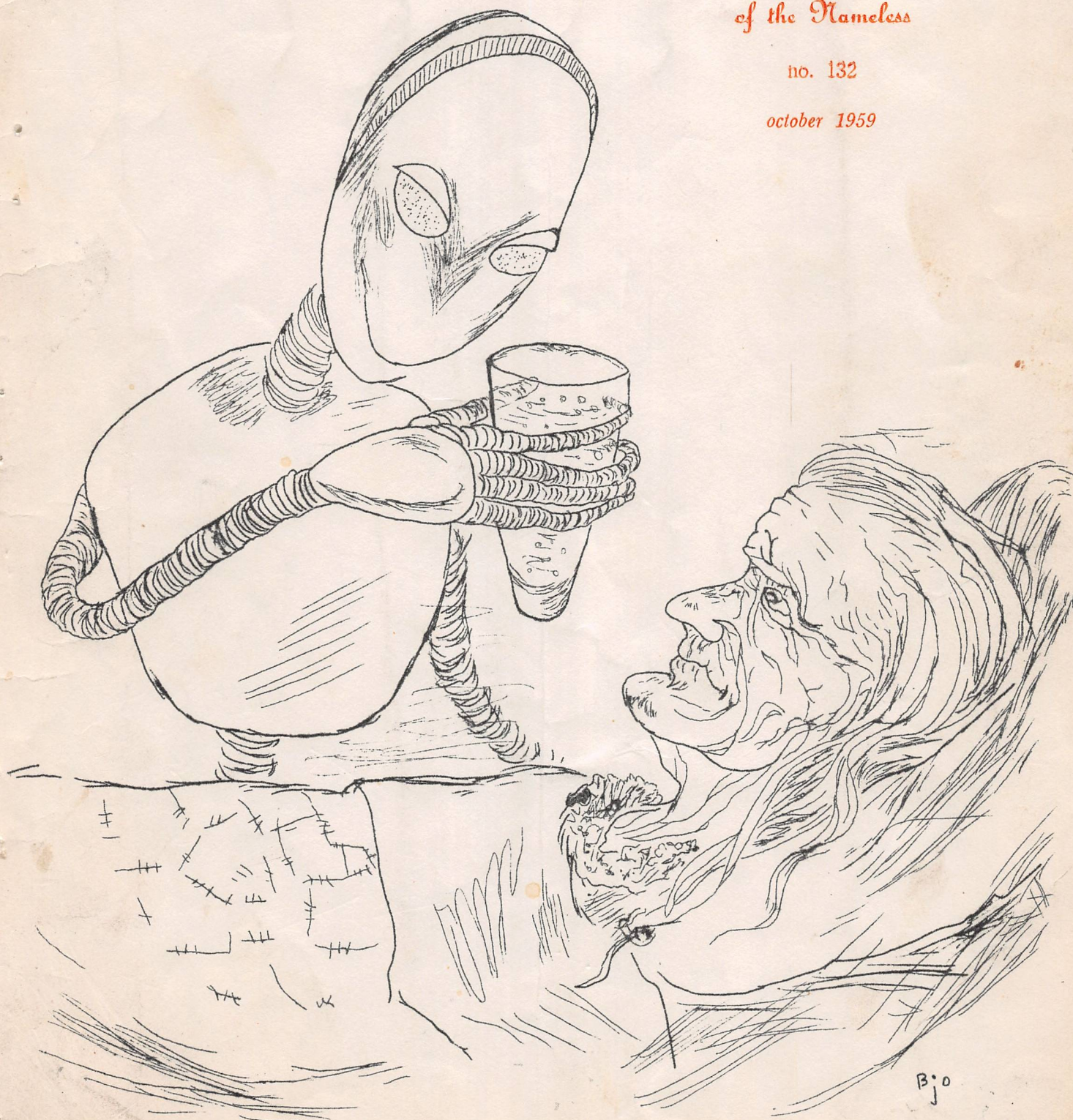


# CRY

*of the Nameless*

no. 132

october 1959



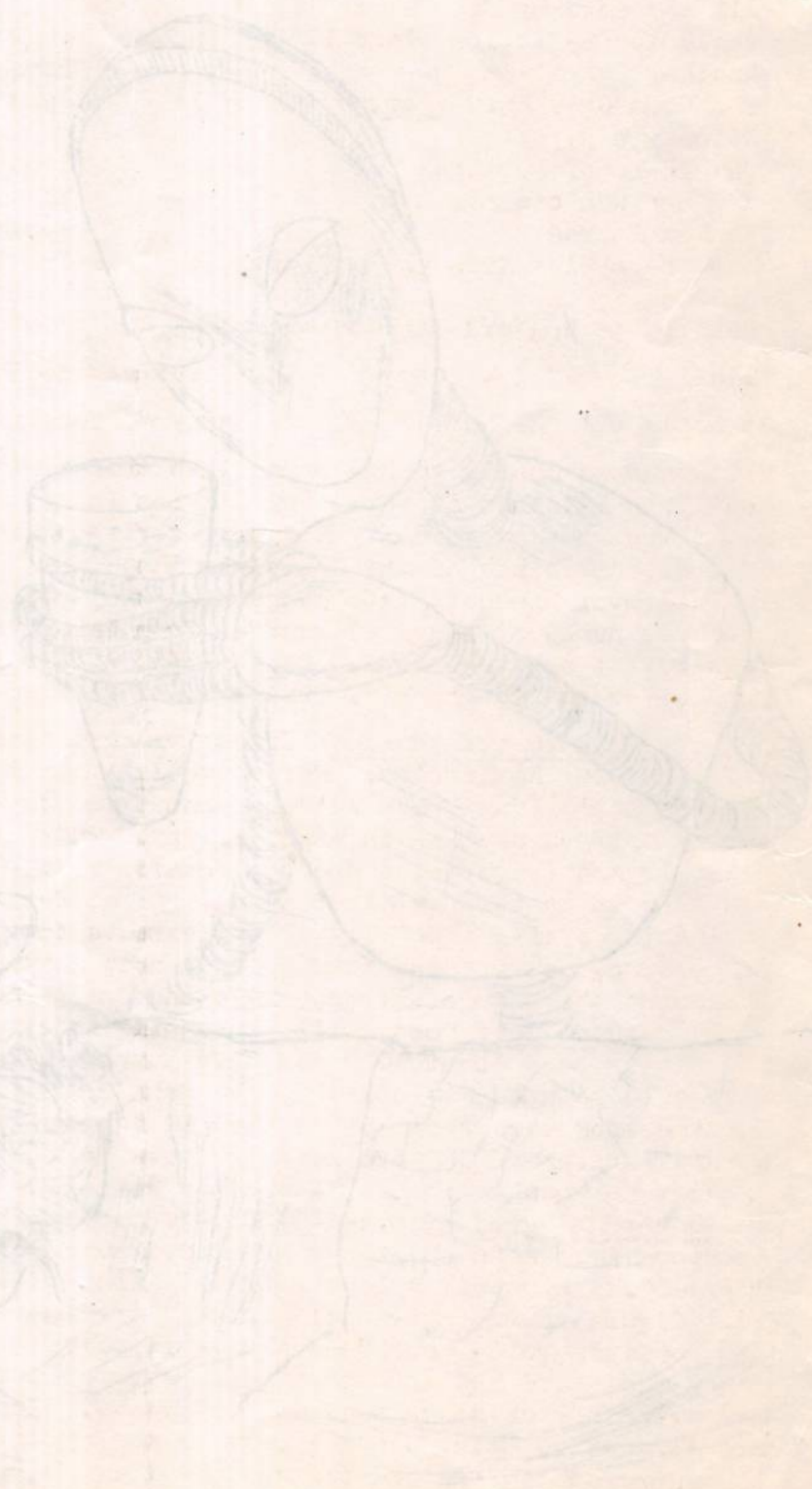


CRY

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1889





This is page ==3== of C\*R\*Y #132, Oct 1959-- the Confused Issue, in at least four pun-packed meanings of the term.

Box 92, 920 3rd Ave, Seattle 4, Wash: cling to that as the one fixed point of reference in a time of howling chaos-- like, we're all changing jobs again around here, and are getting New Blood in the Business, too. Oh, yeh-- CRY is still 25¢ or 5/\$1 or 12/\$2 (and John Berry takes UK subs at 1/9, 5 for 7/-, 12 for 14/-), still holding to monthly schedule, and next due out Nov 1st, y'hear?

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Illos: ATom 12 29, TCarr 8 9 24, Nirenberg 36 38, Stiles 35, Tim Buck 2.

Stencils cut: Elinor 18, Buz 8, Wally 7, Toskey 4.

The Crank is mostly being turned this time by Jim Webbert, D.D.(Doctor of Duplication), who interned at the Gregg Calkins Institute. Tosk broke out with a bad case of relatives who are throwing a family-style housewarming for him today, so Jim and I laid violent hands on the Gestetner last night and today. Wally will probably get ink all over himself, too, as soon as he finishes writing the Minutes. Pages 5-11 (the odd numbers) and 22-27 suffer from being first in line while we were getting the bugs out of our technique. Pages 16-18 suffer from Wally cutting them on his portable before we caught him. The rest of the pages just suffer because we're sadists.

Yes, there are changes: Effective next month, Wally Weber takes over the lettercol, besides the Minutes. Effective last month, Elinor became the Circulation and Mailing Dep't (just when we'd convinced you to send subs to Tosk); dunno just what policy changes she has in mind, if any. Tosk is going to relax back to cutting some stencils and (except for special occasions like today's Toskey-housewarming) keeping his hand in at the Gestetner & Multigraph, for awhile. Jim Webbert has joined the publishing staff, and Wally Gonser expects to get in on that and a bit of the stencil work, also, in the near future. And does anyone want a nice stack of page 15 with page 8 on the back of it? We have one available-- cheap.

"The Goon Goes West" will be running in rather large installments, in future-- there'd've been about 10 pages this month if the P.O. had turned up with the ATom-illoes to go with it (don't worry, John & Arthur; this first part will be restencil'd for the book version). S\*O\*! Except for the 10th Annish (#135, Jan '60), the next several months of CRY are going to have to lay out about like this: "Goon Goes West", "Fandom Harvest", Minutes, a shorter lettercol than usual (but longer than this time) and one-page gems of wit-&-wisdom to cope with the embarrassing situation where the previous item ends on an even-numbered page, and the next item wants to start on a "spread". This policy is not exactly iron-clad, of course, but as a general rule we will figure that longer contributions are aimed for the Annish. After that, we'll see how it's going, and re-evaluate if possible. OK??

(There are 60 lines to a page, before knocking off space for headings and with-out allowing for space between paragraphs. There are a maximum of about 80 characters to a line, using elite typers on the stencils, as we do. Bless you, one & all.)

Congratulations and thanks to all who helped Bring Berry to Detroit (among other places) and put him once again in the saddle of a typer. Hope you all got to meet John, and-- maan, wasn't it great, though? --All for this month-- -Buz.



The Science-Fiction Field Plowed Under  
by Renfrew Pemberton

It's a small patch for plowing, these days; where's The Man With The Hoe?

If, Nov: Johnnie Pederson on the cover, with a neat Hallowe'en twist. Leadoff-piece is John Rackham's novelet, "If You Wish". Here's a slightly different look at the question of what makes a human differ from a robot, as seen in the attitudes of a guy who can't stand humans. Of course, there's a trick to it... a cute trick, even. OK-type reading, if predictable, like most "surprise" endings.

Miriam deFord's "Not Snow Nor Rain" is one of these deals where the dedicated worker follows up a discrepancy and thus uncovers The Aliens. I did think this Boojum-type ending was out-of-date by now, but maybe it's a revival or something.

"Goodbye, Gloria" (Ted Bain) is an odd one-- first we have the buildup, and then we skip immediately to the aftermath-- Ted don't mess with Mister In-Between at all, except in sketchy retrospect. I wonder if this was for effect, by the author, or whether the editor carved this out of a longer submission because the demonstration-part was not as convincingly done as what appears. Not bad except for that feeling that the filler was left out of the pie.

"Return of a Prodigal", by J.T.McIntosh: Uneven. This gal is one of very few Luna-born folks who are not "viaphobic" (subject to near-fatal space-sickness), and she thinks the whole viaphobe routine is all in your mind, and says so right out in print-- gets run out of Luna City for it, she does. Comes back, though. And from here, the author flipflops the attitudes of the heroine and the reader a couple of times, before coming up with his answers. I think he flipped a coin, for those, though the whole thing keeps you interested.

Wynne Whiteford's "The Gelzek Business" has a beautiful but willful alien girl putting local businessmen through hoops, but it comes up a re-do of "Mewhu's Jet", except that Sturgeon's ending was much more poignant.

Book-reviewers certainly vary: here, Fred Pohl labels Budrys' "The Falling Torch" a Definitive Work. In F&SF, dknight tabs it a transplanted Lithuanian-underground story. Neither of them mention the way the paback-edition fouled up the crucial scene with the Classifier by what appears to be a goof in the Printing Dep't.

Jerry Sohl's "Counterweight" tries a new attack on the problem of space-fever on long trips; best thing I've seen by Sohl; he should do more shorts, not novels.

"Orange" (E C Tubb) is on the "Hunting Season" theme, but on an alien planet and with new weird-and-interesting background, which spices up the Action.

Science-Fantasy (subscriptions available through Ben Stark, 113 Ardmere Rd, Berkeley, Calif, as well as directly from the publisher ((see back CRYs)) ), #36, Aug:

John Brunner's "Echo in the Skull" (short novel)(74pp): Recurring "impossible memories" drive girl to penultimate stage of alcoholism; not only that, the couple owning the fleabag where she's behind on her rent, have Evil Designs on her. Like, this kid is lacking in security and happiness, and it gets worse. While the solution is straight s-f and simply rife with Scope, the treatment is Unknownish. Choice.

"The Long Eureka" (Arthur Sellings) is a well-done tale of the guy who discovers Immortality (long since) but can't get anyone to believe him or test his claim. Ooog..

Ted Tubb's "Somebody Wants You" is an early-Scheckleylike ironic bit about a guy who can't even make the scene by selling himself for Spare Parts. Predictable in overall flavor of windup, but not in detail.

SaMoskowitz on the s-f side of A Conan Doyle, including the howcomes.

I like this zine, including the ease of reviewing a 3-title contents-page.

Harvey Kurzman's Jungle Book (paperback, 35¢; I haven't brought it home yet from my desk down at work, and forget who publishes it, but you'll find it OK) will be prowled by all who dig the earlier (comic-book) Mads-- including Renfrew Your Host.

- - - - -  
Terry Carr (for TAFF) announces that while he appreciates Ted White's placing a/ ad in the Detroit Program Book, Terry himself didn't see the copy until it appeared, and deplores the pitch therein. Seems he wasn't planning on making a Federal Case of it..



Astounding, Oct: Part Two-and-Last of Mark Phillips' "That Sweet Little Old Lady" indicates that the major impact of this story will be that of giving Randall Garrett a good costume for the Detention, based on last month's cover (Henry VIII). It's still a mixture of absurdity and suspense, with the former predominating, but the laughs are fewer as the climax approaches, and the plotline just isn't up to taking over. Overall, this one (both parts) is an unhomogenized mixture of Russellesque gaglines (that's EF, of course), and Taut Drama which comes out on the short end.

"The Law Breakers", by Chris Anvil: here the Alien Invaders have the EFR slant also, but with a twist. This one would be more fun, though, if Russell and Anvil would just once write one of these with a different ending (JWC wouldn't print it, of course, but while we're dreaming, let's Dream Big), so we'd be more surprised-like, now and then. Well, this one is some different... and well done, viewed separately.

"Unspecialist", a short by Murray F Yaco (whom I somehow doubt), is an interesting if amateurish item. Lots of good lines, but put together with the jagged edges not matching too well. Heavy on coincidence, light on rationale. But like I said (having listened to one too many Winston commercials), interesting. It appears here (in aSF), I suppose, because it Has Got a Moral To It. A couple of 'em, in fact, and bearing the Campbell Seal of Approval. Nice gimmick at the taper-off, though.

Jack Vance is back, with "Dodkin's Job". This one is as if Vance has set out to do a Campbell-slanted satire on the setup that bugs people by too-frequent appearance in Galaxy-- the ubiquitous Lit-tul Pee-pul, ground down by a remorseless impersonal system of Classification plus the usual inane and inordinate Red Tape Machine. But Vance plays fair with his protagonist-- if he can find the Handle, he gets to pull it.

