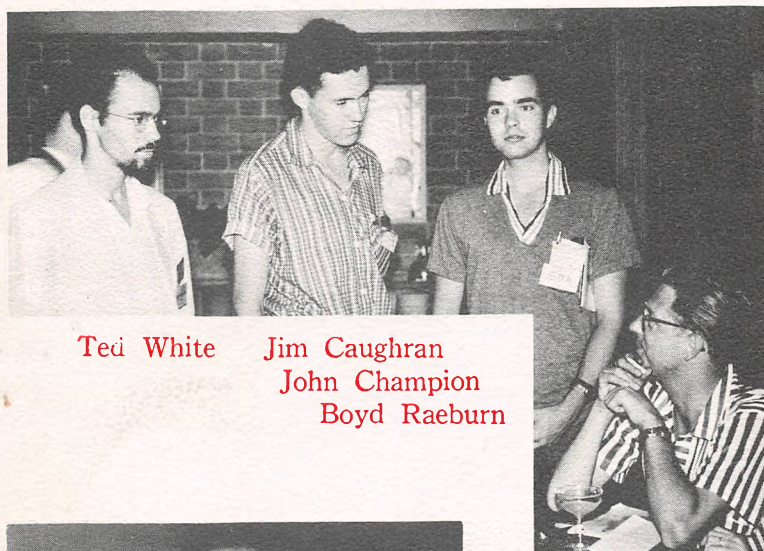


CRY OF THE NAMELESS

no. 121 nov. 1958



Ted White Jim Caughran
John Champion
Boyd Raeburn



Jack Harness Elinor Busby



Kris Neville



Burbee



Roger Sims Jerry DeMuth



Noreen Falasca Bob Pavlat
Lee Jacobs



Elmer Perdue



Mina Wm Rotsler

Now here's another unreasonably oversized issue of CRY (nominally) of the Nameless, being C R Y # 1 2 1 N o v e m b e r 1 9 5 8

CRY is about as monthly as you can get. It goes to people who send acceptable trades, or review CRY and prove it, or make the lettercol, or are played in our review-column, or are in the good graces of Toskey and remind him of it from time to time, or subscribe. Subscribers receive 12 issues for \$2, 5 for \$1, or single issues for 25¢ each. Oddly enough, we keep getting new and renewal subscribers, sending their ill-gotten loot to Box 92, 920 3rd Ave, Seattle 4, Wash. Beneficiaries of such prodigality include Wally Weber, F M Busby, Burnett R Toskey, Elinor Busby, and Otto Pfeifer. We all thank you, gratefully slapping our fat flanks.

There's no point in hiding the

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(Litho processing by Pilgrim Press-- a nice job at a friendly rate)

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Holocaust 4, 5, 6, 7, 8; Kane 35; Rike 40; Parker 51.
= = = = =

All right-minded persons will be overjoyed to note that the "Berry to Detroit" Fund is off to a fine start. The Fund's objective, of course, is to bring John Berry to the 1959 World Convention, in Detroit. John has given his enthusiastic assurance to the project. Fund sponsors (to date, only; more are expected) are Nick & Noreen Falasca, Dick Ellington, F M & Elinor Busby, Stephen F Schultheis, Boyd Raeburn, and the entire (Detroit) 17th Worlds Science-Fiction Convention Committee. Fund Headquarters (stick an "r" in there) is in care of William C Rickhardt (ol' Bill), 21175 Goldsmith, Farmington, Michigan (it's near Detroit).

There will be a saving-clause on this Fund, to the effect that all contributions of or over the amount of (probably) \$2 will be returned in the event of failure to fulfill the Fund's objective-- no "substitute" goal or "good cause" will be invoked; all you Big Plungers are assured that your contributions will be used as intended, or returned. Kick in to Bill Rickhardt, 21175 Goldsmith, Farmington, Mich., huh?

= = = = =
ELINOR Carries The Hose, typing(& illustrating here & there) 23 stencils, while Wally, Tosk, & I goofed off with only 7 each. The two extra pages between 16 & 17 are material that Wally forgot about until after the Contents were typed and page numbers on all the other stencils. So this is actually a 46-page CRY, not counting the blank inside covers. Well, next time we'll hold it down, eh Tosk? Eh, Wally? Eh, Elinor? Eh.....

The Nameless haven't yet chosen a ~~site~~ Site for Seattle's '59 WesterCon, to be held over the July 4th weekend. We'll let you know, when they do.

THE SCIENCE-FICTION FIELD PLOWED UNDER

by Renfrew Pemberton

This is the 40th Pemberton (R.) column. Since starting, in CRY #81 for June '55, it's been monthly with the exception of Aug '55 (which the CRY missed) and Oct of the same year (which Pemberton missed). So buy me a beer, you there on the end...

INFINITY, Nov (now monthly, says the fine print): "Spacerogue", by Webber Martin, rates both the cover and the blurb as a "short novel", on the basis of a purely introductory and disconnected passage. The story itself is straight A*C*T*I*O*N with the exile returning to fight against the Tyrannous Usurper. (Knox, Knox; who's there?)

Short stories (6 of 'em): Randall Garrett's "Burden the Hand" appears to be an action vignette salvaged from a longer piece that wouldn't jell to sell. There are good points, too curtly made to impress the reader as (doubtless) planned.

"Ozymandias" (Jorgensen) reiterates the conflict of far-seeing scientist and blind militarist, once all-too-often again. Guess who Ivar lets win, again.

Bertram Chandler's "Planet of Ill Repute" poignantly argues the opposite side of the "leave those poor unspoiled natives alone, you despoilers" argument. Thinky.

"There Was an Old Woman---" is Bob Silverberg's answer to the Environment-is-ALL boys, couched in the framework of a rather intriguing line of plot. Agberg also does the PB reviews. Cogently, he does them, but tastes do vary.

"Go to Sleep, my Darling", by Winston Marks, is a telepathic-baby yarn with a difference; you may not like it, but baby-dumpling is rougher'n a cob.

John V Peterson's "The Oddly Elusive Brunette" is in the same moronic manner as his "Gently Orbiting Blonde" a year or so ago in Galaxy. Attention: birds, only.

Fanfare gives tasteful farewells to two of Fandom's Lost: McCain, and Laney. (Too bad Science-Fiction Times was still too juvenile to be able to do this.)

FUTURE, Dec: Bill Wesley's novelet, "Crash Program", is a modified plague-from-space gimmick that would have gone GREAT about 1940. These days, it suffers a li'l.

"Gift From The Stars" (Kate Wilhelm) shows that Greed is Blind and No Good. Tom Scortia begins a series of articles on "The Race Into Space" with a bit of pre-digested math relating to rocket theory, and a discussion of factors in solid fuels. "The New Science of Astronomy", by (ATTENTION, all you summer-soldiering CRY-letter-hacks) DONALD FRANSON, is semi-fiction, semi-speculation. Fun for one and all.

(And poeey on double-spacing between paragraphs, when we're trying to hold down the size of the CRY, and the lettercol won't get in step) Editor Lowndes gives us another installment of S-F Past (1928, this time); so "classic" means "out-of-print".

Marg St Clair's "Vector" is another fragment that reads like salvage from a rejected longer piece. Littul Peepul rebel against Persecution some more, and will you move over so's I can puke here in the corner? I need to brace myself, more. Not just Miz St Clair does this; I've had it from all over.

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1.

Somehow, neither of these two zines did too much for me, this time. And that's a bad thing, with the field shrinking, the way it's doing lately. I'd rather be impolled to sound a loud tocsin for all the entries, but nobody has that much benzedrine.

Shall we then, you and I, go to the next page, and see what may befall us there?

Let's.

"I never read the prozines..."

=4=

SUPER-SCIENCE, Dec: S-F Times says that this one is going fully-monster in the April issue; luckily, it hasn't done so as yet. Silverg's "The Aliens Were Haters" is sort of killed dead by the title and blurb; what's with these editors? The tale is not the most for deep, but deserves better editorial treatment than was available.

"First Man in a Satellite" (Chas Runyon) naturally has the titleman unable to come home in one piece. Starting with last month's F&SF, there'll likely be a rash of these. This one won't be the worst.

Cal Knox' "The Unique and Terrible Compulsion" is a reasonably-good go-native story, but by no means as unique as you (or the editor) might think; I'm sure that Calvin knew better but was too polite to tell the editor of SSF about it.

"The Fast-Moving Ones", by J F Bone, ingeniously intersperses known facts about Metabolism into a disparate-motion plot viceversa to the "Waitabits". It figures.

Rich Watson's "Exiled From Earth" Jerks at a tear that doesn't come off me. Ellison's "Creature From Space" flops badly on the shape-changing-monster theme: we have the utterly incongruous buildup (the F*A*B*U*L*O*U*S ship's crew, almost as believable as Paul Bunyan except for the lack of motivation); the Monster is treated perfectly well, for style, but against the background of the Idiotic Crew, who cares?

Alan Nourse's quickie "The Utter Stranger" is slight but good, on the theme of the alien seeking help. Here There Be (for a change, in this zine) Logick.

IF, Dec: Rog Phillips' "Rat in the Skull" subordinates a really ^{and well-developed} fine idea to a still-born set of stereotypes when the ideas must lie down and let the Action occur. This one could have been terrific, if it hadn't been for the 1940 ending. Tsk, Rog.

"Two Whole Glorious Weeks", by Will Worthington (it may be), explores a future so cheerless that you take a vacation on the chain-gang, just for kicks. Consistent.

Ted Thomas' "Satellite Passage" is a possible future circumstance on the Satellite Circuit. Ted's thought on the subject is certainly of interest. Any bets?

"The Night of Hoggy Darn", by R-M McKenna, deserves a bit of study. Here's a life-vs-life piece: man colonizes and gets set back on his colon; things are tough all over. Unfortunately, there's no question but that Man has the Author on His Side. Otherwise, it's a fine bit of puzzle-piecing story. Not so obvious, huh?

Cordwainer Smith's "Western Science is so Wonderful" seems to have sold on the author's reputation and the (bravo, of course) anticommunist kick. Otherwise, ol' Cordwainer, that Good Boy, is just horsing around with his usual Deathless Prose.

"Half Around Pluto" (Manly Wade Wellman) is a well-written version of the old, OLD marooned-without-hope plot. Phil Dick's "Null-O" is still another of these savage satires that is supposed to get us to shape up and act sensible. It's good, and I believe the man's premise-- so what else can I say? So, read it. IF, under the direction of damon knight, is becoming damn' good reading.

SATELLITE, Dec: Lead novel is E.C. Tubb's "The Resurrected Man", whose hero dies in space and is revived five years later to find a 20-years' war ended, and no market for his space-fighting skills. You'd be surprised how rough things got, so quickly, for this utterly unique individual. And so, what with radiation, liquor, gladiatorial combat, and eating too much, he reverts to an ape and has to be shot.

Sidelight: does anyone remember a story in Collier's, way back in the fall of, maybe 1932, to wit: millionaire named Masterson is revived from death, goes into seclusion on a Western ranch, reverts to ape in privacy and then is shot because people think the Thing must have killed Masterson? Gimmick was that life was restored to the body, but no soul. The interesting part of the comparison is that the Collier's story was a Short-Short-- all the major elements of Tubb's novel, on one page. Wish I knew who wrote that....

Anybody have any clues??

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2.

"I'm a TRUfaan!"

SATELLITE's short stories: Harlan Ellison's "My Brother Paulie" is a paradox-piece; the switch-ending converts an All-Action job into a jaw-dropping extrapolation of the possibilities of psycho-conditioning. The jaw drops at the melting of a metal door from the sheer strength of the victim's hallucination (killer with a blaster). Jaw drops even farther, however, at hallucination's being strong enough to melt door but not to kill victim (the evidence of voodoo to the contrary, etc).

"Tuesday Here" (Charles Einstein) is one of those Bare New Concept pieces that were the backbone of science-fiction in the early 1930's. Perhaps that's the answer; the story may come from one of the outer-space backward-Earths postulated by the author. There is no, how you say, plot?

Edward Ronns, in his 4-page "The Return" abstracts the kicker from "Voyage that Lasted 600 Years" (Wilcox) and "Far Centaurus" (van Vogt), to name but two of many-- and sells it once again, all by its little self, with no supporting plot at all.

Stanley Mullen's "Glasshead" is a sad tale of a stellar castaway displayed on Earth as a freak. Somehow, the buildup doesn't bring the ending off as planned.

Sam Moskowitz discusses the stfnal contributions of Edgar Allan Poe.

With the Feb (next) issue, SATELLITE announces monthly publication and larger (8 $\frac{1}{2}$ by 11) size-- no mention of pagecount. Judging by the bottom-of-the-barrel effect given by most of this zinc's short stories and a fair proportion of its recent novels, the announced expansion seems ill-advised at present. We'll see.

ASTOUNDING, Nov: an interesting issue. Editorially, considerable crudition is used to make Westbrook Pegler's point that a few good tough cops with clubs could clean up any JD-overrun area in the country. This may or may not be correct; might not hurt to try the theory out-- the medics wouldn't mind patching thugs' skulls for awhile, as a change from victims', I suppose.

Poul Anderson begins a 2-part for-fun serial, "A Bicycle Built For Brew", set in a group of "terraformed" asteroids (you know-- artificial gravity, and like that) settled by various extremist splinter-groups. In this case, it's the all-out Free Irish vs the Stuart legitimists under King James IV, with the personnel of a caught-in-the-middle trading ship as protagonists, and... that's enough; read it.

Chris Anvil's "Goliath and the Beanstalk" has pacifists with the gimmick of the irresistible weapon. And in this case, I don't complain of the giveaway by title and blurb. By itself, the solution is all too deus-ex-machinistic. This one is well-written and would be worthy of a better-reasoned windup.

"Stimulus", by Andrew Salmond: this clinches another suspected criterion of today's Perfect aSF Story. Not only must it preach that (1)the Universe does not forgive mistakes, however well-intentioned, and (2)that we humans will win, because we are somehow stronger-better-smarter-tougher-meaner, and besides we're us-- these days, the aSF Story must show us the reverse side of our accepted attitudes, and so Make Us Think. Well, that's OK; I don't mind a little thinking once in a while.

Mr Salmond's novelet utilizes the catspaw theme some more, only with us on the hot end of the stick. Easy to guess who'll laugh last, of course, but it reads well.

"Gifts" (Gordon Dickson) puts one average man on the spot of having to accept or reject, for the entire human race, an offer of Galactic aid which (he realizes) has implications far beyond his understanding. No obvious mishmash about ulterior motives: it's just all too damn big for the guy. So, was he right, or was he wrong?

"Unhuman Sacrifice", by Katherine MacLean, is a fugghead-missionary story. It's a convincing fug-mis tale, except that the mis is just too fug to be true, turned loose in a high-priced spaceship to goof up an expensively-located planet. But it takes all kinds to put sufficient conflict into a plot. Anyhow, the solution of the problem was absolutely perfect, and the little epilogue-items were choice indeed. Miz MacLean, ma'am, do some more, please.

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3.

"But I read Pemberton.."

ASTOUNDING is also notable for PSchuyler Miller's thoughtful discussions of book-size stf. And Doctor Asimov gives a thorough buildup for a quick once-over on possible reasons why we're not receiving envoys from Galactic Federations.

GALAXY, Dec 1958: and here is the Big News of the Year. With the next (Feb 59) issue, Galaxy goes bi-monthly, 196 pages, and 50¢. Room for longer stuff, and even the near-booklength can go as a two-part serial. For quick money to tide the zine over the transition period, sub-rates are held to the old level for a limited time. Personally, I subscribed; this change (in contradistinction to Satellite's) seems to be sound, and I wouldn't like to see it fail for the lack of a little risk-capital.

Editor Gold points out that Galaxy readers were asked, back in the early days, to help set the zine's policies-- that it was the readers who voted down the lettercol, and etc. Now, again, reader opinion is asked; with a new format, changes can be incorporated. So write! (I voted for considerable use of longer material as opposed to innumerable forgettable shorts, for a lettercol, for editorials most of the time, for serials of no more parts than two, for Willy Ley as necessary and also sufficient on the science-fact side, with possible rare additive exceptions, for a new book-reviewer less allergic to science-fiction-as-such than is Floyd C Gale, and for bighod-yes-I-said-it-and-I'm-glad: fanzine reviews. Anyhow, I voted.)

If there are any Galaxy-despisers left over from the hate-Galaxy fad of a year or two ago, I would say that a good time to drop that kick would be last summer. If any of you are missing Robert Sheckley's "Time Killer", I am saddened for you. In this (Dec) issue we have Part 3, and here it becomes apparent that Sheckley is doing something that has needed doing for a looong time-- he is thoroughly and methodically developing the central idea of "Time Killer", exploring all its fascinating facets.

We have a great number of stf novels which introduce perfectly intriguing ideas, play around with them for awhile, and then drop them half-explored in order to avoid holding up the A*C*T*I*O*N. If you are, as I am, fed up with this half-Klass'd way of writing, I recommend to you this offering by Herr Sheckley. The gimmick is a future-scientific Hereafter; from this, Rob't takes off into a systematic theorizing on every aspect of supernatural ideology and superstition. He does this without any detracting from the marching of the plot, action and all. I choose to believe that the man is doing all this on purpose, just to prove that it can be done-- that it is not necessary to wash out the Idea to keep the continuity rolling. And I hope to Ghod that he succeeds in setting a sort of standard-- that novel-length writers will be bound by Sheckley's example to explore their gimmicks, rather than leaving them hanging out to dry in the usual backwash of thud-and-blunder. And most sincerely, I hope that Sheckley doesn't make a complete ass out of me by dropping his current approach and going all-out for Action in his final installment. (Actually, I can see only one definitive ending for this story, and that an equivocal one in terms of the values of parts 1 thru 3; it's the early and major portion of Part 4, that worries.)

