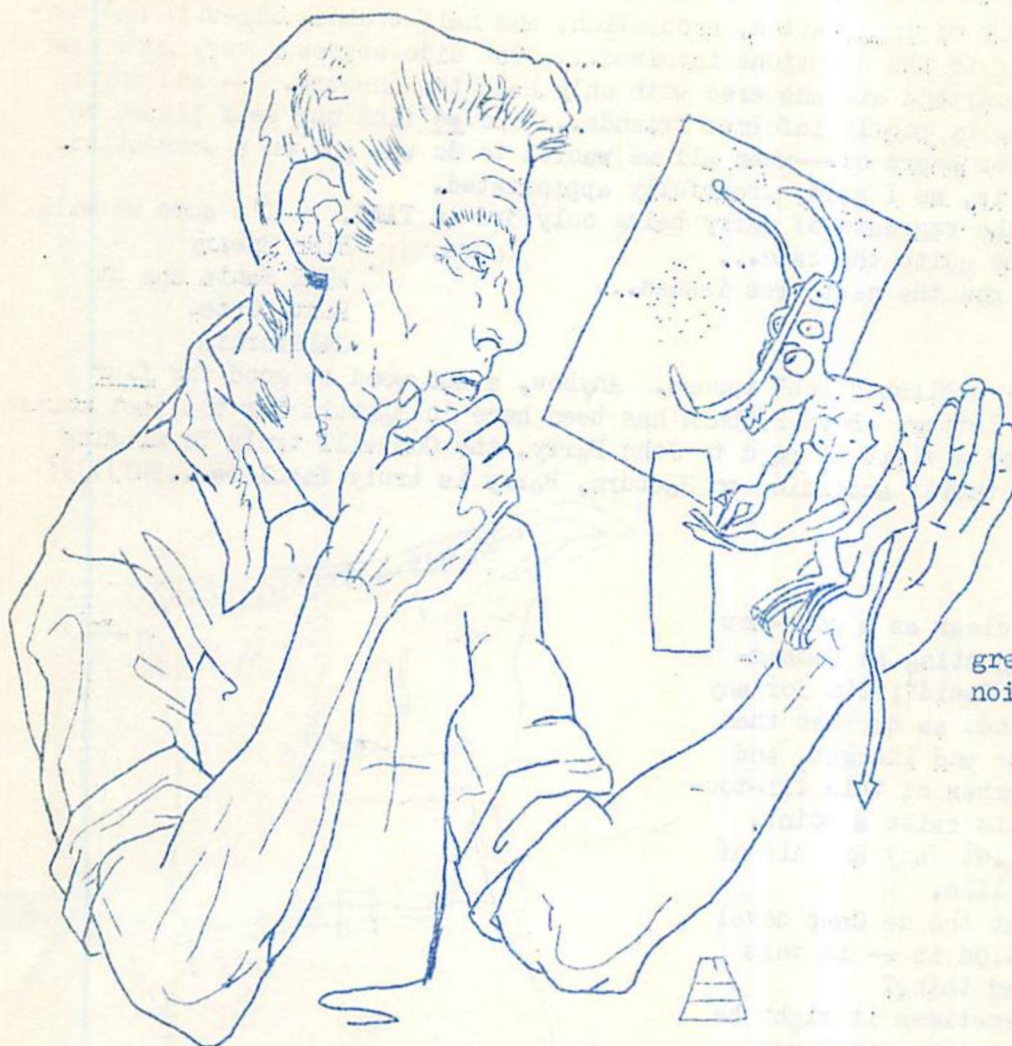
Again and again.

I shrugged my shoulders,

And I walked away.

by

Joe Sanders



CRY
OF
THE
READERS

CONDUCTED
by
Burnett R Toskey
(in
high fidelity *but
greatly impaired by surface
noise.)

BERRY PIE

Dear Seattlites,

Many thanks for the current CRY...as thick and as downright fannish and interesting as ever. It's a complete mystery to me how you manage to maintain this fantastic schedule, and at the same time keep the individual issue so THICK.

Rumour has it that CRY has taken over RET and the G.D.A. Must work on that.

Forgot to mention the CRY foto sheet. Fantastic. Note how the GDAites amongst that talented bevy, Messrs Sanders, Adams, Skeberdis and Pelz, all manage to create an impression of bewilderment. Adams especially has a typical goon posture. Cheers,

John Berry
31 Campbell Pk Ave
Belmont, Belfast,
Northern Ireland

(((((Our trouble is usually that we get too much material and have to slice the letters to ribbons in order to make the zine of manageable size. This issue is shaping up rather thinly so far, but the last batch of mail hasn't been picked up yet.....BRT))))

• SNEARING AT US

Dear Busby's et al,

Time does pass. Here CRY sat awaiting for that free minute, so I could read it --- and what happens, you bring out a new issue.

Read part of Amolia's reviews and it was a joy to blood-shot eyes. It is nice to think that there is some one that doesn't believe we are weak-willed and easily bluffed, or un-Democratically self centered. -We tried to remain clear of problems in NYC, but they maneuvered things so that we had to take an active interest. Then when we tried doing anything, no one liked it. --- It's my opinion there is "right" on both sides. But both/all parties have

fallen into the current habbit of implacation, accusation, and half-truths, ill-will has dev-
eloped out of all proportions to the questions involved... One side states a very good case
with only half the information; and are answered with only half the answers. -- and worst
of it the aiding and abitting by poorly informed friends... So we find our self placed on
the defencave by fans we never heard of---when all we wanted to do was put on a Convention.
--- Your reasonable approach is, as I said, greatly appreciated.