Wm C Boyd (no, not ol' Hoppy, but hubby of Boyd Ellanby and maybe part of the act that shows up in F&SF now and then) interests me with his article, "Blood From Turnips ...Almost". It seems that while vegetables don't exactly have blood-types, they do contain the substances that distinguish blood-types. Ol' ~~Hoppy~~ Wm C Boyd gives a good rundown on howcome this should be, survivalwise, and how it came to be known. Yeh, I like a good factual piece now and then, when it tells me something I don't know, in a way I can understand. But I'm not so sure I dig paying 15¢ more for this zine for a 32-page injection of mundane ol' facts. Campbell himself isn't too sure the supply of readable articles will fill the space each and every month; his editorial hollers for fact-type material. Anybody got a good specialty to write up? Now's your chance.

Fantastic Universe, Oct: Ordinarily, size-changes bug me the most, but this one (to approx "pulpsize") is accompanied by enough other constructive changes as to win my bitter ol' heart. Like, when editor Satesson says he's going monthly, he goes that way right now-- we reviewed a "Sept" issue awhile ago (quite awhile), but this editor takes his chances on the distributors' short-display routine in order to get the new monthly sked on the road. I hope this works out.

And: FU will carry the first <sup>longterm</sup> fanzine-review column to be started in the past 4-5 years (1955 saw Bob Madle, Rog Phillips, and "Roger de Soto" in this field, with varying degrees of longevity. Guy Terwilleger had one column in Other Worlds before OW went all the way under the flying cup), if it comes out longterm, and I hope it does. Kidding aside, friends, fanzine-fandom is in a bad way when it has no field for recruiting excepting the faneds' non-fan buddies.

This Santesson gentleman, by the way, is not only figuring to run Belle Dietz' fanzine-review column (like, send her some more zines, huh?): he is also tentatively committed to running Detention Reports from various fans, including CRY's own Ph.D., Burnett R Toskey.

There are other reasons for lauding the changes in FU. F'rinstance, the printing job is highly superior to that fobbed-off by the former publisher. And the contents-page isn't quite so unghodly long as it used to be, either. (And you'll never know what a comfort that is). On the next page, we'll get into that aspect...

Remember: it's B\*O\*I\*S\*E for the 1960 WesterCon-- and we even welcome Easterners. And San Diego is a lead-pipe cinch for WesterCon the following year; being as they're letting Seattle walk off with the '61 WorldCon, we gotta help 'em back, you know...



(page 6, and we'll get into the content of FU, yet)

"Mine Host, Mine Adversary": Lester del Rey does a telling commentary on this or any other war, Cold or not. The philosophy doesn't always mesh precisely with the Action, but the message is apparent. Good tale, basically, but somewhat goofed.

Poul Anderson's "Condemned to Death" (oh please-- let us have titles from someone other than good ol' L. O. Botomy) appears to be one step away from the polished version that Poul could produce. We have all kinds human interest and up-to-the-minute Solid Science-- I dunno exactly why this one doesn't quite ring the bell, but I think maybe it's the continuity, which doesn't quite flow. Otherwise upper-grade.

Harlan Ellison's "Friend to Man", with the faithful robot awaiting the return of post-Blowup mankind, is typically heavy & ironic; Harlan is a gloomy cuss, storywise.

There now arises the slight matter of editorial balance. 32 pages of "articles" may not be too much for JWCjr in an enlarged aSF, but all in one lump in the middle, it's a mite rich for this FU reader. There's Ivan Sanderson on "The Abominable Snowman" (with strong overtones of Vercors' "Ye Shall Know Them"); Van Rowe on the human aura from Annie Besant on down the line; Marla Baxter with one of the way-outest "contact cases" in all UFOlogy (I just don't dig this riprap from the Space People when they all sound quite a bit like Shaver); and SaMosk yet, once, again, he never gets tired of it, recapitulating the fictional history of space travel from the days when our heroes were harnessing a flock of pigeons. Ever try getting off the ground that way? Me, either. It would be a splattery sort of space-conquest at best.

Anyhow: Sanderson is interesting, if a bit heavy-handed, on possible semi-humans. And I'm pretty well convinced of the existence of some sort of human-aura, in spite of some of the people who beat the drum for it. I see no reason whatsoever for the printing of the Marla Baxter piece, or that of SaMosk's minimum-rephrasing of that which he's written so often before. But mainly-- that's just too many "articles" to swallow all in one big soggy lump in the middle of any zine.

OK-- "Bell, Book, and Candle" is a hitherto-unpublished Gavagan's Bar story by deCamp & (the late) Pratt. Good enough, although to me the later items of this series didn't have the Whammy of the first two or three.

John Ruland's "Planet of Heavenly Joy" is a light piece on the old theme of Boy from Prudish Culture who is all shaken up when dumped into a society of quite different mores. An old plot, but sprightly for its age...

"Too Robot To Marry" (Geo H Smith), is two pages, and hilarious.

Bob Silverberg's "Counterpart" considers the possibility of strengthening a personality by infusing part of someone else's: two people in an exchange, that is. The implications march along with veritable Padgettlike remorselessness. Powerful.

Before leaving FU, I'd like to recommend the next (Nov) issue to you-- it will feature John Brunner's "City of the Tiger", and if you didn't catch this in Science-Fantasy #32 (Dec '58), get it now. On first-reviewing, I allowed my disappointment with what seemed a deflating ending to spoil my enjoyment of the richness and originality of this story. Having since read the sequel (hope FU prints that, also), I'm strong for both stories.

F & S F, Nov: The second and final installment of Heinlein's "Starship Soldier" brings us face-to-face with the croggling conclusion that there is no plot to this tale; it's purely a series of well-written, interesting connected-episodes, each with its own little subplot (situation, conflict, solution), but with no overall-plot as such. It is a narrative of the protagonist's Army career from pre-enlistment days to the start of his job as a unit commander-- there is no ending (like the war movies that ended with the hero kissing his girl goodbye to head out for another combat tour). I find more than a surface similarity to the parenthesized war movies-- here, too, the main thing is the Message; Heinlein feels that today's youth is insufficiently enthusiastic about the glory of dying in battle, and of undergoing grim-type training so as to able to do so not-ineffectively. I agree with his yen for a well-muscled U S of A, but I think he's one war too late, and overlooks the implications of the H-bomb, to boot.

We note that his Enemy is not even the villain of the piece (there is none); the Enemy is a batch of Big Spiders with Communal Intelligence-- just Things That Must Be Killed, is all. We note that Heinlein will if necessary be found wearing his very own



(under the Mushroom Banner with Mr Heinlein, here on page ==7==)(lastpage--  
--RP)

"I Like Fallout" button (see Jules Feiffer's "Passionella"), viz the poor little planet whose life-forms were inhibited from evolving very much, due to lack of background radiation. Somehow, Heinlein either fails to grasp the difference-in-kind between the A-bomb and the H-bomb (one has an effective upper-limit for size and power, and the other hasn't, dammit), or else he really feels that humanity would be better off, extinct, than to go through another Dark-Ages era. (Personally, I don't feel that we're stuck between two alternatives of War or Surrender; it appears to be increasingly probable that by playing it Firm-but-Cool, we can wait it out while the Russians civilize themselves, slowly but surely.)

OK, Heinlein propagandizes in his story, and I do the drum-beating bit also, in trying to review it. But at least I don't use up over 100 pages with my Message. Of course, I don't make it as interesting as Heinlein does, either.

And, also-- Howard Fast ("The Martian Shop") does a beautiful job on an old, old gimmick-- the Alien Threat that Really Wasn't, in the interests of Peace. It would be interesting to see what this writer could do, if he had a good solid background in The S-F Field, so as to know when he had a New Twist and when he didn't.

G.C.Edmonson's "From Caribou to Carry Nation" (sic as blazes, friends; that's "Carrie" in most references) is great grand verbal horseplay to no great point.

"Plenitude" (Will Worthington) carries a really old-time theme (degeneration through over-dependence on machines, with a shot of "Wine of the Dreamers") much better for making the setup a mystery to the reader while laying out a fascinating environment for the characters, and by keeping the conflict mysterious, also. And leave us give the man some points for characterization, while we're at it.

"Frritt-Flacc", a Jules Verne translation, has been reprinted somewhere else in the past 5 years-- SF+, maybe? Possibly it's not the same exact translation, but I've seen this tale of the Rapacious Doctor and his comeuppance somewhere of recent years. Anyhow, it's one of these mystic-paradox jobs with unexplained contradictions & etc.

"I Know a Good Hand Trick" (Wade Miller, by-line on some "tough" mysteries, at least one of which I remember liking): Well, what do you know? The wicked prevail at last, and the sharpie outsharps everybody else and winds up with a Good Deal from a low and lascivious point of view(like mine, for instance). Sophisticated, like.

Blish's "The Masks" is a taut, grim job about one small incident in a program of Overthrowing the (alien) Dictator. Reminiscent of aSF, '42-5, on that theme.

"After the Ball" (John Collier, 1933) certainly should have rendered the great bulk of the demons-after-one's-soul stories entirely unnecessary, that we've been plagued with in recent years. Why didn't someone print this ten years ago in zine-type format, and spare us the corny imitations?

Feghoot is better this time, with new blood (Victor Papanek) contributing the idea, and Briarton the buildup.

dknight dissects books, but not with the full-arm slash he used in Columbia Pubs, in the articles that later went into "In Search of Wonder".

And Isaac Asimov, the leading New York doctor who disagrees with the other 4, simplifies a discussion of units (in discussing matter-energy conversion) until here I'm all confused for a minute about stuff I already knew. Nice try, though, especially since he doesn't live in New York at all, but in Massachusetts or suchlike.

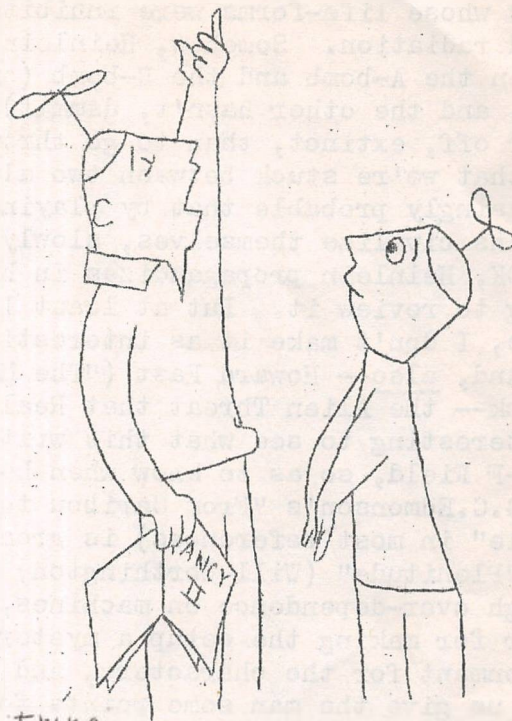
Galaxy, Dec, didn't make it to the stands this week, so that's the Field for Plowing, no furrow unturned. May I also recommend a couple of outside-the-fence items? First there's Bob Bloch's novel "Psycho" (\$3, Simon & Schuster, & I hope you get your copy with less delay than we had): this one is creepy but different. Then there's the (oh hell, I already mentioned the Kurtzman last night)--!#\$%&()\*+=@@ and oh, pooty.

OK. This makes 50 "Plowing" columns, 48 of which have been monthly-consecutive: the Plow showed in the CRYs of July & Sept 55 (there weren't no Aug 55 CRY) and then solidly from Nov 55 to (now) Oct 59. Somewhere between 240 and 250 pages have littered the Field, depending on how the partial-pages are counted: imagine 240 pages of strictly-ephemeral comment, banged out hurriedly (mostly) In Fear Of Deadline. 48 or 50 deadlines. Thank you one and all for the upbeat friendly comments, but I figure I can get back to enjoying the Field, more, without having to dissect it so regularly.



# ANOTHER PYGMALION

by Terry Carr



Ray Norworth was somewhat of an institution in fandom by his twenty-fifth birthday. He published three of the most popular fanzines of all time, and was an artist of consummate skill in all media, and a writer of such ability that he had been disqualified from all fannish popularity polls on the grounds of unfair competition. He had attended practically every convention in the U.S., had held important posts on the committees of five of them, had participated as speaker, auctioneer, and toastmaster on countless occasions, and had contributed to fannish culture the Egoboo Cocktail, which produced a pleasant euphoria equal to receiving unsolicited manuscripts from Willis, Grennell, Tucker, Bloch, Burbee, Meredith, Leman, Berry, and Boggs on the same day, plus a postcard of comment from Norworth himself.

Norworth regarded his fannish achievements with both pride and frustration. More and more of late he felt that there were no more roads open to him, no more challenges in fandom. Each article he wrote, each brilliant fannish story, seemed only a variation on a theme which he had handled ten times before. He always managed to come up with a new twist, just as his drawings continued to explore some new technique, just as he managed original on-the-spot puns at conventions--but he was deriving less and less enjoyment from his talents these days. There had to be something else that he could do to revive his fannish enthusiasm before Final Gafiation set in.

Thinking thus, on his twenty-fifth birthday he shoed fifty admiring fans from his home, complaining of a sudden attack of aching engrams. ("I washed my head today, and now I can't do a thing with it," he said.) Then he went slowly up into his Fan Attic and sat morosely before his typewriter, his eyes running slowly over the rows of his fanzine collection. Perhaps here he could get some inspiration.

His eyes lit on the blue taped spine of the first BEST OF FANDOM anthology. Yes, perhaps something in there--wasn't Carl Brandon's "My Fair Femmefan" reprinted in that volume? He took it down from the shelf and leafed through its pages. Yes, here it was--perhaps the only piece of fannish literature he had ever wished he'd written himself. He began to read it for the thirty-seventh time.

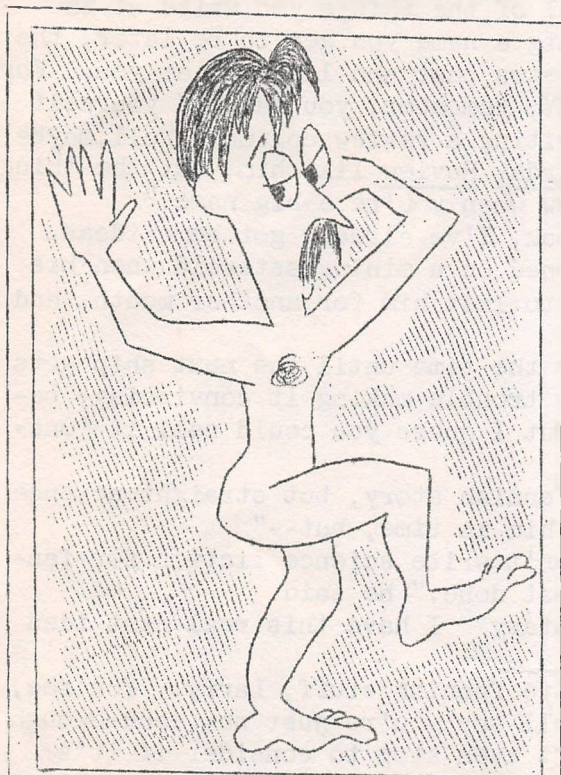
Half an hour later, he put the volume down and stared dreamily at the wall in front of him. His eyes rested on a point two inches above and one inch to the right of his 1964 Fan Calendar, with its full-color photograph of John Berry in the nude, but his thoughts were far away.

The theme of Brandon's masterpiece, the age-old theme of Pygmalion, had suddenly struck him. The idea of taking a rank neofan, teaching him all about fandom, and making a BNF of him overnight through sheer tutelage, had caught his fancy, fired his imagination. Here, by Roscoe, was a challenge worthy of him!

He thought back to the party that afternoon. Several neos had attended; surely one of them could make a good subject for the experiment. Let's see...there was Scott



Alding, who had come along after seeing and admiring Norworth's cartoons in HYPHEN #40. No, he wouldn't do--he hadn't even asked why the cartoons had had nothing to do with science fiction. A complete neofan was what he needed, Norworth decided. Harvey Lehman?



JANUARY

S M T W TH F S

--he'd discussed stf all the time he'd been there. But come to think of it, he'd been engrossed in the political implications of Robert A. Heinlein's stories. So much for him. There'd been a man named Klaus Obrecht who'd talked about space travel--no no no, he wasn't a neofan at all; he'd come to offer Norworth a position as public-relations man for a new missile center.

Abruptly Norworth's head jerked up from his meditations and a smile broke over his face. Larry Vaughan! Norworth had run onto him just the day before at a newsstand, reading Belle Dietz's column in Fantastic Universe. Said he only bought the mag to read the fanzine reviews, because the idea of amateur publications struck him as being far more fantastic and whimsical than any of the stories he'd read. Now there was a promising neofan!

In five minutes Norworth had him on the phone. "Larry my boy, this is Norworth! ...Oh, the engrams are much better. Just a slight headache from reading too much, I guess. Called a friend of mine who's an accountant and had him come over and audit my books. Worked like a charm...Listen, I'm feeling much better. Can you come back over? Want to talk to you."

