





==as usual, we start the text on page 3==

CRY OF THE NAMELESS #120 October 1958

### The Quiet Neogan's Gazette

CRY faunches forth early each month from Box 92, 920 3rd Ave, Seattle 4, Wash, in response to accepted letters of comment and other contributions, and money (it makes 12 sorties for \$2, five for \$1, and will try it once for a lousy quarter).

For several years, CRY has owned, operated, and published Wally Weber. Of late, it edits Burnett R Toskey, F M Busby, and Elinor Busby. It keeps Otto Pfeifer on a loose leash, and has designs on more innocent bystanders than you might think.

It also goes out on trades now and then, but is getting cagey about this.

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start on page 22.....)

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Illoes: Adkins 28, Barnes 31, Cameron 33, Garcone 18, 19, 20, Harness 35, Holocaust 38, Kane 29, Rotsler 8, 24, Weber 13, Dillinger 20 to life. No parole.

Changes: Toskey's overload switch kicked out and he had to relinquish the ol' lettercol. Elinor picked up that department, and Tosk thought he could relax. But Amelia Pemberton gafiated waaay out, so Tosk is covering the fmz-revoos on a oneshot basis until we line up an all-weather replacement with stamina (no summer soldiers need apply). I'm sure we will get lots of good advice on this problem.

The SoLaCon overwhelmingly declined further kindly guidance from the WSFS, Inc. It's rumored that a couple of kindly guiders are unwilling to give up the kindly-guiding profession, to the extent that they are going to sue people if necessary to force them to accept this kindly guidance. How dedicated can you get?

Seattle's WesterCon will hold forth next summer over 4th-of-July weekend; that's July 3rd, 4th, and 5th, 1959 (Friday afternoon and evening will start things; Sunday evening will wind them up). The Nameless Ones have not yet selected a site, but are working on it. As soon as the ~~place~~ lucky establishment is named, the CRY will publish all pertinent data, including the vital measurements of the owner's daughter, if available (she might be married). Meanwhile, save your pennies, because you might want to write home for money, from the WesterCon, and pennies come in real handy to buy stamps. If you have plenty of the little rascals.

Anyhow, the CRYgang are all supporting the Nameless on this WesterCon thing, and on their far-seeing campaign for that long-dreamed-of WorldCon here on Puget Sound--- the PuCon in Sixty-One. Why, you'd hardly think we were insurging at all, would you, except that we're allergic to serving on committees?

The SoLaCon was the most. Wally has promised a ConReport for the next CRY.

CRY #121 will be published Nov 2. The final letter-pickup from Box 92 will be made on Thursday, Oct 30, for inclusion in that issue. We've been picking-up on the very last day before publication, previously, but it makes things too hectic. Write NOW.



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## "The Science-Fiction Field Plowed Under"

(being ONE Faithful Old Department which remains monotonously under the jurisdiction of its originator: Renfrew Pemberton.....)

It seems a very long time since last month's column. This is partly due to the intervening SoLaCon (truly fabulous) and partly because we're starting, you and I, at a late date, with deadline a bare three days ahead of us. Worried?

SCIENCE FICTION STORIES, Nov: Charles Long's novelet "Riddle of the Deadly Paradise" is themed on the mysterious-alien-menace (yos), in case the singularly fuggheaded choice of title hadn't clued you in. "Riddle.." is a legitimate problem-piece in the sense of giving several hypotheses and then feeding a bit of whodunit-type developments to prod your stodgy thinker before springing the punch-line, but the character interplay is handled, remote-control, by Uncle Hugo.

"The Sun Stood Still" (Maurice Veisberg, M.D.) has a little of everything: the future has the US-USSR contest settled by wiping out the bunch of us-- Red Asia is facing an Israeli-Arab combo (well, if you're going to dream, dream BIG)-- so the Reds get a time machine and set back to eradicate the Hebrews in Biblical times.... This one sort of rings with inspiration from "The Mosaic" (J.B.Ryan, aSF July '40), although the new kicker is as dissimilar as possible-- must be the mood, that rings a bell for recognition. Not a bad story at all, and would be better if the cast of characters weren't on rails. No volition.

George Osborne's "The Isolationists" (cover story: bird biting on air-hose of spacesuit, as if a good spacesuit for alien climes would have a loop of exposed air-hose-- doesn't anyone ever learn from experience or think ahead?): well, it's a fair good story on the idea that Expansionist Earth may get a few well-deserved setbacks, but I do not buy that loop of hose as anything but a device to further a plotline.

Diane Dotzer's "The Tomb" is another of those incredible deals in which the Big Dictator entrusts his worst enemy with a project because the BigD has killed off everyone else who is smart enough to pile bricks. Predictably, poor long-imprisoned Ladislaus or whatever his name is, out-schmardts the BigD. After all, how could it have turned out otherwise, with the story selling, and all?

The editorial and lettercol are a lot of fun here in SFS this time, and if I am a little rough on the paid contents, it's just the prevalent mood.

FANTASTIC UNIVERSE, Nov: (and right here we knock off this synopsizing, as we don't have space for free-swinging demolition of ll items in one zine, here; so): Miriam A deFord's "Operation Cassandra" concerns a hibernation-type bomb-shelter in which damn near everyone wakes up dead. Luckily, there are also Outside Types who survived, as one woman would have had short shrift in that gang... Medium.

Frank Herbert's "A Matter of Traces" is sort of cute on An Interview With An Aged Crotchety Galactic Pioneer. Rob't F Young's "Acre in the Sky" is sort of mainstream-downbeat concerning the tragic contrast between a sleek trim starship and a sloppy pregnant wife; it's effective.

Jay Williams' "Seed of Violence" is 36 pages worth of "novel" and deals with such things as helpless about-to-be-exterminated Martians who turn out to be the ancestors of guess-who, peacefully-conditioned Earthers who get the hell kicked out of them by their unregenerated brethren, and all kinds guff like that; after awhile you get the idea that our peaceful hero doesn't even have any reflexes left, he's so pushable-around. Everyone else who hit such circumstances would become as unto a mad dog and start knecing people in the groin, the way this one is handled.

Zelda Kessler's "High Style" is a quick-gimmick piece that won't stand up under much discussion but does give a possible explanation to the otherwise-inexplicable phenomena named by the title. "Homecoming" (Lee Correy & Joseph Wesley) is the skeleton of the ideal technical-and-human-problems-intertwined



story which is always good with the correct handling. This one comes close, but suffers from a certain crudity which seems prevalent in the material under the gun, so far this month. Chris Anvil's "Nerves" concerns the vengeance of a subtle ol' Martian husband on his wife's Earthman lover; the gimmick is familiar, but at this late hour I seem to miss the ultimate subtle point. Like, who did it to whom? I do know who got the needle from the author, though. And so will you, know.

"The Lotus Eaters", by Eldon K Everett: I believe that this is the first pro sale by the writer who used to run the "Stf in TV and Movies" for the CRY a couple of years ago, before he got all mad at us and went on to better things, luckily. (P Holocaust attempted a cartoon of Wally Weber as dictator of the Nameless, and Eldon took it that someone was making fun of his beloved FDR, and everyone called each other Communists ((excepting only lovable mo; I prefer more faanly epithets--yesss)), and this is the first we have seen of Eldon for a couple of years; SO--). This is sort of faanfction, reminiscent of "The Death of Science-Fiction" as run in STELLAR for a number of installments, but I'm mighty glad to see that Santesson is another editor who will run some faaanfiction once in awhile. And I hope that Everett keeps up the good try, even though I couldn't care less for his politics.

The CSI saucerite-types discuss the interactions of UFOs and pets, and you should never get the idea that CSI is down to the RAP level on the subject. Editor Santesson--- a Good Man, mostly, despite his wild stand in favor of the thoroughly-discredited WSFS, Inc--- discusses a variety of interesting subjects under the cover of purported book-reviews. Elizabeth Shafer's "The Green Bottle" rediscovers (was it ever lost?) the premise that E\*V\*I\*L L\*U\*R\*K\*S. Not bad, for years-ago.

AMAZING, Oct: Yeh, I got hooked again. This time, Bob Bloch did the novel: "This Crowded Earth". The first part is great: overcrowding and the way it hits us; folks can't take<sup>it</sup> and I don't blame them a bit. But then the hero gets into the subdued-vanVogtian complications, and the separately-enjoyable sequences get lost in the Plot, which seems to be tailored to the Big-but-Simple formula. At least, at and toward the ending, the whole thing becomes an Apologia and doubles back on its one Big Idea: the solving of the overpopulation problem by Breeding Smaller People. This is no crime, surely, when (this) one remembers that the New A.S. Pitch is to be toward the New Reader, on account there ain't enough Old Readers to bother with. But it strikes me that this one is too involved for the Neo and too-watered-down for faans. Oh well, certainly you can't please everyone, and this evening nobody can please me. The four short stories (by Slesar, Wicks, Sevcik, and Marks) are all literate version of 1940 themes--- simple gimmicks, and to be encouraged in the interests of Recruitment to the Field, but not necessarily in these pages.

Yeh, I'm all-out in favor of Amazing's present policy, but I'm not all-out to be reading and reviewing the zine, any more than I'm all-out to interview the crop of readers it's all-out to snag. Maybe there's somebody that far out, though....

ASTOUNDING, Oct: Just because Froas likes big-muscle types, is no reason that he shouldn't've been told that the saddle-riding guy was on the sad small side. If Froas had've known that--- he'd have a worse conscience on this cover. I give up.

Covar STORY, "The Big Front Yard" (Simak): another look at the possibilities of the Gateways-Between-Worlds idea (of course, the planet must be reached by spaceship before the Gateway can be setup-- and this time, we are on the receiving end). By having our visitors place the Gateway in the home of A Yankee Trader who is a bit on the Proverbial side, Simak arranges for the warm, smoke-from-the-fireplace mood against which he works most effectively. His revelation of the aliens' purposes and operating methods make good sense, with a pitch for the Unity of Life, etc. Good. I like Simak in this frame of mind, concerned with the worth of the individual per se.

(Yeh, this is a new day; the sun shines, and let's page right along here)



(and, still zeroed-in on the Oct aSF)

"The Yellow Pill" is the third or fourth I've seen in the past few months by the New Rog Phillips. In contrast to the pellmell prolific production of his 1948-1952(?) career, the output of the New Phillips consists (so far) of well-thought, biting pieces-- quality, not quantity-- and it's better reading. "...Pill" has roots in the "Jet-Propelled Couch" episode in Lindner's "Fifty-Minute Hour"; the first switch-ending is halfway predictable, but look out for that second step....

"Big Sword", by Paul Ash, is the best-based puzzle-piece that's been shown lately; the facts about species who utilize sexual and asexual reproduction in accordance with environmental pressures are strictly accurate as far as I can tell, and their use in the story is done well. The human characterizations are a little labored in spots (possibly due to known editorial restrictions) but the li'l aliens come through very well. This is Science-Fiction by anyone's definition, and good stf by mine, with sound logic used to make the aliens possible, though odd.

Randall Garrett's "...And Check the Oil" reads along well, but to very little in the way of a conclusion: so the aliens have this problem but the people goof on it so the aliens are out of luck but the guy gets the girl. I dunno-- it fits the JWC requirements: the Universe doesn't allow for mistakes, at that.

"False Image" (Jay Williams) is a warm little piece in which imagery and its consequent emotional identification play the major role. I like this.

Article deals with the use of "divining rods" by the Water Dep't of the city of Flint, Michigan (has our Flint correspondent anything to say about this deal?), as discussed by Mr. Campbell at the SoLaCon.

The editorial this time sounds off at one of my own longtime pet peeves: the separation of Responsibility from Authority (to see this attacked in my own habitual words was heart-warming, no end)-- it's not Power that Corrupts, but the immunity from any consequences of its misuse. G\*O\*O\*D point, Mr. C.

Overall, this was the best issue of aSF in some considerable time.

GALAXY, Nov, inspires one immediate gripe: one staple is not enough, particularly when it's badly off-center, to hold a zine together. Bad for collectors.

Simak leads off here, also, with "The Civilization Game", a story with an off-the-track theme that makes a lot of sense. The main strength of the tale, though, is the Simak atmosphere and way of thinking. In a familiar touch, we have Portwee the robot, surely a close cousin of the Websters' Jenkins of an alternate time-track, if not his doppelganger.

Alan Arkin's short "People Soup" is a stray from the whimsical side of F & S F and by no means the anthropophagous bit of grisle implied by the title. Hooboy.

Willy Ley corrects a number of misconceptions concerning satellite orbits, velocities, and etc, but fails to tie his facts and figures together with a few simple statements to put them in perspective: for instance-- with a given amount of energy invested in a satellite, its family of stable orbits will all have the same period and the same length of major axis. Willy's tables tend to imply this but don't wrap it up. Also, for any given single orbit, although the height (from the Earth's center) and the velocity will vary, their product will remain constant. Ley discusses these things at length; why not summarize and thus simplify?

Bob Silverberg's "Birds of a Feather" is a problem-comedy, suitably illoed by Wood in the MAD style. The snapper is well-seeded in the earlier text. Fun.

"No Substitutions", by Jim Harmon, uses the Synthetic-Dreams machine as a penal device, with the added gimmick that the "dreams" can be plotted to aid toward rehabilitation and provide a check on its progress. Of course, there's a lot of pressure on a deal like that, and the man in charge has it rough, at times.



==comes now, page 7==  
(and there's more of GALAXY)

Sheckley's "Time Killer" (here is part 2, of 4) continues with fireworks and a highly original (in stf) set of theories about life, death, the Hereafter, the why and how of ghosts, etc, all wound up in a highly explosive plot-line. If this one doesn't poop out toward the windup, it's going to be highly successful.

Aside from that single inadequate staple, this<sup>is</sup> the best Galaxy in months.

F & S F, Nov, came in today (and we publish tomorrow). Still experimenting with the logo, Bob Mills (who, I H\*O\*P\*E, is not going to let Venture die) has gone back near to the old layout but is trying variations of typeface. (They're all the same to me, as long as they're easily readable-- it's the material that counts.)

"A Different Purpose", by Ken Bennett, explores the reactions of the man who rides the first manned satellite, and the reactions of others to him. Effective.

Michael Fessier's "Bewitched" is on the quiet side of the Thorne Smith transformation-type tale, with a gopher-cum-witch as prime mover. Fun, sort of.

The wicked Dr Asimov (well, everybody, including me, has been calling him "the good Dr Asimov", and a man needs some variety) conjectures on the accumulation of meteoric dust by planetary bodies, specifically the Earth and Luna. Hmmm--.

Bertram Chandler, in "Critical Angle", independently explores the consequences of a really heavy accumulation of dust on our original satellite, storywise.

"Or the Grasses Grow" (Avram Davidson) suggests the consequences of breaking treaties with the Indians, considering the language that went into them. Oooooog...

Poul Anderson's "Wildcat" sets up a time-travel deal in which past-jumps must be on the order of 100 millions years or more, the present Cold War is worse than ever, and 500 men are working a Jurassic oil-field under the nastiest of GI-type red-tape and security restrictions, along with being harrassed by dinosaurs and needing more firepower for the critters. Things are tough all over, and the climax is very well herded into position and sprung.

The review column of editor-on-vacation Boucher reads more harried than usual; either this was written with the Con looming, or the White A P found that vacations are busy, busy times, just as I did.

