

CRY OF THE NAMELESS

143



CRY of the Nameless #143, October, 1960, this is. Box 92, 920 3rd Ave, Seattle 4, Wn.

CRY is usually published on the first Sunday of each month, but not always-- publication date for the next issue is October 30th. People who send us money get one issue for 25¢, 5 for \$1, or 12 for \$2. The equivalent UK rates are 1/9, 7/-, and 14/-, to John Berry, 31 Campbell Park Ave, Belmont, Belfast, Northern Ireland. People whose writings (including letters), art, etc, appear in these pages get the issue for free. Elinor Busby, our formidable Circulation Dep't, also tries to keep track of trades for other zines. She does better at her ^{job} when kept happy by having all subscriptions checks made payable to her personally so that she does not have to fight the unimaginative people at the bank over "But what or who is CRY?", etc.

I seem to be out of practice at this sort of thing, so let's warm up on the

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Art Credits: Bjo 1, Franson 39, Nirenberg 38, Weber 4, C Addalin 61.

Stencils cut by: Wally Weber 24, Elinor 13, Buz 5.

Publishing Giants: Jim Webbert & Burnett Toskey at the Crank, Wally Gonser expected.

You were Right and I was Wrong, rich brown, Les Gerber, Don Franson, Terry Carr, and others who predicted that CRY would get the Hugo for 1959; I did not expect it, but you may be sure that the CRYgang around here is mighty happy about the whole thing.

Come to think of it, "the CRYgang" is more than the 4 or 5 or 6 of us who turn up here every CRYday-- aren't John Berry & rich brown & Terry Carr & Don Franson & Les Nirenberg & Ella Parker & Les Gerber & (gotta stop somewhere or I'll run off the bottom of the page) all the "regulars", a solid part of the CRYgang? Boy, you better believe it! When Wally stood up to accept that Hugo, he was representing not just 5 or 6 people, but more like 50 or 60 who actively participate in CRY. Like, thanks.

And thanks to rich brown for a real gasser of a ploy. The "September Issue of CRY" (an "eight-pager" compacted into 4pp) is a fine bit of Taking-Over-the-CRY by the Grand Old Man of the lettercol; I hope that it went to as many as possible of CRY's readership, and that rich has extras for those who write him for them. The items by John, Terry, Elinor and myself were all genuine; rich lifted them from various of our SAPSazines. Of course, genuine Minutes were obtainable only from CRY itself. A great stunt, rich-- but, oh, what a headache you've provided for the indexers!

Despite post-PittCon gafia, your "Seattle in '61!" Con committee is working on the preparations, though the results aren't too newsworthy as yet. The committee is Wally Weber and Jerry Frahm (co-chairmen), Wally Gonser, Jim Webbert, Elinor, and myself. The mail-drop is P.O.Box 1365, Broadway Branch, Seattle 2, Wash. The basic membership fee is \$2, with another buck payable at the Registration Desk when you get here. Checks may be made payable to "Seattle Science Fiction Club" or to Wally (actually, Wallace W) Weber, at your option. (So now some wiseguy sends a check made out to "Wally (actually, Wallace W) Weber. I can see it now. So, don't, huh?)

Apologies to all to whom I owe letters, etc, but it's getting rougher, even. --FMB



REDD BOGGS PRINTS TROGS
Busbys:

2209 Highland Place N.E., Minneapolis 21, Minn.
Tuesday, 9 August 1960

Many thanks for Cry #142, which arrived today. Nicely duplicated and cleanly stencilled job, although I was croggled to note that, according to page 8, there's no "poo" in Oz. My god, what if a jobber got loose in the land?

Thanks for adding that note at the end; I guess that'll do insofar as making public note of the fact that Gardner edited the Annotated Alice book, which was my main intention. I have that book now, by the way, and have glanced through it but not read it carefully. A few of the notes seem valuable, but most of them are superficial, I'm afraid.

Magnificent Berry fable, but I wonder if anybody in Iowa ever used the term "duper," which seems largely a British term? "Hwy1" was nice, but why shouldn't something like this be planned in advance, so it didn't have to be cut off when you'd "just got going"? This is the first time anybody, even only half-seriously, ever said an encouraging word (like at home on the range) about "Redd" as a handle. Frankly I don't much like it anymore (haven't for a dozen years) but now I'm stuck with it.

As for the title Retrograde, the approved nickname or shorttitle is "Trog," which seems too obscure to find much popularity. I have very carefully edited out all references in published letters to the magazine as "Ret" or "Retro." However, the confusion of the title with your sapszine, which I knew about (but I didn't know its full title before), and with Retribution (Marijane Johnson wrote to thank me for sending her Retribution!), as well as other considerations, has prompted me to cast about for a new title. At least five titles are still under close scrutiny, and more than a dozen have already been considered and rejected -- including Aurora, Vantage Point, Boreas, Challenge, Tempo, The Salient, Vagary, Testament, Pinnacle, Au Contraire, Dubitant, Provincial, Scope, and some others.

Letter column didn't hit me -- well, no, it did hit me, like a spoiled egg. I was unhappily reminded of the Vizigraph of late unlamented fame.

