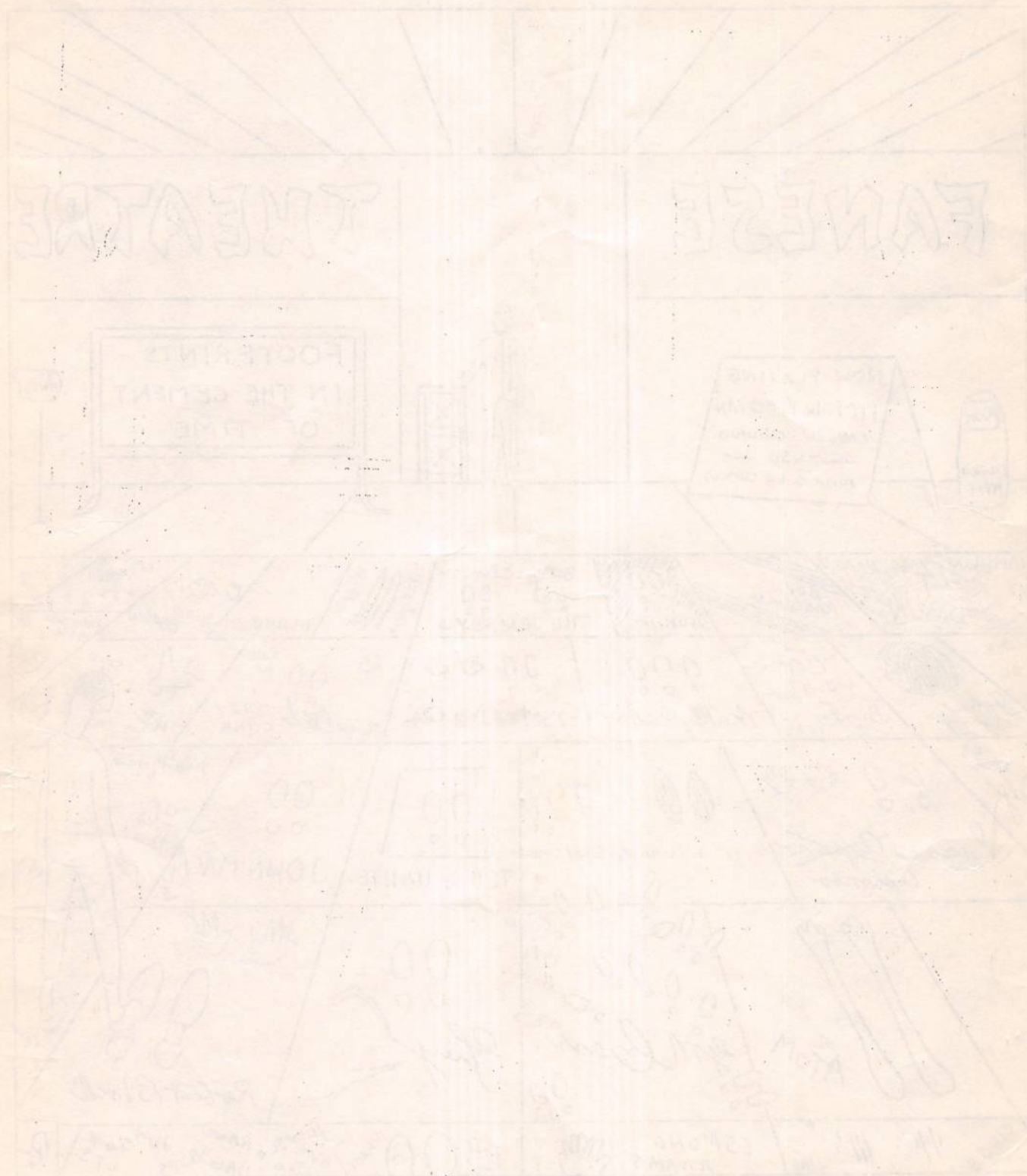


# TCARR *for* TAFF





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This is indeed Cry, the Precarious Monthly Fanzine. We have here issue #130, dated August, 1959. In deference to its predecessors, issue #130 claims residence at Box 92, 920 3rd Ave, Seattle 4, Wash. Cry is sometimes obtained for 25¢ (5/\$1, 12/\$2). Sterling characters in the UK may send moneys (1/9 per copy, 5 for 7/-, or 12 for 14/-) to John Berry, 31 Campbell Park Ave, Belmont, Belfast, Northern Ireland. However, it should be mentioned that Mr Berry will be away from home for a few weeks toward the latter part of August and for a goodly portion of September (like, hoo-ILAH) so patience is urged upon our sterling subbers during that period. Cry also goes to contributors, upon publication. This includes writers of letters that are printed, or which miss publication due to lack of space rather than lack of interest, as adjudged by Elinor. Up to and including this issue, editors of zines reviewed in Cry also receive a copy of the issue containing the review. Read on; we also have

The Contents (in new, Quick-Drying Black ink):

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Illoes: Adkins 44, ATom 26 32, Bjo 8 9 35, Bourne 37, Cameron 42, Nirenberg 19 29, Stiles 40, Puconin 61. ((Corrections: in #129, Franson 28, Nirenberg 34, Schoolzone20))		
<u>Stencil-cutting: Wally 2, Toskey 6, Buz 9, Elinor all the rest (she's not finished).</u>		

With Keen Blue Eyes and a Bicycle-- a squinched-in column by F M Busby

Future Policy Dep't (or Dep't of Prophet-and-Loss): after reading all the good suggestions on how to cut down the page-count, we've decided to foul it up after our own fashion (or, don't feel badly; it's not your fault). Regretfully, Cry drops both book reviews and fanzine reviews after this issue (losing a lovely pair of titles, too). Prozine reviews run two more issues and that's all for them, but see the RP column before passing judgment. Also, we've had to drop the "no-backlog" policy; Cry is now holding material, for lack of space just now, that may yet be returned, if on more leisurely scrutiny we get qualms about it. I dunno-- we cut the heck out of nearly everything this time, and two short unexpected contributions threw things out of whack-- along with a welcome but frightening deluge of letters (Toskey took a good look at the letter-stack, and groaned). Stick around and see what goes next...

Most of you seem to have been highly amused by Toskey's little coup on the cover of #129. Unfortunately, it didn't strike Elinor and me as being especially funny. Because: immediately after SouthGate, we (as charter-signers of the TCarr-for-TAFF petition) specifically checked with Wally and Tosk as to the CRY's supporting Terry, vs just our personal support. The fellows couldn't have cared less, at the time, and so OK'd the CRY's full support of one each Berkeley Publishing Giant. Good enough, except that when Tosk decided to change his mind, he did it in the Big Print with no qualifying notations until it came to the Fine Print on the inside. Tosk had the right to transfer his support, any old time; I do not consider that he should have made it look, even superficially, as if I had double-crossed a friend after pledging him my support. Tosk says his fast-switch while we weren't looking was just good clean fun because after all it's just a hobby; I say a man's word is either good or it isn't, and that it helps to know in advance, which <sup>statement</sup> holds true. It's a perfectly nuine lack of agreement on common terminology, but it made things pretty grim und here. (Let us continue on page-- hmm, yes-- page 22, it'd better be)--



# The Science-Fiction Field Plowed Under

with Renfrew Pemberton in the traces

The October Cry (#132), God willing, will carry the 50th installment of this column under its present title. It will be the 48th consecutive monthly appearance, and, for a number of reasons, the last one. It's not so much that the Cry needs to cut pages as that I need to cut down on deadline-type activity. So the Pemberton hat goes into the closet for possible infrequent future use; perhaps that will free this typer for attempts at writing material just a bit less intrinsically ephemeral in nature than reviews necessarily are. So, laying the Unabridged aside...

The lettercol persistently echoes a nagging idea I've had around for a long time: that the month's high and low spots should rate more space, with the Middle being not exactly Excluded, but getting short shrift. Once again, we'll try it-- . For instance, Science Fiction Adventures #9 (July) contains two short novels:

Wynne Whitford's "Distant Drum" is sequel to his "Shadow of the Sword" in which an Alien Ship was discovered on Neptune's moon Triton, amid interplanetary hassle. This one expands the action of the earlier one. Clifford C Reed's "Children of the Stars", from quite similar background, follows the escape of a prison (space)ship as it is taken over by the convicts and routed to a new planet. They have their problems, enroute, at destination, or wherever. For years. Both of these stories read fairly well for the Solid Action type of thing, and I had to look carefully at them just now to make sure I had read them at all, a mere three weeks ago.

Under the system we're attempting, there wouldn't be too much to say about If for September, except that the volume-numbers have been straightened out after the unaccountable faux-pas on the July issue. I was pleased to see the name of James H Schmitz on the cover, but his "Summer Visitors" is one of those Cute Iddy-Biddy Aliens deals (menacing, though), like warmed-over Edgar Pangborn or Richard Wilson or maybe Rob't F Young or the rest of that flock that write about Tiny Aliens, when the Shottle Bop theme wears out temporarily. What price "Witches of Karres", Jim? I hate it when a guy who used to write terrific stuff slumps like this.

I suppose the main thing that bugs me about this issue of If is the preponderance of tale in the Man Is A Helpless Tool tradition. Whiteford, Dick, St Clair, Fontenay, Kirby Kerr, and Biggle all seem to be enchanted with this theme, and Gordon R Dickson (in "Homecoming", a novelet) has his hero "win" by cutting back out to the colonies with his good old semi-intelligent pet and his new girl. Too much Lit-tul Pee-pul.

Well, there are a couple of goodies, at least, in Fantastic Universe for Sept. John Brunner's "The Round Trip" is a little on the deep side, but he does a good job and doesn't get lost in double-talk-- I like this kind, once in a while. Lucy Cores' "Deborah and the Djinn" is midway between the F&SF and Unknown treatments, and has some good laughs in it. Editor Santesson's "Universe in Books" is more free-wheeling than ever, with all sorts of references to fan-doings. FU is to my mind the best current candidate for a fan-written fan-column; anyone interested in plugging for it?

There are no real stinkers in here, but: Asimov surprisingly comes up with a negligible item; Myrle Benedict's piece would rank much higher if Zenna Henderson hadn't written the People series (as it is, Benedict is fresher and cloyless); Rob't F Young has the gall to cap the overthrow of the "TekGod's Prophet" with so help me I would not lie to you a parallel to a certain Bethlehem stable; a Stephen Lloyd Carr has a music article that attempts to tie in to space travel with something less than resounding success; Ed Doerr uses the good old ignorant peasant with his venomous superstitious piety, to clobber an unsuspecting time-travelling girl (these Futility pieces always bug me, somehow); Joseph Farrell and Cal Knox have minor variations on old themes, that go well enough.

Evelyn E Smith's alien-menace, David Knight's colony-eugenics problem, and Ted Pratt's version of the Afterlife are all more original than average, and maybe this format isn't the answer after all, you know? Carry on, though....



Bob Lowndes, in Science Fiction Stories for Sept, editorializes shortly and to the point as to howcome he's no longer running a fan-column. Although he does not quote the Cry lettercol, he easily could have, and well to the point: all you jokers who give this column a nice hand "although I no longer read the prozines very much" are in the direct line of reasoning-- RAWL says, why should he devote a column to the activities of a gang that's so determinedly paying little or no attention to the science-fiction field as such? Can't say as I blame him; pages cost money, you know. And when you come right down to it, for some time now I've felt pretty silly wasting time and stencils summarizing the field for people who are too lazy to read the stuff or too self-consciously sophisticated to admit reading it. End of testimonial.

SFS has trouble getting good longer material: Jackson Barrow's "Special City" sets up a reasonably original future World of Injustice, and makes a good job of the protagonists' struggles with it, but it's all so "either-or", if you follow me.

This criticism cannot be leveled at the shorter items. Jim Harmon adds a nice wacky touch to Man-vs-Machine in the interstellar-colonizing game; MZBradley sets up a variant philosophy for alien invaders and neatly hangs them by it; Bob Silverberg sets a lively stage dominated by an alien art-buyer, and pulls the rug out from under one and all at the end; Wallace West runs a slightly confused shindy with world problems solved from out the future or alternate time-tracks or something: vague. These shorts are enjoyable but not outstanding enough for Full-page Novel treatment.

Well, the scene can be expanded a bit on Astounding for August: this zine has some handholds on it for digging in. First place, John W Infallible norates as how Dr Land (he of the Polaroid camera) has dee-molished the 3-color theory of color vision. Land took pics on black-&-white film thru red filter and thru green one-- projected same on screen thru red filter and using white light for the green. Only various shades of red should be on screen-- everybody sees full color, says JWCjr. Ergo, humanimal sees only part of color scene, deduces the rest in his visual centers and comes up with full color "vision", the man says. He could be right, and it's a fascinating deal, to be sure. But I recall smtething about white light & prisms...

Leinster's "The Aliens" is as good a rework of his "First Contact" (aSF, May '47) as you'd care to see. He's added a girl, and-- it always was a good story. Actually, this version winds up with different crises, and all...

Garrett's "Dead Giveaway" refutes the charge that aSF is dedicated to proving that We are Better Than Anybody. In this one, we're sort of On Welfare, mentally. Chandler's "The Outsiders" continues the Rim Series and expands its scope, even though Bertram has ceased to convince us of the utter desolation of the Rim, and now simply reminds us that he made this clear in the earlier stories, like.

Anne Walker's "A Matter of Proportion" is supposed to be carrying Astounding's current HERO kick, I guess, but it's too incoherent to do the job, and somehow managed to omit the point, besides. The editor's soft spot, vulnerable as always.

Geez, here we have George Whitley under his own name with "Familiar Pattern", and in this one, the Humans lose, for Crysakes. Let's sit back and recuperate.... Pretty doggone well-worked story, it is, too-- sort of authentic and like that.

Ted Thomas' "Day of Succession" reverses the old bit about the Stupid Military by having one man act the old role to the hilt, turn out to be R\*I\*G\*H\*T, and end up potshooting his lawful superiors in order to be free to act. Tsk... are you there, Lieutenant? Are you there, L Ron Hubbard? You are there, aren't you?

Actually, there's no reason why I should kid Campbell so much in here. I agree with some of his basic ideas, from logic, intuition, and experience. As, "You don't have any idea what you can do until you have to do it", or "it is almost impossible to stop a really determined man", or (particularly) "there must be a simpler way to do the job" -- I agree with these, for instance, from experience. Campbell is not pushing stupid or fallacious ideas; he is simply doing (or overdoing) a clumsy job of trying to sell verbally what can only be truly sold by demonstration. Why, hell, I even agree with him that smart people are generally more valuable than stupid people (but don't let the Brotherhood boys get hold of that quote; they might get the idea that I think some people aren't as equal as other people-- perish forbid).



There's an interesting little deal in the September F & S F: five short vignettes (3 stories, 2 poems) of which "at least one... was written by a child under 12, and at least one... by either Damon Knight, Theodore Sturgeon, Jane Rice, or Alfred Bester" --the reader is invited to guess who did what. My own guesses are:

"The Black Nebulea"--Sonny Powell (I hesitantly tab damon knight for this one)

"Up, Down, and Sideways"--John Cunnington (strong flavor of Sturgeon, here)

"Witch's Charm"--Nina Pettis (most apt to be a good bright child's work)

"The Man Who Told Lies"--Billy Watson (I'll bet on Bester, here)

"Night Thought"--Mary Austin (Jane Rice, and Amelia agrees with me on this one)

Of course, it's only an assumption that all four writers and only one child are in this group, but dknight is the only one I'm guessing without well-defined clues, such as favorite tricks or characteristic flavor that comes through <sup>the</sup> misspelling and etc. Anyhow, this is a provocative gimmick, and I'll be most interested in the answers.

Edgar Pangborn writes a very workmanlike story, lovingly molding his cast of characters in the old familiar molds we know and love from his previous works. In "The Red Hills of Summer" (novelet) his paranoidish semi-villain is strongly similar to the guy who Went Wrong in "West of the Sun". And aside from this distinctive guy, everyone else talks in the same typeface... a usual problem with Pangborn, who could be a much better writer if he could only shake these repetitive tendencies.

The other novelet is Edw Aarons' "The Makers of Destiny", which stands out as the most unintentionally incoherent piece ever to appear in this magazine. It's a sequel (predecesing type) to "The Communicators", which dealt with a postwar world in which both the US & USSR were held-down wards of the rest of the world, and in which psi-types organized toward breaking free of the guardianship. The original story had its loose ends, as I recall, but this one is almost entirely composed of loose ends held together by Gordian knots. Doesn't anyone do rewrites, any more?

Isaac Asimov, well-known robot-fancier-about-town, neatly lines out not only the mathematical concept of Infinity but also the various gradations of same. Good job.

The 5 short stories are a diverse lot. Robert Arthur's "The Devil's Garden" is reprinted (from 1941) Murchison Morks (who, say what you will, will never replace the immortal Jorkens). Will Stanton's "Who Will Cut the Barber's Hair?" gets no points for coherency but is absolutely packed with choice lines lovingly embedded in a wild flow of context; I have no idea why an attempted "ending" was tacked onto this ramble. "Nor Custom Stale" (Joanna Russ) is sort of derivative Padgett, but straightfaced. Rob't Graves' "Interview with a Dead Man" is two pages of sheer whimsey, with salt. And there's a gentle pornographic echo of Thorne Smith to Leslie Bonnet's "Game With a Goddess"-- all in Impeccable Taste, mind you, and rather enchanting.

This column would be a lot less harrassing to write if I could be more go-to-hell about deadlines and being up-to-date. For instance, both F&SF and Galaxy have been all too dependable about arriving at the last damn minute, lately: the former day-before-yesterday, and the latter today (July 30th). Leaving last-minute arrivals for the next issue has always meant having to review half-forgotten material in the wooden style you'll have noted at the beginning of most of these essays. Oh, well...

In Galaxy, Oct, the editor comes up with a combination editorial/lettercol, using only short quotes, of course. (Hi there, Vic Ryan, leading it off-- I somehow doubt the existence of Pinky Finger of Mussent Point, Ind.)

We have a novella, 3 novelets, and 3 shorts. The longer bit, Christopher Grimm's "Someone to Watch Over Me", begins as if we came in in the middle of the feature and for a time (before the flashbacks) lets us grasp at the clues as they arise. I like this Figure-It-Yourself presentation-- always have, when it's done well (this one's pretty good at it, though not ideal). In any event, here is a good piece of stf; it has considerable originality, all the scope that's fit to print, and some damn fine dollops of character development, roughly sketched here and there. If a couple of the twists are on the obscure side, maybe it's my fault for reading fast, or Galaxy's for reaching my mailbox so late, so's I had to read it fast.

I guess there will be another page to this priceless gem of insight and trivia.



The Galaxy novelets: Clifford Simak is on his unity-of-life theme in "A Death In The House": Simak writes in a warm-hearted vein, as usual, though with reservations as to the innate fuggheadedness of John Q Public in many of his manifestations. This story went very well with me, as it happens. "Silence" (John Brunner) is a more specific sort of piece, dealing very well with the reactions of a man rescued from solitary imprisonment by aliens after nearly thirty years. If there's a flaw, it's Brunner's reliance on the stock Idiot Military Man for conflict; the piece would have been stronger for the additional effort necessary to portray the ship's commander as a reasonably decent guy under pressure from headquarters based on current events: I deplore the casting of villains by sheer Author's Necessity. "Way Up Yonder" (Chas Satterfield) is largely farce-- an interstellar-war theme in the background, and a transplanted Old-Plantation foreground (duly admitted-- no steal). The best and most original contribution is the idea of radio-controlled robots developing a sort of voodoo (dancing to the radio-frequency beat of static from malfunctioning machines); the choice idea that the robots' voodoo really works is thrown away in an abortive scene while the author fumbles toward a Climax of some sort. Maybe I'd better rephrase my earlier question: don't editors ever demand and get rewrites, any more?

Of the shorter works, Wilson Tucker's (Tucker? Bob Tucker? Gad, but it's been a long time. Where you been?) "King of the Planet" is the white meat. The rationale boils down to "it just is", but the treatment of the old geezer who is bored by the visits of starships several hundred years apart, is very good reading. Ted Tubb's "Last of the Morticians" satirizes that profession's reactions to alien-given immortality, lightly and without reference to any of the very real gripes that could be made against the profession's legal position in this country. "True Self", by Thomas Mann's daughter, Elizabeth Mann Borgese, is not a story at all, but rather a slice-of-life episode dealing with future beautician's salons in somewhat the fashion of Fritz Leiber's setup as used in "Poor Superman" and the others in the same vein. Macabre in an underplayed sort of way, I guess you could say. Interesting enough while it lasts, but it stops while the reader is still sitting around waiting for the plot to get under way, not realizing that here is an episodic bit, not a plotted tale.

Floyd C Gale should not be reviewing science-fiction books for a readership the size of Galaxy's. He's improving, but he still goes "Hoopla" over Charles Eric Maine's tortured attempts at the genre (you might say that Floyd is kissing-off the Field with a "Dear Genre" letter), for instance; he's also carried away over "Not In Solitude" (Kenneth F Glantz), which is high on taut cryptic prose but low on overall well-rounded continuity. (I will admit that Glantz is not afraid to throw in a page or two of genuine physical fact for extrapolation, where it fits the plot.) Gale is picking up, but he does not give the casual reader a very good picture, as yet.