Jack Williamson's "Beans" wastes a good page on a poor pun.

"Mr Milton's Gift" (Bob Arthur) is a rather weak little-shop fantasy, reprinted from a 1953 "McCall's". It's OK, but there've been so many of these, and better.

Carol Emshwiller is certainly hipped on the Inhumanity of Man, especially as exemplified by HUNTERS. In "The Pelt", she turns this attitude to good account, concerning a dog's-eye view of a hunter who bags more than he intended, on a new planet. Abjuring the obvious, she ends this very effectively.

Sky Miller's "For Analysis" is unfairly blurred as a Probability Zero hold-over: unfairly, because it would have been more sporting to let the reader get it right between the eyes instead of just reading to see what the gimmick would be.

With "Nine Yards of Other Cloth", Manly Wade Wellman closes the John-the-minstrel series (I want this, in one book). I've really enjoyed most of these, and truly loved a couple (and now this one). Thank you, gentlemen.

And so help me, this has been a most-good F & S F-- the Big Three are just that, this month-- it's been a long time.....

The word (courtesy of S-F Times) is that Super-Science, late this time, will be going ALL-OUT MONSTER shortly. I'll cover one of that ilk, but promise nothing past that. And, skimpy as it is, I do believe that we're all done with this column for yet another month. Have fun.





BURYING  
THE  
FANZINES

by:  
Burnett R. Toskey

(((Author's note: Since it seems that everyone else is doing fanzine reviews, I decided I might as well step in and have my fling at it also. Before any of you people out there begin complaining too much, I should add here that I will be unable to do this more than just this once, because of lack of time in the future -- so you will not be inflicted with my ramblings of this type except just this once. You no doubt have noted the change in the title of this column; this too, will no doubt be unique in Cry history. But I thought it would be unfair to use the old title, because, not being very well read on fanzines, I don't dig them very well at all...BRT)))

STELLAR #21, combined with GAFIA #17 and DIMENSIONS; Ted E. White, 2712 N. Charles St., Baltimore 18, Maryland. Most issues free on request, but this: 15¢.

This 20 page zine is a fifth annish, and editor White reminisces a bit, and then, in Palmer-like fashion, plugs the various items he has in this issue. Frankly, I didn't care much for the material in this zine, though it was not without interest -- which should mean to most of you readers that herein is stuff which you will go ape over. Editor Ted sees fit to make a separate article out of sections of correspondence with Kent Moomaw -- a couple of mildly interesting points brought up by ol' Moomaw. Ted then has a fairly interesting article on New Sounds in Music, which would undoubtedly be considerably more interesting to someone interested in hi-fi, Jazz, electronic music, etc -- and since I can't stand such stuff, it speaks well for this article. Harlan Ellison, in a short article, brings up an interesting point about all the carping about how s-f is sterile these days, etc. I disagree with Harlan but the point is an interesting one anyway. Allan Wingate has a story which bugs me no end; it's called "The New Angel". I see no reason whatsoever for its existence -- it isn't even worth saying why I didn't like it, so I won't, except that it is stupid, plotless, affected, and nauseating. And not sexy at all. The mag ends with three pages of letters, printed in microscopic (mebbe varitype?), and the letterhacks have a decent idea here and there, but editor White butts in with so many parenthetical remarks, that I don't know who is saying what, when, or why; confusing. Ted does a neat and clear job of printing, however.

INNUEENDO #8; Terry Carr, 2315 Dwight Way, Berkeley 4, California. Subs not accepted... sent only for trade or letter of comment(or both).

Here is a real giant, 58 pages of pleasant reading. (I'm sorry to say this, Terry, but it's the bleedin' truth. I'm not particularly worried about your existing mailing list, but from that judgement of mine, you probably won't incur any new names from our mailing list.) The only things I didn't care for particularly in this issue were a long story by Carl Brandon and a short article by Bloch -- the former was no doubt hilarious to some inner circle, but like it says up in the title of this column, I just didn't dig it, and the Bloch article, while it had an amusing line here and there, was also too esoteric for my taste... he compares Rotsler (with tongue in cheek) to great Masters of the Nude. And I think Rotsler is a lousy artist from any standpoint; it gripes me no end to have an illo by Kim at the head of this column. Rog Phillips has a very interesting serious article reminiscing on his attitudes and experiences while running "The Club House" -- the fanzine review column in Amazing Stories. I always like this type of thing. The best thing in the issue was a story-article by Bill Donaho about his "adventures in fandom", and are so ridiculous and funny that you just know that there can't be a word of truth in them, yet they seem so downright convincing that you



can visualize clearly being in just his exact predicaments...the story is in two parts: Moving to New York, and Remodeling his Cold-Water Flat...prosaic enough themes that will no doubt lead you to wonder as to how they could be made very funny, but Donaho doesn't waste a word. The remaining article is another reminiscing-type, this time by Harry Warner, Jr -- and from the lettercol I gather that he did essentially the same thing last ish also. Warner quotes from many of the ENF's and Pro-types of the dim past, including a quote from A. Merritt who claimed he sold his stuff to Argosy for the sole reason that they printed word-for-word whatever he wanted to write -- which would have been a helpful quote during our Merritt feud of a year or so ago. Warner writes interestingly; and he has an interesting subject. The remainder of the issue(outside of the opening editorial, by Terry Carr, which I didn't dig) is the lettercol, consisting of 20 pages of interesting letters by many fans, known and unknown, conscious and unconscious in their wit. Cor! This zine almost drives me to writing Carr a letter asking for future ish's or something like that; but it would only end in me getting other fanzines also. But I've got to resist, if I'm going to keep my sanity. Quick, I've got to get onward to a zine which isn't so good so that I will think better of my ways before it is too late. I notice that Carr butts in on the letterhacks like White, though not so frequently -- it seems to be different here -- perhaps it's because White didn't use distinctive enough brackets to set off his own comments.

IMPOSSIBLE #3, February 1951, 10¢; Burnett R. Toskey, no address listed.

This restores my faith in fanzines, for this one is certainly lousy. Whoops, wrong zine; how did THIS get on the stack. It should have been:

IMPOSSIBLE #3; Colin Cameron, 2561 Ridgeview Drive, San Diego 5, California. no price listed --sent to subbers of Improbable. 6 pages.

The mimeoing on this is a bit difficult to read in places, and most of the material is not worth reading. One letter(from Alan Dodd) in the lettercol is interesting, and the rest are stoopid. A 1½ page article by Bill Courval is also stoopid, disjointed, and unfunny, as were ½ page of anecdotes by "mogue". A half-page of T-V movie reviews are innocuous. This was apparently part of San Diego's propoganda for their Westercon bid -- and it is now clear how Seattle won that bid. Lessee, who is the next victim?

THE INCOMPLEAT WHIMPER, a one-shot put out at the Solacon. Gosh only knows if any copies exist, but if so they will be in the ands of Rich Brown and/or Belle Dietz and/or Jerry DeMuth and/or Ted Johnstone and/or Bob Shaw.

This is a typical hasty-type one-shot, not really representative of the best that the contributors(listed above) are capable of, no doubt. The most interesting article was the one by DeMuth on his conjectures and adventures. Shaw and Belle Dietz ballyhoo Disneyland; Ted Johnstone reminisces nostalgically on the legend of Southgate coming true. Rich Brown tells the story of how the one-shot was produced. Two fuggheaded articles are unsigned, -- a good thing, too. The cover by Bourne is truly lousy, even for Bourne.

Here's a good 'un: It says MENTAL MARSHALLOW on the cover, and both MENTAL MARSHMELLOW and MENTAL MARSHALLOW on the editorial page; you figure out what the name truly is. Anyhoo, it's edited by Miriam Dyches c/o Goldstone, 350 Delores Street, San Francisco 10, California. She wants fanzines, reviews, letters of comment, contributions, money and stamps. This is only a one-shot, but she plans on putting out a regular-type zine soon.

Hi gal! I saw your pic that B. sbys brought back from the Con; and being as how you're cute and all, I gotta find nice things to say about this somehow, since in your editorializing you sound like a delightful girl. Gee, come up and see me sometime, huh? Unfortunately most of the material is by other people. Poetry by Geisler, Cynti Goldstone, and ~~WINTER~~ <sup>POSTERS</sup> -- all lousy, but then I don't dig poetry. A one-page eulogy by Ackerman, describing Miriam as being like unto the great femmefans of fandom. And a long boring article by Terry Carr. Gads, Miriam, what do you see in this fellow anyhow? You should move to Seattle. You should have had more of your stuff in this zine too -- it was infinitely better than anything else in the zine.

THE FINAL BELL, Dave Kyle, Sta. WPDM, Potsdam, New York. no price listed.

Kyle claims that this is his last word on the WSFS matter from his end. The thing was boring to me, but no doubt is of interest if you are interested in this feud, which will undoubtedly go down in history as one of fandoms Great Feuds. This purports to be Kyle's complete financial report -- and I myself couldn't care less.



I guess this thing is BEFORE & AFTER -- that's all it says on the cover -- though numerous other titles might be deduced from the next couple pages; T/SGT Ellis Mills, 3428th STURON, Box 996, Lowry AFB, Colorado. no price listed. 10 pages

This zine has a lot of truly hilarious stuff in it. Best was a story "Safari" by Orphid Kelp, r.i.p. who I suspect is Bob Leman. I was actually rolling on the floor laughing at one point. Also amusing was Mills' report on the Denver Symphony concert -- where they performed Baron Von Who's DOUBLE CONCERTO FOR BABOON AND ORCHESTRA. Slightly amusing were various types of satires on army life -- an official letter, a letter home, etc. A funny Statement of Ownership, etc. This is the best zine in the stack so far; very like Vinegar Worm, in flavor.

OB (the fragrant fanzine, it sez, but I didn't smell anything); Lynn Hickman, 304 N. 11th, Mt. Vernon, Illinois and Nan Gerding, Box 145, Roseville, Illinois. a one-shot for OMPA.

Not much to say about this except that it is reasonably pleasant, with pleasant editorializing by Nangee and Hickman, three innocuous items under the heading of "Shaggy Science Fiction", and some poetry which I didn't care for particularly. A couple of good Pearson Pics, a decent cover by somebody named Jim, and a bunch of stoopid Rotsler drawings (not nudes). I have a feeling I shouldn't be reviewing some of these zines -- but they were guv to me for that purpose by the parties concerned, so that's what happens. C'est la vie.

GLUBBUDUBDRIB, #1; Redd Boggs, 2209 Highland Place N.E., Minneapolis 21, Minnesota. no price.

The Name Boggs will no doubt seem familiar to most of you. This is a four-page item in serious vein, containing an absorbing obit of Francis T. Laney and Vernon McCain, spoken from his heart, and conveyed dramatically with consummate skill and artistry. Don't miss this one.

MEADE #3; David M McCarroll, 644 Avenue C, Boulder City, Nevada. sent only in return for a letter of comment, trade, review, or contribution. (and he wants contributions!)

This is a 17 page (altho I can't figure his page numbering system) hectoed zine that is impossible to read in several places. The cover seems to be hand-painted -- and there's an ink scribble on one page -- it seems he has fooled the Post Office so far. Pages 14-15 were missing from my copy. The material is innocuous enough; obviously the editor is a good sincere fellow who is trying as best he can. Of slight interest are the reviews of ancient horror movies, and the fanzine reviews, with a rating system exactly the reverse of Yandro's system. The lettercol consisted mostly of letters of encouragement.

APORRHETA #2; H.P. Sanderson, 7 Inchmery Road, Catford, S.E. 6, England. No price listed and no information as to how to get this at all. 32 pages.

A beautifully printed zine, with cover by ATom, and pleasant interior illos by ATom and others. I frankly thought most of the material in this zine rather boring. The material which bored me will no doubt be of considerable interest if you are interested in the Great Feud between Kyle, Dietzes, and the Falescas, or in Cartophily, which seems to be a fad of collecting picture cards found in cigarette packages (English brands). An article by Joy Clarke was mostly a reprint from The Long Player (stf story, no less!), which I had read already, but the rest of her brief article was interesting. Best in the issue (and moderately interesting, even) was Sanderson's account of his visit to Ireland (Part I), including his visit to John Berry, whose account of the same visit occurred in the last ish of Cry in infinitely more entertaining fashion. This is not as good as I have been led to believe UK zines were supposed to be. But it is all very literate, and is undoubtedly held in high esteem by anybody except a Toskey. I can see that Bysbys will rue the day they allowed me to review fanzines.

THIG #11; Guy E. Terwilliger, 1412 Albright St. Boise, Idaho. 15¢, 6/80¢, 12/\$1.50, letter of comment, trade, etc.

This is a beautifully dittoed zine with a magnificent Coulson illo on the contents page, interiors by Bourne (all lousee!), Cameron, Richardson, Windham and Sanders. Guy discusses the movie "The Fly" in his editorial -- seems he didn't like it. My only comment on that movie is that I enjoyed it and the girl in it was absolutely stunning. A boring and pointless story by Bill Pearson takes up the next five pages, followed by an interesting account by Guy on the occasion of Lars Bourne's visit to his place -- particularly interesting to us because Lars has visited Seattle several times. There is a lousy poem by John Trimble (and since, as I have said, I don't dig poetry, mostly, this might easily have been a good poem.). The best thing in the



ISSUE was the review of "The Revenge of Frankenstein" by Colin Cameron, who writes deftly here and with sparkling wit -- a rather remarkable achievement considering he is praising the movie rather than ripping it apart (It's a great movie also). Bourne is seemingly disenchanted with H.P. Sanderson -- at least his article in this issue would lead me to believe this. The lettercol is of decent length, and is handled the best of any lettercol so far in the stack; the letters are also interesting. A very enjoyable lettercol. Strangely, in the final editorial, Guy apologizes for printing the Cameron article and says he used it mainly because of the fancy lettering that Cameron supplied. And since I thought it was best in the issue, you can readily see that it is likely that you, dear reader, would undoubtedly do best by assuming that your opinions of these items reviewed in this column would be just the reverse of mine.

For instance I just learned that others considered some of the ones, which I raved about previously in this column, to be fuggheaded.

Sorry, Guy, I can't help it. I liked TWIG.

FANAC #24, and YAMARGH! #1; Terry Carr and Ron Ellick, 2315 Dwight Way, Berkeley 4, California. Weekly, 4/25¢, 9/50¢. 4 pages and 2 pages respectively.

Not much to say about this, except that it seems to be chatty, informal, and enjoyable, though brief. Up to the minute, also.

YANDRO: Vol 6#9; R&J Coulson, 105 Stitt St, Wabash, Indiana. 15¢ or 12/\$1.50. Apparently they don't give free issues for letters of comment, but undoubtedly they trade. 20 pp.

This is the first YANDRO I have ever read from beginning to end (I have naturally read their Cry reviews regularly), and my comment is that I AM NOT IMPRESSED. The editorials are the best things in the ish (one page each, by Juanita and Robert respectively). There are two utterly despicable pieces of fiction in this by Bill Beard and Lee Jenrette, a reasonably interesting piece by Dan Adkins, an amusing satire on their fanzine review column by Scithers, lousy poetry by Ray Clancy, a doddering (in more than one sense) column by Alan Dodd, and an utterly boring lettercol. There is some excellent artwork in the ish, and a couple of cute filler items by Richard Lupoff and Hohn Berry. But on the whole this zine doesn't appeal to me.

