

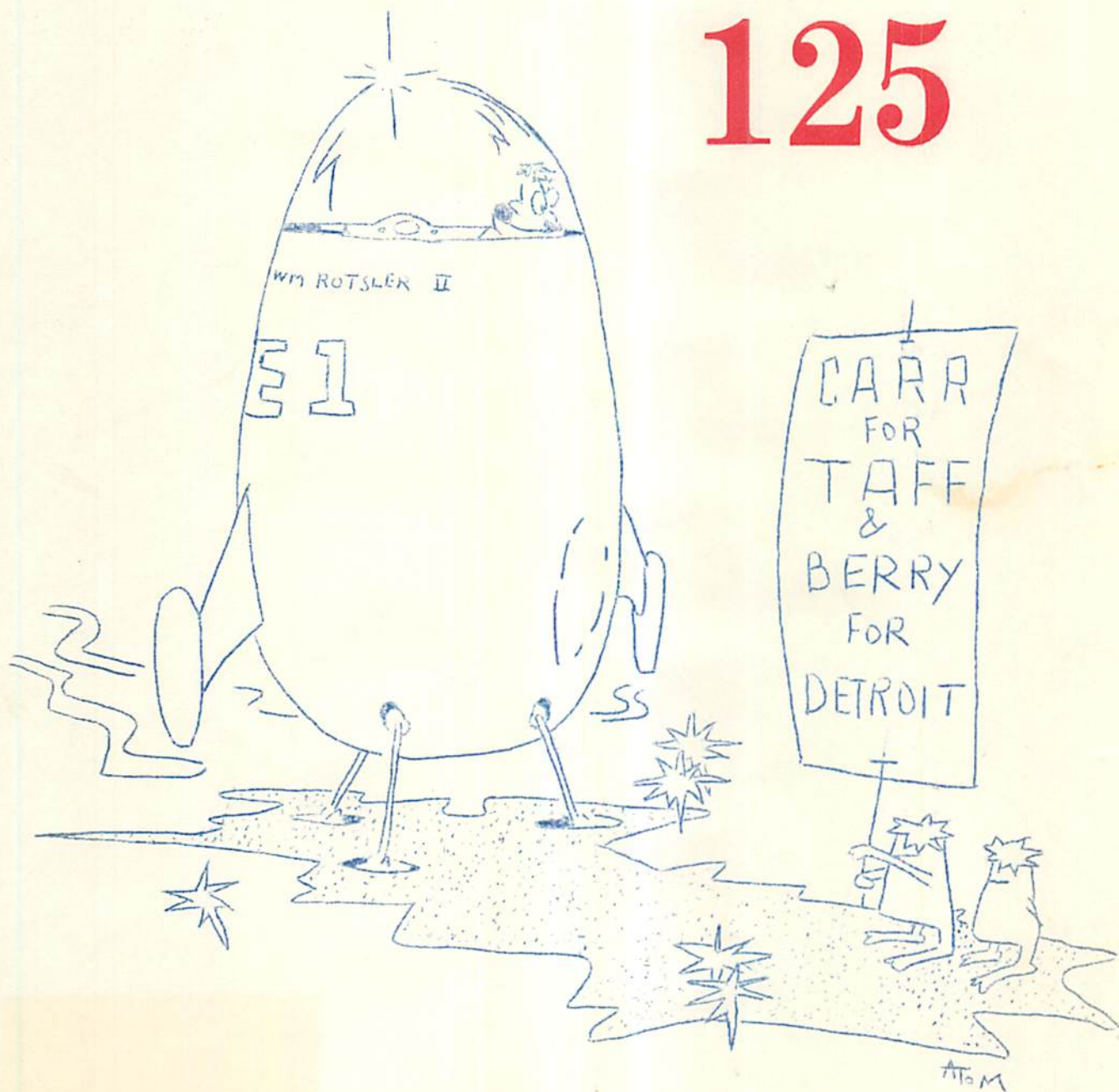
March 1959

CRY

OF THE NAMELESS

number

125



CRY

OF THE NAMELESS

125

THE
TIT
&
BARK
FOR
DETROIT



Yes, here is CRY #125, the March 1959 issue, coming as usual from Box 92, 920 3rd Ave, Seattle 4, Wn. For people who do not have fanzines reviewed herein, or letters, or other contributions, or do not otherwise have us under obligation, CRY retails at 25¢ per copy, 5 for \$1, or 12 for \$2. That's in the Dollar Area.

Effective with this issue, John Berry has accepted the position of United Kingdom representative for CRY. That's John Berry, 31 Campbell Park Ave, Belmont, Belfast, Northern Ireland-- the same John Berry who is coming to the Detention if we play our cards right. Sterling rates will be 1/9 per copy, 5 for 7/-, and 12 relentless monthly issues for 14/-.

Many of our contributors find it handy to hold a small subscription in reserve to cover the chance of missing the deadline or something. A couple of our valued contributors would find it handy this time, as a matter of fact.

We're Back To Blue this month, not as a matter of policy, but because we have more blue ink than black ink, and have other publishing commitments requiring the black. Toskey is talking about getting some maroon ink, too. Yes, I know we should jazz it up with multicolor work, but who has the time? (it's 5:32pm, PST) Thanks.

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Stencil Credits: Elinor 30, Buz 8, Toskey 4, Wally 3 (that's how many, not which).

Crank Credits: Toskey, 4,700 turns. - - - - -

Wally and Tosk have located the ideal hotel for the WesterCon: it has everything we need except the approval of the Nameless Ones, who meet next on Sunday, March 8th. It is located in a cluster of 4 hotels with bars and coffee shops (including its own, which is eminently suitable-- the coffee shop is Open All Night, too). A parking-lot and a parking-garage are in the same block (but the parking-meters will be out of business Saturday and Sunday, due to the holiday). Further details on page 20, and Wally says I may have underquoted the top-price single rooms by 50¢.

The CRY done bust its girdle again this month. Lacking both Terry Carr's column and comprehensive fmz-reviews, and with Pemberton and the lettercol each 3 pages lighter than last time, we still end up with 45 used stencils, again. There must be some way to hold this monster down to size. Suggestions are welcome. Brief suggestions, that is. ("Drop dead" and "Fold up" have already been turned down.)

She claims that Burbee is plugging her for a leading role in "The Watermelon Story". Ordinarily, the question is whether to assemble CRY before or after dinner. On this CRYday, however, it is 7:40 after-dinner and Toskey has 20 stencils yet to run. None of us are quite sure as to just how this situation came about, but we find it most deplorable. What happened to all those eager types who wanted to take over the CRY? I guess maybe they just didn't have that True Martyr Spirit. Toujours, Buz.

The Science-Fiction Field Plowed Under

by Renfrew Pemberton

And a small Field it is, too, since the mortgage was foreclosed on the Back Forty. Only 3zines of the usual run have appeared, but by ekeing out with 3 UKzines and a dip into Amazing for the Doc Smith serial, we'll try to put up a good front.

Future, Apr: The cover is doubtless an Economy Measure, but it is both effective and attractive-- brown background, yellow and white printing-- the negatives of some interior illoes are reversed mirrorwise and used in white-on-brown. Economy or no, this is one of the best-looking covers on the stands this month, and shows how a guy with imagination can make a virtue of necessity.

"Temptress of Eden", by Bertram Chandler, takes the story of Man's Fall into space, where a spaceman finds a new Eden. I'll give you three guesses as to what kind of shape it's in when he's done with it. A nicely-done mood piece.

D A Jourdan's "Lovers Subversive" starts out as the usual run-of-the-mill anti-Utopia, but turns into a bit more than that. Instead of squandering all the ideas in the first couple of pages and splashing into all-out Action, Jourdan saves up enough ideas to become veritably enmeshed in them at the end, where it is more or less left to the reader to decide the merits of the case. Thoughty piece.

"The Moon is New" (David Osborne) presents a fine dramatic wishful-thinking solution to the Race For The Moon, in the face of even more hardnosed international fuggheadedness than usual.

Tom Scortia's "The Renegade" is another story that appears to be developing a well-worn theme-- brutal Earthmen exploiting idyllic natives-- and gives the reader more than one double-take before settling to a conclusion.

Alma Hill, in "It's Me, O Lord" (semi-article, semi-essay) takes a cut at the Purists of Grammaria, a depleted beleaguered tribe that hardly need it since the ad writers cut them off at the pockets. Alma is a live-wire at discussion, though.

In "Protected Planet", Dan Morgan applies the "sharpie out-sharped" formula to the unscrupulous Earther seeking to take advantage of the natives whose only defense is to commit suicide in the face of attack. Oh, well...

The editor's reminiscences of 1929's s-f, and a good but too-short lettercol, round out a very readable issue.

Columbia is on my spit-list in one respect, however: the inside back cover of this issue carries the same for-idiots ad that bugged me last month on SSF: the Genuine Exploding Hand Grenade that really scatters the gang. Scatter, schmatter.

Amazing, March: This issue starts off "The Galaxy Primes" by E E Smith; it is not stated how many installments this one will run. I hate to say it, but as an old Doc Smith buff from away back, I am sadly disappointed in "The Galaxy Primes"-- as far as it's gone, anyhow. The Galaxy Primes themselves are four persons, two male and two female for all the good it's going to do them; these are the top brains of Earth, so that it is no wonder that when they zoop off in the first interstellar spaceship, they don't know where they're going. When they arrive, they don't know where they are. And when they eventually leave, they don't know where they've been. It figures, because these supermen and their female counterparts are at the apparent level of early-adolescence in their emotional development, and it tends to affect their logical processes. Some of this may be due to inept editing; there is great confusion attending the introduction to the first-encountered Alien World, and I hesitate to tax the ordinarily-meticulous Doc with this garbled effect: it is not like him, at all, to fail to sketch a background clearly. It looks like a poor job of cutting. But the kittenish way the characters treat with the sexual situations that they approach so boldly-- well, I guess Amazing is a family mag too, any more. I don't like being so rough on one of my alltime favorite authors, but I would very much less like to give you a fatuous snow-job.

Amazing presents a double tour-de-force in this issue: a story and letter of 1939 vintago, both by Isaac Asimov, and their 1959 counterparts. The 1939 story is

((Asimov under the plow, now))

on the outstanding side for its day and would hardly be howled down if presented by a new author today in one of the Action zines. The 1959 story is a sequel, done as closely as possible to match its predecessor. The letters are the best, though.

Jim Harmon's "Measure For a Loner" is a stringent bit on the testing and over-testing of spacemen. Effective, except I doubt they'd do it just that way.

"The Jupiter Weapon", by Chas L Fontenay, surprised me greatly. Mainly, I was surprised that Fontenay would allow such a callow piece of work to appear over his by-line. Or do I mean, under? Either way, it's a mystery.

"Question of Comfort" (Les Collins) is too-tersely written to make sense, in spots, but turns out to be a fairly-turned version of the Marooned Alien-- though the touch of "Needle" is superfluous to the point of irrelevancy. That is, the business of alien-hero in conflict with alien-villain makes the plot less believable, rather than being the mainstay, as appears to have been originally intended.

"Jubilation, USA", by G L Vandenburg, is pure corn, with Martians or somebody of that sort going around completely naive in a wide-open gambling town. Phoot.

Amazing is a lot more literate than it used to be, anyhow.

Science-Fantasy #33 (Feb): "Super City", by Richard Wilson, is a retitled of the 2-part serial, "The Town Took Off", from Infinity. It is impractical to look up the dates just now, but it was the first serial Shaw ran, and must have appeared about mid-'57. I recall being unenthusiastic about the story at the time; it is not a very meaty item, but it does read better all in one chunk.

"Sweet Smell of Success" (Clifford Reed) is a "pedlar of miracles" tale which might, I suppose, be classified as "the stinker out-stunk".

Gene Lees' article "Utopias--- a Few Years Later" examines such items as "Brave New World", "Fahrenheit 451", "The Machine Stops", and "1984", for prophetic content. All too plausibly, he deduces that the odds are with Forster. Lees must be writing from the future, since he says that the year 1984 is only 16 years away.

John Kippax' "Call of the Wild" is an odd little item, concerning a man harrassed by the imminent dominance of the insects and their cousins (they talk to him, too). The punchline is vertigo-making, to say the least.

The really foy item, however, is Brian Aldiss' "Intangibles, Inc", concerning a little man who sells one of the non-objects mentioned in the title to a man who does not believe in them, and the results of the transaction. Aldiss puts quite a lot of eerie whammy behind the very prosaic string of incidents that comprise the tale, which is very effective in a sombre sort of way.

Astounding, March: In "Despoilers of the Golden Empire", David Gordon really pulls off a beautiful piece of legerdemain. In fact, he loads off "Brass Tacks" with a defense of the story against critics who would cry "Foul!" Gordon is correct in his defense; I was quite sure he would be, even before I read it-- thinking back, I was morally certain that the game had been played quite fairly. So read the story, and don't skip or read the "defense" first. Obviously this one can't be "reviewed".

It is permitted to say, however, that Gordon's novelette shares the superman theme with the serial, the three short stories, and the editorial. By Ghod, says JWC, there are, too, superhuman heroes, and I want some. He gets them.

Algis Budrys' "The Man Who Did Not Fit" makes a H*E*R*O out of Michael Wireman, son of President Wireman of Earth's Government-in-Exile. In the first two stories of this series (published by LShaw, I believe), Michael was first brought up out of a dead-end existence to head a help-the-Underground expedition to Earth, and then was thoroughly disillusioned with the UG. This time, however, the point seems to be that if you reject an ordinary man sufficiently, he dies of it, but if you reject a super-type sufficiently, he messes in your playhouse and rubs your nose in it. There is just one trouble with this theory-- it makes a genuine Campbellian superman-hero out of Adolf Hitler, at least up until late in 1940-- after that, Adolf simmered down into the more typical neurotic picture held of the "I'll fix you all! types.

(and, to continue with ASTOUNDING TALES OF SUPER-HEROES)

Leinster, in Part Two (of 3) of "The Pirates of Ersatz", carries on with his own brand of super-hero-- the Competent in a Universe of Incompetents-- tired, disgusted, harrassed, but stubbornly interested in staying in one piece in hopes of eventually living his own modest version of the Good Life, Leinster's hero carries on, upending the locals as required, and latching onto otherwise unrelated events to get himself out of the soup bowl (into the kettle, of course-- it's only the second installment). Leinster is on the Competent side, his own self.

The other two short stories ("Instinct" by Geo O Smith ((WHAT??))((Yes, it is indeed George O Smith. Next, I presume, will be L Ron Hubbard in here)) and "Translation Error" by Bob Silverberg) treat the entire human race as super, compared to the rest of the cosmos. Not that this is a new pitch. Geo O has us quarantined by everybody else, making escape attempts every 20,000 years or so, and this time..... Agberg comes to the same result, but confuses everything by injecting an alternate time-track into most of the story.

When John Campbell gets on a kick, he is not a piker about it, anyway.

New Worlds #80 (Feb): Besides the conclusion of Lan Wright's "A Man Called Destiny", Bob Silverberg's "Earthman's Burden" was familiar to me. This was one of Bob's "the Girard Case into space" stories, last year. You may recall how I took him up short for "writing the same story twice" and was informed that these were two of a series, fouled-up by the first one's being released last, to the newsstands. At any rate, if you missed the US appearance, here's your chance.

"The Towers of San Ampa" is a 1984ish piece, concerning a United States with space travel but still lagging the USSR in everything except totalitarianism. Brrrrr. Oops-- that's by Brian Aldiss, a writer of talent but somewhat lacking in cheer.

"Friday" (John Kippax) concerns two men marooned (but good) in a scout ship, and the role played by a tired robot left over from a 300-year-earlier crash. This one is competent but not outstanding; I like it for purely individual reasons (it utilizes the same elements as the lead story of the first prozine I ever purchased, but to different effect). (That's not counting the zines I read at the newsstand, earlier.)

Donald Malcolm's "The Stuff of Dreams" has a lab researching into dreams, weird consistent patterns showing up in them, and Aliens turning up as cause. This one is a bit vague where it needs to be concrete, and doesn't have much of a wallop, somehow.

Nebula, Feb: (monthly, 35¢. Subs, \$4 per year. Published by Peter Hamilton, 159 Grouppoint Road, Glasgow, S.E., Scotland. Editorial address: 1, Kylespark Crescent, Uddingston, Glasgow, Scotland.) Nebula is 112 pages; however, the zine is one to 1 1/4 inches taller than the usual digest size, so I assume it's equal to the usual 128-page US zine. Besides, it has a Walt Willis column (only two pages this time, and reading rather subdued for our fine faannish Walter, but good) and an ATom bacover; ATom also has a couple of small cuts inside. My only major complaint was that I had to restaple the zine, as some of the inside pages didn't reach the staples.

Ted Tubb's novelette, "The Captain's Dog", deals with the putative humanity of androids. Despite a certain indecisiveness as to technical background, the treatment is largely top-grade, in that the situation comes to life, and the cast with it. But I wish Tubb had made up his mind as to the origin of his androids-- are they wholly synthetic, or, as strongly hinted in places, derived from human genes?

EF Russell's "The Bitter End", concerning why the returned survivor of Mars-ship #1 landed in secret and hid out, has previously appeared this-side, and I do not at the moment recall whether or not the title has been changed.

"The Dark Talisman" shows that James White can carry the "sharpie out-sharped" theme to more fiendish heights of "poetic justice" than nearly anyone.

Wm F Temple's "The Undiscovered Country" counters the obvious advantages on the one side of highly disparate metabolic rates with high-psi on the other.

Seeing only the fourth and final part of Ken Bulmer's "Wisdom of the Gods", I can only say that it seems to be a fairly good Action-type story based on throwing a batch of Galactic-type knowledge into Earthly minds at random, to see what happens.

I'd like to see more issues of Nebula before attempting to "rate" the zine.

F & S F, Apr: Elinor Busby states that this is the best single issue of a prozine that she has read in several years, if not the best. She bases this rating almost wholly on the 3 novelettes that make up about half the pagecount.

"Flowers For Algernon", novelette by Daniel Keyes, is the first-person story of a moron (IQ 68) who is subjected to a process designed to raise his intelligence level-- in fact, to approximately triple it. The narrative is contained in the subject's "Progress Reports", which reflect the changes that occur, both by what is said and by how it is said: The Way Up is fascinating. When the question of permanence-of-effect is decided in the negative, we see real tragedy. But that ending! Back to IQ 68, but in a way the subject learned more on The Downward Path than he did on the Way Up. This one really is a terrific story.