Finn O'Donovan's "Join Now" (novella, 38 pages) gimmicks-out on the possibility of splitting a mind along Freudian lines (super-ego, id, and libido-- Mr O'Donovan, sir, are you sure you're digging Herr Freud with an unwarped spade?), with the plain ol' normal body housing the super-ego while the other components go forth in synthetic bodies to seek their fortunes on Far Planets, with no Return Guarantee. In fact, the entire story is devoted to the quest of poor ol' super-ego, to induce his former brainmates to integrate with him. Little Rock just isn't in it, I tell you.

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4.

"Nightmare With Zeppelins" is a Pohl-Kornbluth reconstruction of a very early style of S-F tale, with emphasis on satire of the "make war too horrible" school of thought as attributed to the late Nobel. A lovingly-molded tale, as you might have expected from these master craftsmen. =7=

"so's I'll know what's wrong with the prozines. And I read the CRYletters"

Galaxy's Horr Ley discusses deep-sea life, and its stratification, in his piece titled "The Strange Planet Next Door".

Jack Vance's novelet (24 pages) "Ullward's Retreat" is a hydra-headed satire: first he takes off on the crowded-humanity theme a la "Caves of Steel", burlesquing it to the utmost; then he frees a character from the ratrace-- and drops the other shoe. Though readable and enjoyable, this comes nearest to justifying the chronic complaint, that Galaxy extends and magnifies the trivial, of anything in the issue. Not that the problem is trivial; unfortunately it's not. But it's a case of too little to say, really, spread too far.

Fritz Leiber's "The Number of the Beast" is a nice little interstellar whodunit with the proper clues dutifully displayed, if only we'd pay attention.

Floyd C Gale does a good job of avoiding further aggravation of his unfortunate allergy to science-fiction other than amateur, juvenile, or otherwise pseudo-.

With 38 pages of the Scheckley serial, this Galaxy held up very well.

F & S F, Dec: Algis Budrys' "The Eye and the Lightning" explores a spy-ray type of society, with semi-reasonable parameters. Suspicion is the watchword, and the bare thought of a Detector to counteract Scanners (which have heat-ray attachments) is intolerable to the populace. Interesting, but obscure in spots; ham ending.

Doctor Asimov (the good witch doctor) contributes a much-needed discussion of the relationships between the inversquarely-diminishing force of gravitation, escape velocities, and why Surface Gravity isn't the entire story if'n you're fixing to land and take off from a new planet with limited fuel. A readable, interesting antidote to the slop you see in the newspapers. ("Beyond the pull of gravity"- ECH).

Speaking of witch-doctors, Anthony Boucher (in "The Pink Caterpillar") uses them to effect a weird sort of time-traveling exile, not entirely explained, but potent.

Miriam Allen deFord's "Timequake" rumples a day's-worth of time to give a killer another chance. Of course, he's not the only one...

"Little Old Miss Macbeth" (Fritz Leiber) is too effective for its ending. Tsk.

"Honeysuckle Cottage" is a hilarious Woodhouse reprint from "Meet Mr Mulliner".

Judith Merril's "Wish Upon a Star" continues the space-colonizing voyage that began with 4 male flunkies breeding with 20 female administrator-technicians; this story starts with the second generation reaching maturity. It ends either ambiguously or holding out for another sequel; I can't tell which, for sure. Mostly good.

Boucher's review column is shorter than usual, but every bit as cogent.

"Dream Girl", by Ron Goulart, is another materialized-hallucination job. This 'un isn't crosswise in its own throat like Ellison's, but it does peter out, some.

"Somebody's Clothes--- Somebody's Life" (Cornell Woolrich) is perhaps a thicker slice of life than we're accustomed to, here in the Field. Perhaps overdrawn at the beginning, it is thoroughly human in the latter half, though ending paradoxically.

Walter Tevis' "Far From Home" did read for awhile as if it were going to turn out to be one of those pointless New Yorker bits, but the windup saved it; oh, it surely did. Can't get analytic about this sort of thing, without spoiling it.

Once again, I find that reading-reactions are not necessarily mirrored truly in

the writeup. To clarify, I especially liked IF, ASF, & GALAXY, this month. F&SF also, in a milder fashion. The rest of the lot did not have it so well, for this appearance.

FANTASTIC UNIVERSE is either extremely late or has (in the jargon of S-F Times) "temporarily suspended", like PLANET. I'd say that the record proves, now, that a stf-zine can't be salvaged by appealing to the Lunatic Fringe, saucer or otherwise. The goof will buy his own astrology or other niwitzine, because yours is too dilute for him. Prosit. Let's hike up our pants-cuffs and skirts, and dance, huh? Just don't splash so much.

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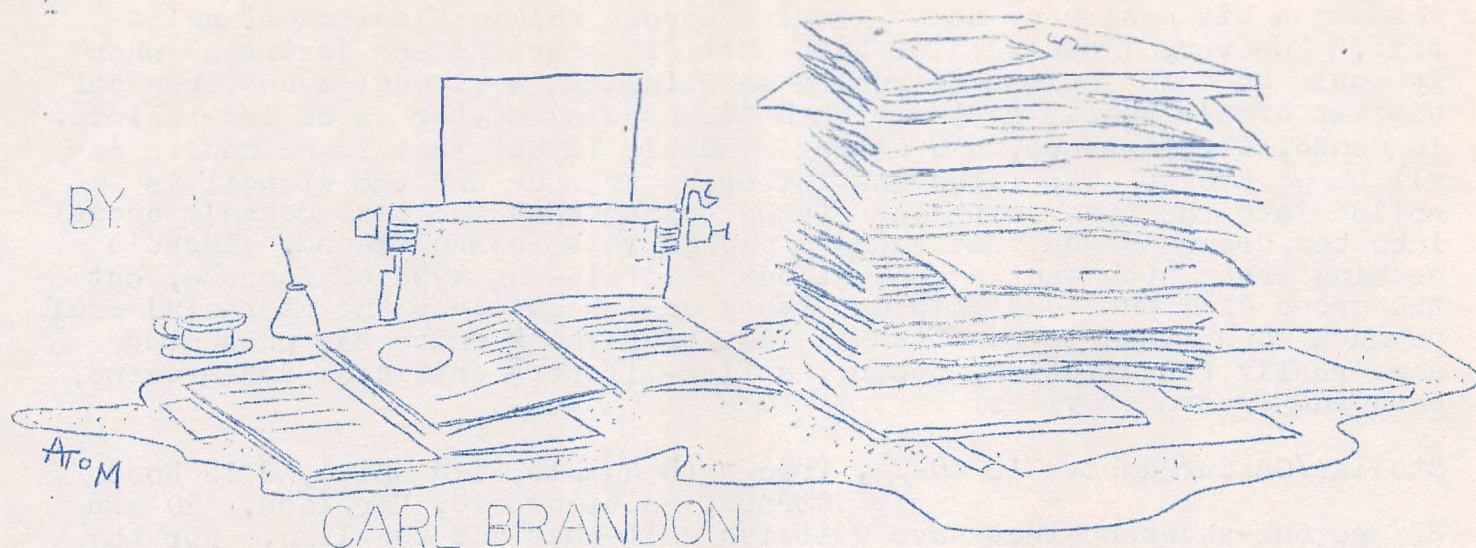


...5.

"so's I'll know what's wrong with
Pemberton!"

((PH))

FANZINE REVIEWS



Fijagh #1, Dick Ellington, PO Box 104, Cooper Station, New York 3, New York; sent to OMPA members tho a letter of comment will suffice if you don't belong. Most of the material is readable and entertaining, but this stands out for a little gem of a thing, penned I guess by Ellington, purporting to be an account of a Russian consular official who meets up with some fans. The first bunch are called the New York S.F. Square, decadent petty bourgeois intellectuals who bask in the luxury of Riverside Drive. The second group are heroic worker-types that run off underground mimeographed mags in a cellar in Greenwich Village, and the author meets them just in time to warn them of a police raid initiated by the Squares. The elements of fannish allusion and political parody have been blended together here to form an enjoyable piece that isn't overly obscure.

JD/Scurvy #31; OMPA, 20¢ or 6/31 from Lynn A. Hickman, 304 N. 11th, Mt. Vernon, Illinois. Now, I have no objection against fanzines being put out by, for, and about fans; a lot of interesting reading falls into this category. But, there's a right way and a wrong way to go about it, and somehow I don't feel that writing on the same level as a telephone directory is the way to go about it; no more plot than the yellow pages and about as much characterization as the general listings with the bulk of the space devoted to a listing of names. This is about the substance of the items penned by Jim Harmon and the editor. I would expect something better than this from Harmon who broke into fannish fame, so to speak, via the door to Harlan Ellison's room at the 1954 Midwestcon, with a descriptive article of the scene in Psychotic. Dan McPhail's Southwestercon report isn't as devoted to name dropping, but then this may be due to the fact that not many people attended the thing. I'd suggest Ron Bennett's Fandirectory; not only are the names in alphabetical order, but he also furnishes addresses to go along with 'em.

When #1, 4/50¢, Robert Foster, 2955 Tudor Avenue, Victoria, B.C., Canada. This first issue doesn't get strung up on a pseudo-pro kick, which used to bug the efforts of newcomers in past years, instead it seems to have pretensions of being little mag-ish with quality and all. It doesn't succeed too well. Fiction, poetry, book reviews, and a chatter column comprise the material, all hollow in content and poorly done. The artwork and general lay-out are likewise ill-conceived. Putting out a fmz in sideways half-legal is cumbersome, but at least the editor is do

reading a bit easier by using dummied double columns instead of solid text. However, I don't think that justified margins are justified when it would be a lot easier to run it as a full 8 1/2 x 11 mag; such technical details aren't really worth it when the reading matter is of low calibre. Innuendo, for instance, has a very readable layout that is no hassle at all to work out. The illos and lettering are cut and the stencil is rolled into the typer with care taken to see that the text doesn't crowd into the drawings and that there's enough white space around. There's nothing wrong with wanting to put out a little-mag type of fanzine, but the group that puts out this one (they call themselves the Eternals) could do much worse than to read thru a file of Skyhook which has presented some really fine fiction, poetry, stffish-literary criticism and prozine, book and fanzine reviews.

Stellar/Gafia/Gambit #'s 20-24, free with Rumble, Ted White, 2712 North Street, Baltimore 18, Maryland. 20 and 22 are one-sheets that have Whiteish chit-chat and the like. For the Solacon, Ted made 21 a bit thicker by adding material other than his own, like a short story by Allan Wingate. Now this is handled much better than the yarns presented in When, but it's mired by pointless overwriting of trivial details and while clever and all, it doesn't really say anything. The two Gambits (another title change for the Whitezines) read as if Ted had run all the way home from the con and, as he lay exhausted on the floor, was trying to tell Magnus and Hitchcock everything that happened all at once, without waiting until he got his breath back (with a resulting incoherency, and a derailed train of thought thruout). However, Tedrik has loosened up his writing style, goes into conversational narrative and applies light touches of humor here and there that should, once he has time to sit down and think things out, make his mags a lot more readable.

Inside Science Fiction #53, 30¢ or 1/31, Ron Smith, P. O. Box 401, Berkeley 1, California. Around five years ago, I guess, there were a number of offset mags being put out; today there is only one, Inside. It's nice to have a recent issue at hand, since otherwise one might get the idea that I'm one of those monsters who's Down upon Aspiring-Young-Writers and Doesn't-Appreciate-Fan-Fiction. I'm not, really, it's just that I dislike most of the fan-fiction written. It's generally childishly pseudo-pro, or maybe even a plot outline wherein the earth is menaced and saved in 1500 words. The characters aren't real and the authors generally botch up the whole scene by taking themselves a bit too seriously. For a good dose of amateur -- fan-fiction that isn't necessarily stffish I'd suggest The Incomplete Burbee. Or, you can read thru an issue of Inside, like the current one. "Shadrach, Meshach and Abednigo" by Dave Foley is a biting bit of satire that stands up on its own. Tony Boucher has a wonderful short-short that's no more than 500 words which'll probably never appear in a pmz. And Dave Runch's "How They Did For The Doggie At The Curbside" with its two preschool age kids cutting up their dog with a butcher knife, comes thru rather well as a commentary on American suburbania. It's nice to know that good, readable fiction can be written. Backing the stories up are pieces by Tucker, Bloch, and Willis, adequate book reviews, and some fine cartoons.

Vampire Trader #7, 5/50¢, Stony Brook Barnes, Rt. 1, Box 1102, Grants Pass, Oregon. The big news this issue: that VT will no longer be monthly because putting it out costs too much when there aren't enough ads to cover cost of mailing it out. Somewhere further

along in the editorial, it's intimated that the circulation is a great big 100. Lessee ... that'll make it \$3 for postage; the mimeo paper is equivalent to a local brand known as Fibre-Tint which goes for \$1.75 a ream, with 6 sheets times a hundred will make the paper expense less than \$2; half a quire of stencils will be around \$1.50; and all that's left are the staples and the hectored cover run off on newsprint, 50¢ I guess. That totals up to \$7 per issue, if he puts out a similar zine all the time. Which goes to show that putting out a fanzine does cost a little money, even for a motley effort that's mostly ads.

Innuendo #8, trade, letter of comment, Terry Carr, 2315 Dwight Way, Room 104, Berkeley 4, California. And, for contrast, here is a 56 page fanzine that has no income from ads or subbers and is chock-full of quality, faaanish material. After an issue is completed, all run off and copies assembled for local friends, the satisfaction of holding the finished product is such that it justifies the whole expense and trouble that was gone into. Perhaps Stony Brook Barnes should spend more time getting together some readable material for his fanzine and maybe the return (subs, egoboo, etc.) will be such that he won't mind the expense of \$7 or so an issue and won't wait around until there are enough ads to cover postage. After all, fandom is just a goddam hobby; if you want to make money, your mimeo can be put to more profitable use by running off and peddling pornography like the things they peddle in Tiajuana.

Bom #6, last issue from Hal Ashworth, 10 Makin St., Tong St., Bradford 4, Yorkshire, England. It's only been three years since #5 and here is the annish. For awhile, there was a whole monstrous pile of fmz coming from England, tho this has tapered off somewhat, save for apac zines. A superficial thumbing thru of Bom leaves the impression that it isn't a particularly distinguished fmz, tho this is before getting down to read the material. Vinç Clarke tells the story of the heax neofar the London Circle foisted upon Walt Willis. Gregg Galkins has a neat little vignette, and there're items by Paul Enever, Ethel and Nigel Lindsay, and Christopher Youd to fill out the issue.

Yandro #69, 15¢ or 12¢/\$1.50, Bob Coulson, 105 Stitt St., Wabash, Indiana. There's nothing particularly outstanding about Yandro; even this impresses me that way, despite the presentation of Bob Bloch's Solacon Speech. When I first saw that there was a piece of fan-fiction by Dave Jehrette, I said to myself, oh-oh, not another of those stf-ized jokes-that-everyone-has-heard, padded out to a thousand or so words. It turned out to be a nice little story, but again, not outstanding. Single issues of this fmz seem to possess a lack, something that appears not to be missing when going thru a file consisting of a year or two's output.

I have the September SF Times on hand, which like a lot of the other fmz that I reviewed here, were loaned to me by Ron Ellik; for which I thank him. They're the same ol' SF Times, with the writers skillfully side-stepping things faaanish as much as possible and picking up on every li'l ol' proish detail that comes by. About the only news worth repeating is that the pmz want to burst out of the bind they feel they're in with the 35¢ price tag, with FCSF being the vanguard by pricing copies in some areas at 40¢. Oh well, if Road and Track can jump from 35 to 50¢ (with pp. increased from 68 to 76), I guess s-f mags should be able to do it.

Carl Brandon, October 13, 1958

as viewed by Wally Weber . . .

No convention has ever had quite the build-up as South Gate. For a complete decade the world of fandom had been besieged with the convention cry of the Outlanders, "South Gate in '58!" By 1957 Rick Sneary and his cohorts could not have avoided the responsibility of the 1958 convention if they had departed to the far side of the Galaxy, or even The Magazine of Fantasy and Science Fiction. Their persistent slogan had conquered space, time, and the Atlantic Ocean. The vote taken at London was a mere formality; it had actually been decided long years ago that it would be South Gate in '58.

The convention-goers would have been cheated but for the Solacon convention Committee's brilliant manipulation of South Gate real estate. Having discovered that no hotels in South Gate were adequate sites for the Solacon, they managed to have The Alexandria Hotel and some surrounding property become a part of South Gate for the duration of the convention. This feat should be regarded with awe for it is probably without equal both within and without the microcosm of Fandom.

Altogether, it was a more-fabulous-than-usual convention I attended. The progress reports that came to me in the mail were not particularly indicative of anything unusually remarkable, but if I had given much thought to the matter I could have been better prepared for the fabulous nature of the Solacon. After all, it was being held in an area containing the highest density of fabulous-fan population in the entire known universe. But such considerations had been neglected while I busily worried about finances, transportation, vacation, and a dozen equally insignificant problems that would have taken care of themselves just as well without all the fretting.

The trip from Seattle to Los Angeles was to be made in my tired Chevrolet (four tires to be exact, with a fifth buried inaccessibly under the luggage in the trunk). Three adventurous Seattle fans were to accompany me; Bill Austin, who would get off at Sacramento on his way to San Francisco, Geneva Wyman, treasurer of our Seattle club, and Wally Gonser, vice president of the club. Wally Gonser and I had planned to trade off driving. We had planned this, that is, until I saw the picture postcard. "How odd," I had remarked upon seeing it. "Imagine anyone making a picture postcard from a photograph of a bowl of pretzels and tangled spaghetti." Wally Gonser wanted to see it so I handed it to him. "You idiot," he commented sweetly. "That's an aerial view of the Los Angeles freeways!" Flattery got him nowhere. Except for a short stretch of impossible curves where Bill Austin took the controls, Wally Gonser drove the whole trip straight through without sleep.