SIGBO, #6; Jerry DeMuth, 3223 Ernst St, Franklin Park, Illinois. 15¢, 2/25¢, contributions, reviews, letters, trades. 44 pages.

A brightly dittoed zine, with several nice illos by DeMuth, Ray Nelson, Juanita Coulson and Dan Adkins. The material is considerably better than the material in Yandro. Coulson's book review column is meaty, as are Joe Sanders' fanzine reviews. Best thing in the ish was a story "Star White" by Neal Wilgus, a takeoff on "Snow White". Bill Connor had an interesting article, but I disagree with practically everything he said. One of us is stupid. Also good is an account by DeMuth of his misadventures with the Post Office. The only low point in the whole issue was a piece by Alan Dodd which seemed similar to his thing in Yandro and equally lousy. DeMuth draws much prettier nudes than does Rotsler; yumm! The lettercol was moderately interesting. This zine seems to me to have the "evenness" of quality that everybody has been telling me that Yandro is noted for. Who is covering up?

WHEN, #1; The Eternals, c/O Robert Foster, 2955 Tudor Ave, Victoria, B.C., Canada. 4/50¢. contributions over 100 words. 36 half-size pages.

The Eternals claim that they are SIRCON, because they have a secret mission. Herein is an editorial, a lengthy and interesting book review column, several moody-type pieces of fiction and several poems and filler items, mostly well mimeoed (I believe they mention having a Gestetner). The material is even more even in quality than Sigbo, and I liked all of it except for an item entitled "Mr. Lanrete", though nothing was outstandingly good either. Nor can I choose any particular item as being the best. I found the poetry to be better than in any of the fanzines reviewed in this month's column. They have very little artwork, and what they have is not distinctive. It's a good first issue, and fanzine reviews are promised for next issue -- but they should go to the regular full-size format.

AMBROSIA #1; Dave McCarroll, address already pubbed under review of Meade. 10¢, artwork, contributions, letters, trades. mimeoed 6 pp.

This contains a nothing type of editorial, a short list of fanzines, and a stupidly lousy story that will gag anybody. unrecommended by any standards.



# BUT ME NO BUTTS

by John Berry

There is a famous column in the Readers Digest entitled 'The Most Unforgettable Character I've Ever Met.' Maybe one day a farsighted faned will create such a column in his fanzine (interposing the word 'Fan' instead of 'Character') and in case such a contingency should arise, I have my little piece ready for it. I am pleased to announce that it would be Ken Potter, of Lancaster Fandom (England) part editor of BRENSCHLUSS.

He stayed at my home for a few short hours at the beginning of August, 1958, and he left such an impression on my by his unique activities that there was no need for me to scribble every fact down as soon as he departed, a chore I usually find necessary in order to retain that certain essential modicum of authenticity, for which my works are famous.

It started so conventionally, too.

Potter opened a flat tin, which I saw contained cigarettes, and he invited me to have one. Not being a heavy smoker, I nevertheless accepted one, and noted with surprise that it was a 'Benson and Hedges' cigarette -- surprise, because this particular brand of cigarettes is very exclusive, and costs a great deal more than the common brands.

Ken took one too, as did his most charming wife Irene (nee Gore). He lit his cigarette with a match supplied by Irene (much more about this later) and by his strange and obviously inexperienced demeanor with the cigarette, it occurred to me that he was a smoker of only short active service.

"I didn't know you smoked, Ken," I said, hoping by this subtle questioning to learn something pertinent to my observation.

"I don't smoke," he confessed, his eyes holding a bewildered stare, and it was THEN that the whole fascinating experiment came to light. The words of explanation tumbled from his mouth, aided here and there by a rejoinder from his wife. I won't give the conversation verbatim, as I well could do, but I'll recount the data in such a manner as to show you all his frightful dilemma.

It is simply this.

KEN POTTER DOES NOT SMOKE.

But secretly haunting him was the thought that one day he might get the irresistible urge to do so. This became an obsession with him, but instead of losing his hair or developing a nervous twitch, as you or I would do, he tackled the problem in a psychological manner.

This way!

He thought to himself... 'I don't smoke, but I might want to, so to allay this urge I will go to extremes to demonstrate to myself how thoroughly impracticable it would be to do so.'

The first move in this incredible example of forensic reasoning was to purchase a brand of cigarette and a quantity of them such as he couldn't possibly afford. He chose Benson and Hedges -- four shillings and tenpence for twenty, instead of three shillings and eightpence for normal brands.

The shock of this financial sacrifice almost struck him dumb, but with relentless dedication to the cause, he started to smoke them. It was terrible, horrible, absolutely nauseating, he told me, but to show himself how foolish he was to be a smoker, he puffed cigarette after cigarette.

When the 20 were consumed, he knew he'd never smoke again, but just to impress upon himself the utter stupidity of smoking, he purchased another 20 of the same brand.

This time, the shock was almost fatal, but his persistence won through, as it was bound



to do, and he continued to smoke, realizing more and more if such a thing was Possible, that, right enough, he couldn't afford it, he didn't like it anyway, and he would never smoke again.

Blind with the amazing sacrifices he was making to show the futility of it all, he purchased tin after tin.

At this stage, he brought into play his final gambit. I took off my hat to him when he explained it. Ghod, it was utter genius, complete vindication of his high I.Q. rating.

Every time he put a cigarette in his mouth, he asked Irene to light it for him. And he so instructed her that every time she held the lighted match to him, and he applied the end of the cigarette to ignite it, SHE BLEW THE MATCH OUT. She did this (and I must stress it was on his direct instruction) until 49 of the 50 matches in the box were used up. With the fiftieth match she would allow him to light up.

I watched several performances of this amazing rite. The simple logic of it was that every cigarette he smoked cost him several times as much as it would a normal smoker like me.

As I said at the beginning, Ken and Irene were only in my house for a few hours, and that was only a few days ago, so I am not in a position to state whether this most original cure-by-tribulation worked out as planned. It has a lot to commend it, admittedly, and I have a sneaking suspicion that a lot of you expected that this story would end by my revealing that Potter is chain-smoking Benson and Hedges cigarettes. Sorry to disappoint you, but I just cannot enlighten you.

Oh yes, I know what you are going to say. The new wholesale store that Benson and Hedges have announced they are going to build in Lancaster cannot be just coincidence. But I am assured it is just that.

Possibly in the future I will learn if Ken was ultimately successful, although knowing him as I do, I think we can at least be five percent sure that he doesn't smoke them now.

But Suffering Catfish.

Those Benson and Hedges cigarettes:

So smooth, so satisfying, so excellent, so fragrant, so nice to the throat.

Try one!

No, no, take one, Please. I've a couple of hundred in that drawer over there.

Now tell me, aren't they the nicest cigarette you ever smoked?

Honestly?

Now admit it?





in memoriam:  
FANTASTIC ADVENTURES

by:  
 Burnett R. Toskey

Part VIII: 1945

Five issues of the magazine were published this year, dated January, April, July, October, and December -- marking a change to bimonthly schedule at the end of the year after two years of haphazard quarterly publication. The page count dropped to 180 pages at the same time, however (with the October issue), from the 212 page format used up to that time.

In contrast to the extremely controversial material appearing in the companion magazine, Amazing Stories, the stories in Fantastic Adventures continued its policy of printing stories in which the author's imagination was allowed complete freedom. The only mention of Shaver was in the shape of a few brief plugs in the editorial or lettercol. This policy, however, paid off big dividends in October of 1945 with J.W. Pelkie's sensational story "King of the Dinosaurs" -- which I consider to be probably the finest novel ever written with a prehistoric background (Of those I have read) --- as well as many other fine stories which I shall describe.

In one respect, 1945 was a very unusual year: Of the five issues under consideration here, the covers of the five issues were painted by five different artists: Robert Gibson Jones, R.E. Epperley, Arnold Kohn, J Allen St John, and Paul Lehman, respectively. St. John's cover for the October ish was magnificent, as befitting the Pelkie Story which it represented, and the other covers are hardly worth bothering to look at.

The lettercol ran in length everywhere from just one page, including a monster-sized logo to 7½ pages. The only recognizable names appearing herein are Guy Terwilliger (April) and Arthur T. Harris (July -- he wrote a memorial to David Wright O'Brien who was killed in action).

And, having exhausted other sources of thoughts on this year, there is nothing left to do now but to turn to the stories themselves, in my usual fuggheaded fashion.

NOVEL-LENGTH STORIES (over 30,000 words; in order of preference)

"King of the Dinosaurs" by J.W. Pelkie (75,000 words; rating A,1.3) complete in October. As I intimated above, this is one of the most amazing cave-man stories ever written. It is the story of Sandcliffe, a magnificent tiered edifice of stone in which men live under conditions little different from cave dwellings -- it is difficult to tell whether this is supposed to have existed in the dim past or in the dim future, or whether the whole story takes place on an imaginary world. Upon this world live dinosaurs who are intelligent and love playing regular baseball, using the humans for their balls, their tails for bats. In this land grow berries which form 100% of the human diet, for all practical purposes, and which give the men superhuman strength. Sandcliffe itself is a maze of secret passages; there are beautiful women, heroes, and villains galore wound up in a plot much too complicated to even refer to here -- I have but described the background in meager fashion, for there is much more. It's even sexy. It seems odd that this story and its two sequels (1946 and 1947) are the only published stories by this writer, for they show a skill at writing in a truly vivid style, and a rare imagination. Of course, it may be that Pelkie is a pseudonym, but if so, no one knows what the author's real name is -- Pelkie writes in a style unlike any other author I know of.

"Escape from Doom" by John Wilstach (Rating A,1.9), complete in April; a well-written and suspense filled 55,000 words. A war hero, in his attempts to escape publicity, stumbles unwittingly into the hands of a spy ring and is forced to trade minds (via a mind-transference machine) with another man. There is some hint of magical powers possessed by an ancient talisman which is seemingly the main objective of the entire story. A few puzzling inconsistencies slightly mar an otherwise excellently developed plotline.

"Taggart's Terrible Turban" by Don Wilcox (Rating B,2.5; 30,000 words), January. This story appeared in the same issue with "The Devils Pigs" by Wilcox also; letterhacks praised the short story to the skies, and panned this novel soundly. Truly, this is not Wilcox at his best, and was obviously turned out in some haste at an assignment by Palmer. But it is by no means uninteresting. It tells of turbans which form the homes of little fellows whose greatest delight consists in chopping at your head with little axes.

"Diamond of Doom" by Alexander Blade (Berkeley Livingston) (Rating C,3.3), 55,000 words complete in July, with a basically good idea that would have come off better if written by a writer more skilled at this type of plot. The characterization is none too real, and two much scene switching in the last half disrupt the continuity. But the story was not without some



interest, as indicated in my rating....about as much as a decent short story.

SHORT STORIES with "B" rating (highly recommended)

"The Serpent Has Five Fangs" by Don Wilcox, December. Here is Wilcox back in his truest form with a fantasy of the wildest nature. Herein you can murder a witch doctor, steal his turban, and become a true magician. Herein, pigs change to nen, men to women, and women to mermaids. Herein are snakes who have voices, speak wisdom, and breathe magic, yet plot to eat you. A more perfect story in which to escape utterly from reality could hardly be found.

"Dummy of Death" by Leroy Yerxa, October, one of Yerxa's finest stories. A huge Haiti voodoo god statue is brought to America and used as a ventriloquist's dummy. Unfortunately the statue dislikes New York weather (And who could blame it!) and uses its own primitive logic to figure the best way to get back home. A chilling story.

"The Story Escapes Me" by Leroy Yerxa, December. An unusual variation on the idea where an author's characters come to life and try to run the story to suit themselves. In this case, however, the author falls in love with the heroine, and vice versa. I thought the idea was fascinating -- wish it would happen to me.

"C" stories (recommended)

January: "The Devil's Pigs" by Don Wilcox

"Invasion of the Raindrops" by Edwin Benson

"A Year from Tonight" by Dorothy Quick

"The Miracle of Dr. Beaujean", by Curtis Pechtel

April: "The Incomplete Angler" by Raymond Chan (short-short shocker)

"The Singing Skulls" by Don Wilcox

"Lefty Feep Gets Henpecked" by Robert Bloch

"The Conqueror" by Charles I. Marks

July: "The Tiger Has a Soul" by Lester Barclay (Berkeley Livingston)

October: (none)

December: "Woman's Island" by Miles Shelton (Don Wilcox)

"The Sapphire Enchantress" by Cleo Eldon (Don Wilcox)

"Mr. Anonymous" by David Wright O'Brien

"Wink Van Ripple" by Geoff St. Reynard (Robert W. Krepps)

I forgot to mention the unusual aspect of the July issue: Every story in that issue was written by Berkeley Livingston, under one pseudonym or another...and the low quality of the novel and scarcity of mentionable stories indicates it to be a rather poor issue. The stories not mentioned are all "D" stories(not recommended).

((NOTICE: With this issue, my Amazing, Fantastic, review series will be temporarily discontinued, due to the fact that during this coming school year I am not only teaching (Math at Seattle University) full time, but am working hard to finish my thesis(Ph.D. type, in Math.), and so will be unable to allow time to read the issues up for review in time to keep up a regular column -- but I will continue it in the future, though it may take me many months to read the next year -- and I may even have to defer it the full nine months of school. This also accounts for my reason for turning the lettercol over to more capable hands....BRI)))

#### A DEFENSE OF WILLIAM DEECK

by Burnett R. Toskey

Although unable to place this discussion where it rightly belongs -- in the lettercol -- I nevertheless wanted to come to Deeck's defense in his argument with Boyd Raeburn, because, while it is evident to me that Deeck is capable of defending himself, it may still comfort him to know that some of us are on his side in the matter. Raeburn claims that he did not quote out of context because he printed the whole thing. But the paragraph was itself an extract from a personal letter -- so how does Raeburn know whether or not. Deeck can easily be right on this matter. But more directly, the paragraph itself was to me a perfectly normal sort of criticism, written in fine style (and for a personal letter, too!), yet Boyd went on to poke fun at each individual passage and cause implications to be drawn which were not implied by the paragraph as a whole. The paragraph stands as a unit, but taken to pieces as was done, destroys the effect which the paragraph as a whole was intended to convey. To me this is quoting out of context. The same could be done to almost any paragraph written.



# BONE GESTE

by: Blotto Otto Pfeifer

Slyptix's Bar and Grill was practically deserted. The four-armed bartender was sleepily drying two glasses and trying to hide his boredom. He wished that the last two customers would drink up and leave so he could finally go home. He cast a hopeful eye at them and had to duck as it was cast back.

"Damn, won't they ever get full?" he asked himself forlornly. He didn't get a chance to answer himself as one of the patrons beckoned to him. He wiped his hands and slithered from behind the bar.

"You would like your bill, gentlemen?" he asked, hope shining brightly in his eyes.

The poor fellow was doomed to despair. HE didn't know that his two remaining customers were none other than The Old Spacehound and his side-kick Barthoj.

"No, son, we don't want our bill. We would like some more of that stuff you call liquor."

"But, sir, we are past the hour of closing," the bartender protested. "I would like to go home. My wife is expecting me. My children are expecting me. My trill...."