"Life's Bottleneck", article by Asimov, points out the role played by modern plumbing in reducing the Earth's capacity to support life. Chic Sale, Live Forever!

"The Flying Islands", by Anton Chekhov (translated by Frances Jones) is a biting little parody of Jules Verne, written about 1883. Faanfiction, sort of.

Gordon Dickson's "The Amulet" deals with back-country witchcraft, well enough.

Isaac Asimov's "Unto the Fourth Generation" is an odd bit, in which the Call of the Blood pulls a modern youth out-of-time for a sort of affirmation from the past. I'm not quite sure what the results are supposed to be, for the future....

"The Lady in the Tower", novelette by new writer Anne McCaffrey, does not have much in the way of really new ideas, yet it feels new. With space transport and communications powered by a very few high-psi types backed up by the lesser talents of their helpers, it's a lonesome life at the isolated transport stations, but never dull. Galactic and individual problems get all tied up together, and I think we have us a good new author here (EB says Boucher would have snagged out a bug or two, here)

Aldous Huxley's article, "Chemical Persuasion", relates some of the new mind-changing drugs (tranquillizers, lysergic acid, etc) to "Brave New World"'s "soma".

"The Martian Crown Jewels" (Poul Anderson) is a spaceborne whodunit with a transplanted Martian Sherlock Holmes. Some intriguing background hints never ripen.

Jane Roberts' "Nightmare" disappointed me. Mainly, I was disappointed by having the writer of "Chestnut Buds" and "The Bundu" represented by a routine two-page Doomer.

The book reviews have been taken over by damon knight. This time he covers Leinster's "Monster From Earth's End" and Cooper's "Tomorrow's Gift" (anthology), and his column-title, "Half Loaves", is designed to summarize his conclusions.

Fred Pohl's novelette, "To See Another Mountain", is the struggle of a very old man (a scientist of stature) against those who would cure him of his delusions. Of course, he doesn't know this, and that fact doesn't make it any easier for him. This is a pretty fine piece, but is beaten out by the other two novelettes, for my taste.

Might not be the best prozine Elinor ever read, but it's a fine issue.

AND NOW A FANZINE REVIEW: Burblings c/w Elmurmurings #4 or 5 or possibly 7, Charles E Burbee, 7628 S Pioneer Blvd, Whittier, Calif. It's a FAPazine, but Burb says "I made about 40 extras" and adds that these are available free for the asking.

I would wholeheartedly advise that you ask. Seldom are we offered samples of the contemporary works of two Living Legends for a mere card or letter of request.

First, there's a Burbee Editorial. Then, Elmer Perdue has 12 pages of: Lancy anecdotes, reflections on the etymology of a word that stems not from the definition of "nook" as "either one or two fardels" (Webster substantiates Elmer on this), a fascinating sidelight on Tom Dooley (who damn well should hang down his head), and-- other things. Then comes Burbee's condensed SolaCon Report-- real great, even tho he did not follow the lovely list of chapter headings he had worked out at the time. Burb, you should have listed those headings, anyhow (the first one, friends, was "Get Your Socks Off The Table If You Want Breakfast"). Cover and other illoes by Bjo.

So that Toskey does not shortchange either editor, Elmer's address is 2125 Baxter St, Los Angeles 39, Calif. You might be interested to know that Elmer just recently wrote his first faan-letter since 1943. I wonder if this could be related to The Dog Honeybelle's hatred of postmen?

--R. Pemberton

SCIENCE-FICTION FOREVER!

by E. Mitchum Cox

PART I

It has come to my attention that not enough mention, not even counting respect, is being given to science-fiction these days. Especially when it is due to the reading of s-f that brought us all together in this big happy conglomerate known as fandom. Little is mentioned of the pioneer type stories in s-f and I'm taking it upon myself to bring this fact to your attention.

How many of you remember the Good Old Days? That is, if you still read science-fiction and if you used to read it, you ought to be able to hark back to the old days. Please hark. Back when science-fiction was a lusty young type of literature. Way back when, for instance, they still thought Venus to be a planet enshrouded in clouds, under eternal rain, when stories used to go something like this:

Drummmmm-mmmm--plunk plunk! plunk-drip-drummmmm dripdripdripdrip splop plunk
drummmmm-mmmmmmm.....

"Joe."

"Yeh?"

"It's raining, Joe."

Drummmmmmmmm-mmm-dripdrip drip-plink! splash drummmmm

"Yeh."

"And it won't never stop, Joe."

"Yeh."

"Not NEVER, Joe! Sometimes I think I'll crack up....heehee heehaw heeYAAAAHHH giggle...drool..."

"Naw ya won't, Moe. Just keep steady. In another 21 $\frac{1}{4}$ months our relief will be here!"

"Yeh, I c'n look forward to that!"

Drummmmmmmmm-mmmmm...splop plunk!...drip-drip-drip-drummmmm-wet...drip-plink-plunk...drummmmm.....

Moe got up and clumped across the plastalloy floor, careful not to wrinkle the plastalloy rug, and stood by the viewport. He looked out through the glasstalloy window at the fantastic Venusian rain-forest.

"Why don't it never stop raining, Joe?"

Joe shifted his lean form in his plastiflex chair and closed the true confessions magazine.

"If I tol'ya once, I tol'ya a millyun times, Moe!"

"Aw, come on, Joe, tell me again."

Drummmmm-drip----plunk plunk-dripdripdrip-drummmmm-pitter....

"Because Venus is eternally shrouded in a miles deep layer of cloud because it's a young planet and there is a constant process of evaporation and precipitation so that it don't never stop raining."

"Yeh," said Moe. "Ain't it the truth." He looked out at the fantastic Venusian rain-forest growth of giant mushrooms, toadstools, footstools, ferns, bamboo-like trees hundreds of feet tall but you couldn't see the tops because the dense fog

onshrouded the planet almost down to the mushy, mucky, icky, sticky, treacherous ground of which there wasn't much anyway since most of the planet was ocean.

"Well, anyway, I'll be glad when it's time to take the mud-crawler with a load of cut ongl-a-foof fronds to Canalopsis," said Moe after listening to the drip-plink-plunk drummmmmmmmmmm of the rain for a couple of hours.

"Not Canalopsis, stupid! That's on Mars!" Joe was irritable.

"Oh, yeh," said Moe. "Venusopolis !"

"That's right, but remember, Moe, it's a long dangerous journey through the mushy, mucky, icky sticky treacherous swamps and unfriendly tribes of natives."

"Yeh."

Drummmmmmm-plink-patter-mmmmmmm-dripdrip-plonkplink !-drip...

"But even worse, Moe, is the constant drum-pitter-patter-drip-plink-plunk-slop-plink of the rain on the uninsulated mud-crawler roof which has been known to drive men mad."

"You mean the roof or the rain drummming plink-plunk-pitter-patter and like that that drives men mad?" questioned Moe.

"I mean the rain drumming plink-plunka-pit-pat-spat-drip on the roof!" snarled Joe. "It drives men mad unlike what should happen if our plastalloy bubble wasn't self-containing, air-renewing, 90% sound-insulated, insoluble, with psychologically soothing decor and like that."

"Gee," sighed Moe, turning from the glassalloy window, "you make me feel better. Now, fortified with this knowledge, I'm sure I can wait out the $21\frac{1}{2}$ more months til the relief team comes."

He went to gazing happily out the glasstalloy window at the tangled mass of the fantastic rain-forest of Venus while Joe went back to his true confessions magazine. The rain came drumming down drrruummmmmmmmmmm-drip-drip-plinkplunk-drrruummmmm drip drip plunk plink drummmmmmmmm dripdrip.....drip.....drip.....drip.....drip.....drip.....

"Joe."

"Yeh?"

"It's stopped raining."

"Yeh."

"What did you say, Moe?"

"It stopped raining."

"No, Moe, it can't! It never stops raining on Venus!" He jumped up out of his plastiflex chair and thudded over to the window. "No, NO, not NEVER does it stop!" He clutched Moe's arm. "D'you HEAR me, Moe? YAAAAAHHHHHHHHHHHNEVER STOPS RAINING ON VENUS HEEHOO NEVERNEVERNEVERHOOOF N'HAHAHAHAHAHAHEEEEEE....."

E. Mitchum Cox

((This is Part I of a series -- a long series, we hope. EB))

THE STERLING FANZINE

WALT WILLIS

There was this man who used to ride to work every morning on the bus, and the fare was a nickel. (I know you'd hardly be allowed to run behind a bus these days for a nickel but I'm translating this story into American and it just has to be a nickel.) One morning he got onto the bus and gave the conductor his nickel (I know you don't usually have conductors either, but you'll just have to put up with them until I've finished this story) and he got his ticket and 20¢ change.

The man didn't say anything because I'm afraid he wasn't terribly honest, and besides he wasn't quite sure that he hadn't given the conductor a quarter after all. But coming home that evening, on a different bus with a different conductor, the same thing happened again. Next morning he remembered the odd co-incidence and made sure it was a nickel he was giving. He still got 20¢ change. It was at this moment that he began to have a weird suspicion, and he got off the bus and waited for another. Again he made a profit of 15¢ and a bus ticket. That was 60¢ cash he had made in four journeys. He called the office that he was ill and spent the rest of the morning riding on buses. In the afternoon he called again to say he was resigning his job. Next morning he went to the bank after breakfast and changed twenty dollars into nickels and spent the day on the buses, calling at the bank again on his way home.

This went on for several weeks and he became quite rich. Then one morning about 11am he was on his first bus (he had reduced his working day to four hours and had a chauffeur to take him to the bus stop) when he noticed he was getting near the end of the nickel journey and the conductor hadn't been round yet. The reason of course was that he was a new man on his first run--there had been a lot of resignations and suicides among conductors recently and the company was desperate for men--and he was fumbling clumsily, giving people the wrong tickets and the wrong change. Our hero got up and pushed towards him rudely holding out his nickel. The conductor, all bemused, gave him a nickel ticket and turned away. Our hero grabbed hold of him roughly. "Here," he snapped, "what about my change?"

"Uh?" said the conductor.

"I gave you a nickel for a nickel fare," shouted the man, indignantly. "Where's my twenty cents change?"

It was at this point that somewhere, something, invisibly, inaudibly, snapped. The conductor seemed to pull himself together. "What twenty cents change?" he asked.

"I always get twenty cents change out of a nickel," screamed the man.

"You're mad," said the conductor, and the other passengers held our hero while one of them went for the police. I'm afraid he never got a chance to prove he was right because the doctors at the place where they keep him still agree with the conductor.

Well now, I don't know about you, but I feel that that queer little story somehow illustrates some basic law. I told it to Lee Hoffman in Savannah in October 1952 and when Charles Wells came in later on he found us talking about sym-

holic logic. Don't let that put you off any more than it put Charles off, because everything I know about symbolic logic could be written in the blank spaces in a British fanzine. It's just that I've this idea that Bertrand Russell and his merry band of mathematicians are on the right track and that eventually if they keep on with their equations they'll confirm something I've suspected for many years. It is that all human behaviour is subject to a few basic laws that nobody has ever formulated, simply because they're too general to be put into words. Take for another example what happened to me in the Case of the International Money Order...

I have been publishing a fanzine for over ten years and in that time it has occasionally happened that American fans, overcome with pity, have sent me money. I appreciate this gesture more than I can say--as I always put it, it's not the thought behind a gift that matters so much as the value of it--and it occurs to me that some of you might like to know what happens in that long period between your sending me money and your receiving a beat-up fanzine with a green cover.

Well, if it's cash you sent it's quite simple. It usually arrives as I'm setting off for work and I cram the envelope into my pocket, shouting to Madeleine "ONLY MONEY" and roaring off on my scooter. This may be why the man next door, a retired bank manager, looks at me so strangely sometimes. At the office I make out an index card and mail a copy of HYPHEN. I do all that sort of thing in the office because there's all the necessary equipment handy, including a Post Office. It's downstairs in the same building and I'm a very steady customer, and a big help to them in clearing up knotty points about second class mailing privileges and such.

If your money was a dollar bill I just put it in my wallet to be changed at the bank when I hear the wolf padding up the front lawn. It comes halfway between cashing postal orders and borrowing from Madeleine, but alas a long way before changing US coin. The trouble with that is that apparently the bank cashier has to travel all the way to New York and back with a clinking bag of small change, so they charge an outrageous commission for handling it. So I usually just leave it in my pocket and as time goes by it accumulates until I have a whole pocketfull of nickels, dimes and quarters. And very embarrassing it is too. For instance I'm always going into shops or buses with the mistaken idea that I've plenty of change. Then I find I haven't, and have to proffer a diffident pound note for a threepenny bus fare or a box of matches. I look up to find eyes fixed on me with beady dislike, because those nickels and dimes looked to them to be shillings and sixpences. All I can do then is hold out a handful of them apologetically and say "All American money." This happens all the time and I'm sure I'm getting some sort of reputation. If you ever hear of me being arrested on suspicion of illegal currency manipulation you'll know what's happened.

Coins are bad enough, but there are worse things. And I don't mean cheques on such homespun American institutions as the First Federal Bank of Wabash. Such things can be cashed for a mere ten per cent deduction any time you have an afternoon to spare watching cashiers running around in circles. A restful spectacle, like goldfish. It's pretty to see the little creatures milling around soundlessly in there, surfacing now and then at telephones where their mouths open and shut rhythmically. It's hard to believe that they are in intimate communication with the Currency Commission, the Chancellor of the Exchequer and Mr. Dulles, but they must be because eventually one of them emerges with full authority to give me my shilling and sixpence.

No, the worse things I was thinking of are International Money Orders. (See? I do get back to the point sooner or later: thank you for your childlike trust.) These come in little brown official envelopes no bigger than a man's hand and post-marked Bromley, Kent. This is your first warning that some innocent American fan has allowed himself to be ensnared in the web of international bureaucracy and is

going to drag you screaming after him. The snag about these things, apart from their forcing me to make a special sortie downtown to the main post office (I work outside the city) is that there's no indication on them as to who is sending you the money, or where he lives. It just gives the name of the US post office where he did the foul deed, and you have to supply his name yourself before they'll give you anything but a dirty look. The idea is to prevent fraud, but as usual the Government has given no consideration at all to the special problems of fan editors. It means you have to keep all the letters from all the people who even hinted they might be sending you money, and hunt through them for someone who lives near the post office mentioned. Then you present the Money Order at the main post office. The clerk goes to a pigeonhole and fetches another document. Holding the two of them like a poker hand he asks you suspiciously to name the sender. If you guess right you get the money. I don't know how many guesses you're allowed, but after having made three once I felt the clerk suspected I had gone into business with a printing press and a list of common American surnames.

But none of this worried me very much until one day I got an International Money Order for £5. Now that's quite a lot of money in the British Isles, especially the part of them behind the hedge at 170 Upper Newtownards Road, Belfast, and I looked at it in awe. No one had ever mentioned sending me a vast sum like that. I checked through the letters in my wallet to make sure. There was one from a fan called Roger Skidmore who lived in the same state as the post office named in the Order, but Roger was just sending me a modest 70¢. I began to make a mental list of all the people in America who were likely to send me \$14.00 out of the blue. I was still casting round for the first name on this select roll of honour when a thought struck me. I divided Roger Skidmore's 70¢ by 280 and multiplied by twenty. It came out, eventually, at 5 shillings. Regretfully I dismissed the pleasing hypothesis that some fan of perception had assessed HYPHEN at its true worth. In this crass world it was more likely that the post office had made a simple mistake, just a matter of a digit in the wrong column.

I had a short struggle with my conscience, and lost. A few days later I heard the wolf breathing through the keyhole so I went down to the main post office and presented the Order, adding quite audibly that I thought the amount was wrong. Turning away half blinded by my halo, the clerk fluttered to his pigeonhole and back.

"Sender?"

"Skidmore?"

"Singles?" He started to peel notes off a wad.

At the back of my mind the gong rang for Round 2 and my conscience came out fighting. "I think there's been a mistake," I said, pinned to the ropes. "It shouldn't be as much as that."

"I'll check," he said. He went away and came back in a few moments. "No mistake," he said cheerfully, "five pounds it is. Pleasant surprise, eh?" He pushed the small fortune at me like a croupier at Monte Carlo who had fallen out with Prince Rainier, and when I didn't grab it immediately, moved it along the counter to my left. "Next please?"

My conscience's seconds threw in the towel. I gathered up the money and went straight out and spent it all on a splendid new golf bag, one with only one hole for the clubs to poke out from. I was sick of people on the golf course asking me to give them a tunc on my bagpipes.

On the way home in the bus with my nice new bag I began to realise I'd been looking at the whole thing in a narrow way. My scruples had been silly. Obviously this international currency exchange business was a big affair that must be handled by giant electronic computers. It was ridiculous to imagine, I told my conscience, now being carried out of the ring protesting feebly, that any poor clerk would have

to pay for my new golf bag out of his wages. All that had happened was that somewhere in those great banks of computers a tube had blown or a cog slipped. Such minor mishaps would certainly have been allowed for in the running expenses and ignored. Perhaps at the end of the financial year an engineer might pull a big red switch and there would be a deep throbbing and myriads of lights would flash on and off and a tape would come out revealing the .0000000001 discrepancy that now housed my golf clubs, but they'd just congratulate each other that it was so small. They'd certainly never be able to trace it. Or if they could they wouldn't bother. Or if they could and did they'd never dare to ask me for it back. I'd told them they'd made a mistake, hadn't I? I asked them to check, didn't I? What more was I supposed to have done? Chain myself to the railings in Downing Street until the Prime Minister consented to accept £4:15? At this the dressing room door closed behind my conscience, cutting off his last despairing cries.

In fact I began to get quite indignant at the idea of the Post Office trying to get their money back. I visualised their inept bureaucratic letters, my polished ironical replies, their pompous threats, my importurbable answers, their foolish resort to law, my calm assured defiance, the dramatic scene in the House of Lords as the historic case nears its climax. Conducting his own defence with a brilliance that astounds the old Lords of Appeal and which has made him a hero to the popular press, the slim distinguished figure resumes his relentless cross-examination of the principal witness for the prosecution, who has just asked for a glass of water. His eyes move shiftily about the crowded chamber seeking desperately for escape, but there is none. His ordeal resumes...