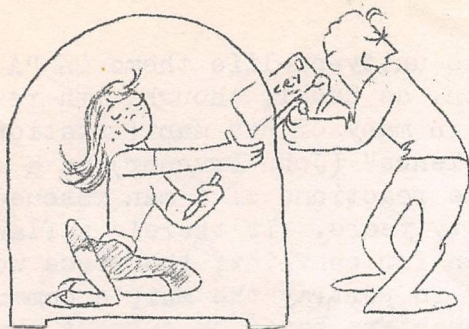
OK, that's all the zines, this time. So? Well, let's second Les Gerber's "sight-unseen" recommendation of Brian Aldiss' anthology, "No Time Like Tomorrow" (Signet S-1683, 35¢). I've had time to read it. Ten (I believe) of the twelve items are new to us here on this side of the Pond, and Aldiss is a Good Fresh New Writer.

We have placed a subscription to Science-Fantasy through Ben Stark; there'll likely be an issue on hand for next month. Nebula #40 did not show up on schedule; I intend to order what future issues may appear, along with back issues as offered. I'd buy New Worlds if it were convenient, but I don't feel like subbing at something over 40¢ per issue; the same holds true for SFA.

Les Gerber sent me "Theory of Flight" by Jacques Casolet; in addressing the parcel, he inserted "Guts" as my middle name. I don't know whether he's right or not, as yet, since I haven't had time to read the item. Stick around for next month's treadmill; according to my schedule-sheet, there should be room for all sorts of odd auxiliary works.

It was probably a mistake to announce the demise of the column two months ahead, but I've always been a forthright sort, and you'll just have to bear with me in that respect. See you next month a couple of times, anyhow. -- ol' Renfrew.





# FANDOM HARVEST

TERRY  
CARR

Ron Ellik and I were talking a few weeks ago about Fabulous Seattle Fandom, and I said, "You know, I'd really like to go to Seattle and be there for a CRY publishing session."

"Yeah," said Ron, a reflective look coming over his face. "Imagine it--publishing a 40-plus page fanzine in one day!"

"Well, I don't think they do all the stencilling on CRYday," I said. "After all, for the last several issues Elinor seems to have average 25 stencils per issue, and no-body cuts 25 stencils in one day...I don't think."

"You never can tell about those Seattle fans, though," Ron said. "They're publishing dynamoes." And we went on talking for awhile about Fabulous Seattle Fandom and how astounding it is.

Now, I suppose this may sound a bit odd, since Ron and I are the two original Publishing Giants, but these Seattleites are fans to be reckoned with. Why, just recently in SAPS John Berry wrote that he considered Seattle a sort of Fan Heaven--this from a fan living in Belfast, which is almost a Mecca of fandom!

Yes, they're astounding people up there. I can see one of those CRY publishing sessions now... Buz has laid aside a refrigerator-full of home brew, the rendezvous time has been set, many stencils are already prepared. Comes the appointed hour and fans begin to arrive. Tosk, Whally, Blotto Otto--in they straggle, leading Garcone at the end of an eleven-foot pole, hissing and spitting. Elinor starts rushing around looking for stencils which have been cut in the days past. She finds them in bureau drawers, shadowy corners of the Fenden, under the breakfast dishes, rolled up behind Buz's ear, hidden behind the couch by one of the dogs, under a bedpillow, sitting on the back of the toilet, stuck in with Buz's underwear so that the mint-scent would be imparted to them, filed in the pages of the dictionary under "S", and maybe even one hanging on the clothesline to let the correction fluid dry.

The stencils all collected, a typer is hauled out to the Fenden and set up on an applebox and Elinor starts typing the WEALSOHEARDFROM section. There's a five-foot high stack of unopened letters next to her, and she simply holds each up to the light and types whatever comments she can read. Toskey is busy slapping stencils onto the Gestetner and running them off, phwoom-phwoom-phwoom. Buz has also brought a typer out from the house, and he is working on the last page of the prozine reviews. He wears a badge saying "I Am Renfrew Pemberton, not Shelby Vick". He curses softly, "Why didn't Gold let it fold?" and reviews the latest If.

Now things are humming along nicely. Elinor finishes the lettercol and throws the last of the unopened letters into the incinerator. In a few moments, the latest If follows it. Buz grabs another stencil and says, "All right, whatta we got?" Otto, who has been assisting with the duplicating, grabs the already-run pages and the to-be-run stencils and starts calling off names and titles.

Buz says, "Who wrote the fanzine reviews this time? Brown, yeah...and Lichtman again too, eh?...okay...Gerber too?...Did we print 'em?...Oh well, he won't mind if they were cut...Es Adams wrote some too?...oh, only five zines, that's okay...and Pelz sent some?...who else?...Belle, yeah, and Stone, and Pauls and Durward and Cameron and Mercer and Caughran...look, why didn't you just note down all their ratings and make a one-page graph?...yeah, and Meyers and Koning and Moran and...who?...Ted White?...oh, you rejected them, not critical enough, okay...look, this contents page is already half-filled just with the byline for the damn fanzine reviews..."

Otto finishes the fmz-review column and goes on to other material. "Next piece is a story by..."



"John Berry, yeah, what's the title?"

"It's called 'Horse's Erse'."

"Oh yeah, that's the one about fanspeak with an Irish accent. What comes next?"

"Well, Carr got his column in for once...we had to write and tell him not to worry, that Bjo hadn't sent a heading illo for it...and there's E. Maximus Cox..."

"Is that a title or a byline?"

"Byline. Title is 'The Demolished Tiger, Burning Bright'."

"Ghaaa..."

And so it goes, until the contents page is finished and the stencil is whipped off the platen and onto the drum and the last page is run off. Then they all survey the stacks of pages to be assembled.

"I need a beer," says Buz.

So beers are poured all round and midst quaffing and gay fannish chatter the pages are laid out in order and the assembling begins. Only fifty-five copies are assembled and stapled when Elinor says, "Hey, you know we left out pages 18 and 19?"

The staple remover is brought, all copies are unassembled, the missing pages inserted, the copies restapled. Fabulous Seattle Fandom looks at the stacks of CRYs that are finished, and turns to the stacks of unassembled pages still remaining. They face them with determination.

As Buz puts it, "So it's one in the morning and I've got to be up at six-thirty; so even the crickets are asleep outside. Do we care if there's still three hours of work to do? Are we daunted?" His eyes are the color of cold steel, and a half-smile plays at the corners of his mouth.

"Maybe..." says Tosk, surveying the mailing list.

"Well, we held it down to fifty-four pages this issue," says Elinor. "Of course, we had to reject that unsolicited stuff from Leman and Tucker and Bob Shaw and Sid Birchby and Jack Speer, and we cut Warner's ten-pager to three pages, but we held it down. We ought to be proud."

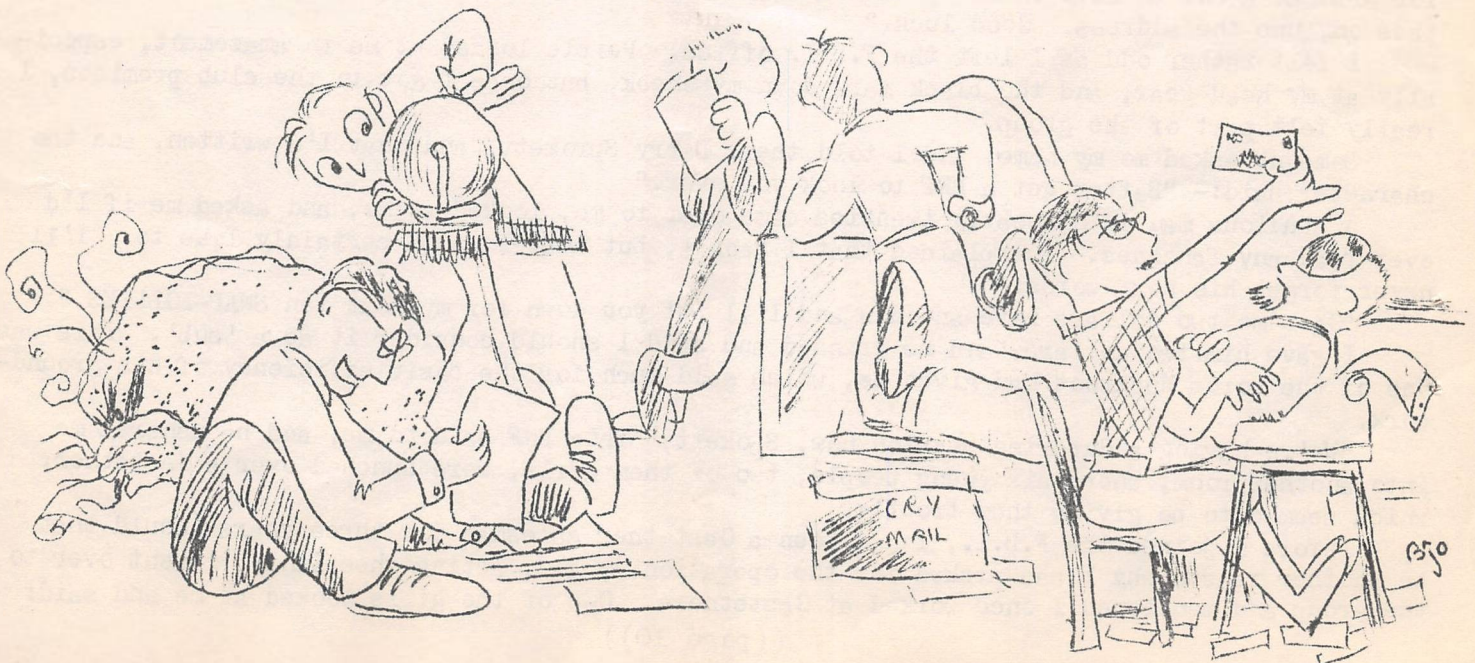
"I am proud," says Otto. "I'm a proud fan, and tired."

"But are we daunted?" says Buz again, pounding the table.

"Hell, no," says Toskey. He grabs the assembled copies and dumps them into a large box. "We always come through," he says, piling the unassembled pages in on top. "CRY will live on!" he shouts, throwing the mailing list into the box too. He takes a sturdy rope and ties the box firmly for mailing.

"Now...what's Ted White's address?" he says.

--Terry Carr





# I WAS A FAKEFAN FOR THE F. B. I.

by John Berry

((A chapter from the recently published memoirs of Special Agent Elmer T. Sneidgoot, of the Federal Bureau of Investigation.))

When the 5 cent postage stamp bearing a three-quarter face view of Harry Truman wearing a beanie appeared in 1977, the government decided Something Would Have to Be Done!

It was the culmination of a whole series of similar incidents -- who will ever forget the legend 'I AM A BERKELEY PUBLISHING GIANT' painted across the chest of the Statue of Liberty in 1965...or the banning of the best-seller 'I WAS A SEX-FRIEND IN THE LASFS' (subsequently made into a film starring Mickey Rooney and Gloria Swanson)... or the first message from the '64 Martian Expedition "What is the deadline for the 68th SAPS Mailing?" ...or, most fantastic of all, the zap being introduced as the issue sidearm for the American Armed Forces.

The authorities set the F.B.I. to investigate the apparent cause of these amazing episodes ....fandom...and as I had once appeared in the letter column of OTHER WORLDS in 1954 (when I was nine years old) I was assigned to the operation because of my Technical know-how!

My instructions were explicit...to join fandom, to get to the top, or as near to the top as was possible, and to try to discover exactly what made sf fandom such a potent force in America.

.....  
I shall never forget the first fannish meeting I attended. Security Regulations forbid me to mention the actual situation, but it was somewhere on the West Coast.

Special Agent Muckroot had infiltrated to a club meeting the week before, and, in the seclusion of the local F.B.I. office, he briefed me about the uncanny experience he had undergone. He gave me a concentrated wordage course:-

"...and every few words mutter 'blasted duper' or 'off-set' or 'Gerber' or 'sub' or 'potential gaffiate'. Do you know that I was in the club premises for five hours, disguised as that film man, Forrest Ackerman, and all I said the whole time was a permutation of those five words and expressions, and no one penetrated my disguise."

Special Agent Muckroot also dressed me for the part. He told me to put on black jeans, a green vest, with a bronze beanie on my head. He put a smear of black duplicating ink on my left cheek, and gave me a copy of FANAC 972 to hold. He told me that the local F.B.I. office had already written to the club and explained that the undersigned, Larry Sprokett, was anxious to join. Common stationery had been used, and the address given was a Top Secret F.B.I. Accomodation Address.

"In other words," Muckroot told me, "everything is arranged for you to join this group. From now on, you're on your own. In case anyone calls at the address you give, we've arranged for a woman agent to live on the premises as your mother. If you have any urgent messages to pass on, use the address. Good luck."

I felt rather odd as I left the F.B.I. office. People looked at me in amazement, especially at my head-gear, and the black mark down my cheek, but once I got to the club premises, I really felt part of the group.

Someone asked me my name, and I told them, Larry Sprokett, and that I'd written, and the character said:- "Better get a BNF to look you over."

A studious man in his early twenties came over to me, looked at me, and asked me if I'd ever read any fanzines. I explained that I hadn't, but that I would certainly like to. I'll never forget his next words:-

"Give me two dollars here and now and I'll put you down for my next ten SNAP-FOLLIES."

I gave him two dollars, and he grinned and said I should consider it as a 'sub'. This was one of the words Muckroot had given me, which said much for the basic efficiency of his ground-work.

"We're having a dupering session now, Spokett," this BNF said to me, and he ushered me into another room, where six young people, two of them girls, were hunched over a Gestetner, which seemed to be giving them trouble.

Before I joined the F.B.I., I had been a Gestetner salesman for three years (could that be another reason why I was picked for the operation?), and, acting sheepishly, I went over to the group and mentioned I once worked at Gestetners. One of the girls looked at me and said:



"Chee, another neo."

I looked over my shoulder and couldn't see anyone else, so I presumed she was referring to me. "No, I'm a Presbyterian," I told her, and a couple of them laughed like anything, and the others sneered openly.

"Been in fandom ten minutes and already considers himself a second Leman," said one. I remembered the name Leman, with good reason, because, as you'll hear, it was to be important later.

Anyway, I finally convinced them that I knew my Gestetner, and they let me examine it. I saw immediately what was wrong. I closed my eyes and felt around inside, just under the bottom roller, and pulled out what looked like fluffy balls, but which one of the group identified as being:- "One of them blasted red cardboard front covers from last years annish!"

There were murmurs of approval at my mechanical knowledge, and a couple of them patted me on the back and openly complimented me, although one of the older ones muttered something about "flippin' neo's luck".

I explained a few of the finer points of duplicating, and had the group eating out of the palm of my hand, as it were, when I heard a door open and close, and the group around me hushed and stood quietly as a tall figure walked past.

"Evening, Mr. Leman," they chorused.

He nodded, and walked a few paces, when he stopped. He slowly turned and looked at me. He retraced his steps. He looked into my eyes.

"Who are you?" he asked. He looked shrewdly at me, but at the same time I could see his question wasn't prompted from conventional curiosity. There was stark cunning in those eyes.

"I'm....er...er..."

"He's Larry Sprokett, the new neo, you know, Bob, the one who wrote in the other day," said the BNF.

"Oh," said Leman. "Where did you hear about us, Sprokett?" he asked. Again, I sensed a deeper motive behind his questioning.

"I..I saw a review of SNAP-FOLLIES in a magazine someone gave me the other day," I said. I had to take a chance. I didn't have any idea that the club published a fanzine....I mean, rather, that I didn't have any idea of the name of the fanzine, but I mentioned what presumed to be the BNF's fanzine, and from the fact that no one looked surprised, I knew I'd been lucky. Muckroot had slipped up there.

"Mr. Leman," said one of the girls, "I think the neo's going to be an asset to the group. He fixed the Gestetner; it hasn't been working properly for months."

This Leman looked at me for some seconds.

"You worked for Gestetners?" he asked. I nodded. He asked me which branch, and I told him, and I could see he repeated it to himself, as if to memorize it.

"Welcome to the club, Sprokett," he said eventually, and forced a smile. He motioned to the BNF to follow him, and they went into another room.

Within the next twenty minutes, seven men came into the club premises, and went to the room Leman had gone to. Each of the seven men must have been of considerable importance, because the common fans were respectful to them, called them 'Mister', and, in one instance, 'Sir'.

"What are they doing?" I asked one of the girls, and I saw the look of terror in her eyes, and the wary look that followed, and she excused herself and moved over to the stapling group.

It was obvious to me that here, in an adjoining room, a bevy of high-ups from Fandom had congregated, and from the girls' reaction to my question, it seemed as though an important meeting was taking place. Then again, there seemed to be deep thought behind Leman's questioning, and I knew that he intended to check up on me via the Gestetner firm. I had to find out what that meeting was about!

But it was easier said than done. I couldn't blatantly crouch outside the room and listen, or look through the keyhole, because the other fans were around. I had to just take a chance and hope for the best.

In a few moments, the opportunity arose. Someone said:- "Where's the new tube of ink?" and before anyone could stop me, I shouted:- "I'll get one," and I rushed over to the door of the room where the BNF's were, and I opened it quickly.

Nine horrified faces stared at me...eyes wide...mouths open. For a split second, I could see a sort of gauge on a table, with numbers on it, and a needle pointing upwards, then protective arms covered it, and Leman shot to his feet.



"What do you want, Sprockett?" he snarled.

I remember I coughed and backed away. I said that someone asked for ink, and I thought it would be kept in here.

He sneered openly, then slammed the door in my face. The other fans 'tut tutted', and said that, really, Leman wasn't so bad, but with the Big Deal on....then they became silent again.

I left a few moments later, promising to come to the next meeting, the following week.

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I took a bus to the accomodation address, and sure enough, there I saw a woman agent, who told me, when I'd revealed my identity, that she was acting as my mother. Some deal. I guess she was old enough to be Hoover's mother. No chance to combine business with pleasure on that job.

I sat down and wrote a long report to my superiors. I explained that Leman was bound to check on me, and to fix it so the Gestetner firm gave the right answers. I expressed the opinion that, as a whole, fans seemed pretty harmless, but that undoubtedly something big was in the wind. I explained that, in my opinion, the only way to get to a meeting was to be a BNF, which, ordinarily, took months to do if rushed, and most BNF's took years. I wrote that it was essential that I should attend the meetings, and therefore I had to be a BNF fast. I went into detail, and said exactly what I wanted done.....

.....  
When my report arrived and was read, it seems that a top level meeting was held, at which the Vice-President attended. The result was that the go-ahead was given for me to become an immediate BNF, regardless of expense. Secret Agents all over the country moved smoothly into action. Bob Bloch was resting in his bath-chair on a beach near San Francisco when he was escorted to a closed car and driven hurriedly away to a secret hideout. Soon, Arv Underman, Guy Terwilliger, Wally Weber, and DAG, all the top ranking BNF's...and BJO...were also taken. It seems that they were to get together, to form a personality between them, and to write batches of articles, both serious and humorous, on all aspects of science fiction and fanzines and missiles and prozines etc. BJO was to create a new and original style of illoing, and to draw some hundreds of suitable sketches. It is said that, with a high expense account, because they were working for the government, they went to the task with enthusiasm.

Three weeks later, a bulky parcel of papers arrived at the accomodation address. I read them (and it nearly killed me...laugh, I thought I'd blow a lung) and, with pounding heart, I took the contents to the meeting.

"Mr. Leman," I said, "I've only been here three times, and yet, although you may think it strange, I feel I've been coming here for years. During this last three weeks, I've been spending all my time writing down my opinions of fandom, from what I've gleaned here and read in prozines and fanzines you've lent me...and I've tried my hand at illoing....I thought mebbe you'd like to read them, and perhaps, if they're good enough, publish them in the club fanzine. Of course, I haven't had much...."

Leman grunted, seemed to decide to ignore me, then took the parcel off me. He looked at the illos, and his eyebrows raised.

"Not bad..not bad at all," he mused. "Say, folks, we'll use these."

He picked out one of the typewritten pages, and read it. He sniffed. He read more. He sniggered. He read more, sat down in a chair, and screamed with laughter. He threw the paper up in the air, and collapsed on the ground, literally sobbing with laughter.

The other fans crowded round, looking at me with awe-filled eyes, and picked up more of the sheets. In five minutes, it was fantastic to see the results. One fan, under a table, was blue in the face, and choking for breath, burst out laughing again as soon as he regained it.

"Get the duper going quick," gasped Leman, tears pouring down his face, "we'll have to rush out an issue of SNAP-FOLLIES immediately, with all this stuff of Sprockett's in it. Neary as good as my stuff.....Christ....." and he wheezed great breaths of pure delight.

In two months, I was the sensation of the fannish world. Every few days, a registered letter would arrive, with ad libs written down, and whenever the situation arose, I'd say one, and the local fans nearly killed themselves laughing. In one day, three sackfuls of mail arrived, praising my literary style to the Heavens, and asking for material, which I sent.