The Old Spacehound interrupted him with a wave of his hand: "Sirrah, we are expecting our drinks. Now slither back and get them."

"I would blast him except for one thing," Barthoj put his two drenes worth in.

The Old Spacehound gazed at him with interest.

"He is a male type creature, and everybody who reads this series knows that I only blast females," he explained without being asked.

Behind the bar, the bartender was muttering to himself. "My wife will kill me. I have to do something."

He got two glasses from a shelf, then stopped. A brilliant light flashed in his brain. "I've got it!" he exclaimed to himself. "That Sergeant from the Grobian Foreign Legion was in here today looking for recruits. If I can give these two a drink that would put them out, then I could get in touch with him and collect a bounty. That would make my wife happy, and she would forgive me." Humming happily, he proceeded to fix two drinks that would end all drinks. Presently he finished them and hurried back to his waiting customers.

"Here you are gentlemen, the specialty of the house."

The Old Spacehound and Barthoj stared at the drinks. Nowhere in all their travel had they see drinks that acted the way these did. It wasn't so much the steaming and bubbling that shook them. It was the low rumbling and the way the glasses bounced about on the table that caused them so much concern.

"Go ahead and drink them while they are live," the bartender urged them.

"You mean you haven't killed them yet?" Barthoj asked incredulously.

The Bartender attempted to soothe their fears. "It is nothing, just some secret ingredients. Go ahead, drink up before the glasses melt--er-- manage to knock themselves off the table."

The old Spacehound was one to try to drink anything, at least once. He picked up his drink and downed it in one gulp. Barthoj hesitated a moment and did likewise.

The Old Spacehound bounced around the floor like a rubber ball, then stood up. "Hmmm, that was real smooth." The next moment he was flat on his back out cold. Since Barthoj did everything that the Old Spacehound did, he also passed out.

The bartender stood over them a second rubbing his four hands together. "Now, to get in touch with that Sergeant and collect that bounty."

\* \* \* \* \*

The Old Spacehound opened one eye and promptly closed it again. He groaned as he realized that he had the gran-daddy of all hangovers. He turned over and fell out of the bunk he was laying in.

"Must you make all that noise? If you want to blast off do it somewhere else!" came the weak and somewhat sick sounding voice of Barthoj.



"Open your eyes and see where we are, you drunken descendant of an Amoeba," the Old Spacehound demanded.

"Descendant of an Amoeba! Why you broken down cat chaser. You can open your own eyes and look around," Barthoj snapped back.

(Readers' note --- for Bloch's sake DON'T STOP NOW!!! Not finding out what will happen is the only thing worse than finding out what happens.)

The Old Spacehound thought this over. Deciding that if he wanted to find out where he was at, he had better look around. Slowly he opened one eye, then ever so cautiously he opened the other one. After the pain in his head subsided he turned his head and hit it against a leg of the bunk that he had just fallen out of. He got up and looked around. He discovered that he and Barthoj were in a long narrow structure. Along each side were lined small metal bunks. Little chests were on the floor in front of each bunk, and lined along the wall were uniforms. Not just plain uniforms, but the uniforms of the Grobian Foreign Legion.

(Author's note: The Grobian Foreign Legion is not unlike the French Foreign Legion. There is this exception, however: Anybody who volunteered for it was not trying to forget a woman. He was trying to forget life. Life in the G.F.L. was even worse than death. Anybody that was lucky enough to get killed while serving in it was given a dishonorable discharge. Recruits were not easy to come by, so the recruiting sergeants had to resort to any means to get recruits and if they didn't get their quota they would be demoted back to private, which was worse than getting the death penalty. The only way to get out of the G.F.L. was to perform a great deed of heroism. Often this deed resulted in the death of the doer, in which case he would get a dishonorable discharge and get out anyways. No wonder that the men of the G.F.L. were the bravest found anywhere.)

The Old Spacehound continued to look around. He spied a lump of something that was quivering as if it was stuck in a freezer.

"Barthoj, stop shaking and open your eyes. We are in trouble."

The lump stopped quivering and stood up. Barthoj opened his eyes and looked around. He promptly shut them and started quivering all over again.

The Old Spacehound ignored him and sat down on a bunk. "By the great Ghod Bloch, who I knew in his younger days, if I ever get my hands on that bartender." He looked at his hands and decided that he could have said paws, just as well. You see, sometimes the Old Spacehound couldn't figure out what he was.

The door of the structure opened and in walked one of the toughest beings that that the Old Spacehound had ever seen. He was a native Glibt, a species of life that resembled a granite slab.

"Ahhh, I see that you two have finally come around," the granite slab observed, "I am Sergeant Rock Bustin. You two will be in my detachment."

Barthoj opened his eyes once more, then groaned. "I knew that we should have headed straight for Earth. No, the Spacehound had to have another drink. Now look what we got ourselves into."

The Old Spacehound shot him a scorching look. "Arf-arf," he barked.

"Alright you two, shut up and follow me; we have to get you some uniforms," Sgt Bustin ordered.

On the way over to the supply room, Sgt. Bustin looked at the Old Spacehound and chuckled. "It may interest you to know that you will be taking orders from Corporal Per. He happens to be a Clovian."

Hatred flared up in the Old Spacehound when he remembered that Clovians were a cat-like species. He growled to himself.

They reached the supply room and the supply Sgt. took one look at the Old Spacehound and Barthoj, then disappeared into the supply room. He was back in a minute with an armful of clothes which he tossed at Barthoj.

"Divide those between you," he ordered. "It doesn't matter who gets what. They are all the same size anyways."

Barthoj handed some of the uniforms to the Old Spacehound. Sgt. Bustin led them back to the barracks. Once they were back inside; he told them to put their uniforms on. "Since this is your first day we will be easy on you. You won't have to fall out for any detail for an hour." With that he left.



Once the Sgt. had left, Barthoj looked at the Old Spacehound. "I hope that you realize that you goofed."

"Don't worry. We will get out of this. After all, this series is far from finished," the Old Spacehound assured him. (He is more confident than the author is at this time, because I sure as hell don't know what comes next.)

The next hour passed swiftly. The door to the barracks opened and the Sgt. stepped in. "Alright you two. Step lively," he ordered.

The Old Spacehound and Barthoj headed wearily out of the building. They were a sorry looking mess in their ill-fitting uniforms. Barthoj couldn't find a thing to fit him except the cap and this was a little too small. He contented himself with wearing just the cap. Being built the way he was, it didn't make much difference if he wore anything or not. The Old Spacehound found that the pants were too small and the tunic was too big. Being as debonair as he thought he was, he figured that he would cut a pretty good figure no matter how ill-fitting the clothes were.



Once they were outside, the Sgt. made them line up. "You two sure are lucky. Your orders just came through. It seems that the three of us are to join the detachment at outpost #2," he told them. He smiled to himself and continued, "Outpost #2 is on the other side of the planet. It is smack in the middle of the Dari Desert. In case you don't know anything about it, I will give you some facts. The Dari Desert covers the whole half of the planet. It is peopled by the Baras, a reptilian race. They are normally a warring people, though lately they have discovered a new god. They believe that

this god is peace loving, and do everything that they can to stay peaceable. Our job is to make sure that they stay that way. You will like outpost duty; you can sleep at least three hours a day!" With that he turned and headed for a nearby building. The Old Spacehound and Barthoj followed along behind him.

When they arrived at the building, the Sgt. beckoned them to enter. When they had gotten inside, the Old Spacehound noticed an intricate looking piece of machinery. Before he had time to ask what it was, the Sgt. started to explain. "This is a matter transmitter. This is how we will travel to the outpost. Come on, now, Get in."

The Old Spacehound and Barthoj entered a cubicle in the middle of the machine, the Sgt. pulled a switch and followed them in. The Old Spacehound felt a small period of dizziness and when it had passed, he heard the Sgt. telling them to get out.

The Old Spacehound got out first and looked around. As far as he could tell, they were right back where they started. The building that he was in was identical to the one they had just left. He felt Barthoj behind him and moved forward through the door of the building. Once outside, the similarity ended. The area around the building was the center of great activity. Beings of all sizes, shapes, and colors were moving rapidly about. The Old Spacehound figured that the recruiting teams visited just about every planet that had life on it.

"We like to keep the men busy. If we can't find anything for them to do, we just make them run back and forth," Sgt. Bustin told them.

Barthoj grew tired just watching the hustle and bustle.

"Ha, that will trim down your figure, Barthoj," the Old Spacehound commented.

Barthoj just groaned.

A figure hurried toward them. As it grew nearer, the Old Spacehound noticed that it was a cat-like creature. Corporal Per was about to make his appearance. The Old Spacehound regarded him with hatred.

Sgt. Bustin introduced the two hapless recruits to Per.

Per looked at the Old Spacehound and licked his lips. "Ah, you have come just in time. I need some volunteers to go out on patrol with me. I'm glad that you have decided to volunteer."

"Now I see why you hate cats," Barthoj muttered softly to the Old Spacehound.



The Old Spacehound nodded.

"O.K. Come along. We are going to visit the principal village of the Baras."

He led the way towards the main gate. When they had reached the gate the guard handed all three of them blasters. The Old Spacehound fingered his thoughtfully as he stared at Per's back. He shrugged and holstered it. Per led the way through the gate.

"How far is it to the village and do we walk all the way?" Barthoj asked.

Per turned and looked at him, a sneer on his face. "We usually run the distance but after looking at the pair of you I decided that we better walk. Don't want to kill you off the first day."

They trudged on. Two hours elapsed when the Old Spacehound caught sight of some dwellings up ahead.

"There's the village," Per pointed out, needlessly.

"It's about time," panted Barthoj. One would get the impression that Barthoj didn't enjoy the walk.

Per led the way into the village. The Old Spacehound looked around and noticed that it was deserted. He mentioned this to Per.

They always hide when our patrols come this way," he explained. He stopped and pointed to a large hut. "That is their Temple. Their principle god's name is Wally Weber; he is supposed to be a peacable chap."

Barthoj saw the Old Spacehound bend down and pick up something. "What was that?" he wanted to know.

"Oh, nothing important," was the Spacehound's reply.

"We have seen what we came to see," Per told them. "Let's head back."

It was almost dark when they got back to camp. Per told the Old Spacehound and Barthoj that they could go and eat. Their services wouldn't be needed any more that night.

After they had eaten, Sgt. Bustin found them and took them to their barracks. They entered but were far too tired to pay any attention to the comrades who shared the barracks with them. The Old Spacehound fell onto his bunk and fell fast asleep.

It seemed that he had just closed his eyes when Sgt. Bustin came roaring into the barracks. "Come on, get out of those bunks. All hall's broken loose. The Baras are on the warpath."

All around the Old Spacehound, legionaires were jumping up and running out the door. The Old Spacehound waited for Barthoj and then followed behind everyone else. Once outside, the Old Spacehound saw that it was daylight. Men were running back and forth yelling orders to each other. Barthoj and the Old Spacehound were led to a ramp that led up to ledges alongside the wall that surrounded the fort. They were handed blasters and told to blast anything that moved outside the walls.

The Old Spacehound looked over the walls and gasped when he saw the hundreds of reptilian creatures that besieged the fort. They were waving strange weapons. One of the creatures pointed a weapon at a legionaire and fired. The legionaire dissolved. All around them the legionaires were performing heroic deeds, in all cases fatal, and getting themselves in line for dishonorable discharges.

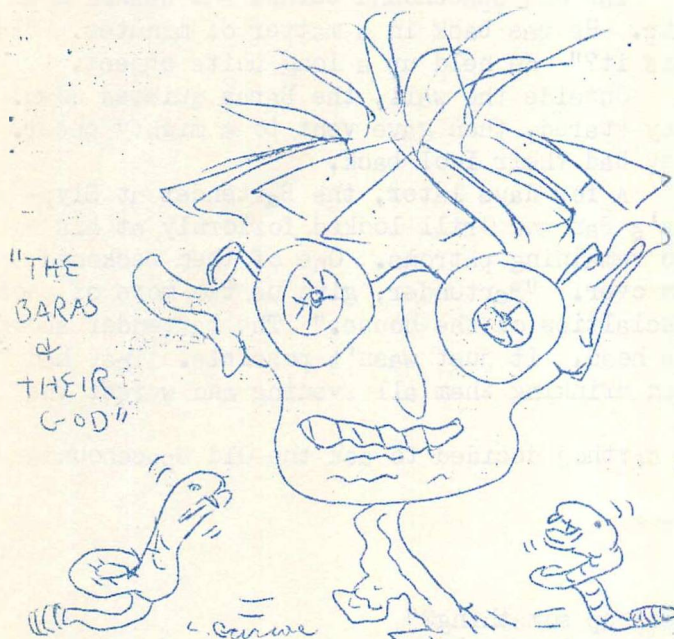
"That old cat, Per, just got his," Barthoj told the Old Spacehound.

A gleam of joy appeared in the Spacehound's eye. "Where?"

"He was there on that catwalk when he got hit," Barthoj pointed out.

Sgt. Bustin was running back and forth yelling, "This is treason. Stop being so heroic and just be cowards." He was apparently alarmed at the rapid decrease in the fort's personnel. He paused by the Old Spacehound.

"I thought the Baras were peacable. How come they are on the warpath?" the Old Spacehound asked him.



"THE  
BARAS  
&  
THEIR  
GOD"



"Seems as though their Idol is missing. They blame us for taking it."

A Suspicion began gnawing at the Old Spacehound. "Their Idol? What did it look like?"

Bustin thought a bit, then answered, "I've never seen it, but I hear it is a long white object with knobs at both ends."

The Old Spacehound thought this over. "Look, Sgt. You are losing men right and left. The more you lose, the more that you will have to replace. That means that you will have a large quota to recruit. You know what will happen if you don't come through."

"Yeah, I know. What has this got to do with you?"

"Well, suppose I dug up that Idol. That would end this uprising." The Old Spacehound paused to let this sink in. "Would you give Barthoj and me a discharge, and ask no questions?"

"How do you propose to do this?"

"Never mind that. Would you give us a discharge?"

"Alright, yes."

The Old Spacehound turned and dashed down the ramp. He was back in a matter of minutes. "Is this it?" He held up a long white object.

Outside the wall, the Baras quieted down. They stared, then gave vent to a mighty cheer. They had their Idol back.

A few days later, the Bartender at Slyptix's Bar and Grill looked forlornly at his two remaining patrons. One of them beckoned him over. "Bartender, give us two more of those specialties of the house." The bartender shook his head. It just wasn't possible. They had been drinking them all evening and weren't the

least bit affected.

While they waited for the bartender's return, Barthoj decided to ask the Old Spacehound about the Idol's return.

"How did you know where the Idol was?"

"The Old Spacehound smiled, "I had it."

"You had it?"