And within the hour Norworth and Larry Vaughan were sitting comfortably in the Fan Attic, and Norworth was turning on the famed Norworth charm.

"Fandom is a hell of an enjoyable pastime," he was saying. "It's a creative hobby, Larry--gives you free rein to develop your talents. You want to be a writer, don't you, Larry?"

"Sure," said Larry Vaughan. "But I don't think I'm good enough yet..."

"Nonsense!" said Norworth amiably. "See here, I heard that remark you made this afternoon about Astounding's stories being so weak these days they ought to change the name to Campbell's Soup. You've got a fine sense of humor...not to mention good critical insight, obviously. You'd make a fine fan, and I'd like to help you."

"Help me?" said Vaughan. "Gee, Mr. Norworth, that would be swell."

"Good, good!" said Norworth. "Now, take this file of QUANDRYs home with you and read 'em. And here's a copy of FANCYCLOPEDIA II--it's a bit outdated by now, but that can't be helped; it will do. Read this stuff, and call me when you're finished. You go on home right now and get busy."

Together they went downstairs. As he ushered Vaughan out the door, Norworth clapped him on the back and said, "And don't call me 'Mr. Norworth,' eh? The name is Ray. Listen, within a year you'll be voted the Best New Fan of the Year, and I'll want to be on a first-name basis with you! Now go on, and have fun with that stuff."

"I'm sure I will, uh, Ray," said Vaughan. "I think I'll enjoy being a fan. You see, my father was a printer, and I'm merely reverting to type."

Norworth's chuckle stopped when he shut the door. "Oh, brother!" he said to himself. "If I don't watch this guy he'll be inventing Ackermanese within two weeks!" And shaking his head he went off to bed, muttering something about Campbell's Soup as he went.

During the next several weeks Norworth kept loaning fanzines to young Vaughan--GRUE, PSYCHOTIC, SPACEWARP, Burbeezines, Jan Hendricks' TOUCHSTONE, all six BEST OF FANDOM volumes, CRY OF THE NAMELESS, OUTWORLDS, and even his personal files of his own fanzines, FANFORAH, SATURNALIA, and NORWORTH'S FOLLIES. He explained in detail just how Tucker had managed to die so many times, why fans were always worrying about the eggplant over



there, the story behind the Bheercan Tower Cataclysm of 1961, why dapper and distinguished Burnett R. Toskey, PhD, was considered evial, and many, many more such things. Larry Vaughan listened, nodded, tucked fanzines under his arm, and went home to read some more.

In two months Norworth decided that his protege was ready to contribute to the fanzines. He said, "Larry, you've got to be very careful of the things you write at the beginning of your fan career, because no matter how big a name you get to be later, the fans will still keep digging up what you've said in years past and laughing at you. For example, when you were reading those old issues of CRY, remember, you laughed yourself silly at the part where Busby said he was tired of writing a review column. Well, maybe you'll never get to be a steady reviewer for The Saturday Review like him, but the things you write now will be dug up and quoted years from now when you're a big name."

"I'll be careful, Ray," said the young man. "Look, I've already got some ideas. I'm going to write this story about a guy who's marooned on a mining asteroid when his supply ship gets hit by a meteor. He's got supplies to last him for another month, and another supply ship can maybe--"

"Fine, fine!" said Norworth. "And to while away the time until the next ship gets there he joins fandom, eh? Of course, you might have trouble making it convincing, because if he's marooned how does he mail his stuff? But I guess you could call it 'One-Shot Found In A Vacuum Bottle' or something..."

"No no," said young Vaughan. "This won't be a fannish story, but straight science fiction. See, this supply ship may be able to reach him in time, but--"

Norworth laid a hand on Vaughan's shoulder. "Don't write science fiction for fanzines," he said. He shook his head gravely. "Just not done," he said.

"Oh," said Vaughan. "Well then, how about a fantasy? I have this real neat idea about a vampire who joins this bloodbank..."

"Nor fantasy, either," said Norworth. "Just write fannish stuff, Larry. You see, if you write stf or fantasy for the fanmags they'll all say you're just not good enough to sell, whereas if you write fannish stuff they won't even stop to consider if it's amateurish. After all, where would I be today if I'd been writing science fiction for the fanzines? Fans would compare me with the pros...Poul Anderson, Robert Silverberg, Isaac Asimov. And my stuff wouldn't stack up, naturally. They'd call me The Horse's Asimov and so forth. Or the impoverished man's Poul Anderson. You see?"

"I guess you're right," said Vaughan. "Then how about a story about a very young fan who never knew what fandom it was, because he didn't know how to count past ten yet?"

"Good, good!" enthused Norworth. And together they talked of other possibilities for Larry Vaughan's fannish writing. Norworth suggested humorous touches here and there, told Vaughan when a pun or witticism he planned to use had been used before, and gave him a few ideas of his own for stories and articles. It was one in the morning before Vaughan left Norworth's house, but he had enough ideas to keep him busy writing for months.

And for the next several months he did keep busy writing. Under the older fan's expert guidance, Vaughan's writing skill proved to be considerable. His writings were extremely popular right from the beginning, and as he learned more and more from Norworth they got better and better. He wrote "I talked With A Fan From Two Hundredth Fandom," "The Poo Will Get You," "Mortimer Eggplant Saves Fandom," and such articles as "Conventions Are Fun If You Can Stand 'Em" and "Fans I'm Glad I've Never Known."

Seven months after Norworth first took on Larry Vaughan as his protege he decided it was time the young man published a fanzine.

"Now look, Larry, the most important thing is neat repro," said Norworth. "If the zine is well-produced the top writers will contribute, but if it's messy and hard to read you won't stand a chance. Just remember that a mimeograph is an unruly beast which will overink, misfeed, or jam up at the slightest provocation. When you're running a mimeo, anything that can go wrong very definitely will. It's the nature of the beast. So be careful, and be prepared. Get yourself a big spiked club to threaten it with--it won't do any good, but it'll make you feel better. Learn some really violent cusswords--you'll need 'em. And above all, learn never to turn your back on a mimeo, because the moment you do it'll drip ink on your shoe."

And with such advice as this, including some choice words on stencils and correction fluid and an anecdote about a fan who had tried to use fountain-pen ink in his mimeo and



was blue in the face for weeks, Norworth sent Vaughan home to start publishing his first fanzine.

Vaughan titled it NEOGLYPHICS and, in typical fashion, filled the first issue with his own writings. Norworth had taught him how to construct a fannish article, how to plot a story well, how to lead up to a punchline, how to use interlineations to best advantage--all the things a good fan had to know--and Vaughan had learned well. The letters of comment all registered amazement at the quality of the zine.

It wasn't long before the top writers were writing for NEOGLYPHICS. Norworth himself did a cover for the second issue and contributed an article to the third. The fanzine was becoming quite popular.

Vaughan visited Norworth again eleven months after that first night. Norworth, having invited him over, met him at the door, a slight frown furrowing his forehead.

"Come in, come in," he said. "Ah, upstairs. Have something to show you, Larry."

Upstairs, Norworth said, "Larry, you remember that when I started teaching you about fandom, I said that within a year you'd be voted Best New Fan Of The Year."

"Sure," said Vaughan. "I guess you meant in Les Nirenberg's yearly poll. That seems to be the main one these days."

"Yes, in his two-pager, ATNIFWP. That stands for All The News That Fits, We Print--but I guess you know that."

"Yes," said Vaughan. "I know just about everything one person can know about fandom, I guess, thanks to you. And of course I know a lot about science fiction, too, on my own."

"Not important," said Norworth, waving a hand in brief dismissal of science fiction. "The Point is, Larry, that I got an advance copy of ATNIFWP today, the issue with the poll results."

"Did you win some award?" Vaughan asked. "I thought they'd disqualified you because you were too good."

"Well, they have, of course," said Norworth. "That's why I was surprised when this came today, airmail, with a note written on the envelope saying 'Congratulations!'"

"Then you did win something!" said Vaughan.

For answer, Norworth just shook his head and handed the younger man Nirenberg's fanzine. "Read that," he said, and sat back in his chair to watch Vaughan unfold the fanzine and read it, thinking to himself of his last birthday, when he'd read a piece by Carl Brandon and had first got the idea of tutoring young Vaughan. How ironic, he thought: a piece by Carl Brandon!

In awhile, Vaughan put the fanzine down and looked at Norworth. "That's quite an award," he said. And then he burst out in a full-throated laugh. "Quite an award!" he managed to say between guffaws. "I'm the Best Hoax Of The Year!"

"I'm sorry," said Norworth. "I didn't even think of this. I just wanted to see how good a fan you could be. I figured you'd enjoy it, and there'd be no harm done."

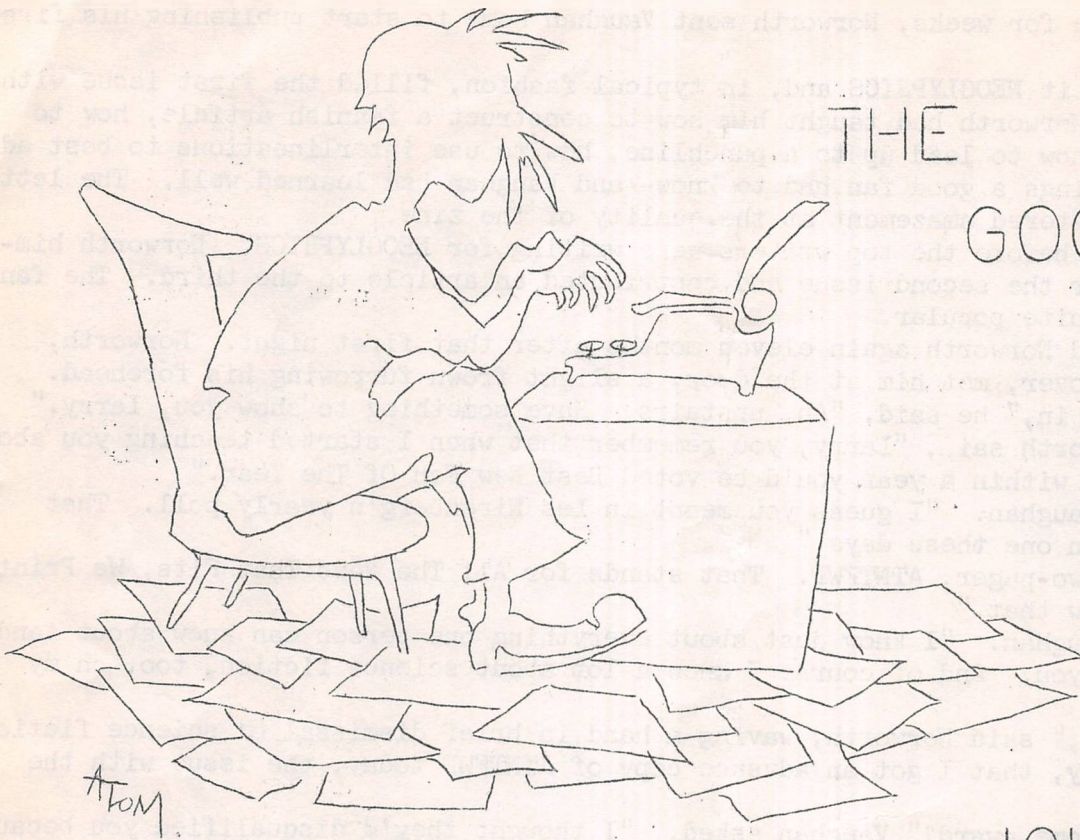
To Norworth's surprise, Vaughan did not seem at all upset. "Oh, there was no harm done," he said. "I was coming over tonight to thank you anyway. You've taught me a lot about writing, and I appreciate it. I even brought over some beer." He reached into a sack he was carrying and drew out two cans from a sixpak and opened them. "What the hell, Ray, I don't care if fans thought I was a hoax of yours. Drink up!"

Norworth smiled weakly. "Shall we drink a toast to hoaxes?" he said laconically.

"No no," said Vaughan. "Let's have a toast to the craft of writing. You remember that story I was going to write about the guy marooned on a mining asteroid? Well, I expanded it to 20,000 words, and Damon Knight just bought it for F&SF."

And as Ray Norworth stared blankly at him, Vaughan raised his can of beer and said, "Me and Asimov, Silverberg, and Anderson. Cheers."





# THE GOON GOES WEST

JOHN BERRY

## CHAPTER ONE: PRELUDE TO B- DAY

One Sunday morning in September 1958, I had two visitors.

I was sitting in a chair, unshaven, unwashed, pensive, and when the door was knocked, my young son answered it.

A film star and a Big Business Tycoon walked in.

What's more, they had soft Northern American accents.

I got to my feet, ran fingers through my hair, and tried to get the ends of my moustache out of my mouth. (I get some lovely plots, sucking on my moustache.)

Somehow, the visitors looked familiar. I tried to think what films I'd seen recently.

"Hello, John," said the young woman very sweetly.

"Hi, John," said the stout man.

I stuck my chest out. I didn't know who they were, but being so well dressed and smart and actually knowing me did my prestige a power of good. I flung open the windows so that the neighbours would hear.

"I'm back," said the man.

"Very nice," I said. "You couldn't have come to a better place."

I sneaked a look at my wife. I raised my eyebrows in query. She did the same to me.

"You haven't changed," said the film star. Her long slim fingers with red polished nails straightened her skirt. I looked at her face again. Where had I...?

"Nor have you?" I suggested. I gave them both a strained smile.

"Could I have the latest RETRIBUTION?" asked the man.

I breathed a sigh. That explained it. A couple of American socialites were touring Europe, and had called to sub to my genzine.

"Oh well," I grinned. I rushed into the frontroom and sorted through my publications. Ah.....I gripped the RETRIBUTION and rushed back.

They were talking to my children.

"You're a big girl, Kathleen," the film star said. "You were only two when I saw you last."

Daaahhhh. Could it just be...COULD IT BE....I looked again, and it was..



SUFFERING CATFISH.

"Bob and Sadie Shaw back from Canada," I screamed.

I rushed over and shook hands with them. Crikey. So that's what wealth did to a couple of fans in just over two years. I flung the RETRIBUTION over my shoulder, and just looked at them, and pleaded with them to tell me about their experiences. They did so for some time, and it was wonderful and entrancing, as those of you who have met this talented couple will realise. Eventually, they told me about going by 'bus from Canada to South Gate for the Convention there. I felt a pang of dismay as they told me about all the fans they'd met, because I had fondly hoped a few months previously that I would be there too. I'd been a TAFF nominee, and had failed by about 40 points. Ron Bennett won the ballot by getting a total of 280, and he'd gone to South Gate instead. I was philosophical about the whole thing (I'd always thought Bennett would win, and I'd told him so a long time before the result was announced), and tried not to feel really unhappy about it. But I must confess that as Bob and Sadie unfolded their story, I really did feel that I'd never again get a chance to meet American fans, except for the odd ones who took their life in their hands and came to Belfast...as Steve Schulthies, Rory Faulkner, Larry Shaw and Boyd Raeburn had done, and as Robert Heinlein had almost done. I expressed these sentiments to Bob and Sadie.

Sadie looked reflective.

"I heard some fans talking when I was at South Gate," she said. "I don't want to build up any hopes, and perhaps I shouldn't really say anything, but I heard them discussing the possibilities of getting you to the United States in 1959."

My heart beat faster for a moment. Could there just be a chance.....?

Bob looked at Sadie, then at me.

"John, I wouldn't think about it," he said softly. "You've just had a big disappointment with TAFF....and I wouldn't like to build up your hopes again. It was only just a general discussion....nothing more really than a kind thought. If I were you I wouldn't think about it."

I took his advice. I've thought about dozens of projects myself, and few of them ever really came to fruition, and even though it was a balm to know that fans in America would like to see me, I realised that such an undertaking would be so vast as to be almost impossible.....

.....

Some weeks went by, and rumours began to circulate. I had a letter from Buz Busby in October outlining the possibilities, but on the 25th of October my wife telephoned through to my office to tell me of an amazing development. (My wife reads my mail, you see; we have a fine old democratic system...and I was always under the impression that I read hers. You'll read in Chapter Five that the system fell down somewhat.) She told me a letter had arrived from people called the Falascas asking could I come to America if the fund to get the fare succeeded.

Normally I stop in my office at lunch time to cut stencils for RETRIBUTION, but on this particular day I sneaked out early and raced home to see all the details.

Without printing the letter in full, I must give portions of it, so that you can share the thrill I had at this wonderful fannish project:-

Dear John,

It seems like it's about time you were told that there is a movement afoot to bring you over to the Detention next year. After all, it does concern you in some minor way. At the Solacon this year, Boyd Raeburn and Buz Busby suggested that, since time would probably hang heavy on our hands for the next year or so, we should do something useful. "Why not Bring Berry Across?" they shouted as one man. "Why not indeed?" we shouted back. And so a committee was formed.