"Now, Mr. Postmaster-General, I understand you to admit that this case arose as a result of a mistake by your Department?"

"Yes, but--"

"Just answer the question, please. In effect you are asking the defendant to pay for your mistakes?"

"I wouldn't put it like that, Mr. Willis."

"I am under no obligation to phrase my questions in the manner most convenient to you, sir. But I have no objection. What you are trying to say, I take it, is that the defendant obtained money to which he has not entitled?"

"Yes."

"Now the deposition from Mr. Skidmore affirms that he sent the money to the defendant for copies of his magazine, which is so highly respected in the New World that it brings valuable hard currency into the sterling area. Had you, or have you now, any reason to believe that the defendant did not in the months before your mistake came to light publish 100 issues of HYPHEN at 15s each and send them to Mr. Skidmore?"

"Er...no."

"In that case it would be Mr. Skidmore who had received benefit to which he was not entitled, would it not? Am I to take it that you have taken action against him? That you have asked the Cabinet to declare war on the United States? Or perhaps the only people you ask to pay for your mistakes are loyal subjects of Her Majesty whom you think you can bully and browbeat?... My Lords, another glass of water for the witness?"

So I bore my new golf bag with a clear conscience. Then one afternoon I was sitting in the office writing envelopes for the next HYPHEN when a wonderful thought occurred to me. It was about those computers, which I know all about from reading the articles in ASTOUNDING. Those things don't make arbitrary mistakes like you and me, they're consistent: if there's a tube blown or a cog slipping, the machine will make the same mistake in the same circumstances. That is it would do to another money order for 70s what it had done for Roger Skidmore's, and it was probably still doing it because 70s is a pretty unusual amount and there couldn't have been enough of them to attract attention. You can see the way my clever little mind was working. Suppose I changed the subscription rate for HYPHEN to 5 copies

for 70¢! Every issue about a dozen people would renew or subscribe at that rate, it being cheaper than the old one, and each 70¢ would be gloriously transformed by the electronic computers to £5, making a clear profit on the next issue alone of about £60, or \$160.00. With that I could go lithographed immediately and multiply my circulation. Let's see, a circulation of 2000, just to start with, that would work out at about 400 renewals per issue at \$14.00 each, which would be, let's see—

I was interrupted in these fascinating calculations by a knock on the door and a young fellow came in whose face looked familiar. I couldn't just remember where I used to see him, but I remembered we used to have some very interesting little discussions about audio frequency amplifiers. So I asked him cheerfully how he was getting on with his 6L6's, and he enquired after my phasessplitter, and we had a nice friendly chat just like old times. Though my mind wasn't completely on it because I knew he wouldn't have sought me out for that and I kept trying to remember where we used to meet before. Then he asked after my father and everything fell into place with a sickening thud. My father used to work in the Post Office before he retired and this young fellow used to be a clerk in my post office downstairs. I asked him where he was working now, fearing the worst. I was right. He'd been transferred to the money order department, and this mistake had come to light, and they were going to write to me about it, but he'd recognised my name and his boss had known my father and they figured the best thing was for him just to come up and see me, all friends like. I couldn't say a thing. I just put my best face on it and forked out the money and he gave me a receipt and that was that. We talked a little more about infinite impedance detectors, but my heart really wasn't in it.

Later, I thought the least the Post Master General could have done would be to have sent me a personal letter of thanks, but he didn't. I suppose he didn't realise what would have happened to him in the House of Lords if I hadn't been interested in high fidelity amplifiers. People are thoughtless like that:

-- Walt Willis



"The Moswell Plan" -- a counter-review

by Ella G. Gray

In Vinegar Worm #4, Bob Leman presents a critique of Dorcas Bagby's "The Moswell Plan", which, according to the enthusiastic Leman, 'has nothing whatever in common with "Titus Groan," except that each is unique.' (This is ridiculous. Any of you who have read both books will recognize immediately the scene in "Titus Groan" which makes a deadly parallel with Dover Cleek's consummation of his role in the Plan, tenuous though the latter may be in comparison to what the reader has been led to expect.)

I fall somewhat short of reviewer Leman's enthusiasm for "The Moswell Plan" for several reasons. First, the author has been carried away with the urge to name her characters in the moralistic fashion of Hardy (Thomas, not Oliver); she is not far from the unimaginative nomenclature of Bunyan (John, not Paul).

Second, the sheer artistry implicit in the imperceptible downgrading of the emotional level of the story through 306 pages of text without alerting the reader's cognizance, raises a question: it may be Art, but is it Life?

I am surprised that Bob fails to realize the significance of the dog in the catalpa tree: he forgets whose tree it was -- Alspeth's. And no one knew who (or should I say, what) Alspeth was, excepting Dover Cleek, of course. It's not surprising that reviewers have been of several minds, to date, on this book: they just haven't looked closely.

Bob fails to note that the author has left the apotheosis of Dr. Stoaff completely to the imagination of the reader. The wisdom of this choice is questionable.

A worse flaw arises in the surface characterization of Dulcie Fimber. Having actually seen someone suffer the consequences of the abominable "Plan" -- why does she not realize that she may be the next victim? This is Author's Syndrome, in which no victim ever sees the possible dangers until it is altogether too late. But that flaw, as I have said, is in the surface characterization; the book goes deeper.

I have not yet seen a review of "The Moswell Plan" that notes what I consider to be the unstated major premise of the entire book: that Dulcie is by no means the innocent victim that she is made to appear. Certainly it is not an obvious point; I must confess that I did not read the book just once and announce it to the world. But consider: far from being the Lonely Innocent, Dulcie may be seen as having a predestined part to play in the Plan -- as each person around her is unmasked in turn, she shrinks, yes; she shrinks from the mirror-image of the evil that lies within herself, hidden deep beneath her "innocent" conscious nature. After all, what could have driven her to the cave except the need to see the last buried facet of her self as mirrored in Dover Cleek? Naturally, when the final piece of the jigsaw-puzzle falls into place within her, Dulcie has need only for what Dover Cleek must do for her. There is indeed horror in what happens to Dulcie, but the horror would be entirely insupportable if it did not happen, if the book did not end at that point. And yet no reviewer has noted this point, though Garvin hinted at it, even though it is supported by the evidence of Miss Bagby's biographers. (Yes, Bob, it is Miss Bagby. I take it you have not seen Hardcastle's account of her years spent in bringing up her three illegitimate sons by as many renowned men-of-letters. Hardcastle is especially interested in her "fixated determination" to found a dynasty, Egyptian-style, a determination that drove her oldest son, Jeffrey, to leave home at the age of 14. The other two boys were much younger. It is interesting, says Hardcastle, to speculate on the possibilities if Miss Bagby had ever succeeded in having a daughter.)

I can't agree with Bob's statement that "Plan" "...cannot, by its very nature, be compared with any other writing." What about the middle chapters of "The Fore-shortened," Bob? Do you really feel that they are not comparable?

Aside from the above dissents, however, it would be worth the reader's time and effort to read and think upon this book.

THE WAY TO THE STARS

A FANNISH SATIRE IN ONE ACT

JOHN BERRY

"It's all wrong," said the fan moodily, as he fitted the five cups of black coffee into the recesses of the tray, "it just about makes me sick to see a million dollars wasted on crud, when, with some thought, an epic -- an Oscar-winning epic could be created."

"Aw, you're nuts," drawled the waitress, annoyed because the fan seemed oblivious to her vital statistics. She let her ribs retract to their normal position.

"Sometimes I feel just like telling Goldberg he's doing it all wrong," continued the fan, dropping half a dozen doughnuts onto the vertical plastic rod in the middle of the tray.

"Well, why don't ya?" said the waitress sarcastically, "now's your chance. Tell him when he takes his coffee."

"I might at that," replied the fan thoughtfully -- "I just might at that."

He gripped the tray and left the counter. He walked along the corridor into the vast hall. He gave a snort of disgust as he passed the six Venusian Batmon, sprawled on a long bench playing poker. He couldn't refrain from a long drawn out sneer as he tiptoed carefully through the half acre of swamp. When the man who manipulated the steam machine said 'hiya,' he gave a weak grin.

He walked up to the four men and a girl sitting on canvas-backed chairs, and offered the tray. The Swamp-maiden, her long legs cross^d to everyone's advantage except her own, took a cup and spoke through thickly rouged lips to the superb physical specimen of All-American manhood on her left, who waved the fan aside as he offered the tray. The fan took the tray to D. T. Goldberg and his two assistant producers.

"Like I said, D. T.," said one, "this is going to be a super colossal movie. The way Fifi here swayed into the Batman's Lair in that last take was magnificent. I think--"

"Aw nuts," said the fan. He dropped the tray at D. T.'s feet.

There was a long meaningful silence.

Fifi La Journe took her hand off Mark Glansom's shoulder and opened her mouth-- wide. Glansom tore his eyes away from a slight catch in La Journe's nylon stockings near the thigh, and looked at the fan. They all looked at the fan--cameramen, technicians--even the clapper-boy.

"What did you say?" growled D. T. angrily, his yellow teeth clamped firmly on a six inch cigar.

"The film stinks--it's shocking--it's awful," said the fan. He threw his shoulders back. To hell with \$35 a week. "The public--the intelligent public that is, are sick to the teeth with films you are producing. Your last, 'The Vampire of Mercury,' I thought sank to rock bottom. This one is going to be worse. I tell you, it stinks!"

D. T. ground the cigar into the ground.

"Say that again," he breathed.

"Say what again?" replied the fan angrily.

"Say 'it stinks' again."

"It stinks."

"No no. Like you said it before--that feeling--that elemental force."

The fan drew himself up again.

"IT STINKS."

D. T. looked at his two assistants.

"Get that--that--that eloquence--that utter brutality--the way he held his head."

The assistants looked at each other and gulped.

"As you say, D.T." they muttered in unison.

D. T. kicked his chair away.

"Action, action," he yelled. "Hey you, Franson, the coffee boy, don't go away...I want to try something--steam--steam--electricians--cameramen--ACTION."

The steam-man pulled a series of levers, and someone else switched on a record somewhere, and the small area of swamp took on a frightening reality. Dank clouds rolled in the artificial undergrowth and uncanny whistles and grunts came from it.

"Now then," yelled D. T. "Fifi, I want you to slink through the undergrowth towards Franson--that's your name isn't it? --aha--now Franson, when Fifi comes up to you and throws her arms about you and pants--'Food, food, I'd give anything for food--I'd forego my chastity for an Earth-type Jam Puff'--I want you to say 'It stinks', just exactly as you said it the first time."

The clapper-boy snapped his woodwork in front of the camera. The lights went out, except for an eerie blue glow over the swamp, and Franson gulped. Things were moving quickly, he thought, he hadn't bargained for this! He stood amongst the plastic fronds and looked towards a clump of tall blue grass. The blades of grass parted and Fifi La Journe slunk towards him, looking as though she'd just come from a successful Max Factor experiment.

Franson stuck his hands in his pockets and waited.

The actress came up to him, sank to the ground on one knee, and grabbed the front of his shirt.

"Food--food. I'd give anything for food--I'd forego my chastity for an Earth-type Jam Puff," she sobbed.

Franson pulled himself to his full height. He took his hands out of his pockets, and braced his legs apart. He had never felt so sure of anything in his life.

"IT STINKS," he yelled. Never had he been so emphatic; so concrete in his appraisal of anything.

D. T. stood up, transfixed, and his assistants repeated the move with alacrity.

"That poise," he breathed, "the simplicity of his style.. the magical effect of sincerity that seems to ooze from every pore."

He took off his horn-rimmed glasses and wiped them on the tail of his red shirt.

Mark Glansom strode forward, his manly chest thrust out with indignation.

"See here, D. T.," he growled, "my contract says--"

"To hell with your contract, Glansom," swore D. T. He put his arm around Franson's shoulder.

"Come up to my office, my boy," he said paternally, "we've some business to discuss."

The two assistants trailed behind like puppy dogs, muttering, just loud enough for D. T. to hear, phrases such as 'magnificent poise' and 'splendid diction.'

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The office was big. A large divan was in the far corner, adjacent to D. T.'s secretary's desk. The walls were covered with photographs of the stars whom D. T. had moulded.

"Miss Jenkinson," shouted D. T., and she picked up a notebook and pencil and swayed over to the group. She sat down with pencil poised.

"Now I'm going to make a proposition, Franson--or what's your Christian name, son?"

"Donald."

"Now listen, Donald. I'm not a man to beat around the bush. Money is no object to me. I'm telling you this frankly--I've never seen such natural talent as

was displayed by yourself on the set. I don't need to wait to see the rushes. The way you said 'it stinks' was like a rhapsody. I'm going to offer you a contract--a seven year one---three pictures a year at \$30,000 a picture. Yes?"

The fan sighed.

"No, Mr. Goldberg," he said slowly. "It's a tempting offer, but it would spoil my new career in fandom. I'm thinking of joining the OMPA, FAPA and SAPS organizations, and then there is my plan for a gonzine..."

D. T. snapped his fingers.

"Money is no object, boy," he shouted. "To hell with the organisations---I'll buy them out. Now will you sign?"

"You couldn't buy the apas out, Mr. Goldberg," the fan tried to explain. "It seems that the pleasure one gets from being in an apa far outweighs any mercenary consideration. If I had the money you offer, I could buy a printing press, but it would be the same as a battered duper. Er--you do have a publishing department, don't you?"

D. T. breathed smoke through his nostrils. His assistants cringed, and Miss Jenkinson looked apprehensively towards the divan.

"Yeah, we do have a small publishing department for blurbs and suchlike."

"Well, I'll tell you what, Mr. Goldberg. I'll act in this film for you, if you'll allow me to make some corrections to the plot. It won't cause many retakes. You see, Mr. Goldberg--er--D. T., you are turning out the same old tripe all the time. Oh, it's true enough. The ordinary easily satisfied moviegoer might be amenable to your crud, but to the thinker, to the moviegoer with a sense of proportion, you've brought science fiction down to the depths of slapstick. I mean, let's just consider the plot of "Batman of Venus." It opens where Fifi La Journe and Mark Glansom are smooching in the nose of a 3 stage rocket at Cape Canaveral---we are led to believe it's the only place they can find. The rocket gets fired, as part of an experimental ICBM series. Due to some inexplicable physical phenomena unknown to anyone but your idiotic script writers, the rocket gets caught in a thermal or something and finishes up on Venus--in a swamp. Mark, by some stroke of good fortune, has his positron pistol with him, and he leaves Fifi in the swamp, and hunts for the kwinghooli reptile for food. Batman, resembling footballers in full kit--with wings, capture Fifi, and she is rescued by Captain Forsythe, who, it transpires, was examining the nose cone of a Black Knight rocket at Woomera in Australia when it was accidentally fired. Mark is jealous of Captain Forsythe, and they hunt each other in the swamps, and then Fifi is seduced by-- hell, Mr. Goldberg, it's unadulterated crud, and it is because of this that we sf fans are recognised as being somewhat eccentric. We deplore the standard of the average sf film. Now let me make an offer to you. As I've already told you, I'll act and make such amendments as I deem necessary for a purely nominal fee, and free access to the stationary branch of your publishing dept."

D. T. sat silently glaring at the fan. His eyes were minute spots of concentration.

"My God, I'll do it," he breathed.

"Yes yes, a good idea D. T.," panted his yes-men.

Miss Jenkinson finished scribbling and looked at the fan with soft misty eyes.

"Fetch in the script-writers," ordered D. T.

"No no," interposed the fan. "Fire the script-writers---I'll supply my own."

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Franson rapped the end of his pencil on the table.

"I agree with everything Enoy has said," he announced. "The dialogue does need drastic revision. Take this gem for example. This is Mark talking to Fifi. He's up to his nether regions in swamp-water, carrying Fifi on his shoulders, and he's pointing to a fork in the tree. He says, 'Let's consummate our undying love, my darling, whilst we have the chance---there, on that leafy bower.' Hell, I ask you, what would any self-respecting fan do in the circumstances?"

"I can see your point," agreed Guy Terwilliger, "er---how's about this instead---

or---'Let's finish our one-shot, sister, whilst we're in the mood---there, over on that flot-bed.'"

"Capital, capital," observed Coulson shrewdly. "You've captured the spirit of the thing there, Guy."

"Oh, and we must do something about this," explained Franson. "Ghod, d'ya know that each of the bums we replaced got \$10,000 a year? This is Captain Forsythe (played, incidentally, by Cary Grant) talking to Fifi in a cavern. 'Oh dearest, how can we survive without food, water and the other necessities?' How's about that, Renfrew?"

Pomberton grinned.

"Um, here we are---'Hoy chick, how can we duplicate without ink, paper and the other requisites?"

"Good. And say boys," said Franson, "we must do something about these names. Fifi, in the film, is named Virginia. Don't you think we should change it to something fannish like Sylvia or Miriam or Juanita or Belle or even Gertie?"

"No no," spluttered Enoy. "Leave it like that. We can get the hero to say that they called her Virgin for short but not for long!"

The fans laughed.

"Captain Forsythe is crud," complained Pomberton. "He is handsome, dashing and gay ---or ---how about calling him Terry Carr?"

"Yeah," agreed Coulson, "and Mark Glansom's part---how about re-naming the character Harry Warner?"

"And now for Don Franson's part," said Enoy. "We've got to really make impact."

"Yeah, we'll think about it during lunch," said Pomberton. "Put Miss Jenkinson down, Guy, and let's eat over the problem."

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An extract from columns 3 and 4 of page 76 of the NEW YORK TIMES dated December 23, 1961, the film critic's reviews:

The World Premiere of Colossal Studio's production of "The BNF of Sexy-Venus" was held at the Broadway Capitol last night, before an enthusiastic audience. The stars were Cary Grant, Don Franson, Fifi La Journe and Mark Glansom. I must candidly confess here and now that although I've had almost 30 years experience as a film critic, I've had great difficulty in giving my considered opinion on this film's many merits. It is rumoured that D. T. Goldberg had script difficulties during the filming, and hired five new and unknown writers to give it more zip. 'Zip,' I think, is hardly the right word! The plot, briefly, concerns a bunch of 'neofen' on Venus, where they are holding a 'convention.' Presumably they had left the nearby colony to have seclusion for their fantastic rites---this isn't made too clear. Mark Glansom plays the part of a 'vile-pro and FAPAite' called Warner, who tries to take over the 'fan-group'. Terry Carr, played by Cary Grant, is a 'famed' of repute, and is recognised as being a 'BNF' by the rest of the group. Fifi La Journe, making a gallant come-back after her entry into a convent in 1927, provides the love interest as Virginia, an 'illoer' of note. I won't reveal too much of the climax of this film, which concerns the production of a 'one-shot' under the most trying conditions; suffice to say that Carr and Warner have a most exciting fight in the swamp, armed with 'zaps'.