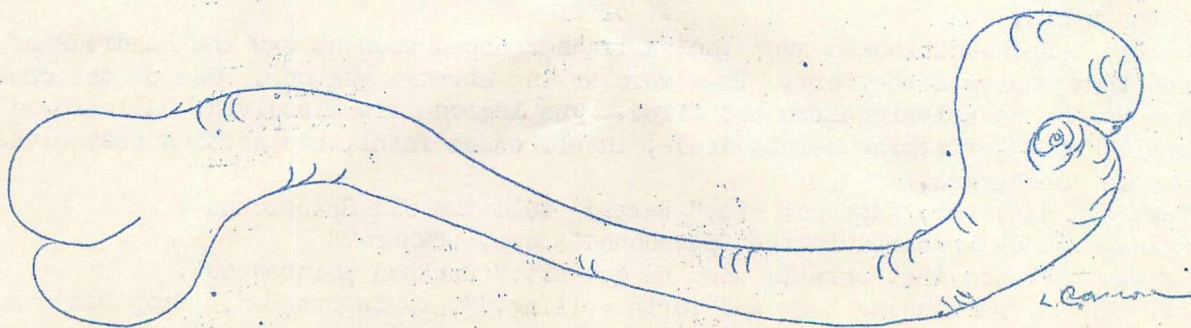
"Sure. You remember on the patrol when I picked up something?"

"Yes, I remember."

"Well, that was the Idol. I thought it was a bone and I picked it up and carried it back to the fort to bury it. It was easy to dig it back up."

THE END

(That is it, poor, long-suffering reader. Never fear, the Old Spacehound will be back. Watch for him.)





BIG SALE OF BACK ISSUES !!!!!!!!!!!!!

(compiled by Burnett R. Toskey)

In response to numerous communications from people desiring back issues of the Cry, and to show all you poor suffering completists that we are in sympathy with you in spite of our long silence on the matter, but mainly because we have a lot of old Crys that we'd like to get out of our hair, we have finally bestirred ourselves to the point where a tabulation could be made of all of these ~~crappy~~ lovely collectors items.

To console those of you who are absolute completists and note with despair that many issues are unavailable, there is only one complete set in existence anywhere, that I know of, and that being the beloved possession of Mr. William N. Austin. I myself have practically a complete set, missing but one page of #2.

A brief publishing history of the Cry might also aid you in your selection of back issues, if you are interested in adding to your collection. #1 was dated January 4, 1950 and was put out by G.M. Carr, she being corresponding secretary at the time. She continued to put out the Cry until issue number 16. In #1-16 there was very little humor therein, and most of the artwork was by G.M., except for a Phil Barker pic on #7. Issues 17-33 were published by Wally Weber and myself, and was written entirely by Mrs. Weber with me doing the slave labor. Most of the artwork was by Garcone, with occasional drawings by Victor Stredicke, Wally, and E. Frowz.

#34 had an honest genuine letter from Albert Einstein. #34-71 were put out partly by Wally Weber and partly by Wally Gonser, with others occasionally aiding in production. On the occasion of #72 I returned from the army, and Garcone came with me, so adding life to the Cry once more. With issue #75, the Cry went subscription, and until #90, the editorship rotated around to various local members, though Wally and I still did most of the work. By this time the prozine review column was also a permanent fixture (It started in #82 -- an extremely rare issue). And gradually, the Cry evolved into what it is today.

Sinisterra was a different matter --- it was officially the club's literary journal, and, (except for the humorous nature of some of the items) was serious in intent. Eight issues were published in enormous quantities, though very few of #1 are left. The Alphabet series listed below consisted mostly of one-page meeting notices, but some of them had material of general interest (but I ain't telling which ones -- ehehh hen).

Possibly also of great benefit would be a listing of just which ones we have available: We have one copy of #7, two copies of #16 (the G.M. Carrtype Cry).

Issues 17-32 are all available with quantities ranging from 1 copy to several. #32½ is unavailable, but #33-39 can be had, including two separate issues of #37, and the half-shots, #36½ and 37½. The next string runs from 41-71, noting the fact that #50 remains unpublished to this day, and that this includes half-shots 49½, 52½, 57½. 72, 73, and 73½ are missing, but 74-81 are available, including 74½, 75½, 76½, 77½, and 78½. And then 83 to date are available, though some of these are extremely scarce (such as #93, 94, and 87.) The Alphabet series replaced the half-shot series that no doubt has you confused by now, and were entitled, respectively: Anathema, Boondoggle, Casserole, Dithyramb, Ecchhh, Fainceance, Galimatias, Hersillon, Ichor, Jihad, Khamsin, Legerdemain, and Mandamus (of the Nameless), and are available in quantities ranging from one copy to several. Sinisterra's are all available (1-8) but hurry, there's only a few hundred copies left of some of them.

But by far the most helpful item to our prospective customers for back issue Crys is our PRICE LIST. Our price policy is thus. For all issues available up through #74½, including all of the following half-shots, and all of the Alphabet series, the price is 25 for \$1. For the subscription issues #75-115, the price is 10¢ each or 12/\$1, with the half-shots in this area being included in the previous price tag. From 116 on, the price is 25¢ each, 5/\$1, and 12/\$2. This last price will also apply to Sinisterra. The 25/\$1 price on the early issues and the half-shots etc can be broken up to imply 4¢ apiece also.

A word of caution is in order. Some of these issues are extremely scarce, and our back-issue file has only one copy left of many issues, so when ordering be sure and list alternates, just in case someone beat you to the draw on some of these rare items. And hurry, because we know of many who will pounce on this offer with lightning-like reaction.



M H I N E T U S

by Whally Wheber

The 213th meeting of the Nameless Ones took place August 17th, 1958, in the uncharted wilds of Seattle's Lincoln Park. Since Lincoln Park covers a considerable area, a series of signs were devised to point the way to the meeting spot from the nearest parking lot. Unfortunately the sign installer was as uninformed as the rest of the members, and an undisclosed number of Nameless Ones spent the picnic meeting in ten feet of water under the ferry dock.

Despite the confusion, enough Nameless Ones gathered on dry ground to use up one of the long picnic tables and half of another. Your faithful secretary had to leave during the preparation of the food, but made certain the lunch would not be served until his return by taking all of the paper plates with him. The precaution proved to be a wise one because the thoughtless members would have started eating much earlier if the plates had been available.

Many noteworthy events of great import took place. Julia Woodard arrived in her sedan chair borne by a group of native porters. She was installed at a private table custom-made and imported at great expense from Woolworth's. A handsome table-cloth of newsprint (courtesy of the Seattle Times) was laid before her by her private servants and her meal was served on Bartell's paper chinaware. She was at the picnic at the sacrifice of her usual Sunday night's attendance of the opera, "Maverick."

All Seattle members of the Spectator Amateur Press Society were present and eating. After some deliberation, the members of SAPS decided to refrain from publishing a one-shot to commemorate the occasion.

Robert Warwick (Jr.) and Wally Weber (Sr., U. of W.) collected the, er, donations from the attending membership. Only one member, John Swearingen, objected to paying one dollar. He based his objection on the fact that previously Flora Jones and Wally Weber had "visited" Mrs. Swearingen at her hospital bed and had been so brutal in extracting her dollar donation that she had not recovered in time to attend the picnic. John felt that in consideration of this, he should not be held responsible for an additional donation. He reconsidered, however, after it was pointed out to him that his wife had already been in the hospital, whereas it would be a pity for a healthy person like himself to suddenly have to be sent to a hospital as a result of a terrible picnic accident. He later remarked, "I would have held out even then except for the fact that Otto Pfeifer no longer sells protection."

The picnic ended satisfactorily. Blame for the success of the affair was put on Flora Jones, with Geneva Wyman, Rose Stark, and no doubt others receiving some discredit for their assistance.

The 214th meeting of the Nameless Ones took place August 24, 1958 at the home of Ed and Geneva and Marge and Doug and Linda Wyman. Out of the five, Doug was the only one with sufficient cunning not to show up. (He also missed out on the refreshments, so there!)

Primary topics of discussion were the forthcoming trip to the Solacon in South Gate, California, and the recently completed trip to the picnic in Lincoln Park, Seattle Washington. The two were regarded with anticipation and satisfaction respectively.

A postcard picture of a view of a Los Angeles freeway system as seen from an airplane, originally mistaken as a picture of a bowl of spaghetti and pretzels, prompted Wally Weber to suggest that Wally Gonser do all of the driving in the Los Angeles area.

Wally Gonser, whose interests in Barbershop Quartette singing has led him into an exploration of the tonsorial arts, suggested that shaggy Wally Weber avail himself of these newly acquired abilities. Mr. Weber insisted his tonsils had been removed during childhood, but his pleas were to no avail as Mr. Gonser unleashed his shears and clippers and went to work. After having cut down the few remaining hairs left on Mr. Weber's head, he proceeded to do the same with Marge Wyman, and, finally, began snipping at Geneva's head. Eventually Ed Wyman subdued Wally with his camera and flashgun, and thus ended one of the Nameless' most unusual programs.



## M H O R E M H I N E T U S

The 215th meeting of the Nameless Ones took place September 7, 1953 at the home of Wally Weber. Only two of the regular meeting attenders, Wally Gonser and Wally Weber, were present. F. M. and Elinor Busby, John Walston, Jim Gaylord, Bob Warwick, and Burnett Toskey were attending their first meeting in some time, and Megan Sturek was bravely attending her very first meeting of the Nameless Ones. (The authentic unofficial list of attenders also includes "A. J. Newman, Herman Hardhead, Emil Snodgrass, Joe Blow, Whoo Blew, and Axel Greece," but your observant Secretary is more inclined to suspect the list was sabotaged than to believe it was a large meeting.

The major discussion of the evening concerned the recent Solacon. Those who had actually attended the convention were attempting to describe their separate experiences to each other in order to find out whether they all had been attending the same convention. No definite conclusion was reached in this respect, but those who had not gone to Los Angeles and who were just listening formed a picture of the Solacon that resembled a drunken orgy in a lunatic asylum. Needless to say, all those who had attended the Solacon had enjoyed themselves immensely and were eagerly looking forward to descending upon Detroit for the Detention in 1959.

Photographs taken by Elinor Busby at the convention were passed around for all to see. (Sadly enough, these were the only photographs taken by Seattle fans to survive the return trip. All other Seattle phan-photographers' films were stolen from the automobile Ed and Geneva Wyman had their accident in. While they were being transported by ambulance to the Woodland Clinic in Woodland, California, somebody was making off with the convention photos. Steve Schultheis will do anything to complete his picture collection!)

After marvelling at the reconstruction going on within the walls of Wally Weber's residence, usually referred to as, "Swamphouse," the meeting attenders hurried away before the unsupported second floor could crash down upon them.

The 216th meeting of the Nameless Ones took place, after an unbelievable amount of negotiation with the downtown YMCA, at the home of Flora Jones, recently-returned world traveler. Geneva and Ed Wyman were present to describe the gory details of their automobile accident. Ed showed off his autographed, concrete undershirt, which he will wear for the next two months at least, and Geneva pointed out her new facial markings added by the windshield she met coming the other way.

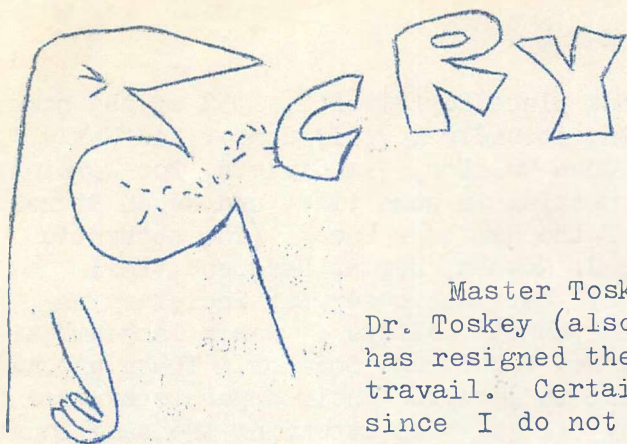
Geneva announced the final accounting of the picnic, which resulted in a \$14.33 profit. This encouraged Wally Weber to reveal the fact that the Westercon of 1958 had forwarded \$60 to the Westercon of 1959, which happened by good fortune and Donald Day to be in the hands of the Nameless Ones. This led to a vote that the Secretary compose a letter of thanks to be sent to Donald Day, and another letter of appreciation to be sent to the Solacon committee. In an unexpected fit of ambition, the Secretary composed the letter to Donald Day on the spot. Vice-President Gonser immediately typed it, to prevent the usual Secretarial laziness from sabotaging the effort.

Apparently all of the Nameless who had attended the Solacon had adventurous tales to tell. Jerry Frahm had the interesting view of two inactive engines on his airplane for over an hour as the plane slogged its way back to Dallas. Flora Jones, who also had been to Dallas, expected this sort of thing from Dallas, the place from which no good can possibly come.

The problem of where to hold the next meeting reared its ugly head once again. The primary problem seemed to be that all of the attending members were wise to the Nameless and wouldn't volunteer. Wally Gonser was finally coerced into approaching his boss with the idea of allowing the club to meet in his place of business. (Being a construction firm, this probably means the next club meeting will take place in a dug-up vacant lot.

Soon after John Swearingen uttered the unnecessary information that at one time he had worked for the government on Space Control, the meeting broke up. There may be no real connection, of course. Those at the meeting were happy to see Mrs. Swearingen recovering so well from her unfortunate experience in the hospital (see Mhinetus regarding the picnic) and will once again have John under control.





# OF THE READERS

EDITED BY E. BUSBY

Master Toskey is now striving most diligently to become Dr. Toskey (also to be known as Burnett R. Toskey, PhD) and has resigned the lettercol to me for the duration of his travail. Certain changes in editorial policy are inevitable: since I do not at all pretend to equal the Toskey in energy and fierce fannish drive letters will be edited much more ruthlessly. In fact, Ruth may not appear at all. & your letters won't appear unless you say something. Don't just make fannish noises at us --- make with the ideas.

## A BIG-HEARTED NOTE

Dear Tosk,

Just a note - your readers can join the '59 World Stf Con by sending \$2.00 to JAMES BRODERICK, 2218 DREXEL AVE, DETROIT 15 MICHIGAN.

Jim & Fred aren't back yet, we expect them to arrive tonight, but Dean McLaughlin flew back so he dropped around last night and gave us a great deal of news.

If I can find time I'll write up an account of how Jim Broderick & Bill Donahoe were threatened by a motel owner with a revolver. Now, it isn't too unlikely that someone would threaten Broderick - he's only a little over six feet tall and doesn't weigh much over 225 pounds, but Donahoe is another thing entirely.

Bill Donahoe as some of you will know is approximately 7½ feet tall (Don Ford looks up to Donahoe) and is quite fat, the trouble there being that his fat is buried under 400 pounds of muscle.

I understand the Cleveland Falesca's are developing a mutant fan type. This one will be born with a marsupial pouch of about the proper size for carrying law books.

Yours,

Howard DeVore  
4705 Weddel St.  
Dearborn, Mich.

((Jim Caughran has already written up the Man with the Gun episode; 'twas in his little sheet included with FANAC -- however I imagine a writeup with devorious, embroidery would be well worth reading (& pubbing) anyhow.

Yes! We'll join the Detroit con, and urge all our readers to do likewise!

Howard -- dear lad -- the Palascas spell their name with an "a" in the middle. They always have; they probably always will. Go thou and do likewise.))

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DETROIT in '59

\*\*\*\*

WASHINGTON in '60

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PUCON in '61!!!

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## A YOUTH FROM YOUNGSTOWN

Dear Tersekey and Frieds,

For once I comment on CRY the day after it arrives! This is a bit of a record, but my sub is going fast, and the only way I'll even come close to a worthy letter is to write while my brain is still feverish from CRY.