One evening, Leman opened the door of the secret room, and beckoned me over.

Knowing that sooner or later it was bound to come, but acting as if I was surprised, I went over to him.

He put an arm on my shoulder. "Come in, Larry, it's about time you joined us."



The BNF's inside the room stood and applauded for some moments, as I stood there blushing.

"This is just the fan for the job, boys," said Leman. "I feel he'll be an asset to our plot, and I think he should have the job of bringing Mr. X here."

The others nodded in agreement. I tried to make out what the shape was in the middle of the table. It was about one foot high, but a cloth had been thrown over it. What the....?

"So here's what you do, Larry," said Leman.

I met Mr. X at the local airport. I took him to a taxi, and although the drive lasted for over half an hour, he said nothing, and merely grunted at my pleasantries. His trilby brim was pulled low down over his eyes, and his trench coat collar was pulled up. He held a small attache case in his hand.

We halted outside the club rooms, and I took him in to the BNF room, and, as we passed the ordinary fans, they stood to attention as Mr. X passed.

Inside the room, two candles, thrust into the necks of bottles, were burning, and sent waving shadows across the wall. It was indeed the lair of conspirators...and, due to the foresight of the FBI and my own efforts, I was in at the kill, for I sensed that the climax had arrived.

"Gentlemen," said Leman, in a soft and throbbing voice, "allow me to present to you New York's biggest BNF, George Nims Raybin."

We all clapped, until Leman held up his hand for silence. "George," he said in a whisper, and I leaned forward to catch every word, "you've done the legal side of the business for us... how do we stand?"

Raybin stood up, looking like a man who had just successfully haranged the DA on a murder trial. He rustled some papers before him, and then told us what it seemed we had been waiting for months to hear. "Gentlemen," he said, his lips firm, "I have investigated this affair, from the legal standpoint, from every point of view, and I can assure you that it is the greatest thing that has ever happened to fandom. The government would pay hundreds of thousands of dollars for the information, but we must keep it to ourselves."

I bit my lip, and edged forward even nearer. The FBI had successfully penetrated into fandom, and I, an agent, was about to hear something which, judging from the past, would probably shake the government even more than when Robert Bloch had turned down the Presidency.

Raybin leaned forward, and lifted the cloth off the object in the middle of the table.

I expected to hear my eyes rebound from the far wall. I saw a weighing machine. What the hell....?

Raybin put a small parcel on it.

"As you see, Gentlemen," he said, "this fanzine, sent by normal printed matter rates, costs 7 cents. Now then, sub-section 3a of section 497 of the Post Office Code distinctly states... 'Providing the wrapper bears an endorsement to the effect that the goods inside are exempted by government authority, the parcel can be sent for half the normal printed matter rates.' That is the law, gentlemen. The point is, that sub-section doesn't specify that the contents must be exempted by government authority, it merely states that the label must say so...."

"therefore..." panted Leman, his eyes wide with emotion.

"therefore, as I see it, henceforth, all fanzines, provided that endorsement is put on the wrapper, can be sent through post at only half the present cost."

Shouts of jubilation made the rafters tremble, but I gradually sank to the floor. 'So this is fandom'...I thought, before my head hit the floorboards.

My superiors didn't feel too bad about it, strangely enough.

I hadn't revealed any world-shattering secrets such as they had hoped, but to keep my status secret, they decided not to get the Postal Laws altered, with the result that the government, indirectly, has been subsidizing fandom for years.

And, just in case anything did arise in fandom, I was ordered to maintain myself as a fan....I had the money for it....but, under Secrecy Oaths, the BNF's, Bloch and Underman and Weber and Co were released, and I had to do all the writing myself.....

That was all fifteen years ago, and say, do you know this, even though I've left the FBI, I'm still in SAPS and FAPA, and my subzine LOOPHOLE has reached its 77th issue....

Would you care to subscribe.....?

....=13=....

John Berry  
1959



((Part I: Rich Brown Dep't))

Innuendo #9: Terry Carr, 70 Liberty St, #5, San Francisco, Calif; trade or comment, only; 62 pages, mimeo.

I've read more goddam Top Fanzines this month... not that I'm tired of it, by any means... and INN is indeed a Top Fanzine. Carr's editorial has its good points, and its bad (as, re "Brandon's" "The Purple Pastures", Carr says he couldn't think of a fannish counterpart to Jesus-- mighod, Carr: Tucker, at last report, was two up on Christ hisself, in this dying-and-being-resurrected game). But INN has a lot of redeeming features: Bennett at the SolaCon (Part 12), Carl Brandon's fannish parody of "On the Road", more adventures with Bill Donaho, Warner's fan-history re-viewed column, and scads of letters. This is another fannish Must. Rating: 9 ((Bob L: 10))

JD-Argassy #46: Lynn Hickman, 304 N 11th, Mt Vernon, Ill: 20¢, 12 pp, multilith.

I would call this the best monthly newszine, except that strictly speaking it isn't entirely a newszine. For instance, most of this issue is letters. Altogether, JD-Argassy is a genzine-cum-newszine-cum-letterzine-cum-what-have-you. With this in mind, I can only say that it's the best zine of its kind. Rating: 6. ((Bob L: 5))

Ploy #14: Ron Bennett, 7 Southway, Arthurs Avenue, Harrogate, Yorkshire, England (US agent Bob Pavlat, 6001 43rd Ave, Hyattsville, Md); 25¢, 43pp, mimeo.

You can almost always expect top material from Ploy, and this (the Bob Tucker Appreciation Issue, with material by, about, and concerning Bob Tucker) is no exception. Also included is Sandy Sanderson's "The Goddamned Hobbyist" column, letters, fillers, and like that. The cover is the usual depiction of Tucker and mimeo, by Bill Harry, and from cover to end, Ploy ends up a thoroughly enjoyable zine. Rating: 8

Hocus #9: Mike Deckinger, 85 Locust Ave, Millburn, N.J., 10¢, 26pp, mimeo.

This issue isn't too bad, having some likable material and general improvement in artwork (plus the usual feeling of "Oh well, the next one should be better"). I shudder to contemplate what kind of person Paul Shingleton must be: in something called "Generalities", he says he enjoys horror movies. Bill Durkom, in his "Gripes" column, has this issue's piece of unintentional humor: he says that "baseball is the only game played by idiots, talked by idiots, and written about by idiots" (underlining mine)-- and then spends 2 pages writing about (how he hates) baseball. Durkom knows his place, at any rate. Rating: 3

Fanac #40: Ron Ellik, 127 Bennett Ave, Long Beach 3, Calif, & Terry Carr, address above (no, higher, you idiot); 4/25¢, 6pp, mimeo.

News, views, blues, and reviews: Fandom's top bi-weekly newszine (there are two, you know). If you don't get it, then you aren't In The Know. Get Fanac; it's in the spance of all (ghad). ((How's that again, Rich??--FMB)) Rating: Not ratable

Fanachronism: Dean Grennell, with Fanac ((occasionally)), 2 pp, mimeo.

Undoubtedly the best rider-with-Fanac since LeZ, this is Grennell from both sides. Let us hope there is a second issue. Rating: as above

Xoah: Don Caldwell, 417 Pine, Altadena, Calif; free, 14 pp, mimeo.

This doesn't look too well, but that's my fault, since I ran it off for Don on my ex-mimeo (it's now Paul Stanbery's). Don is a friend of mine, a science-fiction fan, and a fine artist (cover was stencilled by me, so that's my fault, too). Don's editorial on the local Beatnik coffee-houses is rather good and not unhumorous. My "The Disenchanted Pinwheel" isn't as good as I'd've liked-- outdated, for one thing. As fanzines go, this is no great shakes, but I have the feeling that it would be infinitely better if it were only a bit more readable. Rating: 4

Fanview #4: Johnny Bowles & Butch Manka, 526 W Riverside Dr, Jeffersonville, Ind. 4/25¢, 6pp, mimeo. This is improving; in fact, it's vastly improved from the first issue: book reviews, news that is news ((like TAFF bringing Berry to Detroit?)), fmz-reviews, even an article, and getting a bit into the fannish vein. Could be better, but could be a lot worse. Rating: 4



((Part II: Bob Lichtman Dep't))

Aporrheta #11: H P Sanderson, "Inchmerry", 236 Queens Road, New Cross, London S E 14, England; 15¢, 52-pagely, mimeo.

Ape is back to the old format, from the "all-Diary" one I liked so much in the last two issues. It doesn't really matter: Ape is still one of the best current British fanzines, and well up on the Top Ten.

Other than the always-engrossing Fan-Diary, this issue contains columns by Ron Bennett (rather innocuous this time), Penny Fandergaste (interesting as usual--I say this is ATom)((I'd sooner believe it's Churchill in a blonde wig--FMB)), and Joy Clarke (good interesting ramblings). It's editorially announced that "Brandon's" "Cacher of the Rye" will appear soon in Ape in rewritten form, as well as many other interesting-sounding features. Definitely, Ape is a zine to get. Rating: 8

Amra #3: Geo Scithers, Box 682, Stanford, Calif; 24pp, 20¢, irreg/frequent, litho.

This is mostly for the Conan enthusiast, with articles on (& off) the subject by Poul Anderson, Robert Coulson, Steve Schultheis, George Scithers, and Roy Hunt. But even if you're not a Conan buff, you can't help but dig the artwork in this issue. Fine Adkins cover, interiors by Adkins, Gilbert, Pearson, Scithers, and (the highlight of the issue, atwise) a 2-page center spread by George Barr. This, if not the best single example of fanzine artwork ever, is the best I've seen. Barr has a fine technique, and should be a top-ranking pro artist someday. Get this mag for the articles if you will, but don't miss it for the artwork. Rating: 7

Dafoe #1: John Koning, 318 S Belle Vista, Youngstown 9, Ohio: Free, quarterly, 15pp, mimeo. A first effort, and so suffering from lack of outside material, most of the zine being written by the editor. Cover is a steal from an early Mad...

There's a record-review column by Don Franson (which somehow seemed inadequate--perhaps he didn't go deeply enough into the record), and a few letter-quotes from Boyd Raeburn (like, "No, I will not contribute to your fanzine"). Koning writes interestingly in fanzine reviews (supposedly by a "Eugene Hyrb"), as well as in his other appearances. His system of exchange and etc, takes the prize for Best Item in the issue, though: you must see this, to believe it. Rating: 3 ((Rich B: 5))

Void #18: Ted White, 2708 N Charles St, Baltimore 18, Md; 25¢, monthly, 24pp, mimeo. Appearance-wise, White has outdone himself; all illoes & most headings are Stenofax'd; combined with superb Gestetnering, it makes the zine Stand Out.

The material, also, is of stand-out quality in this issue. Fine articles by Walt Willis, Ron Bennett (Part 9 of "Colonial Excursion"), and Bill Evans (on "Rail Fandom"--extremely interesting). Editorials by Benford & White, the latter's long review of Galaxy, a few fanzine reviews, and a nice-sized letter column made longer by micro-elite type. All in all, Void seems to be heading toward that Focal Point position. Rating: 9 ((Rich B: 10))

Orion #22: Ella Parker, 151 Canterbury Rd, West Kilburn, London NW 6, England. 15¢, irreg, 40 pp, mimeo.

This zine seems determined to keep up its high standard; I'm well aware that British zines are usually quite good, but this is ridiculous. It just can't keep on this way (but I hope it will).

Completely illoed by ATom (except for Eddie Jones' TAFF ad), this issue presents a report on the London Ø by Bulmer (very good), two Conreports (Brian Jordan, and Ivor Mayne), an episode of John Berry's Sergeant Series (this is excellent--don't miss it), and a TAFF report by Ken Bulmer (again!): what more do you want?--Bulmer twice, Berry at his best, etc, etc. Get Orion, now. Rating: 8

You Said It: Letter supplement to above zine, separate due to small stapler.

Sirius I(i): Erwin Scudla, Vienna XVII/107, Rotzergasse 30/1, Austria. No price or schedule, 32 pp, offset(?). Apparently a special international edition: mostly info on various European s-f clubs. An ISFS (International Science Fiction Society) zine, this is printed in a number of languages, with English and German used on all articles, and various other languages used in places. This would bear looking into.

Rating: No rating possible --Bob Lichtman



CRUDCON

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WHAT FUN

ES ADAMS

Actually it seems that I'm the only candidate for TAFF now, like whether I'm eligible or not. For I'm both an old time convention organizer and a prolific world reknowned fanzine faan loved by many nations. I admit I'm not cute and cuddly, but I do have several freckles,, and draw (heh ho).

No doubt you're familiar with my prolific world reknowned fanzine faanishness. This article is an example of it, which serves in small part to show that for good reason it isn't so world reknowned that you necessarily know of me. But I must bring to the fore the Till Now They Couldn't Tell It story of my old time convention organizing.

The Crudcon I, held over the fourth of July weekend, 1959, whispered about by fen the world around, was held at my house. Many attended. Why, two that come to mind instantly are Alex Bratmon and Bruce Pelz. There were rumors that BNF Peter Pryor, Jr., whose latest work seems to be a slashing letter in a recent SLANder, was rumored to be journeying all the way across Huntsville to attend. None of the fen I spoke to saw him, but he might have been there. Occasionally I thought I heard horrid shrieks from a cabinet my hi-fi speaker sits on while I was pointing out to the other fen in attendance (Alex Bratmon and Bruce Pelz come to mind immediately) that Bo Diddley plays guitar not unlike Van Cliburn plays the piano. Many of the fen present, incidentally (Bruce Pelz and Alex Bratmon come to mind), seemed to disagree with me.

I guess fen aren't as clever as everybody says.

The con got off to a start with a delegation of Florida fen (Bruce Pelz comes to mind) driving up to the glorious palatial Adams estate (a typical Southern Mansion...you've seen pictures of the general type house in "Gone With the Wind" or maybe "Tobacco Road"). After thrashing his way through the cotton fields filled with softly singing old darkies, someone from the Florida delegation later reported to me (possibly Bruce Pelz), the throng found my sub-bellum (those of you who read what's inside parentheses should be pretty well lost by now) home, and entered. The time being the crack of noon, I was coming to consciousness, preparing to find my misplaced bullwhip and check on how my adoring darkies were doing, as the Delegation arrived.

Greetings, I mumbled in my concisely incoherent early-noon manner. And with that bit of faanishness the Crudcon was underway.

A little later the Southern California (you know, T&MCarr, Ron Ellik, Carl Brandon, Dave Rike, Burbee, Norm Harris, Bjo, Rich Brown, Forry; that's the SouCal group) delegation arrived. I particularly remember Alex Bratmon, who had been doing some sort of travelling work for his uncle which fortunately had placed him at Redstone Arsenal near Huntsville at Con time (I suspect Alex, sly soul, of having taken advantage of this uncle and planned his travels thusly).

There was one incident hanging over the gaiety of the con. That was the incident due to come up at the business meeting, the faanish feud of the year, the idea of moving the second day of the Con to Chattanooga. All of the previously mentioned fen attending (such as Bruce Pelz and Alex Bratmon) kept their faanish records clean by staying in the Den of Iniquities during the meeting, but I attended in order to be able to report on it.

The meeting began with Basil R S Adams, virtually unknown in fandom, but virtual dictator of half of Huntsville fandom, calling the meeting to order. There was little hope that the



"CRUDCON I, O WHAT FUN" -- concluded \_ \_ \_ \_ \_ ==17== \_ \_ \_ \_ \_

matter of the Con Moving wouldn't arise, so I brought it up myself. Then Basil R S Adams took command, announcing that the Con would not be moved, and that the matter was closed. The threat to faandom had been removed by this man previously unknown to all practical purposes by those whom he saved. When I returned to the Den with the wondrous news, there was a split. The SouCal group, led by Alex Bratmon, I believe, took the news badly, and announced that it was moving to Chattanooga the next day, that it was no longer a part of this dream-come-true, the Crudcon. The Florida delegation, under the leadership of Bruce Pelz, saw this wise decision, saw that the Very Purpose of Faandom would be endangered by taking such an important portion of faandom as was gathered that day into reach of the Meyers, fabled to destroy fen that ventured to Chattanooga. But it was via the idea that "4th of July traffic is too bad for you to drive up there" which Basil R S Adams had used as his reason for closing the discussion, that we (the Florida delegation and I) said we opposed the move.

Bratmon and his friends did stay for that night's parties, which will be more fully covered later, but vowed to move to Chattanooga the next morning, mumbling that his Uncle Doesn't Give Me This Much Time Very Often. SouCal didn't make it, though. The excuse was something about bus schedules, but we know that faans hitchhike. We're still laughing about that one around here.

The problem of moving the Crudcon having been officially decided, the threat of the following morning's split was put aside for the evening's party. It was held at the home of Butch Martin, not an active fan, but fabled throughout fandom for the lies degradingly thrown by Bill Meyers (yes, this same Meyers mentioned before) in his nefarious crudzine, "Aghast", but marvelously straightened out by me in my own wonderful zine, R\*O\*C\*K., as I realized that Meyers was trying to attack my friends and me by bringing in personalities.

Meyers obviously has a personality defect.

The party went well with the Florida and SouCal delegations engaging in pseudo-intellectual conversation (mostly sercon) while the Huntsville delegation (trufen, all) partook of bheer, unloosed an unending string of interlineations that will doubtless fill many HYPHEN bacovers, and engaged in deep thoughtful intellectual conversation that solved a majority of Faanish and Mundane World problems.

Though they didn't get to Chattanooga, the SouCal fen didn't put in another appearance during the con. I believe everybody from SouCal was out at the Arsenal, one of the vacation homes of Bratmon's uncle.

All that was left was running around being faanish with the Florida group, notably Bruce Pelz, to while away the time before the Crudcon came completely to an end, and the Florida delegation turned for home.

It was indeed a Dream-Come True, and the only regret aside from the unfortunate split was that Walt Willis, who had shared in the dream with me, hadn't been able to make it over. And now all we have is the cry, "Crudcon II, but 'When?' knows only Ghu."

And I think now you'll agree that I should be sent to England as TAFF delegate. The reasons should now be apparent, as I'm the one for everybody. For those who think the fund isn't solely for the Fen Across the Sea (also known as "Goddam Buncha Furriners") to meet a really faanish personality; for those who don't think the fund is just a reward for services to fandom; for those who don't think the important thing is a fabulous conreport; I'm the man.

I got a cruddy personality.

I haven't done a damn thing for fandom and don't intend to.

I wouldn't write a conreport, more than likely. If I did, it wouldn't come out for ten or twelve years. And it wouldn't be worth reading.

Yup, I'm the one who can take care of TAFF.

But good.

Es Adams

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Congratulations and many, many thanks to all who helped put the Berry Fund over the top! John will arrive in New York about a week before the Detention. Fannish transportation and hospitality are arranged through the Con and to the West Coast. We're pushing for a bit more loot, for transport the length of the Coast and thence back to Chicago, where fan-auto can pick up again. The Tour is practically made, friends! This busdeal is about \$80, and approx half of that should be on hand already.--FLB.



## CHARLIE FHAN AT THE DETENTION

"Nobody leave this room!" shouted Inspector O'Neo. "I know one of you did it, and I'm going to find the murderer if I have to stay here all night."

"What's going on here?" asked the manager, who had just walked in. "Why have the police surrounded my hotel? Is John Lackey on the balcony again?"

"It's something more serious than that," said O'Neo, his eyes narrowing to slits. "One of your guests, a fan named Don Ford, has been found bludgeoned to death with an apple crate full of 1926 Amazings. I also happen to know that the murderer....." pointing an accusing finger at a flock of fan huddled in a corner, "is in this VERY room."

"What's your name?" he snapped at one of them, a ravishing, freckle-faced redhead. She undulated towards him. "My name is Bjo Wells," she breathed huskily. "What's yours?"

"Inspector O'N...never mind!" I'll ask the questions around here," bellowed O'Neo, blushing like Eney at a stag movie. "Where were you at 3 o'clock this morning?"

"I have an airtight alibi, Inspector," she pouted. "Right at that time Miriam Carr and I were holding a big paper-bird-folding party in my room."

Just then a strange figure walked into the room. "How do you do, Inspector," he said. "My name is Goon Bleary. I happen to be attending the Con and I thought I might be of...."

"You're THE Goon Bleary, the famous investigator?" gasped the Inspector. "We certainly could use your help. I'm just grilling a suspect now. Would you care to take over?"

"With pleasure, Inspector," replied the Goon, his eyes glistening. "Now, young lady," he said to Bjo, "I hope you realize you're in a very serious position. Ted White has inferred that you are running for TAFF on a platform of sex, and with Don Ford, the candidate of the new First Fandom, out of the way, your chances of winning TAFF are considerably improved."

"A fine theory, but how could li'l ol' me hit anybody with a big heavy box of pulp crud? If I had done it, I would have been much more subtle. I'd have had him bitten on the leg by a fanzine with poisoned staples. That way nobody would even have known it was murder. The marks wouldn't have been noticed among all the other scars."