To my mind, the high spot of this film is the scene where Virginia stumbles through the swamp and falls on her knees in front of a character named 'Bloch', played by the new sensation Don Franson. In this scene, Virginia, admirably played by Miss La Journe, cries out despairingly that she has lost her 'stylo', but has done her best with the point of a knitting needle on bark. Bloch looks at it, raises a fist, looks skywards and says but two words---'It stinks.' Franson's stature as an actor of considerable brilliance is demonstrated here for all to see. I would advise you all to watch carefully for it.

In conclusion, I would unhesitatingly recommend you all to see this film. You may feel that because of my examples of the phraseology quoted above, the film is difficult to follow, but this is far from the case.

It is rumoured that Goldberg and his new team have signed contracts to produce a sequel to this film, called "The Neo-Fan of Proxi Centaurus," starring Sir Laurence Olivier as Bob Lichtman and Little Richard as Carl Brandon.

I hope and pray that I shall have the privilege of attending its premiere.

THE END

John Berry

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STUFF THE CONTENTS PAGE DIDN'T TELL YOU ABOUT, DEPARTMENT:

#1. (from Donald Franson): There's a gummint report that you might be interested in, with a Congressional-Record format (6" by 9", 252 pages); looks like an Army manual, but with this sense-of wonder title: "Space Handbook: Astronautics and its Applications" - Staff Report of the Select Committee on Astronautics and Space Exploration. Prepared by Rand Corp. for the House Space Committee. Available from the Sup't of Documents, c/o Government Printing Office, Washington 25, D.C., for 60¢ postpaid. I received it in about ten days.

This is not a primer, but a solid (though not technical) up-to-date (dated 1959) survey of things every s-f reader should know. Honest, it's not dull. Written so even a congressman can understand it.

#2. Copies of "The Compleat Faan", an anthology of and by the CRY's new UK representative, John B*E*R*R*Y, will soon be available through the CRY. John has priced this faanish masterpiece at a mere 35¢. However, all proceeds from sales of "The Compleat Faan" are earmarked for the "Bring Berry to Detroit" Fund, so that if you don't just happen to have change handy, you should not let it slow you down, as paper money does not make such uncouth bulges in envelopes, anyway. Remember! The Berry Fund is the Fund that guarantees return of all contributions of \$2 or more, in case the objective cannot be achieved for any reason. "Make Berry Come Across!" And once again, remember! Fund Headquarters is now c/o Nick & Norcon Palasca, 5612 Warwick Drive, Parma 29, Ohio. (But for Pete's sake make out checks and money orders to one or the other-- you have no idea how inconvenient it is for two people to have to go to a bank to cash in a \$2 deal-- Elinor & I got this in SAPS, every once in a while.)

D E T E N T I O N F O R T H E G O O N !

#3. TOSKEY DID IT! It begins to look as if the WesterCon will be held at a really ideal hotel, after all. Burnett R Toskey, Ph.D.-incipient, and Wally W Weber, Bboy Genius, checked up (at the instigation of the former) on a few hotels overlooked by the Nameless Planning Committee. The MOORE HOTEL, at 2nd Avenue & Virginia St, has turned out to be the best yet-- better than we had expected for a possible Consite, in fact. Allow me to ramble on a bit about this sterling hostelry.

Firstly, the room rates are considerably lower than I would have believed to be possible in these parts-- a single room is ordinarily \$4.50 to \$5.50, with other arrangements in proportion (there are rooms that sleep six, for instance). However, once a certain number of reservations are in for the Con, \$1.50 comes off the top of all room-rates. The number is ridiculously small-- something like 15 or 20.

The coffee-shop currently seats 48 with no crowding; the bar is laid out in a pleasant modern style, is roomy, has no idiotic dress-strictures, and serves good drinks (Elinor & I had lunch at the Moore today). The dining-room seats 50 to 60. Food can be served in the bar, and drinks in the coffee-shop and dining-room. The entire hotel has been redecorated/remodeled recently (they're finishing up now).

Being out of stencil, I will give you more on this on the contents-page. Now, all that remains to be done is to sell the Nameless on this Good Deal, and Toskey says that the Nameless are in a reasonable mood, too. So come on up here, hoy?

A Report From Mundane

with comment by F M Busby

Every Saturday, the Telephony Publishing Corporation publishes a 64-page zine called "Telephony: the Journal of the Telephone Industry (since 1901)". Subscription rates are \$4.00 per year, and there are approximately 12,500 paid subscribers, out of a cover-announced "guaranteed circulation" of 13,025. The magazine carries ads, articles, fillers, etc, and has three regular columnists or specialty-editors. One of these is Ray Blain, Technical Editorial Director, who conducts a column known as "The Plant Man's Notebook", as well as a "Plant Man's Quiz".

"Telephony" carries no copyright notices, so I will assume that its publishers have no objection to my quoting the leadoff section of Ray Blain's "The Plant Man's Notebook" from the issue of Jan 3, 1959 (Vol. 156, No. 1), as follows:

"We have received a letter from Don Jenks, a communicator for the Navy in Washington, D.C., in which he inclosed a copy of an article that appeared recently in a magazine called ASTOUNDING SCIENCE FICTION. This article describes the use of two 22-inch rods bent L-shaped to provide a handle about 4 inches long on one end. These are held loosely in both hands pointing forward. When the user passes over a water pipe, buried cable, or conduit, the two rods swing out and come to rest parallel with the buried structure.

"This device was described in TELEPHONY some years ago and caused quite a flurry. We had numerous letters from people who had used it successfully and a few who branded us as a fake.

"This article states that these rods are standard equipment and are carried on all of the trucks of the water department of the city of Flint, Mich. They have found that these rods prove accurate for about eight out of 10 of their workmen. It is a singular fact that they will not operate for some people. The article further states that this method is also used successfully by the Consumers Power Co. of Michigan in the location of underground structures.

"If you would like to try this little stunt, it is only necessary to take two ordinary coat hangers, cut the hooks off and straighten. Cut to about 26 inch lengths and bend 4 inches at one end at right angles with the long section to form handles. Hold these loosely in both hands held together in front of you with the long section pointed forward. Walk over a known underground pipe and if this device will work for you the ends will swing to a position parallel with the pipe as you pass over it.

"It will operate equally well on pipe, cable, clay conduit or any underground structure. Don't ask us why or how this operates for we do not know nor can we find out. However, it does operate for the writer and does so accurately."

The foregoing is especially interesting to me because I have met Ray Blain and know who he is-- a top-flight engineer who occasionally drops out here with a couple of full-colonels from the office of the Chief Signal Officer of the U.S. Army, to help guide the planning of the Alaska Communication System on the big changes that come up every three or four years. His connection with "Telephony" magazine is the equivalent of mine with the CRY-- a hobby-type deal, though his probably pays cigar-money and is closely allied to his career-work: communications engineering.

So the above matter-of-fact discussion of Campbell's "psionic detectors" is more impressive to me than all the ASF editorials put together: Ray Blain has no axe to grind; he is not interested in creating a sensation and obviously doesn't expect to do so; he presents some interesting information to his readers, that his own reports of "some years ago" are now being confirmed "in a magazine called Astounding Science Fiction"; he has already had the scoffs and confirmations, and he doesn't mind stating that the gadget works for him. The rest of the column deals with coin-booth phone circuits of various types, advantages and disadvantages, in the same pleasant factual manner. Where's the spare coat-hangers, Elinor?? --FMB

BLASTING THE BOOKS

by ~~by/with~~ Leslie Gerber

STAR SCIENCE FICTION, no. 4, edited by Frederick Pohl; Ballantine #272k, 157pp., 35¢.

The STAR anthologies have been known for the general quality of the stories they presented. With the exception of a worthless dud by Miriam Allen de Ford (presented with the believable explanation that the author wrote it with one foot in a sling and one arm in a cast) I would say that all the stories contained in this anthology are at least average. Some of them are for re-reading and remembering.

The first two are memorable, a "last" story (the second I've seen so labeled) by the late Henry Kuttner and a short but beautifully done satire by the late C.M. Kornbluth. The Kuttner is fitting for a "last"; it is the majestic story of the immortal Messiah, savior of the world, who is over two thousand years old and is going mad. The Kornbluth story is a beautiful jab at the world of children's t.v and a certain producer of children's films who must feel now the way "Slickie Millane" felt three STAR volumes ago.

Even after two readings, I think I'm missing something in Fritz Leiber's "Space-Time for Springers". It seems like just a pleasant fantasy about a cat, but there must be something more to it than that.

Richard Wilson's "Man Working" makes me wonder what this world is coming to. There are two beautiful ideas in it -- a 500 story building which is inhabited only in its first fourteen floors, and the use of men starring as monsters in science-fiction movies made for distribution on other planets.

Lester del Rey's "Helping Hand" is a brilliant story of the tragic first contact between men and another intelligent race, with one of the finest endings in modern science-fiction. Another to be remembered, and certainly for someone's Best of the Year Collection.

Miriam Allen de Ford's "The Long Echo" is dull and based on a cheezy and unimportant gimmick.

Edmund Cooper's "Tomorrow's Gift" (for the first time this month) is an interesting story of a stagnated future society and one who challenged it; an old formula, but with a new twist, a fine "Lady and the Tiger" ending. Cooper is a new talent to watch -- but more of that later.

Demon Knight's "Idiot Stick" offers one solution to the problem of the superior aliens who mean to take us over. It's a good solution, and I admire knight's optimism because he makes it plausible.

Finally, James E. Gunn's "The Immortals" is, as Pohl states, "one of the finest short novels in recent science fiction." It's a strange, almost unbelievable story of the future, somewhat in the vein of "Brave New World", which you believe anyway because you have no choice, and the background is worthy of Heinlein or Tenn. It's a compelling, provocative piece of work.

All in all, this is one of the best 35¢ worth in quite a while, with at least four A+ stories and a large number of standouts.

TOMORROW'S GIFT, by Edmund Cooper,; Ballantine #279K, 164pp, 35¢.

As I said in the last review, Edmund Cooper is a fine new talent. His writing is some of the finest I've seen in the s-f field, and he handles standard themes with fresh and interesting approaches. What he needs now is some new ideas.

These ten stories are all fine reading, but they combine in the memory to leave a composite impression, and are hard to remember individually. The ones I remember best are a fantasy called "A Jar of Latakia" and a hilarious spoof called "The Brain Child", but the whole of the book is worth reading. I think that my trouble was having read the whole book at one sitting. When you read it, read the stories no more than two at a time. You'll get more out of it that way.

But do read it. Cooper will go places. He's good.

By the way, the front cover "Seven of them completely original -- first publication in this volume!" blurb, means: in this country.

THE WINDS OF TIME, by Chad Oliver; Pocket Books #1222, 153pp, 25¢.

I wish I could be Perceptive and Witty and say that this isn't even worth a quarter, but it isn't true. The book is worth 35¢. If I were you, I'd buy it just in the hope that we'll see more s-f for 25¢. If they can do it with mysteries, why not with s-f? (But Pocket Books won't be publishing any s-f until an August re-issue of "Sands of Mars".)

If this 25¢ s-f book attracts casual readers, it may help hold them. It is rather simply told, not full of scientific (or any other) gobbledegook, easily understood, and a darned good story. Only, I wonder why an anthropologist like Chad Oliver makes his aliens so human. This is a minor quibble; the story is gripping, and a pretty powerful argument for brotherhood. And it calls for a sequel which should be even better.

The buy of the month -- highly recommended.

FIRST ON THE MOON, by Jeff Sutton; Ace Books #D-327, 192pp., 35¢.

Many other types of books -- westerns, mysteries, etc. -- have been written as science-fiction. This one starts out as a suspense novel, and evolves into a war story. Not that it's bad reading, but it really isn't what I'd call s-f.

Jeff Sutton is a research engineer, and he makes the flight to the moon rather realistic, but...I got the impression (whether it's correct or not) that the crater which the space ship lands in is on the other side of the Moon, yet the ship is in constant communication with the earth. I found a bad flaw in the science somewhere in the middle of the book, but I can't find it now. And Wollheim tells me that I missed a serious flaw which runs through the whole book. I still don't know what it is, but he says it's there. Pretty bad for a research engineer.

And the characters are sometimes rather stupid. They need oxygen, but the oxygen cylinders from the Russian ship (we landed; they crashed) don't fit our apparatus. Nobody thinks of transferring the oxygen.

This isn't a bad book, especially if you prefer A*G*T*I*O*N. But it shows slovenliness which has been characteristic of Ace Books recently -- why bother to correct the book if it will sell anyway? If you prefer something with a bit more meaning, think twice.

THE MONSTER FROM EARTH'S END, by Murray Leinster; Gold Medal #S-832, 176pp., 35¢.

Good grief! I've seen books packaged inaccurately before, but this is one of the worst. There's a nude girl on the cover, and the title sounds like one of those "It Came From Out Of The Cesspool" stories. Gold Medal must pay pretty good royalties to be able to get away with this sort of treatment.

The book does sound like a science-fiction monster movie, but it would make a much better one than most of the crud which Hollywood shoves down the throats of movie-goers. In fact, it will be better as a movie than as a book. Still, I can't be too cruel to it, partly because I love Murray Leinster, and partly because I did enjoy reading it. At least the monster isn't the son of the ghost of a teen-age mummy. And I loved the scene where the top brass finds out that there really is a monster and the hero isn't crazy.

A pretty pleasant hour or two.

CAPSULE REVIEWS

James Blish's "The Triumph of Time" (Avon, #T-279, 158pp., 35¢), the coming of which I announced with such glee a few months ago, is a pretty bad excuse for s-f. It's a conglomeration of enough related words to charge 35¢ for, and has no relationship, except the use of the same characters, to "Earthman Come Home", to which it is supposed to be a sequel. It's a total waste of time -- Blish's and yours. Next month we'll have "The Seedling Stars" from Signet, which will be much better.

"You Shall Know Them", an excellent mainstream s-f novel by the French writer Vercors (Jean Bruller) has been re-issued by Pocket Books as, of all things, a mystery ("The Case of the Missing Link", 196pp, 25¢). Don't let the new title and the horrible cover scare you away from one of the finest mainstream s-f books since "Brave New World". Basically, it's the story of the discovery of a "missing link" race in Africa. A company decides to exploit their labor since they are not human and will not have to be paid any wages. A court battle ensues, and it all boils down to one question: What is a man? It's s-f only by a bit of stretching

((continued on page 25-- sorry, Les))

THE AUTHENTIC REPLICA

by Leslie Gerber

Every weekday morning, before I go to school, I eat at least one bowl of cereal. When I have time, I eat as many as four bowls. Although nobody else in the family eats cereal in the morning, I consume it at the rate of about a box and a half to two boxes a week. And I am rather fussy about my morning breakfast. There are a large number of cereals which I just won't eat. This makes shopping a bit of a problem for my mother. This explains why, when I mentioned that I could stand Cheerios, my mother went out and bought four large-size boxes.

Each box has the same offer for the kiddies on it. "FREE ON THIS PACKAGE -- U.S. ARMY JUPITER-C MISSILE AND LAUNCHER cut-outs -- ACTUALLY SHOOT!" Since I am a fan, what could be more natural than my attempting to put together one of the things? This is an absolutely authentic, un-exaggerated version of how I put it together, and what happened.

First, with an old, blunt-nosed kindergarten scissor, I cut out all seven pieces (launching tower, missile body, nose cone, and four tail fins.). Then I went about assembling them. First you have to more or less shape the pieces. The missile body and launching tower were first. They both had to be rolled into tubes. This wasn't hard, and the tabs fitted perfectly into the slots, although I did have a bit of trouble getting the slots open. I also had some trouble with the missile body because the four large slots for the tail fins almost tore apart and left the whole thing in two pieces; but I managed to finish it without having this happen. Slots J and K had to be pushed open to hold the tabs of the nose cone. Slot J folded over completely. The slots were shaped like tabs anyway.

Next came the nose cone. You have to roll this one around, stick Tab M into Slot M, and push out Tabs J and K to fit into the missile body. I rolled it around, and tried to stick Tab M into Slot M. It didn't fit. It was much too big. I finally trimmed it down with the old blunt-nosed scissors, and got it into Slot M, but it was a hard struggle to get it to stay there. Finally, with a little bit of luck, I jammed it just so, and it stayed. The tail fins just had to be folded over and trimmed a little. Eureka! Step One was finished.

Step Two consisted of putting the various parts of the missile together. First, I attempted to fit the nose cone on top of the body. It just would not fit. The nose cone was too damned small, and the tabs would not go far enough down to even come near the slots. I finally gave it up as a bad job and just jammed the nose cone on top of the body. It fell off. I threw it across the room in disgust, and it landed smack in the fishtank. So much for the nosecone.

The tail fins fitted in beautifully, but they went too far in and wouldn't come out no matter what I did. I finally gave up on that too. At least they stayed in and held the rocket up straight. Then I had to insert the rubber band into Slots D and E. But Slots D and E were just little holes punched near the top of the launching tower, and I couldn't fit the rubber band in unless I cut it. It took me a while to realize that you were supposed to cut down along the heavy black line from the top of the tower to the slots. After I made the cut, the rubber band went right in. Thus ended Step Two.

Step Three consisted of launching the missile. This is how it was supposed to work. The rubber band is fastened around the top of the launching tower, with a loop of it dangling down into the tower. There were holes punched in corresponding places in the sides of the missile body and the tower. The idea was to put the missile into the tower on top of the loop of the rubber band, stretch it down until the holes in the sides of the tower coincided with the holes in the sides of the missile, stick a toothpick through all four holes, and pull it out quickly. The rubber band would propel the missile out of the tower and into the air. And I was using a strong rubber band.