Now before we go rushing off in three directions, we must know if such a movement is agreeable to you. If you could make it if enough money is raised.

Once we get an OK from you and/or your thoughts on the subject we



can move ahead with this.

All publicity will stress that this is a movement meant to complement TAFF, not compete with it.

Regards,  
Nick and Noreen Falasca

Wasn't this a wonderful letter? But there was something even more bewildering about it, from my point of view, and that was that although of course I had heard much about the Falascas, and read about them in Con reports, etc., I had never actually had any personal contact with them. No letters or fanzines had been passed to and fro. Therefore I was even more thrilled about the whole thing, because as well as the idea being something completely spontaneous, the actual organisers of the fund were persons who were strangers to me.

I replied immediately. Portions of my letter were printed extensively in fanzines and the Falasca Fund oneshot which came out almost immediately afterwards. But I'll print the pertinent paragraph again, mainly because I made a statement in it which, due to an unfortunate circumstance, I was later unable to fulfil.

'Yes, Buz had divulged the plan to me, and to be frank with you, I was overawed by it. After losing the TAFF ballot by such a relatively small vote, I reconciled myself, somewhat unhappily, to never having a chance to visit the States. That such a visit is once again possible is indeed great news to me.

But as regards your questions....yes, I shall be able to make the trip OK if the fund raises sufficient money. I'm allowed 40 days off per year, so that I can take them altogether. So presuming twelve days for the boat, I shall be able to spend almost four weeks in the States.

I was a little despondent about losing TAFF, but now everything is shining again. I should have said earlier that, of course, I shall be utterly pleased and thrilled and delighted to make the trip, if it becomes a reality. I'm rather poor at describing exactly how I feel on occasions like this...esprit de corps and all that sort of thing, but I must say in all sincerity that I feel terribly humble that you all had the idea in the first place, and that you've all taken the trouble to attempt to make it a reality.

This airmail is just to let you know quickly that I shall be able to come if things work out well, and to let you all know how I feel.'

So the wheels were set in motion. The fund was known as THE JOHN BERRY TRIP FUND. A committee was formed with the following members:-

F. M. and Elinor Busby  
Detention Committee  
Dick Ellington  
Bob Pavlat  
Boyd Raeburn  
Steve Schultheis  
Arthur Thomson

I spent many sleepless nights, wondering if any money was coming in, and if enough was coming in. I got many heartening letters from fans who seemed quite confident that they would be seeing me at the Detention. Of course, I had a personal side to the trip. It had taken me some time to persuade Diane, my wife, that she should let me go on the TAFF trip, supposing I won. I didn't win, as I've explained, and with the money I'd saved I took her and the two children for a week's holiday in the Isle of Man, just about when Bennett was in America. When I broached the question of going to America in 1959, she seemed quite happy. I think that, secretly, she thought that the whole thing would fall through again, and so she'd insured herself another holiday. This may seem as though she had a selfish motive behind her enthusiasm, but this is not so. As the months went by, and the Fund slowly managed to get more money in the kitty, she became more and more excited at my prospects. After eleven years of Berry, she probably wanted a rest cure!

I was fascinated to read in various fanzines of a raffle which was held in Philadelphia late in 1958, and which realised \$23. In fact, I recall getting a letter from the Falascas which mentioned that \$40 was collected in the first week.



Then the Christmas period came along, and I knew that the Fund would without doubt stagger along for a few weeks....without much coming into the coffers.

Towards the end of January 1959 the second circular letter arrived by airmail from the Falascas. The information in these circulars was confidential, but I can see no harm now in giving some of the contents. It will, if nothing else, serve to show what efforts these good fans put into the project.

'Roger Sims has replaced Bill Rickhardt as Detention Committee representative. Bill has gone sort of sem-gafia... We might mention that an account will be opened in a Cleveland Bank for the fund and we are enclosing signature cards with this to Buz and Elinor so the account will be in our name and theirs.

As of today ((the letter was dated 19th January 1959)) we have collected \$80 in cash and pledges.

One more thought--the grapevine has it that Bob Madle is most displeased with the idea of the fund. (Madle hasn't written to us about it yet.) He seems to think it will undercut TAFF. Nothing would be more ridiculous. While Madle is worried about us taking some of the TAFF money that would be coming in at the Detroit con or some art work for auction from the con, our drive will be long over before the convention ever comes around.'

Buz Busby took immediate action when he heard that Bob Madle was displeased. Of course, the rumour was really without foundation. Buz and Bob Madle cleared up the doubts in a couple of letters, and Bob Madle contributed to the fund, and promised to buy me a glass of beer at the Detention. It gives me much pleasure to report that Bob Madle kept this promise. I'll write about Bob in much more detail in Chapter Four, the story of the convention, but I must here and now publicly apologise to Bob Madle for a remark I made about him in VERITAS 8. About eighteen months ago, there was a minor feud between Chuck Harris and Bob Madle in OMPA. Bob Madle mentioned me in one of his articles about Chuck, and as I was a friend of Chuck's, a member of OMPA, and was actually mentioned by name, I took sides with Chuck. Of course, I didn't attack Bob, or say anything detrimental about him. I stated that:-

'Whilst I take no part in your conflict with Harris, I must state that I have known him for several years, and have come into personal contact with him many times. Chuck Harris is brutally frank, absolutely honest and downright truthful. To accuse him of 'outright prevarication' is in itself utter and complete prevarication.'

Let this, at the very least, be a lesson to neofans who happen to read it. Never actually take sides in a feud unless you are in a position to judge both sides from personal experience. Meeting Bob Madle was one of the pleasurable surprises of the trip. I was immensely impressed with his demeanour and fannish bearing. He had all the qualities of a top fan, and was obviously an ideal TAFF representative. But I've a lot more to say about TAFF reps in Chapter Four.....

On the 12th of February 1959, a further report came from the Falascas. The fund total had reached \$105, and on the report was appended a list of names of fans who had so far contributed. I cannot mention names, this would really be going too far, but it was nice to see three fans mentioned who I'd never heard of.

In April, I began to have pains in my back. Nothing really hurtful, just slight stabs of pain. One other aspect of the illness was the fact that I was always expectorating. I didn't know what it was, I felt pretty good in myself, but as the weeks went by, it gradually became worse. I began to have headaches too. It wasn't anything to do with my mundane work, nor with my fanac. One theory I have is that at the beginning of April there was one particularly brilliantly sunny day. I played football in the garden with my son Colin and some of his friends, and sweated profusely. I went indoors, washed, put on a clean shirt, and went out again for a walk across the fields with my shirt open down the front. Suddenly it began to rain, and a cold breeze sprang up. I hurried home, but I think it was from that indiscretion that I caught trouble in my chest....because from then on the trouble started.

(CONTINUED NEXT MONTH)



# DETENTION REPORT

by Wally Whirillybeanie Weber

Wally Gonser steered the car containing, among less important things, Burnett Toskey, Wally Weber, and Wally Gonser into the parking lot next to the Pick Fort Shelby Hotel. The time was Thursday noon, September 2, 1959, we had travelled just a little more than 3,000 wandering miles, and we were looking forward to attending the Detention so that we could all hurry home and write nasty reports about it.

That is, we thought we were looking forward to attending the Detention. When we got to the lobby of the hotel, we found we were face to face with the Detention already. The place was teeming with fans, all of whom seemed surprised to find so many others present. At first it appeared that everyone was there except the convention committee. A short investigation revealed that the convention committee members all had jobs and were endeavoring to keep them despite the fact that their convention seemed determined to begin two days ahead of schedule.

As crowded as the lobby was on Thursday, it was much more so on Friday. The Pick Fort Shelby was fortunate to have such a large lobby; there is no way of knowing what might have happened if the fans had been forced to make more room. Through all this pre-convention confusion, however, the hotel employees maintained a calm attitude of acceptance and made no move to interfere except to quietly clear space for themselves if crowded too much by a particularly high tide of fans. They maintained this calm throughout the course of the Detention, which has led me to wonder just what goes on in Detroit between science fiction conventions that could possibly prepare those common, unenlightened individuals for the real thing.

By one o'clock in the afternoon on Saturday, the time when the convention was due to be officially launched, most of the fans had already put in a complete convention and could barely collect the courage to face another three days (not to mention nights) of conventioning. But they gathered and milled and teemed until a little after two o'clock when the one o'clock program finally got started. The Detention at least was holding fast to the tradition of starting officially late, even if it did get an unofficial head start of a couple days.

The Detention committee was easy enough to pick out. They all wore clothes with the horizontal black-and-white stripes so popular in many of our state and federal institutions. Dean McLaughlin even sported a heavy chain, one end of which was fixed to his ankle while the other end disappeared into a bowling ball bag he was forced to carry with him.

Roger Sims, who did most of the work at the microphone for the Detention committee, started the program with a solemn display of the dead body of Howard DeVore over which the convention was to be held. The tenderness and sympathy with which the corpse was dragged on and off the stage was heartwarming.

Dave Kyle then introduced a few hundred select, better-known, professionals and fans to the other unselect, better-known professionals and fans. CRY readers may rejoice in the fact that their own Burnett R. Toskey was introduced as the BNF he is at the Detention, his very first world science fiction convention.

After the introductions, Poul Anderson gave his speech as guest of honor, followed by a speech from the fan guest of honor, John Berry. Bob Madle then had a few words to say for TAPP, which opened the way for the slave auction, proceeds of which were to be used to make Detroit green (with money) as mentioned many times in the program booklet.

The slave auction, first started as I remember last year at the Solacon, appears to have become a traditional part of world conventions. There is something about the idea of being able to own a dirty pro for an hour that seems to warm the heart of a fan down to the bottom of his pocketbook. Sam Moskowitz was there to do the auctioning, and he did an able job of it. He was able to expound at great length on the good condition and great value of the merchandise, although he did seem a bit hard pressed to find a reasonable sounding virtue for Isaac Asimov. Mr. Asimov, of course, tried



to convince Sam that he should be auctioned off for his lack of virtue to some eager young lady. Sam, however, finally decided to concentrate on the idea of having Ed Emsch do an original illustration on Isaac's back, pointing out that whoever bought the man would then have something worth while. By explaining how easy it would be to skin Isaac and frame the Emsch original, Sam managed to sell him to a lady for seventeen dollars, which was the highest price paid for any of the slaves. Much to the dismay of Sam, Emsch, the audience, and even Isaac (who had hoped for something better), the lady only wanted an hour's conversation.

The rest of the slaves went for slightly less. Doc Smith and Ed Emsch went for twelve dollars, Willy Ley sold for the unusual bid of \$12.98, Poul Anderson was good for thirteen dollars, and Judith Merrill, the first woman ever to appear in this type of auction, was bought for fifteen dollars. Quite pleased with himself, Sam was about to leave the stage and head for the bar when Mrs. Moskowitz interrupted his plans. In a matter of minutes, Mrs. Moskowitz had auctioned her husband off for a measly nine dollars and then happily left him in his unexpected bondage, probably to go to the bar herself.

By the time Willy Ley got to make his scheduled speech, the program was running two hours late and he bemoaned the fact that he was forced to compete with the opening of the bar in the Cass room just down the hall. His speech then proceeded, starting with a reference to a display of model spaceship kits being shown in the hotel lobby. These kits, which are now commercially available, were designed by Mr. Ley, and because he was one of us he saved us the trouble of trying to snatch one from the display table by announcing that the stack of kits on the table were actually only empty cartons.

An unsheduled part of the program followed the speech by Ley. Stan Woolston took a minute to clarify a matter having to do with the National Fantasy Fan Federation. This was extremely fortunate. Considering how confused everyone was after the matter had been clarified, it is difficult to imagine how bad things must have been confused before.

The panel of fanzine editors had been scheduled to follow the speech by Willy Ley, but this was dropped in an attempt to get the program back somewhere near schedule and to finish the next item, "Psionics Under Fire," before the masquerade ball had a chance to start.

"Psionics Under Fire" turned out to consist of John W. Campbell, Jr. and five victims. Actually only two of the five, Ed Wood and Theodore Cogswell, had much to say, and it did them more harm than good to say anything at all. Apparently it had been intended for the five to pin Mr. Campbell to the wall with embarrassing questions concerning Psionics, but Mr. Campbell has a fiendish ability to come up with even more embarrassing answers. When asked to prove some of his statements, he delivered a short monologue on the subject of proofs that somehow left the problem of proof, or disproof for that matter, in the reluctant hands of his five disbelievers.

There was an hour or two after this slaughter for those participating in the masquerade to get into their unearthly disguises, or out of their unearthly disguises as the case might have been. The period of time before, during, and after these sort of masquerade balls are always particularly interesting for the encounters that often take place between the fans in costume and non-fans who happen to be in the area. At this convention I was not a witness to any of these encounters, but the most striking one I heard about took place when Jack Harness entered the elevator in costume. Jack had been one of the first in costume, and although it was far from being the normal garb one would wear in the street, it was not designed to strike terror to the heart of a normal man. When the elevator man stopped at Jack's floor and opened the door, eyebrows raised a bit but no comments were made. After all, some TV studio could have been filming a Superman epic or something nearby. Jack, who was in character as well as costume, entered the elevator rather sternly. But before the door could be closed, Jack stepped in the way and looked impatiently around the corner outside. Then he started waving a peculiarly wrought, gold-colored emblem, and from around the corner appeared this thing. It shuffled up on things that were only vaguely resembling legs. Instead of a head, its body culminated in a sort of moldy lump at the top. I saw this



thing later at the ball, and I found it easier to believe that the thing, whatever it was, was genuine rather than a person in costume. The elevator operator must have been of like mind. His eyes bugged, his mouth twitched, and although he performed his duty of operating the elevator, it was obvious that working in such close confines no longer appealed to him.

Although the costumes this year did not seem as numerous as they have in the past, there were still a few that were rather spectacular. Karen Anderson wore a gorgeous costume that looked like something designed for a queen in an MGM spectacular. The fact that she did not pick up some sort of prize for it had all the earmarks of a deliberate snub, particularly when Joe Christoff's gaudy outfit gave him the award for the "most beautiful" costume. Randy Garrett looked like all three musketeers put together in his outfit; his beard and manner all fitted perfectly. I think he was being King Louie the something-or-other because he refused to be judged "with commoners" when the judging started. I hadn't realized that Al Lewis was in costume until he was captured by fellow fans who tore off his shirt to reveal a puppet master leeching onto his back. This lovely creature won the very appropriate award of "most nauseating" costume for him.

I took a dim view of Harlan Ellison and the photographer from Rogue being in such evidence during the course of the masquerade. Wherever I did go with my little camera, there was Harlan waving me back so this professional photographer could take pictures. My spirits will be lifted if these pictures someday actually appear in the magazine, and if Rogue gives the masquerade at the Detention reasonable coverage I may even say a kind word for Harlan and his magazine some day. But if he has waved me away from my hobby of oggling sexy costumes through the eyepiece of my camera for no good purpose, then I will see to it that the floor of the ballroom at Seattle in 1961 will contain a trapdoor just for Harlan Ellison.

Steve and Virginia Schultheis were in costume, although it was not easy to notice Steve. Virginia's costume was distracting. Nancy Shapiro was awarded the "best basic anatomy" prize, a new category from what I remember of past masquerades but a category that should be kept in mind since it is so easy to do so. Bill Donaho, dressed as Friar Tucker, did not compensate for Bob Tucker's absence from the Detention, but did win the prize for the "most fannish" costume. A prize for the "cleverest" costume was awarded Betsy, William Edgar, and Margaret Curtis, who were decked out as a mathematical family, whatever that might be.

Sandy Cutrell's costume consisted merely of a hideous face mask and strange kind of posture and shuffle, so it was easy for him to shuck his costume, and after the judging of costumes was done and the orchestra had taken a break, Sandy was his usual self. He was pushed to the piano by a lot of true music lovers, and was soon singing (if you can call it that) some of the many numbers that were requested of him. In due time the members of the orchestra returned to take up their instruments, but instead they joined the crowd listening to Sandy's renditions. It took some economic minded member of the convention committee to remember that it was the orchestra members who were being paid to entertain, not Sandy.

The orchestra finished in the wee hours of Sunday morning, but for most of the conventioners there was still a long night ahead.

After an eleven o'clock talk Sunday morning on Edgar Rice Burroughs, nothing was scheduled until 1:30 in the afternoon when the banquet was to take place. Strangely enough, the banquet started on time, a fact which caught Harlan Ellison off guard. Harlan, who was supposed to sit at the speakers' table, showed up too late to be introduced with the rest. I remembered the masquerade the previous night, and I was glad.