I've discovered the way to get a letter in the lettercol of everyzine you write to. It invariably works. Just mention that you thought the John Berry story in the lastish stunk. This is sure to get you printed; even if there was no Berry story in the lastish. ((Won't work here -- not no more!))

Raeburn revocs zines. Wow. I had work on this "The Thing from Jim Hitt". Or



so I believe. Tell me Amelia, was this the one featuring the line, "He opened the door and was confronted by a man of rather picturesque feathers."? ((Don't remember, but it doesn't sound familiar.)) Those parts of the BNF Vs. NEO article in TWIG #10 were written separately. Harris was not even scheduled to appear, but somehow got in. He was, as usual, worked up over nothing. Most fans, unless they are modest super geniuses, are rebuked at one time or another in fandom. I would resent an outsider butting in on a private thing, and few fans are only active in their cliques. Excepting Apans.

I admire Boyd in his attack on Wm. Deeck. If all the facts are stated, and what I saw previously indicates most of them are, then Boyd is not being "cruel", he is defending himself with a good offense. Personally, I never thought Boyd would take enough notice of Deeck to again talk him down.

Why should all the fans at a con become violent extroverts? I would not go to a con to gain fandom a bunch of new recruits. They would likely forget about it till next con, and I would have wasted a good portion of time that could have been used to do things I wanted to do. Few trufans (Note: I did not say I was a trufan) are such altruists that they will spend their money to go to a con just to make a few neos happy. There are plenty of neos, let them get together.

I come to examine Renfrew's column, not so much for the revos, but for the background info on authors, pseudonyms, and previous stories in a series. Very helpful, really.

I hated the John Berry story this. (So, right now, rush over to the typer, and stencil my letter--after all, I said the magic phrase.) In truth, I greatly enjoyed John's story. A fairly true adventure. And so good.

Hmmm, "Otto's Business." Well, first, since Otto's job with the Kleen-Lox Co. is obviously a blind for his true occupation, which is GDA hatchet-man, this note concerns the Nameless Ones and the GDA. The report states, or rather informs one who can read between the lines (hard to do when nothing is written between them) that the Meeting of the Nameless Ones was rather happy. They did not know why, but I predict that several days before the Solacon, Otto Pfeifer revealed to the NO that John Berry was coming to the con via his Sub. (CRY Sub?) and after the con was going to take CRY back to NI with him, turning it to the useful job of putting RET out more regularly. Although they could not know this, the Nameless Ones were happy for they felt the threat of CRY being lifted from their worn shoulders. ((What do you think the Nameless Ones have to do with the CRY, for CRYsake?))

DeMuth has changed a great deal from the days when he edited Stf-In-Gen. Here was a neo-fan, with typical neo-fannish ideas. In fact, his first-ish was so typical that one would suspect it was a satire on firstishs, but it wasn't. Now he is a mature fan. Not necessarily mature in the sense that it usually means, but that he has lost his neo-fannish ideas. Somehow, I got the impression that he was much more likeable as a neo. ((In person, Jerry is very likeable indeed. I certainly liked him at the Solacon, at any rate. Hi, Jerry.))

Pelz: What about a "Department of Vile Sanders"?

For Cameron's next letter, why not plagiarize and use: "Colin the Conqueror"?

Len is right about Carr and Ellik being "young" fans, but you list John Berry with the "young" fans, and this isn't so. His attitude is young, but he is an old man. Why he is at least over 25.

You know, I first considered CRY a rather low-class zine, easy to crash, easy to get into. But now I've changed. Reading a succession of ishoos shows me one important thing. In the days of tenth or eleventh fandom, when a fan buys up a file of CRY, he will find that the personalities contained therein interlock, and compliment ((complement?)) each other. CRY in sequence gives a greater impression of unity than most zines of today. Truly a wonderful thing, very few can do it. "--" does it, RET does it, Q did it -- but not too many others, except Apa mailings, and not even then. Quite a beast you have here, and it is growing!



Sincoahly,

John Koning  
318 So. Belle Vista  
Youngstown 9, Ohio

((Oh, sorrow! You compliment us on our continuity, and your letter appears in the very issue in which discontinuity sets in! Oh well, I suppose it's better to find out what we had after we lost it than never to know at all.

About Boyd Raeburn's taking "enough notice of Deed to again talk him down": I believe that part of Boyd's motivation was that he no longer considers Wm. a complete fugghead, but rather, an actually quite clever lad who should not be encouraged to make irresponsible statements.))

# CAN ANY GOOD THING COME OUT OF DALLAS?

Dear Wally:

As I suppose others have said, it says here that you send out free copies if one sends in a letter. ((If the letter is published.)) Actually, I think you're crazy to throw your money away on any whackfan who writes you, but I appreciate the ease with which I can obtain CRY. ((Maybe, and maybe not.))

Why should I be happy to receive CRY? Until now, I had more or less ignored the mag, thinking it but another lower-teenager-catering zine, involved in its own reviews of MAD and HUMBUG. But lo, I note in the present issue this is not so. Whether this change has been gradual or not I don't know, but CRY is now a quite pleasant mag in spots, though of course you do run a good bit of juvenile stuff at times. And it's quite worth my time to write you a letter in exchange for a neat, readable, pleasant fanzine.

Blue ink, even.

Cover fairly good. Fanzine reviews best thing in the issue, bar none. Perhaps due to Raeburn, I find the analysis of all fmz quite penetrating, and in general just about the best fanzine review column in some time. Particularly liked the VOID review, as it is quite good, and the best review ever done of the zine, in my humble opinion.

Prozine reviews very good, tho I'm inclined to argue about aSF. Jim buys the mag regularly, but I read one or two bits each time, and have more or less formulated an opinion of the type of stories Good Ol' John Campbell is prone to accept, and I am disgusted. "We Have Fed Our Sea" was an incredibly bad, poorly written and sloppy piece of work. The only thing I find slightly interesting in it is the method of matter transportation, which I hadn't stumbled across before. (Have you ever noticed the number of "matter transmitters" that slide through stf stories, their principles unexplained?) The sheer ineptness of the characterization, sloppy, painful slowness of the plot...gag. To be sure, I've run across several very good items in aSF, but they are more than equalled by the trite material Campbell apparently thinks is "mature science fiction".

Thought that cartoon on p. 21 was of hand flipping coin, with earth in background, which would have made it quite Symbolic and full of Meaning and all, and you could've sold the idea to a stf magazine, which, everyone knoww, would pay you well. ((D'ya read Dan Adkins in YANDRO?))

All best,

Greg Benford  
10521 Allegheny Drive  
Dallas 29, Texas

((Can't altogether agree with you on aSF. I too get occasionally a bit bored with the crotchets of John W. Campbell, Jr., but in every issue or two there'll be a story which will make it all seem worthwhile. Take "The Miracle Workers" by Jack Vance. That was obviously tailor-made for aSF -- slanted. At the same time it was Vance at his Vance-est -- full of color and action, with a rich, well-worked out background. & in the Oct. aSF I was particularly pleased with a story by a new man, Paul Ash, entitled "Big Sword"; this held my interest all the way thru & I expect I shall remember it for a while. Read it.



Can't agree with you about "We Have Fed Our Sea", either. I thought it was a well-written story, with excellent characterization. It didn't seem to me that the plot moved too slowly. As I told Poul at the Solacon, I wasn't too thrilled with the ending. The humanist ending was, to me, a letdown -- however, different people have different orientations.

About aSF in general, Campbell mentioned at the convention that some of the stories he printed were bought solely because he couldn't get anything any better & had to fill out his zine. Remember Sturgeon's Law, Greg. 90% of everything is crud. ))

## FRANSOM O'ER THE TRANSOM

Dear BRT, FMB EE, WW, RP, AP, OP, UP and other nameless editors of CRY,

It's impossible that "The Three Boms" is reprinted from a 1950 fanzine. I saw Wally Weber at the con, and he isn't 8 years old.

In comparing Shaver to Lovecraft, Toskey, you are talking about style alone, I hope. Lovecraft did not try to make us believe in his mythos (except in the suspension of disbelief while reading the stories, due to many concrete fictitious references). You are evaluating Shaver on his writing abilities -- fine -- but did the original Shaverites ever do this? Conversely, do the Lovecraft (or Burroughs, Merritt, etc.) followers insist on their mythos as fact?

The Wm. - Boyd affair (Hoppy fellows). Please, fellows, don't sue. Don't clutter up CRY with legal papers.

Renfrew's reviews -- I didn't read hardly any of the stories reviewed yet. I'll have to cut out the fanzines and get back to SF, or lose my sercon license.

Well, gafia,

Donald Franson  
6543 Babcock Avenue  
North Hollywood, Calif.

((Your remarks about Shaver and Lovecraft seem very sensible to me. But I must admit I've never finished reading a story by either one of them, and have, in fact, never even started a story by Shaver. My literary tastes are quite different from the Toskey's.))

## PELZ IN NEED IS PELZ INDEED

Dear FSF (and Toskey the Letter-Butcherer):

Yesterday arriveth CRY 119, amidst many cheers -- Bronx and otherwise. Said issue doth flaunt its wonderful, outstanding, marvelous, fabulous, yea-forsooth, etc. cover at all us low-budget faneds, thus calling forth large green-cyed jealousies. What with Ric West and ATom, ye CRY covers be goode indeed. Despite an occasional Garconcover.

'Tis interesting to read different views on fanzines, though by no means wouldst I cavil against the usual single view of Amelia. I wonder if Graham realizes he has created a new symbol in his much-abused "Clayfeet Country"? Any time a fanzine mentions a meeting between fans, the term "Clayfeet" or some derivative is likely to show up -- such as in the Buztorial, and one of Renfrew's fmz reviews. (Thusly is fannish tradition born?) And in speaking of the fanzine reviews of Piers Pemberton, I wouldst convey many thanx for his kind words in this direction. Hmmm. There's quite a bit by Pemby in this ish -- maybe he's trying to take over the CRY!

Well, pass the hammer and tongs (likewise mud, hatchets, tar and feathers) and tune in the next episode of the Deeck-Racburn ~~1st argument~~ misunderstanding. Provided there will be a next round. I have my doubts. (Bong!)

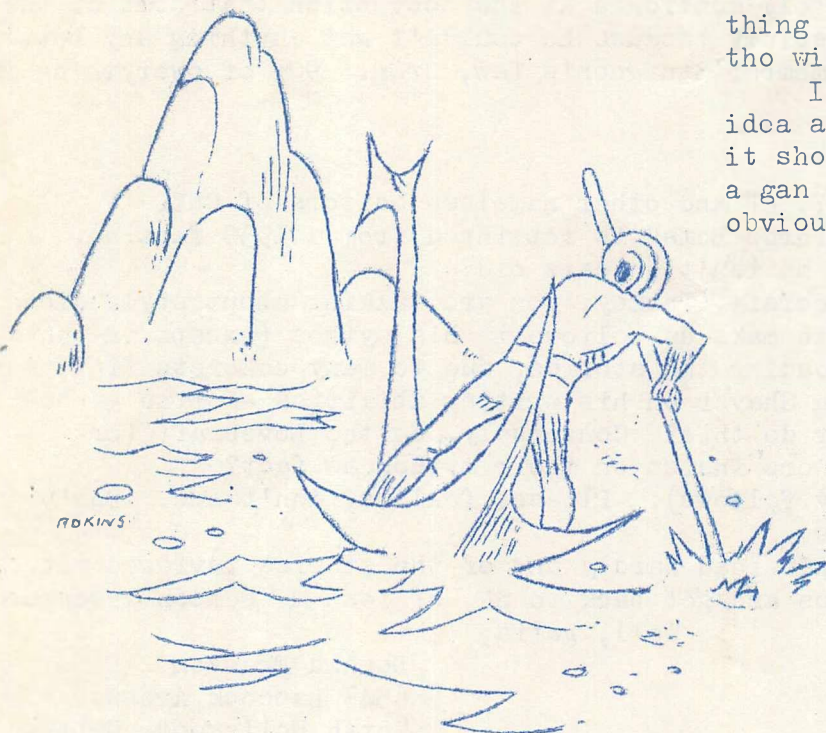
I think someone should start a fan fund for the express purpose of sending other fans to Belfast to meet John Berry so he can write up the encounters. His accounts of these occasions are always good reading, whether they appear immediately after the visit, or a year or more later (such as "Belfastcon" in IMPASSE).



I hereby nominate me for the first one to make the trip.

Well, now that Scattle has the Westercon, who's going to consider themselves more-or-less in charge of the thing -- FSF, TNO, or both? ((TNO, natch, tho with FSF's loving support.))

I don't think Sanders has the right idea about what Adams meant. I'm certain it should have been "the quite neo gan" -- a gan whose state of being neo is extremely obvious.



Rich Brown: The CRY letter-hacks may be more uninhibited, like you say, since most of the letters got published, but some of them sound like they're uninhabited, too--- in the think-tank. Present immediate company usually excepted.// OK, so you are a pint-sized Bela Lugosi. Isn't that better. It's twice as much as Meyers gave you.

Donald Franson: I should define sercon? Hmmm. Well, I can offer a sort of operational definition: Anything that sounds like THE NEW FUTURIAN or its ilk. (NB: I have never said I was

anti-sercon. And I like NuFu.)

I don't even notice the scissoring my letter gets, as a rule, Tosk. But this one must have been the victim of a ripsaw instead of a scissors. Yeah, yeah, I know -- "complaints will get you nowhere." Letterhacking is a rough life. Indcedily.

Jim Moran: Sorry, old bhoy, the beaver is gone. I was cleaning my acetylene zap, and it went off. I like the "To be great is to be misunderstood" line. Now I can prove that fandom is composed of many great men.

Colin Cameron: Go on -- tell Toskey you would too believe him if he told you who Arnold S. Sebastian is. Then we can find out it's Gem Carr.

Toskey, do you realize what you have done with all your editing and cutting? This ish of CRY has less than half as many pages of lettercol as it does other material. Quite a come-down, I calls it.

Thus endeth Chapter 9 of Epistles to the Scattleans.

Sincerely liking egoboo,  
Bruce Polz  
4010 Leona Street  
Tampa 9, Fla.

((Someone told me recently -- Boyd Raeburn, most probably -- that strictly speaking the term "sercon" carries the implication/imprecation of "fugghead". So beware. I'm bewareing, I assure you. Never again shall I call SKYHOOK sercon, even in a most loving, admiring tone of voice.

Why not a fan fund to bring Berry to Detroit? Share the Berry. Contact the Falascas about this.))



RICH MAN, POOR MAN

Dear Nice & Great & Good BRT;

Firstly, I'd like to say that it was wonnaful to meet all you Nameless pipples at the solacon; now that it's over, I'm sorry that I was so busy, sorry that I started the idea of putting out that one-shot on the blasted ZOTZ! mimeo, and that, because of that, I wasn't able to spend more time torturing you with all my many plans to take over the CRY. But it was indeed good to actually meet you face-to-face; Bearded Busby, Eligant Elinor, Weeping Wally (or he was, nearly, in the elevator once, when Milo Mason wouldn't let him go down)...now I know what I must face up to. And no, that's not what's keeping me from coming to Seattle. Dunno how, but I might try (if I can get the dough) to make it up for the Westercon.

So beware.