God only knows how, but I got the missile down into the tower and I got the toothpick through all four holes. This was made even harder than it sounds by the fact that the launching tower was quite flat on one side because of the tabs which held it rigid and didn't allow it to curve the way the rest of the tower curved. But, as I said, I got it down there and the toothpick through. I had retrieved and dried the nose cone, and I now jammed it down on top of the missile body in the belief that it would help streamline the missile and increase my chances for success. It stayed snugly on this time. Maybe it was a bit shrunken or expanded from the water.

The set-up was all ready. All I had to do was remove the toothpick. I placed the whole

apparatus on the floor to allow it as much height as possible, held the launching tower steady, and jerked the toothpick out of the side of the tower with a quick flip.

The rocket zipped out of the tower. As soon as the bottom of the rocket was above the top of the tower, it stopped going up and fell over. The missile, still in one piece with the nose cone still hanging on for dear life, landed smack on its side.

Now that's what I call an authentic replica.

---the end

BLASTING THE BOOKS --- concluded

of the definition, but definitely worth reading. (But, Pocket Books: what was wrong with the original cover -- the title and a short blurb flanked by the words "READ THIS" in inch-high type above and below?)

Max Ehrlich's "The Big Eye" (Bantam Books, 181pp., 35¢.) is another re-reprint -- Popular Library brought it out several years ago -- so check your collection to make sure that you don't have it already. If you don't, buy it for a picture of how the world acts when it learns that a renegade planet is going to crash into the Earth and destroy it in less than two years. Well done, optimistic, and convincing.

In case you've been sleeping for the past five years, go out and buy "The Demolished Man" by Alfred Bester (Signet #S1593, 175pp, 35¢). New fans and old fans who missed it must read this classic of science-fiction in order to know what they've missed. Buy it and be thankful for the opportunity.

"The Vanishing Vixen" by Roy B. Sparkia (Crest Book #268) has a picture of a sexy girl and a rocket ship. Not only is it mostly about the sexy girl, it isn't even good of its kind. Stay away.

And for those who read other than s-f and would like to find out what Rap's old Amazing hack William P. McGivern is doing, try his "Odds against Tomorrow" (Pocket Books, 212pp, 35¢). It's a story, somewhat similar to "The Defiant Ones" (but predating it) of two fleeing criminals, a Negro and a white, who are forced to stay together although they hate each other, and the conclusions to which they finally come. Written in the form of a thriller, it's really much more than that. Try it.

"Destination, Infinity" ("Fury") by Henry Kuttner (192pp, Avon T-275, 35¢). The late Mr. Kuttner could hardly have had a finer tribute than the reissuing of this fine novel. It shows his ability more clearly than anything anyone could say, and in addition provides us with the pleasure of reading a good book. For a good book it is, despite a slightly overworked moral which was far from overworked in 1947 when this was written. This is another story of immortals, but the immortals here are essential to the story. While this is weaker in science than "Methuselah's Children", it is much stronger on story and character. Sam Reed is a character to compare with Gully Foyle. This isn't the kind of book you can say much about, but it's a fine novel and highly recommended on its merits. And if that isn't enough, buy it because Kuttner won't be writing any more.

I sincerely regret that I couldn't find the time to re-read "A Mirror for Observers" by Edgar Pangborn (223pp, Dell, 35¢), for this International Fantasy Award winner is one of the finest works of literature which the science-fiction field has produced, and you're doing yourself a great disservice if you don't read it.

"Star Gate" by Andre Norton, (192pp, World Publishing Co., \$3.00), is an unashamed adventure story, and a pretty good one. Star Lords, medieval castles, parallel worlds, cruel dictatorships, and everything except a sexy heroine. After all, this is supposed to be written for teen-agers. Somehow I can't really comment on this. I enjoyed it well enough; I just can't seem to figure out why. Just call it the usual Norton job.

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M H I N U T E S

(In this department, the fabulous proceedings of the Nameless Ones meetings are distorted so accurately by the club's talented secretary that you readers will know as much about what actually went on at the meeting as if you had actually attended a meeting of the Seattle Science Fiction Club Incorporated instead. Although it is extremely expensive to do so, this clarifying introduction is being inserted to help orient new readers as well as to satisfy the curiosity of our faithful old readers who have long been wondering what this department is all about.)

by Wallace Wastebasket Weber

And now on with our description of the February 8, 1959 meeting of the Nameless Ones. Ordinarily mention would be made of the meeting number, but that involves looking up the number of the last meeting reported in the February CRY. Unfortunately my CRY subscription ran out with the January issue and I can't afford a new subscription because in my enthusiasm for seeing John Berry at Detroit this year I sent all of my spare money to the

JOHN BERRY FUND which is still \$250 short of the amount needed to

transport the fabulous Goon from Belfast to Detroit and if you

clods don't hurry up and send your donations to Nick and Noreen

Falasca at 5612 Warwick Drive, Parma 29, Ohio, they will have to

return all those donations of \$2 or over and call the whole thing

off which will be a terrible tragedy because I only donated \$1.99

so it is up to you readers to look up the last meeting number in your February CRY and go through the complicated mathematics of extrapolating the number for the February 8, 1959 meeting.

To begin with, Flora Jones was in such a condition that Wally Gonser had doubts that she could make it to the meeting room. He went out and carried her up the stairs. It was an enormous personal sacrifice on his part, for he collapsed to the floor as soon as the ordeal was over, and really wasn't good for much of anything except brewing the coffee afterwards. Even at that, the coffee was stronger than he was and had to do all the perking by itself.

Lee Noon began revealing a plot for a science fiction story he never intends to write. The details were not exactly worked out it seemed obvious that a hero and a scientist could be worked into the story, and if the story was to be illustrated on publication, a scientist's daughter could fit in without seriously damaging the story. All in all it seemed like a good idea. Of course, as has been mentioned, the details are a bit vague and will need some working out.

Jerzy Frahm arrived, a trifle behind schedule, bearing some mail for the Westercon. Uncomfortable questions were soon being directed toward the clever and talented president of the Nameless by members who wished to know what should be done about changing hotels for the Westercon and why wasn't it. The president made use of his cleverness and talents by avoiding the issue and opening the meeting instead. The meeting was opened officially at 8:30 pm. Seeing no need for a business meeting, the president closed the meeting at a little before 8:31 pm. Conversation centered on a newspaper article which claimed a science fiction book called, "Mars Mountain," by Eugene George, and published in 1934 by a character named Crawford (a little known fan), could be sold for \$200 to rich collectors. Everyone quickly gobbled their share of the refreshments and hurried home, probably to look for old copies of, "Mars Mountain."

The February 22, 1959 meeting was held, as usual, in the back attic of the Pilgrim Congregational Church. The Nameless always hold their February 22, 1959 meetings there. Jerry Frahm, who was one of the first to arrive, found a record player to play Gershwin records on, and later on he even found a Gershwin record to play on it. He also discovered a five-and-a-half-minute hour-glass (they are very rare) and a metronome that acted strangely like a Geiger counter.

Before he could find anything else, enough people had arrived to start a lively discussion concerning Boeing airplanes. The subject began to take a dangerous shift to Boeing employees (Graveyard Shift, if your secretary can believe his own notes), so the meeting was hastily opened for business at 8:40.

Flora Jones immediately wanted to know what the Nameless Ones expected to do about maintaining their meeting place. She reminded the members that a rather complex and little understood arrangement with a group known as THALIA was responsible for our present meeting location, and that another member of the Nameless was due to become a new member of THALIA if we wanted to keep our meetings off the streets. No objections could be found to maintaining our present meeting location, or to pay a membership to THALIA out of the club funds, or to accepting Flora's name to use on the membership application.

This was scarcely decided when Mikael Scheremetiew (oh, just call him, "Count Mike,"), the organizer of the whole THALIA outfit, appeared as if on cue. He was forced to introduce himself to the club because nobody else could pronounce his name. During his brief visit he acquired at least three recruits to the THALIA presentation of, "The Medium," taking place the following Friday.

The grisly subject of Westercon hotel sites came up and the president was unable to squelch them. He pointed out that the search thus far indicated that the Vance Hotel, despite several shortcomings, appeared to be the best choice thus far, but that the possibilities of finding a better spot were far from having been exhausted. The members pointed out that time was being exhausted as well as patience, and Flora Jones insisted that a decision be made at the March 8 meeting. The president insisted that the search would continue and the results would be reported at the next meeting, but that a hasty choice would be unwise considering the response to the club's original choice.

Several hotels were suggested, and several members either volunteered or were volunteered to investigate them. The subject of what to do about a banquet if one was to be held caused some discussion by those who thought the meeting was dragging on awfully long and cutting into refreshments time. Suggestions ranged from eating at the Wharf to having a salmon barbeque in a park, but the conversations and suggestions reached no definite conclusion other than that the meeting was dragging out awfully long and was cutting into refreshment time.

arose

The question of whether anything was known about the state of the incorporation papers for the Seattle Science Fiction Club and the answer was vaguely negative. Since the club was anxious to have their incorporation complete so that sufficient time would be available to arrange court battles as part of the Westercon entertainment, Jerry Frahm agreed to stop by the state capital on his next trip that way and question Jack Speer about the matter. Methods of attracting Mr. Speer's attention while the state legislature was in session were suggested, and any one of them would probably cause the state to be expelled from the Union. The Nameless Ones hurriedly adjourned the meeting at 9:35pm before it could be held responsible by flag manufacturers for keeping the nation's flag down to forty-eight stars.

The remainder of the evening was spent consuming the long-awaited refreshments and satisfying my curiosity as to what happened on the Steve Allen show that night.

UNBIASED FANZINE REVIEWS

WESTERCON REGRESSION REPORT #3, free upon request, put out by Blotto Otto Pfeifer and Wallace Wastebasket Weber (a wheel in fandom), at 4736 40th N.E., Seattle 5, Washington.

This elegant full-sheet production maintains the unequalled literary quality and artistic flavor set by issues number 1 and 2. The informative name of this fanzine is located perfectly at the top of the first page in careful elite letters printed in Kee Lox purple on Simpson white, telling you instantly that the editor's remarkable judgement in knowing exactly how to start out a publication with just the right choice of words is surpassed only by the publisher's amazing ability to reproduce those words with splendor and taste.

The editor's smooth flowing style leads directly from the title of the publication to a vivid description of its place in life, its lofty ideals and purpose, its hopes and aspirations, its very place of birth! And interwoven into this symphony of words there is a clever bit of information, explaining to those who do not receive the fanzine how they are able to obtain copies.

Although the sheer beauty of this would have exhausted the talents of most literary giants, Otto Pfeifer proves that it was but a simple exercise of his limitless abilities as he proceeds with an entire page of matchless prose. Precise information concerning the forthcoming Westercon is coupled with tantalizing tips for visitors to Seattle.

If this is not enough, advertising rates are quoted at prices far below those charged by inferior competing publications such as Life and the New York Times.

On the second page of this incredible publication is found the true worth of the fanzine however. At first glance you will think it to be an original painting by one of the Old Masters, but a closer inspection will make you realize that not even the old masters had been capable of creating such an exquisite picture. The sensitive lines carress the eye and leave the viewer dazzled by the combination of scope and concept presented in each small detail. A complete new vista of illustrative genius is revealed by every turn of line. Even the border itself holds one's attention and interest with its matchless display of form and draftsmanship. Above all this, the picture holds the admirer spellbound by its overall meaning.

Finally, much as a great musical work repeats its theme in the final movement, there is a restatement of the address, carefully formed and precisely positioned.

The whole fanzine is reproduced with such perfection that the words, "Printed Matter Only," had to be added to convince servants in the post office that the issues were not individually-drawn originals requiring first class postage. As an added attraction because these issues are so priceless, the name and address of each copy's owner is inscribed in faultless lettering at the bottom of the last page.

You can not exist in fandom without getting this publication. Send for it now.

CRY OF THE NAMELESS, February 1959, monthly, published someplace in Seattle for an outrageous price.

Except for a department called, "Mminutes," this barely legible rag is a drag. There will be an exceptionally good fanzine review department in the March issue, but I wouldn't waste any time or money on a fly-by-night zine like this.

Well, that should cover the important zines. There are quite a few more that have been coming in the mail box from time to time, but they aren't worth mentioning. Most of them are put out by neofen I never heard of or outfits that don't know much about fandom. Some club just started up in Los Angeles called LASFS or something like that, and they are trying to get a zine going, but it's all pretty laughable because I doubt if any of them knows what a fan is anyway.

unbiased reviewer

Wally Weber

PAVING THE ROAD TO HELL

BRUCE PELZ

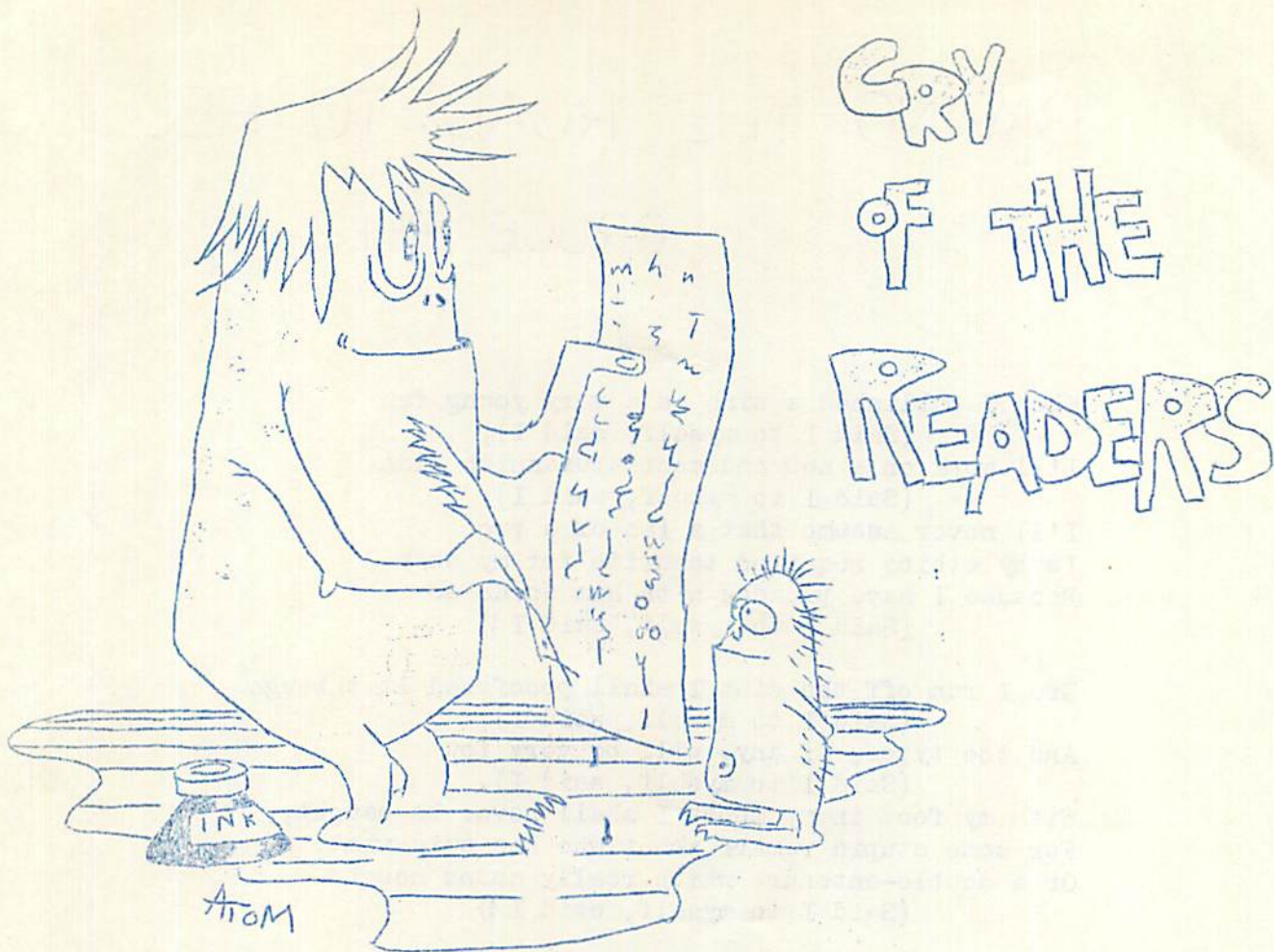
When I published a zine as a very young fan
 (Said I to myself, said I),
I'll work on a new and most trufannish plan
 (Said I to myself, said I):
I'll never assume that a fan or a pro
Is by ethics required to write for my show
Because I have pleaded with him to do so
 (Said I to myself, said I !)

Ere I run off the zine I shall proofread it through
 (Said I to myself, said I),
And the typos, if any, will be very few
 (Said I to myself, said I).
With my foot in my mouth I shall never be caught,
For some stupid remark about who has said what,
Or a double-entendre which really means nought
 (Said I to myself, said I !)

I'll never start feuds just to play up the zine
 (Said I to myself, said I),
Or sneak in an illo that's slightly obscene
 (Said I to myself, said I),
Or print sections of letters that tend to imply
That the writer's a fugghead who's living a lie,
When in context the letter spoke well for the guy
 (Said I to myself, said I !)

In this ghoddam hobby in which we engage
 (Said I to myself, said I),
We see all seven acts on the same little stage
 (Said I to myself, said I),
And trufannish liconse, if carried too far
Your BNF chances will certainly mar
Whether you are Les Gerber or Gertrude M. Carr
 (Said I to myself, said I !)

(parodied on "When I went to the Bar"
from IOLANTHE)



FRANSON EDITS THE NEW YORK HAROLD

Dear Displaced Insurgents,

You could call it CRY OF NINTH FANDOM, or CRY OF WHATEVER-FANDOM-THIS-IS.

Rich Brown's fanzine reviews are interesting, whether I have the zines or not, and I don't have most of them. Rich is getting even for the times he complained that he didn't have all the zines AP reviewed. I haven't had too much luck sending for reviewed fanzines -- the last issue is sold out and the next one won't be out till 1984. If anyone cares to send me their current fanzine, my credit is good for subs and comment (tho slow pay on comments sometimes.) I guarantee not to review them.

By means of a clever ruse, Bob Leman has foisted a science-fiction story on the CRY editors, who were led to believe it was faan-fiction, since it mentioned the name of Smith, a well-known fan.