Despite our maps and the fact that Geneva had been to Los Angeles before, the three of us arrived at the Alexandria Hotel early Thursday afternoon. After stowing things in the room we two Wally's were sharing on the 14th floor, I went down to the lobby to look for fannish things. It was there that an unbelievable experience was in store for me. Terry Carr acknowledged me by name! Having been recognized by the publishing giant, I knew I must at last be a BNF. The Solacon could not possibly be a failure to me after that.

Ron Bennett, the TAFF representative from jolly ol' England was present and accounting for many friendly handshakes. He was aware of my efforts to have John Berry in his place and how I had gone through the Seattle phone directory to acquire names and addresses for the TAFF ballots I had run off on my mimeo, so I had to keep a wary eye on him for fear of reprisal. You can tell I'm not used to dealing with these Englishmen. His method of reprisal was so typically subtle that only now, after considerable deliberate thought on the matter, have I been able to determine that a retaliation had actually been committed. That sneaky Bennett made himself so likable that I completely forgot to regret the fact that Berry hadn't won!

Well; I won't let this happen again. CONTRIBUTE NOW TO THE "BRING BERRY OVER" FUND. With but a single candidate, we can't possibly lose.

From somewhere I learned that Forrest J. Ackerman (you may have heard of him -- he's a Cry subscriber or something) was inviting all fans over to his place Thursday

night. I had to be there because it was the fannish thing to do. Unfortunately Forry's place was quite a distance from the Alexandria Hotel. The memory of that picture post-card showing the Los Angeles freeways was still fresh, so I searched for and found Wally Gonser. He still hadn't slept after driving all the way from Seattle, but he agreed to drive me out to the Ackerman household.

Wally went down to the basement to get the car. Meanwhile I rounded up Geneva and a few other fans to accompany us. A few did I say? Well, my Chevrolet looked pretty small to the eleven of us as we crowded around it. Even at that things would not have been quite so impossible if some theory hadn't taken hold to the effect that having more than three adults in the front seat would mean immediate arrest and imprisonment.

There were exactly two females in the crowd. These two, along with Wally Gonser who claimed he could drive better from the front seat, made up the quota. There remained eight fans and a total of one back seat. It was my car so all eyes turned to me for judgement. I had to be stern. "We'll squeeze everyone in that we can get in, and the rest will have to stay here or arrange for other transportation," I declared. We then began the squeezing. Three got in and sat on the seat. Three more worked their way in and occupied laps. The back seat was obviously as full as it could get, and there were still two left outside. We found, however, that by impaling Ron Bennett on one door handle, there was room to squeeze one more person in by operating the opposite door similarly to the handle on an orange juicer. The door finally latched, although the sound of it could barely be heard for the noise of crushing bodies and pitiful groans that issued from the back seat. We had got all but one person in. It suddenly came to me that I was that person!

I entered the car through the open window much as a diving swimmer enters the water. I had the feeling all the way out to Ackerman's house that a very important part of me was still outside the car and I cautioned Wally not to drive too close to anything on that side. The trip seemed to last an eternity, and the fact that one of the crushed fans who was directing us would keep repeating, "It's just another couple blocks," at intervals of one mile did little to make the trip shorter. When at last we did arrive at the street Forry's house was on, we found the way blocked by another house that was parked in the middle of the street. It hardly seemed possible that we had arrived alive when the block was finally circumnavigated and we scraped into Forry's driveway.

The experience of seeing the place was well worth the effort of getting there. Forry's place is less a house than it is a combination of library and museum. All rooms have shelves of books and magazines and displays of artwork. One hallway has the walls papered with the design of bookshelves filled with untitled books. Guests are invited to title the books to suit themselves. Behind the house is a large building, probably intended at one time to serve as a double garage, which holds fantastical stacks of unsorted magazines, books, artwork, and fans.

I don't really know how many fans were there. Well over a hundred, I would say. They fingered, drooled over, admired, and talked about the amazing collection of everything that had to do with fantasy or science fiction, and I can't imagine how Forry could trust such a collection to such a large group of unknown fans. Wondering about this kept me from adding to my own collection. Perhaps it worked that way with everybody.

The two main features of the evening were the meeting of the LASFS and the color slides shown by Morris Dollens. Dollens' slides were of some of his paintings, and they were beautiful things. The amount of painting he does and the fact that he sells so cheaply will never cease to amaze me.

During the showing of the slides, Wally Gonser finally succumbed to his long time without sleep. Although he was still seated on the piano bench with his head propped up on the music rack, he was no longer with us. Who in the everloving world would drive me back to the Alexandria Hotel?

Eventually it came to the point where I had to face up to driving back myself. The only passengers I dared take were Wally, who slept peacefully in the back seat, and Geneva, who was being either brave or desperate. By some miraculous manipulation of the laws of random chance I found the correct route to the right hotel. Wally and Geneva

got out, and Jerry Train got in. Jerry was another Seattle fan who had come to the convention by plane through the courtesy of his ex-employer, West Coast Airlines.

Jerry was willing to see Forry's place so, with the confidence of having made one successful trip, I headed the car back in what I fondly believed to be the correct direction. Some of the streets had evidently been taken away for cleaning, or perhaps the city had been revised about that time to provide for the annexation of the Alexandria Hotel by South Gate. Whatever the reason, I became hopelessly lost. Jerry finally had to get out and ask a policeman the way, after which he directed me out to Forry's. It turned out that I would never have found the place if he hadn't. The house in the middle of the street was no longer there, and I had been depending upon it for a landmark. The original name of Los Angeles must have been Lost Angeles; this I believe.

I was up early, if not bright, Friday morning in order not to miss a thing. Honey Graham and Rick Sneary were getting things arranged for registration on the balcony. Tables were also being set up in the adjoining display room. It was the wish of the Solacon committee that the doors be opened to the balcony so that fans could register before being distracted by the displays. An employee of the hotel who was in charge of such things argued for a while why it would be better to leave the doors to the balcony closed, but he was hopelessly outnumbered by committee members and other fans. The real reason for his reluctance to open balcony doors was revealed some time later when another hotel employee appeared with a hacksaw instead of a padlock key. After that those doors were opened for good.

It's no use trying to maintain any form of time-sense for the remainder of the convention. A great number of things happened -- upon reflection I find it difficult to believe all of them could have happened in only four days -- but the order of their occurrence is unremembered, and probably unimportant. The events described below just happened, and if they are not described in the proper order, I refuse to worry about it.

Ordinarily the first scheduled program at science fiction conventions begins late. The Solacon outdid them all. The first scheduled program of the Solacon didn't happen at all. A futile effort was made by some of the Solacon committee to attract fans into the main convention meeting room, but after looking out over a vast audience of perhaps ten individuals, the effort was abandoned. Stan Woolston filled in with interviews which took place on the balcony and was broadcast through the P.A. system to the empty meeting hall.

The display room featured Morris Dollens more than anybody. He had an arrangement by which music was transposed to colored lights. Whenever his gadget was working, all the people in the room tended to gravitate toward his corner. In addition he had a number of his excellent paintings for sale at very low prices. But I have already gushed over this crazy Dollens character. On to something else.

One table on the balcony was set up for selling banquet tickets and propeller beanies. I resisted as long as possible, but within an hour I had purchased one of each. With the exception of a minute or so at Pershing Square, a short trip outside of the South Gate temporary city limits for food, and the infrequent times when I was sleeping, my newly acquired propeller beanie did not leave my head during the entire convention.

I might as well mention the Pershing Square incident before you hear it from Wally Gonser. His version is probably grossly exaggerated and much too lurid. Wally insisted that, despite my mania for staying within the confines of a convention hotel and never seeing any part of the rest of the city, I should at least let him show me Pershing Square. Hoping to keep him in good humor so that he would be willing to drive all the way back to Seattle, and knowing the place was only a block or two away, I told him to lead the way. By that time, of course, my propeller beanie had become so much a part of me that I didn't think to take it off. As soon as we had gone 150 feet from the hotel, people on the street began looking in my direction with rather strange expressions, and I realized my headgear was no longer conforming to the surrounding society. Still, I figured I was still a fan, and I heard that the citizens of Los Angeles were on the

whole inured to the unordinary. In all likelihood, the strange expressions belonged to tourists who were mistaking me for a native of Los Angeles. With those thoughts as armor I proceeded on with Wally.

Looking back, I can be relieved that our expedition took place during the daytime. If my information on the character of Pershing Square during the evening hours is at all accurate, my problems would have been multiplied considerably. As it happened, Wally and I followed the sounds of a heated religious discussion until we found a small crowd around two individuals who were grimly intent upon out-shouting each other. My appearance distracted a portion of the audience, however, and one gentleman finally asked me if he might borrow my headpiece for a moment. Curiosity prompted me to allow him to take the beanie. He took it tenderly, like the precious crown it was, and made his way through the crowd until he was within reaching distance of one of the arguing men. At an opportune moment, he placed my propeller beanie on that man's head. The argument paused while the man examined his newly acquired headgear. Then, replacing it on his head, the man began to flap his arms foolishly while yelling at his opponent, "Whee! I'm going into orbit to see Jesus Christ!" For a moment his opponent looked on in horror, but it was soon apparent by the way his hands were becoming fists that he had an answer coming up. My beanie was returned before physical harm could befall it, and Wally and I went on our way.

In the trip around the Square on the way back to the Hotel, remarks were directed at me such as, "When are you going into orbit, son?" and, "He'll be a big help to his Mommy when he grows up," thus making my day complete.

Aside from that, only one other thing bothered me about my propeller beanie. It had three propellers on it that were supposed to be contrarotating. Which way does that third propeller go??

There were a number of interesting scheduled programs at the Solacon. Ray Bradbury gave an interesting view of what a person must expect to do in order to succeed in his work. Rog Phillips had considerable trouble adjusting the microphone for Ray, which gave Ray the opportunity to triumphantly remark, "I hate machines!" John Campbell divided his time between describing the latest proven unscientific method for locating gas pipes and deploring the quality and content of the stories he has been printing the last few years. In regard to the latter, John felt that modern science fiction is living on its laurels, if any, and that the writers were no longer willing to take the chance of looking foolish in order to try out a new idea. Mr. Campbell brainwashed me completely, as usual, so if any of you who attended the convention noticed me acting a bit foolish, I was only trying to see what it felt like to try out a new idea even though I didn't have a new idea to try out.

Probably the most interesting and informative speech at the convention was Richard Matheson's at the banquet. Unfortunately I had forgotten to go to bed the night before and kept dozing off during the banquet speeches, with the result that I came to somewhere in the middle of his. I wonder if Frank Dietz has a recording of it so I can find out where he started from.

And while we're on the subject of banquets, I have a case to present to the GDA. Last year at London I was skipped when the food was being handed out, and it was only the outcries of the surrounding guests as I tried to sneak a little something to eat from their plates that finally aroused the curiosity among the waitresses that at length resulted in my obtaining something to eat. This year at the Solacon was much the same thing, only moreso. The waitress ran out of food after serving Flora Jones, who was seated at my right. When she came back with more food, she started out with G. M. Carr, who was seated on my left, and continued on into the distance. In time a waitress appeared on the other side of the table. She saw my sad plight but explained that she was unable to help me out because she was only responsible for serving the people on her side of the table. Finally, with the last bit of my waning strength, I succeeded in summoning the waitress for my side of the table. I will say that she made up for her oversight. The plate she came staggering back with was laden with more meat than three normal servings. I ate it all, even though my conscience bothered me about the other two people who must have gone without being served in order for me to have so

much. My troubles were not over, however. Jean Bogert had given me her portion of squash in order that my vegetables would be in balance with the amount of meat on my plate, but all the food had developed within me a terrible thirst. Unfortunately I do not consider coffee to be fit for a neofan, and had turned my cup upside-down to make it impossible for the waitress to give me any by mistake. It finally became clear that I would have to make an issue over the milk, too. This time I was fooled, because the dear girl finally noticed on her own and brought me not one, but two glasses of milk. Jean Bogert gave me her dessert which, along with my own dessert (which was miraculously delivered on schedule with the rest) made my double meal complete.

The frustrating part of all this is I have no real complaint coming, due to the fact that eventually I do get served and generally the extra service more than makes up for the original oversight. Yet there is a peculiar niggling feeling that behind this strained coincidence is a sinister something that needs investigation. I've never had any such trouble before London. But by ghod if something goes awry with my serving at the Detention banquet, I'm going straight to the GDA!

Early in the convention a tea drinking contest was held. This is a follow-up on the tea drinking contest planned at the London convention, but it turned out to be more of a travesty of it. The rules for the London contest had been extremely precise; great care was exercised that all contestants received tea of equal strength and temperature, and that only a certain amount of additional substances could be added to the tea by the individual contestants. At the Solacon, practically all of these rules went by the board. Mike Hinge, an Australian representative, was selected to brew the tea because of his familiarity with the art, but he was provided with tea bags, which he considered to be barbaric. Being an idealist, Mike ripped open fifty tea bags in order to brew tea in the manner in which he was accustomed. His equipment had no provisions for filtering out the loose tea once the brew was completed, however, with the results that the contestants had to contend with a sediment of tealeaves in their first few cupfulls.

Mike's brutal behavior with the first batch of teabags had other effects. It used up the teabag supply, so that in a short while the contest was out of tea. The situation was complicated by the fact that the official Solacon teabag procurer, Ted Johnstone, was one of the contestants and was prevented from leaving the table to obtain more tea by the very rules of the contest.

Naturally it was I, in my little propeller beanie, who came to the rescue. The head waiter at the restaurant was quite cheerful as he provided me with 100 more teabags and a considerable quantity of cream. Then came the bill. "Just sign for it," he told me, so I did. "And the room number, please." This stopped me. I didn't know the number of the convention suite. I asked him what it was. He gave me a room number in a weak voice, and as I wrote it on the bill he added, "...I think." If any of you were billed for 100 teabags on your hotel bill and didn't know why, the mystery is solved.

Djinn Faine won the contest somehow. The favorites, which were Ron Bennett and Bob Shaw, dropped out early. Perhaps it should be mentioned that Bob Bloch, who was one of the judges, pointed out that G. M. Carr had been selected as official pourer for the contest "...because it is well known that she is noted for pouring it on in her fanzines." Another tribute to Seattle fandom.

All facets of the Solacon struck me as being just right. The fashion show was quite spectacular. The costume ball was great as usual, but made even more fascinating by the appearance of "Smudge-Pot," and of course Seattle fans will remember that our own Flora Jones won the door prize. The auctioning off of authors was an imaginative innovation, and the auctioning off of the auctioneers at the costume ball was a fine topper. The "Alice" play had some hearty laughs -- all intended. Seattle is pleased at getting the nod for next year's Westercon, and seeing Detroit win next year's world convention. The short but devastating business meeting may someday be equalled but never surpassed. The show of crystal growth with polarized light was certainly spectacular, and all of the many parts of the convention left unmentioned were truly spectacular.

The last day of the convention I was told it wasn't really Terry Carr that had recognized me by name the first day, but only Peter Graham who isn't a publishing giant at all. But by then it was far too late. I had enjoyed the con too much already.

By an interesting method known as "fudging" we are able to put in a page or two of comments by other convention goers between pages 16 and 17. First to have her say is:

FLORA JONES --

This is the truth and nothing but the truth about the convention as this visitor saw it. Comparing it with others, I thot it lacked some of the physical beauty and splash of some previously held. JWCampbell's talk was especially good, inasmuch as he not only offered an intriguing bit of scientific discovery, but his comment on scientists not readily accepting what is not in their own field is well known and somewhat depressing. I give him credit for his courage to publicly make known his personal observations. -- The Space Hut talk was interesting as futuristic architecture, but not nearly as much as some which have already been done by famous architects in recent years. It is worthwhile watching the trend in this line as Frank Lloyd Wright and Bruce Goff offer designs which are truly out of this world and away from the styles we have used for thousands of years. --- The sensible and unostentatious makeup of the convention was definitely broken by the most glamorous and novel 'Fashion Show'. It's too bad the Nameless have no pictures of it for the stay-at-homes to see. Altogether I would say that South Gate did a good job.

The next girl from this area to give her views is our own fabulous --

G. M. CARR --

Aside from the WSFS mess (which hung like smog over everything and everybody, permeating even the most casual jollity) the most memorable item, for me, was the Morris Scott Dollens art exhibit. I think I spent more time going over and over the pictures for sale, trying to make up my mind which of all these beautiful astronomical studies and alien planetsapes I could afford to buy, than I did at any other single exhibit -- and possibly more time than all the rest of them put together! I was fascinated by the clear colors and sharply delineated perspective. (I finally bought two, and am looking forward to getting color slides of all the rest.) He also had an electronic machine for transposing soundwaves into color, but although it attracted a great deal of attention, I was not too highly impressed with it. It looked like a combination TV test pattern and Easter Egg dye bath, although it was undoubtedly a highly ingenious affair. He'd play a phonograph recording into one end, and it would come out the other end in a shifting pattern of colored light. I enjoyed the rest of the art exhibits, too, but the Dollens table really held my attention.

Now we hear from one who attended her first convention at the Solacon --

GENEVA WYMAN --

At last, I have had the opportunity of attending my first World Science Fiction Convention! The trip from Seattle to Los Angeles with Wally Weber and Wally Gonser was one of the most pleasant trips I have taken. I especially enjoyed the pre-convention local S-F meeting held at the home of Forrey Ackerman. His home is most intriguing! The regular convention activities were educational, informative and mixed with a full measure of fun. I especially enjoyed the clever, original, and futuristic space style show. I enjoyed meeting editors and authors whose works have given me many hours of reading pleasure. The formal mechanics of the convention were ably planned and efficiently conducted. In spite of the fact that several of us, especially Wally Weber, had to sit out the early part of the banquet before being served, it was still a delightful affair. The less said about my trip home, the better -- just don't enjoy the memories of the aftermath of our accident with the car Ed and I tried to drive back. It was defective and we ended up in a hospital. However, we are feeling much better now and prefer to remember only convention activities.