If the difficult problem of selecting the most entertaining scheduled feature of the Detention was given to me, I would pick the banquet. Isaac Asimov was unleashed as toastmaster, with the hilarious assistance of Bob Bloch, and it was great fun from the starting gun. There is not a man who can insult anyone so entertainingly as Isaac can insult Bloch, unless it is Bloch himself. And then, of course, Asimov's low opinion of himself is known to all who are acquainted with this shy, retiring soul, and so his modesty also offered much amusement.



Isaac and Bob joined in lamenting the absense of Anthony Boucher since this left them with only each other to insult. They managed to bear up under the difficulty remarkably well, however, and although Mr. Boucher would have been able to add much to the entertainment of all, Ike and Bob did quite well as a duet instead of a trio.

John Berry and Poul Anderson were called up in turn for speeches, being the guests of honor as they were, and then the Hugo awards were given out. Unfortunately the daily news published at the Detention by the Philadelphia fans stopped publishing on Sunday, and that is where I have been obtaining my information as to who won what awards thus far in this report, so I must rely on a rather shakey memory for the winners of the Hugo awards. I do remember that Bob Bloch received one; Asimov and Bloch were making a production out of opening the envelopes containing the winners' names, and with Bloch reading them (being the only one of the two who could read), an issue was made of the fact that Bloch himself was winning an award. Kelly Freas picked up a Hugo for artwork. Magazine of Fantasy and Science Fiction again won the award for best prozine.

And then of course there was that miscarriage of justice where Fanac was given an award for being the best fanzine. I know this wasn't done fairly because our subscriber promised he would vote more times than Fanac had circulation.

The audience cheered mightily when it was announced that an overwhelming vote had declared that no award should be given for best movie. Isaac Asimov requested that Forry Ackerman come up to not receive the award, but Ackerman didn't do it.

Another catagory that was voted no award was that of best new author. However, since those people that voted for a new author did vote overwhelmingly in favor of Brian Aldiss, a plaque in recognition of this fact was awarded Brian. This award was accepted by John Berry who promised not to keep it but to deliver it to Brian at his earliest convenience.

John did not have to content himself with merely receiving another person's award. After the Hugo awards had been given out, George Nims Raybin addressed the microphone to inform the audience about the plot Leslie Gerber had conceived for getting readers of the CRY to donate money toward a new typewriter for John Berry. George was forced to announce that the twenty-three dollars collected had not been sufficient to purchase an acceptable typewriter, or even to fix up an unacceptable typewriter. But in order that John should receive something real from this effort, he was presented with a piece of cardboard on which somebody had drawn a very nice picture of a typewriter. John then made a short speech about how pleased he was to receive such an expensive gift.

Since all the food had been eaten and all the awards given away, there was nothing left for us to do at the banquet, so we adjourned to go upstairs and vote for the site of the next world convention. Philladelphia was bidding for a third term, and Pittsburgh and Washington D. C. were trying for the first time. Although Philadelphia had already had the world convention twice before, they argued that the section of Philadelphia in which the convention would be held had not even been built up at the time of the last convention.

In the final tally of votes, Philly was almost completely ignored. Washington D C, which I had considered to be the fannish favorite, didn't fare very much better, getting less than eighty votes. It was Pittsburgh by a large majority.

Even though I wish Washington would have got it, I must admit that on the basis of effort in campaigning, Pittsburgh was most deserving of the vote and is likely to put on one of the best conventions ever. The description of a hotel with scads of elevators and congenial employees was very attractive, and the hospitality of the Pittsburgh group at the Detention could not be denied. Their convention suite was wide open to everyone, and anyone who would wear a Pittsburgh button could have free drinks at their private bar. Wherever and whenever a person turned his head there was a sign advertising, "Pitt's It In '60." The waiters at the banquet were wearing Pittsburgh buttons, and at the masquerade ball a large sign for Pittsburgh was on



the wall behind the orchestra. If the groups spends a fraction of the time on the convention, and they already seem to have it pretty well planned, that they put in on the advertising, they can't help but have a success on their hands.

The evening entertainment started off with some remarkable movies by Ed Emshwiller. There were some animated movies of his cover paintings made as they were being painted. It was interesting to see the painting forming before your eyes, being completed in a matter of a minute or so. When a fan asked how long it took Ed to complete one of his paintings, Ed cracked, "It takes me a good five minutes." As the movie screen showed his hand, painting carefully at actual speed, then switched to animation where colors appeared very fast all over the picture, followed by another scene where he is once again painting at actual speed, Ed remarked that "the other fellow" painted much faster than he did.

The film that brought out the most oohs and ahh's was a sixteen millimeter movie called, "Dance Chromatic." It had earned him a prize and consisted of a live dancer performing in the midst of animated, abstract designs. He did not have the copy of the film with the sound track on it and had to play the music for the movie on a taperecorder. Although the sound had gone out of synchronization quite a bit by the end of the film (so Emsh said -- I hadn't noticed) it had been an interesting picture to see.

A panel of magazine editors was next on the program. John Campbell explained how the price of his magazine was going up so that he could have a section for photographs in the middle (like he used to have in 1944 or so) and that he was still searching, without overwhelming success, for authors with ideas. Cele Goldsmith insisted that Amazing and Fantastic weren't at all as bad as we thought they were, and that they were sure to get even better.

Good old Hans Stefan Santesson had the best news of all for the fans. He announced that Fantastic Universe was starting a fan column by Belle Dietz. He also gave away copies of the next issue of FU to everyone in the room, and told us how he is doing his utmost to help out the fans, so how about a few fans returning the favor sometime?

The panel of editors was followed with an auction, which was followed much later by Dr. Dean B. McLaughlin, Ph.D. (not the one in horizontal stripes with chain on the ankle, but an older member of the family who has already served his time), who did his best to convince us that the canals on Mars could actually be smoke from volcanic action being spread around by Martian winds.

The next programed event was damon knight speaking on, "What's Good in Science Fiction," and P. Schuyler Miller speaking on, "What's Bad in Science Fiction." As you might expect, it all ended up with both gentlemen speaking about what is bad in science fiction. As damon knight put it after explaining how surprised he had been that he was expected to say something good about science fiction, "My remarks will be brief."

The program was running overtime, as usual, and at 11:30 in the evening two things were started simultaneously; the ten o'clock bheer party and the previously suspended panel of fanzine editors. I know you will not believe this unless you are one of those who witnessed it, but the panel outlasted the bheer party! If there can be an explanation for such a thing as this, it probably rests in the fact that the Detention committee should have known better than to allow Bjo Wells to be the moderator of a panel. At 3:30 in the morning Frank Dietz was running low on tape so Bjo officially adjourned the panel, but it was 4:30 before the session came to an end.

Things had started out quite normally, with the panel quietly asking itself questions and giving itself answers, when Bjo started allowing questions from the floor. By the time George Raybin, Ed Wood, and Harlan Ellison got to asking questions, and also giving answers, things got completely out of hand. Ellison finally was making speeches from the stage, Santesson was making speeches on and



in front of the stage, and panel members were considering moving down to the floor to ask questions. A vast array of subjects were covered, from a fandom that no longer supports science fiction to the circulation and distribution difficulties of professional magazines. The subjects that came up did not exactly fit with the original purpose of a panel of fan editors, but it did seem to fill a great need somehow. If Pittsburgh can figure out just what that need was, I suggest that they plan a panel next year to take care of it. If they can't figure it out, the best I can do is suggest they put Bjo in charge of something and let things happen as they no doubt will.

Monday morning (later on, that is, about eleven o'clock) there was a Hyborian Conclave, whatever that could have been. I understood that it had something to do with Conan so I avoided it. In the main convention room Harlan Ellison was again auctioning things off, and although I was not buying anything I enjoy Harlan's auctioneer so much that I attended for the sheer entertainment of it all. The trend of lower bids at the auctions seemed to be continuing from what I could tell, and I am wondering how many more conventions will go by before I can start buying Emsh cover originals for a buck. I am praying for a fanish inflation by the time Harlan starts auctioning at the Seattle convention in '61.

Although there was still quite a bit of program left to the convention, the auction and the beginning of John Campbell's speech that followed it was the last of the Detention I was to see. They were asking for volunteers for typists to make copies of a script for a play to be presented later on during the day, and, having never learned about or been in the army, I immediately volunteered. Art Rapp, who should have known better, also volunteered.

The play was listed in the program booklet as, "BEYOND THE UNKNOWN, a tense and thrilling drama of super science (provided the Detention committee has found someone to write it.)." When I first met Howard DeVore at the Detention I had volunteered to help out, so he gave me a ditto machine and about thirty masters and told me to run them off as they were the script for the play. Being a generous fellow, I let my roommate and travelling companion, Wally Gonser, do the actual work. Now, however, just a few short hours before the play was to be presented, the script was being rewritten.

When Art and I reported to the bar (where all the best scripts are written), we found a lot of people including Djinn Faine and Noreen Shaw lounging around the typewriters watching Bob Bloch writing like mad in longhand in the corner. At intervals he would hand something he had written to Djinn who would read it, laugh something fierce, and hand it back to him.

Before I had a chance to do any actually typing so that I could find out what Djinn was laughing about, I received word from Burnett Toskey that it was time to leave Detroit. It seems that we were abducting John Berry, and that we would have to leave early from the convention so that we could visit with Wrai Ballard in Blanchard, North Dakota at a decent hour (namely mealtime) the next day. According to Sandy Cutrell, who stopped by in Seattle after having seen the complete Detention, the play was presented and was very much a success. I'll never understand this, but Sandy swears it is so.

Taking a backward look at the Detention before leaving it for good, I would judge it one of the more successful conventions from the viewpoint of an attendee. I had enough of a look backstage to see that at times the planning ran into snags, there were things left to the last minute or overlooked completely, and some good ideas went awry. But all these things were the Detention Committee's problems, and convention committees were made to suffer; as a common convention-goer, I could not have asked for more. Detroit, Pittsburgh, Washington, and Cincinnati groups were holding open house to everyone. I suspect Philadelphia did the same, although I'm sorry to say I didn't get that far to investigate. The era of WSFS and hard feelings seems to be fading out of existence; the eternal fears of convention committees that they will lose their shirts are being kept to the convention committees themselves if they exist at all.

Looks like things should be in fine shape in fandom for Seattle's convention in '61. (You are going to Pittsburgh to vote, aren't you?)



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by Mansion Cottage (a House Name)

I went down to the newsstand yesterday to get the latest CRY of the Nameless. The newsdealer, an elderly, shabbily-dressed man, stopped watching television long enough to inform me that CRY was all sold out, and that he wouldn't have any more copies in until next week.

"But that will be next week's issue," I protested petulantly, interrupting his viewing again. "I don't want to miss one minute of the meatless namings-- I mean the Nameless meetings."

"Well," he said, "you could try Bob's stand, in the next block. But have you got all these other fanzines? We have about fifty varieties here; they're crowding the Confessions off the racks."

But I had all I could see there-- Void, Stellar, Gafia, Gambit, Zip, Dimensions, White's, TEWzine, and so on. There, gleaming greenly, was old established A Bas/Yandro. I was surprised to see the National Geographic Magazine among them-- no, it was Twig. Moving over to the paperbacks, I selected one titled "The Moswell Plan: How to Get an Extra Twenty Miles per Gallon Out of Your Old Moswell." I also picked up Gerber's anthology, "The Ten Worst Stories of All Time", but quickly put it back. I glanced then at the out-of-town papers, slid out the Belfast Retribution and Toronto Insurgent, and brought them to the dealer.

"Sorry, I had only forty copies of CRY this week," he apologized. "Distribution is in a mess, since Congress passed the Anti-Fanzine Act."

I nodded, and shook my head. "Imagine the government refusing the use of the mails to fanzines on the grounds that first-class mail wasn't getting delivered. What a puny excuse: no one had time to print the Congressional Record; that was the real reason. But they must realize by now, that nothing can stop fanzines."

He shook his head, nodded, then batted at the fly that was bothering him. "Nothing but poor distribution can, anyway. Sometimes I have to turn down a dozen customers; sometimes I have too many fanzines. Last year I had two unsold copies of Psi-Phi. But I didn't lose on them; I sold them to a collector. Say, why don't you write Brown and complain that you couldn't get CRY here?"

"I might at that," I told him. "What's your name?"

He didn't answer, but began fishing in the pockets of his torn, shabby overcoat. "Isaac. Isaac something. Here it is: Isaac A-S-M? Can't read this. Wait a minute." He got out his wallet and opened it. A moth flew out-- a skinny moth. "Here 'tis: A-S-I-M-O-V. Always wanted to change that; can't remember how to spell it. Sometimes I have to ask Gold, or Campbell, or one of the other bums in the park. Now you just tell Brown I can use at least twenty more CRYS a week. That reminds me; I've got to remember to tell the distributor to hold up two of these Reader's Digests-- I only need one or two."

I copied the name on a quote card I happened to have in my pocket.

"If you've got all the fanzines," he went on, "maybe you'd be interested in a new science-fiction magazine-- Magic Witchcraft Science Fiction, it's called."

"What is science-fiction?" I asked.

"Well, that's where they predict things that are going to happen in the future."

"Oh. No, no astrology mags for me, thanks."

"Don't be scornful of science-fiction," said the newsdealer. "Did you know that Walter Willis got his start from reading it?"



This announcement, addressed to "Cry of the Nameless Crew", reached Box 92 only today (Oct 3). Return address given is 7400 10th Ave S, Minneapolis 23, Minn. And although this will reach most of you after the happy event occurs, I'm sure that all sorts faanish felicitations addressed thereto, will reach the parties concerned and be welcomed by them. (Not too faanish, now, fellas.) The best of wishes, wedders!







their Puffed Wheat in mint condition. Conventions will be held, at which new cereals will be world-premiered and speeches given on the nutritional, gastronomic, and literary qualities of breakfast cereals. A faaanish faction will ultimately develop whose members will claim that they're fakefans, because "we don't eat the stuff". And a Sam Moskowitz type will bemoan the fact that the latest breakfast cereals have lost the Sense of Wonder.

Yes, I regard the possibility of such developments with much trepidation. Ghod, isn't one fandom such as ours enough?

The story of mine which you'll see somewhere in this issue was occasioned by several things: "My Fair Fennefanne", and John Berry's "Fandom Denied" a few issues ago, and mainly by the fact that my wife Miriam was still pretty much of a neofan when we were married and so I've been doing a little bit of tutoring in real life. I moved in the bulk of my fanzine collection, about five shelf-feet from which the crud has been weeded out and only the top fanzines remain, and have been feeding her selected zines to read, meanwhile trying to explain the historic contexts of each.

It got pretty confusing for awhile. Mainly, because Miriam is quite a fast reader, and I never could keep up with what she was reading or had already read. Now myself, I'm a slow reader, and I suspect that I get a certain amount more from reading than she does -- as a fast reader, she doesn't absorb the full effect of various styles of writing, and often skips over allusions with hardly a notice. But by ghod she gets a lot read in a short time!

For instance, a couple of weeks ago we sat down to read for awhile in the evening, and she started on Sturgeon's "More Than Human". I felt a bit Sturgeonish myself, so I decided to reread "The Dreaming Jewels". When I was almost halfway through the book (next evening) Miriam was starting to read "I Am Legend". When I finished the book that night I looked up and she was already into the second story in a Bradbury anthology.

Now goddammit, that's frustrating!

And as I say, it can be trying when you want to keep an eye on what she's reading and make sure she understands the context and so forth, as in the case of the fanzines in my collection. Things got into a real mess for awhile when she was reading, one right after another and sometimes alternately, issues of PSYCHOTIC, QUANDRY, LE ZOMBIE, OUTSIDERS, INSIDE, and THE SCIENCE FICTION FAN.

Some things don't change over the years in fandom. If she was reading a book review I seldom had to explain the context, and if somebody said Astounding wasn't as good as it used to be we could skip over that without confusion, because apparently Astounding never was as good as it used to be, and that was quite clear. But there were times when she'd come across a reference to a Ted White in an early-40's fanzine and I'd have to explain that it was a different fellow from our Ted White (he is "our" Ted White, isn't he?), or when somebody referred to a fan named Frank I'd say no, this was an older fanzine and it didn't refer to Frank Dietz but probably to Frank Paro or Frank Wilimczyk or Frqnk Robinson -- at which point I'd have to stop to explain that Frank M. Robinson was the very same fellow that is a big-name pro now and wrote such things as "The Power" and that his name was spelled Frqnk because somebody once made a typo. And then she'd say that they should have spelled Frank Wilimczyk's name that way because it would have been even more delightfully nutty, Frqnk Wilimczyk, and by that time even I would be confused.