As we also must share the regreates of Berry being only 3rd in TAFF. --I'm sure we will
like Bennett, but it won't be quite the same... Yours, Rick Sneary

Here's a buck for July and the next tree issues...

2962 Santa Ana St
South Gate,
California

(((((But Rick, we don't publish "tree" issues. Anyhow, a sub wood be good for four
more ishes, five, with this letter. Boyd Raeburn has been here in Seattle for the past couple
days and, from his account of a visit he paid to John Berry, the Con will truly be missing
something by not having him there; according to Raeburn, Berry is truly fabulous...BRT))))))

LOWNDEMOUTH

Dubious Dondaniels:

Let's make it crystal clear as a gone-now
Joe used to say: I'm not objecting to Pember-
ton's comments on "Tower of Zanid"; I'm for any
critic anywhere who calls them as he sees them
with reasonable intelligence and insight, and
Pemberton is certainly a member of this far-too-
small category. Just want to raise a point,
without pontification, and let any and all of
you knock it around as you like.

It's entirely true that the de Camp novel
has a thin plot. The question is -- is this
necessarily and always a bad thing?

Usually it is. But sometimes it might be
instructive to ask just what the author was
doing, and I think that applies to the present
instance. What sort of novel is "Tower of
Zanid"? Is there anything in the literary
tradition to which it conforms?

I think there is. Tis only my opinion,
because I can't pretend to read any author's
mind (can barely read my own when I try to write
fiction), but I think that what Sprague was
doing here was writing a picaresque novel.

It has all the elements. Fallon is a rogue and ne'er-to-do-well, and the entire tone of
the story is earthy, ribald, and somewhat satirical. Now the picaresque novel does not depend
upon plot; such as there is, in most instances that I'm familiar with, can be reduced to a
very few paragraphs. The structure is rambling and garrulous; interest lies in the characters
and the innumerable side-issues which do not advance the plot all (or but minutely); and the
"rogue hero" usually winds up in the gutter, even though he may have had a taste or two of
high-living here and there. Actually, "Tower" is far more concentrated and organized than
most in this genre; and each sideline does throw some light upon the lead and his ambitions.

The good Pemberton sayeth that he found the story interesting and enjoyable, more or less,
Which was all that Sprague was attempting to accomplish with it. Me, I read it three times,
and am not tired of it yet. I think that the burden of Pemberton's censure may have been
based upon assuming that the story was trying to be something it was not -- that Sprague was
trying to write a novel of the sort that should have a thicker plot.

(((((Not having read the story in question myself, I can, with
perfect impunity, say that the only thing in DeCamp's mind as he
wrote the story was thoughts of the money he would get for all those words...BRT))))))

as ever, R.A.W. Lowndes
241 Church St
NY 13, NY



TALL AND BROWNY

Dear New Eubiscuous Contestable, Over All:

My 21st CRY slipped into the postbox day before yesterday, so I guess I'll comment. I guess I will.

I wouldn't go so far as to say that this cover Lacks Something -- no, I'd go a little further and say it LACKS EVERYTHING. Seriously, the Garcone style is beginning to grip me, tight in the belly. The style is so free, so untouchable, so sickening. But I like to see L. Garcone make the cover every once in a while -- the illos are easier to find, if they're on the cover. I always carry CRY's with Garcone artwork whenever I go out on my weekly spree of frightening old ladies and small children under four.

The LASFS meetings aren't quite as bad as I might have made them sound -- the club comes to order, and there's the calls for old business and new business, and everybody hoping, in vain, that somebody will have some, and then comes discussion time; somebody always says "Say something controversial." This has only been answered successfully once in all the times I have gone, with a reply of "The sky is pink." Then, after that's exhausted, and as I've said before, we sit back and wait for 4e to entertain us.

YOHO AND A BOTTLE OF RUM was...hmm. Short? Yes, waal... Slightly entertaining because of the title and no connection, but not very.

Well, golly, Renfrew, what do you expect? Larry Shaw is a fine man, and both of his zines were good -- I hate to see SFA go. as, in my opinion, it was the best of its type. But I know that Shaw can't put his zine out for the fun of it -- the columns for fans, and the best letter columns (among the best -- some might argue that it is the best, and I have no desire to argue, except to tell them that they're dead wrong) are fine, but they don't seem to be doing much for his circulation; I have no objection to him "appealing to the masses" with his blurbs, just as long as he keeps printing about the same, or better, quality fiction than he is now.

I've given up trying to understand the Kyle-WSFS-Falasca dea, since it's obvious that somebody is covering up.

"Just a little Hocus" was cute in an odd sort of way. This is good -- I've come to expect a different type of humor from Blotto Otto, and in this instance anyway, I was pleasantly surprised.

Superb, Magnifico, par excellence, Wonderful, Great, Wow, Gee... just what does one do when one runs out of words of exclamious joy for Wally's Minutes while Wally's Minutes continue to get better and better with every succeeding issue.