"I can see that you're a young lady with lots of interesting ideas," leered the Goon. "Let us go to your room so that we can continue this discussion in private," and, taking her arm, he waltzed through the door, his moustache twitching nervously.

As they entered her room, she pressed close to him and whispered, "Make yourself at home while I change into something more comfortable." Watching her disappear into the next room, the Goon removed his scarf and draped it over a chair. He picked up the crock of home brew sitting on the desk and was just pouring two drinks when he heard a rasping gurgle from the next room. Dropping his drink he rushed in. "Mighod!" he exclaimed. "Strangled with her own Saran Wrap negligee!" He reached for the phone. His eyes widened and he slumped to the floor.

Inspector O'Neo sat in the hotel bar, silping a nuclear fizz and quietly congratulating himself that he had the Goon doing all the legwork on the case. A bellboy came up to him, carrying a telephone. "Call for you, sir," he said, dropping the phone and automatically extending his hand. Noticing the prop. beanie on his head, the Inspector wondered at the lengths to which some hotels go to attract convention business. Pressing an "I Go Pogo" button into the boy's palm, he pick<sup>ed</sup> up the phone.

"What is it?"

It was Sgt. Fanagan, his voice trembling. "Come quick, Inspector! A double murder has been committed. I've just found Goon Bleary and Miss Wells, both dead, in her room."

O'Neo almost knocked over his fizz as he grabbed his derby, jumped off the stool, and dashed for the elevator.

Now here was a mystery. The cause of Bjo's death was obvious, but what had killed the Goon?



"Please excuse intrusion," came a voice from the doorway. "Could not help over-hearing commotion during Zen meditation period."

O'Neo turned, his face brightening. "It's Inspector Charlie Phan, the famous Chinese detective. What brings you here, sir?"

"Humble Chinese detective and neo Number One Son journey to attend con, in order to write con report in humble fanzine, "Egg Oboo Young."

"Goshwow, pop! A real fannish murder. Wait'll the guys at the Lhasa Amateur Science Fiction Society hear about this."

"This is certainly a stroke of luck, Inspector Phan. You are just in time to help us. We are trying to find out what killed Goon Bleary."

"Suggest you look in wastebasket."

"But all it contains is a torn up Marilyn Monroe calendar."

"Exactly. Honorable Bleary saw it as he reached for phone, and suffered heart attack at sight of such desecration."

"Ihm. I see. Well, that still leaves us with two murders."

"Information please. I understand both victims were participants in contest called TAFF. Who, please, are other candidates?"

"There's only one other. His name's Terry Carr."

"So. Mr. Carr is last remaining candidate. There is a motive."

"Goshwow, pop!" screamed Number One Son. "A BNF turned murderer. Wait'll the letterhacks hear about this!"

"Ignorant Number One Son remain quiet," said Phan firmly. "Must not forget, Confucius say: 'He who turn out fast copy, always have many typos.' But let us visit Mr. Carr."

"But he isn't at the con," replied O'Neo. "Otherwise we'd have had Franklin Ford's body on our hands too."

"Excuse please," said Phan. "Reference was to Carr of San Francisco. Let us go to his room."

Climbing over the mound of beer cans outside Terry Carr's room, O'Neo flang open the door. At once a figure rushed to the window.

"Stop!" yelled O'Neo.

"You stop," replied the figure. "Right there, or I'll throw this beer can full of mace."

"Great Chu!" breathed O'Neo. "It can't be..."

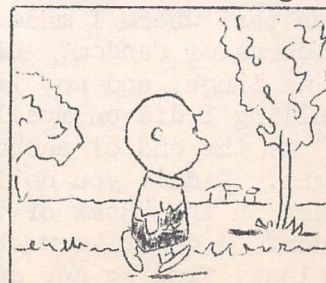
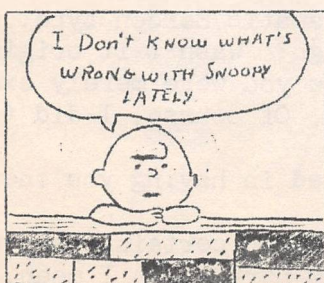
"Yes it is," was the reply. "I'm Carl Brandon."

"But you're a hoax."

"That's what Carr told everybody. He said he wrote my material. He stole my egoboo. I hated him for it. I thought that if I killed the other TAFF candidates, he'd be suspected. I came here to plant Saran Wrap and old Amazings, figuring that when you found them you'd pin the murders on him. You came too soon. But you'll never get me!"

He leaped through the window and dashed down the fire escape. Quickly Inspector Phan drew a can of ditto fluid from his pocket and threw it at the escaping Brandon. It burst at his feet, causing him to slip, and he plunged to the street below, impaling himself on the tail fin of a passing Detroit Iron. A young neo stepped out of the crowd which had gather to view the morbid sight. He wrenched a crumpled note from the dead man's hand. It read: "CARL BRANDON LIVES."

-- Leslie Nirenberg





# LITTLE EUSTACE'S AFTER-SCHOOL HOUR

## TERRY CARR

Mr. Carr, why did you grade me "F" on "Fandom Harvest Chaffed" in CRY? Didn't you like it?

No, Eustace, I'm afraid I didn't, not very well.

Didn't you think it was a good rebuttal to your earlier piece? I mean, didn't you think that stuff about your stupid, incompetent wife was very funny? Like, about her "inexpertly lighting a cigarette" and leaving it "lying on some newly-cut stencils as she went to the mirror to study traffic-stopping possibilities"?

I'm afraid the humor of it eluded me, little Eustace. In the first place, insulting my wife is a poor way of rebutting something I have written, don't you think? In the second place, your characterization of her, besides being in very poor taste, simply didn't ring true. Of course, I may be prejudiced, because I happen to love my wife, but to my prejudiced mind these seem to be relevant objections.

Well, wasn't it more to the point when I mentioned that Bjo's first fan article appeared in 1952, to show that she couldn't be considered a neofanne?

It would have been, if she'd been continuously active instead of gafiating for about five years before becoming active again--and if I had called her a neofanne, which I hadn't. For the rest (what there is left) you were right in there with that one, young Plunkett.

How 'bout where I pointed out that she'd been to three worldcons and four Westercons?

Well, that was fine, except you were fudging a bit, because you neglected to mention that two of those Westercons were held as part of the worldcons, so that it's five cons, not seven--which isn't a bad record, of course, and that's why I graded you down for fudging on the accounting. It just wasn't necessary to be misleading like that.

Then there was the place where I had you call her an "upstart"--of course, you've never really called her that, but I was having fun putting words in your mouth...

Yes, I noticed that.

...and it gave me the chance to have you say you didn't see how she rated so high as Artist and Cartoonist in the FANAC poll...

...which was putting more words in my mouth, wasn't it, little Eustace? It's true that with only two pieces of artwork published in 1958 (as distinguished from cartoons --I mean, we did have the two separate categories in the poll), Bjo's rating as artist surprised me a bit, but certainly I'd never claim that she isn't a fine cartoonist. But as long as you were having fun, little Eustace...

Well, wasn't it hilarious with all those Young-and-Repressed Love-Starved Goons who kept wandering through the scene?

That wasn't bad at all, little Eustace; your characterization was really sharp there. Which reminds me, you deserve a pat on the head for that bit.

You sound kind of bitter about the sex angle in this TAFF business, and after I pointed out that Fandom's Living Legend said that sex is the finest TAFF campaign he's ever heard of! Sacrilege!

I'm not bitter about all the humorous stuff that's been written about it--I think I made it quite clear in "Fandom Harvest" that I think using sex as a TAFF campaign platform is screamingly funny. But I croggle when people take it seriously--and you do know what "croggle" means, don't you?

What about that fabulous part where I made you out to be a melodramatic Sercon type, all wound up in the Significance of Fandom? Didn't that make you laugh? Wasn't it original?

No, it didn't make me laugh, and no, it wasn't original, since you were merely exaggerating the "leg-pulling I did on myself in "Fandom Harvest". Of course, I did forget to add "(JOKE)" at the end of each paragraph...

Oh, I dig humor all right. Didn't you notice the fine irony I used in having you sneer at Bjo for having no part in the "Hoax of the Century"?

You mean Carl Brandon? I don't know about the fine irony, but you certainly showed fine imaginative talent, finding any such inference in "Fandom Harvest". I mean,



wouldn't it be a pretty pointless sort of sneering? Of course, while you were at it you could have had me run her down for not writing "The Harp Stateside" or "The Incompleat Burbee," except that of course I didn't write those, either.

But you do try to ride on the coattails of Carl Brandon's reputation quite a bit, don't you think? You weren't all of Brandon, remember.

No, I wasn't--80% is the figure I've been quoting, and I think it's about right. So I'm entitled to ride on 80% of Carl's coattails, I guess, and no smart remarks, please. There are a lot of Brandon fans who might think it in bad taste, and of course you're very concerned with keeping your arguments in good taste, aren't you?

Let's get back to the subject, which is Bjo's contributions to fandom. Like the Fashion Show, and how I had you say that you could never do a thing like that.

Now, in the first place, I gave Bjo full credit for the Fashion Show in "Fandom Harvest". And Ronel and I were plugging for her and the Show all last summer, in FANAC. But isn't it a little premature for you to have me say that I couldn't produce a program event for a worldcon? I haven't done so yet, but it seems silly to argue about what any of us may or may not achieve in the future, especially when the argument is composed of words you put in my mouth for me.

But geewhiz, it's fun to put words in other people's mouths, and a great way to conduct an argument, besides. Remember where I mentioned how Bjo had revived the LASFS and sneakily convinced the club to buy a new duper, and had you say you could never do anything like that?

Yes, that was a fine job of putting words in someone else's mouth. It especially impresses me because in this case I can prove that I could have done such a thing, because I have. I had a hand in two such revivals: the Golden Gate Futurian Society several years ago, and the Cult (with Larry Stark) about two years ago. Matter of fact, I held most all of the offices in the GGFS at one time or another and edited or was connected in some sort of editorial capacity with most all of the group's fanzines--and there were a lot of them. As for the cult, I was its only officer two terms running--once under my own name, once as Carl Brandon. Is this the sort of thing you had in mind, Eustace?

I'd like your comments, Mr. Carr, on the part where I had you say that you've "constantly kept well-meaning, harmless fanclubs in the limelight as ridiculous and bumbling clods".

I suppose you mean the Burbee and Laney reprints I've used? Well, to my mind those two men have produced some of the best fanwriting of all time; that's why I reprint their material. Some of it deals with LASFS as it was ten to fifteen years ago. The items were printed with the original publication dates; it should be abundantly clear, except perhaps to illiterates, that LASFS today is an entirely different group of people. I don't publish for illiterates, and I can't be held responsible for their reactions, now can I?

Well, then there's where I had you say that you'd "consistently pointed out the differences, the dissensions, the gulfs between convention fans and fanzine fans"...

Yes, and I'm afraid I'm going to have to be a bit strict on you about that, little Eustace. I haven't the faintest idea where you got that impression--in "Fandom Harvest" I laid the satire on thick concerning the alleged gulf between the two supposed groups--so I'm going to have to ask you, little Eustace, to back up that crack with solid proof, or swallow it whole. I think you have access to most of my writings within the past two years in which the controversy has been going. So in next month's CRY I would like to see either a good long string of documented quotes to support that little smear, or a nice big retraction from you. And, since you used the word "consistently," two or three humorous comments of mind (if you can find even that many) simply won't do. To be "consistent" over a two year-period, I think a good round dozen quotes would be needed at least--and serious ones, too. Since you won't find any such thing in my writings, I'll be waiting for your admission that this particular charge was--ah, shall we say, a damn lie?

Er, well--as a clincher, now, how about where I have your wife say that you should "work on your campaign: like better writing, with trufannish quality, and more action instead of just elaborate promises with each irregular issue of one of your few popular fanzines"?



That was a really strange line. Of course, you have a perfect right to think my writing stinks, if you want to. I'm happy to be able to say, though, that the voters in the FANAC poll and the FAPA poll (I didn't conduct that one myself) don't appear to agree with you. And as for asking for more action--look, dear little Eustace, in the first six months of 1959 I published 205 pages of fanzines, plus writing a few items for other outlets.

You've got a smart answer for everything, haven't you? Then answer me this: if you're so virtuous and unassuming and like that, then how come you ever wrote that bit of obvious TAFF politicking in the first place?

Who told you it was politicking, little Eustace? I said myself in that piece that it was a simple matter of stating my views on TAFF. That's what it was. If it reflected badly on the campaigns of other candidates that's only because I don't have a very high opinion of some aspects of those campaigns. I think I have a right to state my opinion. As a matter of fact, I think the fans who are voting in TAFF have a right to know my opinion on TAFF matters. That's why I wrote it.

Well, you've got a lot of gall, that's all I've got to say.

Dear little problem-child, I must admit that I have a lot of gall. For instance, I have the unutterable gall to sign my own name to what I write. Like this:

--Terry Carr

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With Keen Blue Eyes and a Bicycle (continued from page 3)--

Yeh, we and Tosk were unhappy with each other. for a while after #129 came out. We had hassles, discussions, and simple post-mortems on the issues involved; I hope it all works out OK, since Tosk has been one of our better friends for a number of years and we'd like it to keep on in like fashion.

At any rate, you'll note that the ungood-feeling was not from simple disagreement over TAFF, but from differing definitions. Judging from what I've seen of the upcoming lettercol, it's possible that the consensus will be against me and in Tosk's favor. If so, this won't make us enemies, any more than it

set Tosk & I permanently at each other's throats-- but I have my own ideas about what constitutes good faith. -- and I see no reason to abandon them.

While it's true that concern over the TAFF outcome wasn't the motivating factor for our beef over the #129 cover (honestly, folks, we don't plan to set fire to a gum'mint snowman, no matter who wins-- Terry & Bjo & Don are each personally-met friends of ours), I seem to be doing more talking about supporting Terry Carr, than actually rendering voting-support to this fine young fan's TAFF-campaign. Now, you might well ask: why support ol' T Carr (and 80%-Brandon, at that)?

Well, now, I'll tell you (while the stencil holds out): Terry Carr is a quiet-but-articulate, friendly young character whose conversation occasionally approaches the high spots of his fabulous writing style-- which is more than you can say for the most of us. Terry played a major role in the Carl Brandon presentation (a better word than "hoax", when you consider that all we readers had much enjoyment from the works of Carl Brandon, and no one lost anything at all). Terry, enchanted with the earlier works of Chas Burbee, reprinted them so that the rest of us could share his enjoyment; Terry had lots of help on some of these deals, and readily admits it. And to sum it up, I'm happy to go along with the people who officially nominated Terry Carr for TAFF: Charles Burbee, William Rotsler, Bob Shaw, Ted White, and Walt Willis (alphabetically speaking); I can't think of any five fans I'd rather go along with, since they got in first on the nominating petition. Yep, T Carr for TAFF, say I.

There were a number of peripheral-importance items I'd hoped to find room for: let's all of us stick around until next month and-- yipe! Tosk & Wally will be at the Detention next CRYday. Well, get your contributions (incl letters) in early: we'll publish #131 on Sunday, August 30th! -- FMB



# High CRYteria

by Leslie Gerber

I've promised to hold this down to a page, so I'll only consider originals here, review them thoroughly, and handle the overflow and reprints elsewhere. Any publishers of regular monthlies or bi-monthlies, who are interested, please contact me.

"The Falling Torch", by Algis Budrys: 158 pp, Pyramid Books, 35¢. This is the most disappointing failure of the season. Budrys has a great deal of promise in this novel; for the first half, I thought he would make it, but the book falls apart at the end.

The idea is intriguing: exiles from a conquered Earth, who have formed a figure-head "government in exile" on a friendly planet, are given a chance to start a rebellion on Earth, with the possibility of strong support if their initial efforts are successful. They succeed; I'm not telling you anything, since Budrys tells you himself in the first six (beautifully written) pages. The best part of the book isn't the plot, which starts well enough, but the people in it. The characters are as well drawn and the writing as well-done as anything in science-fiction since "A Case of Conscience"-- and this, from me, is very high praise.

Unfortunately, the plot begins to fall apart somewhere in the middle, becomes more and more confusing as it goes on, and finally disintegrates into complete and utter tripe. Events seem to happen without any relationship to each other (which shouldn't surprise me too much since the novel is, I've been told, built around a series of short stories\*\*, but it disappointed me very much). And finally, the last "the-old-may-fumble-but-youth-will-always-be-there-to-carry-on" scene is sickening.

Budrys has demonstrated in "Who?" that he is capable of writing one of science-fiction's Great Novels. He started to do it here, but the book as a whole must be deemed a failure. I can only hope that, like Arthur C Clarke, Budrys will some day in the future become dissatisfied with the way he handled this novel's potential, and go back and write it over again.

"Theory of Flight" by Jacques Casolet: 82 pp, privately printed, 35¢ plus 6¢ postage from James H Worley, 20 N 3rd Ave, Sturgeon Bay, Wis. Your money gets you this ultra-short book, even shorter than it sounds, because 11 pages are blank and 8 filled with verse, not counting title & copyright pages. Now, if the book were good..

If Buz is really interested in finding the worst s-f book of all time((I'm not-- FIB)), he should read this. The verse is unequalled except by Morris Cottrell; the writing is unbelievable; the grammar isn't good; the spelling is poor (though consistent, so it can't be typos); even the punctuation is inept! If that weren't enough, the "science" is absolutely out of this world (maybe it works somewhere else, but not on this world): "heavy water" is " $H_4O$ "; An air speedometer works in outer space! Aggh!

Buy this, only if you must have every s-f book ever written--but don't read it. .

"Vanguard From Alpha" & "The Changeling Worlds", by Brian Aldiss & Kenneth Bulmer (109 & 145 pp, Ace Books, 35¢). Aldiss is one of the best current British s-f writers of short stories, and he has written what I hear is a pretty good novel ("Non-stop", reprinted here as "Space Ship"). So I was totally unprepared for this trite piece of future cloak-and-dagger formula. It's readable enough, but far below Aldiss' standard. And it doesn't help a bit that the formula is spy-story and not s-f..

"The Changeling Worlds" is also strictly formula, but it isn't even readable: a future playboy society, "inferior" worlds producing food and other necessities (including babies!) for the playboys, a playboy hero who turns reformer, ad nauseum. Bulmer piled in 145 pages pages of clichés to build this book out to standard length.

With the decreased length and quality of Ace Doubles, you can afford to pass it.

For those impulsive buyers who can't wait for a review, there will be a collection of Aldiss stories published by Signet this month. I recommend it, sight unseen. ((\*\*"Falling Torch" consists of 3 novelets, the Escape Sequence, and some filler. The coherency suffers from a major printers' goof that completely garbles the pivotal scene with the Classifier. See aSF for March, 1959, for the original. --RP))



# M I N U T E S

by Wally Weber

## MINUTES OF THE JUNE 28, 1959 MEETING OF THE NAMELESS ONES:

The June 28, 1959 meeting of the Nameless Ones almost didn't take place. Burnett Toskey had learned that cake would be served during the refreshment period following the meeting, and he came close to convincing the assembled members that the meeting should be skipped so that the cake could be eaten immediately. Perhaps if President Elinor Busby had been present, things might have turned out that way, but Elinor had fled Seattle to her retreat in eastern Washington where she was spending many sleepless hours dreading the forthcoming Westercon. Flora Jones, our fearless Vice President, would not be swayed by Toskey's hungry pleas, and opened the meeting at 8:15 p.m.

Having no mercy, Flora asked that the minutes be read. Having even less mercy, the Secretary read them aloud. The fact that the reading of the minutes finally ended was enthusiastically applauded. The minutes were not unanimously disapproved, although the fact that the Secretary was allowed a vote on the matter may have had something to do with it.

The Vice President brought up the subject of the club treasury, and wanted to know why Geneva Wyman, the club treasurer, was not one of the two persons who were authorized to withdraw money from the club savings account. Wally Weber, who was one of those authorized, pointed out that much paperwork would be required at the bank in order to add Mrs. Wyman's name to those who could withdraw money from the account, but that if she was that greedy, it would be possible. Burnett Toskey, who was the other authorized withdrawer, suggested that the matter be dropped and that we all should have some cake. Geneva Wyman, who had no doubt embezzled club funds to finance her trip even without being authorized to withdraw money from the account, was in Los Angeles spending sleepless nights dreading the forthcoming Westercon. She could not be reached for comment. Eventually the conclusion was reached that Geneva could be authorized to withdraw money legally if she could stand the red tape involved.

Flora then brought up the subject about squandering club funds on things like Westercons. Some members felt that the Westercon could have been advertised less expensively, and some members felt the Westercon itself could cost less to put on if it were planned properly. At least one member felt the matter should be dropped so that we could eat some cake.

Before any real economy move could get under way, Burnett Toskey made an impassioned plea for the Berry Fund, with the suggestion that any money not spent or embezzled from the treasury should go to this worthy cause. Flora Jones argued that she would prefer to see the club receive greater benefit from its treasury, but Jim Webbert was made of softer stuff. Jim was so moved by Toskey's words that he turned over his life savings to the fund at once.