Or maybe she'd run across in LE ZOMBIE a review of a fanzine published by Eric F. Russell in Sydney, Australia, and I'd say no, that wasn't Eric Frank Russell the pro writer, just as today's fan Will J. Jenkins wasn't Murray Leinster. And Miriam, who's been reading stf for years but never paid much attention to bylines much less pennames until she got into fandom, would raise an eyebrow clear up to her bangs and ask why in the world anybody would think Will Jenkins was Murray Leinster, like the names weren't even vaguely similar, and I'd explain that Murray Leinster was a penname for Will F. Jenkins, and she'd say oh yes, everything was clear now, Will F. Jenkins was an incredibly bad typist who had once somehow typoed his name as Murray Leinster ghod knows how and had been known by that name ever since, and the middle initial F. probably stood for Frqnk, wasn't that right? And what fanzine did he publish, anyhow?

If you think this is far-fetched, sometime try reading random issues of fanzines from the 30's, 40's, and 50's all at once, and try to dig all the allusions in relation to each other,



without looking at the dates, which an amazing number of fanzines don't have on them anyway, have you noticed?

Well, the Detention has come and gone, so I guess it's about time I gave up on getting a conreport on the Solacon from Burbee. He told me before the con that if he went he'd write me a conreport on it, and he did show up at the con--but he never wrote a full report, just a few bits and pieces in his FAPazine.

Ghod, that would have been a fabulous report! On the last day of the con Burbee was showing around a list of chapter titles for his conreport, and they looked terrific. At this late date I can't remember many of them, but I do recall that the first chapter was titled, "Get Your Socks Off The Table, You Bastard, Or You Don't Get Any Breakfast" (a quote from Isabel Burbee) and the very last chapter's title was "I Visit The Convention Hall". (Burbee, possibly in an effort to replace the absent Bob Tucker, had spent almost the entire con in the bar.)

It would have been a fine conreport, yes. In fact, when it became obvious that Burbee was procrastinating on writing it, Bill Rotsler, who is Charles Burbee Fan Number One, talked me into sending Burb a telegram in an effort to joggle him -- in fact, Rotsler even paid half of the cost. I sent it, too. It read something like, WHERE IS CONREPORT QUESTIONMARK I'M GOING TO PRESS BURBEE I'M GOING TO PRESS EXCLAMATIONPOINT WHERE IS CONREPORT QUESTIONMARK. It didn't do any good, though.

Well, a little bit after that Rotsler himself decided to write a conreport, and he asked me if I wanted it for INNUENDO. "You want a con report?" he wrote. "Talked to Burb tonight and he said send it to him, he'll publish anything! I have to write it first, I said. Tell him the section headings, Burbee said. All right, I said." And Rotsler sent me a list of chapter titles:

Chap. I: Unbridled Lust Will Get You Nowhere.

Chap. II: I Sais She Published Erratically, Not Erotically!

Chap. III: We Know Each Other Only Vicariously Therefore We Use Our Full Names.

Chap. IV: I Draw On Djinn Faine For Inspiration.

Chap. V: The Great Caption Contest.

Chap. VI: There's Nothing Wrong With Having An English Accent.

Chap. VII: I Can't Tonight, Darling, I'm Up To My Ass In Christian Science.

Chap. VIII: Mina Is A Full-Time Job.

Chap. IX: I've Spent The Whole Convention Asking "Where's Terry Carr?"

Chap. X: BUST LUST MUST, Says Obstetrician, BREAST BEST BOASTS BOSS.

Needless to say, it looked like a helluva good conreport, and I would have been glad to print it. However, I already had a seventeen-page conreport by Ron Bennett in the issue, and I figured another one might be pushing things a little too far. Besides, about that time I heard that the editors of MIMSY (Bjo, Steve Tolliver, Ernie Wheatley, and Djinn Faine) wanted Rotsler's conreport, so I wrote back and said maybe it would be best if they printed it, even though I would have been proud to have it in INN.

A week or two later, along came a telegram from Rotsler: EDITOR MIMSY OFFER ASSISTANT EDITORSHIP AND EDITOR STOP SPIRITED BIDDING FROM ALL QUARTERS FOR MY CONREPORT YOUR MOVE NEXT STOP ROTSLER.

They were offering Djinn Fain's fair white body for Rotsler's conreport, by ghod. (It should be noted here that Djinn was protesting this, and threatening to resign her editorship. "Gafia before dishonor!" she was shouting.)

About that time Miriam and I visited Los Angeles. "They are offering me a Big Blonde," said Rotsler. "Can you match their offer?"

Well, I refused even to consider offering my wife. "All I can offer," I said, "is a blonde publishing jiant. You can have Ron Ellik." Rotsler didn't seem too enthusiastic, so MIMSY got the rights to his conreport.

But he never wrote it. I suspect that Djinn Faine defected.



With Keen Blue Eyes and a Bicycle . . .

There's this matter of the relationships between the CRYgang and the Seattle Science Fiction Club (corporate aspect of those members of The Nameless Ones who are interested in Con-bidding) and Seattle's bid for the '61 WorldCon. There was a certain amount of confusion, misunderstanding, and just plain hassle with regard to the recent Seattle WesterCon: then, along came Gertrude M Carr with her head on backward and her usual handy little bag of Mismatched Facts (and a secret vial of bile in her weapons-belt), to write it all up for FAPA, and really confuse things.

Like, first-off we were bighod gonna put in a Con-bid on our own hook and, like, watch out, see. Then Bob Bloch convinced us we'd have holes in our head even to be on a Con-committee, let alone try to head one up, so we decided to dissociate from the whole '61-bid idea. Turmoil reigned at 2852 14th W, you might say; GMCarr may be the World's Least Accurate Reporter, but she's pretty good at raising a fuss for awhile. However, even the mightiest teapot-tempest simmers down eventually; the local picture seems to be stabilizing nicely, and here's how it stands as of Sept 27, 1959:

The SSFC directors (Jerry Frahm, Wally Gonser, Rose Stark, Wally Weber, Geneva Wyman) adopted a set of tentative by-laws for the (purely local) corporation, and as of the Nameless meetings of Sept 13 and tonight's, are accepting membership dues of \$1/year from Nameless members. The SSFC will be the bidding group for Seattle, and while "PuCon in '61" is the rallying cry for us feckless barefoot types (as was "South Gate in '58" last year), the official Con-title will probably be "SeaCon" (same like "SoLaCon" for the L.A. blast). Don't worry about it; the Outlanders didn't.

The CRYgang's position: the CRYgang does not have a position: we each follow our own inclinations. To the best of my knowledge, it's currently like this:

Wally Weber is presently an SSFC director, and plans to deliver the bidding speech personally, at Pittsburgh. He'll doubtless be on the ConCommittee.

Burnett Toskey does not plan to join the SSFC or have any official connection with the Convention bid. This is in accordance with his consistent stand over the past 5 years that he wants no part of any ConCommittee grind. Tosk is not mad at anybody, and will doubtless be helpful here and there in unofficial ways.

Elinor and I have joined the SSFC as members; we won't be running for office in the corporation, and we won't be on the Con-Committee proper. We will help, on various specific jobs, no doubt-- we will not be in policy-making roles except insofar as our membership-votes count on in-meeting policy-decisions. We are supporting the Seattle bid as such, all the way; we should not be considered responsible for any one specific decision of the SSFC as a voting group, or bound to agree with it in print. This was all pretty well thrashed out at the coffee-fest following tonight's meeting; everybody wants to get along, with nobody under pressure or like that, and it looks as if the pubbing and non-pubbing factions are making sense to each other now.

Jim Webbert joined the SSFC (I think; at least he lent me the \$2 for Elinor's & my dues, when nobody had change). Dunno whther he'll be running for office or not.

Otto Pfeifer will probably join the SSFC, if/he gets around to it; he may or may not go for Responsible Positions therein, depending on how busy he is otherwise.

Wally Gonser (who edited and co-edited CRY for awhile in 1953, and who may well dig back into CRYpubbing if the rest of us twist his arm a little more) is an SSFC director, seconded Wally Weber's WesterCon bid at LA, and may repeat at Pitt.

GMCarr had nothing to do with the WesterCon except to attend part of it and then bitch about it for four pages to FAPA and selected recipients of Gemzine. She can probably be depended upon to do just about the same with the ~~PuCon bid~~ '61 deal. But since she was only successful in stirring up ill-feeling around here for 3 or 4 weeks before things were mostly ironed-out, we won't worry about her. OK?

Anyhow, that's how it stands. The Seattle '61 bid will roll; the CRYgang folks will follow their separate (but not opposing) ways; my personal inclination is to urge the SSFC to choose and reserve a hotel, and campaign from <sup>strength</sup> reports will be forth-coming in here, from time to time. Meanwhile, unofficially and such, it's



M I N U T E S

byWallyWeber

The September 13, 1959 meeting of the Nameless Ones was one of great import. Wally Gonser, Burnett Toskey, and lovable Wally Weber had returned from the Detention to report to folks who had to enjoy the Detention second hand. A fellow named John Berry had come all the way from Ireland to hear all about the Detention second hand. Unfortunately Burnett Toskey was not permitted to attend the meeting to give a report since it was learned that he had shamed his amateur standing by promising to do a convention report for Hans Santeson, editor of Fantastic Universe.

Rose Stark played piano fanfares for the celebrated travellers, and eager photographers vied with one another to obtain pictures of the returning heroes. (The eager photographers were John Berry, Jim Webbert, and Elinor Busby.) After the cheering died down, Elinor Busby called the meeting to order.

Giving way to a habit she has formed lately, the President asked that the minutes be read. The Secretary read them from the issue of the CRY in which they had been published. As usual, the reading of the minutes caused an unpleasant scene, but since the minutes had already been published for the world to see, it was decided that the minutes would have to be accepted. It was rather rudely emphasized that the word was accepted, not approved.

The President asked for old business and unexpectedly got some. Her husband, known to his friends and G. M. Carr as F. M. Busby, wanted to know if the jacket he had left last meeting was still around. Wally Gonser was sent out of the room on special assignment to find out, and he soon reported that the jacket was indeed not still around. Thus ended that old business. The President timidly asked if there was any more old business, and gave a sigh of relief when nobody answered.

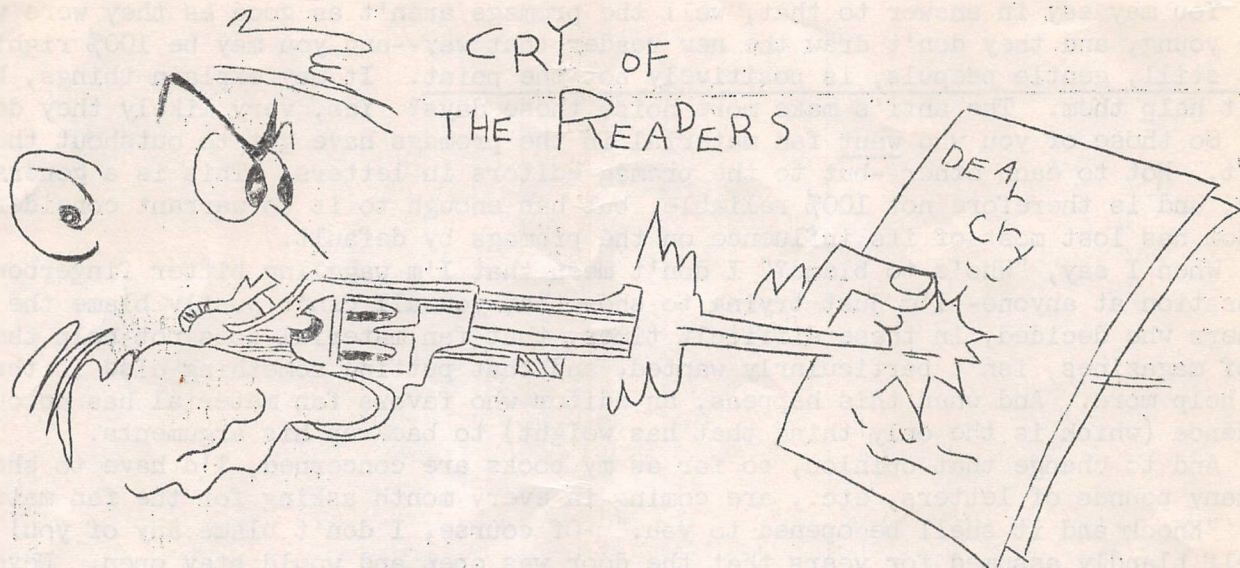
The President then asked for new business such as Detention reports for example. The response was heartening, and John Berry was led to the front of the room where he described many of his adventures as he remembered them leading up to his arrival at Detroit. He was a vivid describer, and was able to illustrate his descriptions as he went along by making himself look like Bill Donaho, cockroaches, or Dick Eney as the occasion demanded. (For a complete account of the Berry adventures, keep tuned to this fanzine.) When he had described as far as Detroit, he turned the floor over to Wally Weber, having decided that it would be too much to make himself look like the Detention committee. Wally then described the Detention itself as accurately as he was able to a mixed audience. (For the true, completely expurgated account, see the Detention Report in this CRY.) Wally Gonser took up the story next, filling in such details as how he had obtained liquor for thirty-five cents a shot and had refused seven propositions in the space of two hours.

When the members began cross examining Wally Gonser's testimony, trying to get the accurate location of the places he described as well as finding out how many propositions he had accepted in those two hours, President Elinor decided the meeting had gone far enough and adjourned it.

Everyone retired to the kitchen for refreshments and conversation until the janitor, healthy and vigorous from his recent vacation, threw the members out. The group took this opportunity to invade a downtown pancake house and widen John Berry's eating experience.

most absolutely honorable secretary Wally Weber





Gemutliche Gespoken:

15 Haverstraw Road  
Suffern, New York

In answer to various questions brought up in issue number 131, starting with Buz: The magazines which are the source for reprints are Science Fiction, March 1939 through September 1941; Future Fiction, November 1939 through August 1941; Future combined with Science Fiction, October 1941 through August 1942; Future Fantasy and Science Fiction, October 1942 through February 1943; Science Fiction Stories, April and July 1943, and Science Fiction Quarterly, Number 1, Summer 1940 through Number 10, Spring 1943. Several good nominations are being acted upon, but I'm wide open for anyone's.

And thanks for the objective evaluation of this year's covers. Upstate returns indicate that the experiment may be a healthy one. For example, the February 1959 Future, with what was considered a good Emsh painting, sold X copies. The April issue, the first to contain 3 line cuts, reverse prints, on a photo brown background (the first on Future) sold X+y copies. The June issue, with an attractive painting by Finlay dropped back to X in sales; while the August issue, with a new type cover, will apparently go ahead to the gain made with the April issue. It may do better, may not do quite as well--but it's almost sure to improve over Feb. and June.

Does this prove anything? Well, it certainly suggests something--namely, that good painted covers do attract the general core of sales indicated by X; but the new type attracts new buyers, which are decidedly needed in these times of massive resistance on the part of wholesalers to putting our magazines on the newsstands.

Terry Carr: Chris Anvil is indeed, a nom-de-fraud (I smile when I say it) but you won't find Silverberg behind this beard.

Don Franson: It looks as if I failed lamentably in that September SFS editorial to get my point across, since very many have taken it as an attack upon fans and fandom and fan activity.

This was not the intention at all, and I'm truly sorry for having hurt the feelings of any of you. After all, I haven't forgotten my own fan days; when I became active in fan activities, my own letters to the editors fell off.

But that's just the point. Since I wasn't paying much attention to the magazines, I had no right to complain about their not paying attention to me, had I? Fortunately, there were dozens of letter-writers to take my place at the time I stopped writing letters. By which I mean, I don't think I was missed, so far as the effect of correspondence received as a continuing lobby was concerned. You see, it isn't so much that this one, or that one has stopped writing in; or this or that group. It's that new readers becoming fans haven't taken their places. This element, which heretofore kept the letter columns and the lobby for fan departments in sf magazines alive, now seems to be going directly



to the later stage of development -- the fan writing and publishing stage, which (as I well know) usually doesn't leave time for letter-hacking to the dirty promags..

You may say in answer to that, well the promags aren't as good as they were when we were young, and they don't draw the new reader that way--and you may be 100% right! But that still, gentle peepuls, is positively not the point. It may explain things, but it won't help them. The anti's make more noise these days? Yes, very likely they do.

So those of you who want fan material in the promags have got to shout those who don't. Not to each other--but to the promag editors in letters. This is a generalization, and is therefore not 100% reliable, but has enough to it to warrant consideration: fandom has lost most of its influence on the promags by default.

When I say, "Who's to blame?" I don't mean that I'm wagging bitter fingerbones of accusation at anyone--I'm just trying to show that you-all can't justly blame the publishers who decided, in these difficult times, that fan material does not help the sales of sf magazines, isn't particularly wanted, and that putting something else in that space may help more. And when this happens, an editor who favors fan material has no current evidence (which is the only thing that has weight) to back up his arguments.