All the comments on my psi article were reasonable and sensible. I should have expected this from CRY readers, than whom there are none more unfuggheaded. The only crank around is the one Toskey turns. By contrast, these calm, thoughtful opinions made my article sound like an outraged scream. Which, unfortunately, it was. I couldn't stand the one-sidedness of this particular editorial, and so screamed.

Jim Caughran brought up deja vu, which, I think, is caused by faulty conscious memory and perfect unconscious memory. You remember something, but don't remember the source of the memory. You know you've done it before but can't remember when-- but you sometimes can if you make a great effort. A different explanation is to assume some kind of bouncing or circulation of thoughts, so that while you seem to be repeating an old thought it was really only a thought of a fraction of a second ago. Is this clear? It isn't to me.

There's a lot to this mental stuff, and even Hubbard was partly right. (Why

do people go overboard?) I won't dwell on psi, though. I'd rather dwell on the moon.

I was disappointed that Walt Willis didn't comment. The fact that he was reading an earlier CRY is no excuse. He could have used precognition. ((Be patient.))

Harold "Gerber" Everyman: Elinor didn't do a proper job of gerberizing your letter in #124, and it's as long as Moffatt's and Brown's combined. So I experimented with cutting it myself, as follows:

Cutting Gerber's Letter, or, In and Out of Context with Scissors, Sword, and Scalpel. (/ indicates one or more words cut out.)

"I / saw / Leslie Gerber (I really am / Harold Everyman /), on a CRY cover. / Never mind / extra copies of that cover. /

"I / demand that you / cut out/reviews of books. / I / hate / this / column, / which I think is not / interesting. And Buz, / do not use / my material, / whenever possible / get / a / good / review / writer.

"I'm strongly / against / anything in / CRY / for this year's BoF. / I have long since given up reading / science-fiction. / Wally, / the Minutes / were all terrible this month. / I sent / fifty or so books / to / Boyd Raeburn. / Please send me your fanzine / Raeburn. /

"Rich Brown writes better letters than I do, / funnier / anyway. / Please / save me the trouble of writing / good letters / with a pair of shears /, it's all right with me, / enough said./"

* * *

Sometimes I feel that I'm writing too many letters and I ought to Leave the CRY, but I can't. Whenever I get the CRY, the "Encyclopedia of Universal Omniscience" must go by the board, and all else put aside (even other fanzines), while I see what the CRY letterhacks have to say. I read CRY like a prozine, lettercol first. Then I skip around. Then I sit down and read the rest of the magazine. I read everything, even Buz's explanations of the WSFS. I think he is one of the hidden directors.

All these confident, optimistic people sending subs? You won't get any subs this time, you didn't put the price on the contents page.

So Berry will get subs instead.

Yours,
Donald Franson
6543 Babcock Avenue
North Hollywood, Calif.

((Never leave CRY, Donald. We'd miss you too much.))

WILLIS COMMENTS ON 122 & 123

Dear Buz,

...Suppose there's not much point in writing about 122 now, but I may as well polish off the check marks in the margins. //I'm with you on open necks. I didn't wear a tie the whole time I was in the States, since I never do when I'm not at work, and it's taken me these 5½ years to awaken to the hideous realization that there actually are places in the States where stuffiness not only exists but requires you to experience it too. Why, I thought that was one of the most wonderful things about the country---that you could go where you liked, if you had the money. I think the Outrigger Room is UnAmerican. //A telling comment on Madle's column.// I couldn't get past the first couple of pages of that Anderson thing, the first time I've ever skipped an ASF serial except for one of Fyfe's. I just can't stand fake-Irish dialogue: in fact even the near-genuine Abbey theatre the-mist-that-does-be-on-the-bog-stuff gives me a pain. (I remember a wonderful burlesque of that by the Dublin comedian Jimmy O'Dea, about the Hoover salesman in the Connemara pub.) //Burbee was almost back to his legendary vein here.//Little Jophan was nice, especially about the past and toothbrush.

Obviously my pencil must have broken about there, so fervent was my admiration for that immortal phrase, cos there aren't any more checkmarks. However there's

still a whole mess of fanzine here, so let's press on to 123.

I don't seem to quite get the inwardness of Atom's cover, but it's funny all the same which is quite a tribute. //Reviews excellent as ever, perhaps even better. //John's article was a nice idea, but seemed to have unrealised potentialities.// Carr's review of 1958 was well done and thought-provoking. Yes, what a year.// I thought Franson's article was very fine and I only wish I'd had the energy to write something like it. One thing I'd like to have seen stressed more was the lack of real authority for Rhine's telepathy proofs, the tottering framework on which JWC has erected this ramshackle structure of his. Quite apart from the mathematical arguments against his assessment of his results, there is the character of Rhine himself. Scarfe in his autobiography says that Rhine investigated a so-called intelligent horse (it could read and answer questions) and was fooled by a most elementary piece of stage-magicianism.//Speer fascinating. // Wally wonderful.// Letter section the usual joy, especially Leman. ...

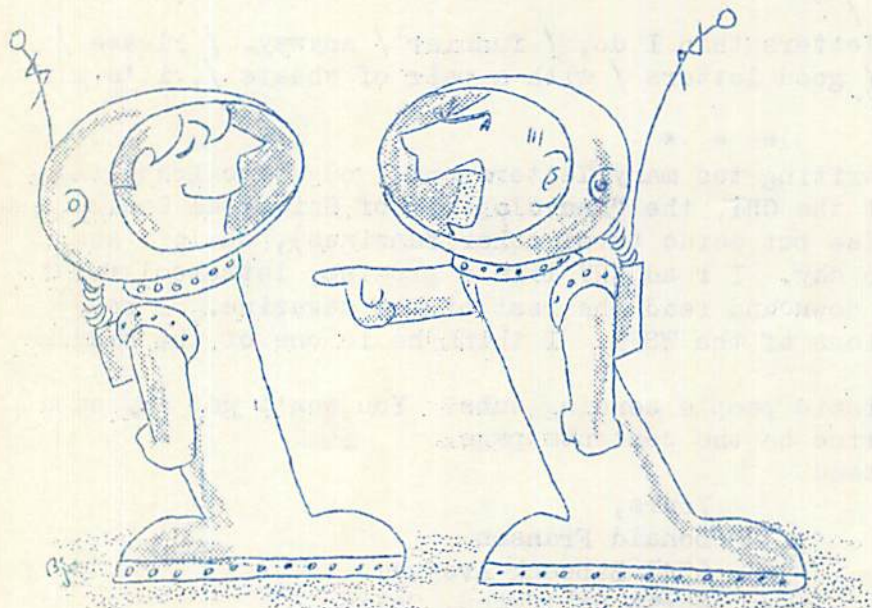
Walt Willis

170 Upper Newtownards Rd.

Belfast, N. Ireland

((I agree with you about Outrigger Room, Madle, and the Anderson serial. I too was

bugged by the fake-Irish dialogue which was unnecessary & which I cannot think that Poul himself believed in. Apart from that, tho, I didn't enjoy the story. I read it all the way thru, because Buz enjoyed it so much I kept thinking it'd surely improve, but it never did. The characters were cardboard of a rather poor quality; enjoyment of the story apparently depended upon the ability to visualize the action. I was never able to. Buz was. //I loooooooved that Berry story. My favorite of his to date.// My dear sir, are you implying that Bob Leman is a Distracted Mother? Oh! Say not so!))



"Damn it! Now turn off Capt. Midnight and get down to business!"

THE QUALITY OF MERCER

Dear Unidentified Objects (Fabulous Unidentified Objects that is of course).

CRY OF THE LACKING IN NOMENCLATURE 123 arrived the other day -- Friday I think-- and I perused it with interest, profit, and like that. But right now, I propose to make only one specific comment, and that concerning my own contribution thereto.

The fact of it is that, far from apologising "to Tom Lehrer but practically nobody else", I took great pains in the original to apologise profusely to anybody and everybody conceivably involved, in the preface. I didn't make any stipulations when I granted Walt reprint rights, so it's to a certain extent my fault -- but I would NOT have approved the wording of the preface as it stands. I was actually rather worried that 'The Thing itself should be thought to be in rather dubious taste --but I couldn't resist using it of course once it came to me.

As it happens, I'd already sent copies of the original to those parties implied as being identified therein, so the matter isn't of such earth-shaking proportions. But just for the record, as the saying says, I thought I'd better mention the matter. I'm glad it seems to be appreciated, anyway. The Thing, I mean.

Mercatorially,

Archie Mercer
434/4, Neward Road,
North Hyldham,
LINCOLN, Eng.

((I'm very sorry about the preface, Archie. We did appreciate your poem immensely, and so did the CRY letterhacks, as you'll have seen for yourself if Toskey remembered to send you a copy of 124. Did he?))

THAT OL' LEN

Dear Cryfolk,

So now it is the SSFC, Inc? I suppose it is pronounced Sisfic, ink. Reminds me somehow of the international fan organization we have been talking about here. Of course it is still in the Planning Stage and 'twill prob'ly be years before it Gets Off the Ground. We call it the Society of International Fantasy Fans--SIFF for short. Once it gets rolling, we expect it will spread throughout the fannish world, and infect fans everywhere with its high purpose. A really contagious organization.

Although I, as usual, enjoyed just about everything in the mag I'm not going to take up time and space telling you how much I liked this, that or the other thing. Save Elinor a lot of editing. I would like to comment on the following, however:

Berry's "Chain Reaction"--which will no doubt draw comments like "This story is a lot of bladder..." and "you wouldn't kidney, would you?" Readers who make such galling remarks should of course be stoned. Well, you read a story like this and find it very amusing, but you are not sure why it is so funny. After all, you know, such a condition as John describes can be most unpleasant. Nevertheless you must laugh. It defies your analysis.....

Crying Over Bent Staples IS a good title, and Rich doesn't do badly as a reviewer. Must advise him, tho, that it wasn't a dirty mimeo that produced the lousy repro in SF PARADE #8. It's the worn-out type face on this machine, especially the lower case o. It just doesn't cut a stencil like it used to. And it wasn't noticeable until I started running the copies off the mimeo. Consequently, I refuse to cut any more stencils on this typer until I can afford to get it overhauled. A number of things are wrong with it, so Foo knows how much it will cost.

The lettercol certainly presents a good representation of fans, old and new, and those in between. And Sneary twice! What more could you ask for?

And I trust you will be duly grateful ((we're not!)) for the brevity of this epistle: prob'ly the shortest CRYletter I've written to date. Be assured tho that altho the rest of this page is empty, my heart is still full of love for you all and your mag.

Keep reproducing,
Len Moffatt
10202 Belcher
Downey, California

((Buz says your Society has great possibilities, but will require much contact work. But don't forget how Lancy caught a bad case of fandom! //Sorry, Len, but we're in the habit of getting loooooong letters from you, and it's a habit we're not eager to kick.))

ART FOR ART'S SAKE

In issue #123 you used a drawing of mine next to a letter of Jim Caughran's. Yet, in the latest CRY, you slightly imply in reply to another letter by Jim Caughran that Adkins drew it. I draw a lot like Adkins but I didn't realize I was that bad. Running around with Danny must be the reason. I met him not too long ago in Ohio and he talked me into getting into fandom. Having never drawn any science fiction drawings before, I slightly took to following his lead. I'm seventeen and have no real style of my own yet but I'll see what I can do about it.

Art Lee

Apt. 4-G

345 West 23 St.

New York 11, N. Y.

((Art, I really am very, very sorry. Your style is very much like Adkins', but that certainly does not excuse my carelessness. I'll try and watch it henceforth. --Gee it's kind of embarrassing getting caught out twice in the same issue. Hope we won't prove to have goofed up any more of our contributors.))

RICHARD COEUR DE SCHULTZ

Schloss Gato,

Vas ist ober date? This lovely little rag of yours has some merits. Being a noofan, I find much a lot of jabberwock.

Nice pix, though.

Looking over numerous comments on the snafu of the WSFS, Inc., I am only glad I never got involved. I thought fandom was a more united group than that! We're supposed to, by dint of knowing S-F facts and themes, be able to judge and act better than we have. It stunk.

Speaking of S-F, I presume at least one of you cats out there intends to attend Detention. If you intend to do so, I feel tempted to warn you to bring your own food. Detroit, right now, is a living zombie. Nobody has a job, no factories working regular. Salesmen sit in the car lots and twiddle their thumbs. Tough out here.

Still--I can't deride the choice of sites, prices are starting to drop out here. Places are begging for business and would love to wait on you. Most Midwest fans can reach Detroit, no sweat. Just about everything hopping around Detroit hops around a 15-20 minute walking radius. The Pick, the Fort-Shelby Hotel is a nice hotel. A buddy once worked there, and he said that "Hoppin'" was good there. If you didn't work good, they put you on the low-tips night work. Very little "hard push". You know what I mean? ((No.)) Nice and friendly, yet clean. When they had that VFW convention there, I heard of the trouble caused. Yet they still want conventions.

I don't think I'll get a room down there. I won't need any sleep for at least 3 days. I'll just wander the halls all night, me and my 1600 ASA ROYAL X PAN loaded Rolleiflex. ((Detroit won't be the only zombie.))

Sure hope I'll have a job by then. This "Economic Readjustment" is killing me. Be seeing you cats,

Yours,

Richard Schultz

19159 Helen

Detroit 37, Mich.

((Richard also wants to swap 42-48 AS and FA for UNKNOWNs. Hah! //Wally Weber will undoubtedly attend the Detention. I think he's been to every worldcon since '54. Buz & I might make it--prob'ly will.))

PAPER MILLS

Dear CoSSFCIA,

It is indeed a shame that you ((you mean 'they')) did not incorporate as the Washington S F Society: we need so badly a WSFS Inc., Anonymous organisation. It would seem that that particular subject along with that of the qualifications of person or persons as TAFF representatives are finally being accorded their well-deserved resting places in the mausoleum of fannish history. It is pleasant to observe such constructive efforts as 'Detention for the Goon' and 'M. Dyches for TAFF' supplanting those fervently fought issues. ((You mean 'TCarr for TAFF' of course -- good!))

The lettercol brings up a subject upon which I wish to express my views as a fanzine editor. I have had my zine reviewed in your august columns and received therefrom one request for a copy of UR-4. This was duly sent and I was repaid for

my generosity to a fan of whom I had not previously heard by the extravagant offer of a decent letter of comment (he admitted the response he gave in the letter making the offer was far from adequate) or any sum of money (up to five cents) for future issues. Now it is entirely possible that he may have been carried away by a misguided sense of humour, but my delicate sensibilities have been offended and he is not likely to receive any subsequent issues unless he sends me $4\frac{1}{2}$ cents for postage on UR5 and a decent letter of comment upon UR4. In contrast, I responded to the appeal of one of your readers in CRY 121, the Down-Under Fan Bert Weaver by sending him a copy of UR 5 and received by return airletter a pleasing and thoughtful commentary on the zine. Weaver made no offensive offer of payment where none was asked, he most certainly did not send me a few dozen copies of Vargo Statten, he merely intelligently acted upon my suggestion on the cover, (price is no object, WRITE) and responded in a highly satisfactory manner.

As for Master Pauls' helpful selections of headings, how about: WEE PAULS FOR STATION IDENTIFICATION? ((Thank you.)) Speaking of stations, I have been frequenting the local studios of ~~Charnell~~ Charnell 11 on Saturday evenings, watching the pre-program planning for NIGHTMARE, drinking coffee with Gorgon during the show, getting underfoot in the control booth, and all like that. During the week Bill Camfield is a rather ordinary appearing 'sales-manager' for the station but comes Saturday evening and a strange and horrible change grips him and he becomes the modern incarnation of the dread Gorgon. Would you believe that the television camera men have to utilise mirrors to direct their cameras to avoid being transfixed by his glares? I thought not. I was pleasantly surprised this afternoon to hear the premiere performance in this area of a new record (released by Backbeat Records), "Mary Lou", the product of Bill Camfield (Gorgon) and Dave Naugle, one of the announcers on the radio station. I hope and am expecting it to catch on. The lyrics are a bit sardonic and the melody has an authentic folk background. It is the story of a simple farmer's son who has been willed a few valuables, a tractor and 400 acres of land. he sells the tractor and the valuables for money to take a train to the State Capitol where he gives the rest to a friend (of the money, I think). After he returns it develops that a superhighway is going right across his land. Workman digging find a number of worthless items before running onto oil and since he has kept the mineral rights he can offer to take Mary Lou to a quiet place he has bought, a few acres on Fifth Avenue. Try and get a listen to it, it's good.

from the unsURpressed Paper Mills,
Ellis Mills

(no address on letter)

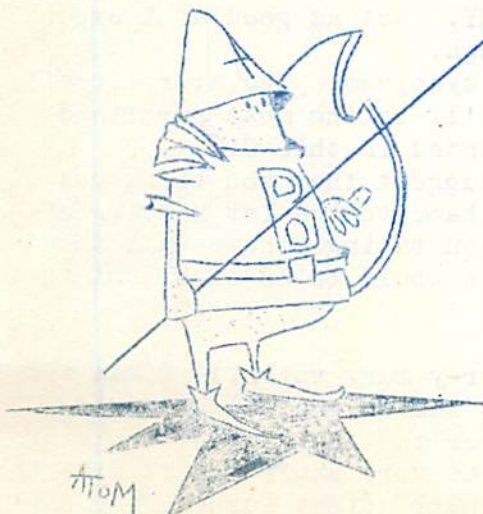
((Ellis, did you have your address on the envelope, or are you just Being Mysterious this month? --Fellas! All you fellas! Put your address on your letters-- we usually throw envelopes away.))

A FLORIDATED MISSIVE ((FEB))
Dear Admirable CRYtones:

((Buz says: Oh, Barrie me not))

I still prefer blue ink to the black, but wotthehell, CRY can't change that much by merely switching inks. I hope.

Glad to see Pemby reviewing the British zines. In this case, it's more to see what they're publishing than to see how the review agrees with my own opinion, since the Brizines aren't available in this bottleneck of the woods.



By the way, if this gets in soon enough, I recommend trying the latest issue of FANTASTIC, at least for the Garrett story. Best thing Z-D has had for years, as far as I can see. Of course, this from a violent Z-D hater may not say very much.

Bravo and congratulations for another Berry shaggy-fan story. It's been quite a while since "Foursome."

Rich is doing quite a decent job with the fanzine reviews, and if he wants to start taking over the CRY by taking over the fanzine review column first, it's perfectly okay with me.