We had to get at least one man into the act, so here is Geneva's husband --

ED WYMAN --

Looking back on the Solacon from Nine Weeks Later -- it seems now as though it was a whole series of highlights, like cars in a train. I think the outstanding point that I remember was meeting so many Old Friends, people I had met at other Cons - and some who seemed like friends because of their writing. To pick just a few highlights at random, more or less -- Karen Anderson's unforgettable great black bat (and of course, "Smudge Pot" ! - Bjo and all those costumes, real well done, her own little wrap, (Saran, that is) a highlight in itself. And then Doc Smith, with his "Lensman" sign, having fun with his own character -- JWC, as always, the logician -- Matheson and his handling of a Q & A session -- Anna and her snappy handling of the business sessions, while still preserving some semblance of the Democratic Process, and with quite satisfactory results.

Los Angeles did quite well in providing us with weather, the Alexandria earned numerous compliments, and practically everyone seemed to thoroughly enjoy a weekend which must be remembered as the Highlight of '58.

There were other Seattle fans at the Solacon, but no more reports. Jerry Frahm had nothing to say, Wally Gonser was unavailable for comment, F. M. and Elinor Busby have described their experiences in their own fanzine (POLARITY #3, 25¢ each, copies still available, the picture covers on this issue of the CRY are the left-over covers from POLARITY #3, and how's that for squeezing in a quick ad?), and the Springers and Melvins weren't contacted. However, as a special added attraction, we have a report from a fan who doubtlessly lives in Seattle in some co-existing probability world because he has come dangerously close to it in this one. We present --

S O L A C O N I N C I D E N T # 2

by rich brown

It was on the third night of the solacon: I was tired, having had perhaps 12 hours sleep for the three days; my hair was a tumbled mess under my beanie and my hands were ink-stained from working on the one-shot. Damn, I said. Nobody heard me.

No parties were going on that I knew of, and by 3:30 in the morning I was getting pretty damn tired of the little game of lift-the-arm,-insert-the-page,-drop-arm-and-turn-handle necessary with old zotz! Damn, I said again. Still nobody heard me.

Half-heartedly I walked down to the second floor. I didn't really expect to find anyone there, but I went anyway. Damn, I said for the third time. As usual, no one heard me -- but this time, there were people there to hear if they had wanted. Not people; fans. Twenty of them, at least, and there was almost a monologue going on between them. I looked. I saw. I sat and listened. The fellow in the middle, an Oriental, was discussing a wide variety of things with a wide variety of people. And he was doing very well; he went from the serious to the humorous in a flash. Nearly everyone was in stitches -- yet, uniquely enough, his conversation was stimulating. After a while, I found myself drawn into the conversation and enjoying myself. Never once did I think to ask his name. And while I was talking with Bjo, he left.

"Who was that guy?" I asked Bjo, "He's one of the nicest, most fannish types I've met at the whole convention."

"Him?" she asked back, "Why, he's the house detective."

Oh well.

That concludes the Solacon reports. We wish to have you keep in mind the WESTERCON which is coming up July 3, 4, and 5 next year IN SEATTLE. Plan your vacation for then, because this Westercon will be built for relaxation. We are planning it that way because the WESTERCON convention committee will be in great need of relaxation about that time.

WHO'S WHO IN THE WSFS
or
Your Guess is as Good as Mine

by George Nims Raybin

Before the Solacon, fans had no difficulty in deciding who were the officials of the World Science Fiction Society, Inc. The officers were: Franklin M. Dietz, Jr -- Recorder-Historian and George Nims Raybin -- Legal Officer (both elected in New York by the membership in 1956 for a four year term), the Solacon officers (elected in London by the membership for a one year term). The original directors named in the certificate of incorporation to serve until their directors were duly elected were David A. Kyle, Art Saha, and George Nims Raybin. The membership, in New York, elected six directors (E. Everett Evans, James V. Taurasi, David A. Kyle, Forrest J. Ackerman, Roger Sims, and Nick Falasca). While the by-laws called for six directors, the certificate of incorporation only provided for three directors (although changed to six directors by vote of the membership in London). The London convention meeting elected Belle C. Dietz and David Neuman as directors, to replace Roger Sims and Nick Falasca whose term had expired. This was the position of the Society just prior to the Solacon.

At the Solacon, David A. Kyle, E. Everett Evans, and Forrest J. Ackerman held a meeting at which they declared that they were the only directors and then proceeded to elect E. Everett Evans as President of the World Science Fiction Society, Inc. This action was taken by them on their assumption that since the certificate of incorporation originally provided for three directors, only the three who received the most votes in New York were elected.

Let us assume that only three directors could have been elected. This would make the entire election of Directors invalid. Everyone voting had been informed that six directors were to be elected. A single ballot cannot be split -- it either is a legal election or it is not a legal election. Thus, if such election were invalid (in spite of the later amendment to the certificate of incorporation) then the original directors were not duly replaced and remain in office.

Now let us assume that you could split the election so as to have elected E. Everett Evans Forrest J. Ackerman and David A. Kyle. Our by-laws provide for a 3 year rotating directorate. Thus David A. Kyle who received the least votes would have been elected for a one year term which would have expired in London. Under the same reasoning, only one replacement was to be elected and therefore Belle C. Dietz who received the most votes replaced David A. Kyle.

This confusion is the result of deliberate attempts to sabotage and destroy the World Science Fiction Society.

Then at the Solacon business meeting, the chairwoman stated the meeting was not a meeting of the World Science Fiction Society, Inc. and the meeting then proceeded to vote on the next con site and to approve a resolution petitioning the Board of Directors of the World Science Fiction Society, Inc. to dissolve the corporate status of the WSFS. Of course the provision of law requiring such a vote at a meeting of the WSFS after due notice to all the members that such a resolution was to be voted upon was completely ignored by the amateur lawyers. The election of Detroit as the next con site also made no provisions for new officers of the WSFS, Inc.

As a result of these various illegal actions taken, George Nims Raybin resigned as Legal Officer. Later, Belle C. Dietz, James V. Taurasi, and E. Everett Evans also resigned as directors.

Now the questions remaining are: Who are the officers of the WSFS, who are the directors, who are the members, and how can the members meet to vote to dissolve an organization that has quite obviously outlived its usefulness to fandom.

I don't know ----- do you?

George Nims Raybin

I MET A WITCH



Yes.

The title is true.

Absolutely true.

I MET A WITCH.

By John Berry

There is no fraud about it; at least, as far as I am concerned there isn't. The man avowed that he was a bona fide witch, and confessed that most of his ancestors were burnt at the stake a few centuries ago.

Of course, even though I am gullible, I was not stupid enough just to take his word for it. I wanted proof. And in this particular instance, the circumstantial evidence was pretty well overwhelming. At least, we all thought so at the time. You'll see for yourself, if you've the patience to read this....

The alleged witch lives at Castletown, on the southern coast of the Isle of Man, an island rich in folklore and mystery. I visited the witches sanctuary with my family in August 1958. We were the unwilling victims of a mystery coach tour.

The coach drew up inside a yard. On the right of this yard was a long building, and at the end, forming the base of a letter-L, was a barn affair with a circular stone tower, narrow at the top and wide at the bottom, in the middle of it. In front of the tower was the first tinge of the unknown, in the form of two large concrete mushrooms painted white with vivid red dots. A wishing well was nearby, with a subtle hint that if money was thrown in, much good fortune would accrue. The other members of the coach tour, mostly old women on a tight budget, brazenly walked past the wishing well without even giving it a glance.

We all trooped into the long building, which proved to be a sort of cafe, with a counter near the door and small tables scattered around. In the middle of the room was a set of wooden stairs, invitingly suggesting we climb them, and after paying an appropriate fee (ninepence each, children free) we clambered upwards, the attendant telling us in a hushed voice, filled with awe and bewilderment, that 'the witch will be here soon to show you round the museum.'

There were twenty-five of us on the tour, and we all assembled at the top of the stairs in a puzzled group. Lots and lots of strange things surrounded us, and a musty smell seduced our quivering nostrils. We spoke in hushed whispers, and then, from below a door opened and closed.

Listen!

We knew who it was, down below. Anxious eyes flitted from face to face, and as the foot steps on the stairs grew louder, audible gulps plopped liberally from us.

The figure majestically appeared before us. He told us without hesitation that he was a witch, and no one argued with him. Let me describe him. He was tall, well over six feet. His shoulders were rounded, and his head was thrust forward, not quite aggressively, but enough to suggest he wouldn't take too kindly to anyone who was tempted to refute his admission. His face was small and lined with wrinkles, and his snow-white hair rose vertically from his scalp. (Not that this was unique; my hair was doing exactly the same.) A neat white beard tufted from his chin, and odd hairs drifted round the edge of his face, making it difficult to define the exact outline. Most prominent of all, however, were his eyes. They were small and dark, and an eerie light shafted from them.

Having suitably subdued his audience by merely giving them the benefit of his unique physical appearance, he proceeded to put the wind up us all by going into great detail about the practical side of witchcraft. He pointed to a circle on the floor, about seven feet in diameter, with the signs of the zodiac scattered around it. The witch observed wryly that if an unbeliever trod inside that circle, it would be rough! He strode across it, but the remainder of us carefully avoided it, tiptoeing carefully past the outline, none of us wanting to disappear into the infinite.

Large museum-type showcases were placed at strategic places in the long room, and they were filled with what I would term 'miscellaneous bric-a-brac, but which the witch informed us consisted of rare and fascinating examples of a witches practical tools of trade, which he had personally collected from all over the world.

Some of the articles were indeed peculiar -- gold brooches made in the shape of twisted snakes, -- circular button-sized items of pearl, gold, silver and mahogany with mysterious symbols on them -- little phials of unconventional shape with powder in them --- etc. Other items flavoured of mundane domestic usgge, but skillfully worded descriptive cards hinted that much more inhuman use was made of them, i.e. ordinary long pins were described as 'pins used to torture witches in the 15th century.'

Frequently the witch would pause and turn and face us and crack a joke. Usually a very weak joke. But the older women amongst us roared with laughter. A forced, hollow laugh, admittedly, but nevertheless it appeared to satisfy him. He looked at me once or twice, as if wondering to himself hadn't I a sense of humor, but I split my diaphragm right in front of him, and it seemed to appease him somewhat.

The witch also pointed meaningly to coloured drawings nailed to the wall. The pictures were original, not too well executed, but one feature about them above all was significant. Every picture had as the central theme one or more beautiful girls, completely naked, undergoing torture.

The witch pointed to one particular illo which depicted a voluptuous wench being burned at the stake. Flames roared round her waist, but from there upwards was displayed enough to make Anita Ekberg start thinking about falsies. Standing in front of this illuminating picture, the witch gave a detailed resumee of the terrible way his forbears had been treated in the Middle Ages, and made the astonishing statement that -- nine million people in Europe were killed as witches in the Middle Ages.

A few moments later the witch paused again and announced that he'd recently written a book about witchcraft, priced 3/6d (50¢) and if anyone was interested they could purchase copies from him. He waved his hands suggestively, muttered a strange incantation and hinted he'd like us all to buy a copy. I waited in the queue for a few moments, but left it to devour another illo of a shapely nude stretched out on a rack, about to be maltreated by a masked man with a pair of calipers in his hand.

A patter of feet up the stairs suggested that another group of sightseers had entered the trap, and as they emerged one by one, the witch made another mystic pass, thanked us for our attention, and crossed to them.

Left to our devices, we gazed at a few more of his trophies -- ancient swords, rusted armour, crossed broomsticks, and old books turned to pages with peculiar signs on them. Then we sidled away down the steps, away from the musty odor and into the fresh air -- and how good it tasted.

Outside, as we passed the wishing well en route to the coach, the women who had previously spurned it almost literally emptied the contents of their handbags as if attempting to supplicate any evil spirits who may have been sent by the witch to see if they had learned the errors of their ways.

Frankly, as we drove away, I had opportunity to think about the whole thing, and it occurred to me that the witch was a bluff merchant who'd hit upon a simple way of making cash at the expense of peoples fear of the unknown. I mentioned this theory to our coach driver who had lived in the district for years, and he was quite adamant that the character really was a witch.

One has to remember that the coach driver had a living to make taking suckers to see the witch, and it was in his own interests to say the witch was authentic.

I'm reserving judgement, though.

I said some nasty things about the witch as I dropped my money in the well. I made a rather vindictive wish.

If any of you fellahs ever read in a medical journal that an old white-haired man in The Isle of Man is reported to have performed a physical feat hitherto regarded as being anatomically impossible, please let me know.

I shall certainly be interested.

by W. Marland Frenzel

He ran and kicked the baby carriage, sending it careening across the floor and knocking the radio from its shelf. A second, more violent kick brought down the television set, shattering the picture tube and cutting a deep gash in his forehead. Blood streamed down his face and ran between clenched teeth.

Mrs. Reynolds entered the room -- clean, spotless, immaculate with a neat blue apron tied around her waist. A slight frown marred her lovely features.

"Joe, what on earth are you doing? I could hear you clear over at Mrs. Thomas's."

"Nothing, Mom. Just playing."

"Well, try to be more careful."

Quietly, she closed the door and walked back into the kitchen. What for dinner, she wondered. Roast, spare ribs, pork chops?

A scream emitted from Joe's room.

"Joe, I can't decide what to fix for dinner. Would you like anything special?"

"Yeah, Mom -- blood. Thick red blood."

That boy, she thought. Blood indeed. What an imagination. Well, she just wouldn't fix anything.

The doorbell rang.

"Joe, dear. Will you go see what that is please?"

Joe ran from his room, kicking over chairs and upsetting tables. As he passed the china case, he gave it a shove and dishes of every description clattered to the floor with an ear-splitting crash.

"Be careful, Joe," admonished his mother.

Siezing a wooden chair, he splintered one of its legs and advanced stealthily towards the door. Opening it, he gave the caller, Mrs. Thomas, a wicked thrust in the abdomen, knocking her backwards and felling her. When she was unconscious, Joe proceeded to stomp her face to a bloody pulp. He then hauled the featureless thing into a hedge.

"Who was it, Joe?"

"Nobody, Mom. Just a salesman."

"Well, I wish I knew your method of getting rid of them. Takes me hours sometimes."

"Takes practice. That's all, practice."

"Go wash up now. Your father'll be home any minute. And try not to be so rough with him."

"Hah... Oh, crêpes. I forgot to wash the car. Dad's going to be mad as all get out."

"You'd better get to it right now."

"Yes'm. I'll do better than that."

Now what on earth did he mean by that, she wondered. Oh, well...

Outside, Joe Reynolds had just finished breaking all the car windows and was starting on the headlights, when his father, Jason Reynolds, strode up behind him.

"Joe, haven't you finished washing the car yet? I told you to have it finished when I got home, confound your arrogance."

"Sorry, Dad, what with hot days, short nights and all that jazz. I just didn't get around to it."

"Hmumpf....Some excuse. We'll you'd better have it done tomorrow or no spending money."

Mrs. Reynolds called from the front steps, "You men come in. Dinner'll be ready soon as I can find the can opener."

Jason strode into the house, planting a birdlike kiss on his wife's cheek. Sniffing: "I smell cologne. Have you been alone all day?"

"Something happened to the baby carriage. Wish you'd come look at it when you've time."

"Hah! You're talking to Mr. Fix-It man himself. What happened? Wheel come off?"

"No... I can't imagine. Looks like a cyclone struck it."

"Damn, guess I'll have to take it down to the shop. Whew! Man, I'm beat. Ed Larsen fell on the conveyer belt today."

"Oh, no," she laughed, "not Ed Larsen!"

"Yep, the stupid goof. Blood and guts strewn all over the plant. They're still picking pieces of 'em off the ceiling. Guess we'll have to attend the services tomorrow, being his

best friends."

"There goes that bridge game. Uh, oh. Smell something burning. Be back in a par-sec."

"Where'd you get that par-sec stuff?"

"Something Joe picked up. Space-man talk."

"Oh.... Uh, what's for dinner? I'm famished."

"Brown beans."

Jason Reynolds stood up, knocking over his chair.

"Good Lord and holy damn! Is that all I get after working in a hot factory all day? To hell with this confounded madhouse. I'm getting out."

"But dear, your beans..."

Jason Reynolds ran from his home, kicking over chairs and tables.

A scream emitted from Joe's room.

Mrs. Reynolds, clean, spotless, and immaculate began quietly to put away the plates and silverware.

THE END

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HERBIE

by F.C. Purvis

Herbie's a Square!

How I know that? Simple! He not like rest of us. He more in --- in---- well, he got more brains than rest of gang. You gotta feel sorry for him though, it ain't his fault. His old man's a new clear phiz---- -- uhhhh, he make C bombs, you know what I mean.

We get along real swell though. We don't make fun of his brains and he don't bother us with silly brainy ideas. Besides, he don't make a pass at our broads. In his own words, real chiv--- chiva--- well, real gentlemanly. Not that my Mabel is that good a looker, but she my dame and I keep it that way. Ain't no lousy no good bum take her away. That's why I like Herbie, he's harmfullless.

I shouldn't say Herbie never bother us with silly idea. Sometime he comes up with real doozie. Like when he say that we should sell magazine subs. Sure a hundred per cent profit is swell but you can only sell so many and no more --- besides it too much work. I like our racket better. Like I always say, there'll always be parking meters just chock full of nickels and dimes.