Redd

JOE PATRIZIO LEAVES US IN THE KNOW

72 Glenvarloch Cres. Edinburgh 9 Scotland

Dear Wally,

5th August 1960

I guess it's about time I got down to writing a few words about CRY #141, so here goes. Cover: quite good, but nothing outstanding.

So you're going to miss the September issue. A cute way to keep the page-count below 600 for the year, but I don't think you'll make it.

Dear, dear; CRY reduced to doing reprints -- whatever are things coming to. It's probably significant that the first time CRY does a reprint from S.D., S.D. folds. "Fannish Drums" is a really fine ConRep, one of the best I've read in fact, but this meant that almost half CRY #141 was reprint material.

Thank goodness Buz was at his usual brilliant best. This keen-eyed plow was first class, except for the rather sour Rickhardt note. I'm not sure I agree with including this sort of thing in a genzine, or any zine for that matter, but if things get as bad as Buz says, I can't think of any other solution.

John Berry was terrific, or words to that effect. Oh! and you must publish that amazing story he hinted at.

I am at a complete loss for words, when it comes to comment on Mal Ashworth's piece. Magnificent; terrific; are just too unworthy of this offering. If only Tennessee Williams could have been there.

Didn't like the Piper cartoon this time -- not fannish enough.

CotR was superb (Oh no! that's Bloch, isn't it?).

Bob Smith: Don't despair, even at this moment, Australia is asserting herself in the eyes of the British, and competing with the U.S., no less, for supremacy. "Tie Me Kangaroo Down, Sport" has entered the Top Twenty.

I've just noticed that the only signature in the CotR that is underlined is mine. Am I the only person, writing to CRY, who underlines his name? --how egotistical.

Boyd Raeburn: Who am I to say that Boyd was wrong when he said that "gab" should have been "gub". Actually he is partly right, either is correct depending on what part of the country you are in, although "gab" is a recognised word in the Scot's language where as "gub" is more of a dialect. I had great difficulty with "Bonzer screw crook tucker". The nearest I can get, by deduction, is "Good pay, bad food." Now let's see what Boyd can do with "The knock is on the brace." If he gets this one, I will defend the Raeburn linguistic honour against all comers.

There's a lot more interesting, amusing, and commentable stuff in CotR, but I'm trying to keep my page-count down, like some others I know.

Best,

Joe

LES NIRENBERG MEETS SILVERBERG

1217 Weston Rd., Toronto 15, Ontario. CANADA

Dear CRYtical Masses,

Aug. 9/60

O.K. so you won't answer my letters, I have CRY #142, so I guess that will do.

I was kinda peeved last month when Wally didn't tell the tail end of my joke. (What was I supposed to tell it, Les? -www) But I guess it's all right. After all, CRY has to stay a family fanzine and all that. Besides you never know, people may start asking me what it's all about and it might develop into another watermellon story. What better way to become immortal.

ELINOR: Mighod! I feel left out. You forgot to drop my name in your bit on the good and bad qualities of peoples names. Where does a guy with a nutty name like mine get off? Maybe I'll hang around so long my name will become an accepted fixture. What do you think of a name like Walter Willis? (I think the initials are perfect. -ww)

You mean to say Burbee just got around to noticing the glaring omission of his story? I'm looking forward to the sequel, with relish, and mustard. That's what we need in CRY. More sexy stories. I mean how long can we rely on Berry's sexy stories? Incidentally Berry was better this time than I've seen him lately.

Who The Hell Is Felix Ehrenhaft?

Meeting Andy Young was indeed fun (re Ellington's letter) as was Silverberg even tho Bob restricted his conversation to approximately 1/2 doz words. Like this:

Boyd walked in happily and said, "Hey Les, look who's here."

I looked suspiciously at the suave dark fellow behind him. Somehow, he looked like the stereotype of a travelling anarchist. His jet black goatee and piercing eyes brought visions of Rolls Royce limosines crowded with bearded men all carrying round black bombs with short fuses careening around corners a la THE UNTOUCHABLES and mushrooming clouds over post offices and court houses. A cold bead of sweat rolled down my nose and hit the floor with a splat. The sudden noise brought me to my senses for a moment, enough to blubber, "Er...umm..ulp...eh.. yeah. Like who?"

"This is the great Robert Silverberg, Les," Boyd answered, his face all gleefully wrinkled in smiles. This immediately threw me into a frantic state of confusion; I didn't know whether I should rush for the phone and call the mounties or, in some way, try to warn Boyd of the impending danger. Out of consideration for my friend, I thought the latter would be the best plan.

"Psst.." I tried to warn Boyd. "I don't think he's...."

"This is the great Bob Silverberg," he went on blithely. "The great writer."

I looked at the dark man with the goatee out of the corner of my eye. His hands were in his pockets and he was standing there with his beady eyes fixed on me. I was certain he was cacking a snub-nosed revolver in his pocket. A crafty smile fled across his evil face; his beard twitched slightly. I became panicky. I had to do something; the telephone was too far away; one false move and I'd be blasted. It would be another Sacco and Vanzetti caper at the Coexistence Candy Store. I thought of all that licorice going up in smoke, it was terrifying. Suddenly I thought of another plan. Yes, I would play along; humor him; make him feel at ease. Perhaps he'd go away and not blow up my store. That was it.