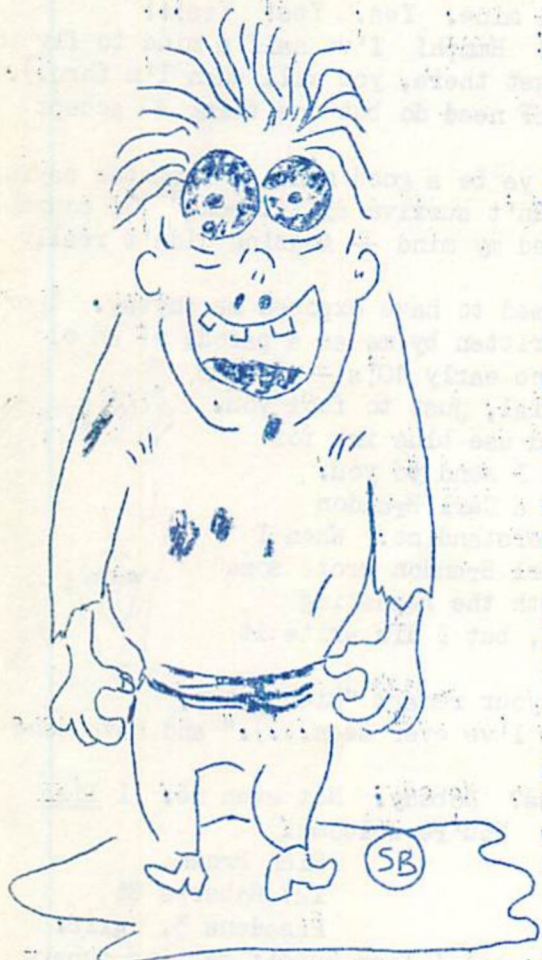
I enjoyed "Origin of the Analysis" but I will say that he has, at least, made a mistake of Stony Barnes, or at least the Stony Barnes who came down here last year. He didn't seem at all maniacal after I took his battle-axe away. In fact, he seemed rather a nice guy. (Now Stony, aren't you sorry you called me a schnock, even tho I am?)

The Shortest Fan Horror Story In The World, Shorter By One Letter Than The Shortest Horror Story In The World:

"The last fan in the world sat along in a room. There was Bloch at the door."

Gerber's book reviews aren't bad -- at least these I can read.

Arnold S. Sebastian, I've come to the conclusion, is Stony Barnes in disguise. How else would it be illustrated by him?



((President, Rich Brown
Fan Club))

Bruce Pelz: But definately the CRY has "screwy letters." As Meyers pointed out, most of the letters get published, therefore the letter-hacks tend to be more uninhibited. Also, since CRY is monthly, there isn't too much of a time-lag, which keeps even the smallest amount of controversy going. When I started writing my letters in the TWS-type pattern, with conversation to the other letterhacks, I never thot it'd turn out like this. It was too much to dream for. Yes, verily, truely, indeed, I am still here, too, damn. I'll be seeing you Nameless Pipple at the Solacon, tho, so I won't explain why. When you hear maniacal laughter from down the hall, you'll know that the switch-blade punk awaits thee...oh nameless anonymous. And once you're out of the way, the CRY will be mine, all mine. Yes. Yes! Yes!!!

Wee Willy Meyers: A half-pint Bela Lugosi, indeed! Hmmp! I've half a mind to fly to Tennessee and meet Bloodless Bill (if you aren't when I get there, you will when I'm thru.). I have a much better plan to help shorten the CRY: the FSF need do but one thing -- accept material by only the Great Brown. Simple, really.

Deeck: All three of your letters convinced me that ye be a good man. I remember saying once, "Amazing survived the Shaver Mystery, but TWS couldn't survive Bill Deek." Of course, that's just water under the bridge now, since I've changed my mind -- Amazing didn't really survive the Shaver Mystery. (Getting mad yet, Willy?)

Peter Kane: I might as well tell you, since you seemed to have exposed me anyway. There's really no fanzine called CRY OF THE NAMELESS; it's all written by me as a parody of an old

zine that used to be published back in the early 40's -- I made up all the names and wrote all the material, just to fool you. Since I have a blue typewriter ribbon and use blue ink for drawings, I only make up one copy, which I send to you.

Leslie Gerber: When I said "I feel a Carl Brandon coming on," I couldn't expect you to understand me. When I got into the Cult, almost a year ago, Carl Brandon wrote some fannish blues, like in the old style, with the repeating first line. The poem I did was original, but I did write it in blues fashion.

Golin Cameron: I have given Grave Consideration to your remark "Rich Brown, Bhoy Juvenile Delinquent & Sadist (sadist looking fellow I've ever seen...)." and have come to the conclusion that I should bury it.

Andy Reiss: Who said you had to like prozine reviews? Nobody. Not even me. I like prozine reviews. And that's ok. I still like your art. You're welcome.

Tha's all for now,

Rich Brown
127 Roberts St
Pasadena 3, Calif.

((((Sorry to clip out so much of your letter, Rich, but I find myself getting super-critical these days. Hurry up and get up here and take over the lettercol before I start cutting letters down even more. Also, since you are using a new letterhead, I wanted to pub your old one here, so as to preserve it for posterity. Sebastian is NOT Stony Barnes. It was sheer coincidence that we had a Barnes illo that perfectly matched the story. Even if you do away with the FSFers who are going to the Con, you'll still have to contend with me, to say nothing of Garcone, which monster, by the way, is at the moment thinking kindly toward you for your remarks about its cover.....BRT))))

STEWED REISS

Lads

Gah. Gerber with a column in the CRY. He's just as inane reviewing books as he is doing anything else. I disagree violently with his review on the Leinster book. In my opinion the theme is an overdone and hackneyed one, and Leinster's characterizations are from nothing.