Varda Pelter\* decided enough nonsense had transpired, and demanded to know the story behind the official club gavel. She was rewarded with a wealth of information, most of it lies, not only about the gavel but also about the tombstone it once was pounded upon. (The gavel, incidentally, is the left shinbone of the fan who founded the Nameless Ones.)

The club then delved into the problem of notifying Seattle fans about the Westercon. Some members thought the Westercon would be better off if these fans were not notified, but eventually it was decided to notify them and hope they would not show up. The suggestion was made that local radio stations be contacted for free announcements over the

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\* This is as bad a place as any to mention a fact that Elinor Busby pointed out during the July 12 meeting. For some time the Nameless Ones have regarded Varda Pelter as a curiosity because she has a record of attending meetings only when she had a broken leg. As far as could be determined by your Secretary, Varda's legs were both in very good shape at the June 28 meeting. (We hasten to point out that the examination of Miss Pelter's legs were made with due caution at a considerable distance.) As Elinor pointed out, Varda's presence at this meeting can only be attributed to the fact that she had broken her record instead of her leg.



air. Flora appointed the Secretary to do this since the Secretary was known to be the least reliable person present.

By this time Doctor Toskey was becoming violent in his efforts to get at the cake. When some member unfortunately mentioned that Toskey certainly had his heart in that cake, another member pointed out that this was only because the required number of eggs had not been available.

There was little use in trying to carry on with the meeting, so Flora recognized Ed Wyman's fourth attempt to move that the meeting be adjourned, and Toskey left in the direction of the cake at 8:55 p.m.

honest and true honorable sec. www

#### MINUTES OF THE JULY 12, 1959 MEETING OF THE NAMELESS ONES:

The July 12 meeting of the Nameless Ones took place in Thalia's headquarters located in Seattle's little-known Broadway District. President Elinor Busby demanded that the meeting come to order, and it did. You can't depend on anything these days. The minutes of the preceding meeting were not read, due to the fact that the Secretary was not present to request that they be read.\*

Much of the conversation had to do with the previous weekend when the club had been involved with some sort of disturbance at the Moore Hotel downtown. Apparently some bills were still outstanding, so the club voted that \$84.70 be removed from the treasury to take care of this sort of thing. As long as money was being given away, the club also decided to have the \$60 from last year's Westercon forwarded to Guy Terwilleger for next year's Westercon. This was only two days after the money had been mailed to Guy, which speaks well for the club's ability to keep up with the times by taking prompt action when needed.

The cooperation the Moore Hotel staff and management had given the Westercon was highly praised by all who had attended the convention. It seemed that the only trouble with the hotel had been caused by noise made by the rowdy, disorderly Secretary. (The fact that the Secretary had skipped this very meeting in order to complete a date with a married woman was testimony enough that the hotel could hardly be blamed for this.)

Fortunately the rest of the persons attending the Westercon had been well mannered and dignified. Dr. Alan E. Nourse, who had been Master of Ceremonies at the banquet, had done such a fine job of it that he was voted a letter of thanks and appreciation. Writing this letter would have to be the Secretary's job, however, but some members thought the proper psychology could be applied to that officer to encourage him to actually write this letter. Following this line of reasoning, it was voted that the Secretary write himself a letter of admiration and praise for his contribution to the Westercon. (As a note of progress, I should like to report that I am now on page 427 of this letter, and will send Dr. Nourse his postcard as soon as I have finished.)

This pretty much finished any desire to carry on the business meeting, and President Elinor Busby was more than glad to adjourn so that everyone could go down to the kitchen for refreshments and allow Doug Wyman to practice his exercise with the light switch without interference.

Rivalling the refreshments for entertainment were Bjo Wells and Al Lewis, Los Angeles fans who hadn't found their way home yet from the Westercon. The men all grouped around Al, and the women all grouped around Bjo for conversation. Some times I don't think the Nameless Ones are quite normal.

The meeting broke up not much later than usual, and the members returned to their caskets for another two weeks.

extremely honorable secretary, wally w.

\* The absense of your honorable Secretary from the July 12 meeting has no effect on the authenticity of these minutes. Having attended more meetings of the Nameless Ones than any other member of the club currently holding the office of secretary, I am fully capable of writing authentic minutes of meeting I have not attended. In fact, under the press of circumstances and CRY deadlines, I am fully capable of writing authentic minutes of meetings before the meetings take place, for I know how these things are done.





## CRY OF THE READERS

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15 Haverstraw Road  
Suffern, New York

Today, looking over the Dec. 1957 CRY ((#110), I noted a pointed rejoinder from Brother Toskey which I never got around to rebutting. Shall do so now. Toskey sayeth: "As for Shaver, you are in no position to decry his sloppiness of thought or style, since you bought and published one of his stories yourself."

This I cannot buy, or even accept as a free gift also gratis, although I'll grant there's some foundation if what I had to say about Shaver can be construed as a blanket condemnation of everything he had published. And if it can, then I retract the blanket, remove it, disown it, etc., seeing as how I haven't read everything of published Shaver; and of what I have read, some struck me as being not too bad and some a little better. (Thought "Green Man's Grief" fit in the last-mentioned category, which is why I accepted it.) But most I found very bad indeed.

This, however, doesn't disqualify me from stating outrightly that a great deal of published Shaver (particularly the "Shaver mystery" material) is obnoxious to the point of atrocity. Even had I published some of same -- which I did not -- I could still say this, although the saying would then have to include acknowledgement of my own guilt and repudiation of the crime.

But there's no denying that Shaver did (and maybe does) have imagination in plenty, as well as sheer story-telling-around-the-campfire ability that can stack up with Robert E. Howard and L. Ron Hubbard, for example. If the mss. I received is a representative sample of his originals, however, then Shaver needed a lot of work on his material; and a good deal of his published stories read as if they were put through pretty much the way they came in, little more than paragraphs inserted and most misspellings corrected. Unfair to blame the author for that? Well, look: had the material been smoothed out, the author would receive the credit for the editor's work, what? (So far as most readers are concerned, anyway.) So if the mss. is published without such polishing (or with insufficient of same) author will just have to accept most of the blame. (Again so far as most readers are concerned.)



Ah, yes, Toskey me lad: I see you've also made another point in the preceding paragraph. To wit: "...it is perfectly permissible for a critic to voice his opinions about an author in any way he chooses if he can do so in an entertaining way. If a critic cannot write an entertaining review, then he is no good as a critic, no matter how correct his judgment is."

Weeeellll ... it's "permissible" in the sense that no one can really stop him, and someone is likely to publish him no matter what. But certain ways of voicing opinion can disqualify the speaker as a critic, so far as criticism which has any weight goes. Anyone can find fault; anyone can praise; but the judgments of a critic are supposed to influence and inform. Any review can influence, so far as persuading someone to buy or not to buy is concerned; and in that sense any review can inform. But the sort of criticism we're talking about, BRT, is not just the commercial review but the analysis that tries to estimate the value of a work, as literature.

I agree that, in general, the novels of A. Merritt should not be compared to Tolstoy, Dickens, Cervantes, etc. I say "in general" because there is one sort of occasion when the comparison ought to be made -- and that is when someone starts proclaiming loudly that Merritt is as good or better than the above. In general, too, Merritt need not be compared with the best science fiction -- but the whole point of Blish's analysis was that the books were being presented to the public as masterpieces of contemporary science fiction. Someone had to show reason why this claim was true or false and that was why Blish wrote the criticism in the first place, I assume. (I assume this because I find it difficult to picture him bothering to consider Merritt's novels at all without some such impelling reason.) And I might add that as much as I enjoy Burroughs' Mars novels, etc., if someone started presenting them to the public as masterpieces of contemporary science fiction I'd feel obligated to show why such a statement was false. Such an analysis would make the Burroughs fans very unhappy, and it wouldn't be much fun for me to do. (Confidentially I think, in such an instance, I'd wait for someone else to do the gory work, then step in and agree with the faults exposed but extol the virtues remaining.)

So a "critic" who fails to analyse and show reason for his judgments; or gives proofs by his comments that he hasn't read the work in question (or hasn't known what he was reading); or displays obvious ignorance of critical standards; or judges a work on the personality, politics, or presumed state of grace of the author, etc., disqualifies himself as a critic except in the eyes of those equally ignorant, or more ignorant than himself. (Personality, politics, or presumed state of grace can enter in to a possible explanation of the faults or virtues in a particular work, but are not in themselves an examination of the work. Edgar Allan Poe's alcoholism might possibly account for some of the qualities -- both positive and negative -- in his work; but the person who judges Poe on the primary basis that he was a lush is not a literary critic.)

Now we come to the necessity of a review being entertaining. Entertaining to whom? Entertaining in what way? To everybody, in the same way? No, that's flatly impossible. Yet, I feel I see what you're driving at, Tosk, even though I dissent from the way you put it.

Example: C. G. Burke used to write criticism of performances of classical music for High Fidelity; Bob Silverberg and I both have a good deal of respect for Burke's judgment, but Silverberg finds Burke's style murky beyond toleration, while I find it entertaining. To Silverberg, it's not worth the effort to try to figure out what Burke is saying, at times; to me, it's a fascinating game. Question: is Burke a good critic?

On your "entertainment" criterion -- the way you put it -- we can't get a straight answer.

Tardily,  
Robert A. W. Lowndes

((Your critique of the quote of me you have up there is unanswerable, since I was only trying to needle you a little, at the time. Our respective positions with regard to Shaver's writings simply boils down to personal opinion. As for your discussion on Criticism, that too is unanswerable. I mean, I was at the time only reflecting my own point of view, because since I have seldom agreed with any critic, either literary or musical, I read the reviews strictly for entertainment. You are likely right that the



real purpose of criticism is to inform people rather than entertain them. So maybe I'm not people.....BRT))

LEWIS TALK

Dear Busbys:

706 San Lorenzo St.  
Santa Monica, Calif.

I would like to take exception to the remarks by Alan J. Lewis about Bjo in CRY 129. They are vicious and cruel and utterly untrue. What I particularly disliked, however, was not that the charges were made in print -- better to have them out in the open where they can be answered -- but that the other Mr. Lewis was willing to accept a rumor as fact, and assert it as fact, without making any effort to see whether or not it was so.

Now to set the record straight. At the 1957 Westercon Bjo outfitted a number of girls in futuristic costumes, who provided a most delightful decoration. This was so well received that when word came that South Gate had indeed won the bid of the Worldcon in 1958, Bjo proposed to the LASFS that the club, as its contribution to the convention, stage a showing of futuristic fashions. The club agreed, and, the following spring as convention time approached, agreed to finance the project. Bjo designed most of the costumes and recruited the models. Since she does not sew, Zona Atherton, a non-fan, was recruited to take charge of the sewing with some dedicated assistance from several of the girls and the mothers of some members of our group.

Two weeks before the convention, Bjo's grandmother was run over by a car and she had to go to Bakersfield to care for her, leaving the project in Zona's hands. When she returned, on the eve of the convention, things were very unready, and it was only by dint of some very generous assistance from Roberta Gibson, Belle Dietz, and Barbara Silverberg, and all night sewing by Jill Vuerhardt and Eva Kann, that the show was able to go on.

The argument Alan J. is referring to took place the night before the show, but the words in question were said by Zona to Bjo, not the other way around. All was smoothed over by show time the next day. As far as credit is concerned, the LASFS gave to Zona a complete set of Bradbury books, personally autographed to her, as a token of appreciation for her assistance to a club project, and MIMSY 3, issued right after the Solacon, carried a complete allocation of credit to everybody.

Zona Atherton did the bulk of the sewing and designed three of the fifteen costumes. Bjo conceived the project, carried it through the club, arranged for all the models, designed ten of the costumes (including the interpretations of the ones based on magazine illustrations), nurtured the project into actuality, talked, cajoled, argued and prodded each of the people as necessary to put the project across, and at the last minute, when one of the models defected, reconstructed and wore the transparent gown herself to fulfill a promise.

Any LASFSian who was there could tell you the same, Alan. Bjo put a tremendous amount of effort into this project. Let us leave credit where it most certainly belongs.

However, Alan, this particular misinterpretation looks like a deliberate distortion, and it might be worth considering that anyone who would spread a detailed lie about an acquaintance on the west coast would certainly not hesitate to do so about his acquaintances on the east coast -- and points between. It will be interesting to hear all about you, Alan -- shall we double-check before or after spreading the story?--

Sincerely,  
Al Lewis

THE CHAFF WAS LUMPY...

(FMB)

9 Glenvalley Dr.  
Toronto 15, Ontario, Canada

Extremely effective cover, but what's this "BJO FOR TAFF" deal? I thought you were supporting TCarr? ((Oh sorrow.))

Fandom Harvest Chaffed was so-so. Uneven and lumpy, and the attention wandered easily. As you say, had a few cute lines, but overall, it tried too hard. Amused to note that part of the section on page 12 unintentionally makes points that Terry would be a better delegate in certain respects than Bjo.

I was slightly taken aback by Rich Brown's assuming that A Frog He would A-Wooing Go



is a Walt Kelly son<sup>g</sup>, but by thus commenting I am not trying to put down Rich. He's lucky that he has been spared the original.

When I was at Grennell's I asked him whether he considered himself to be a 7th Fandomite. "Do you consider that you were a 7th Fandomite?" was about the way I put it. (Be sure to reserve space in the next issue for Rich Brown to denounce me for relating "pointless and boring conversations"). And he said "yes" and also said he was in the short-lived 7-APA. So the argument is settled, and I was wrong.

I seem to recall that some stuff by Ron Parker appeared in either Martinz' SAMBO or a TEWzine under the pseudonym of Parker Shaeffer.

That was a short LoC, no? I dug the issue though.

Boyd Raeburn

((We always reserve space for Rich Brown. #You weren't s'posed to ask Grennell. We could have argued about whether or not he was in 7th fandom for the next six months. One more topic for debate utterly demolished! #Appears Parker Shaeffer is fen name as well as pen name.))

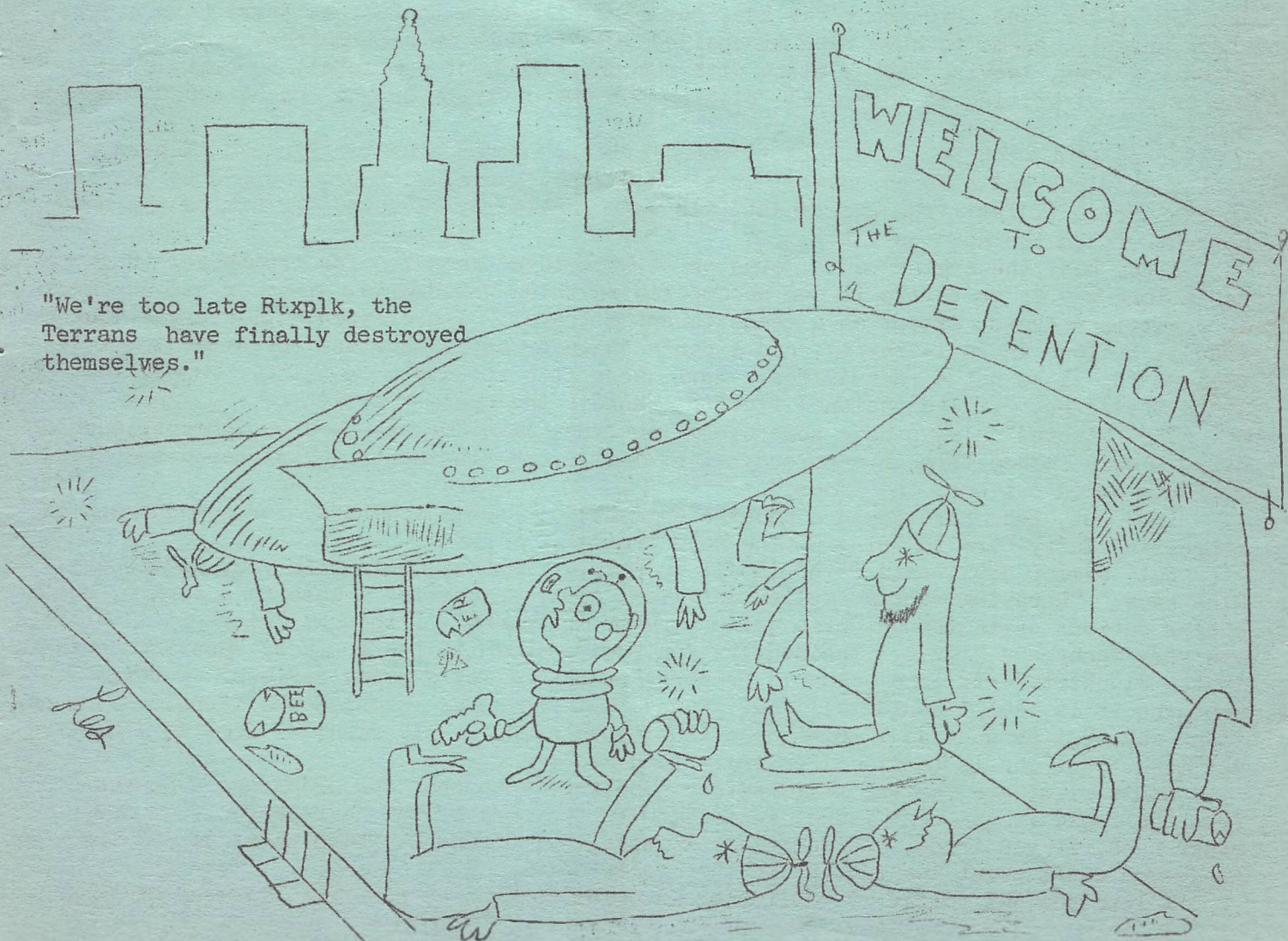
#### HARDCASTLE REVISITED

Dear Nameless Ones,

Many thanks for the copy of CRY 127. Let Rich Brown note that the price of the Directory was so stated, at 25 cents a kick. Don't all write in at once. All copies have gone. ((Pavlat has one and only one copy available if someone wants it at the 25¢ price...Bob Pavlat))

7 Southway, Arthurs Ave.,  
Harrogate, Yorkshire, Eng.

"We're too late Rtxplk, the  
Terrans have finally destroyed  
themselves."





Note also that I have not as yet received the quote card you mentioned returning to me, and am ploycing the matter in the hands of my solicitors. ((Patience! That was hardly six months ago!))

I've been looking around at the local reference library and fail to understand how you can take the writings of Hardcastle (1866-1923) so seriously. Remember that the writings of Dorcas Bagby were stolid and artificially anaemic to the extreme. Hardcastle wrote a masterly tongue in cheek essay on her writings in his "Dorcas Bagby, a Latter Day Joan of Arkansas." I rather tend to think that you have erred from reading the original Hardcastle essay in the October 1915 issue of Strand Magazine without having had access to other issues of Strand at this period. Hardcastle's essays were later collected in that hilarious deadpan anthology, "We Cry Together," (Macmillan, London, 1922) which I can heartily recommend. Incidentally, did you know that Hardcastle's nephew was knighted in the Birthday Honours?

Regards,  
Ron Bennett

((You are quite right, Ron, in assuming that Buz did not see any other issues of Strand Magazine.))((But Ron, you can hardly call "The Moswell Plan" anemic--I mean there was Blood all over! This, as Ponsonby (1911-1917) points out, is doubtless due to Miss Bagby's unreasoning hatred toward men named Higginbotham or Mills...FMB))

FRANSON LANCIN'

6543 Babcock Ave.

Dear COTN-pickers,

North Hollywood, Calif.

The ad on the cover was doubtless a blow to Don Durward and Bob Lichtman, who have declared their opposition to cover ads, but more of a blow to Buz, as Terry Carr's name, unaccountably, seems to have been misspelled "Bjo". This is what happens when the Busbies go out of town, leaving Toskey alone with the CRY. He went completely berserk, even to the extent of writing an editorial, blaming the CRY entirely on the absent and defenseless Busbies.

Scoop Pemberton Dept: NEBULA is back, after an absence of two months. I have #40, with a fabulous Eddie Jones cover. It's now monthly again, with price upped to 2/6. I thought Brian Aldiss' "The Lieutenant" was very realistic. I voted for him as the best new author, on the Hugo ballot.

I can hear the engine tests going on at Rocketdyne, not too far from here. Rocketry has a long way to go before it can accomplish anything worthwhile. I never had any great interest in rockets, except as a means to space travel. I preferred anti-gravity, but now I don't believe in anti-gravity, and I can't engender any enthusiasm for something I don't believe in. I am not a fantasy fan. So I guess it's rockets or nothing. So now that space travel has "killed" science fiction, where's the space travel?

The "Minutes" always have some croggling line, like "my standard punishment, such as being slowly forced through a porous cement wall," and "the meeting was opened and its contents oozed out onto the floor."

Look out, Buz, here comes a Caustic Comment: it seems foolhardy for someone who is supporting Terry Carr to bring up the word "snide".