"So...ulp...er...you're the great Robert Silverberg, eh," I began nervously.

"Yes," he answered calmly, while I scanned his clothing for hidden knives and razor blades. Then I decided to probe a little deeper. Perhaps this was Robert Silverberg; THE legendary Robert Silverberg I'd heard of. It was a bold try, but I knew I had to do it.

"Well," I said almost calmly, trying to cover the crack in my voice. "If you're THE Robert Silverberg, how about telling me some of your pseudonyms?"

He stiffened suddenly and narrowed his eyes. A small muscle below his left eye twitched in anger. He reached deeper into his pockets in an effort to extract some horrible murderous device; but he was interrupted by Boyd.

"That's a secret," Boyd said seriously, in a faint whisper. "No one ever asks such questions. For shame."

The dark man's eyes narrowed even further and he fixed an awful look on me. Suddenly I became dizzy and the room began to spin. I felt as if I were being choked. I gasped painfully, without reason.

"Aw c'mon. Tell me some of your pseudonyms." The words spilled out uncontrollably. I tried to stop, but I couldn't. Some inner voice kept urging me to keep on pressing this strange bearded man for information. The more I spoke the dizzier I got until finally I fell unconscious to the floor.

The dark bearded man walked over and looked at my prostrate body.

"Should we rifle the till?" he asked Boyd calmly.

"Naw," said Boyd. "He's just a poor struggling neo. Let's just help ourselves to a couple of bottles of root beer."

They walked over to the cooler and took two bottles, opened them, and left. As they were going I could hear the dark bearded man mumble, "That'll teach him to doubt my powers. They don't call me the Evil Eye Fleegle of the East Side for nothing you know."

After approximately 20 minutes, during which 3 kids entered the store and helped themselves to 8 packages of Juicy Fruit gum, three eskimo pies and a water gun, I arose, still in a daze, but no worse for the experience. Till this day I still haven't found out who the strange, dark, bearded man was. Boyd keeps insisting it was Robert Silverberg, but I'm sure he was thoroughly taken in by this man with the evil eye, and that he was actually Calvin Knox travelling incognito.

Later....

Les

HARRY WARNER JR. PAPER STOCK GETS LOONIER 423 Summit Avenue, Hagerstown, Maryland

[This time Harry writes his letter on an old V... Mail form, complete with an OK by "gmc" in the space reserved for the censor's stamp. -www]

Dear Postwar Cry:

August 24, 1960

The lead article in your August issue is one of the few Redd Boggs articles that has not affected my outlook on a topic. I claim to be the only person in fandom who has read neither the Oz nor the Tolkein books. But I read Redd through to the end, which is more than I've been able to do with many recent articles about the Lord of the Rings and associated tales.

John Berry's story continues to display the unexpected new ingredient of tenderness and sentiment that has appeared in his writings since his Atlantic passage. Near the end I got to fearing some cynical or morbid turn of affairs, and it was most pleasant to discover the climax to be in keeping with the remainder of the yarn. Consciously or not, I think that John has put something of himself into his Gregory Perkins.

Elinor fails to take up one important question: the length of fannish life required to make it almost impossible to gafiate permanently and completely. With a few exceptions, fans have shown a tendency to retain some semblance of activity for ever and ever, after they've been active in the field for quite a few years; the complete gafiates are almost always those who haven't been around more than six or eight years, perhaps. A statistically minded person might be able to pin down the deciding point within a year or two. I don't think that a Coslet or Boggs could cut away from fandom as completely as a Nydahl or Marconette did, simply because they've been messing with fandom for two decades or longer, although they might recede into the semi-gafiation that paralyzes people like Elmer Perdue and Burbee most of the time. (It would be nice to peek deep into my mind and determine why I used Elmer's first name while referring to the others by only last names.)

George Locke is a wise man to write so entertainingly about things that the other dozen or so reports of this event will barely mention or skip altogether. I was hoping that he'd stop to visit Dr. Kyle, in order to determine whether that gentleman is willing to accept as patients any ailing setters.

I imagine that the doom fears running through this day are based on the possibility that the kind of doom we fear now really will wipe out humanity, possibly all life on earth. However, the destruction of humanity must have seemed a very real possibility at various times in the past, particularly when plagues were raging through Europe, killing more persons than they left alive. There was always, in those days, the wisp of consolation that Mahler holds out at the end of Das Lied von der Erde:

"The dear Earth blossoms in the spring and buds anew,

Everywhere and forever the luminous blue of distant space!

Forever...forever."

The kind of hell that atomic war might unleash would probably even end blue skies until the dust and smoke settled a couple of centuries later.

Too bad that wartime space limitations force me to conclude this letter so soon. I'll try to make up for this month's brevity when I comment on your September issue.

Yrs., &c.,

Harry Warner, Jr.

JIMMY GROVES' COMMENT ROVES

29 Lathom Road, East Ham, London, E.6. England

Dear CRYgang

22nd August 1960

please accept multiple thanks for CRYs 140 to 142. Regret lateness of comment but that's the way the cookie crumbles.

#140. I too can certify that the Potters are every bit as wacky as Mal says. I have nearly died laughing watching Ken Potter 'live' the part of a rapidly cooling portion of mashed potato!