Ho, ho, and a ha --- I have all but 6 of the 26 items mentioned in Amelia's, Renfrew's, and Raeburn's column (I take it this isn't permanent?). ((You take it most correctly. Amelia, for example, is dead, defunct or dormant. Anyone who misses the dear girl too painfully may address me by her name.))

No, Raeburn didn't attack Deeck personally, in the strictest sense of the word (i.e., he didn't call him names), but his second paragraph was opinionated, not necessarily factual, and conceivably unnecessary. It could be postulated as a personal attack. Tho I agree with Raeburn on the subject of cliques -- hell, I didn't feel bad when I wasn't invited into some clique because I went out and started one of my own. It's a lot more fun that way.

Pemberton, Renfrew this time, is enjoyed as much as ever.

Berry is, of course, A Joy Forever.

Two reprints this time eh? Wassamatta, isn't anyone sending material anymore? ((Yes.))

But what I started to say way, I enjoyed Weber's piece, too. Why don't you reprint that KIS<sup>2</sup> bit from SPACEWARP? I thot it was rather cute.

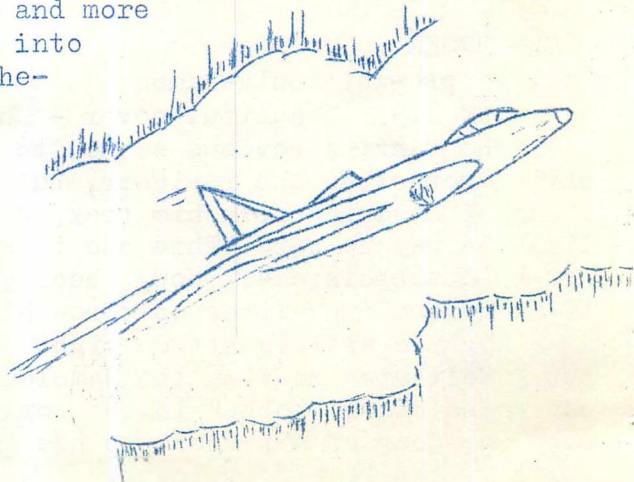
John Berry: An idea just occurred to me. Renfrew Pemberton is a Goon Operative, no? We also have GDAites Sanders, Pelz, Adams, etc. The former is one of the titular heads ((what title?)) of Fabulous Seattle Fandom, creators and, at the same time, editors illustrious of CRY OF THE NAMELESS. The latter three and myself are trying to overthrow these titular heads. The GDA, being the well-organized organization that it is, is having internal strife; either that, or one side must be declared (shudder) Anti-Goon. You being The Chief, it's up to you to decide. I think. ((Aristotlean reasoning. Tsk.))

Rick Sneary: Perhaps, when you mentioned "tree" issues, you were thinking of TWIG?

Donald Franson: When you say you are serious-constructive toward science fiction, do you mean that you want to push the greatness of science fiction and help science fiction become recognized literature and more popular with everybody, or what? I won't go into my usual good-grief-sf-is-fine-but-not-all-the-time pitch, but it is the way I feel.

P.F. Skeberdis: Don't worry about Meyers disliking you. I used to think he disliked me, too, but every once in a while I go through his letters and find some subtle bit of humor that I missed the last time through. If you don't mind laughing at yourself (and you claim that you don't), Meyers' letters, along with most of his other stuff, are great.

Joe Sanders: Phaw, I've never really disliked any fan --- I get disgusted with a few, but nothing has ever made me dislike





any fan. Maybe I'm just lucky. # Not a guilty conscience -- it's just that sercon fandom is always attacking dirty old fannish fandom, and it seems to me to be usually because faaanish (I hate those three a's) fandom is having fun. Take it as you will, somebody has to set these stifled little neos right -- right on the path of trufandom, that is. I hit about an average, leaning possibly toward faaandom, and being in the middle of the street, I can see both sides -- serconfandom yelling and throwing stones at faaandom, and that faaans trying to hold back a yawn and ignoring them. I'm just tired of ignoring them, is all.

Jim Moran: I like your letters. Strangly. Yes, that is indeed the mood. # John W. Campbell Jr., in his second speech (or whatever it was) at the Solacon made mention of "a person who really lives -- one who would turn a bull into a china shop to see what would happen, or would pull the tail of a rattlesnake to find out what was on the other end..." Maybe those weren't his exact words, but they were pretty darn close. The name of this fellow, he went on to say, was Jim Moran. So more power to you -- and when you find out what's on the other end, plez to let me know.

Boyd Raeburn: Subtle. Yes, indeed. But when I saw you at the PreCon, I couldn't believe that you were Boyd Raeburn. You don't look like your picture on the CRY unless you inspect the CRYphoto exceptionally closely.

Len Moffatt: Yes, but fandom is all ... Fandom is a Way of Life, Fandom is Just a G----- Hobby (but then, so is stamp collecting; but people get rich at that!), Fandom is a State of Mind -- phaw. By zot, why can't fans be the kind of fan they want to be (sercon, middle-ground or fannish, faaanish) and take fandom the way they please, without trying to force their idea as The Idea. But then, I can't even do that.

Fanzines may come  
and Fanzines may go  
But the CRY goes on  
Forever,

Rich Brown  
127 Roberts St.  
Pasadena, Calif.

((It was wonderful meeting you, ol' Richard, even if you did con us into carrying all those SAPSazines back to Seattle for you.

Boyd Raeburn does seem to have a tendency to take as a personal affront the existence of fughtheadedness in the world -- perhaps if more folk did there'd be less of it.

You're sure Campbell said "Moran"? Maan! I'll tell you what would happen if anybody turned a bull into my china shop -- I'd call the cops!

I agree with your last sentence but one most whole-heartedly. Fans should even have the right to belong to the NFFF if they want to.)))

#### STONY BROKE

Dear People-whithouta-names

CRY 119: Beautiful cover -- hooray for Tosk. And Ric West too.

The fanzine reviews seemed to lack color this time -- I like the idea of having more than one reviewer, but only Raeburn actually said anything. Even though I disagree with him (boy, Reiss will holler 'til he's blue in the face) I like the way he says "This one is no good" or "Buy, steal, or beg for it -- you'll not be disappointed". Now, these quotes I made up, but it's the impression I got of a reviewer who likes to throw his weight around, and seems to do all right.

Berry's article hit me right on the nail head. ((Huh?)) I mean, that's exactly how I felt upon meeting the Nameless Ones, even tho I was on the other end. There can be no other "hobby" in the world to compare with fandom, where you can knock upon the door of a person who has (in some cases) never even written to you personally, and be made welcome.

If Berry thinks he had trouble with HIS motor bike, on his jaunt, he should



have seen me between Eugene and Grants Pass, Oregon. Over those mountains, I had 20¢ left upon leaving Eugene, with a full tank of gas and an extra quart of oil-- Also, besides my sleeping bag tied on the back, I had my new typewriter, my portable mimeo between my feet, obstructing my access to the brake, which didn't work anyway, I had my ditty bag tied on the front. Hah, besides all this, for five miles I carried an extra passenger, his suitcase (in his lap) his extra shoes, and clothes. This wouldn't have been bad, if I hadn't put the engine back on crooked, so that oil literally poured out, all over the foot rests, making it almost impossible to get a foot hold on that confounded vibrating machine.

Hey, a word about that heading from Rich Brown's old stationery. It seems to be the best liked drawing of the screwball type I've ever done -- and funny part is -- I did it during a boring music class in the 8th grade, on the back of a notebook. I traced it to a letter which went to Brown. He used it, CRY did, MEADE did, and I expect I'll print it again myself some time. Even I like it.

Rich Brown and I agree -- Garcone is for the beasts, which should please him, anyway.

I do wish Tosk wouldn't sign his lettercol comments BRT it sounds like a little brat going BRRRTT! with his tongue at me in my beanie.

Franson -- if that vampire is in good condition, I'll trade you three slightly shaggy werewolves for ut.

Colin Cameron's "Short Horror Story" is the best so far. Sez me, also, me think "It's a Boyd" is the best heading for letters you've come up wif yet.

By Foo, run outta comments. The cover deserves a reward, so you tell West to visit the charming, sweet, adorable Leslie "Honeypot" Gerber, and I'll make her promise to give him A BHIG SLOBBERING KISS!

Vamping (hehhehheh),

Stony Barnes  
Route 1, Box 1102  
Grants Pass, Ore.

(( 'Twas nice meeting you too, kid.

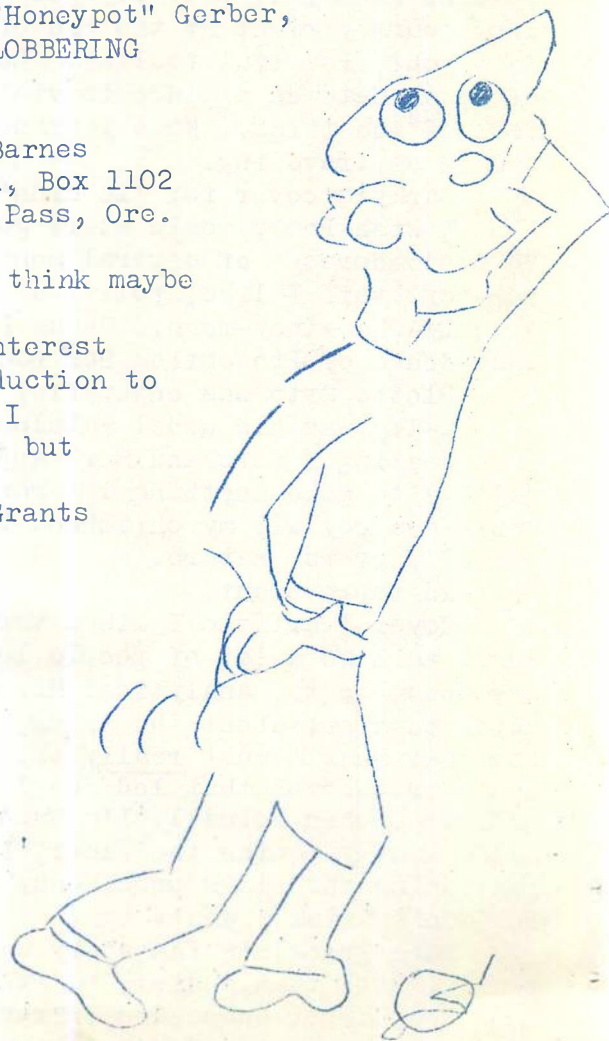
Why do you put "hobby" in quotes? Do you think maybe it's really a way of life?

I believe there are quite a few hobbies interest and knowledge whereof will constitute an introduction to other hobbyists to the same degree as fandom. I suggest ham radio and gun collecting for two -- but am sure there are many more.

We're certainly glad you made it back to Grants Pass safe and sound. When you left Seattle it really didn't seem probable.

Stony -- from now on, when you send us illos just use one side of the paper. & get yourself some india ink, for Peto's sake. No, no, for my sake!

And Lisa sends you A BHIG SLOBBERING KISS (only slightly redolent of dogfood).





GOOD OL' ES

Greetins and the like,

Es is back. Sorry I didn't get around to writing komment on CRY the 117th. I'll incorporate anything I think of about it into this note. Crazy!

Got a kick out of the photocover. It's frightening what these entities that write look like, isn't it? I shudder as I look back at the horrid thing. Ghu..

Many thanks to Colin of the family Cameron for his contribution to the literary myth of Es Adams. I hold this and Bill Meyers' earlier CRY slander close. Snivvle. I snivvle cause, well, cause I still dunno just who be the quiet neogans.

Will J. Jenkins' piece was good. I got quite a slow charge out of it ... twas the sort of thing I love to read and can't write for love nor money (though I'd be willing to try a good bit harder if either would just be offered). More relaxed than the insane screamings you get from the rest of us, and more effective.

"Of Search, In Wonder" slows up after a rollickin' start with that title. The rest of it, though, isn't bad. I even think I partially agree, though Wells' TIME MACHINE, read by me a couple of weeks ago, gave me a good bit more of the "sense of wonder" type kick than other time machine stories I've read. Maybe it wouldn't have if it had been written by a current sf writer; I've been reading enough "Sense of Wonder Has Left SF" articles to have been convinced the book must be good.

I'm still pretty upset over Barnes' revelation that there really isn't a New York since I'm due to go there Friday for a week, and I'd counted on their being other people there besides Stoned. Like Pearson and Kurtzman and Reiss and such, none of whom I'll probably get around to annoying. Downright foolish to go on a long journey right at the end of the summer, and make it to N.Y.C. and not South Gate, eh? Powerful foolish. But my folks don't seem to realize the significance of South Gate as a place to visit, and I hold very little power to change direction of the thing. Next year mobbe I see you folks at Detroit at the end of a summer of traveling.

Garky's cover for 118 didn't drive me wild.

I wish Pemby would start going into Campbell's editorials. The bit on "Hyperdemocracy" of several months past is worthy of much komment. Now that's the sort of stuff I like, political and sociological and other things I don't know exactly-what-they-mean. Guess I'll start hacking out "Democracy is Going to Pot" and "Sense of Protection Has Been Lost in Modern Social Structure" and like that.

Blotto Otto was enjoyable; Garcone's series of illoes was more so.

Wally was his usual Fabulous Ol' Self with Minutes. From what I've lately been hearing I more and more appreciate what keeps getting said concerning Wally's ability to make anything interesting. I dun wan so much to visit Nameless. It would destroy all my childhood beliefs, I fear, and my personality would shift to one of perverse nature.

An improvement.

Meyers' article I liked very very very much. And it's the sort of thing that ought to make a lot of people loudly angry, with all the side komments Meyers gave back to the analytical Mr. Seagle, and such, ya know. Of course I'm not going to argue about the thing, since Meyers let me off pretty lightly, considering what Seagle must really think of me. It was, of course, faulty photography and reproduction that led Seagle to the foolish idea that my appearance was mediocre, when actually I'm Wunderbar, King of the Universe. But while blushing and modestly pawing the floor, I'll have to slip Bill a coupla Lucky Bucks for mentioning the class presidency bit... I find it hard to work into conversation. But don't think I don't try.

Pete Frankie's fan story wasn't bad. Sort of a sheared off shaggy dog story, really, with that ending, be it psychological or no.

Les Gerber succeeded in reviewing eight out of nine books which I haven't even glanced into. He must be understudying Amolia to do so well first time out.



The "Confused Report" still looks confused to me. I can't decide whether or not I like it, even. I like my illo, though, if that can make you pipple feel a little better on the "Yes, this our same good ol' conceited Blank Blank pal Es" end of it all.

"Superfaan" was pretty good at times, pretty bad at others, including the ending. I go wild over that "(except YOU, dear CRY reader and a few selected others)" he sneaks in.

Flora Jones fits the idea of her I'd gotten from the Minutes beautifully. It's a wonder she hasn't shot Weber for doing such a glorious job. Heh. Maybe she just didn't read the characterization sections so subtly put in as humor to have the same meanings as those I read... Weber is sneaky, and will pretty soon be writing delightfully witty material about top Government Officials, and everyone will stop in awe at What Fine Stuff This Weber Writes and not notice that those officials soon crumble and fall and pretty soon there's Weber right at the top. I guess he laughs pretty good at the thought of the batch of us just plotting to take over CRY. Maybe someday we'll let him in on what the CRY invasion is a cover-up for. Then he won't laugh so loud.