So I don't like prozine reviews, so who says I gotta read them? Nobody! But those lousy prozine reviews take up space that could be used for better material.

Andrew Joel Reiss
741 Westminster Rd
Brooklyn 30, NY

((((Your objection to the prozine reviews is overruled, because they don't squeeze out any other material, since we print all the good material we get each month anyway...BRT))))

DECLARING DEVORE

Tosk,

I hear I can get free copies of Cry Of The Shameless just for writing a silly letter like all those I see in the current issue. Being a cautious soul I'll just give it a try.

Yes, I'd imagine by now that the Solacon committee wished they had incorporated under their own name and not got mixed up with the WSFS, not that they have been involved too deeply, but I'm sure they've had a lot of sleepless nights over the thing. What has actually happened is nothing compared to what could have happened --- assuming that someone wanted to go to that much trouble their bank account could have been tied up, as well as even worse things; being so near to the Falesca's, the Detroit bunch see them regularly, and we've been briefed on corporation law quite thoroughly.

Detroit is on good terms with all of the individuals involved in the current fracas; we expect to continue on that basis (assuming that we get the convention) and we are sure that these good friends of ours are NOT going to fight this battle through the year of '59, or, if they do, will confine it to the trenches of New York. It is going to be much more pleasant if they do. If something else comes up we'll handle that in whatever way we think best. I speak only for myself of course, but I think my feelings are fairly general here.

I'm not so sure that a Midwestcon type Westercon would go over too well. Don't get me wrong; I prefer that type, but then I know a good many of the people attending a Midwestcon, and after ten years I know what to expect. I fear that some of the younger fen wouldn't get the kick out of it that I do. They might even come away disappointed, and perhaps a couple of hours of some sort of program per day would work out better. Think it over carefully before you make any actual plans.

I quite agree with Skeberdis that DeMuth's writings could be cleaned up; not that I'm in a hurry to have him do so -- I got quite a kick out of them and I'm sure they brought Detroit a number of votes. Such material is all right in a personal zine but it's hardly the thing that will convince people to attend a convention. You'll note that Detroit has played it seriously up to this point. Oh, we've our screwballs and crackpots too, but they are not being advertised, and they won't be running a Detroit convention! They'll be allowed to attend and enjoy themselves, but we're keeping an eye on them.

In my recent Sapzine I tried to be perfectly impartial about the WSFS, but received the word recently that I was too impartial in favor of the Dietz's; therefore be it known that for the next ninety days I'm going to be impartial toward the Falesca's & the Kyle's.

I sort of rushed through the minutes by Wally, but from what I can gather, the Nameless are out of crumpets & I'll try to send a few when I can get around to it. Must be awful to have a tea and crumpet society and no crumpets!

Howard Devore
4705 Weddel St
Dearborn, Michigan

((((I, personally, amx against this Midwestcon type deal for Seattle also, but mainly because I don't understand the workings thereof and how any motel could be persuaded to let such be done to them --- provided a suitable one could be found in the first place. I worry greatly at the support Chicago seems to have drummed up; hope you can overcome it...BRT)))



TROLLEY AND FRANSON

Dearz Yrcs,

Cry Number 118 looked harmless; no fearsome ATomonster on the cover, no rogue's gallery of Cryminals, just a nice pterodactyl. But as soon as I opened the magazine, Pelz and Deeck flew out and attacked me. You'd think I'd written an anti-fan article. All I said was the letters reminded me of The Vizigraph. Such feedback. 106 words in Cry number 117 and 642 words of comment on them. Any more feedback and I'd get too fatuous.

Wm. Deeck: Praise your letters -- that's how to make you mad.

Bruce Pelz: I agree with you on humor in writing. You make such an interesting distinction between fannish fans and faaaans, I would like to see you define sercon. I feel serious-constructive toward science fiction, so I must be one of those sercon-types. I'm not a neofan, but I'll admit to being a fringe fan. You ought to see my collection of fringe.

Favorite title of Cry readers: "Get Out of My Magazine!"

Stony Brook Barnes: Your description of the photo-cover was the funniest. I would send for your fanzine if I wanted to trade vampires.

Bill Meyers: When are you going to publish your anthology, "The Best From Madge"?

Yours,

Donald Franson
6543 Babcock Ave
N.Hollywood, Calif.

(((((You mean to say that you are satisfied with the vampire you have now?....BRT))))

SKEBIRDIS PECKS AWAY

Dear NOanmeesless,

Boy, what egoboo; my name was in this ish 12 times. I don't usually make a habit of counting them but everybody else does so I might as well do it too.

A psnarl to Miz Gerber; I like to read ol' Ziff Davis zines like Toskey does. And I actually liked the July Fantastic!!!! This is the first Shaver that I've ever read, and even though I can't agree with what he says, I can agree that he is a very good author. A veritable genius at the pen!!!

Miz Gerber's book reviews were not at all bad, quite readable.

Liked the Pssifer bit.

Reiss is me? Now that's a new one for me. I always thought that I was Reiss.

Meyers: Thanks for Spectre #3 but what is this fond dislike that you hold for me? You can't put your finger on it? I can! It's just the simple fact that I'm unlikeable.