My reaction to the Dean Space Drive is to say to myself 'Here we go again'. Campbell is not after science; he wants to found a new religion. Despite this I'm still buying ASF. As long as he publishes a few stories that I like I'll buy it; it may be poor but it's still among the best available (Ghod help us!).

#141. The Carr Drums I'd read before in SD but I enjoyed it just as much again. It's the only one I can remember that covers the low spots as well as the highs, even to covering the postcon depression; a damn fine piece of reporting.

#142. Pride of place goes without a doubt to Redd Boggs for the Yellow Brick Road saga. The Berry offering is a little different from the usual but still ok. COTR - Walter Breen - I don't use the mccarthyist type smear myself and don't take much notice of such or the people disseminating them. The reason I left them out of my letter was that they just didn't occur to me at all at the time. Trouble is I don't know of any way to defend against, or destroy them. Any ideas?

The End

Jimmy

DON FITCH BUYS STACK OF CRYs

3908 Frijo, Covina, California

Dear CRY People:

8 Aug 60

You must frequently get letters from neos saying that CRY is incredible. Here's another. Cry is incredible. I've been having some difficulty believing that Fandom is real, and now, through an unguarded moment at the LASFS Taff auction, am confronted with a two-inch stack of CRY. The impression that the whole thing is a monstrous hoax is regaining ground.

Yours,

Don Fitch

MIKE DECKINGER, HE HAILS FROM NEW JERSEY

85 Locust Ave., Millburn, N. J.

Dear CRYminals,

8/14/60

That wasn't a very wise move, you know, revealing so openly on the cover of #142 the gadget that actually produces all of CRY, and makes it what it is. I suppose the absense of the September issue indicates that you're in the market for a new machine.

Bogg's article was good and ser-connish, in fact I'd say a bit too ser-connish for CRY.

Berry's FAN FARE was good -- I'm glad to see he's back to writing faanfiction again, instead of exaggerated Sergeant stories.

The PLOW had some interesting things to say this time too, and I hope that in future issues you'll devote more space for reviews, both book and fanzines, as you have here.

Piper's cartoon strip -- I have the bad habit of trying to place names with the characters he draws.

HWYL was interesting again -- I'm pleased to see its return. I don't think a teenager should enter fandom at all in a neo-ish goshwow manner. Something like this could ostracize him throughout the length of his fan career. Isn't Harlan Ellison still remembered for his adolescent, juvenile antics at the cons?

Locke's "Kettering Report" had it's good moments, though it seemed too compressed.

I disagree with Mal Ashworth in what he says about the possibility of sudden death existing at all times. Perhaps it did, but certainly not in the degree that it does today. Nuclear bombs can destroy life on the Earth today and so poison it with radiation that it will be uninhabitable for hundreds of years. Two hundred years ago this would have been impossible. And there are people alive just crazy enough to attempt the destruction of the Earth.

Dick Ellington deserves to be commended for saying the first really sensible words concerning the military and the draft.

Ella Parker may be interested in learning that I do think that theft, in some levels, is justified. How can a man who stole a loaf of bread to support his starving family be as guilty as another man who is quite rich, yet shoplifts because he doesn't like to pay for things? When it's necessary for a man to steal food in order to survive, then something is wrong with the society that would permit a man to starve.

Speaking of characters who you don't give a damn for in sf yarns, like the one in DRUNKARD'S WALK, I'd say the most obnoxious and unlikeable "hero" was Hawk Carse. As for plain ignorant characters, I guess Tom Wills of PREFERRED RISK fits the bill here.

So Boyd Raeburn doesn't think that too much of one thing is not good, does he? Well in that case, I suggest that Boyd sometime hop into a swimming pool or a lake when he's thirsty, and begin to drink the water. I don't use cliches very often, only when I can think of nothing else.

I wonder why it is that I seem to get fanzines in batches-- on the same day I got CRY I also got, SHAGGY, PSI-PHI, the Shadow FAPA mailing, and a few others.
BLOOD LUST OF THE VOODOO QUEEN

SIN cerely,

Mike Deckinger

DONALD FRANSON WRITES AND RANTS ON

6543 Babcock Ave., North Hollywood, Calif.

Wacky Editor, Bimonthly Educational Review,

August 14, 1960

I liked the cover very much. (On #142, remember, a couple months ago?) Mike Deckinger won't say this one isn't humorous. I thought Boggs' article was interesting, even if all I know of Oz is from the 1939 movie. I remember seeing the Oz books at an early age, but never read them. I seem to have skipped directly from Thornton W. Burgess to Verne and Wells.

Berry's story was interesting, if somewhat hackneyed in plot. A minor flaw was the bit about the letter to a prozine being published in the issue two months later. One of the faults of prozines lately is that if they do publish your letter, it is generally from three months to a year later. This was not always the case. At one time Wonder Stories even published letters from the previous month -- how they did it I don't know. In the January, 1932 WS there is a letter from Willy Ley in Berlin, commenting on the November issue, which must have gone both ways across the Atlantic by boat (unless Willy and Lasser used rockets); but of course this was in 1932, before modern technical advances in publishing slowed things down.