And to change that opinion, so far as my books are concerned, I'd have to show that so many pounds of letters, etc., are coming in every month asking for the fan material.

"Knock and it shall be opened to you." Of course, I don't blame any of you! I myself blandly assumed for years that the door was open and would stay open. Never thought anyone would have to bruise his knuckles again--but that's the way it seems to be.

Robert A. W. Lowndes

((I hope that if hundreds of fans write you pounds and pounds of letters, and fan departments are resumed in your zines, all those hundreds of fans will feel themselves honor-bound to BUY the zines with the fan departments instead of just reading the fan departments at the newsstand.))

NOT RED, BUT GRUE OR BLEEN

Dear ChRYSop(h)rasers:

402 Maple Avenue

Fond du Lac, Wis.

CRY #131 at hand, having arrived this day and right back at you this time. En avaut garde!

Most importantly, I would like to add my raucous quasi-baritone to RAWLowndes' plea for a continuation of the Pembertonia...on your own terms, no matter what they be, so long as we continue to get at least a little of the stuff. I consider this department one of the most interesting items to appear regularly in any fanzine. It is valuable to me for two reasons: I find that Pemby's views run as close to my own as any other person's are ever apt to; for another thing, I can't remotely begin to read everything in every magazine. I don't even feel like buying them all. Obviously, Re'froo, pressed tho he may be, does not participate in all the things I do in addition to making a living. So on several occasions, I have seen a review in SFFPU that sounded promising and have dug up the story in question, read it and felt grateful for having my attention directed to something I enjoyed and might have missed. Agree with Lowndes, cut down, go sparse if you must but continue.

Odd that you should mention re-reading Methuselah's Children. I just finished it a week or so ago. I hadn't read it since that hot summer of 1941 when it first appeared with all those succulent Rogers illos (any more, I don't trust my memory for punkinrinds... they were Rogers illo's, weren't they?). Back in those days, I still lived on a farm 12 miles or so south of here with my folks and I used to keep my pulpzines (which were strongly verboten at one time and progressively less so as the years yawned along...they approached acceptability asymptotically, as it were...and, that fall, when I left home to win fame and fortune for myself, any reading matter I might fancy became suddenly quite all right...and, somehow, much less fun. Sometimes I think that I might recapture some of that lost sense of wonder if I were suddenly constrained to read sf in stealth once more) --where was I? Oh yeh. I kept my mag collection in a small upstairs bedroom off of my own. The guy who owned the farm slept in that room in the winter sometimes, his part of the house having no heat, so there was an old bed in it and during the months when the bedroom was supposedly untenanted, the covers were stripped off the bed down to the blue-and-white striped mattress cover which had a distinctive smell of old fabric, ancient



sweat and whatnot. It was, withal, a snug haven from the drudgery of farm-ladding on a rainy day and I spent many a happy hour flaked out on that old bed chewing through ASF, Unknown, Amazing, Cap Future, Astonishing, Fantastic, and also Flying Aces, Doc Savage, and all the rest of the long-gones. My excuse for inflicting this peregrinating roundabout is that when I borrowed Bloch's hardcover copy of M's Children and read it, I could perfectly recollect the smell of that old mattress although I probably hadn't thought of it in years. Often an especially interesting bit of literary stimuli will entrain all sorts of irrelevant sensory impressions which co-occur...re-reading it or re-hearing it in the case of a story read over the radio I'll get almost a complete playback of where I was driving when I heard it or how something tasted which I ate while reading, etc. Just what earthly benefit accrues from this, eludes me.

I guess I really mentioned all this so that if Bloch sees this in print and is groping for something to say about the mag, he can always say that I was proving the power of mind over mattress.

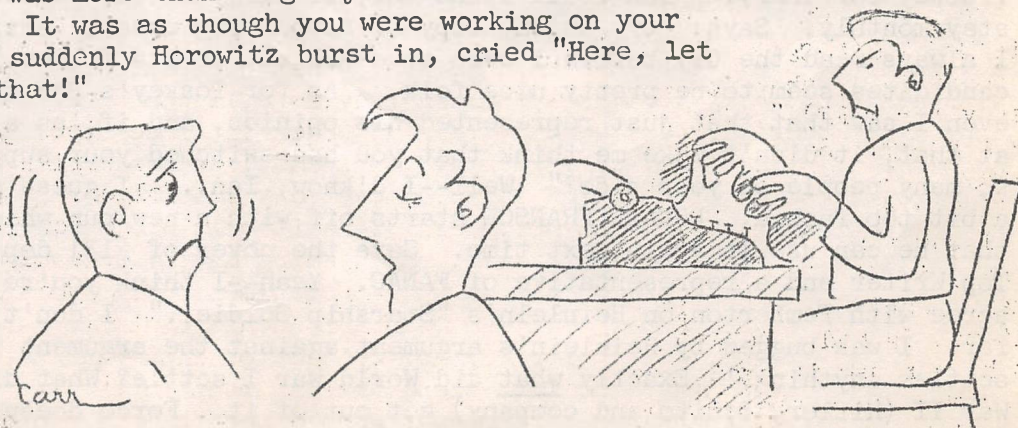
Same with Ross Rocklynne. It was a Sunday and the folks were going to see some relatives. I didn't want to go and begged off, they dropped me off in Fond du Lac enroute, I went to see Bob Hope and Paulette Goddard in "The Ghost Breakers," afterwards went down to Bechaud's drugstore, a nice, quaint old druggy-smelling place with, so help me, marble-top tables and wire-back chairs. Along with Pfiel's drugstore, they carried the completest stock of sf in town. I always bought Unk at Pfiel's, ASF and Doc Savage at Bechaud's. Now, alas, both are long gone--a restaurant stands where Pfiel's stood, a cheap greasy spoon, and Bechaud's old corner has been occupied successively by a store selling day-old Omar bread, a real estate office and a place selling something called "Chicken Delight," the nature of which I am wallowing in blissful ignorance of. The Chicken Delight firm is gone broke and it is just the empty building there and when I walk past the corner of Third and Main I sometimes sigh a small rusty sigh for the olden days and their fine walloping old stories, and for the nickel cokes, nursed till I reached the last sip just as the contents achieved room temperature from my hot sweaty little hand as I raced through the first few stories of each new issue. All of this apropos of Rocklynne because the ASF I bought that day had his "Time Wants a Skeleton," (June '41) and I enjoyed it mightily. Some few years ago, Rocklynne himself sent me a quarter for an issue of Grue, why I'll never know, unless Forry touted him into it. I sent him the quarter, but I returned the coin, telling him it was on the house for old times' sake and why it was. Either he didn't like the gesture or the magazine for I never heard of him again. I wish he'd write some new pro stuff, but apparently pros go gafia too. I think there is a picture of him in Moscowitz' IMMORTAL STORM, which I still think was a good book, despite the impression some might have got from my publishing Chappell's vivisection of it in the last issue of Grue.

Odd Norman Metcalfe should mention that old issue of Universe (#5) wherein I had not one story, but two..."Dropper," by Art Wesley was me, too. Reading "Starship Soldier," I was forcibly struck by the similarity between the opening pages of "Dropper" and "Starship Soldier." Also, I was more than slightly unnerved to watch how a real master handled the same stuff. It was as though you were working on your third piano lesson and suddenly Horowitz burst in, cried "Here, let me show you how to do that!"

and commenced chopping (almost said chopin but caught it in time) up the keyboard. Instructive, yes, but demoralizing.

I wisht I had  
written the Focal  
Pernt jazz by  
Alcatraz StQ.

Leavenworth (never met him but used to know his sister, Tehachapi--



"Says he's been writing for Campbell for too long."



Te-Te, we called her, never actually met her, come to think of it, we were just pen pals).

Actually, it isn't fair to Ron Ellik to call him fat. After all, he's pretty good-natured about helping others keep their weight down. Many's the time when he was here last summer that we'd get up from the table and I'd say Ron stand still a bit will you and he'd remain there patiently for 20 minutes, half an hour while I strolled clear around him a time or two to settle my own meal. Did Carr ever do that? You sweet well betcha he didn't! ((Dean, I think you are exaggerating a tiny bit. I'm sure you could get around Ron in lots less time than that. --Well, if you couldn't, Bjo could.))

We've been making our own root beer the last couple of summers partly for economy and partly because we like the yeasty taste of home-made root beer. However, Raeburn lives in a place where you can go to the corner liquor store and get a bottle of CAPTAIN MORGAN DARK RUM and I can see where an easy availability of this incomparable nectar (beside which even the fabled Jack Dhaniels pales) would blunt one's taste for the lesser joys of root beer. ((Boyd introduced us to Captain Morgan's Black Label Rum, too, and Otto Pfeifer has brought us many many bottles of it from Vancouver.))

It is true, perhaps, that the vile and insidious poison of Seventh Fandom in my system back in those days was at least partially counteracted by association with Agberg and Boggs but it should also be remembered that I associated freely with Robert Bloch as well and if the AgBoggs combo leached me back into 5.5th Fandom by a sort of transtemporal osmosis, then the Bloch influence must have carried me back to about minus-Third, n'est-ce pas?

The Willis letter was welcome as a cool breeze on a hot day. The simile is especially sincere tonight...I peered through the window at the thermometer outside the kitchen window this afternoon, using a scrap of smoked glass to protect my eyes and the mercury stood at 105°F. But I'll forgive the Wisconsin weatherman quite a bit now because the day Berr was here it came out glorious climate like only Wisconsin can produce (and does produce once in a while to keep us poor sweating shivering wretches hanging around).

Also appreciated the Piper cartoon, and the Pseudo-Peanuts.

Eldrin Fzot (dag)

I have two announcements to make: the first is that this is my last lettercol. (Oh frabjous day, calloo callay, and like that.) Wally Weber takes over next month, and I expect that he will do a magnificent job with it.

The second announcement is that I have suddenly run out of time and energy, and all the rest of the letters will be found in the:

#### & WE ALSO HEARD FROM DEPT:

IAN R. McAULAY (of Ballycorus Grange, Kilternan, Co. Dublin, Eire) points out that he is NOT Ian McCauley, an American fan. Ian received CRY 130 on Sept. 6th, and suggests the possibility that Toskey "personally rows across the Atlantic to deliver the issues (Toskey for TAFF)." Ian still likes CRY, is sorry to see reviews go, and wants us to stay monthly. Says: "Cry and my copy of Astounding usually arrive on the same day, and I always read the Cry before I even take ASF out of its folder." Says all the TAFF candidates seem to be pretty nice folk. "As for Toskey's Bjo for TAFF cover on Cry 129, even I saw that that just represented his opinion, and if, as a neofan and a "furriner" at that, it didn't make me think that you had switched your support, why should it bother so many people on your side?" Well--I d'know, Ian... I guess we just let ourselves get a bit too fashed. DONALD FRANSON starts off with a new pun which I shan't reveal, so that he can use it again next time. Says the cover of #131 depicts two candidates for Top Writer and a representative of FANAC. Yeah--I think you're right, Don. Says: "I agree with Pemberton on Heinlein's "Starship Soldier." I don't care for this one, so far. I was bugged by Heinlein's argument against the argument that 'violence never settles anything.' Exactly what did World War I settle? What did the starters of World War II (Hitler, Benito and company) get out of it. Force doesn't settle an argument, it ends it, by disposing of the issues and making them insignificant in the destruction and chaos that follows. Disagreement turning into war is like two men arguing over a checker move, and one of them turning over the board. Violence not only doesn't settle anything,



it creates additional problems." Agreed! Says: "I know you were kidding about that "Best New Fan of the Year," Elinor ((I was not!)), but thanks anyway. Seriously, a strong contender for this honor is Bob Lichtman." Hmmm... Franson liked practically everything, mentions especially, Minutes, Willis letter, "Piper" cartoon, says "Fandom Harvest Chaffed" proves Bjo can write as well as illustrate, and says "Ted White's amiable letter shows that he has moved away from the influence of bitter ol' Ted Pauls."

LEN MOFFATT thinks ATom covers are more in keeping with CRY's gay fannish spirit than the Carr/Lemus cover on 131 (ah, but we need changes of pace from time to time), agrees with Pemby about Heinlein serial, thoroughly enjoyed the Focal Point takeoff, liked Fandom Harvest, Berry, Minutes, and corrects a typo I made in his last letter. Re Bjo's illoing Terry's column it should have been "without decrying the qualities of the other". Sorry, however I think that it was clear in context. And, Len is for Boise in '60 (Westercon), San Diego in '61 (Westercon), and PuCon in '61 (Worldcon). No, sorry, he didn't say Pucon, said Seattle. Oh well.

GREG BENFORD wants his new address published: Boyd House, Norman, Oklahoma. That should be an easy one to remember, Greg: Boyd as in Raeburn and Norman as in Wansborough. Greg liked Buz' reviews, though he doesn't enjoy much stf these days, except for Heinlein, Bester, and perhaps a few other specific items. (But Greg--what did you think of "Star-ship Soldier"? ) Says the focal point jazz in VOID was purely facetious, "but apparently Sanderson and Art Thomson thot it the height of fannishness to mis-read our remarks and make humor and ha-ha about them." So did everybody else, Greg. Says Carr is witty and interesting. Asks what Toskey does, now that he has his PhD? Ass't Professor, Seattle U. Liked Berry story, Minutes, Peanuts cartoon by Nirenberg. Thinks Leslie Raeburnish-type character. No--I don't agree-- Says "Fie, Raeburn. Root beer is a good, healthy drink." Says: "I fail to see how you can put out 34 pages a month of good material and remain completely in touch with reality." This is reality? Also talks a bit of GMCarr, and says: "I still can't see why some fans hold GMC in a sort of fond regard because altho she does foment trouble, she's not 'really dangerous'." I agree with you, Greg, & feel that, paradoxically, GM would be less dangerous if she were more dangerous. If she were obviously nuts folk would/discount her attacks. I also feel that a person who takes pride and pleasure in hurting people is out of place in fandom. 'Twas nice hearing from you, Greg.

BOYD RAEURN guesses that "Who's Got The Focal Point" was written by Donald Franson. Didn't like it. Liked Fandom Harvest, especially the first part. Do you mean the Flying Squirrel or the part about Trina Castillo? Thought Wally's Minutes really terrific this time, "with all the nice little cracks at you-know-who." Frankly, Boyd, Wally is somewhat of a mystery to me, and I really don't know who. Thought Berry story best Berry item for several issues. Says reference to Tucker's Nolacon report was 'flang open the door'. Says Bob Silverberg is not Christopher Anvil, and though he knows who is, thinks perhaps it's supposed to be a deep dark secret. Is crogged by Ella Parker, and says "The jocular type of verbal jousting enjoyed by North American fans seems to be easily misunderstood by some of the English fans, who go into a tizzy at All These Harsh Words Being Exchanged." Look, chum, it's not just English fans who go into a tizzy at Harsh Words. Says: "I am rather amazed by Bob Lichtman thinking that "Kisses Sweeter Than Wine" is r&r. Refraining from comments about tin ears, I will merely point out gently that "Kisses Sweeter Than Wine" is a beatless, worked-over folksong, and has no connection at all with r&r unless one defines R7R as "all popular music" which is stretching the term to absurdity. If this sort of thing goes on, we'll find Maria Callas or (you'll pardon the expression) Lawrence Welk being termed r&r." Boyd is rather annoyed that so many people seem to consider Leslie Nirenberg a hoax. Ends up by saying, "Oh well, all I can say is that Les Nirenberg does exist, he writes all his own fanac, and any fan visiting Toronto will NOT be told that he's visiting his grandmother in Sacramento, but instead will be introduced to him." That's a fair statement.

LESLIE NIRENBERG says: "I couldn't possibly be Boyd Raeburn, for these reasons:

- 1) I don't own a sports car, nor do I intend to buy one.
- 2) I don't have a British accent.
- 3) I have a blue ribbon in my typer, and Boyd has a black one.
- 4) I don't see anything wrong with "Detroit Iron" (I guess I'm a sucker for phallic symbolism.



5) I love root beer.  
 6) I don't see anything wrong with domestic vermouth.  
 7) I like spinach. (Boyd detests it)." Leslie also states that Bob Silverberg and Andy Young will vouch for the fact that he is not Boyd, and that he is hip to fannish terms from reading old fanzines. Tells Leslie Gerber "Charlie Phan" was something I dreamed up. I wrote the story, putting in as many fannish references as I could, and then handed it to Boyd who polished it up with more fannisms." Tells me: "You're the only one who understands me. You didn't doubt my existence from the very beginning. You are the only one who believes in me. For this I thank you. Let's run away together and join SAPS." But Leslie! I already belong to SAPS. Perhaps we should run away together and join OMPA instead.