Lately Herbie got on this flying saucer jag. Seemed to see them everywhere in sky. I dunno, maybe he cracked or sumpen. I see nuttin but sky but he say lookie there don't you see that saucer? Again I see nuttin.

That is till he found what he call saucer. He took me over to see right after he found it. Honored as I am, I think it looks like junk and tell him so. But Herbie don't hear me --- he real happy over it. Like a kid at Xmas or sumpen.

Well I warn Herbie when he start to fool with controls. But, oh no, Herbie says he know what he's doing. First thing I know there loud noise and saucer takes off like wounded alley catx, Herbie and all.

Sometimes I miss Herbie and wonder where he is. Like I say before, he was good friend. Must be off now. There new gang in our territory and we show them who's boss. Could use Herbie, wonder where he is.

end

BLASTING THE BOOKS

by Leslie Gerber

**The Mind Cage by A.E. Van Vogt (Avon Books, 191pp, 35¢). Despite the fact that I found this more readable than anything of Van Vogt's since "Slan", this book is wretched. It is as full of cliches as anything I have read in the field. The story is ridiculous, the characters are stupid, the background is old, and the only good feature of the book is some fairly lively writing, which you would expect anyway from Van Vogt.

**43,000 Years Later by Horace Coon (Signet Books, 143pp, 35¢). Now this one is probably the worst book of the year. Horace Coon is a writer of non-fiction, author of such books as, "Colombia, Colossus on the Hudson." It shows. This, Coon's first piece of fiction as far as I know, reads like non-fiction. It is written in the form of a report by a team of three explorers from the Great Galaxy who come to Earth, explore and report their findings. The whole idea is to look at our civilization from another viewpoint and show us how stupid it all is, but it only makes the author look stupid. Some of the comments made by the explorers are just too perceptive. For a group which knows nothing about our planet, they sure learn fast! I haven't mentioned that our civilization has been dead for 43,000 years (it died in the 20th century without ruining anything it had created, too convenient an accident for me to believe) but you'd never know it. Although sometimes this actually sounds like what it is supposed to be, at other times it is, as I said, too perceptive. The explorers understand perfectly (and correctly) almost everything they see. They are just too smart to believe. And besides that, government reports are noted for their notorious dullness. This is certainly no exception. Your 35¢ will be better spent on a copy of Amazing.

***Time in Advance by William Tenn (Bantam Books, 153pp 35¢). William Tenn's previous two collections have been almost wholly composed of his light humorous stories. Now Bantam presents a collection of four of his longer serious pieces, and it comes off very well.

"Firewater" has its humorous points, and it suffers a bit from them. Basically, this is the story of the aliens who have come to earth, but not to invade. They are so superior to us that we cannot even communicate with them. They form colonies and we keep away from them. Some humans go to their colonies and become mysteriously transformed into "Primeys", vastly superior to us. The story concerns itself with a man who, against the laws of the U.S., trades with the Primeys -- things they want (which are odd enough to be funny) for gadgets which are the product of their technologically advanced culture. Then there are the humanitarians, whose slogan is "Humanity First" and who want to do away with the Primeys and the aliens, not even realizing in their fanaticism that this is impossible. Despite some serious weaknesses, such as the speech of the Primeys ("Gabble-honk, honk, honk, gabble-honk...") which is too silly to be credible, this is a good piece of writing, with credible characters, a carefully built background, and lots of Tender Loving Care. (cc, cbb, and TLC)

"Time in Advance" presents a logical idea: in order to help build colonies, murderers spend their terms working on dangerous jobs to help establish settlements, build, and do various essential but dangerous work. If a man wishes, he may voluntarily serve a term (with a 50% discount for volunteering) in advance, and then commit a crime. The sentence for murder is 14 years, with the discount only seven. Yet there is virtually no chance for a man to survive through the seven years, and if he quits before the end of his term, he gets nothing. The story opens as two murderers-to-be, buddies for the seven years, are released. They are free to commit murder. Each has someone whom he hates more than enough to kill. Unfortunately, when they get back to civilization, each finds many people who deserve murder as much. What finally happens is too easily predictable, but this is also a good piece of writing, with cc, cbb, and lots of TLC.

"The Sickness" from Infinity, is perhaps the weakest story of the lot. It is about the first voyage to Mars, by a team of Russians and Americans, with a neutral Indian captain. When they reach Mars, one of the Russians comes down with a disease, and one by one, the whole crew comes down with it. A good piece of writing, with cc, a cbb, and TLC, but the gimmick is weak.

"Time Waits for Winthrop" from Galaxy and here ineptly retitled "Winthrop was Stubborn" is probably the best of the lot. Here, the background is the story, with small assistance

from the plot. Yet, the background is enough to make a story, and I was fascinated as you probably will be too. A very carefully built background, and gobs of TLC.

On the whole, a successful book, very strong in extrapolation and slightly weak on plot, but still very successful and the best collection this year outside of "The Other Side of the Sky" which coincidentally shares with this the first issue of Infinity as a source.

I will not give "Address: Centauri" by F.L. Wallace and "Mission of Gravity" by Hal Clement (Galaxy Science Fiction Novels no. 32 and 33, 191pp and 35¢ each) a review except to say that Galaxy Novels' decision to upgrade has certainly paid off for readers with these two excellent books. And if you know how tight I am, you can guess how good they are when I tell you that I have subscribed. This will be an excellent series, and so far has been marred only by Wallace Wood's fuzzily-reproduced covers. (A jet car on the cover of "Address: Centauri" has a face!)

"A Man Called Destiny" by Ian Wright and "Stepsons of Terra" by Robert Silverberg (Ace, 128+128pp, 35¢). And here we have two novels cut from the same cloth. Unfortunately, it happens to be cheesecloth.

For the first fifty or so pages, I thought "A Man Called Destiny" was going to be a good book. The hero, Richard Argyke, was in a beautiful, carefully-contrived hole, and I was just waiting to see how Wright would get him out of it. Then, my hopes vanished. Argyke turns out to be an immortal. It follows from there, getting progressively worse until one of the worst endings ever to plague a book.

Baird Ewing, of "Stepsons of Terra", on the other hand, is a superman all the way. He isn't supposed to be a superman, but he's a little too perfect. This book has the advantage of a fair ending, but that can't offset what has come before. As a reader of Science Fiction Adventures (where this originally appeared as "Shadow on the Stars") said, it "showed that Silverberg couldn't write a bad story if he tried. Unfortunately, it was almost completely lacking in originality...Silverberg entertained me with it, but as a story it didn't amount to much." Fair, mindless entertainment. Not worth your 35¢.

"ESPer" by James Blish (Avon Books, 191pp 35¢) is a re-reprint of "Jack of Eagles. Good, solid adventure, not as mindless as most. In fact, not mindless at all. If you don't have the Galaxy Novels edition, try it on for size.

"Men, Martians and Machines" (174pp, Berkeley Books), "The Space Willies" and "Six Worlds Yonder" (131+125pp, Ace, 35¢) by Eric Frank Russell.

"Men, Martians and Machines" is a collection of three novellas and a short story. The short, "Jay Score," has a classic punchline which you probably know. The other three sound somewhat like rewritten stories out of a 1929 Amazing; the writing is better, but the science is exactly the same. Still, it's enjoyable. If you like Russell, you'll like it. If you don't, you probably won't.

"The Space Willies" is "Plus X" with an entirely unnecessary beginning section which detracts from the story. Still, this is more than fun. It's FUN!!!! Take out your hostilities on this one. It's a beautiful example of sexless unsadistic wish-fulfillment.

"Six Worlds Yonder" is a collection of a novella and five shorts from ASF 1954-56. It is especially worth having for "Into your Tent I'll Creep" and fills out the book nicely. ~~XXX~~Even when down to only 256 pages per volume, Ace still gives you more than any other s-f books for your money.

Two classics have recently been reissues and deserve your attention. "The Island of Dr. Moreau" by H.G. Wells (Ace, 192pp, 35¢) is worthy of your attention not only for itself, but because it has been issued as an experiment to see if fantasy will sell. "The Lost World" (Pyramid Books, 35¢), a re-reprint, is just a good book.

SHAKESPEARE BECOMES A LETTERHACK FOR THE CRY

I am Sir Oracle,
And when I ope my lips; let no dog bark!

--MERCHANT OF VENICE, Act I, Scene 1, Line 93

Devise, wit; write, pen; for I am for whole volumes in folio.

--LOVE'S LABOUR'S LOST, Act I, Scene 2, Line 117

Always the dulness of the fool is the whetstone of the wits.

--AS YOU LIKE IT, Act I, Scene 2, Line 59

Whom should I knock?

--THE Taming OF THE SHREW, Act I, Scene 2, Line 6

I'll cavil on the ninth part of a hair.

--KING HENRY IV, PART I, Act III, Scene 1, Line 139

This keen encounter of our wits.

--KING RICHARD III; Act I, Scene 2, Line 116

Rubbing the poor itch of your opinion,
Make yourselves scabs.

--CORIOLANUS, Act I, Scene 1, Line 171

Though she be but little, she is fierce.

--MIDSUMMER-NIGHT'S DREAM, Act III, Scene 2, Line 325

I would my horse had the speed of your tongue, and so good a continuer.

--MUCH ADO ABOUT NOTHING, Act I, Scene 1, Line 151

.....proud man,
Drest in a little brief authority,
Most ignorant of what he's most assured,
His glassy essence, like an angry ape,
Plays such fantastic tricks.

--MEASURE FOR MEASURE, Act II, Scene 2, Line 117

Argument for a week, laughter for a month.

--KING HENRY IV, PART I, Act II, Scene 2, Line 104

We have some salt of our youth in us.

--MERRY WIVES OF WINDSOR, Act II, Scene 3, Line 50

We few, we happy few, we band of brothers.

--KING HENRY V, Act IV, Scene 3, Line 60

Bruce Pelz
C23H26N2O4



conducted by Elinor Busby

BRANDON IS WILLIN'

Dear F.M. and Elinor:

Terry Carr told me you were bugging him; no end for fanzine reviews. Why don't you write 'em for CRY OF THE NAMELESS? he said to me. Hmmm, I thot, sure I will, why not. Old, experienced fans like myself always delight in giving a generous helping hand to struggling newcomers to the field. I haven't seen CRY in awhile Terr, what's the latest issue? Carr stared into space thotfully and said, Ron has it over at his place so I'm not sure, but I think it's number 120. Well, there went that cherished illusion of experienced old time fan helping a neo get started; perhaps it would be more apt to think of myself as newcomer who is helping to keep an oldtimer going. But CRY won't cease publication just because you won't write fmz reviews for it, Terry said. Ah, the hell with trying to be funny, I said, what I need are fanzines ... I don't really get all of the fmz all of the time: there are reviewed in other fmz (FANAC for instance) all sorts of fmz that I only hear about or see over at Ron's or Terry's. Well, Terry said, dash off a letter to the Busby's and tell 'em you're going to do the review column and for them to put a notice in the next CRY to the effect that Carl Brandon of 2431 Dwight Way, Berkeley 4, California will be reviewing fanzines for for that fmz and that, naturally, he'd like to receive fanzines so he can review them.

Which is what I'm doing now.

Yours truly,

Carl Brandon
2431 Dwight Way
Berkeley 4, California

((Glad to have you with us, Carl. People! Fans! Send zines to Carl Brandon.))

DOWNEY YOUNG FAN

Dear CRYoungfans,

Thank you all for CRY #120. Thank you, young Arthur Thomson, for your cover illo; your critters are constantly amusing. ///Thank you, young Busby (or whoever did the Cryspeak Contents Page), for a page of interesting info and entertainment. However, I think the rumor re more people getting sued is unfounded. It was obvious at the SOLACON that the various persons involved with the various disputes were somewhat disgusted with (and tired of) the whole thing, and that the greater majority of fans (as represented by those attending the SOLACON, and no one can say that fandom was not well represented at the SOLACON) are happy with the way things have turned out.///In re your proposed '61 World-Con, I think your title "PuCon", though certainly memorable, will offend the sensibilities of those who dislike words like "puke", and could have an effect on the support you are requesting. Of course, something like "Seattlecon" is a bit unwieldy, "Washcon" or "Pugetcon" is hardly better, so what have we got left...?...hmmmm... Crycon? Namelesscon (that would somehow be appropriate but of course just as lengthy as Seattlecon...)?? ...Norwescon II might confuse those who attended the one in Portland... there must be other possibilities...like naming it after your guest of honor...but I reckon you haven't picked one yet...or naming it after your chairman or hardest worker...or in honor of Don Day...Doncon...Daycon... Say, if you had damonknight as your guest of honor, you could honor both of them by calling it the knight&daycon...and that certainly applies to every convention...OK, I pass. It's just that Pucon doesn't seem like the best bet to me. Maybe some of the other young gans will come up with something... (I swear I MEANT to hit the f key but somehow it came out gans, and who am I to tamper with Fate?) ((Len, your speculations are for naught. If Seattle gets the '61 con, Nameless will call it the Seacon, and Nameless Anonymous the Pucon. Nothing could be more firmly decided.))

Thank you, young Renfrew, for your prozine reviews, which didn't seem as lively as usual--no doubt due to the rush you were in... Still enjoyable, tho.

Thank you, young Burnett R. Toskey, for your fanzine reviews, which were amusing in spots but just that...too "spottily amusing". Methinx you went too far out of your way to be nasty, with a definite overuse of the word "lousy". I much prefer you as a lettercol editor, and young Amelia should be restored (from gafia) to the fanzine review post.

Thank you, young John Berry, for your short short-short, although it was not as clever and amusing as it might have been. I know I'm not getting tired of Berry tales, but could be that young John is getting tired and should perhaps limit his writings to less frequent but longer and (thus, we trust) gayer material. Also seems like a l-o-n-g time since we've seen an ish of RET.

Thank you again, young Toskey, for the Fantastic Adventures summary, and thank you some more (but not much more) for the brief defense of young Deeck, although I'M not sure why. That is, if these two young gans (dammit, did it again--I SWEAR not on purpose! What strange powers are controlling my typer-weary finfers...finfers? Great Foo...WHAT IS HAPPENING HERE????)...if these two young FANS (ho, ho, I won that time!) FANS want to feud over who is quoting whom or what out of context...well, let 'em and it seems to me both are quite capable of defensive and...hmmmm... offensive(?) tactics.

Thank you, young Otto Pfeifer, for Bone Geste, which had one or two chuckles in it but too long for the subject matter--and my thanks do not include the title which is just too way out to be a good pun.

And thank you once more, young Toskey, for the ad info re old fanzines. I was particularly interested in the brief "history" of CRY, having quite forgotten that Gem was its first editor.

Thank you, young Wally Weber, for the Mhinutes, which--as usual--are as usual. By now, you should also know my opinion of your Mhinutes and no point in repeating myself every letter. Sorry to hear of the young Wymans' accident and hope they are all okey by now, and ready for the Detention, as well as the '59 Westercon.

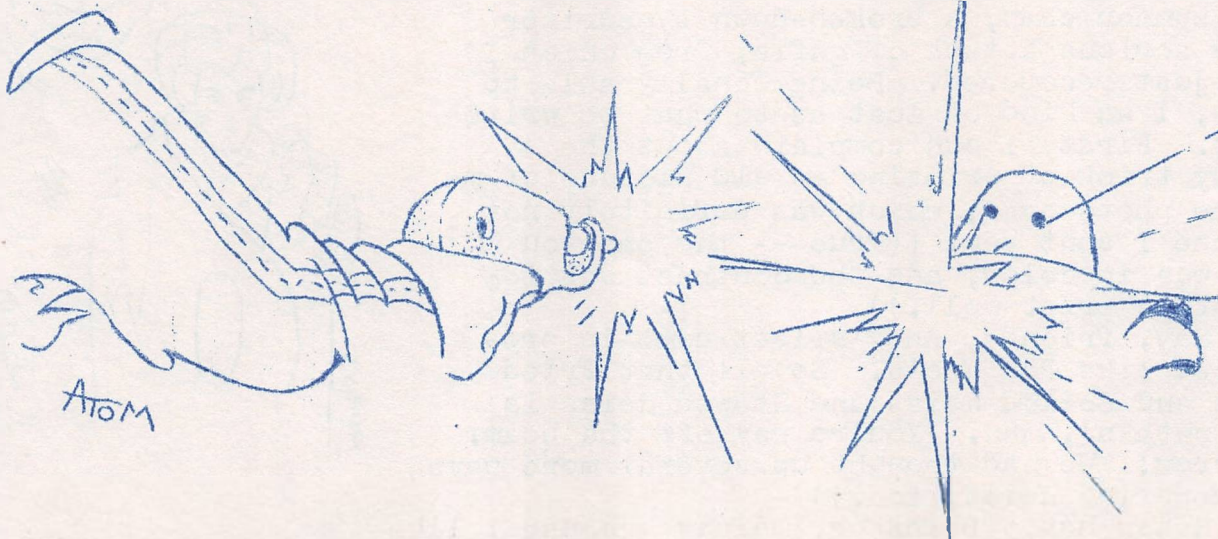
Thank you, young Elinor Busby, for a good job of conducting the lettercol, but for the sake of the poor suffering fanzine editors, I do hope you and young Toskey switch jobs again.

I too must agree with young Rich Brown...that is, go along with his plaintive cry of "why can't fans be the kind of fans they want to be... etc...etc...without trying to force their idea as The Idea." Underlining is mine, of course. I think the trouble lies in the fact that when a fan becomes super-sercon he believes so strongly in sercon-ness that he wants everybody else to be the same way--and that when a fan becomes violently opposed to sercon-ness he too wants everybody else to be anti-sercon. The fact is there are several degrees of sercon-ness and several degrees of non-sercon-ness, and then too the two "states of mind" overlap in a good majority of fans. Quite involved, really. Me, for the simple life.