Yeah, "All Nimsy were the Borogroves" -- and the Gnome's wrath out-gave! ((Good.))

After about a half-hour of searching, I finally found the context of the quote from GRUE 29 that Bob Lightman cited for his use of the word 'croggled'. (Page 44, para. 3). And I'm still not convinced that the word can be used to mean a pleasant reaction. I cite Boyd Raeburn's letter in CRY 119 (page 35), and the Toskey's reply to it. Anybody know the etymology of the word? Sneary? Moffatt? Carr? Burbee? ((Raeburn? Grennell?))

Keep up the good work on having ATOM covers --- highly enjoyable.

Erratically,

Bruce Pelz 4010 Leona St., Tampa 9, Fla.

$C_{23}H_{26}N_2O_4$

((Bruce, dear lad, aren't you getting awfully tired of having a chemical formula under your name? I'm getting tired of typing it. Tell you what, I'll give it up if you will. ##Hope a few knowledgeable fan-types write in and settle the Great Croggle Controversy.))

A CRAFTY CROFFER

Dear Incorporated Ones:- ((No no, Incorporated Ones Anonymous..))

Ah, a nice thick issue of the Neogan's Gazette; it more than makes up for the "aristocratic slimness" of the last issue. I don't like my CRYs to be aristocratically slim; I like 'um disgustingly fat. So keep cranking into the night, you of NA.

Agree with Buz on TCF. A great collection and, I note in it it says that it is the first of three to be eschewed ((look that word up, boy)) during 1959. Maybe John will put out one with the Sergeant's Saga complete in it. Yes, 35¢ is a ridiculous price, but maybe office supplies are cheaper in NI. They're no tuppence-thrippence around these parts.

Ghu, what a looong prozine review column this time, but I like it. I agree with PemBuz about the British pmz; on a whole they are very good. And if he raved about the ones he had on hand, wait till he gets a copy of NEBULA to review. In my opinion, it's the best Britizine of all. Especially the WAW reviews. ((Dang! NEBULA still hasn't showed in Seattle.))

Terry Carr's column is much more interesting this time. Maybe it's because he discusses a less depressing subject. And it's BJO FOR TAFF! ((Phoo.)) (If she wins she can go by Carr.) ((Ford, no doubt?))

Berry is back to his pre-AllTheWay stuff in the CRY. Not as good as I expect from John after those last two. Enjoyable enough, though.

"Six Against Eternity" is a good parody of serial synopses. The story itself isn't even bad, but if it continues into the next CRY I'll be the most surprised fan since Durward when he found that his letter was printed in this CRY.

Mminutes (err,...Sheconds) as good as always. I suggest that you bring out a volume with a compilation of all the Mminutes from way back to the 1st Meeting of TNO, whenever that was. Good idea?? ((Wally hasn't been taking minutes all those years. A compilation of the minutes that Wally has taken would be an excellent idea if someone else would do the stencilling.))

To the menagerie ... I mean CRY of the Readers.

Elinor: Nononono! It's Bjo For Taff (may she Carr-y many votes.) ((Can she af-Ford 'em? Bjo! No slam is intended---but I couldn't resist that.))

Burbee: The CRY comes out every month because Weber and the rest of the gang are money-oozing scoundrels, but why don't you write some more stuff for it like the one on Carr in #122??? A faanish piece on ragtime, mayhap? ((But Burbee, you don't

LIKE classical music!))

Jim Caughran: Ah, you have discovered my method of getting the CRY sent to you in the way you want. Last time I said fold it in two and they did; now you tell them to send it flat and they did.

I was surprised to see that Arv's letter didn't get more of a printing than it did. I read the whole thing before it went out and it was pretty good, especially the part where he told Rich Brown how to get drunk. Hoog! ((Hoog indeed.))

Best,
Bob Lichtman
6137 S. Croft Ave.
Los Angeles 56, Calif.

((TCarr for TAFF!))

YES, BUT NOT THE BAND LEADER

Hi,

...Buz, I coggle at your reading all these SF zines every month. I can't figure where you get the time to read all these zines--or don't you read anything else? ((Pembly is the fastest reader I know.)) Hmm, I guess having no TV helps though. If you're rating New Worlds with aSF, Galaxy, & F&SF it must have improved vastly fairly recently. Last time I saw a sample copy of this zine, about 6-9 months ago, the stories were very poor.

Terry Carr's item very fine. Hope you get more by Terry in future issues.

"Chain Reaction" was good Berry.

Rich Brown's fanzine reviews were more than adequate. He has not yet the dash and penetration of a top reviewer--that will probably come with time--but on the whole he shows that he has Sound Opinions. But I am a little surprised at the way Rich--and others--have jumped on Ted White. ((Rich could have taken his hobnail boots off first, but it was more dashing of him to leave them on.))

Bob Leman, of course, is excellent. I trust you are going to print the next installment.

I don't know whether Les Gerber intended his remark as a compliment, but I consider it very flattering to be called "the Oscar Levant of fandom." Now all that is left is for somebody to call me "the Alex King of fandom" and my joy will be complete. When I wrote that bit in quasi-quotes I was not referring to a specific letter, which was why it was in quasi-quotes. The "Vargo Statton" was just plucked out of the air, as an example of an English crud prozine, for I know that some English zines had been offered to me by an Australian fan in exchange for A BAS. On reading Gerber's challenge I dug back into my files and found a letter which contains the following: "Am wondering if you could send me a copy of the latest. Can trade you back issues of British prozines, New Worlds, Science Fantasy, Authentic, SF Adventures, & BRE Galaxy or Astounding." The writer--Bert Weaver. So, Little Les, Bert Weaver was definitely, not just possibly, one of the Australians as mentioned, and what on earth was offensive about that passage? I have no quarrel with Weaver--he's the one who came roaring out of nowhere with cries of indignation, and I was just trying to figure out the reason for this mysterious abuse.

Rich Brown's letters are becoming pretty good. I boggle a little though at his including Vorzimmer in "7th fandom" for Vorzy claimed that he and his buddies were the new 8th, and I'm sure Rich is joking by postulating that he, Moomaw, Fleischman, Meyers and others were the 8th. He does at least temper his claim with the observation that one can't determine an era when one is in the middle of it.

"All Nimsy Were The Borogoves" was a delightful heading for Raybin's letter. These occasional brilliant flashes go a little way towards justifying the whole general practice, which can be irritating when I have to search for the end of a letter to see who is writing it.

I read aloud from Polz' letter "I'm surprised that Tom Lehrer's songs haven't been parodied before this..." and Kidder's reaction was "What idiot magazine is this?" Steward was even more scathing. Oh, well, I guess I'd better not say any more, for I

have already said enough for Gerber and Brown to rush to their typewriters and pour out their indignation that I should have the gall to scorn a Cry Letterhack. ...

Boyd Raeburn
9 Glenvalley Dr.
Toronto 9, Ontario
Canada

((I have never seen a copy of VARGO STATTON, but from what I've heard of it, it is not to be equated with the issues I've soon of NEW WORLDS^{OR} SCIENCE FANTASY--not by a long shot. What was offensive about Bert Weaver's offer? It strikes me as quite reasonable--how was he to know you wouldn't want 'em? I think you should make him the amende honorable, like, and send him the forthcoming A BAS. 'Twould be The Thing To Do. #Letter headings are, ideally--though not always or even usually, a little game we play with ^{the} habitual and conscientious CRYreader. Ideally, the clue should be such that the reader can guess without having been explicitly told the identity of the letterhack. #Pooh, when you scorn Bruce Polz for never having read a Tom Lehrer parody before Archie Mercer's, you are also endangering your life and sanity by scorning me. And if Ron and Ger say I'm an idiot you'd better not tell me about it, because I'd just got mad at you. --But I can't be blamed (even if it were reasonable to blame a person for such a thing which it isn't) for not having read any Tom Lehrer parodies previous to Archie Mercer's, because it's an obvious fact that I spend all my spare time reading old fanzines sent by my dear friends in Toronto.))

ES, WE HAVE NO BANANAS
Ah, Joy Reigns Supreme,

((FMB))

For Es is back, and once more the Cry can go out to all, the Cry of the Nameless, a Wordless Shout that All Is Well, All Is Well, FANDOM WILL CARRY ON.

Don't sob to me of the long and dark nights thee and thine have longed for a message from Es, for I Am Sensitive, and fannish tears upset my Intestinal Flow. I know you have suffered, and it makes my tender insides shiver to think that I am,

perhaps, at fault here. Had it not been that I had put the world into the Adams habit with almost unceasing Words That Stir and Words That Amuse, such would not have been. But I was gone, and I have returned. Your letterhack was gone, and he has returned, if we may shift into third person for an added note of tragedy.

YES YES THERE'LL ALWAYS BE A FANDOM, FOR ONCE MORE I WRITE.

By gholly I been tellin' 'em they missin' a chance if they don't collect my writings mought quick and put them behind stiff covers and advertise them in FANAC. They missin' a good thing.

Three CRYs I haven't kommented on, I see. Let's go back,



back, to the time of the November issue. Time and space suddenly become one, and we are whisked along invisible cords back to the Old Days:

I liked the pictures on that old cover. But do I detect signs of Vile Brew at a O Horror I interject sf convention? Yes, I fear I do. Therefore I intend to be in Detroit next year. Maybe I won't, but I intend to.

Enjoyed Brandon's fanzine reviews. I think he's real. Like-- Yes, Es, there is a Carl Brandon...he is the spirit of All Things Fannish...if your friends don't realize there is Brandon, they are wrong. I think everybody else is the hoax. I betcha Brandon invented the idea of Publishing Giants. He probably even invented California.

Weber's South Gate Report was about the best I've read so far. It didn't quite come up to his Saga of the Loncon, however. But it still made me feel awfully bad about being something slightly less than a half-fan. I haven't been close to anything halfway resembling a convention. Sniffle. Pearson and Meyers and Pelz are the only fans I've met. It's sad.

"I Met a Witch" was fine. I refuse to laud it with just magnitude here, however, since Berry has several people's shares of egoboo coming him later in this letter.

I got a short horror story. You can print it in your "magazine" if you want to it goes like this

The last man on earth died.

Pretty good twist like the kinds your readers probably like huh? ((No.))

Damn. Maybe I better dig out another old CRY and try again. I don't think I'm well at all tonight.

The Burbee piece on Terry Carr was extremely fine. I sometimes get torn between whether I would rather Carr or Brandon be real. At the moment it's about even. Later I would rather it be Brandon.

"All the Way." This is where I need to splash into the pool of reserve egoboo. This is the pool we rarely need. Willis has been soaked in it a couple of times, what with the Harp and the Enchanted Duper and such, but you must realize that this isn't a common pool of common egoboo. This has been aged that extra month. (Extra three months, counting the two months late I've gotten in my cryfanac.) "All the Way" was, I'm almost sure, the best Berry I've read. (I'm kicking myself now for complimenting so highly a lot of good stuff he did that looked fine, though predictable, in the surroundings they were in...it detracts from what I can splash on this story.) Berry bwah, you all right.

"Age Shall Not Wither Them" is too stirring for faannish writings. It gets me all excited inside. Why O Why did the Complete Faan have to come out without this and "All the Way?" It seems a shame. Most revered Sir John, if you fall into a new rut, I hope it's one of wunderfool material like you're pouring into CRY these days. Even fall into it at the risk of making my CRY letters fuggheaded-looking things that do nothing but shout praise...I already feel like a traitor to my fan-nish ideals for so much lauding this time. It's merely that I'm impressed, gang.

Enjoyed the Franson rebuttal, though I still get a kick out of Campbell. Ol' John has too commanding a way with words to doubt.

I hope you full well realize that I don't appreciate the way you're handling me (as Gerber, of course) and my book reviews. Surely you folks realize that while I've been shouting in my Gerber letters, I have cleverly contained tongue in cheek, and have merely been writing parody of fuggheadedness. Y'all didn't really take it seriously, did ya, I mean, especially since I've told you already that I'm Leslie Gerber. Hope you take the letter I'm writing this month as Gerber in the right spirit. ((But you didn't! You goofed!))

And Elinor gal, if you don't watch it, I'll only write my/LG book reviews and my/Berry articles, and cut out my/Adams letters. I wield power in being a genius and having lotsa talent and names, I do.

Esmond Adams
433 Locust Avenue S.E.
Huntsville, Alabama

((Real glad to have you back, Es.))

OFF THE COB

Dear Busbies:

...Leman is not up to the usual standard, but is good nonetheless. Leman is a Good Man, as I have said before and will no doubt say again.

Gerber hadn't heard of Mercer except as British agent for FANAC? Good grief, what is young fandom coming to? Author of "The Search for Eney's Fault," another Ompa serial of book length, producer of an average of about 24 pages/mlg. for Ompa the last 19 mailings, official editor of Ompa while living in a caravan ((Jim means a trailer)) -- this and more, and Gerber has never heard of him. I'm disillusioned in my faith in the fame of the BNFs of fandom. Pfah.

Gerber's letter is sufficient rebuttal to himself -- less junk, say I.

Nonono, Rich Brown, you're being fuggheaded as hell. Fandoms are not groups of people, especially not groups of neofans. Nor was 7th fandom recognized as a fandom by any but the members of 7apa -- and not some of them. Speer defined a fandom in the Fancyclopedia, and before, in '38, gave a few predictions based on the idea of Fandoms. As I see it, his idea of a Fandom was a group of related things, a base or central premise, suchlike, around which revolved the people and their fanzines, etc. Speer carried this to third fandom, this being the time when the Fancyclopedia came out (note---have you heard anything about the 2nd edition?). ((Nope --- not since you were here.))

Silverberg carried this on in Quandry in '52, throo 6th fandom. Speer disagreed with him, saying it had not gone as far as Silverberg numbered, but did not get too specific, having been out of contact with fandom. Then, along came the seventh fandom crew, stating that since two of three top fanzines had folded and a few BNFs gafiated, the fandom was over and ***THEY*** were going to be the leaders of the next fandom and anyone who wanted to become a member of the fandom at hand should talk to ***THEM***, etc. You'll pardon any glaring errors; I'm skimming throo Lee Hoffman's Fanhistory #2, without doing too much actual reading.

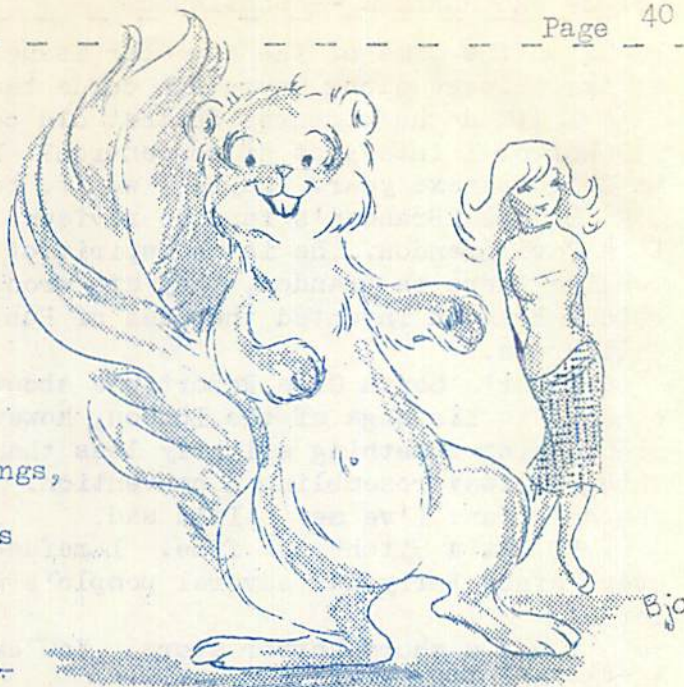
The thing to remember, as Agberg emphasized, talking about the phony seventh, is that fandom is a period, not a group of people.

After sixth, things got fouled up due to Ellison and his bunch, but after that came a sort of apafandom, as I see it, with people literally swarming to Fapa, and lesser swarms around the other apas.

The Present Fandom, of course, is Berkeley Fandom.

Jim Caughran
2315 Dwight Way
Berkeley 4, California

((I don't see why Gerber should ever have heard of Archie Mercer, when most of what you cite as evidence of his fannish greatness --- nay, all --- is limited to Ompa. Who has ever heard of anybody who limits himself to apafandom outside the apa? I've heard of Archie Mercer, because he doesn't (or hasn't in the past) limited himself to apafandom. But actually, I haven't heard much; and not being an Ompan, of course I haven't read any of the material you mention. Alas! #Thanks for info on Fandoms. Phony or not, the words "7th fandom" will always call to mind Ellison and co-horts. Did you know Dean Grennell was originally a member of 7th Fandom? Little discovery I made last week.))



"She followed me home, Terry --- can I keep her?"

NEITHER H. GEORGE NOR LONESOME, BUT REAL GEORGE ANYHOW ((← genuine clue-type heading))
Hi!

...Elinor, you did a really nice job with all those illos. I'll give you--for what it's worth--a little secret of copying someone else's work. It's much more important that a true, straight line be drawn, like the artist did, than to do a slightly shaky one right where he did it. If you follow me. Not even the artist is going to remember just exactly where he put all those lines, and so you can get away with a lot. And, surprisingly, it looks much more like the original work. In other words, if you have a clean, direct line from this point to there, draw a clean, direct line. If you follow the artist's exact line you'll tend to waver, and then it looks copied. The same thing goes with a sketchy line, tho they seem easier to copy. Does that make any sense at all? ((Yes, thanks. I'm sure this is good advice, and I shall try to follow it. But it's easier said than done!))

"Fandom Harvest" was excellent; but I almost need room for self-defense! Really, I'm just an even-tempered, unaggressive, fannish-type femme who wouldn't think of buying votes that way! Rick Sneary was no help, either! Tho, on second thot, I'm not sure what I could do to prove I'm "fannish" enuff for TAFF. I realize that lots of fans are going to be thinking only of the femme-side of me, and not even see the fan-side. Sigh! Well, I'll keep the TAFF race interesting, at any rate.

I mean, after all, I even drink Burboo's home brew. I like Burboo's brew! ((Me too.))

And I sorta publish a fanzine. When I've got any \$\$\$\$. Both meanings. See? I even pun like a fan.

So? ((Have pun. Will travel.))