But, simmer down, this is no insult to Terry. Look up "snide" in your dictionary. Mine says: "Betraying subtly implied derision; slyly sarcastic." This is a form of humor and/or serious criticism which is quite popular in fandom. I thought "Plunkett's" article was very funny and clever. Incidentally, don't give away the pseudonym of "Eustace Southington Plunkett." It is a valuable property of SHAGGY for fanzine reviews. I think I know who it is, but I wouldn't tell you. Funny that you never revealed who "Arnold S. Sebastian" was, but as soon as I think up a couple pen names....all right, I forgive you, I've got more. But who is Leslie Nirenberg? Boyd Raeburn?

Don't eliminate fanzine reviews--one good result is that you often get a letter from the fanned in the next issue, responding to the copy of CRY he received. On the other hand, if you trade, you won't get letters, just trades. Which won't do CRY any good--you can't print the fanzine in the letter column.

I like the CRY policy of publishing material as soon as possible, instead of "hoard-



ing" it as Bob Coulson does. One article of mine went to the CRY instead of YANDRO for this reason. Bob is nice enough to write and tell you at once that he is accepting the material, but unless it is especially timely or perishable, it goes in the files to wait its turn, for possibly six months or longer.

I don't want anything more to do with the point system--the article was 100% facetious, kidding the status-seekers of fandom. I'm glad some fans had fun fooling around with it, and they are welcome to use it and expand on it, but I hope nobody took it seriously.

I thought Bruce Pelz would recognize "F. Sharp" as coming from Gilbert & Sullivan:

"...While F is F Sharp, and will cry with a carp

That he's known your best joke from his cradle."

"A Private Buffoon", The Yeomen of the Guard.

So Elinor edits Toskey's answers? "The Biter Bit!" But the answer to Rich Brown, about QUANDRY, has no question! Edit equally, Elinor. ((I goofed!))

There seem to be some misunderstandings in the lettercolumn, caused, I think, by fast reading. Steve Stiles accuses Bob Lichtman of wanting to do away with the "wealso-heardfroms", when actually Bob was wishing they could be printed. Ellis Mills, Jim Caughran didn't disbelieve in Texas, I did. But if the NFFF exists, Texas exists. And one of the CRY staff doesn't read VOID, the focal point fanzine. ("And I do not know Ted White's opinion of CRY.") Elinor, you must have skipped the review of SHAGGY in VOID 17, in which Ted White says very clearly: "...watching CRY OF THE NAMELESS evolve from a PLANET STORIES letter-col substitute into a position of dispenser of first rate fannish goodies..."

And if you're wondering who was the joker who nominated CRY OF THE NAMELESS for the Hugo Award, it was...

Donald Franson

((Buz told me you didn't want your pseudonyms revealed but I didn't believe him. We never revealed the identity of "Arnold S. Sebastian" because he asked us not to. I thought your pseudonyms were just spur-of-the-moment jokes like Buz' "Ella G. Gray." I'm very sorry indeed, and in future will allow you to hide as much light behind as many pseudonyms as you please. #I may be wrong, but I strongly suspect that Leslie Nirenberg is Leslie Nirenberg. I think that Boyd Raeburn finds it a full-time job being Boyd Raeburn. #I do read VOID, but didn't remember Ted's comments on CRY until you reminded me--perhaps because they struck me as incomprehensible. I mean, like, how can a zine evolve from a PLANET letter-col <sup>substitute</sup> Surely PLANET STORIES lettercols were the absolute peak of all fannish endeavor? #Thank you for nominating us.))

EVEN STEPHEN

(LSG?)

477 Woodlawn - Apt. C

Dear Elinor, Buz, Tosk, and Wally,

Springfield, Ohio

Well, it looks like we've really brought off the Berry Fund caper. I knew we would, of course, with Minions of the Goon in key positions all over the country, but it's good to know that the ticket is finally bought and mailed. Now it's official that the Goon will inspect his overseas installations this Aug/Sept.

Well, Tosk, I see you finally managed to hold CRY down a few pages, while those cowards fled town to escape the mushrooming monster. Actually, under the circumstances, I mean with the press room so lightly manned with you and Wally alone with those grinding wheels, I'd have expected L. Garcone to run loose and amuk and produce 50 or 100 pages, all composed of his mind-wrenching illustrations. You are brave fen and true, Tosk and Wally, to face such a CRYsis, and emerge triumphant.

#129 was a good issue. The cover, natch, was a gem of artistic composition. E.S.P.'s little work was, truly, clever, amusing, and easily the high point of the issue. I agree with your editorial reservations, though. You switched back to black ink just to catch my praise of blue in the letter col, you dirty dogs, you! Back to blue ink!

Abruptly,

Steve Schultheis

((Buz and I were prepared for L. Garcone -- we were resigned to that (unnecessarily, as it turned out...))



ESN'T IT FRIGHTENING?

(EA)

433 Locust Ave. S.E.

Old Nasties,

Huntsville, Ala.

Why do you do such horrid things as put a zero after my name on CRY? Not even the vile Tosk could be so evil through and through as to toss me out, could he? Oh. He could? beh

Methinks I have three CRYs here to komment on. May (127): FANDOM DENIED is, to my thinking, on a par with the rest of Berry's CRY work, which I consider the best continuing stuff he's turned out. Ghud grief. It was easier to komment when CRY was filled with crud.

Les Gerber, tis true, is covering more books, but I somehow just don't feel like rushing out after a book just because his deep perceptive review says, quote in full, "Buy it." I dunno, covering a lot of books may make others feel happier, but for me fanzine book reviews are mostly read in the hopes that there'll be something long and nasty that can start a fight.

Fanzine reviews, on the other hand, I generally prefer to be brief. Long vile ones are nice for a change of pace, like TFWHITE's, but I'd go crazy trying to get into enough letterhackin' arguments if everybody wrote that kind.

JOHN ROLF's FAITABULOUS TIME TRAVELLING DEVICE ED COX is a strange title. Fine story, though. I'm waiting for a Bester-type parody. Then my life will be complete. And I can go to SF TIMES and graze until My Time comes.

To Pelz, A Preslerody:

You ain' nothin' but a le'ershack,  
Just a-writin' alla time.

You ain' nothin' but a le'ershack,  
Just a-writin' alla time.

You ain' nevah been in HYPHEN,  
An' you ain' no frien' o' mine.

(Accompanied by an electric mandolin played with an old I GO POGO pin, with a rhythm section of six dupers duperin' and the recurrent throb of Bay area pats-on-backs.)

You know, they said you was high-class.

Well, that was just a lie.

Oh yeh they said you was high-class,

But that was just a lie.

You ain' nevah written sercon,

Just writin' neocrud fo' the CRY.

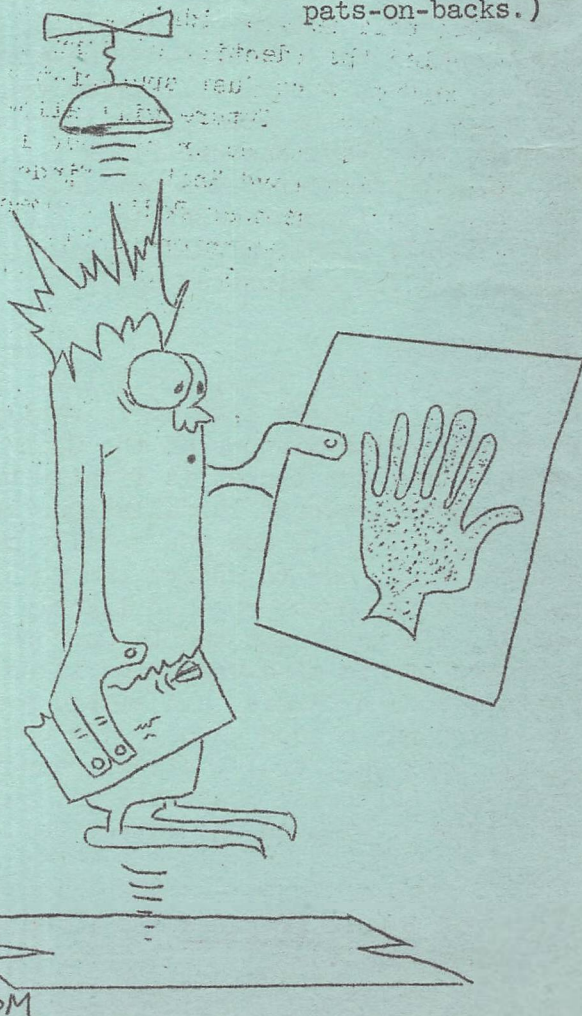
Just joshing, fellas, really. Will all be forgiven if I sign it Norman Harris?

Len Moffatt's RISE AND FALL story had an almost Berrylike tinge. Better than average.

A rough estimate with F. Sharp's rating system makes me a half BNF, since I think I have somewhere between 45 and 50 points. So I guess that shows how far off the ratings are. Back to the drawing board.

Let's move up to JUNE (128): GOONGA FAAN should have come out long long ago so it could have been used as the Berry Campaign song. It is truly fabulous, I tell ye; probably my favorite short parody. Anyway, I can't think of any offhand to rate with it.

The "Fandom Harvest" that kicked up the furor had some of the finest Carr in it I've seen. It's not really nasty, but it certainly is sly. The whole thing seems to be sly, then double-sly to cover up the nastiness folks read into slyness. Sort of a gentle poke at fandom delivered with smiles and chuckles. Only a





gentle poke more in the tail than in the ribs.

Ah, "The Way of All Flesh." Ah. Ah ah. Ah. This is the type thing that can have an effect on me. For a long time Meyers was yelling at me to join SAPS so I'd come out with a zine. Yelling and yelling. And I thought about it, but didn't get up energy to get on the waiting list until one ultra-faanish day when "The Enchanted Duplicator" arrived. And while under the spell I joined. I think I'm still under it. ((What's that got to do with "Way of All Flesh"?))

'Tis beginning to appear that CRY could be held down to a size that could stay monthly if merely the suggestions about what to do with the zine were cut out of the letcol. (Now do your trick and cut this paragraph.)

JULY (129) I like the cover.

"Post Haste" didn't do a lot for me, but it was a long way from being bad. Just a little pointless, mayhap.

Ah, here comes the choice morsel. "Fandom Harvest Chaffed" is a masterpiece that can be placed naught but next to "Fandom Harvest" last time around in my cluttered Hall of Masterpieces. And I think there shall be battle in that section of the hall. Both sides shall continue to smile, but the teeth will clench more and more firmly and I shall roar. I hope. Let's not be True Blue and Honest to Ghu laugh this one off. We have a good opportunity here for some blatant subtleness.

I've been trying valiantly (for no reason at all) to try to keep from mentioning Buz in this letter, but now I get to his editorial, and I feel that I must join in. On the focal point foolishness. Ted White and The Focal Point seem to me to go together. Now White isn't a focal point, but his appointing himself same somehow seems so perfectly in character that the two are now inseparable. ((Ted says he was only kidding.)) The view of fandom symbolized by overlapping spotlights is what I've been trying to put into words for myself every time I run into arguments on Why SF Fandom If You Don't Talk About Sf? and Faanish Fandom Is Best. Nobody needs to be thrown out of anything. If the purists wish to say You're No Longer a Fan Because Fan Means Sf, they're welcome to think of me as something other than a fan. And if the others wish to say You're No Longer a Faan Because You Aren't Fighting For The Cause, they may do so. I'm for 'em all, just so long as nobody gets so outlandishly unfaanish as to stop sending their zines to people for the one and only reason that they aren't the same type fan as the editor himself.

Nice to see Meyers in the review col.

"The Shooting of Fan McGhu" is worthy of being tossed into the barrel with the already-praised "Goonga Faan." Hell, it even has an idealistic faanish message.

Once more I come out liking Boyd Raeburn. He had damn good reason to be caustic with all the misinterpretation of the original mentions of Levant and King, I judge from my throne.

I disagree that the review of FLAB was indefensible. FLAB is one of fandom's weirdest zines, and deserves to be brought out into the open for people to wonder about.

This Nirenberg kat is far too fine to be a neo. His letter is right up there with Moran's and a couple of others as the issue's best. Hook him and you've got another CRY-hack in the most godawful sense of the word, I suspect.

Let's see if I can continue this r&r parody bit with a bit of Bo Diddlerody:

John Berry, John Berry, have you read,

All truefen like what you've said?

(Durnt drowr derdle dordle do de do)

John Berry, John Berry, don't you know

Detroit is where you gotta go?

(Durnt drowr derdle dordle do de do)

I think mebbe I dig out my collection of weird recorded masterpieces and combat creeping G&Sism. (You may feel free to forget that I put the above Wunnerful Poetry in, O lucky people.)

The Cuban Freedom Fighter seems to me to just now be hitting his stride in CRY. For a time he was too wild. Then he became a Part Time Grand Old Man. The Grand Old Man type thing doesn't fit him, and even if it does fit someone else, it can't be done Part Time while the other part is true richness. And out went the Old Wise One, and now we have brown in black or blue on white. Or yellow if disaster strikes.



Anyway, rich wrote a nice Epic Pome for me that I failed to acknowledge before now.

Oh, Gawd, a thought strikes me here at 4AM. Fansmanship. What a foul thought. But I would do it, I know, in one of my wild moods, and so would Tosk. But not you, would you, Elinor? Like mainly toss me into the WE ALSO Department. Yarghhhh. Beh. I'm suffering right now at the thought of what a magnificent joke it would be and how I would have to be virtuous, unassuming, witty, trustworthy, friendly, courteous, kind, cheerful, brave, clean, and reverent and say ha ha yeh you people pretty funny and it's like Al Ashley said.

Best.

Esmond Adams

((I agree that FLAB is one of the Wonders of the Fannish World--but why tantalize non-Sappish folk by revealing its existence? They can't get it, you know.))

TRUE RICHNESS

(EA, like)

127 Roberts St.

Phobos/Demos...ieeeeii, for the CRY is upon us:

Pasadena 3, Calif.

You would think, it being summer and all, that I'd have plenty of time to write, but it ain't so. I'm in summer school, and three more weeks to go until I graduate. From there only FooFoo knows, but for I am patiently trying to get a small amount of fanac under the auspices of piple who are trying to cram Homer and the Principles of Photography down my throat simultaneously.

Let's not be troubled with mundane problems; there are things of Greater Importance, such as The Future of the CRY and How Was the Westercon? to discuss.

The ATom cover was really beautiful, and the best he's done since the bit about Leslie Gerber...so what was the cover like on your time-line? (Gag courtesy of Dikini). Seriously, I liked it (and agreed with it), but what's this about Ginks Finking? Must rush that one through, mustn't we?

Methinks, Tosk, that the illo on page 34 might be by Leslie Nirenberg, since he's the only other Leslie I can see in the lettercolumn. ((It was indeed.)) An' I di'n do the one on page 28. (('Twas by Donald Franson.))

I understand the Goon Fund has been a success; this comes second hand, but from a reliable source -- I hope at any rate, that it is true. ((It is -- HOO RAY!))

The Berryarn is ok, I guess. It would prob'ly have been better for me if I hadn't sneaked a peep at the end.

Gee. I hope Wally has Minutes in the next CRY. If he doesn't, there's an inalterable conclusion to be met. Toskey has taken his revenge. Snif. Yes, that red spot there...that's blood...coming from my heart...for poor old Wallace Wastebasket. If 'twere anyone but BRT who would be dishing out the punishment I'm sure mercy would prevail...at least until after the Westercon. But Toskey -- well, everyone knows that there is not, on all the west coast, short possibly of Squink Blogg and L. Garcone, a more vicious, cruel, sadistic...ah, me..oh, ghods, Wally...were it that you had chased the gargle-eyed snarly instead.

Hmmmm once again denotes a period of Deep Thinking and Profound Consideration on my part. Like I said in my last CRYletter, the thing by Terry was intended as humor, but I didn't think some people would take it that way. I was right. I know who Eustace is, and your guesses of Bjo and Ted Johnstone are incorrect. I'm surprised at Eustace for going so much deeper; but on the other hand, I'm beginning to wonder if maybe Terry's article could have been...bait...

Good to see Wee Willy getting in on fanzine reviews. A letter, once in a while, might be nice, too, Vill.

Second set of Minutes better than Wally's usual standard; in fact, there was a ring of The Good Old Days in them, and a tear just came right up and dripped out of my eye-ball. More in this vein, Wally. More.

The Shooting of Fan McChu--wow, but how, I dig these fannish pomes. Would that some bright young neo would win his way to fannish fame by publishing an all-fannish-poetry zine.

Rick Sneary: Speaking for myself only, my reviews are kind of slapped-offish. Gener-



ally, though, I don't improve much what I say when I make second-drafts; for me, a third draft is about as good as I can get most things, except possibly phraseology (which is a big problem with me -- I give a lot of thought to what I'm going to say, but not much to how I'm going to say it, which is the whycome and howfore of how my stuff generally seems to ramble on until it seems I'm out of breath). But three drafts is an awful lot, and the CRY is a monthly. I've seen Warner's reviews in OOPS, and I wish to hell I could do just half as good. I like the style, for one thing. And if I could only get the silly idea out of my head that to do just to a zine I have to mention everything that is in it... Oh, hell, undoubtedly there are a million things wrong with the reviews, but they will eventually be ironed out. (I can see it now: the 1,000,129th issue of CRY, somebody says, "Zig, flaky-dads, fmz rv clm rely snaps is jingo o-k and prfect," and I, tears dribbling down my cheeks, softly caressing the beautiful blue pages with my long bony fingers, deftly moving my white beard from its wadded up position on the floor, place the CRY in its folder and lie peacefully upon a bed of Rotsler illustrations, knowing full well that I have done my duty to fandom and to FooFoo, and await the coming of That Great Fan-Pubber in the Sky.)

Leslie Nirenberg: Yes, there's something about fans...but then, CRY is a family magazine. #Dunno how much of this is caused by influence of Raeburn, so maybe I should just say, in a mild but disgusted voice that Root Beer is for Squirrels, whereas Pepsi's are for Strong He-Men like Ted White and myself. Bah to all who say otherwise.

Archie Mercer: If Don Franson doesn't take up the offer of becoming Fandom's Point Assessor, I, of stout and true heart, will take the offer in hand and become such myself. Of course, all Fandom will have to co-operate with me--send me all the fanzines (free, naturally), allocate a certain portion of each magazine to an appreciation of the fine job I will be doing, and have, at least once a year, a Rich Brown Appreciation Issue. If elected to the position of FPA, I can promise that everyone will become BNFs within a year. Other than that I can only say, with due respect to all those to whom due respect is due, that I am running on a platform of bent staples and toe-nail polish.

Don Franson: Heck, now, the early SPACEWARP wasn't really anything too hot (it was hand-written, for one thing), but it kept improving and kept improving and look at the high esteem that it is held in now. So there was a time when CRY was not as great as it is now--that's to be expected. Something just suddenly went whoosh (Bill Meyers, is my guess) and each succeeding CRY letterhack gave it a little bit bigger boost. True, for a while I thought CRY was at the peak of its glory when we were all Taking Over The CRY... but I think now I was wrong. The material of that time was fun -- a hell of a lot of fun, for me -- but it, unlike such esotericisms as The Tower To The Moon, etc., just burnt itself out.

Len Moffatt: Tosk was kidding Franson about his letter in that old magazine...

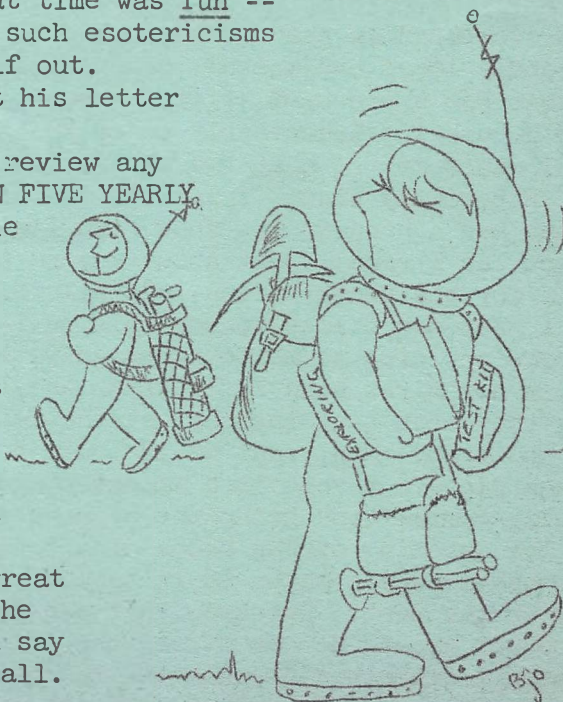
Bruce Pelz: For your edification, I didn't review any apazines this time... #Like, read SCIENCE FICTION FIVE YEARLY #2 ("Every word is Gospel, bhoy, Gospel..."--Ernie Kovacs)...and save #1 until the lucky day the ~~add ddbb~~ I invade Florida.

Ella Parker: Yeah, that's a fine how-do-you-do; writing a fine letter to exployn how you can't write letters. Come on in; the water's fine.

Ted Pauls: I don't really think you know whereof you speak. You say you'd rather have had CRY remain a clubbish-type zine. You weren't even around when it was a clubbish-type zine. I think the monthly publication of CRY helps it a great deal. But bi-monthly is a schedule, and though the material might not seem to be so "alive", I would say that, even so, it would be better than no CRY at all.