DETROIT IN '59!!!!!!!!!!!!!!

blurp..... P F Skeberdis

450 Bancroft St
Imlay City, Michigan

(((((If you didn't like the way I cut your previous letter up, how do you like the way I cut this one up? But for the grace of Toskey, you wouldn't have appeared here at all! The recent Shaver story is okay but is considerably inferior to most of his other work..BRT))))

JOE THE ROACHKILLER

Dear Nameless,

A Garcone cover illustration--ech!

Fout on "Origin of the Analysis". "He looks nice and clean-cut on the outside, but probably on the inside he has a rotten mind." Where do you expect my rotten mind to be?

I like Gerber's book review column. He seems to have a remarkably good style for his age.

Adams' -- well, thing best describes it-- it is the best thing I've seen by him.



CAMERON



Meyers: Gee, thanks. "...a good egg, all around..." That's the nicest thing that's been said about my picture in a long time--ever since Marv Bryer said I reminded him of a Freas bem.

Barnes: I've been sitting, pondering that description, "...Sanders like a normal non-fan person..." and I can't figure out whether you're prising or insulting me. No matter, I guess.

Brown: Well, you didn't like me before you saw my picture. I notice that you seem to be always defending faanishness against serconfandom. Whazza matter, got a guilty conscience?

Since I've been ranting about your inferior, interior artwork for some time, let me say that you have some good artwork now. The only artwork in CRY #118 which I thought was really bad was the cover, Adams' stuff on pages 26 and 37, and Reiss thing on page 36. Otherwise the art is pretty good.

Yours,

Joe Sanders

RR#1, Roachdale, Ind.

(((((Are you sure that Meyers didn't mean that your head was all-round, like an egg?BRT))))

TAMPED

Dear Namenlosene,

Deliberately ignoring the Garconecover (which is a difficult thing to do, actually) and barging weightedly through the Buztorial, we eventually get to the Pembertons' review columns, which are sehr gut, as usual.

Blotto Otto doth write on occasional good story. JUST A LITTLE HOCUS be even better than occasional. Indeed so. Gerber does a competent book review column. I still say pfui to FA reviews, though I know 'twill do me no good. The Toskey ruleth.

Department of Vile Slanders: Item I: It's unfair. There's no way to get at Ken Seagle to extract revenge. No way at all -- I don't even know his address so that I could send him a bomb. What's wrong with spelunking? From what I have heard, Seagle goes cave-crawling himself. Villy, beware of ticking packages delivered in the mail. Forward them to Seagle.

Department of Vile Slanders: Item II: This report by Adams on my friendly little visit to him in Tallahassee -- it's unfair, too. With all the possibilities of a write-up ~~xxx~~ of the visit, ol' Es pulls the sneakiest trick of all -- he tells the truth. Now I ask you, is that any way to do? An exceedingly dirty trick, I calls it. But I will have revenge!

And so, foaming at the mouths, on to the CRY of the Readers.

Stony the Brook, those are the most consisely accurate comments on the photocover that anyone made. Ver'x good.

Now Adams admits being Leslie Gerber. What goes on around here, anyway? After that cover pic, I don't think even Gerber should admit being Gerber.

'Twas real nice to see that I got two letters in this CRY, Es Adams got two letters, Bill Meyers got two letters. But then I notice Deeck got three in, and for the most part they were quite good -- logical, well-pointed, etc. Things must be coming to an end.

And so on, blithely, blitheringly, blandly, blindly -- to the end.

The Loud and ProFANE. Bruce Pelz, C²³H²⁶N²O⁴
4010 Leona St. Tampa 9, Florida

(((((We aren't using your enclosed GOLDFISH story -- I've even heard that one!!! And no return postage, so no rejection slip. Seems like everybody was impressed with Stony's capsule comments on the fotocover; a hep lad...BRT))))

TAKE HIM AWAY

"He is risen, tell the world the story, He is risen, He is risen." Yes, loved ones, I'm back again after a month of morbid depression engendered in part by my reflections on the woe-ful lack of quail here in Dracut. Yet after beeing bledde bye a skillful barber and affording myself of the merits of severall singularlie potent physicks and nostrums, I shooke off the malignant humours and regained my robust goode spiritts. Yea verily! But now to the attack, shrilling Banzai, Gumonawonalaya, and other gleeful bon mots designed to stain the confidence

and trousers of the foe.

After glancing at the cover and savoring the saucy tang of bile puddling in my mouth, I'll let it ooze back into the Nightmare Limbo with but one sage comment -- YOUGHHHH.

Yoyo & a Bottle of Rum was a bland, mildly interesting little vignette. Nothing that'd get your stomach in an uproar, you understand. But aha! Unless the memory bank in my cephalodome is zapping false impulses, my light-sensitive spots have scanned the same illo in the New Yorker. A coincidence, no doubt.

A Little HO-HO-Hocus made me feel uncomfortable. Analyzing it in true Kenneth Seagle Psychologist Extraordinaire fashion, I found that the style was at fault, not so much the plot. Many of the shorter sentences seem as if they were spit out. I hate to read in fits and starts, and feel that a more fluid style would have added greatly to the appeal of the story. My kingdom for a participial phrase here and there. Also, my No.2 concubine for an ending with more punch.

In Origin of the Analysis, Bill Meyers shows that in relating personal experiences he need bow to no one, Berry included. BEM boasts an easily readable style which allows the action to move along nicely. But why the ponderous, formal phrases used in addressing Seagle?

Pshaw, Pfie, and Pfui to the Shortest Fan Story, and a hooker of hemlock to Turk Skebirdis for writing it.