In the Sept. ASFF, Campbell mentions in his editorial that it was written two weeks after the June issue hit the stands, so if a three month lag is necessary in editorials, it must be also in letters. He says, "Since ANALOG is not a news magazine, our publication is geared to the leisurely -- and money saving -- pace of non-rush publication." There's only one thing wrong with that statement -- ASFF is not a philosophic journal but a science fiction magazine, and science does not advance at a leisurely pace. Science fiction must keep ahead of science, and so must also keep up with it, not three months behind it, and new discoveries, that affect science fiction, are occurring all the time. If they could do it in 1932, why not now?

Worse than that of the editor and reader is the plight of the science fiction writer. The three month lag in publishing is not the only delay he has to contend with. There is the editorial delay, sometimes amounting to many months, the time spent trying to sell the story, and the time spent writing it. So it isn't a matter of the sf writer keeping up with science in order to extrapolate ahead of it; he must keep ahead of next year's science, too. No wonder many leave the science out of their stories entirely, and turn to "safe" prediction, or to fantasy, or to fake-sf. Still, I think with all its faults and handicaps, sf is the greatest form of literature, and it will survive. I'm with you!
-- www/

I'm not convinced (by Campbell's September editorial) that the Dean Drive does work, because some engineers have built a model, and they say it shows thrust. In every other mechanical invention of the past, after it was shown to work, it was explained how it worked, and everyone then said, "Why, isn't that clever, why couldn't I see that before?" When is Campbell going to explain how the Dean Drive works so we can say that?

I agree with this editorial 100%, but it is 100% smoke-screen. Of course individual inventors have a tough time getting their ideas developed in this day of government sponsorship and supervision, but this is not the point. It's true that individual and unlikely inventors have invented great things in the past, and will, if given encouragement, invent great things in the future. But the question avoided is a specific one: has Norman Dean invented a reactionless drive, or is he just a test case to back up Campbell's accusations of prejudice against individual inventors?

So much for comment on John Berry's story.

What, fmz reviews in CRY? Keep 'em up, but draft Elinor. Back there to the prozines Renfrew, back, I say!

Elinor Busby: I think one of the factors that cause gaffiation is overindulgence in fanac. Then there are those who think fandom is an escape from the imperfection of the

outside world: when they find out that fandom is not perfect either, they are disappointed and lose interest in it. Then there are the egotists who, as they progress from group to group, think that their group is the brightest in the universe -- they work their way "up" from mundane to sf to NFFF to genzines to apas to BNFdom -- then they discover that they are above fandom, and leave for something "more mature." Here we lose sight of them, but we may catch a momentary glimpse of their new hobby, and notice that they are beginning to get critical of it too. One wonders if this attitude is good or bad. A feeling of constant dissatisfaction with everything may be a goad to creativeness, but it may also be a depressant. Dissatisfaction with everything may lead to dissatisfaction with life itself, as in the sad case of Kent Moomaw. This doesn't necessarily mean that fandom should not be taken seriously.

I think fandom is more than a goddam hobby, less than a way of life. (Or, rather, only a part of THE way of life, which to me is science fiction. Some people have the craziest notions....)

When Elinor explained how to pronounce Ellick, it reminded me of a Warner paragraph somewhere that a reader would not know how to pronounce fans' names and should have a pronunciation guide in works of reference. L. Sprague de Camp does this for pros in "Science Fiction Handbook". Why not a bit in CRY on pronunciation of unusual names that are not likely to be learned by fans before they meet the fan himself? I'll start the ball rolling with a few: Bjo Trimble = "Bee-joe". Rick Sneary = "Snare-y". Any others?

What -- no Carr & Ashworth? What -- me worry? There is George Locke and the Minutes. Then we come to COTR-~~plz~~.

I'm getting tired of the adkins illo, good as it is. Why not send the original to Bill Mallardi, as an award for writing the most PLANET-like letter in the current CRY. Get rid of it some way.

I thought the most discerning phrase in the whole letter column was Ken Potter's "your morality is but beebble."

Bob Lichtman: Here's a different method of estimating the progress of CRY toward breaking the page count record (367 in 1957; 496 in 1958; 494 in 1959). With 452 pages already, according to your figures, one more issue could do it, and there are three scheduled. However, in case you have made a mistake, (!) there is another proof that this is so: my stack of 1960 CRYs measures 27 millimeters thick, as against 29 millimeters for all of 1959! This method isn't affected by false numbering, missing pages, and so on. It's crude, but accurate. Only two millimeters to go! And with three more issues, CRY ought to reach 35 millimeters in the next three issues. That's only 8 x 17 or 136 pages. Add that to the present 452 and you get 588. Hm... Lichtman, where did you go wrong?

I have an idea for letter column titles. This is borrowed from a letter in RETROGRADE from R. & R. Rucker, which used the letters in "Retrograde" to spell out the first letters in the words of a sentence. So use the name of the victim to spell out a sentence, combining clues with cleverness, such as: "From Rich And Noble Sender Of Nullego-boo."

The bit about Raymer's Book Store was interesting. I thought all along this was a post office box.

This is about the longest letter I have written to CRY. I was originally going to send a note, "Tnx for CRY #142."