MEFYF!

rich brown





MOFFATT'S FOR TEA

Dear Cryfen,

10202 Belcher

Downey, California

The cover of CRY No. 129 managed somehow, to catch my eye. It wasn't so much the pale, conservative colors that caught and held my attention as the words at the bottom of the page. Bjo, it read, for TAFF.

Well, now. Those 3 little words on the cover of CRY conjured up a swift vision of chaos in Seattle. Or to put it in its more acceptable American literary form: I wondered--Wot Hoppended???

Up until then I had the distinct impression that CRY was supporting T. Carr for TAFF. Thoughts raced madly through my headbone, nearly causing internal concussion. Had Cryfen and Berkeleyfen gone pffft? Was the fannish world (as we know it) being turned topsy turvey again? Could this mean that CRY was changing its policy all the way down the line? O wurra, wurra!

Then I remembered something. Ummmm. Yes. Toskey always does the CRY covers. Toskey has given evidence in the past of having a fiendish sense of humor. Maybe he slipped this cover on the latest CRY as a gag... Maybe...

But then (finally) I read the inside of the ish. Such a simple, easy to follow explanation. Toskey IS for BJO, and the Busbys ARE for Terry. Why not? Just because they all pub the same mag is no reason why they should share the same beliefs, support the same candidate, etc. After all, one of CRY's strongest assets is the variation of the personalities who produce it. Good for them. ((Buz & I were Not Happy when we saw that cover.))

But my eyes keep going back to gaze at the cover. Perhaps it is the combination of the colors, as well as the lettering and their messages that attract me. Does it have this same effect on t'other readers? For it seems to me that there is Something Else there...something one can almost see...another message...the real reason behind the cover's contrived effectiveness...something....subliminal...I can almost see it now... it is coming through...yes, Lord, coming through!.....T O S K E Y.....

toskey for taff

Good grief.

I think John's shortale deserved to have an illo, and a dressed-up heading. I liked it that much, despite the fact that I usually prefer the Bary with the lighter touch.

Wally Weber is a Creative Writer. His Minutes prove it.

ESP's "rebuttle" to T. Carr's column was amusing. But must agree perhaps ESP did go a bit overboard in places, but mebbe Terry did too. Anyway, I hope the battle stays on a friendly level and doesn't degenerate into a real nasty foolish feud. Am sorta doubtful that Bjo wrote part of it. Anyway, no reason for "Plunkett" to hide his/their light under a bushel. I certainly enjoy the ESP'd fanzine review in Shaggy.

I was sorry to hear the old Fashion Show "fuss" brought up as propaganda against Bjo. Especially since it was all 2nd or 3rd hand gossip. As you pointed out, several persons had a hand in the show, and I'm sure Bjo would not take credit away from others. In fact, as I recall just about anyone who had anything to do with the show was given credit for his contribution. So all this jazz about Bjo is so much nonsense.

I just don't like to see this anti-type of propaganda, not in fandom, not in TAFF. It seems childish to me to campaign/against someone with personality stuff, especially when the so called info is not first hand knfo. Your answer to same was fine, indeed, and as somebody else said--they aren't against any of the TAFF candidates. I only wish all three of 'em could make the trip. Man, that would truly be representative! But since only one can go, let us each place our vote in a friendly and adult manner, with malice towards none, with friendly competition being the keynote for all. End of speech.

The Shooting of Fan McChu didn't say as much to me as some of the past parodies have. Don't ask me why. Maybe it is because I have seen this particular piece parodied so many times in the past. But keep that pen-pal with a penchant for parodies at it...

Guess Archie Mercer missed the point of my "Permount V" tale. If the protagonist had been a sympathetic character the whole point of the story would have been lost. It was supposed to be a burlesque of the super-sercon type of fan, of which we have



damned few, thank Foo! I don't recall the Ving Clarke story, but obviously the idea or theme of the story is not new. Satires, burlesques, or take-offs of this kind will be around as long as we do have those few super-sercon types, and I reckon we always will. The world is full of 'em, and fandom, small portion of the world that it is, gets its share. Fortunately we have always had enough hobbyists in fandom to offset the fanatical antics of the supersercon types, and at times, shame them out of our ken--or better still, help them see that fandom can be entertaing (and even educational) without making a Big Thing of it.

Yes, Bruce, it was the tiger from the song in the MIKADO, and not the one in the limerick. Tho I'm a limerick fan too...Gee, I haven't seen any good fannish limericks in a long time...

There is a young fan from Tampa  
Whose efforts we should not hampa  
He is wonderfully witty  
With Parodized Ditty

Was W. S. Gilbert his grampa?

Well, like I said, I haven't seen any good fannish limericks in a long time...

Am delighted to hear that Barry is coming over! And hope he can tour the country a bit, too. If he makes it to the West Coast, and is able to visit southern California, he is more than welcome to bunk at the Moffatt House. Have a bed right here in Len's Den, and Anna is certainly a Berry fan, and likes to cook for new people, and our Ford sedan likes to tote visiting firemen hither and yon to see the native sights. So here's hoping!

Keep Smiling,  
Len Moffatt

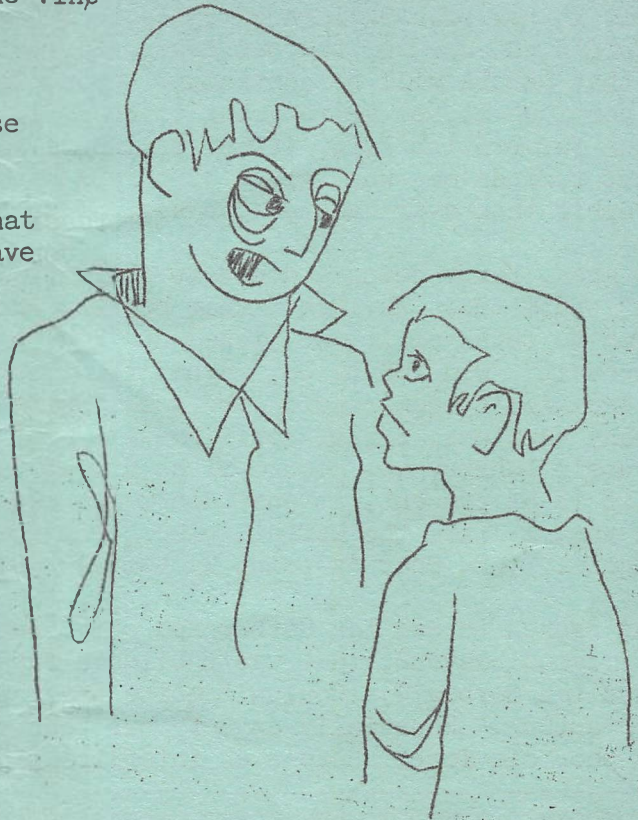
((The now-thoroughly-squelched rumor about the Fashion Show was not a part of anybody's campaign. 'Twas merely incidental noise. #I agree--it would indeed be wonderful if all three candidates could win! I wish we could send 'em all abroad, hand-in-hand, like. What a truly delightful stereophonic con report could result-- #I don't believe super-sercon types are ever reformed (except, perhaps, the very very young). Can you name one (1) adult super sercon type who has Seen the Error of His Ways?))

CLARKE THE HERALD ANGELS SING (or Clarke's the Hen)  
Hi folks,

"Inchmery", 236 Queens Road  
London S.E. 14, England

And once again, the mother hen of British fandom (as a certain Kyle once termed me) has had to pinch ole Sandersox's copy of CRY just in order to comment. You're a mean lot. First of all, I'd hate like hell to see CRY go bi-monthly, but if you feel monthly is really too much work (and goddam it after 127 issues it ruddy well must be) then we'll just have to put up with it. Anyway, as you say, it would make things better for UK letterwriters.

Did I ever bring up that little moan of mine about not seeing that copy in which John Berry wrote about me? If I did excuse my repeating it (I still think that when someone is written about to that extent, courtesy demands they should have a copy) but I have since seen ATom's copy. Can't say much about it, because the person who'd borrowed it from Atom hadn't finished with it and I had to skim rapidly through it before returning it. Anyway, if I don't see it one way, I'll nag and nag till I see it another.





Buz should be interested, at least in his Pemberton facet, in one or two little items over here. They've just pocketbooked SEEDS OF LIFE (John Taine) for the first time that I know of. Skylark of Space too! A.C.C. has had EXPLORATION OF SPACE done by Penguin's and now for the bad news. Sorry to have to tell you that it is most unlikely that NEBULA will be continuing beyond Issue No. 42. Peter says he can't see his way to continue it, so we're going to be left in the rather sad mess of only one publishing house for British s.f. ((That is indeed bad news.))

That reminds me--what gives with F&SF since Boucher left. That book is getting more pornographic than ever Hank Jensen was. I've laid into them in Ape #12. Does Buz agree with me?

My ghod, Berry doing a downbeat ending! What's come over him? And it was some of his best stuff too. Why won't that boy try professional writing?

Come to think of it, we picked up "VOR" by Blish in p.b. over here, brand new issue. Any gen on it? Old TWS or SS, maybe?

I see Atom's been sending you some "White" cartoons too...how that guy can think of so many captions, I just don't know.

Bruce's Lehrody was poor: if he'd kept the metre it might have been a bit better, but as it is at present, it just don't get away with it.

Oh yes, I liked the Moffatt piece, and the Minutes AND (oh but indubitably, YES) the Fanquiz. ((F. Sharp's point system.)) Especially, the kind offer of 1 point to confans.

Was shaken to see Les Gerber has only just heard of Clive Jackson's "Swordsman of Varnis"...good heavens, that was published first back in the good old days of Slant. ((But was Les Gerber?)) Couldn't quite understand why Ted Carnell referred to Jackson as a new author. Especially as SciFV has been reprinted and reprinted.

Oh poor ole Tosk. Here's an interlineation just to keep him happy. Do publish that

BURNETTIRTSOSKEYBURNETTIRTSOSKEYBURNETTIRTSOSKEYBURNETTIRTSOSKEYBURNETTIRTSOSKEYBURNETTIRTSOSKEYTOSK

one line; you are cruel to him not mentioning him so much.

Something else for Buz. Is, or is not, EFR Anvil? I sez he is. We all, for that matter, sez he is. Dammit, same style, same story, even same illos, more or less. He is, isn't he? Or don't you know either? ((Buz doesn't know, but sez alla same like you. I agree it's the same story in the same style, but if it's by the same author why doesn't he use the same name? EFR's a name that should bring more loot than Anvil.))

So Burnett likes chocolate cake, does he? Do you mean cake iced with chocolate or chocolate cake? ((I mean chocolate cake with chocolate icing, but it turns out that Tosk actually prefers white cake with maple frosting.)) I might try bribing him with one sometime.

Puzzled at your comments regarding a 'beautiful Thalia Gestetner stylus'... Over here, Gestetner styluses/styli are much the same as any other styli, except they're more expensive. Vinç for instance has a whole collection of styli made from bits and pieces and they work a dream--wooden shafts or old penholders with watch-works-wheels fixed to them: an old conduit-staple hammered into the top of a wooden shaft: old ball-pens: a needle stuck in a wooden shaft: glass tubes (the capillary tube-heated-and-drawn-out): all sorts of things like that. Come to think of it, we may have a few tips in Duplicating Without Tears that you over there, with most of your stuff much cheaper than ours, haven't yet thought up ways and means of wangling. Want a copy? ((Yes please.)) And I I'm interested in blue gooooo at \$2.50 a can...how much in a can? ((14 oz., \$3.01 for color, and \$2.78 for black. We're thinking of going to black, to reduce offset.)) One pound tube ov<sup>er</sup> here costs (Gestetner brand) 18/-- down to any brand suitable for use with a Gestetner, as little as 8/6d. How does that compare?

Oh yes, and if you print any of this, I've a minor warning: any heading that reads JUMP FOR JOY, JOY OF LIFE/LIVING/FANDOM, A THING OF BEAUTY IS A JOY FOREVER, or even JESU JOY OF MAN'S DESIRING will have me tearing around fandom blasting the Cryeds for ever and ever and ever. If you gotta print it, think up a new one: I'm tired of those. Here's looking for the next CRY, and don't if you can help it, go bi-monthly.

We'd miss you.....

Joy K. Clarke



((Yes, I do hate to see Nebula go under, when I've just come to love it in the past few months. # "VOR" was a tyre-pumped expansion of short wooden novelet: "The Weakness of RVOG" in a 1949 TWS. I had a swing-of-the-axe at Blish's pumping-up of tired old novel-ets for new pb's in Spectre #3; he's getting carried away with this new source of revenue. #F&SF has hit a couple of pornographic streaks, particularly on the fetichist kick, but nothing to be frosted-off about. For sheer S\*E\*X, the second issue of Standard Mags "juvenile", Space Stories (pulpsize, circa 1952) takes the prize, with Jack Vance's "Planet of the Damned." Ace books neutered this one and served it up as "Slaves of the Klau." #Well, we'd miss you, too....FMB))((With all manner of custom-made styli around you can afford to be without the Gestetner variety...until recently, I used a ball-point for illos and a crotchet hook for lettering, period. Then, at the Thalia clubroom, I used a couple Gestetner styli and loved 'em--now I have two of my own, only one of which I actually use. We have a few other styli around but I don't like them and don't use them. #How evil of you, to give us all those perfectly good letterheadings and then forbid us to use them!))

GREAT WHITE FATHER IN WASHINGTON(SFA)

2708 N. Charles St.

Dear Buz & Elinor,

Baltimore 18, Maryland

Buz' pro reviews suffer from on-stencil sloppiness most of all, I think. Stuff like thinking out loud onstencil, discovering you're reviewing the wrong issue, etc.; it all makes for something less than the usual air of critical omnipotence and omniscience, attitudes which give such reviews at least an attitude of authority, as removed from mere opinion.

FANDOM HARVEST CHAFFED is pretty low-grade stuff. I saw (at Ted Pauls') the column that inspired this, and I must say that it was a great deal better. Terry handled his column with humor, due modesty, and subtlety--elements the authors of FHC haven't yet discovered.

This year, we fondly hoped, we would elect a "faaan," "trufan," "fanzine fan"--one of us--to TAFF. We'd seen what happened in 1957 when Eney, Ellington and Raeburn cut each other's votes and Madle won with Stu Hoffman running second. This seemed to be the general sentiment all over active fandom. At the Solacon, I fell to discussing this with John Champion, Boyd Raeburn, Ed Cox, Bob Pavlat, and Lee Jacobs, on the way back from the Lighthouse. We thought a bit, and then decided, why not Terry Carr? He had all the necessary qualifications, we felt; we all thought he could do a bang-up job of reporting on the trip and would make a fine impression on the English fen. He was well known all over, either as himself or as part of Carl Brandon (he'd written all of "My Fair Femme-fan," which was a big hit overseas). He seemed ideal.

When we got back to the hotel, I cornered Terry and asked him if he'd run. He was surprised, obviously pleased, and a little taken aback. He said sure. So Raeburn, Champion and I filtered around with a notebook, taking the signatures of all who supported him. I printed those signatures in GAMBIT 23. Oddly enough, Bjo and Steve Tolliver were among them. Despite what Terry said, I don't remember his asking Bjo for her signature. She was there, I approached her, and she said sure. Tolliver, who was at her side throughout the con, asked to sign.

About the same time, two other movements were afoot. In New York, a group had gotten together to nominate Dick Eney again, and Sandy Sanderson was heading a group to nominate Bob Pavlat. As soon as it was learned that Terry would be running, both other groups acceded to him, and threw their support to him. Not necessarily because it was felt that Terry was a superior candidate to Pavlat or Eney, but because we didn't want any conflict for the "fannish" vote. We suspected someone like Don Ford (in whose credit it must be said that he didn't seek nomination) would run; we wanted to present a united front.

And then along came a girl from LA, who thought she'd like to go to England. She has neatly split the "fannish" vote, and she may very likely have given the winning votes to Ford. I'm sure Don won't object, but if he does win, there have been violent rumors of repercussions anent TAFF.

I'm sure that Bjo hadn't all this in mind; she simply wanted to win fandom's newest



popularity contest. But I'm sure that if she'd been sufficiently grounded in fandom, she would have noticed any number of other actifen who wanted to run for TAFF who didn't, because they wanted to see one of their kind, a "fannish" fan, win. Bjo is basically a "fannish" fan, like Terry. She won't hurt Ford's votes a bit. She'll just divide the "fannish" ones.

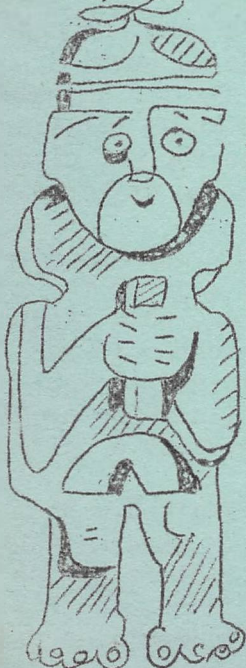
To return to FHC, I must say that it is in about the worst taste of any TAFF campaigning yet.

From the lettercol this time, I suspect Donald Franson of being Parker Shaeffer. But, shame on the lot o' ye for not recognizing that the Parker Shaeffer was the editor of a small snob fanzine around 1955 which was circulated among the BNFs only, contained BNF material only, and was published by (and reviewed by, in his zine) Pete Vorzimer. I don't need to tell you why only Petey ever reviewed the zine. Comments of his about "Parker" were quoted in the mammoth LeZOMBI, and by Willis, and various others at various times, so it was not just an in-group thing restricted to ABSTRACT (a pretty unrestricted zine in itself). ((Our Parker Shaeffer is the Parker Shaeffer.))

Letters...all this blather about whether Grennell was or wasn't in Seventh Fandom... gahh. If you asked the man, you'd find out that his early close correspondents were Joel Nydahl (in whose VEGA he first appeared with, I think, WE DO HAVE ROBOTS), John Magnus (with whom he collaborated on and spoke of collaborating with extensively on pro stories, none of which sold, as far as I know, and Harlan Ellison (for whom he supplied a regular column), among others. I know, from the correspondence Magnus has showed me, that Dean was close to these three, and no doubt to others as well. But Nydahl, Magnus and Ellison were at the heart of the movement known as Seventh Fandom--Nydahl created it in his only FAPA appearance, with, I think, Ian McCauley. Grennell entered fandom actively actually after I did...All these debunking attempts ((by whom?)) to show that Dean actually had nothing to do with 7th Fandom (despite activity in 7APA, and coeditorship of FILLER with Norm Browne) are silly hogwash. He was up to his neck in 7th Fandom. He was its patron saint, the Grand Old Man the others looked up to and congregated around. ((Probably a Full Time Rich Brown)).

I don't get this "Bitter ol' Ted White" bit. I haven't ever said anything unkind about CRY, that I can think of. I haven't run it down as 'of little interest.' Any ideas along this line are Ted Pauls' own, and in no way to be considered mine. I suppose I have influenced Pauls some, much as any younger, more impressionable fan is influenced

"Golly! Gee! Gosh!  
I never met a BNF  
before, Mr. Gerber!"



S. STILES

by contact with an older fan. But I am not responsible for his ideas, layouts, duplication, or politics. Ted has a great deal of creative ability of his own, and he has no need to borrow from me in this respect. When I look at our careers--my ghod, in one short season, he has encompassed about four years of my fan career. From the blechy THE PHANTOM through DHOG to DISJECTA MEMBRA in a half-year. Can you decry this as a lost Sense of Wonder? ((Yes.)) I calls it a gained ability, responsibility, and experience. The Ted Pauls who wrote this last letter, albeit in an angry tone, is a great step higher than the Pauls who used to write you short inane bits of useless blathering--though typical then of the CRY letterhack. ((That is an incorrect statement. If his letters had been typical of the CRY letterhack of that period, they would not have been so drastically cut--so often relegated to WEALSOHEARDFROM. His letters, when they arrived in Seattle, were long inane bits of blathering.)) Once Ted comes into his own, I expect great things of him. Don't be impatient; just contrast the time it's taken him to get this far with that of others like, say, Bill Meyers, who went through a several-year apprenticeship before becoming a really promising and worthwhile fan. Or, even, me. I don't count my own fan career as meaning much until three or four years ago, and I entered fandom in early 1952. You get my point?