Best story thish was Adams' ravings about the visit of the Pelz. This lad can really come up with a tale chock full of choice witticisms and all sorts of delightful goodies.

And thus we plunge, kicking and screaming, into the morass of the lettercol. REISS, GERBER, and OTHERS who have exhibited their sparkling wit by monkeying with the spelling of the proud name of Moran: Oh, if I could but lead you all into a pit of centipedes and dung! Not having one handy, I'll content myself with fingering my strangling cord.

BRUCE PELZ: Your rebuttal of Franson was well put indeed. I'm with you in believing that humor has great value in putting ideas across. Good show, old thing. And how, pray tell, is your beaver?

DAINIS BISENIEKS: A fellow technician at the Sparrow III manufactory happened to spot your pic on the fotocover. The following is an excerpt from remarks he made after recognizing you from his Saginaw, Mich. high school days -- "Hoo! Not him! I thought the Humane Society put him to sleep years ago!" But pay

the lout no heed, amicus. To be great is to be misunderstood.

KENNETH SEAGLE: Your analysis was incorrect on one point. You failed to recognize the fact that I AM EVIL. But then, you couldn't very well have seen the cloven hooves.

And at this point I shall flap off into the evenglow, fangs akimbo.

Strangely,

Jim Moran
208 Sladen St
Dracut, Mass.

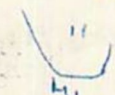
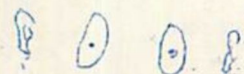
(((((While I think of it, I'll apologize for Buz not giving you contents page credit for the artwork in the last ish; I gave Buz the complete list of credits, but he unaccountably left you off. Have you been paying him off?. Thanx for the nice letter and all, even if I did have to slice out some of your lewder parts -- which I did because I know that all our subscribers are young clean-cut American Boys and have clean minds....BRT))))))

IT'S GETTING COLIN

Town CRYers:

For once, I read Renfrew's revooos completely and thoroughly, and enjoyed them. I was about to mention the rut that SCIENCE FICTION STORIES was getting into, but I see Pemby caught it too. His comments, to me, on that Good Bird, the Moa, seemed extremely funny. Oh well.

I started reading Pfeifer's cute story, and Py Golly I couldn't stop until I had finished



it. In fact, I couldn't even stop after that. I read halfway into THE MINUTES before I realized that they weren't part of the story. But this was a good story! Professional quality, too. Goshes, Blotto Otto is a fine writer.

AN EVEN SHORTER FAN STORY: - by Colin G. Cameron - HORRIFYING, TOO:

The last fan in the world sat alone in a room. A Cry slipped under the door.

Gerber should be the one to be blasted. He likes too many of the books he reads!

Wunnerful Es Adams proves that he can write -- crud. One of the worst things to appear in CRY for several issues.

And now to the best thing in CRY: namely, SUPERFAN! I mean like, it has to be good if my name is mentioned in it. Come to think of it, it's good even though my name's mentioned. I have my suspicions as to the authenticity of the name "Arnold S. Sebastian" tho. There's the possibility of Alan Schreikman, who has the same initials -- only trouble is, he's not a fan. Then there's the possibility that Stony Brook Barnes fathered this creation. He is the most likely choice. But I suppose Rich Brown might have done it too.

DEECK: You seem to like to use the word "fat" quite a bit. Give you any sense of power, or wot? 'Spouse it's your way of getting your kicks. Fun...

Sincerely wearing old boxer shorts,

Colin Cameron
2561 Ridgeview Dr.
San Diego 5, Calif.

((((It's amazing to note the wide variety of opinions on Es Adams piece in the last ish. I thought it a masterpiece of humor. As for Sebastian, you've made three dead wrong guesses as to his identity -- and you probably wouldn't believe it if I told you who he was. However, just to prove that I am tough, I rejected his story which would have been in this ish...BRT)))

IT'S A BOYD!!

Hi,

Photo cover most fine. Always interesting to see what people look like. Joe Lee Sanders didn't look like that when I met him at Midwescon last year, but there he wore a hat constantly, so maybe this altered his appearance. I wondered why Larry Stone looked so familiar, and then realized that he bears quite a resemblance to Ricky Nelson who's photo has been popping up here and there lately. Rich Brown looks just as his letters would lead one to expect.

I like the interlineation in the middle of the contents page.

The "Fandom & Momism" article is meant to be funny, I hope. It isn't particularly, but surely the writer can't be serious.

I'm completely croggled by Toskey's bit on page 36. "We owe the present success of CRY..." Whaaa? Gee, am I a highbrow who's trying to run down CRY? Is Toskey referring to me when he talks about catering to people who have shut themselves off from half the world? Hooboy! Me-thinks Toskey is feeling a bit insecure regarding the zine, otherwise why the Vorzimering?

Regards,

Boyd Raeburn
9 Glenvalley Dr
Toronto 9, Canada

((((You'll never know what a warm feeling stole over me at the happy thought that something I said croggled somebody. I wasn't referring to you specifically, but to you, Terry Carr etc, and others who have sneered at the younger group of fans who make up our contributors and correspondents and seemingly believe that they have nothing to say. Having met you a few days ago I know that you are a nice guy in reality; however. As for the statement that croggled you, I meant it with heart and soul; furthermore it is true....BRT)))

...AND DOWN IN DOWNEY

Dear CRY Unofficially Of The Nameless.... No. 117 reminded me quite a bit of the old VOM what with the fanfoto cover and the litter of letters inside. (I was a neofan whose foto appeared



on a VOM cover years ago, and mighty proud it made me too, so I can doubly appreciate the policy of your mag.)