Nice letter from young Colin. I'm sure he and young Vowen did feel quite badly about losing the Westercon '59 bid, and certainly hope they get another crack at it, maybe next year (for '60).

Well, now, young Esmond Adams sounds like a nice guy but he is wrong if he thinks I am being patronizing. I am not, in any sense of the word. I certainly do not feel superior to the publishers, editors and writers of and for CRY. If I like something, I say so. If I don't, I say so. And as for being a "patron" in the other sense...well, I just couldn't afford to be the patron of an expensive monthly publication like CRY. All I can do is write letters, and hope that my name remains on the mailing list.

For the benefit of those who may be beginning to wonder if the SOLACON committee has really dropped dead from exhaustion, you might tell your readers that very soon now we will be mailing out the Program Booklets to those members who did not attend. With that mailing will go -- to all of the SOLACON members, attendees and absentees alike--the SOLACON REPORT, which will contain the financial report, minutes of the biz



meeting, Matheson's speech (requested by several of the delegates), and stuff like that there. As I said, this great mailing should take place in the very near future -- just as soon as the REPORT is completed, laid out and lithographed. No extra charge for this, of course. Members of the SOLACON got this as a kind of "extra bonus" because, as reported, the convention was successful and we, quite naturally, are most happy about it.

In the meantime, leave us not forget that it is Detroit in '59, and Westercon in Seattle in '59.....and SOUTH GATE AGAIN IN 2010!

Keep Smiling,

Young Len Hoffatt
10202 Belcher
Downey, California

((Len, I omitted your mention of an LA relaxicon in a feverish attempt to confine you to two pages, but when your plans solidify we'll be glad to publicize 'em. Preferably in elite type. ##I don't consider you patronizing either. ##Super-sercon? Define your terms!))

ADKINS MOVES AGAIN

Boys, Men, etc. ((I resent being called an etc.))

I'm leaving here next week for Ohio and will be there till next year sometime, then back to New York and prodom. Going to loaf around in Ohio with my folks doing samples for Men's mags, stf mags, comic books, etc. Have a lot to learn yet and need the samples. So, my new address. Please print it in the next CRY. Thanks. ((You're actually very welcome.))
Best,

Dan L. Adkins
Rt. #2
East Liverpool, Ohio

((Herewith an Adkins monster.))

THE GERBER INFANT

Dear Gerberless Ones,

Well, long time, no see. My long (and probably welcome) absence from your pages was caused by such varied causes as two months in a summer camp, a broken-down typewriter and a serious attack of gafia, from which I have just recovered. Being finally able to write, I am kind of lost as to what to write about. First, I can complain about the narsty trick of printing an old picture of me on the photocover, which was definitely not the one I sent you. ((True -- the one you sent was in color, and the contrast was too slight to print well.))

Say, friends, Andy's last name is pronounced like Pee Wee's. So all that Fried Reiss and Boiled Reiss and Stewed Reiss is like nothin', man. You're way off the beam. ((Sorrow! We had thought up several more ways of preparing Reiss, too.))

Reiss hates Leinster, mainly because I like him. Andy just doesn't know what characterization means. He must think



it means saying something like: "Lance Sterling was a handsome young man with an even temper, 297 IQ, perfect self-control, and a slim mustache." I caught Andy reading GBS the other day. There is something wrong with this guy, methinks. ((Like good taste? I read GBS myself, you know.))

Yes, Colin, I like most of the books I read. I try not to read the ones I don't think I'll like. But just for your sake, I'll try to pan one this issue. Say, I wasn't too kind to "Man of Earth", and I spotted something which nobody else seemed to notice. I'm not so damn kind anyway, just honest.

I think Sebastian is Peter Skeberdis. In fact, I'm pretty certain of it, especially as he has mentioned correspondence with Sebastian, which would be pretty hard if there is no such person. ((Huh?))

Toskey, friend, Dainis Bisenieks is not an unbelievable name. Nobody would ever think of using it for a pen name. Nobody would even think of it. Leslie Gerber would be much better pen name because it is much more believable. In this case, unfortunately, it is a real name. I'd much rather be named Lance Sterling or Harold Everyman.

Len Moffatt is a ghoo'd man. I like him. After all, at 14, I am the youngest fan I know of. (Reiss is 8 days older.)

Anciently,

Leslie Steven Gerber
201 Linden Boulevard
Brooklyn 26, New York

((Do you mind if I call you Harold Everyman henceforth? The caption possibilities of the name Leslie Gerber are fatigued if not entirely exhausted. The only caption I can think of for your next letter is GERBERING IDIOT, and while this provides a pleasant change from baby food I'm sure it doesn't really thrill you any more than it does me.)) (later...that's been used too! Herald Everyman!)

SOARIN' WITH CAUGHERAN

Dear Busbies,

I hate getting large fanzines, on account I never know where to start commenting ... All CRYs this large? What is FSF, by the way? ((Fabulous Seattle Fandom, of course. Also known as Nameless Anonymous.)) And you mean that the CRY OF THE NAMELESS isn't put out by the Nameless? ((It's put out by Nameless Anonymous)). Some sort of something there, but I can't put my finger on it.

Fanzine reviews -- as is usual, there are many I haven't seen -- in fact, there are all sort of fans' names in this that I haven't heard before. Who is Colin Cameron? Robert Foster? Dave McCarroll? John Koning? Donald Franson? Bruce Pelz? Stony Barnes? Esmond Adams? ((What! You don't know the Esmond Adams? The one who has letters in RETRIBUTION and HUMBUG?)) Like I say, there are all sorts of people here I didn't know existed. I don't get around an awful lot, but when a fanzine is almost completely composed of unfamiliar, here's a whole section of fandom I missed.

Damn it, everywhere I look there's a story by John Berry, and all with the same sort of plot, same sort of characters, same sort of humor. Berry is in a rut. I do like to read them, tho, and get a little enjoyment. Damned predictable, tho. Your magazine reads as a Berry appreciation society magazine, tho, so maybe I should keep my trap shut...

Good grief, Wm. Deeck back -- why, he and I used to exchange two letters a week, way back in -- when ... My first summer in fandom, whenever that was. 1953, I guess. Still the same Deeck who was a Startling letterhack. Too bad there aren't any decent promag letter columns anymore -- I might break my tradition and buy sf magazines.

But it's just like Deeck to show up again feuding with someone.

Why can't more club minutes be on the order of Weber's?

Pucon is a fine fannish name for a con -- you have my support. ((Y'see Len Moffatt?))

Is the Carl Brandon Norman Sanfield Harris hoax -- the subhoax, I mean -- now in view? ((I don't know. Why don't you ask Carl? You live just a couple blocks from him.))

Peter Francis Skeberdis -- somehow I have a feeling I should know the name, but I don't. He wouldn't have been active three or four years ago, would he?

What is this about New York not existing? Somewhere in this universe is a fan article describing my doubts about the existence of New York.. Written last winter sometime. Since then, tho, I landed in New York, and am willing to concede the existence of parts of it. Still haven't seen the skyline, tho, and I think they just didn't have it finished when I got there, having to make it special, and all...

Is Deeck still president of the Boys' Non-Christian Dipsomaniac Confederacy?

Jim Caughran
2216 Dwight Way
Berkeley 4, California

((This is excerpted from a personal letter. Be warned, all. Comments on CRY to Busbys will be considered CRYfanac unless otherwise noted.

Jim -- now that you've started CRY letterhacking I hope you'll stay with it)).

LYNCH LORE

Dear friends and gentle hearts

Enclosed is a hot news item you may or may not choose to use, or use to chews, as the case may be.

Fair warning dept: it is being sent at the same time to a flock (or gaggle, or possibly flutter) of fanzines across the country.

And since several members of the phila- for- 60 committee are sending them out, you may get another copy from one of our other members. In that case, read one with each eye, retaining the third for winking.

Do you accept ADVERTISING????? If you do, and your rates are reasonable -- very reasonable -- cheap, is what we mean, please send us your rate card and we will shortly take an ad in your much-honored publication to shout something to the effect of:

IN 1960... PHILADELPHIA!

Hal Lynch (the neogan that roared)
Chairman, In-60-Philadelphia Committee
7203 Cresheim Rd.
Philadelphia 19, Pa.

((Don't know whether the news item will be pubbed or not. If it's in this zine it is, and if not, not. Don't know whether we accept advertising. I'm not very helpful, am I? ##Hal, if you would write us nice letters-of-comment and stories and like that we wouldn't be driven to pubbing your business letters. ##I was planning to support Washington, but now I'm beginning to wonder. I think if you engaged quite zealously in CRYfanac you might be able to Win Me Over))

Hmmmm .. Washington for '60? Philadelphia for '60?

WHICH SIDE AM I ON?

(later...sorry, Hal, Buz informs me I'm for Washington in '60. Oh well)

This isn't exactly a letter, but

ATOM FIGHTS BACK!



RICH BUT NOT FATTENING (courtesy FMB)

In hock singal vices, or something else of True Significance and Great Meaning.

In other words, hullo.

And on we go ... Thru Cry of the Nameless with Typer, Pitch-Fork, and Bludgeond. Blugend. Well, you know what I mean...

The ATomic cover radiates nicely, methings. Most of the interiors are good, too. Garcone is terribly good. Or even Horribly good. Or just plain atrocious. 'trocious a word? ((I expect so. Trocious probably means real, real good.))

But the rest... I dunno. Where's the sparkle and the fannish gay and the merrymaking and the name-calling (well, there's still enough of that) and the fun and joys of yesteryear and the fans gathered 'round the mimeograph? And the fannish laugh, where can it be found? Don't tell me the new blood is bloodless -- I don't want to hear that. I don't want soul-searching, or mindful remarks of sercon value, or The Meaning of Insignificance. What's happened? Es, Bruce, Willy? Moran, Leman, Berry? Gerber, Reiss, Barnes? WAKE UP, DAMNIT!

Pemberton, as always, makes with interesting comments; interesting even to those who haven't read the mags -- maybe this is Pemby's formulae for successful reviewing? Good, nonetheless.

Amelia! AMELIA!! AMELIA? -- and that's all I'll say about the fmz revoo dept., except: the Bourne cover on Whimper wasn't bad, but

it was poorly stencilled (due to the fact that weused a ball-point pen rather than a stylus). The zine designated as BEFORE & AFTER was UR #4.

Berry, I'm afraid, is a little too subtle for me this time. I'll try it again. I don't get it. I admit it. Ah well, third time's the charm, anyway.

Too bad BRT's column must be discontinued. I hope this does not mean that old BRT will be out of CRY entirely -- it would be a shame, indeed, to lose someone who turns out something like FLABBERGASTING #6 (in my opinion, one of the best fmz ever -- up with THE ENCHANTED DUPLICATOR and THE HARP STATESIDE and SCIENCE FICTION FIVE YEARLY) and who for so long printed my wunnful letters almost entirely in their entirety. Er ... I think. Chain him to a typer every once in a while and make him work for the good ole CRY. Yes, indeed. ((With Toskey chained to a typer, who'll turn the crank?))

Blotto Otto is interesting enough this time, considering that I get the idea that he just sat down to write and wrote and let the words frothle and seeth as they may.

MHINETUS and MHORE MHINETUS and how I'd like to see mhore and mhore and mhore. Ted Johnstone, at the LASTS, is turning out some very cute, very interesting minutes. Maybe I could get him to send some to CRY. And then you contact The Dallas Futurians, and the Cleveland Science Fiction Society, and the National Fantasy Nudist League, and The International Science Fiction and Sky-Scraping Society and put out a zine call CRY OF THE MHINETUS. Then you wouldn't have to worry about the ~~CRY OF THE READERS~~ CRY OF THE READERS. Oh, gay.

So here we are again.

John Koning: One thing about Harris (or should I say "Harris"?) that should be noted; his reaction to cliques is only natural, humanly speaking. It's the same in mundane life -- say, if you were told pointedly that you could not become a member of a club, you would declare that it isn't you that's wrong, but the club; it's not that you're not good enough for the club -- the club isn't good enough for you. #Indeed, DeMuth is a Good Man. It was my pleasure to meet him at the Solacon and to speak on who would get the '59 site. In a way, it's kind of a pity that one side had to win and the other lose; both sides were composed of nice, interesting people, and I enjoyed meeting every one of them. ((Me too.)) #Most any fan would be "young" to Moffatt -- not that Moffatt's an old codger or anything; he's just been around since about 2nd Fandom, I think. ((That's Young Len Moffatt you're speaking of.))

Bruce Pelz: Well, now you've went and chased poor BRT away, and we have Elinor to contend with. After this long, long time I thot I had seen a weakness in BRT (a weakness for power; maybe if we bribed him enough ... but it is no longer), and now my beautiful master plan has failed -- bah. In fact, humbug!

Stony Barnes: Next stencil I get, I plan to use your vice-president for my letterhead. In the meantime, what about a secretary-treasurer, and a few other officers?

Es Adams: Just call you PRES for short, I guess. Haw, I bet you used that in your campaign (ES for PrESident), or if you didn't, you should have. I am much too much a Wrong Thinker and all to ever be class president, thank foo, but a friend of mine was, once. He worked his way up through the school legislature, got elected to two or three minor things and finally became Junior Class President. He only lasted three months, tho, because he wanted the campus open again, or the lunch-hour boosted. See, with open campus, things weren't so crowded, but the school decided to close up. Then, they cut the lunch hour to thirty minutes. With 1,000 kids trying to buy lunch at the same time, and in time to eat,

you can see what a mess it was. So our Junior Class President fought bravely for what he thot was right and got a foot crammed down his mouth from the school principal. Tha's what I like -- Democracy. # The line you mentioned from "Superfaaan" was the one really crummy line in the story. Like, it's supposed to sneak up on you subtle as hell and ends up about as subtle as bourbon and beet-juice. # Agree with yez perfectly on the Raeburn-Deeck affair, too.

Colin Cameron: I dunno, but I get vaguely (or maybe not so vaguely) obscene ideas from the heading on your letter -- THE ASCENDING COLIN. Tch. Tch. Maybe it's my naturally dirty mind. Then again, maybe it's not. # You also, Brutus. Yes, telling poor old defenseless Tosk that you hate him. Now, don't you feel bad? Doesn't it make you feel sickeningly dull, unendurably egotistical, like a low, creeping, slimy fan? Great feeling, huh? # "I think perhaps you're being very figgheaded.." is a very funny line, for some reason. I'm not an English major, or anything, but doesn't the "perhaps" and "very" cancel out? ((No.)) Or something? Or am I the only one who thinks it sounds that way? ((Possibly.))

Elinor: Renfrew is one of the titular heads of Nameless Anonymous. Isn't he? ((No! How can you be a titular head of a group with no titles -- no officers of any sort -- no organization?)) I understood that, outside of being the magazine reviewer and GDA op, he was also chief cook and bottle-washer. ((I am not only the chief cook and bottle-washer, I'm the only cook and bottle-washer, and there's too damn many bottles, too.)) # Sure, the quote was right there in OUTRE for anybody to see. Still, if you had an article printed in READERS' DIGEST and I took it apart and put implied meanings into it, wouldn't I be quoting you out of context, even if it was right there in the READER'S DIGEST to see? Some people who got my thing might not have read RD; some people who read A BAS might not have read OUTRE.

Well, guess that winds up another CRY for me. See ya in SAPS...
MostFANTASTIcconglomerationalYOURN,

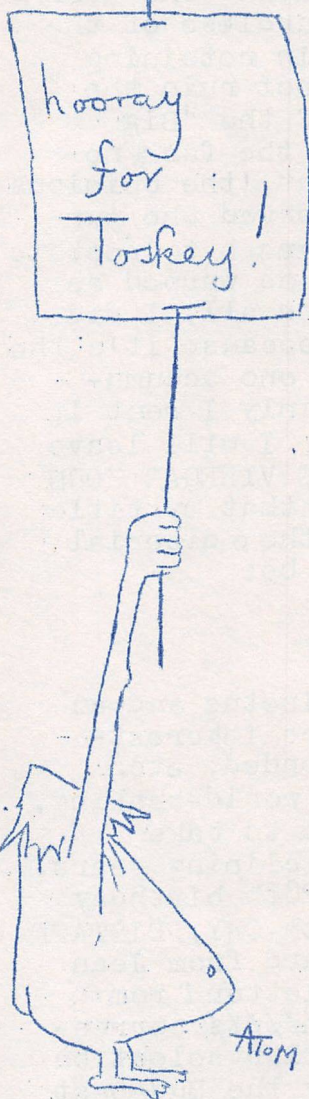
Rich Brown
127 Roberts St.
Pasadena, Calif.

((Apparently you didn't realize, Rich, that Boyd Raeburn reprinted Deeck's entire thing from OUTRE in A BAS. Since the entire thing was reprinted, it is ridiculous to say that Boyd quoted Wp. out of context. # We'll see you in SAPS, sure, but I expect we'll see you in the CRY two or three times before then.))

WINDY MILLS

Dear EB, etc. ((That's more like it -- somebody else is etc. this time.)) I was pleased to receive the October CRY and am complying with your exhortations to respond the day of receipt. However, I don't know whether I'll make the deadline or not.