Yours,

Donald Franson

MAL ASHWORTH TWO PENCE WORTH
Dear People and Friends,

14, Westgate, Eccleshill, Bradford.2., England
8th August, 1960

if I may so still address you. I have sadly concluded that I missed the deadline for getting any material to you for the August issue of the inestimable CRY. No doubt you have sadly concluded the same. (That's one of the nice things about Facts I find; everyone can agree upon them -- sometimes. I think there should be more Facts in the world to give everyone a better chance of agreeing about things. If there aren't enough natural Facts lying around people ought to be set to work inventing and making new Facts. Maybe that's what all these Fact Find Committees that people keep getting up are about, huh?)

Anyway, there it is. I am sorry. I faithfully promise, cross my throat and spit on my heart, or whatever that children's saying is, to get something to you in time for your next issue, which I understand (said he in a legal sort of way) to be October. It glads my lazy nature, mates, not only to think that you are giving it a miss for a month and having an extra five minutes per day in bed, but also that I have got that much longer in which to produce an article. Mea clupa, mea lazily culpa -- so don't say I didn't warn you.

Truth of the matter is that I have been working on ROT 5 (you know -- the one that was coming out in May; this year). That is to say I have been reading through the letters of comment and saying to Sheila "Stencil this" and "Leave that out," and so on. Oh, I tell you, I have a wide definition of 'working'.

Besides which all I have been reading 'The Lord of the Rings' which I reckon gives anybody a pretty good excuse for not doing anything else.

As for CRY 141, you don't need me to tell you that it was good, but it may make life just that bit pleasanter for you if I do, so I will -- it was good. Terry's Solacon report was terrific, of course. I read it in SD because that got here just that bit before CRY but it was terrific wherever one read it and quite worthy of the wide distribution it has received through the peculiar and unusual -- one might almost say unprecedented -- set of circumstances under which it first er yum yar and yuggle. (Don't mind me: I have been reading books about circus and carnival life). Anyway it was good. Everything else pleased me just about as much as usual, if not more so, which is hardly more surprising than it ought to be, all things considered as being equal notwithstanding. Is it?

Note that Craig Cochran wants to know what Brag is. It is a way of passing time in which you sit around in a small circle and plonk pennies in a pile in the middle. It helps if you have a few playing cards in your hands while doing this (not that it helps anything special; it just helps to pass the time). Then after a while, when you have plonked enough pennies in the pile, Ron Bennett collects them all up (even if he was nowhere near when you started) and you commence all over again. So what else d'ya wanna with yer time -- read science-fiction?

Bye now; I have to think strenuously about writing an article. Like, ugh.

Regards,

Mal

WILLIAM HANLON HAS A QUESTION

1107 Amador Ave., Berkeley 7, Calif.

Dear ? (Box 92)?,

15 August 1960

I am enjoying CRY very much. At first I was bothered by some of the slang, but it has cleared up except for "gafia". PLEASE, what's it mean?

Yours,

William Hanlon

/If you are bothered by "gafia", just send \$1.25 to Dr. Richard H. Eney, 417 Ft. Hunt Rd., Alexandria, Virginia, and tell him your problem. He will fix you up. --www/

BOB SMITH; NO MYTH

I Timor St., Puckapunyal, Victoria. AUSTRALIA

Dear CryEds:

16 Sept. 1960

It was a dreary, cold morning around 0730 hours, and I was just about due to come off of a tour of duty as Duty NCO. The door opened and in stalked a crusty veteran of some forty-nine summers named Major Ratbaggy. He was Duty Officer. I bunged him a smart salute, and he picked up the Duty NCO's log book to check the previous day's activities. "My Ghod, Smith," he spluttered, "What the devil is this? 1320 HOURS. CRY 142 ARRIVED. OH JOY, I'VE COPPED ANOTHER FREE ISSUE." He snorted. "And here: 0600 HOURS. FLAG LOWERED TO HALF-MAST IN HONOUR OF THE NON-EXISTENT SEP ISH...whaaat..." He peered out the window. "What in the name of thunder is that Stars And Stripes doing on our flag-pole, and why's it at half-mast anyway?" I stiffened up and said solemnly: "Sir, it's in honour of the Nameless Ones who are resting, and there is no Cry for this month." I held back the tears, for a soldier does not bawl. The Major gazed at me numbly, shook his grizzly head and staggered out. In the distance I heard him calling for the Guard, but

that was ridiculous for the Guard Commander is a cobbler of mine and wouldn't dream of throwing me in the cooler.....

Well, at least they let me keep my copy of Cry 142 in the cell.

Redd Boggs was enjoyed, although its been many, many years since I flipped thru' either the "Alice" or "Oz" books. Ha, ha...we are back with the old Berry, I see; "tears were in his eyes..."--hell, after reading that yarn tears were in my eyes also! Fanzine reviews yet! Nice to see again, if only briefly. Piper hilarious as usual. Comes Elinor's column, and Smith lends a howl to her Hwyl; "A fan must have a memorable name..." -- oh, Elinor, what am I gonna do with an ordinary, down-to-earth, common-or-garden monicker like "Bob Smith"! Sob. ((Any fan who lives on Timor Street in Puckapunyal doesn't need to worry. -- EB)) George Locke's "Kettering Report" was funny, but... where was the Kettering Report? Hey, George, how long have the Royal Military Police been called the Royal Army Military Police...?