So now we have 3 cities bidding for the '59 WESTERCON, just like we have 3 bidding for the '59 WORLDCON. Because of the distance, and money, involved I'll be tempted to vote for either Los Angeles or San Diego, tho I don't doubt the ability of your group to put on a good conference, that's for sure. I only wish we had the time and dinero to travel all over fandom and meet folks like you all, conventions, conferences or not. As for the '61 WorldCon being in Seattle I have no particular objection except that I read somewhere that Seattle would be having a World's fair there at the same time, and am not sure that would be good for our World Con.

Glad to see more fanzine reviews this time; I like Amelia's style as much as I like Renfrew's. Her comments on the New York biz are typical of the intelligent non-feuding fans who agree that the SOLA-CON committee's decision (as outlined in Anna's famous letter) was the best one. The only one, in fact.

Fandom Down Under, especially New Zealand, is really becoming active and producing lively and interesting fanzines! That's why I'm plugging the TOFF idea, tho it also applies to fans anywhere in the world! No one has objected to the idea but there has been one objection to the practicality of it. That is, it takes more money to bring a fan from NZ or Australia than say from the British Isles or France, for instance.

Slipping in a review of the old Marvel Tales fooled me...somehow it didn't look right but I figured that maybe Marvel had revived or some new mag was using the old title.

Toskey on the old Amazings is amusing, and would like to see this sort of thing done with other old mags..

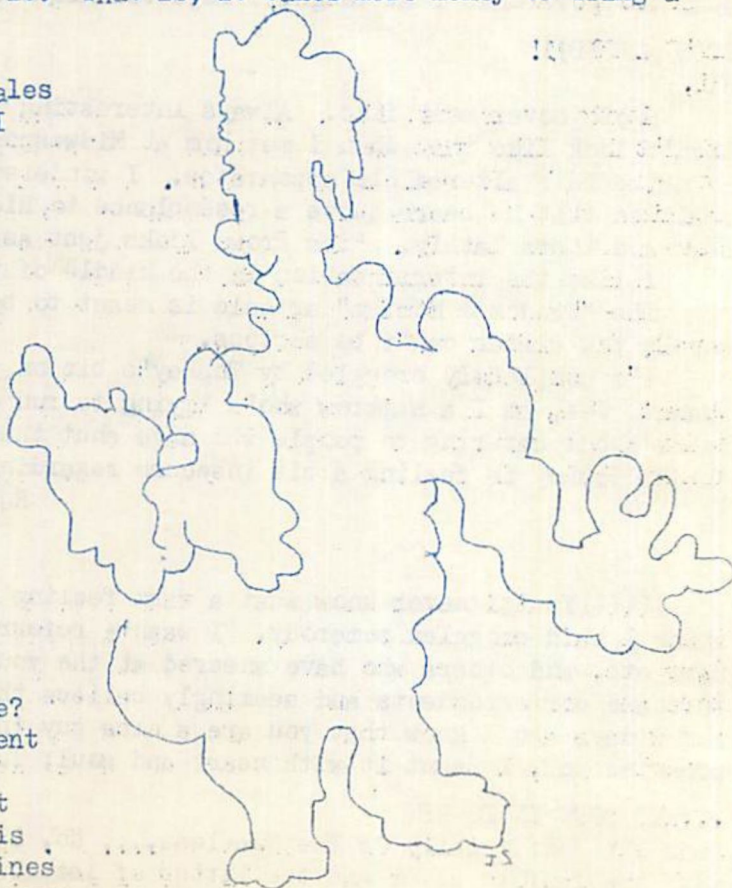
I read Berry's Cover Story aloud to Anna so we could share the chuckles.

Night on Bald Mountain was amusing but would have had more punch if it was kept to joke-length. The dialect didn't ring true to me, but I'm no expert. Better than average for fan written fiction, tho.

The Lone Spacer -- urk!

All of the various minutes were fun to read, tho I think Lars could have been more charitable. Anyway, no one can say he is a hypocrite.

N.S.Harris is really full of it, isn't he? Obviously his definition of fannish is different from mine. A fannish fan, to me, is one who considers it a hobby and like any hobby a part of his way of life but not the sum total of his way of life. He likes to discuss s-f in fanzines and at meetings, etc. but he also likes to discuss



numerous other subjects, and knows that fandom is a small group in this great big world. He can be sercon at times about some things but his fannishness keeps him from becoming super-sercon. Momism? There's all kinds... No doubt many delinquents come from broken homes as well as from the slums, but I know that many come from what are generally considered very nice homes. .. This is the kind of Momism that ruins kids, the kind that spoils them, makes them too dependent on their parents so when they get out on their own they don't know what to do and follow the lead of the first person or thing that impresses them. Juvenile delinquents are kids who have entered the world of reality unprepared to cope with it intelligently. As for fannish fans screaming that fandom is just a hobby, I never heard it screamed. Shouted, yes, (in derision or anger) when some super-sercon comes along and tries to sell fans on the idea that Fandom is All. Harris has been taking some of our fanfiction too seriously and has got himself worked up over an "evil" that doesn't really exist.

I'm still inclined to doubt the existence of N.S. Harris -- he's almost too sercon to be real. And that last name could very well be a pun--to "harris" the readers of CRY...hmmm?