CRYing Over Bent Staples is a wonderful title. And I'm not saying that just because you had a good review of Shaggy in it, either.

I can hardly wait to see what happens next in "Six Against Eternity," because I happen to just love dragons. Ron Ellik pointed this out to me just the other day, after I had gone into raptures over the magnificent dragon in "Sleeping Beauty" (which we saw twice). And then I drew a few dragons of my own, and then talked about a wonderful children's book called "Faint George", all about a knight and a dragon. Several dragons, as a matter of fact. So Ron noticed that maybe I was slightly "gone" on dragons, which he thinks is rather strange, and I think is at least no worse than putting ships in bottles, or collecting relatives for group photos, or other odd customs of our society!

Sorry, got carried away there.

Do love dragons, tho.

And a Hyperspace Dragon! WOW!

And you have a lettercol that is rather, to say the most! ((Rather what?)) Surely all those people don't really write such clever letters. Except Rick, who says nice things about me, even if they won't help my TAFF campaign. Or will they? I know Rick really wrote his letters, because no one else could misspell so consistently and so well. But I suspect you have a feverish, wild-eyed little fan hidden behind the case of home brew, who writes all those wonderful letters. But I'll keep your secret.

We haven't gotten a few issues of CRY here lately, and would like to do something about that. Don't you people realize that all we have to read is FANAC if you don't send CRY? ((Try Shaggy--that's a pretty good zine. Or even--brace yourself--science fiction!))

Bjo Wells

2548 W. 12th St.

Los Angeles 6, California

((We're very pleased to have the cartoons, Bjo, and thanks again for stencilling 'em. #Ever read "The Book of the Three Dragons"? A fine juvenile--romantic fantasy--definitely recommended to a Tolkien fan --- distributed thru Junior Literary Guild many years ago. Don't remember author's name. #I agree that Rick Sneary has a real talent for spelling interestingly. Only a Philistine would "correct" his spellings.))

STAN FROM NEFFER-NEFFERLAN'

Dear Elinor (Or are the miles far enough to get away with.)

Dear Cry Bako ((No.))

Weak puns are one of my weaknesses, as are letter columns. However, one of my theories about fanzines says that most columns and articles might be classified as letters with little stretch of a fan's imagination, and I'm able to (mentally, if you'll excuse the term) so classify Terry Carr's column (enjoyed) and even Wally Weber's "Minutes". I like your columns, one and all.

Both review columns appreciated. One local dealer has SATELLITES at bottom of pile of smaller zines, thus making it harder to find. He wants to keep the sf together and there's no special place for a large-size one. I wonder what a poll of actual newsstand conditions would indicate about larger size zines for more display potential?

Fandom Harvest says quite a few things I agree with.

About the future of fandom, it seems apparent that the "centers" of fan activities, be they a fanzine, a club or a conference or convention, is made up of individual fans who may express whatever their "cause" is in many different ways. As a result a fan or a few of them can change just about any area of fandom at any time---and they usually act to do just that. A one-purpose fan organization may seem to be fairly steady---such as an amateur press association---but in those there are always changes in memberships, new policies of oldtimers, and of course new ideas by the newer members.

However in amateur journalism groups (such as FAPA) Charles Burbee and others represent stabilizing influences. Burb's able to express his views graphically and bitingly on a minute's notice, it seems. However, there seems to be much more than that to his influence. Naturally others visit him, and for a long time he had a ready typer, stencil and mimeo (kept in front room) and at any time a one-shot session could be called. Among his friends he had a chance to talk over ideas and develop article material---and from many things published by Terry Carr in "The Incomplete Burbee" there were examples of how this worked. Francis T. Laney worked with Burb, and a phrase or idea could be worked over until ready for the typer in "bull sessions". Latter-day examples of this with Burb would be Elmer Perdue, perhaps.

Among his influences we might mention Bill Rotsler, Ron Ellick and Terry Carr. Terry, of course, was naturally susceptible to the style of Burb after typing most of the things Burb wrote in fanzines for "Incomplete Burbee".

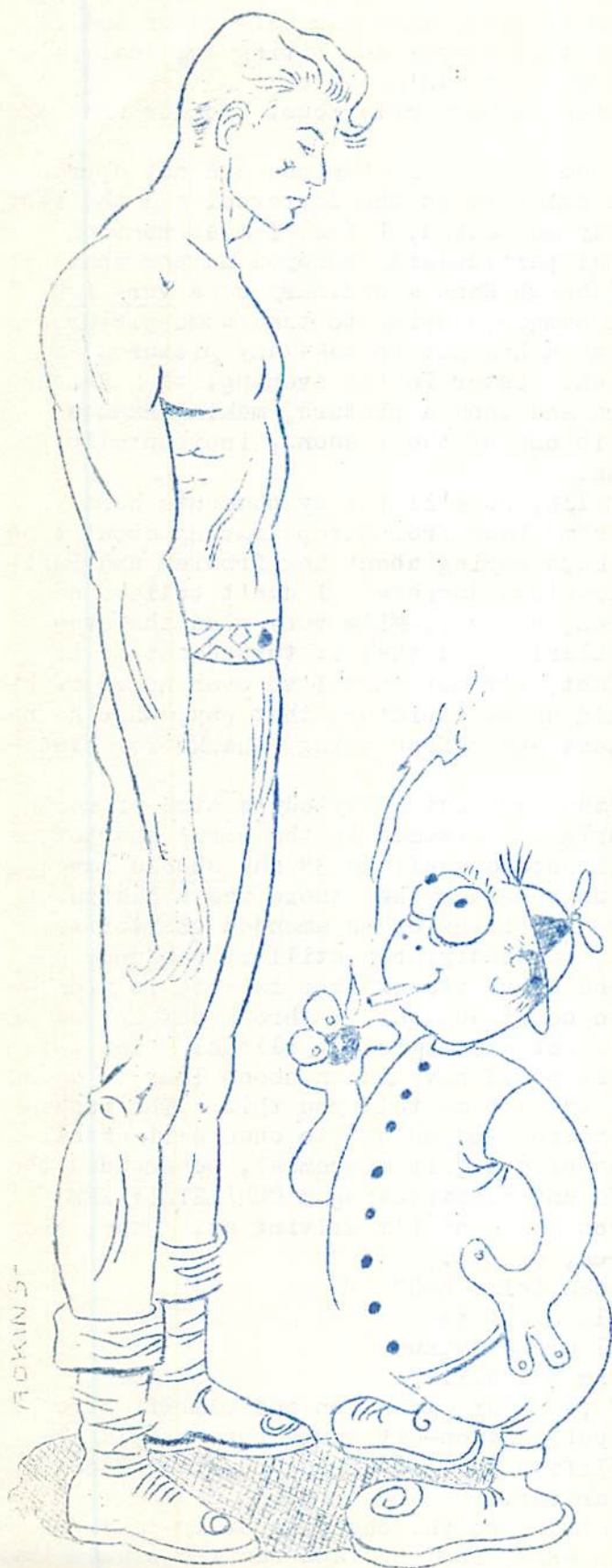
Rich Brown mentioned the Neffan News Service. I'd like to arouse more fannish competition. Of course FANAC has a large and well-deserved following, and many good reporters. But no one source can get all the news first.

I think I've enjoyed Loman more than any other "new" fan writer in the past year. Wit and variety in subject matter makes a good combination of characteristics for a writer to launch for.

Rick mentions that fanzine readers pick their type of zine and so the editor doesn't need to cater to them. True. Same goes for N3F, incidentally. Members like it. And, as Terry Carr says, fandom changes. So do all the areas of fandom. N3F has changed many times in last few years, too.

Stanley Woolston
12832 Westlake St.
Garden Grove, Calif.

((I chopped you off a bit abruptly, Stan. Column's getting out of hand. #Phoo to weak puns, say I. I prefer 'em sturdy & robust. #Bob Loman is my favorite new fan, too. I didn't vote for him in the FANAC poll, tho, because I couldn't decide whether he was the best new fan of 1958 (when he burst into full flower) or of 1957, when he actually entered fandom, and by no means ineffectually. Unable to decide, Buz & I never voted at all.))



"No, son, they might stunt your growth."

DING DONG BELLE! PUSSY'S IN THE --- WELL?
Dear Cryfen:

I loved the cover on CRY 124. Every-
one likes ATOM's artwork; but I am a fan of
humor.

I see that you have allotted 7 whole pages to Pemby's previews! Ahhh! Okay. Now I'll subscribe. Gelt enclosed. By the way, as a point of information to Len Moffatt, I don't know whether anyone else in New York shows any prozine editors CRY's reviews of them but I am a friend of Hans Stefan Santesson, FANTASTIC UNIVERSE's editor and I make sure that he sees them. Hans is one of the few prozine editors who thinks fans are nice people. He's a member of The Lunarians, secretary of the Hydra Club and you can get him to come down and speak at local conferences, etc. I think FU is getting better all the time (plug) and Hans will gladly print fancon news in his "Universe in Books" column. To my mind, he's a Ghood Mhan. ((We agree.))

I really enjoyed Terry Carr's "Fandom Harvest" and I herewith extend my heartiest congrats on his acquiring Miriam (or Miriam's acquiring him?); oh, heck, on his getting MARRIED. That's what I like to see -- fans marrying other fans. I don't dig his comment re Don Ford though. Don is a member of OMPA; I don't get the biz about his not knowing a fanzine from a noofan. ((Read the column again--Don voted for Terry and Ron as best new fans of 1958. Terry has been actively fanning for nine years. Ron has been in fandom for a long time too -- was, in fact, FAPA's OE several years ago.))

Ah, Berry, you subtle so-and-so. I almost wet my, ahem, laughing at you with a case of galloping runs. What a mental picture! What you should install, man, in your bedroom is a bidette (or as the Germans call them, a zitz-bath). When we were traveling through Europe after the Loncon, we didn't know what they were for and used them for commodes. They came in handy; being mostly installed in the hotel bedroom rather than down the drafty hall in the bathroom. (For the uninitiated-- they're little washbasins, toilet seat-high, and -shaped, complete with hot and cold water taps. At first we thought they were for washing feet or bathing suits; then decided they were for liquid calls-of-nature.

the fanzine. I enjoy his style and think he does an excellent job of reviewing.

I can only say about Loman's "serial installment" that the editors of the sf prozines who run such tripe certainly deserve this clever and biting critical parody. Along with Gerber, I'm a Loman fan anyhow---love that man's style.

As usual, Wally's minutes (pardon, shoconds) were hilarious. Wonder what the club's minute book looks like.

I would have preferred not to give the name of the noofan who did not appreciate my hospitality. However, in view of the comments in the lettercol and the fact that Pete Graham and others have been unjustly suspected, I feel I must mention that it was Bob Christenberry. The thing that particularly annoyed me was that we arranged to take him to visit Hannes Bok (although Hannes ordinary sees very few people). Christenberry took along his flash camera, hoping to take some pictures of Hannes. Upon seeing the camera, Hannes asked him not to take any pictures as he dislikes intensely having his picture taken. Later in the evening, when Hannes was unaware, Christenberry grabbed his camera and took a picture, making Hannes plenty mad and us plenty embarrassed. This is one of the reasons, incidentally, that Hannes is so reluctant to entertain fans.

((Buz will comment on your next paragraph, Belle, so I'll put my comments here. A friend of ours (a sometime Nameless One) came back from Europe raving about those bidettes. He really dug them the most, and kept saying about how Prudish and Puritanical America would never go for these marvelous devices. I don't believe he thought of them in connection with elimination, however. #I'm very glad that you revealed Christenberry's name; and am particularly glad that it turned out to be no one whom I have any fondness for. --In fact, I'm not sure I've ever heard of him. He sounds a most utter clod. Anyone who would sneak a picture that way, when he had been specifically asked not to, would do almost any oafish thing. Thanks for elucidating.))

Now to answer your questions, Buz, on "that subject everybody's sick of seeing in fanzines" (warning to the unwary). The original mistake in the WSFS' charter was a typing error; it read "The number of directors shall be 3" and should have been "no less than 3 nor more than 6". Let us consider that there was a hiatus of 1 year until the mistake was rectified; with the filing of an amended charter this was corrected and the 6 directors were legal, belatedly, but still it was done. Whoever says that a corporation's act over and above its charter is void is wrong---it's voidable which means you must take it to court and get it thrown out unless the membership chooses to amend its by-laws; it's not automatically illegal. Last, to clear up some unintelligent comments about "it would have taken soooo long to amend the WSFS' by-laws so that fans would like them", let me tell you this. The Lunarians recently incorporated. We had a constitution and needed to change it drastically for the now incorporated club. Instead of doing it piecemeal, we amended the old constitution by deleting THE ENTIRE THING and substituting a COMPLETELY NEW SET OF BY-LAWS. Simple, isn't it? I hope you get what I'm driving at. Okay, end of discussion of "that subject everyone's sick, of etc., etc."

Also end of letter. Like, wow---I sure can talk, huh?

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

((Buz here, now: Belle included a couple of pages of expansion and clarification of her WSFS-paragraph, above, marked "Not for publication---it would bore people already tired of the subject." First part amplifies the 3-6 directors deal; I certainly wish this had been spelled out much earlier.

I have comments. First, on the above letter, re the changing of by-laws: the thing that discouraged everyone from amending WSFS, Inc. by-laws was the clause that required changes to be approved by two consecutive Cons. I don't think any two Cons would ever approve the same set of changes; the time-lag alone, with new events going on, and all: see my point? The situation struck me as impossible, last summer, and that's why I went all-out anti-WSFS, Inc: it was all too iron-clad to be coped with.

By itself, the 3/6-director deal probably would have smoothed out OK.

((And a couple of interesting points from the "Don't-Pub" letter: that maybe "fans didn't like it" (WSFS, Inc) "because they felt New York fan had too much control." Well, yes, there is a feeling, in Mundane, that New York tends to wag the dog, and this carries over into Fandom to some extent-- but more to the point is the New York Feud Tradition and the way it spread into the legal arena, last year: first, the action against Kyle and then Kyle's retaliatory suit. These were the things that made New York control undesirable to fandom-at-large. But that brings us to the next point.

"...with a little less screaming and secret meetings and factions dividing us into two camps, and a little more cooperation, all this need not have happened, and the WSFS..... need not have been so unnecessarily maligned and discredited." Very true: if the NYFeud aspect could have been kept strictly local and separate from the major purposes of the WSFS, Inc, fandom-at-large would doubtless have been content to leave well enough alone. But once MacDonald had made like Paul Revere coast-to-coast in Metrofan, it was too late to put everything back in the box-- after two or three issues of Metro, hasslezines appeared from all sides. And undoubtedly, things were blown up out of all proportion, financial and otherwise.

Belle also lists some desirable amendments that George Raybin had submitted for consideration at the SolaCon, summarizes advantages of having a permanently-incorporated sponsoring body for Cons, and clarifies a number of other points.

For which, thanks. Looks as if this discussion has about run its course in the CRY. I think it's been worthwhile, correcting some misapprehensions and (I hope) clarifying and improving faanish attitudes a bit. Like, I'm more moderate lately.))

((Elinor again: As CRYletters come in, I put 'em in three stacks -- "Yes" "No" and "Maybe". It's 2:17 pm Cryday (term courtesy Otto Pfeifer) and all the "Maybe"s have suddenly become "No"s. Which brings us to--))

AND WE ALSO HEARD FROM:

VIC RYAN, who writes a pretty nice letter, and particularly enjoyed the ATom cover, Pomby (tho he doesn't agree with him), Terry Carr's column, Rich Brown's, Loman's faanfiction, & minutes. & he advises everyone to get Berry's "The Complete Faan". Right! TED PAULS sent us an unabridged novel (wonder why I put that in the "Maybe" stack? Must have been tired.) He wants the original for the last cover. Okay. Tells Leslie Gerber: "My letters weren't too itty bitty when they left Baltimore." Right! DON DURWARD liked Terry Carr's column, liked Rich Brown's fanzine reviews as well as he's liked anybody else's, thought Berry's story inferior to his preceding two, and was quite enthusiastic about Bob Loman. JEFF WANSHEL, commenting on 123, liked the cover, thought Mercer crazy and COOL!, thought Franson and minutes both interesting but who gives a damn?, is fascinated by Rich Brown's writing style, and is indignant about Mrs. Wellborn Calph. He says CRY is not lousy; it's a good, wholesome, swingin' faanish faanzine... And he also likes Ted Pauls, and says Ted is destined to become one of CRY's greatest letterhacks. It's quite possible. ROBERT N. LAMBECK liked all of 124 except the prozine reviews which he didn't read. Says my statement "If we were ready for psi we'd have it" is meaningless. Perhaps he's right. I didn't mean to mean much. MIKE DECKINGER writes a good letter. Liked Carr's and Brown's columns, but tells Rich that "Affair Wrist Stow Ray" by Marvin Rivers did not appear in SHANGRI L'AFFAIRS, and that as Rivers is not an actifan he could hardly have plagiarized. Also wants to know how much CRY costs. Oh, Buz, you goofed! STEVE STILES sends some illoes of suitable size, one of which will be used one of these days. Yes, Steve, 120, 121, 122 & 123 are indeed available--check with Tosk. DJINN FAINE wishes she'd read John Berry's article before the Solacon (she's the gal who drank 23 cups to win, you'll remember), but hastens to assure us she's not similarly troubled. P. F. SKEBERDIS says "C*R*Y is rapidly doggrading into the worst of the crud-zines" (huh?); his board turned out a complete failure and he's thinking of becoming a bootlogger in South America somewhere. DAINIS BISENIEKS says he isn't moving after all! He doesn't like the Lowndeszines, wants to know when the TAFF ballots will be printed up, and he hasn't decided for

whom to vote. (Free tip, Dainis: TCARR FOR TAFF!). Dainis is in favor of the Berry Fund, bless his little heart.

Well, that's all the letters, fellas. And I have only one more thing to say: would some of you letterhacks be interested in contesting for originals of CRY illoos? We have a big stack of originals, many of which are extremely attractive. If we get any interest from the letterhacks and don't get any complaints from the artists we'll be glad to award illoos for Best Letters. CRY staff will judge, and will consider only letters whose writers indicate interest in so contesting, and give two choices for desired illoos. And so good-bye until next month. Elinor

DC in '60!

BRING BERRY TO DETROIT

Terry Carr FOR TAFF

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Len Moffatt
10202 Belcher
Downey,
California