CotR: Mike Deckinger: Tsk, Mike. I'm not saying anything against Sergeants. Like, there's too many in Fandom and hardly any Corporals, and they might pull rank on me. Boyd Raeburn: The Australian would also say: "She's extra grouse!"; meaning the damsel, or food, or whatever was especially good. I wonder if my American cousins would like to have a shot at this one: "'E took a bottle of dark to the swy game with 'im, but the cheese 'n kisses 'alf-inched it from 'is strides." Aw, don't go crook, fellers -- it's as easy as falling awf a log! Wally Weber: Thanks for that description of the Cry Box number locale; trust the Nameless Ones to have something other than the mundane 'ole box! 'till the next Cry,

Bob Smith

BOB EBERT; BUG DESSERT
Dear 99www))

410 E. Washington, Urbana, Illinois

August 15, 1960

I was making pretty good time on the Illinois-Indiana tollway (about 65 mph, which is pretty good time on my motorcycle, which is not a very good motorcycle) and Cry #142 was propped up in front on the gas cap, sort of tucked in under the speedometer so that it wouldn't blow away, you know?

And so I was reading it, and I liked Redd Boggs' article about the Baum books a whole lot, because he didn't just up and indiscriminately defend them right and left, as everyone else seems prone to do, unless they up and castigate them right and left, which irks me even more. Boggs is apparently pretty well informed on the Oz books and the Alice books and all those books like that. How do you suppose a grown man like Redd Boggs must feel to ride on the bus reading The Wizard of Oz while all sorts of people are looking at him? I mean, it takes the courage of your convictions and he apparently has some pretty high quality convictions, or maybe doesn't give a damn, which is an attitude which I could learn to admire even more in this case. I mean, Boggs knows and I know and you know that there is more to the Oz books than just a child's fairy tale, or whatever, but does anybody on the bus know this? I would advise Redd Boggs to get off the bus if he intends to read such stories. I will buy his tokens. It was a very good article.

So after I read that and stopped at one of those toll gates that they have every 25 minutes to pay my fee for the next 25 miles, I began to look through the rest of the issue. Then a pretty bad mishap occurred. I turned to the letter column and began to try to pronounce the new word contained therein in the letter from Rich Brown, namely "AAAAA-aaaaarrrrrr," which I tried to gurgle according to the instructions. I had forgotten about the pretty badly cracked windshield, and now I have all sorts of bugs in my teeth. To hell with Rich Brown. Foop.

Bill Lyon was pretty put out by the mention of him in the fmz reviews, but it was not so acid as many he has received. Like, you didn't call him a fugghead. Strange; Bill is so new to fandom that many fannish words, such as "egoboo," "gafia," and "bnf" never fail to puzzle him. But he seemed to know what a "fugghead" was right off the bat.

I am looking forward to the next issue of Cry.

I trust you are looking forward to the next issue of Stymie.

Foop...

Rog Ebert

ETHEL LINDSAY HAVING HER SAY

Courage House, 6, Langley Avenue. Surbiton. Surrey

Dear Cry,

7.9.60

ENGLAND

Or don't if you are feeling happy.

Many thanks for No 142. I hope you are all enjoying your well-earned holiday.

I have never read an Oz book, nor seen one in this country. Enjoyed the article nevertheless.

Was very pleased to see the Plow, even if only barely, as long as it does not vanish from sight. Chuckled over Les Piper, next here is Elinor. This is far too short; just as she is really got going it stops. I have met Joe Patrizia since this CRY arrived. His accent is as Scots as wha hae. I guess though, he will be second or third generation Italian.

We have Minutes in the SFCL too. Jimmie writes them out neatly in a little black book, and Ella initials them. However, we have fun too, and having seen what havoc the lack of some proper procedure can do, I am all in favour of it.

The awesome thing about the story from George Locke is that it is all true, and that Kyle sign really does hang on the wall.

Well now, instead of going on to tell you that this letter is great, and that letter, heck they are all great reading, I'll tell you something about the SF club of London.

Ella as you know, is Chairwoman, Jimmie Groves Secretary, and lately Ted Forsyth is Treasurer. Other members are, the Potters, Don Geldart, George Locke, myself, and at our last meeting Bruce Burn from New Zealand. Counting Bruce and the one and only Atom, our membership now stands at 10. Of course we also have the Buckmasters but they are immured in Scotland right now. So we have been debating the extension of our membership.

We have few rules, Ella is a good chairwoman in that she keeps them all to the point in discussions. Anything that we have organised so far, picnics, parties, combozine, has gone off with a swing, and as I said, we have fun. The main interest that we all share is fan publishing, and yes, we talk about sf too! We are enlivened from time to time by visiting fans, we have had Ron Bennett recently, Achee, Chris Miller, and Brian Burgess, and at the last meeting Joe Patrizio appeared as a surprise. I have great hopes of this club, it is the third one I have been connected with and easily looks the most promising. The first in Glasgow was really only concerned with the collection of SF, and although they were a very nice bunch, not really interested in fandom at all, which is why it probably faded out. The second was the London O. When I first came to London, I used to go up to the Globe, but at first I felt very out of it. The O then did have a centre, which mostly revolved round Sam Youd. He would sit on a stool at the bar and around him would range a bunch and the discussions were really worth listening to. However the first thing you had to be willing to do was stand. Now I work all day on my feet, and by night-time they get gey sair..so I only used to hear snippets of it all. Gradually in the corner there formed a group who were interested in fanzine publishing, and fandom as a whole. That is where I felt at home and could be sure of a welcome. I have, as you can imagine, very much simplified the split that went on in the O.