Ah, do you suppose a portion of this might find its way into the lettercol nextis ?  
I've never had a letter printed in CRY, you know...

yhos,

Ted E. White

((I doubt if Buz wants "the usual air of critical omnipotence and omniscience"--he is naturally informal rather than authoritative. #Why should there be repercussions if Don Ford should win? Don is a thoroughly likable, active, long-time fan--well-known in England as well as in America. The fact that he is not a member of one's own clique does not entitle one to view his possible victory with horror. #I don't doubt that you're right in saying that Bjo would not have run for TAFF against Terry if she had been better grounded in fandom. I suspect that by the time she realized the situation, so much had been said on all sides that she felt she would be Showing the White Feather by withdrawing. In my opinion, at the time of her nomination Bjo was not really eligible to be nominated; however, she is becoming au fait with fandom (term courtesy of Eire's Ian) at such a quick rate of speed, and interest in her is so great, that if she is elected I think she will be a quite eligible representative. #I am not as sure as you are, & as I once was, that Bjo is drawing all her votes from a public that would otherwise be Terry's. I suspect that she is hurting Don's votes, and I know that she is getting at least a few votes from people who haven't voted in previous elections, and would not be voting now if she were not running. #I think Terry Carr is absolutely the ideal TAFF candidate. He deserves to win, from the standpoint of Talent times Time in Fandom times Personal Attractiveness. But ALL the candidates would make excellent TAFFen, and no matter who wins, my heart will be laden more with Bon Voyage than rue. #By "Bitter Ol' Ted White" I wasn't referring to anything specific. I don't remember your ever saying anything unkind about CRY; and I'm very sure that you have always been most pleasant & affable to & about Busbys--for which many thanks and much high regard. But to me you seem bitter about most things. I cut out the fiercest of your remarks about TAFF--even so, an aura of bitterness is left. #Bill Meyers was a promising and worthwhile fan a year or so ago. Now, he's a potential gafiater. Ted Pauls, in my opinion, has lost more than he's gained.))

DOUBLE GRUBBLE

YOU SWINE!

(comment on 128)

SO I'M IMMATURE, AM I? I'LL SHOW YOU WHO'S IMMATURE,  
YOU!!!!!!

201 Linden Boulevard  
Brooklyn 26, N. Y.

And besides that, I'm not sixteen yet by six months; in adolescence, six months can make quite a bit of difference.

This business of cutting down the CRY or going bi-monthly is greatly worrying me. The CRY was my introduction to fanzine fandom, and has always been my favorite fanzine. I want the CRY to remain monthly, but I don't want the size cut so much. I wish there could be a 50-page CRY. You get enough good material and letters to make a 50-page CRY, and a lot of good letters which I'd like to read go into the &WEALSOHEARD FROM column. A bi-monthly CRY would be intolerable. My suggestion is for a six-weekly CRY. This would enable you to put out a CRY as big as you can get it under the weight limit with less effort, without too much loss to us readers; only three fewer issues a year. I'd still rather see a monthly CRY, but not if you have to cut it down to 36 pages.

Thank you, Dean Grennell, for filling in us latecomers. Funny how, through all that fabulous humor, he still manages to explain the real meaning of "croggled".

"GOONGa Faan" was so true I actually had to wipe off a few tears. (And this was not solely because I read it in a subway train with the windows open). If anyone has the gall to call this funny, I will start an honest-to-goodness feud with him. #I'll never read CRY on a subway train again. In fact, I'll try never to read anything really funny on a subway train again. I don't see what's so strange about a kid sitting in a subway train reading something and alternately doubling over with laughter and crying, but the other people in the car seemed to think there was something wrong.

(comment on 129)

Well, here I am again, with wide margins and airmail.



Sneary: Sorry my efforts at defending Weaver were so inept, but I was quite mad when I wrote. I don't know about you, but I generally don't think very logically when I'm seeing red.

Shame on you, Trimble, for failing to realize that Weaver can't fairly defend himself due to the large time lag. ((But Les! Weaver didn't need to defend himself!))

Rich Brown: Elinor answered for me well; the sex, though, was obviously written into the book just to meet editorial requirements.

Alma Hill: Maxwellton Braes is bonny!

So much for #128. ((I'm goofing! I thought we were already thru with 128.))

I was really crogged when I saw the cover. "BJO FOR TAFF". When the cats are away...

Somehow, Berry palls on me this time. Oh well, I guess it has to happen once in a while, but it still disturbs me. Can we have a funny one once in a while, John? You'll have to do it now, before the serial starts (and it better not stop too quickly either!)

I said I'd never read CRY on the subway again; I did, and when I hit the bottom of page nine, I started to laugh so loud that a lady nearby asked if there was something wrong with me. Probably thought I'd escaped from some asylum. If

"And that, son, is a fugg-head..."

you're dead now, Wally, I loved you! Remember that!

While I'm still (and permanently) for Bjo, I didn't think Plunkett defended her too well. True, there were some fine shots (such as sticking "egotistical" in the list of adjectives); in fact, the whole first page and a half was very good. But I didn't care much for the listing of Bjo's accomplishments in such an obvious fashion. I have a number of reasons for not voting for Carr, the most valid of which, I think, is that I detest reading vitriolic convention reports.

Parker Shaeffer has really created something here. This is my idea of a worthwhile fannish parody. #So Shaeffer is Franson, eh? My opinion of him goes up quite a bit from an already high stature.

Now for the lettercol.

Boyd Raeburn: Can't you see that what they're hoping is that the material will run short? #Levant may have a sharp tongue, but he also can get people madder than hell in less time than most people. Calling you fandom's Levant wasn't meant as praise or condemnation, but merely description (which I still consider accurate). I don't see where King fits you; he's not especially caustic.

Now there are two other Leslies in fandom! Glad to see you, Nirenberg, especially since I was much impressed by your letter.

Disagree muchly with you, Elinor; Carr's column was in extremely poor taste. Plunkett, at least, used gags about Bjo, but Carr's backstabbing was directed only at his opponents. ((Nonsense! Terry's describing himself with Boy Scout adjectives was definitely poking fun at himself. Incidentally, I thought Plunkett's insertion of the word "egotistical", though funny, was unchivalrous--seems unfair to use a person's poking fun at himself against him.))

So Franson's Nov. 11, eh? Some week: Andy, Don and me. Hoppy barthday. ((Do you like being a Scorpion?))

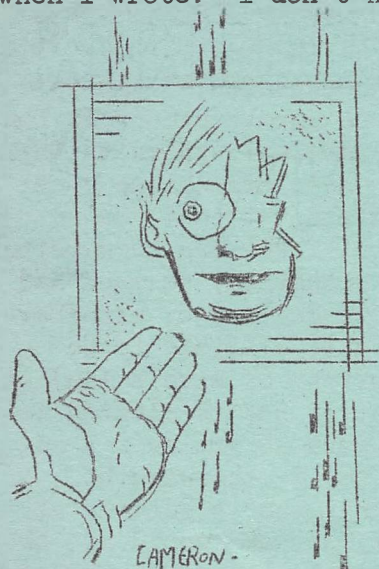
Oh, Toskey! Too late with a disproof? You mean the truth isn't the truth after a certain length of time?

Oh, Elinor, you and your "huh?"'s! Raeburn refused to trade A BAS for prozines; you should refuse Leman's money and make him write if it weren't as unfair as Raeburn's action. ((But money, unlike VARGO STATEN, is legal tender. Besides, Bob is pretty well fatisfied for several months.))

In Columbus Circle is a huge red neon sign saying "Don Alle". He sells cars.

Les Grubber

((What makes you think Terry Carr would write a vitriolic con report? I'm sure he wouldn't)).





A RACING PELZ

4010 Leona Street

Like, greetings:

Tampa 9, Fla.

The CRY is a bit disappointing this time, pippie. Dunno exactly why, except that Berry's story was not up to the last couple, and the TAFFoolishness is beginning to stick in my craw. Terry's column in 128 and the Plunkett column this time both tend to suggest that maybe neither of the candidates should win TAFF. I'll still stick to the idea of waiting until after Detention to vote, but it's possible that Don Ford is being the smartest by keeper quieter than Terry and Bjo. A closed mouth gathers no feet.

Despite the foregoing paragraph, the cover of CRY 129 was highly amusing--that'll teach you Busbys to go off and leave The Toskey to do the cover without supervision! Needless to say, I'm heartily in favor of the first part of the urgent message, anyway.

Top prize in the issue goes to Parker Schaeffer for his DisService to Fandom. Sounds a lot like the one Art Rapp did not so long ago, but I guess there are certain fannish phrases that just naturally come to mind in parodying the same poem.

Buz, please count me in on some part of that ~~FanTour~~ <sup>Possible solution:</sup> for Berry. I've got vacation enough to last through the 28th of September. I go to LA after taking Meyers to 'Nooga. You drive or transport John to Seattle, then hand him down the coast to LA. And perhaps I can get him back to the East Coast. Have Credit Card--will travel. ((Sounds good.))

Lettercol is picking up interest again, after a while of just poking along. Have at thee, letterhacks:

RAEBURN: Let's continue the school lesson: "Oh see Boyd. Boyd likes Alex. Alex used needle. Boyd needles CRY. Clever, clever Boyd. CRY needles Boyd. Naughty, naughty CRY." I submit that even L. Garcone, after reading MINE ENEMY GROWS OLDER, would know why you liked King. And, too, even Garcone would be hard put to resist emphasizing the points of the illustrious Mr. King's career which one would not attempt to emulate.

MERCER: How about calling a G&S takeoff a "Gilbertravesty" or "Sullivananity?"

SCHULTHEIS: Aaaargh! You're the crook who beat me out of those back-ish CRYs! I cite to you (or at you) the epithets used by the chorus of ghosts upon Sir Ruthven. But just in case you are offered duplicates of the issues you're missing--or most any ish below #90--please refer them to me?

PAULS: Just what does this amorphous 'General Fandom' consist of? What fanzine does offer anything to 'General Fandom'? The column by Carr in CRY, by the way, isn't unique, either; you can find much the same material in both INNUEUDO and FANAC. Also DIASPAR, if you count FAPA as part of 'General Fandom'.

MORAN: I have been unquoted! I most definitely do not support the idea of CRY going bi-monthly; any mention of the idea was in a very resigned tone of voice.

It's 8:20 now, and the library closes at 9. Think I'll go see if we have "Flying Inn" here in the library. ((Egad! Maybe it will become popular!))

Erratically,

Bruce Pelz

RICK OF 'HEY!'

2962 Santa Ana St.

South Gate, Calif.

I looked up at my reactions to Fandoms Harvest Chaffed very carefully to make sure my glee was not merely a feeling of "bully for our side" sort of thing. But I do believe I liked it because it was what Terry's was not...Namely, funny. It might not be in any better taste, but it is happier reading.. I wouldn't have approved it either, except for the fact it was a reply.. And I don't think it was as hard on Our Hero, as he was on the others... And of course the one weakness of it as a fair reply was that it left out Ford. Anyway, it is quite apparent that quite a few others thought the other article was in bad taste... I might add that I swear to FooFoo that I do not know who Plunkett is. When I first noticed that the middle name was Southington, I got the idea it might be me... But I have looked into this, and find it isn't so. --I might add as well (while I'm all sworn and all) that I have met both Lichtman and Durward, and believe in Underman, because his existence is predictable according to a theory I wrote up many years ago.

To lay the story Lewis tells about the Fashion Show. Everyone in this area it seems, was called on for ideas, help and/or money; but from the very beginning Bjo was the Creator, Director and chief designer. Two months before the Con a talented unknown volun-



teered to do anything to help. She was an exalant seamstress, with stage costume experience, and did a large part of the sewing (and got a large part of the credit). But she was so talented she thought some of her ideas were better than Bjo's. It was like J. Wong How telling Sam Goldwin how to make an epic.. There was strain and tention. And one of our locals, with a steped-on ego, started spreading exaggerated reports.. As he is now in New York, I can guess where Lewis got the story. ((Right!))

Now to qualify my remarks re Boyd Raeburn. I should never have said "anyone knowing" but something like "most of the regular readers of CRY, knowing Boyd's usual caustic comment on things..." It was a sloppy generality, and most deplorable... I have of course known Boyd a year through the pages of CRY; over two in FAPA; and somewhat longer through fanzine letter columns. Though I must admit at first I did confuse him with G. N. Raybin of New York. But this was cleared up about 18 months ago... --And of course, I didn't mean that he, White, and Ellison were three of a kind. I actually ment that he was one of a type of fan that offen wrote in a critical and persiflagious manner, and named a couple of the more resent examples I thought he might know.

The rest of the issue was very good--except for the more and more obvious signs that you are all becomming unhappy with things as they are. Perhaps some day in the future some fan will go CRY and excerpt editorials and letter comments that will trace the change--so that we may all see it as in the Diary of Ann Frank. I hope the difference over TAFF, among the staff, is no greater than it appears.. At this range it is hard to say if it is gay banter increased for the fun of it, or the jagged edge of a sumrged ice burg...

--I don't understand Ted Pauls at all. Seems so fine in his own zine.. Maybe one Ted Pauls edits and another Ted Pauls writes letters.

Yours,  
Rick Sneary

((I expect that CRY in death throes will have greater vitality and length of life than most fanzines throughout their entire existences.

#I guess it's pretty evident from Buz' editorial that it's jagged edge showing--but that editorial was composed on stencil and reads stronger and fiercer than Buz really feels. He's diluted it a little bit with corflu, but it's still fiercer than he really wants it. & there isn't time to retype those stencils.



"But I don't wanna join N3F!"



So please take it with a good dose of salts. #Buz asked me to tell you that Tosk's tag-line on this cover is banter--we don't really intend to slaughter Toskey.))

It's now 3:00 on CRYday (term courtesy of Otto Pfeifer) and not only have all the 'maybe's turned into 'no's, but a rather large supply of 'yes's have also made this un-pleasing metamorphosis. Let's get to 'em---

#### & WE ALSO HEARD FROM:

JOHN TRIMBLE, who liked "Fandom Harvest Chaffed", missed Ed Cox, is becoming addicted to Wally's Minutes, and wants to know if we've lynched Tosk yet. (Nope!) BOB LICHTMAN writes a 4-page letter. Loved the cover, notes that every CRY since #125 has had a pseudonym in it (besides Pemby). Thought Wally's Minutes-substitute absolutely priceless. "esp"'s article gets my vote for thebest item in this issue of CRY. I absolutely croggled over this whole thing, and Ican't see why you CRYeditors would have had any qualms about printing it." (CRY is supporting TCarr). Says parody of "Dan McGrew" was done by Arthur Thomson, in RETRIBUTION #2. "In fact, the first lines of both these versions are exactly the same. Of course, the one in RET alluded more to British fandom, but I'm hardpressed to pick out which one is best--they're both done so excellently." Wants Les Nirenberg to write to him. "I'll send you a fanzine of your own if you do." Says to Ella Parker, "Ella, you sound like a real CRY type. Just keep writing, honey." ED COX wrote a 5-page letter, and by sheer weightiness it fell,fell,fell towards bottom of "yes" stack. Thinks that"Marie Croggle, F. Sharp, and similar people are none other than F. Pemberton Busby". (Nope! Only EGG). "Gad, this month (July) ought to be hell for you Seattle-ites. Run-nine off CRY #129, having the Westercon and then doing a Sapsmailing right afterward. Wow, fun, eh?" (Ed, you left out doing Papazine, typing some stencils for Fancy, and doing August CRY--to say nothing of the fact that the Westercon didn't quite end until July 20.) In #128, Ed liked the Grennell piece. "One of the fresh inspiring type items of the issue. --Fally also into that category is the "Goonga Faan" bit. I thought that a master-ful effort and about the best of the fan-written rewritten pomes abounding these days." "The Terry Carr bit was cute and a very good plug for Terry Carr but didn't really 'turn me on' as John Trimble would say." Likes minutes better than last time. Says: "FIFTH FANDOM ARISE! Rally round the flag, boys! 5th fandom was the best of them all! Any 5th fandomers there in Seattle? Buz? Wally? Tosk? Elinor? (Wally's Fifth Fandom, Tosk's Sixth, Buz'n I are probably 8th). "Re FANToccini as mentioned in the fmz reviews. In all the time I collected great mounds of fmz, I never saw nor heard of the previous 22 issues. Mebbe it was a limited circulation carbon-zine or something like that." (Or a hoax.) "By the point-system, I'm well on the wayto becoming a LNF" (Pooh!) Tells Bruce Pelz: "with four wives, in order or concurrently, wouldn't you take morphine?" Liked Boyd Raeburn's letter. "Best one of the whole bunch and I don't say that simply because I Like Boyd Raeburn." TED JOHNSTONE has been recruited by Rich Brown. Says: "Plunkett's article was obviously written as a comeback to Terry's piece, and, also obviously, was planned with malice aforethought. This I considered to be a case of First Degree Fugg-headedness. It would surprise me to learn that Bjo had anything to do with the author-ship of this article. She is toomuch of a student of Lifemanship to do such a clabber-headed thing. The proper thing to do, when your opponent is making a fool of himself, is to stand back with a patient and kindly smile, and let him. (What if your evaluation is that your opponent is making a fool of you?) Tell Boyd: "Of course that crack about being the Oscar Levant of fandom was a compliment. Can;t you play the piano?" Wants Toskey to define "false". "The usual usage means untrue; I take it that you are using it to mean inexact. (No point in arguing about words with Tosk. He speaks his own language). (Well, I guess we all do.) BOB SMITH doesn't understand the heading TIMOROUS COMMENTS. (It refers to your street name, Bob.) Has supported Berry Fund, thanks Dean Grennell "for enlightening me on those words that my Dictionary scorns to print." Liked Goonga Faan. Says he bets Bert Weaver wishes he'd never written that furshlugginer letter. (Alas poor Weaver! We know him well.) Informs Boyd Raeburn that Australians are not kind to dingoes "We shoot 'em. And buckeroos--vas ist das, buckeroo? Your part of the world, not ours." HARRY WARNER says he doesn't feel able at present to write for CRY, but will offer some things from old HORIZONES in rewritten or expanded form. (What could be better, or more



joyously received?) Says: "One thing that impresses me with the stories about fans in these two issues. Have you ever noticed how frequently fiction about fans deals with one fundamental problem, the desire for fans to become members of fandom's top bracket of BNFs? I suppose that it's a popular theme because this is a popular desire. I never wanted to be No. 1 Fan, but I do remember how desperately I wished that I could find a fan with access to a linotype on which it would be possible to produce a de luxe printed fanzine that would awe all fandom.... That fan has never appeared, but by the law of averages he should turn up sooner or later." No more! VIC RYAN thought Fan McGhu superb, almost as good as Goonga Faan. Says if Leslie N. exists "he is a remarkably talented neofaan, tho I have visions of Raeburn trying to outdo Carl Brandon." STEVE STILES thinks "Eustace is a Eustance, tho for a while I thought and hoped that it was written by silentman Ford." (Steve, are you accusing Bjo?) Steve is taken a summer course, and a fellow student is NONE OTHER THAN LESLIE GERBER. No doubt that's the derivation of his cartoon a few pages back, which was planned to accompany Les' letter. But my plans don't always work out. Liked Nirenberg. Says: "Miss Parker is quite right about the Cry, how old are you, Ella, honey?" (Oh man! These CRYhacks!) Steve doesn't mind appearing in WEALSOHEARDFROM. Says he's in good company. Also says I quote most of his best lines. (Good for you!) & he's been reading Screwtape. (It's darned good, isn't it?) MIKE DECKINGER can "easily understand why 'Eustace S. Plunkett' wants to remain anonymous after authoring FANDOM HARVEST CHAFFED." Suggests we use no more of this material. Says lettercol may or may not be aimed at general fandom, but the lettercol contains the same clique. (Look at a last year's lettercol, Mike.) Dug Fan McGhu, says Raeburn doesn't realize that Levant is obnoxious. JEFF WANSHEL liked the cover, though he's for TCarr. Would like Tosk to have more of the CRY. Minutes fabulous. Thinks Miriam Carr should spit in Plunkett's eye. Says letters from Rich Brown and Steve Schultheis were the best. "It looks like I'm jest about the most unpubbed hack there is for CRY. I've got 1 out of 8 letters pubbed. I feel unwanted. Rosebud." (Oh say not so! Stick around another decade! You'll get pubbed again!) NORMAN METCALF really does have a typer, and writes a good letter with it. 3 pages & it won't boil down. Says Berry's story is cameo-like, written in rhythmic prose. esp in fine form, funniest thing in issue. "Ol' Terry ought to be able to make a good comeback... 'Candor in Our Candidates' a whole new slogan for future campaigns." "If the Goon goes west how about visiting the Colorado Fantasy Society?" (Dunno.) Thinks Weber should edit the Congressional Record and get the country out of debt. JOE SANDERS is not too busy to read CRY, even when he is too busy to write to it. Didn't like Terry's controversial column. Dug Schaeffer. JIM CAUGHRAN didn't get #129. Tosk says he sent it--probably to Berkeley. Sorrow. IEN MOFFATT says Boise???? (Yes, B\*O\*I\*S\*E!) EVELYN MARSHMENT STROUD bids a fond farewell to fellow-members of the Nameless, and says it was pleasant to meet the folk at the Westercon. Admonishes Nameless Ones "to continue to grow in stature and wisdom." (We've mostly reached our full height, Evelyn, but we will be most happy to continue to grow in wisdom, and hope you will too, so that you'll be able to appreciate our growth.) JOHN TRIMBLE sends data on fashion show. BOO! BOB LAMBECK and JOHN KONNE write. LES NIRENBERG, LES GERBER, ED COX write. TED PAULS wrote but we lost his letter. ALAN J. LEWIS wrote Tosk, and said that he was now completely sure the rumor was false, and is very happy about it. (Or something like that). Adieu.

You now see:

CRY (#130, Aug '59)

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