Pelz kinda got off on a kind of Rich Brown Be-Noble tangent in his first letter, so it seems. O Foul and Even Yet Foulcr will be the day that this creeping perversion catches up with me. It's a horrid thought that each and every CRYhack will go thoughtful for one letter. I shudder and sob thinking of this unfannish terror.

I enjoyed Franson's letter on Shaver and Fairman.

And it seems that BRT is getting ready to go a little farther with his conquering now that he's really making a dictatorship out of the lotcol. "Read CRY and become a tyrant." O thrill. Surely this Adams uses his devastating wit in the finest Pelz-approved method for correcting the ills of the world.

I like Andy Reiss' artwork. The pic on page 42 this time drives me wild.

I'm lost. I think I've been mixing komment on both lettercols, but I'm not sure. Nuh. Just one. Goot.

So upon finding this cause for rejoicing, I gaily trot off to partake of spirits in mad celebration. It's not everyday a fella finds he has kommented on only one CRY lettercol, ya know.

Best,

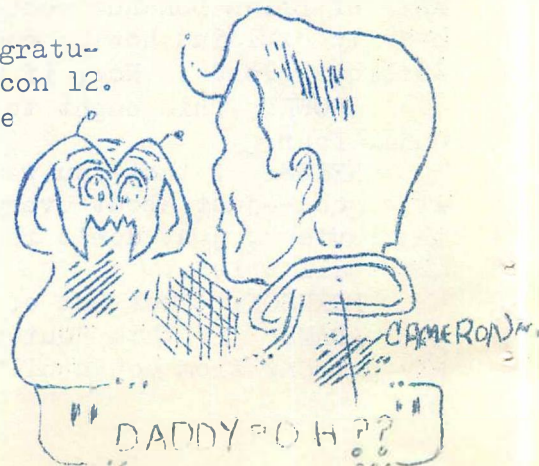
Esmond Adams  
432 Locust  
Huntsville, Alabama

((By rights, I should have headed the lettercol with your letter, since it's on o-o-l-l-d-d CRYs -- but it sunk to the bottom of the heap by its sheer weightiness. Young man! Esmond Adams, sir. Henceforth get your letter here a bit more promptly, please. ))

THE ASCENDING COLIN

Sseleman Seno:

Let me be one of the first to offer you my congratulations in your winning of the votes for the Westercon 12. As a member of the losing opposition I feel it's the least I could do, and probably the most I could do. Your victory, tho not as great as Detroit over Chicago, was more than 2-to-1 over Sandy Ego, and I thot I'd like to offer my condolences. I realize that it's only fair that Seattle has a go at it, since both Los Angeles and Sandy Ego have had Westercons before, and I'm certain that you can put on a con just as well, or better, than either LA or SD. It was fun meeting you





(Wally Weber, F. M. & Elinor Busby, Wally Gonser, Flora Jones, etc.) at the Solacon, and speaking on behalf of Sandy Egofandom, I want to wish you all the luck in the world. (Please pay no attention to the teardrops sprinkled so liberally over these pages). But, we're not licked yet---it's Sandy Ego in '61! ((Oh no it isn't! PUCON in '61!))

I'll try to make it to the Westercon 12, fellers. Chances are against my making it to both Detroit and Seattle, but it really depends upon just how much time and money I've got at the time. I managed to make it through the Solacon under \$50, and if my pro career shapes up like I hope it will, I just might make it up there to infest you with my presence. Besides, I want to meet Mean Man Toskey.

Well, I guess enough tears and feathers have been shed, so over to the CRY---

Cover okay, but not really good enough to merit such expensive reproduction. Spacing on logo lousy.

Say...just what's the idea of putting the contents in such an order? Most confusing methinks. ((I agree.)) Someone must have brought the Perfect Solvent or Les Gerber, for from the way things look now, the WSFS, Inc. is dissolvent, all right.

~~Panning~~ Digging The Fanzines: hmmm. Well, I certainly wouldn't have used IMPOSSIBLE for a fanzine title had I known it has been used. The reason for using it was to keep in the trend of IMP's and "probabilities" which I've been using lately. 'Spose it doesn't matter any more, since I'm dropping it as of now. Its sole purpose was to advertise our bid, and now that it's over, I see no reason for its continuance. Must consult John Koning of the N3F Title Clearance Bureau to see if IMPROBABLE has been used. It would be a shock if both have been used...

In order to be hated by everybody, I remain magnanimously neutral about Deeck and Raeburn.

Seven pages of Renfrew Pemberton isn't as bad as it sounds.

This CRY's been sitting here for over a week, and just now it struck me that the "Joy" in "A Joy Forever" was none other than Joy Clarke. I really don't know what you Nameless Ones would do without me, really I don't...

"The Three Bems" is toeing the line as far as being toe long or toe short. I really can't honestly say whether or not it's actually worth reprinting, but it was enjoyable. Reviews by Toskey are Amazing, nothing more, nothing less...

Weber's "Minutes" are as usual very good, but that "(Yes Colin, The Jack Speer!)" I take is supposed to be sarcastical. If I didn't like Weber so much I might take it sorta personal like... ((How else does one take egoboo?))

Hey Toskey !!! HEY TOSKEY !!! (wake up...) I HATE YOU !!! You know what you did? You disappointed a neofan! You rat! You cut my letters up so bad that the best parts are left out. In the previous letter to CRY I explained that I was not a girl, for the benefit of Stony Barnes. So what happens? You cut it out. So here I am at the Solacon, two days already passed, when this nice fellow by the name of Brian Donahue comes up to me, nearly choking on his green tongue, and hastily explains how he came to the Solacon just to see me, who he thot was a luscious blonde. Now, if you had printed that letter in ontiroty...I hate you.

BROWN: This ought to be something--you going out and frightening an old lady under four.

REISS: I thot you would realize that no material is being crowded out--if it's good--just about everyone is against you on that point. If you don't like the reviews, just don't read them. I think perhaps you're being very fuggheaded about all this...

FRANSON: "Get Out of Their Fanzine!"

ADAMS: Is this "Quiet Neogan" business going to go past you without eliciting any comment from you atoll?



And please tell me, Toskey, who is "Norman Sanfield Harris"?

Al fin--fish fin

Colin Cameron  
2561 Ridgeview Drive  
San Diego 5, Calif.

((It was nice meeting you, too, Colin. Ah, we'll have happy feuding from now until Seattle gets the bid in DC in '60. PUCON IN '61!, you know.

Be it understood now, for once and for always, that the CRY assumes no responsibility whatsoever for the sex of any or all of its correspondents. ))

A BROADSIDE FROM WIDE WM. (or, Thru Darkest Confusion with Wm. Deeck)  
Fat Ones:

Cometh #119, and no letter of mine appears in the letter column. I was about to rise in wrath when I realized that I hadn't written a letter of comment. It's still intolerable.

I was damned near overwhelmed to see my name on the contents page; not even the "dark confusion" associated with the name could dismay me. A major breakthrough, I thought; one more step toward perfection. Geo.

And so I read the article. Fun? You bet. I marveled at the talent, the genius of the earlier Deeck, and I wondered where it had all gone. So much, and now so little! I weep.

Mr. Raeburn had you reprint his editorial from A BAS #9 to lay before the readers of CRY the true facts of the case. He was not going to allow me to accuse him of personal attack and quotes out of context. Mr. Raeburn's honesty is appealing; I am beginning to believe now that he actually, sincerely feels that he did not do those things. Therefore, it is with heavy heart and great pity that I prepare to prove -- at least to my satisfaction -- that he did just what I accused him of.

Personal attack. What is considered personal attack in Canada is, I guess, not considered that same in Md. And the opposite is probably also true. Mr. Raeburn describes me in this manner: "not what one would term a well known fan," one who writes "dull, rambling articles," which articles appear in the "lesser" fanzines edited by men desperate for material, and one who was "poeved" because he did not get recognition at the convention and in spite wrote that attack.

Of the above I deny vigorously only the latter charge. On the other matters I am too prejudiced to comment. Let it suffice that my mother likes me.

About this time several readers will leap up and try to defend Mr. Raeburn. They will charge that what Mr. Raeburn said was not personal attack but just comment on my lack of merit, or alleged lack of merit. I would agree with that charge -- if it had appeared in a review of one of my articles. Then, valid or invalid, the criticism would have been acceptable in that context. However, Mr. Raeburn took pains to let his readers know just what sort this Wm. Deeck was, leaving them with the impression that Wm. was pretty much a dunce. And then he proceeded to attack an idea after quite thoroughly prejudicing his readers.

Quoting out of Context. Mr. Raeburn ostensibly has quite a strong point when he refutes my claim of quoting out of context. After all, as he says, did he not quote my entire article? Sure he did! Yet:

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

I like that. Mr. Raeburn has very competently and humorously made it appear that I said fans do not attend the entire convention usually. He managed to



*Harness*



accomplish that by his omission of the ellipsis at the end of the quote. I was talking about a specific fan who would do a specific thing --- not about a fan or fans in general as Mr. Raeburn would have his readers believe. Check it.

It might even be said, while we are on the subject of quotes, that Mr. Raeburn's quoting my entire statement is a quote out of context. I wrote that statement to George Spencer in a personal letter; we were, at that time, having a little discussion on the conventions. The comment was not contained in a letter of comment on OUTRE. And George printed it under the title of "I CAME, I SAW, I RETCHED or GUESS-WHAT-I-PRINTED-WHEN-IT-DIDN'T-OCCUR-TO-YOU-THAT-I-WOULD DEPT." Yet Raeburn says to his readers: "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." Ah, well, we all resort to dirty tricks now and again.

Horror of Big Words. On this point I may have erred. It had been some time since I had read Raeburn's editorial, and one's memory can grow stale and misleading. Maybe --- it's about time I conceded a point --- it wasn't horror, but only strong dislike. I quote once more: "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." (Emphasis added).

My manner of presentation, which was superior, was, I imagine, superior because of the big words contained therein, not because it was verbal or appeared in a fanzine. Mr. Raeburn took exception to it, and who takes exception to things they like.

The Defense rests.

Wearily and mossily,

Wm. Deeck  
8400 Potomac Ave.  
College Park, Md.

((I must inform you first of all, my dear Wm., that your mother is not the only person who likes you. We like you, even if we wouldn't let you get away with casting aspersions on the fannish honor of Boyd Raeburn.

Opinions seem to vary widely (even within FSF) as to whether or not the "personal attack" charge was justified. But Boyd certainly did not quote you out of context. He made his interpretations of your remarks, but the original text as printed in OUTRE was there for the reader to refer to.

So George Spencer printed an excerpt from a personal letter without having bothering to get your permission? Hoh! You were printed out of context, tho not by Boyd. & Boyd will sympathize with you there, I know too well.))

MORE FROM PRES. ES

Vile Pipple,

Big idea. Each month pub the deadline under which komment must creep. I keep writing thinking I've made it, and bang, there I am an ish late every time. Be kind to simple clods like me and explain these things.

Cover of 119 was good, mought near even fabulous. And I hear rumors that the fannish good time mentioned below the pitcher has been lined up. Rest assured that I expect reports in CRY of the Solacon happenings by you fortunate old people that got there. Rest assured.

The delightful dissection of Deeck's poor, misguided babblings show me immediately what a fool Good King Will must be, and how he wronged the Ghreat Boyd. And I'm all for Willy. Raeburn's fair treatment of Deeck, and lack of horror of Big Words came through gloriously. He quotes the Horrid Deeck completely, then takes out quotes to go into; trouble is that he then seems to be trying to slash them as one slashes "out-of-context" quotes (and with the



phrase's implication of distorted meaning in full effect). Which doesn't work when the entire quote precedes the slash. Try your luck with completely out of context stuff, henceforth, Boyd, whether you've done it before or not; this fair method of convincing folks that you're a Good Egg didn't come off. And the terror of Big Words isn't completely a terror ... just a little "friendly and fair" ridicule for some well-expressed thoughts. Maybe you didn't get much out of what Deeck was saying, but I got a good bit of it; didn't agree with all he said, but I like his way of arguing more than yours (okay, "presenting one's case" may be substituted for "arguing" if you like), so I choose to be unfairly biased against you. I'm the nasty sort who'll do that sort of thing, ya know. Not a drop of fair play in me. Just prejudice, so there's little point in trying to use logic with me.

Get the hell off that pulpit, Adams, you're supposed to be writing happy fannish wild stuff to CRY so they'll love you for your lack of concern. Hurry now, get down here with the crowd.

Berry readable as always.

Weber's disappointment -- his story and Minutes were only fabulous, and at times almost dropped to spectacular. Let's not let Weber crowd out Finkwater and the good material, Tosk.

By gholly that Toskey writes a column I like. It most surely is one of the finest regularly scheduled bits of writing in all of fandom, even branching into fetishism, cultism, and momism.

Who started this damned Neogan foolishness?

Gosh. Berry mentioned me twice in the card he sent. Gosh.

I got a charge out of the first paragraph of Moran's letter. From now on we need two editions of CRY, one containing the unexpurgated works of this stirring young Spillane, and one that stays "family". Send me the former -- I've got a nasty mind.

Thankee much for the kind comment on my confused little article on Pelz, Sir Tosk.

And I like your answer to Raeburn. It's a quiet, peaceful sort of unfriendly; like completely bloodless and unrelenting. I love pure nastiness, which this approached, though in an almost friendly manner.

And Moffat sounds like a nice guy, though he sounds patronizing when he goes into what makes CRY a Worthy Effort.

What's this about the truth behind Norman Sanfield Harris? I no doubt by this time do not know it. A monstrous hoax? Vile slander? A hate-filled discussion of his work by somebody always previously Warm and Loveable that drove Norm to a wild murderous passion? Come clean, gang, and be unexpurgated.

If I write up the Longest Horror Story by One Word, will you use it? That would open broad new horizons for variation and CRY could go to 3000 pages every issue just keeping up with them.

A joke to lighten your daily load and show you that I really am the gay, light-hearted fannish fellow I earlier hinted that I am: What's yellow and sings ducts and weighs a ton? Ha? Come on, then, guess if ya don't know. Hah? Ho. Fooled ya, hah, it's two thousand-pound canaries. Hohohahahahahaha. Marvelous.

Best,

Esmond Adams

((Look, Es, if you comment on CRY the same day you get it you'll never have to worry about meeting the deadline. What could be simpler?

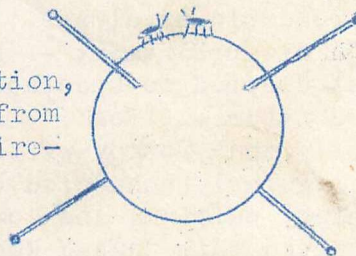
I can't quite follow your third paragraph, and my female intuition informs me that it's semantically unsound. Printed it anyway, to make ol' Deeck happy.))

And now one last word: I must say I've printed more of more letters than Toskey probably would have, but I'll get tough next time. We got a pretty good letter from Peter Kane, but it wasn't worth starting another page for. Marty Fleischman wants to know whether we have to print every letter we get (the answer's no), and Peter Francis Skeberdis is still mad at Good Ol' Jerry DeMuth.





"But that's only superstition,  
that our ancestors came from  
up there, riding a big fire-  
breathing bird....."



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==

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