Of primary interest to me in this issue was the fanzine review column with its inexplicable commentary on URL (Before & After). I quickly scanned page three to ascertain wherein that review that Buz had asked my reaction to was hidden, and which has already elicited a letter from



someone of whom I had not previously heard (Vic Ryan - Springfield, Ill.). Only my curiosity impelled me to seek this out prior to reading the Berry True Adventure. After reading Berry I discovered that, regardless of the advisability of the other editorial changes, you did well in retaining R. Pemberton on the prozine reviews. His commentary does not ruin the story gimmick and has inspired me to try to swipe copies of the "Big Three" for this month. Toskey seems too self-conscious in the fanzine coverage; a simple statement in one place to the effect that 'the opinions expressed herein are those of editor....' etc. would have served the purpose and have saved the space he used in nearly every paragraph to restate the obvious. Friend Toskey must indeed have a personality as warped as my own to have gotten such a large charge out of URL. After all, I did it for my own enjoyment, I only sent it out to you others because it's the recognized method of disposing of the large piles of paper one accumulates in thus gratifying one's urge for expression, but mainly I sent it out because I am a sadist. U. R not intended to enjoy UR. I will leave it to Mr. Leman to deal with the calumny BRT heaps upon THE VINEGAR WORM although the comparison did please me. However, I thought that my title was quite clear, and that the fine print in the middle of the editorial (la filature) was plain in revealing my current address to be:

T/Sgt Ellis T Mills
P. O. Box 244
Carswell AFB, Texas

I myself prefer a casual approach to the matter of minutiae and am pleased with Weber's handling of them. A narrative has more interest-value than a mere recital of events and motions made & seconded, etc.

The letter-column was interesting if not particularly world-shaking. In all I enjoyed this the 120th CRY and am strongly tempted to take steps to insure a continued supply of CRYs to sweeten my declining years. Of course, I am in an unusually good mood today: it is my 23th birthday and when I opened my mailbox at noon I found it stuffed with CRY, DISTAFF (nee FEMIZINE), ARCHIVE QOS (ONPA Mlg 17 postmlg), a postcard from Jean et Annie informing me of a French pun (Chat touilleux), a letter from Sid Birchby deploring the inconstancy of American ~~correspondents~~ correspondents and thanking me for URL, and the Columbia Record Club selection SE 225 - The Complete String Quartets of Johannes Brahms by the Budapest String Quartet. (Shows to go you what happens when you don't answer your mail promptly, particularly if you belong to a club that considers silence equivalent to assent.)

I would appreciate any publicity you might give FANDOM'S COOKBOOK.
A sever,

Ellis (address above)

((Ellis, do not consider the caption on your letter a hint that we think your letter too long. No sir! We like nice long letters. I just couldn't think of a better caption. Buz thought of one, but I forgot to write it down & when I started to type your letter neither of us could remember it. So then he thought of another one: if next time you move you write us to announce your change of address it will be captioned "Ellis in Wonderland". I think that's rather good -- don't you? #Tosk's personality doubtless is as warped as yours. Your sentence starting "After all, I did it for my own enjoyment..." sounds exactly like Toskey. #I hope you will write again soon. # FANDOM'S COOKBOOK: Ruth Kyle, Ben Jason & Ellis Mills are planning a cookbook to be available at the DETENTION from the favorite recipes of Ten. All recipes will be tested by Ruth Kyle. Send recipes to: FANDOM'S COOKBOOK c/o Ruth Kyle, c/o Station WPDM 1470 Kylescycles, Potsdam, New York.

PELZ JELZ

So hello again, yet:

"Write now," says the Busby. Right now? Well, all right --

The first thing noticeable about CRY 120 (after opening it and chor-tling at the ATOMcover, that is) is the changes being made. To put Toskey on the fanzine reviews is a rather poisonous way of getting even with faneds, don't you think? Even temporarily. Well, at least he ought to be gone from there by the December ish. On the other hand, the lettercol seems to be missing something, in different hands. It'll take some getting used to, I guess. It's really a dirty trick to pull all these changes. We were just calmly going along, knowing with whom we'd have to deal in each department, then blam! -- musical chairs. Alack and well-a-day.

I agree with Pemby on the desirability of collecting all of Wellman's John-the-ballad-singer stories in one book. I'd like to get the music to several of the songs, too; although Wellman may have made up some of the ones around which the stories were built, there are others which are recognizably genuine folk songs (e.g. the title songs from "Shiver in the Pines" and "The Desrick on Yandro" and "The Fair and Blooming Wife" from "Vandy, Vandy".)

It occurs to me that some fan -- correction, "faaan" -- ought to publish a volume of THE COLLECTED VISITS TO AND OF JOHN BERRY, written by Berry, of course. He would just have to gather together the many fabulous articles Berry has done on people who have visited him (or vice-versa). It would be a best-seller, without a doubt.

I expect Wally will have a bone to pick with Blotto Otto for his Old-Spacehound Story. To me, it led up to a climax quite well, then went and dissolved completely. Y'r slippin', Blottotto!

Since it seems that ye of Fabulous Seattle Fandom wish to dissociate yourselves from The Nameless Ones in operation, reputations, etc., when are you going to get around to changing the name of the zine to just CRY? ((Never!))

Of course, even if you do change the name, keep Wally's minutes -- they're still one of the strong points of CRY.

Rich Brown: You seem to have forgotten the possibility of internecine warfare between GDA agents, in only a semi-vital area. After all, it's not as if we were trying to take over RET.

Wm. Deeck: I absolutely refuse to engage in paragraphs in your defence; your own are exceedingly adequate to the task. Onward, Wm.

Es Adams: Well, you went and contradicted your first letter by getting "thoughtful" in your second letter. So now you can retract your comments about others who have fallen into the habit occasionally. Like me. (VERY occasionally do I get "thoughtful" in a CRY-letter.)

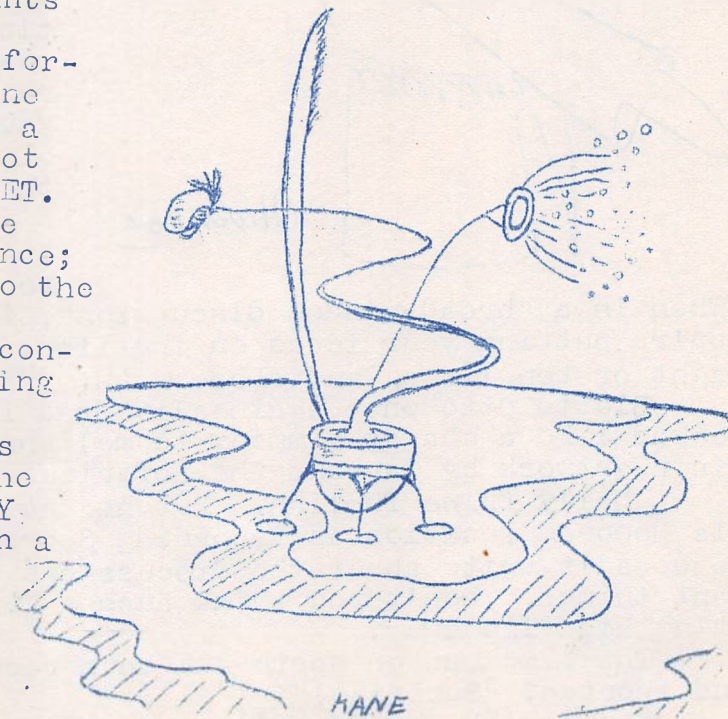
Fini.

EPISTLES TO THE SEATTLEANS

Chapter 10.

Erratically,
Bruce Pelz, 4010 Leona St.
Tampa 9, Fla. ((Can't answer, Bruce.

No room. Don't want to start page.))



THAT'S TORN IT

Lucky Pippie

O yes and forsooth and other medieval sayings, rejoice, shout Selah, and burn Jahve sticks in the temple, for Easmun the fabulous, one out of the tribe to the South, the fabled Adams, writes on time this go-'roun'. Good to ya, so to speak.

A fannish interlineo since I remember from SPEC the first that there's nothing more fannish than an interlineo, and without fannishness we have nothing at all:

-----dottie line dottie line dottie line-----dottie line dottie
Sikhism, n.: The tenets of a Hindu sect founded by Guru Nanak about A.
D. 1500 in Punjab, involving belief in one god, prohibiting
idolatry, abolishing castes, and refusing to recognize
Brahmanical supremacy. ((Buz says "Sikh, Sikh, Sikh."))

-----dottie line dottie line dottie line -----dot dot dash -----end dots

Liked yer old cover this time around. Atom gets wunnerful expressions on those little creatures he pulls from his scalp and contributes to CRY. He good man.

I gooder tho.

So I likewise send art.

When Pemby finally does gafiate, think mobbe Andy Reiss'll take w or for him?



Toskey good in spots, but he needs to be put back into familiar waters where he can confidently slash up folks. Such a vile character evidently was just troubled by his environment to have liked so much he was to review.

Berry below average, his average, I mean, but entertaining. A couple of spots were frabjous. The rest wasn't.

Aw, what's the use? It doesn't w over up for long just to give a cautious semi-pan...I'll go ahead and confirm all your suspicions. I'm really John Berry. The picture on your fotocover was of Pancho Villa, clipped out of the school's copy of the Britannica.

Tosk said about the same things I tried to say about Deeck, though he foolishly made then understandable.

(When in a "broad-minded discussion", the safe course is to announce that you're putting your ideas on the line. Then mumble inarticulately for eight or ten lines, and close with, "That should be clear to everybody.")

Blotto Otto once again slithered in with a shaggy gimmick (well, it looked like a shaggy gimmick to me) that drove me wild. Fine fiction, finer artwork by Garcone the Mefarious.

Whally fhine fhellah. But he doesn't seem to hold proper respect for his Honored Position as Recording Secretary for a "Science-Fiction" club. He doesn't write about the discussions of new "promags" and other important things. Don't you think such a fine organization should stop tolerating his flippancy?

The last man on earth sat in a room. Then his wife opened the door and shouted, "Surprise!"

Yech. ((Yech indeed)).

Ya know, the only story in that line I've liked is the one in the new INSIDE. It shredded my insides and labeled them Nabisco. Oh so trufine...

I awreddy told ya that you could admit that I'm Arnold Sebastian and Norman Sanfield Harris, didn't I? Well, go ahead and announce.

I'm leaving to think up new pseudonyms now that my old ones are coming out.

Best.

Esmond Adams, Outlaw of Torn
433 Locust Ave. S.E.
Huntsville, Ala.

((You were a good kid to write on time, and a good kid to send artwork but -- BUT -- B*U*T have you ever considered how much gooder you would be if you put your artwork on white paper with India ink? The artwork goes underneath the backing sheet & the light shines up from below, and you (I) peer thru the opaque stencil and the opaque backing sheet and trace!))

AS THRU A GLASS DEECKLY
Fat Ones:

It appears that the Deeck-Raeburn disagreement is still showing slight signs of life. And that is good; for where there is life, no matter how feeble, there are always chuckles.

After reading the admirable Toskey's cogent defense of the ineffable Wm., and Adams's mocking one, I am a bit sorry that I bothered to defend myself. What with all these champions around, I think it best to remain loudly humble.

My ignorance is deplorable, I know, but it has just occurred to me that I don't know the meaning of the word "fugghead", or its many diverse forms -- "fuggheadedness," "fuggheaded," "fuggheadedly," etc. It is a failing of good old homo saps -- one, unfortunately, which is altogether too prevalent -- that they can go through life secure in the knowledge that they know something or understand something. Yet, to certain fortunate men, there comes sooner or later, usually later and much too late at that, the realization of the falsity of that knowledge or understanding, and then a painful, labored reappraisal must begin.

I find myself in such circumstances. Heretofore, when the word "fugghead" has been mentioned, I have nodded sagely and said a silent, reasonably fervent prayer for the soul of the unfortunate fellow thus described. Always the word "fugghead" has been defined by pointing to the person to which the word is said to apply. This fellow has certain failings, certain inclinations, a certain character; he is therefore a "fugghead". However, when you get beyond one person and start naming others as "fuggheads," all of whom differ in inclinations, failings and character, certain weaknesses become evident in the definition. So I am prepared, with heart in mouth and with Elinor as guide, if an unwitting one, to define "fugghead." Since I have been called one, I wish to know what I am.

The lovely Elinor states that Boyd Raeburn seems "to have a tendency to take as a personal affront the existence of fuggheadedness in the world..." She said that in reference to Raeburn's attack of my criticism or the conventions. Raeburn's attack was brought about because he was affronted by my "fuggheadedness." Yet in my criticism I maligned no one, I used no scurrilous language, I got no one, except myself, in trouble. My analysis found agreement from others; I wasn't just a little boy who got mad because no one paid any attention to him. Nonetheless, my criticism is deemed "fuggheadedness."

Again, Elinor comments in regard to Raeburn's taking notice of me

again to refute, my claim of quotes out of context, etc., "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." (Many thanks for the "clever lad" part, Elinor.) I thought I had pretty well documented my charges in my letter in #120. There were others who agreed that my charges were, at least in part, correct.

Two points emerge from this discussion which might possibly aid in the definition of "fugghead."

Primo. An attack on cherished traditions, illusions, et al., shall be considered "fuggheadedness." No matter the justness of the criticism, if Raeburn and friends like it, it is inviolable, and it is inviolable merely because Raeburn and friends say it is. Manifestly, criticism, even though moot, is Not A Good Thing; it might, who knows, start people thinking again and there might be CHANGE!

Secundo. Ostensibly, attacking Raeburn is a Bad Thing, and irresponsible besides. Although the criticism may be right, it is still the mark of the "fugghead." Raeburn is a tradition or an illusion, I'm not sure which, and he is therefore sacrosanct. We must all cherish him, for there could come CHANGE!

As I see it -- Guillotiner, spare that neck! -- the "fugghead" is the rebel, the liberal of fandom, the man who wants to institute reforms, who dares criticize prominent individuals in fandom who, in his view, overstep their rights and step on his.

Elinor describes me as being not a complete "fugghead." And she's right, unfortunately. At the present I'm a bit too timorous to be a complete "fugghead." But I'm striving to attain that goal.

Toskey reviews fanzines with a how-did-I-sink-to-these-depths attitude. The reviews were better than usual, because of that.

MHINUTES enjoyable, but when weren't they. If Wally would fall down on the job once, it would give us some comparison. All of the Minutes, for all I know, may have been lousy, though enjoyable, but he never deviates, so how can you tell.

Played football yesterday and got beat; so am rather weary and sore tonight. I'd like to close on a gay note, but usually for most people my closing is a gay note, and, well.....

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

((With respect to your definition of "fugghead", please see the second paragraph of the following letter. Personally, I would say that a fugghead is a person who stubbornly persists in foggy thinking and in airing the results thereof. Letterhacks! How would you define the word? #Sorry your team lost -- hope you have better luck next time.))

THE BOYD STOOD ON THE BURNING DEECK

Dear Elinor,

Have just received CRY 120, and am writing this in a hurry. Have only had time to glance through the zine and I may have missed some readers' observations on the Deeck affair. This is being written in a great hurry in response to your request. I hope it reaches you in time.

Apparently Wm. Deeck has his own definition of "personal attack", and, of course, by making up one's own definitions, anything can be proved to one's own satisfaction. But to give Wm. an example of what is generally considered to be a "personal attack"; if, to use a highly hypothetical example, I had said "Wm. Deeck has appalling morals and disgusting personal habits" that would have been a personal attack. I would have

been saying derogatory things about Deeck as a person. True, I said "Wm. Deeck is not what one would term a well known fan" but this is hardly derogatory, and surely cannot be considered "an attack". The rest of the paragraph (which Wm. seems to be using as a basis for his claim of "personal attack") refers to his activities in fandom, not to Wm. as a person. If, by Wm.'s standards, a writer, in commenting on the work or opinions of a person, is guilty of making a personal attack if he gives a little background on his subject, then I stand condemned with an illustrious multitude.

Rich Brown claims that my second paragraph "Was opinionated, not necessarily factual, and conceivably unnecessary." I said: "Wm. Deeck is not what one would term a well known fan. His activities in fandom appear to be confined to dull, rambling articles which appear occasionally in the lesser fanzines, the editors of which are either desperate for material, or else have a strange predilection for Wm.'s prolix prose." At the time of writing, Deeck was not a well known fan. This was fact, not opinion. "Dull": opinion, but not confined to myself. Praise for Wm.'s articles as brilliant, interesting, sparkling, well-written or any other laudatory adjective one cares to supply was conspicuously lacking. "Rambling": fact, not opinion. His articles were rambling. "Lesser fanzines": fact, for the zines in which Wm.'s articles appeared were generally considered by the majority of fanzine readers at the time to be mediocre, or, as I put it, "lesser". I admit I did not consider all the possible reasons why the editors of these zines may have printed Wm.'s articles. Perhaps they were not desperate for material, perhaps they didn't like Wm.'s articles, but printed them because they were too kind-hearted to reject them, or because they liked Wm. personally, or some other curious reason. I consider this background outline was necessary, for Deeck was not a well known fan.

To get back to Deeck's letter, I did not "charge" that Deeck was peevish. I said: "I think Wm. is peevish" (emphasis added). Now let us consider the example Wm. seems to be using as a basis for his charge of quoting out of context. The entire sentence was: "Some day some courageous fan, bereft of his senses or tired of fandom, will attend a con in its entirety, and then will proceed to publish a very erudite dissertation (in God knows what journal) on the puerility of both the psychological and sociological manifestations at the con." I have underlined two very important words, for they separate two different thoughts: 1. that some day a ... fan will attend a convention in its entirety (with the obvious implication that this is not customary) and 2. that after attending a con in its entirety he will publish a dissertation. IF Deeck had written "After attending a con in its entirety some fan will publish..." he would then have actually said what he is now pretending he said in his original sentence. (Wm. should learn the meaning and the use of the word "ellipsis" before he tries to employ it).

Wm. appears to get his "horror of big words" impression from my phrase "...trying to voice in a superior manner a complain..." It is not quite clear which definition Wm. is using for "superior". Perhaps he is using "far above average, of high quality, worthy, ability etc." I was using "Having or showing a feeling that one is better than others; arrogant; haughty; supercilious." Big words do not a superior (second definition) manner make; Wm. is the (possibly wilful) victim of faulty interpretation.