ED COX thinks the cover looks like Doolin illustrations from PLANET STORIES. Deplores end of Pemby's reviews. Guesses that the Focal point thing was written by two people, the top half by Buz and the bottom half by Toskey. Says 'tis a pagefull of jollity and good fun. Liked Fandom Harvest. "Ha, I thonk, the true nature of Ron Ellik is at last being revealed to the fan-world. Just as I suspected all along, I chortled. Then TCarr goes and has a happy ending. I thought he would come around to Ron's viewpoint, completely croggling all of us. But no, it ended in a logically, wittily conceived ending that gave the whole item a solid, well-filled (what am I thinking of)..uh, filter-tipped?...uh, continuity. Or some damn thing. Uh...I liked it, then. Some real good lines in there. 'Thus she refutes Berkeley' croggles Collier fans. Gad." Ed also tells about Ron Ellik's consumption of gallons of root beer, for the sake of someday receiving a free gallon. Thought Wally's Minutes masterful. Thought Berry readable but below-par for Berry. Says: "Now to the green area. First we come to the letter of hard-drinking Boyd Raeburn (he said he's indifferent to soft drinks...). Nothing really to say about his letter, except that he qualifies statements and lends a Steadying Hand to the rash young herd of neos that continually threaten to bust down the corral with their bucking around. Tis your own note, Amelia, at the end of his letter that interests me. Under separate cover is a copy of a SAPSzine which should fully and completely explain the "silped his nuclear fizz in the Insurgent Manner." It might not be the origin but is certainly the source for the fandom-wide knowledge and popularity of the phrase. Yeh, and it started in SAPS. ((Immensely enjoyed, Ed, thanks very much.)) Oh, yeh, one other thing about Boyd's letter. Damme, but I was about to go rushing out to buy up all the copies of F&SF. Now Boyd says it isn't pornographic. Oh, well, back to the SAPSmailing." ((That isn't pornographic either, Ed.)) "In Ted White's letter we get the idea of the FBI being unhappy about bandying its fair name about. Well, maybe, though I think they'd feel much meaner to any concerned should anybody say they themselves were of the FBI. Be this all as it may, I think we have more to worry about should somebody connected with the outfit that distributes Peanuts find one of these CRYs with the Peanuts strips in them. I like them and think they are fabjurous and like that, but..."

NORM METCALF says "Regarding Heinlein's "Starship Soldier" his code of military necessity overriding other considerations is fine if you want to win regardless of the cost both in manpower and resources. The picture painted by Heinlein is rather familiar since it is derived from present day basic training. But what are the objectives of basic training? In the Air Force the prime object was not training in hand-to-hand combat but rather discipline. There is a sign here on base which sums up basic training: 'Discipline is that military attitude which renders obedience instinctive under all conditions.' Granted that such discipline is an ideal yet to be realized in a great many people then you must realize that the USAF operates without its ideal. But, we're not usually faced with a situation where we would rather disobey orders than say die at the hands of an enemy.

Personally I consider militarization evil and many officers would agree. By seeking to improve military training on everyone the best interests of the nation are not being served. Some people are patently more valuable in other positions and are recognized as such by the Selective Service Boards. Still more are psychologically unfit to be brainwashed by the military. Some men can't stand being screamed at 16 hours a day, 7 days a week. Heinlein seems to be saying, "We must rid ourselves of these men so that they do not fail just when they are needed." Death isn't the most constructive way of ridding a military force of such men and probably never will be."



Norm, you didn't read Heinlein's serial quite carefully enough. Heinlein's armed forces are composed entirely of voluntary recruits, and, furthermore, resignation is encouraged throughout basic training.

LESLIE GERBER says "I wish you would convey to all the CRYhacks and CRYpubbers who contributed to the Berry typer fund my greatest and most sincere thanks. Thanks, everyone, for making my fond hope a success." Les guesses Leavenworth to be Franson. Liked Fandom Harvest very much. Excellent Minutes. Says "Raeburn gets the wrong root beer. I take Hires." I'll bet it's Hires that Boyd thinks tastes of wintergreen, Les. Probably you and I like the taste of wintergreen. "Boyd's adjectives for Levant are accepted only with reservations; sometimes he's right, and sometimes Levant transcends good taste and gets everybody mad." Les dug my comment on the Carr letter, to the effect that Franson drives someone crazy. You know, Les, that was such an obvious remark in that particular spot that I couldn't help wondering if Terry set it up for me. If so, 'twas a neighborly deed. He also says that he thinks I look pretty and Buz looks like Jack Harness. He informs Don Franson that even he thinks he's for the birds, but thanks for the compliment. Is very satisfied with Bjo's answer. "MOFFATT"? What kind of title is that?" Just a cry of defeat. Thank goodness I need think up no more letter titles--I have run DRY. Says "that was 86 I got, and I won't tell you what I got for my final mark." It wasn't good. I am definitely not a Sterling Scholar, mainly because I much prefer many other things. It ain't fandom's fault; when it isn't fanning, I read, or practice music, or write serious or other stuff, etc. Main reason for my bad final mark was my bad mark on the final exam, which in turn was caused partially by the arrival of the CRY the day before the exam and my reading of it when I should have been studying. But, as I said, it isn't the CRY's fault; I'd been reading a mystery before. Anyway, remember Asimov's story of the test he had to take in college. First, to cheer up or sump'n, he picked up a copy of UNKNOWN and started to read. He had started "Lest Darkness Fall" and he couldn't put it down until he finished it late in the evening. But he passed the test with flying colors. But, then, I'm no Asimov." Very few of us are--but none of us (& I very definitely include myself) can leave undone those things which we ought to have done without feeling the less for it. Leslie also explains about his having been naughty at a Metrofen meeting (he really doesn't think he was) and says they are all friends again.

STEVE STILES skipped the focal point thing because he thought it looked mathematical, but he thought Fandom Harvest fabulous, Keen Blue Eyes marvelous (he got Tea 42), and Minutes better than ever, despite their poor repro. (It was stencil-cutting troubles, not the mimeo that was at fault, Steve.) He thought the Berry story was Great! Great! Informs Boyd Raeburn that Leslie Gerber is a devotee of root beer, "though I suspect he does this because his conformist gland works overtime." Informs Franson that the 354 Galaxy was a horrid mistake. Was pleased to see that he was right about Bjo writing Fandom Harvest Chaffed. Still doesn't know how old Ella Parker is. (Steve, she's thousands of miles away from you--why do you care? I mean, why do you care how old she is, not why do you care about her being thousands of miles away.) "I did meet Marty Pahls, E.C. fan-editor (hail E.C.! hail E.C.!) sleeping on Larry Ivie's sofa at 11:30 AM. Later Marty led Larry and I all over NYC visiting record shops."

TED PAULS says "'silping a Nuclear Fizz' was probably not an allusion to Tucker's report. Both the name of the drink and the phrase in question were coined by Bob Pavlat (tho Bob himself thanks it might have been Chick Derry who coined the name). It first appeared, I believe, on the cover of 'Robert Glenn Biggs--Fake Fan' ((thanks again, Ed Cox)) and later on the cover of 'The Ballard Chronicles' (part I)." Thanks, Ted.

BILL MALLARDI got two 131s--sorry Bill, we'll try to see that your sub is okay. Is sorry to see reviews go. Liked Minutes, Fandom Harvest, Berry story, Buz' editorial, lettercol. Who's Leavenworth?



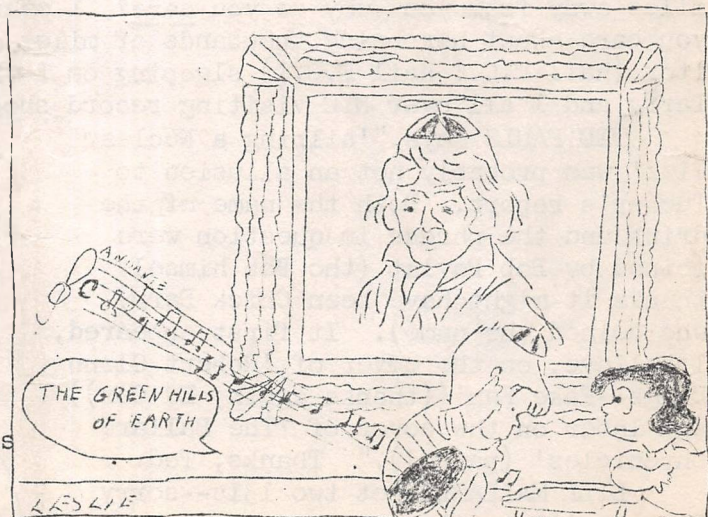


GEORGE LOCKE subs via M. Stein, and writes, also. He's been reading Ella Parker's copies, and previously, they've always been several months old. "But No. 131 IS NOW BEFORE ME, and it's only been out a few days." George thoroughly enjoyed Fandom Harvest. "It's the sort of rambling article which rolls on and on and never seems to stop, and when it does, you wish it hadn't." But he wants to know what 'squirrel' means, and how Ron Ellik is tied up with it. 'Squirrel' is a nickname for Ron, George. It dates back to Ron Ellik's Horrid Adolescence, and was originally derogatory, but Ron Ellik has matured and mellowed, and the nickname has lost all unpleasing connotation. Bjo's squirrel cartoons look far more like Ron than actual snapshots do. George enjoyed the minutes, and would like to attend a Nameless meeting. Liked Berry's yarn a lot--but does not feel that a mundane detective agency, called Pinkerton's, could possibly compete with the glorious success of the GDA. Is sorry to see fanzine and prozine reviews go. Hopes for more fan columns in prozines. With demise of Nebula, with Walt Willis' column therein, BSFA, advertised in prozines, is only bridge between stf and fans. Was glad to see Don Franson's explanation of his cover, and enjoyed the rest of the lettercol too, especially the cartoons, and most of all the one of page 23 ((Nirenberg's Pfeifer takeoff)). Says if we ignore him he'll probably go away. But we don't WANT you to go away!

WALT WILLIS knows "Cry spactime fully occupied Berryport so herewith condensed pre-edited commentletter. Coverpic representation of Berry/Willis proffering bribe to editor of Fanac appreciated for first unretouched picture of bushy Ellik tail but regret to say Fanac Poll decided by no such straightforward means: cunning Berry usurped Number 1 spot by sneaky underhand ruse of flooding fanzines with better material, using unfair advantages of superior talent and energy. Also appreciated fingerprint gage; fond farewell Renfrew P; welcome new fan Alcatraz Leavenworth--take it this is "pen" name, subtlety admired; liked Terry Taff Carr, he writes more like Burbee than Burbee does, also FM's description of typical umteenshot session; minutes as dangerously attractive as ever--I am secretary of dull official committee and have to flagellate myself mentally to resist temptation to enliven the records of their proceedings a la WWeber; JB's piece fine; fan Peanuts lovely; readers in usual excellent voice & appreciated strategic placing of Piper cartoon. 'Did me nut' is current British slang for 'went mad', usually used to convey sense of effort as in 'I did me nut to read Rune', from 'nut' meaning 'head' and 'do' in the sense 'to beat up'."

Walt continues, in normal style: "As you know, John got back safely and well. I saw him just after he got home and he was a little tired and worn, naturally enough, but bubbling over with retrospective excitement.

I invited him down last Saturday evening to meet Ian McAulay and another new and bright spark from Dublin, Johnny Hautz, and to our pleasure he came and showed us his photos and gave us a preview of some of the incidents in the first part of his report. It sounds as if it's going to be wonderful; after everyone went I got out a copy of the old THS and looked through it, not just wondering how it would stack up, but to recapture how I felt myself at the time. One thing that occurred to me very strongly is how much more substantial and integrated fandom is nowadays. Fanzine fandom itself is not as integrated as it was but that, it seems to me, is primarily because it's so much bigger. As a corollary, it is a more prominent part of fandom as a whole and more closely associated with the convention-going side. For instance in 1952 neither Shelby





Vick nor I knew anyone in New York so there was no one to meet me who had taken any part in the Fund; nor did either of us know anyone on the Con committee personally except, distantly, Bea whom I had had no contact with at all. Fanzine fandom was, I now realise, then a small and isolated minority: it was more remarkable even than I realised that it did what it did.

I hear from John that you too have now been run down by the Carr. My sympathy. I don't know what she's been saying, but my impression of her reputation in fandom today is that abuse from her would be sufficient to rehabilitate George Wetzel. ((Nothing could rehabilitate G.W., but I think GMC could praise him without damaging her present reputation in fandom)).

All the best, and I hope things are as happy now in Seattle as they should be apart from that. ((Thanks--we made a quick recovery.)) Just for the record, I didn't think you took Tosk's cover too seriously; anything that other people take seriously must be taken seriously by one who regards himself as their friend, and obviously Terry must take the prospect of a TAFF trip seriously." As a PS, Walt says "John telephoned me at the office the day he mailed you that instalment of his report, to ask for your address. This is the funniest thing that's happened to me since somebody in New York asked me the way to Times Square."

TERRY CARR must be trying to take over the CRY, with a column, a story, cartoons and a 2-1/2 page letter. Like wow. Is amused by Alcatraz Q. Leavenworth, whom he suspects of being Franson (I'll never tell), Wally, found Berry slightly disappointing but anybody's entitled to a miss now and then, and thought Nirenberg's cartoon-takeoffs were wonderful. Guesses reference to Tucker's Nolacon report was "I pressed an I Go Pogo button into his hand." Informs us that a sllp "is halfway between a sip and a gulp, and is difficult and in fact impossible for all but the most refined of fen to do." Terry has no desire to continue the argument with Bjo. "I could argue some of the points in her letter, but won't. Let's forget it. Bjo was in the Bay Area for a few days after the con, we saw quite a bit of each other, and enjoyed each other's company (at least I enjoyed hers--I hope the feeling was mutual). The matter is closed, as far as I'm concerned.

And by the way, please mention in CRY that the TCforTAFF ad in the Detention Program Booklet was inserted by Ted White, not by me, and that I didn't know what it was to say until Ronel, Jim Caughran, and Bruce Pelz brought a copy back from the Detention. Had Ted submitted the text to me for approval I would have turned it down. I appreciate Ted's support of me, but disapprove of some of the phraseology and general tone of the ad. ((I'm relieved to hear that, Terry: I thought the ad in questionable taste and wisdom.))

Yes, Bruce Pelz came out to the west coast. Spent three days with Miri and me, coupla days with Ronel and JimC, then went down to LA with Bjo and Bill Ellern for a few days before departing for Tampa. Real nice guy whose company we enjoyed immensely; in fact, Miri opined that having him here made up for our not making it to the con. I dunno about that, but it was lots of fun, anyhow. ((John Berry made up for our not making the con.))" Informs Ted White that Nirenberg no doubt got the "Carl Brandon lives" bit from the last INN editorial, that he was amused to see his Ted White cartoon in the middle of Ted's letter, and that he was just spoofing.

JOHN TRIMBLE says he found a copy of CRY 131 in a trash can in the parking lot behind the Pick Fort Shelby. Grrr.... Likes page 3. Agrees with Lowndes re Pemberton. Liked Focal Point article, and Fandom Harvest. Didn't like the typer Wally was using. Chortled over Room at the Top, and is looking forward to Goon Goes West. Still for Bjo.

BETTY KUJAWA subs, for the Berry report, MARIA TALENTI sends 25¢ for convention report (Maria, since you're of feminine gender, I'll bet you could talk Burnett R. Toskey, PhD, out of a copy of FLABBERCON). FRANK R. PRIETO subs, and wants back issues. Ooog--we'll try. MARTIN HELGESEN subs, wants back issues (oog again), and tells Pemberton: "Garrett's 'Dead Giveaway' in the August ASF was strongly influenced by the story in INSIDE'S RESOUNDING SCIENCE FICTION. I wouldn't have caught it myself, but I heard Garrett mention it at the Metrocon." P.F. SKEBERDIS renews. JEFF WANSHEL renews. Jeff didn't like the cover, doesn't mind demise of Pemby column, liked the Focal Point article, and wants to know who the author is. Writes r&r parody--cute--but we don't have room--sorry, Jeff. Thought the Fandom Harvest the best yet. Says he's 12 yrs old, which should explain his spelling mistakes and general fuzzleheadedness. Really, Jeff? Egad--for 12 you're a genius. Minute



amusing, Berry not up to usual standard, Nirenberg cartoons second after Carr. "Like, this boy HAS it." BOB SMITH comments on 130--is appalled by end of fanzine reviews, dug Nirenberg's tale better than Berry's, and does not consider F&SF pornographic. BOB LAM-BECK has moved as usual, dug Berry, Peanuts strip, and says Adkins is not in the N3F. Goodbye, dear letterhacks. After this month's maltreatment, you'll be glad to see the last of me--but I'll continue CRYing in different guise--circulation and short articles.EB



"Gee, Toskey, what a time to ask me to join SAPS."

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