I'm also inclined to doubt some of the statements in Bisenieks's article re sf fandom, sense of wonder, etc. Not all of them but, for instance, a statement like "S-F fandom started with groups interested in the advancement of science." It would be nice to believe that, sounds so noble and uplifting and all, but I always thot fandom started as a means of communication among the early day s-f fans. The very first fanzines contained fiction and articles on science fiction. Actually, those who cry that the sense of wonder is gone from s-f stories are the old time readers who grew up reading the early mags. They are just jaded, that's all.

Yes, I know that you have been trimming my letters, and I bet you'll have a ball (or bawl...) with this one... Your approach to editing a letter column is similar to mine, tho on a larger scale. Some of the letters you used could have stood more editing but like I say, if you enjoy it, what the hell.



JAM

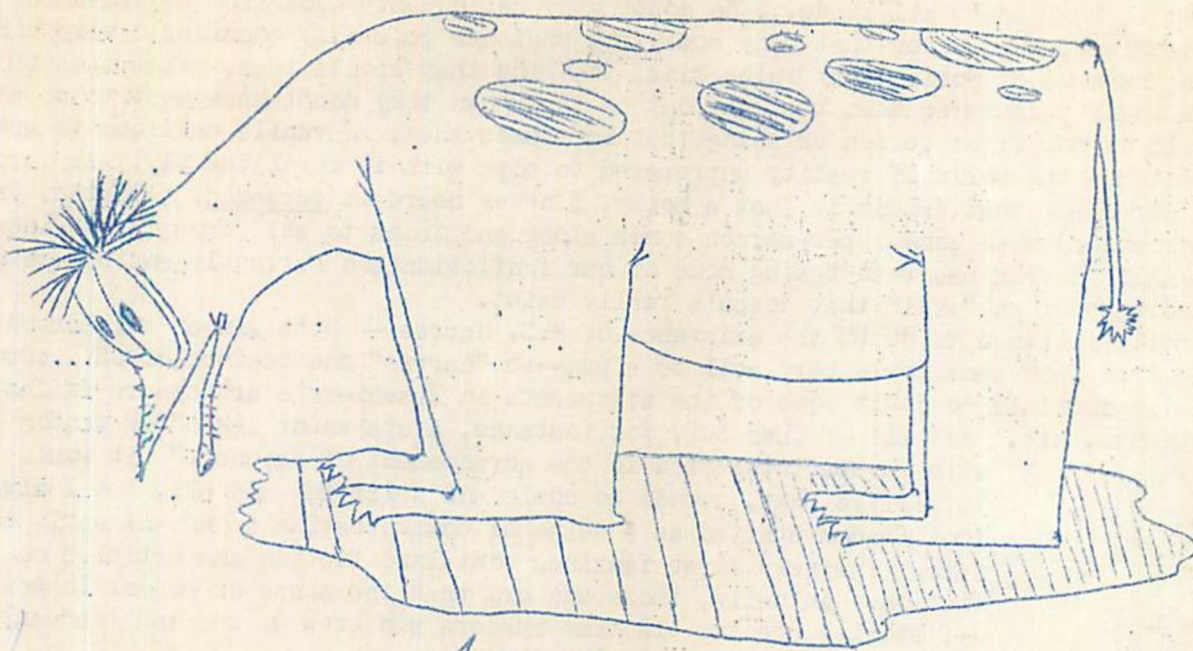
Your comment that Terry Carr, etc dislike CRY because you use stuff by youngfans confuses (and amuses me). Terry, Ron Ellick, etc are-- to me, at least, young fans. So maybe Rich Brown Bill Meyers etc are younger than Terry etc but to me they are all young fans and I encourage each and every one of them. They are, after all, individuals and I'm one of those old-fashioned characters who love individualism--and man, all of those lads have it. I don't necessarily agree with all of them in everything they do or say but I believe in giving them space in fanzines and letting them have their say. That's why CRY IS A GOOD MAG. It ain't snobbish. There are other reasons why CRY is a GOOD MAG and you must have heard them all by now.

Best Wishes,

Len Moffatt
10202 Belcher
Downey, Calif.

(((((You, and others will no doubt know, by the time this reaches you, of the truth about Norman Sanfield Harris. His two articles for the Cry stirred up more discussion than any three other contributors we have ever had. He is a ghoud man. As for names, nobody seems to doubt the existence of D_ainis Bisenieks, and that's a much more unbelievable name, which no doubt is the reason -- pretty nice job we did on his picture, too. I'd like to make it to the Solacon but no can do. Maybe I'll get to a con if one is held in Seattle...BRT))))

(((((Which winds up our shorter-than-usual lettercol for this time. Conspicuously missing are regulars Es Adams, Bill Meyers, and Leslie Gerber, and, oh yes, William Deeck. Some of these live a bit far away and forgot probably about our early deadline this month. We could have made the lettercol longer by printing the unprinted parts of the letters included in the col, or by printing some of the unprinted letters --- we got two letters from John Koning, two from Brian Donahue, and one from Hans Siden of Sweden, but being as they didn't say anything particularly, they were left out. Brian Donahue seems like a good fellow and also sent us some excellent artwork, which got crowded out this trip, but will appear in the next ish. Oh Yes, D_ainisk Bisenieks sent a card -- but the days when you can get by with that are over -- unless you are Robert Bloch, possibly, or some other equally scraggly neo such as, maybe, Asimov or Silverberg or Grennell(a new subber who shows promise). See you all next time...BRT))))



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