In reply to Toskey: strictly speaking, any quote is a quote out of context, and, as Elinor points out, I was not even to know that that was not the entire letter. On the matter of the paragraph as a whole, you have your opinion and I have mine. You think it was "a perfectly normal

sort of criticism, written in fine style." I think it was unreasonable criticism, written in a fake-dignified pompous style. I quarrel with your observation that I drew implications which were not drawn by the paragraph as a whole. Prove your point. As for criticizing his sentences one by one, how could I comment on what he said without referring to each point he made? Would you rather I had just said "Deeck has written a lot of bombastic rubbish" without saying why I thought it to be so? A short time ago you printed in the CRY a letter from Deeck in which he ridiculed a story in INFINITY. He examined it piece by piece, quotation by quotation. There was no outcry from you at that time that Deeck, by taking the story to pieces, had destroyed the effect that the story as a whole was intended to convey. Why do you apparently have one standard for Deeck and a different one for me?

Boyd Raeburn
9 Glenvalley Drive
Toronto 9, Ontario
Canada

((Here's a rejoinder from Toskey.))

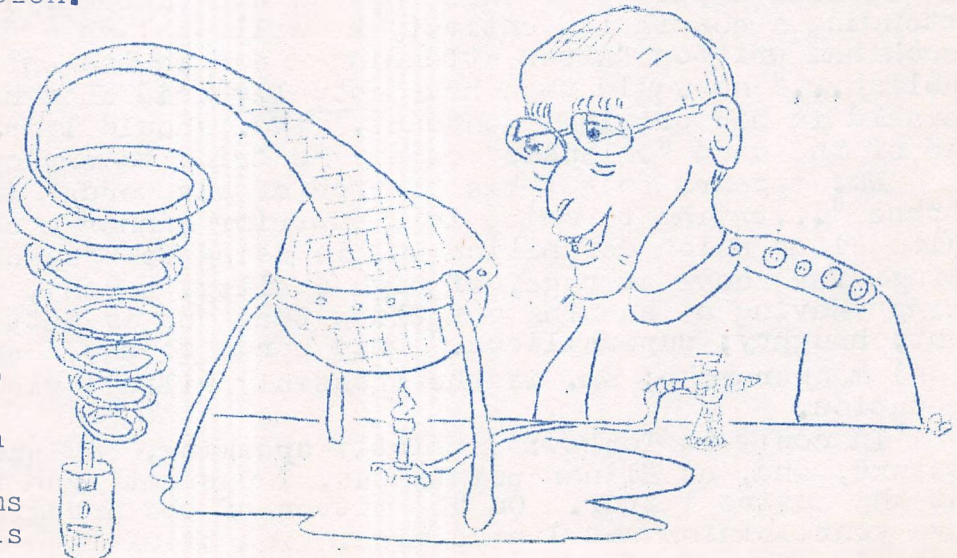
Dear Boyd: On the matter of your drawing implications which were not drawn by the paragraph as a whole (referring to Deeck's paragraph and your "quotes out of context" which I claim followed), it appears once more to be your opinion against mine, just as we differ in opinion on the style of the paragraph itself. You drew implications in your separate quotations which to me were not conveyed by the paragraph as a whole. I grant the possibility that you expressed exactly what the paragraph as a whole conveyed to you. You mention above referring "to each point he made" -- whereas to me, there were no points made whatsoever, but instead, to me, again, the paragraph by Deeck was intended to convey an impression, rather than make specific points. I went back and reread Deeck's letter in #116, and I shall agree that here Deeck was quoting out of context. The difference is that Deeck was poking fun at flaws in the writing and grammar and at the inconsistencies, whereas you, in taking apart Deeck's ideas, were taking to task "each specific point" as an idea in itself -- and my claim is that he had none, as I mention above. You both were quoting out of context, and this is my sole stand on the matter -- so you see I don't have different standards for different people. I made no claim that I didn't enjoy this sort of thing (I enjoyed reading both your article and Deeck's letter, both of which quote out of context); my only point is one of definition.

((And now Buz is to be heard from.))

Greetings:

There's never enough room on the Contents-Page, but I'd like to put a word into the Raeburn-Deeck rumble.

I do not believe that the A BAS article (reprinted in CRY #119) constitutes either a "personal attack" or an "out-of-context quote" by Raeburn. There seems to be a tendency in this



Age of the Kid Glove to scream "personal attack" at any criticism which might offend the most sensitive ego. Granted, that Boyd's dissection was merciless: if the scalpel had been similarly applied in a truly personal attack, the Deeckian hide would be hanging in strips on the woodshed wall at 9 Glenvalley Drive. And if point-by-point dissection of a fully-quoted item (fully quoted from OUTRE, that is) is "out-of-context quoting", what, pray tell, would constitute "IN-context quoting?" Examples, please?

On the other hand, it might well be said that Wm.'s worst Offence is a Poor Defence. Deeck has chosen and used consistently (for five years) a deliberately hyper-polysyllabic writing style, largely for humorous effect. I rather enjoy it, myself. Boyd doesn't, apparently; it bugs him, and so when he saw in OUTRE some arguments with which he disagreed, written in a style he doesn't like -- well, he shredded it. Now if the paragraph quoted by Spencer was "out of context" (in the sense that quoted apart from the original Deeck letter, it gave a false impression of Wm.'s opinions as stated in that letter), then Wm. had a legitimate beef against Spencer. And if Boyd went overboard in dissecting a casually written item intended semi-humorously, then Wm. had a legitimate difference of opinion vs. Boyd. So far, I have not seen Wm. make either of these simple, valid points: (1) "Spencer misrepresented me by excerpting", or (2) "Raeburn, I was only kidding around, for CRYsake; what's the idea of making a Federal case out of it?" Instead, Wm. and others who should know better are feverishly redefining terms to suit the whim of the moment: personal attack, out-of-context, and of all inane things, the hallowed epithet "fugghead". The latter, though a spirited attempt, is a really fuggheaded move. Regardless of how many partisans may go along with his new definitions, the fact that he is making them up as he goes along vitiates his entire argument.

I like Wm.'s never-say-die spirit, but I'll think more of his judgement when he admits that his only gripe against Raeburn is for playing too rough when Wm. wasn't expecting it. But maybe that's too much to expect; we'll see.

Interestedly yours,

Buz

((Believe ol' Buz has covered just about every conceivable point except one -- the question of whether or not Deeck was "what one would term a well known fan". This question boils down to the old query: what is a fan? Deeck was a very active prozine letterhack for quite a long period of time. The name "Wm. Deeck" was well known to possibly thousands of reader-fans. But Deeck, at that time essentially a prozine fan rather than fanzine fan, was not well known to actifandom, a very much smaller, more cohesive, more intensely communicative group. What does fandom consist of; and what is a fan? Upon your answers to these questions hinges the related question of whether or not Deeck was a well known fan. --Forgive me for speaking of you in the past tense, Wm. I'm speaking of Deeck-at-the-Nycon, the Deeck presently under discussion.))

FROM DOWN UNDER

Dear Nameless Ones

Your CRY has reached me over here. I yelled right back but you didn't seem to hear me so I'm trying a quieter way. First, some business & the real reason you're getting this letter -- I see the sub PFS took out for me expires next couple ish so I thought I better up & send you some filthy money or else no more CRY for lil me. So here's my \$2 for a year's sub. Don't hustle this off down to the PO either 'cos it won't

do you any good. This is only a receipt for my money at this end. The Money Order Office on your side (at San Francisco) will send you a genuine US Money Order payable for about \$2.20 all in good time.

Now then -- I like CRY. The last 3 ish have all been received & enjoyed but don't expect a review or letter from me on each ish 'cos man, it takes 6 weeks for CRY to get here & by the time I get to read it & mull it over & write some comments & get the letter to you -- waall it would all be ancient history. However, seeing that you're here & I'm here & CRY 119 is here I may as well say something about it. The cover-- yea, very good but since when has electricity come to Okefenokee swamp? Good prediction too "Detroit in '59". The fmz reviews were appreciated. The Pembertons do their usual sound job & Raeburn is his overbearing self. The prozine reviews were also muchly appreciated -- we don't get enough of them out here. Nice to see that AMAZING is coming back again. Le'see, what's next? Oh yeah -- Berry's bit! Y'know I don't like to be disloyal to Ghod, but Berry is Ghood! These cameos are always favourites of mine. The Three Bears was -- well, fair. Amazing Stories in Review -- interesting history if you haven't read it before! ((How could you have read Toskey's article before? It wasn't written before! Are you a time-traveler?)) Minutes -- good! how does Weber do it? month after month churning out these minutes & always making them read as if they meant something! The Reiss illo saves page 26 from being a complete loss. And so we come to the nexus, the reason even for CRY's continued appearance -- CRY OF THE READERS. I hadn't known most of these bods 'til I started getting CRY (yas! I am a hick!); just Skeberdis, Gerber & Berry, but I got a feeling I'm going to know them a lot better before I'm much further along the space-time continuum. Hah! Those by-lines! Veddy clever. I mighta knowed ol' "Big-Hearted" Howard would be in there getting something for nothing! Skeberdis reads almost like he's sane for once. Musta bin full moon when he wrote that one. Why does Raeburn always make me mad? I couldn't agree with you ((Toskey)) more. It is the young fen that make CRY such a fresh zine, a pleasure to read & the inability of guys like Raeburn to preceive that this is so doesn't make the fact less evident. Len Moffatt appears to be strongly under the influence of the Southern Cross. Methinks I see the hand of Horrocks in this! And so the end.

The artwork is mostly good -- if you print everything you get you can't help but get some ooglies though.

Farewell

Bert Weaver (A. R. Weaver)
Lytton St.,
Warra,
Queensland,
Australia

((Do all those separate parts of your address have to go on separate lines? I put them that way because you did (though I couldn't bring myself to launch the way you foreigners always do -- forgive me for calling you a foreigner -- I know you're not foreign to you) but it takes up altogether too much room that way & I didn't know which lines if any could be combined. #Agree it's the young fen that make CRY so fresh, but Young Len Moffatt and several other youngfen are in their early thirties, and some of our youngfen are possibly older. #I don't think it's the least bit disloyal to Walt Willis to like Berry's stuff. A liking for steak would not make you abjure reast beef. #The money order arrived today, and assures you (with this pubbed letter) fourteen issues of CRY.))

LIGHTS! ACTION! CAMERON!

Sexless Ones (you said it! -- not I...)((Oh no I didn't!))

This is probably the longest I have ever waited to answer to the CRY ... I hope you'll forgive me. If you don't, I'll have to do it myself.

The cover was most good -- best nice -- good best. It was average for an ATomillo, but then, average ATomillos are darn good.

Reviews by Pemberton are Astounding! Utterly Fantastic! Positively Super!

Toskey is indeed a mean man! Tell me Tosk -- how can reviews be "innocuous"? Almost everything is harmless you have to admit, but as a way to describe a review? Gad Toskey...

"Butt Me No Butts" wasn't berry funny in my humble ass-timation. Berry has done better; in fact, much better. ((Buz says he dug that story the most)).

Toskey's reviews this issue are not only Amazing -- they're Fantastic!

Lookie here Koning, my name isn't pronounced that way. You obviously think it's pronounced like "colon", but it's actually pronounced like "coll-in". So I don't want any more guff from you, King Koning!

PELZ: I'd believe you, but not Toskey!

BROWN: I too heard Mr. Campbell's speech at the Solacon. I was rather surprised to find that he seemed to think a new series of science fictional characters and plots were needed --he said something about "Hernando Cortez--Space Pilot". I dunno...perhaps Campbell has given up psionics and has flipped his proverbial pipe-locating rods...

A Word of Advice to Cry Readers: blue ink tends to smear when combined with water under such conditions as trying to send BHIG SLOBBERING KISSES by mail, etc. ((Who sends kisses by mail? Lisa sends hers first-class -- ESP)).

Tell me Adams, are you really a Quiet Neogan in disguise?

Hey! A letter I actually liked...hmm...by Colin Cameron...hmm...who's he? Okay pippie: it's not Sandy Ego in '61! It's not that I'm chicken, it's just that I'm a coward: I don't particularly want to bid against you. We will probably place a bid for Dago in '62 or '63. ((If you don't bid for '61 you'll probably have to wait & bid for '64))

And so, with the cheerful note of resounding importance that the CRY is not responsible for the sex of its readers, or lack thereof, I bid thee a ponderous farewell.

Colin Cameron
2561 Ridgeview Drive
San Diego 5, California

((Title to this letter by FMB. #Take more than a new character to make Campbell give up psionics. It'd take a New Science, or a Whole New Outlook. #The illo you sent was cute, but too many little lines to go on stencil. I mean, it just isn't possible. Why don't you do it over?))

Also heard from: Ted Pauls (1448 Meridene Dr., Baltimore 12, Md.) comments on CRY #116. Larry Stone (1308 5th Ave., New Westminster, B.C., Canada) has moved recently and has not been getting his CRYs. Don Durward (6033 Garth Ave., Los Angeles 56, Calif.) sends #1 & wants to know what a quiet neogan is. I'd like to sneer & be haughty, but since you ask so nicely, Don, I'll confess that a Quiet Neogan is simply a Typo That Made Good. & last of all, Bob Lichtman (6137 So. Croft Ave., Los Angeles 56, Calif.) --hey, you & Don are neighbors? -- sends 25¢ & a capsule review of #120 -- but we've already got 19 pp of letters!

In the lettercol of CRY #90 (April, 1956) is a note from Kent Moomaw, who was to become one of the first of CRY's outlying letterhacks. Along with Sanders, Wm Deeck, Fleischman, and Blake, Kent initiated the growth of "CRY of the Readers" from the 2-page collection of sub notes, etc, that it had been. He also played a major part in publicizing CRY on the pro side of the field, inducing Bob Silverberg to subscribe and thus starting a small chain-reaction in the New York area. Then, after his 6th appearance (in #97), Kent left the CRY for nearly two years.

Seldom a gentle critic, Kent refused to reconcile himself to our happy-moron policies regarding acceptance of writings & artwork, our sloshing ditto & mimeo together in the same issue, and our inability to see what was (and doubtless is still) wrong with our layouts. But in an era of the "It stinks" school of criticism, Kent's critiques were outstanding for the analytical approach; obviously he he had read and thought on the material, and this was a rare thing in those days.

In CRY #116, Kent returned for what proved to be his last appearance here, with congratulations for improvement in some areas and with castigation for our failure to improve in others, but mostly more mellow than previously (though it's notable that in six short lines of print, he triggered the resurgence of the current Raeburn-Deeck tangle). From an early CRY-buff, it was gratifying word.

At third hand, but from two reliable sources, comes word that Kent killed himself on October 14th. If true (I can't help hoping, against all probability, that somehow it will turn out to be a hoax), it is sheerly tragic that a young man of such obvious intelligence and talent could be warped into seeing this not wholly unkind world with such dread and hopelessness as to be driven to deliberate self-destruction. In this communicative hobby-group, it is incredibly unfortunate that none of us were perceptive enough to realize Kent's plight and persuade him that reality is not the threatening thing he must have thought it to be. It is heart-breaking to imagine how this boy must have felt, to undertake to tear the life from his body before he'd had a chance even to fairly sample adult living.

Suicide, for an individual not faced with death by torture, is ultimate 100% Defeat, a complete waste of personal resources. For such needless destruction, there is no answer-- only regret. I regret the loss of Kent Moomaw.

F. M. Busby



Dave Rike

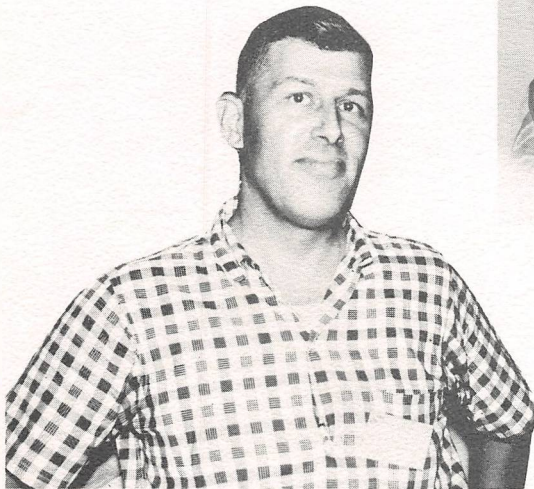
Buz

Burbee



Rich Brown

Ted Johnstone



Bob Leman

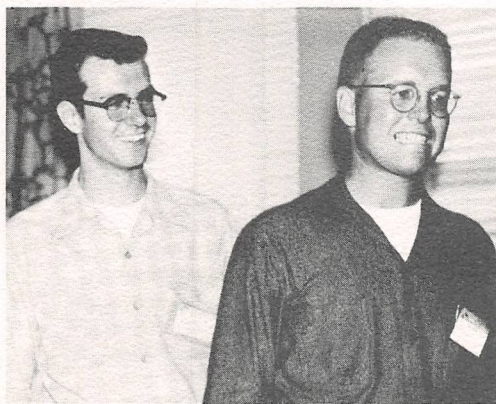


Rick Sneary



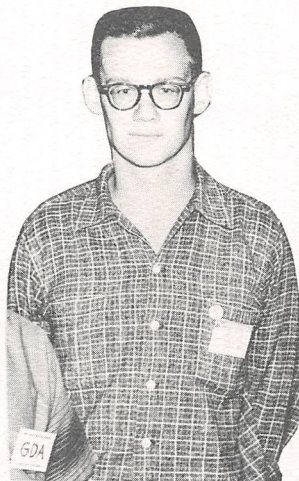
Bob Silverberg

Bob Bloch



Terry Carr

Ron Eliik



Pete Graham



Charles de Vet

Jean Carroll