Now I am in a third club, and one which I feel will remain a happy one. This is because we do take some pains to see that a newcomer will feel we are interested in him.

best wishes to you all,

frae,

Ethel

HERE IS JOHN CHAMPION, OLD FAN RETURNS AGAIN
Buz:

Route 2 Box 75B, Pendleton, Oregon

20 August 1960

I hate to say this, honestly I do, but I must: my copy was missing pages 21 and 22. I am not trying to wear out the gag, it's just that I got two page 23-24's. I would like to have that missing sheet.

As far as Boggs' article goes, I found it interesting, but I am an utter heretic when it comes to Oz books. I read on (The Land of Oz) and for some reason found it rather sickening. Ever since then I have been careful to avoid the Oz works. Lewis Carroll, now is a very different matter.

I started out reading Elinor's column, and was just getting interested, when all of a sudden I turn to the next page and find what looks suspiciously like Nameless minutes.

So I can't comment much on either. Except that "Craig Cochran" may be genuine enough, but reminds me of a Hollywood-type pseudo such as "Rip Torn".

Kettering report interesting especially as I have not heard much about this Ella Parker person and had pictured her as being more or less a pleasant young Anglofemme like Sister Lindsay. You may note that I don't any longer...my illusions have been shattered. Right now I don't have any picture at all, except that I have seen a photo of ATom, and am utterly croggled by Wally's statement on p. 32.

Goshwowboyoboy, Bill Mallardi's letter brought back fond memories, of the golden days of the CRY lettercol, back when people like Rich Brown and Esmond Adams and Stony Barnes and Bill Meyers and, er, me, were tearing the place up in youthful abandon. Ah, those Garcone illos...ah, all that egoboo. There may be hundreds of fans with official Cry Letterhack cards, but they have never been and never will be a CRY Super-letterhack.

I am not so sure that anybody intelligent enough to draw up his own code of ethics will almost certainly include as one of his principles that he won't get in the way of anybody else's code. Or in other words, will include tolerance. I may be wrong here, because after all, not many people do draw up their own ethical codes. A person who does so with the result that his actions are detrimental to society is commonly called a psychopath, and there are enough of them around. Maybe it is only the followers of a new ethic that are intolerant. At any rate, one of the most common phenomena observed among all True Believers is that they try to impose their Revelations on everyone else. On the other hand there is Hinduism which is remarkably tolerant--i.e. it is so complex that almost any doctrine can be fitted into it.

Besides, very few people make up completely original ethics. It is hard to find a belief that has not been believed previously by someone.

I remember the party Terry was referring to when he said that fans will drink anything. I think it was the first Detroit party, no? I remember what they were drinking there. As far as I am concerned, it is best classified as "anything". One of these days, when I can get myself involved in supplying refreshment at a con party, I will mix up a batch of Adios Amigos, and then everyone will be utterly astounded (not to mention utterly intoxicated). The ingredients and effect of this highly obscure brew may be gathered from its name.

Best,

John

GEORGE LOCKE IN SHOCK

23787189 L/Cpl Locke G W 3 Company RAMC
pital Bramshott Hindhead Surrey.

Connaught Hos-
ENGLAND

30-8-60/16-9-60

Dear Cry,

FOLLOW THE YELLOW BRICK ROAD was a very interesting article, of the type I'm glad is beginning to appear again in fanzines. (Or did it ever stop appearing? Maybe it was just not noticed before.)

FAN FARE was pretty typical Berry, and, therefore, pretty good. And, while it was longer than his usual, it didn't seem any longer. John has that enviable talent for keeping the reader's interest however slight the plot, and, moreover, usually manages to submerge said reader (if he happens to be me) in the story.

THE PLOW THAT JUST BARELY...let's face it -- you just can't keep book and magazine reviews out of the CRY, however hard you try, so why try? Nor, it seems, have you been able to keep fanzines reviews out, either.

HWYIL, now, what do we come to next? This column is so full of meat it's very difficult to decide where to start biting. I find myself repeating: "Definitely. I agree." I'm particularly grateful to Elinor for pinning down some notions I had about the significance of names in the general scheme of things. Like, Clause has always had for me unpleasant connotations, even before I read about Degler. Herbert produces for me an image of an insignificant, bank-clerk type of fellow, and Henry adds the attribute of being thoroughly amenable to hen-pecking. And shortenings -- William diminished to Bill denotes a sturdy type, whilst shortened to Willy gives me a completely different impression. (Though, just to prove me wrong, I'd hate to get bashed by Willy Pastrano in a punch-up.)

And now we come to Ella Parker's letter. I agree with her remarks on book publication of TGGW, and amplify them by adding: TGGW is a major work of fannish reporting. There's plenty of justification for the serial version having been printed as it was -- but absolutely none for what should be a far more leisurely and carefully edited and produced book version. To fit in the ATom illos will probably make for at least quite a bit of recutting, unless you use full-page illos only. So why spoil the ship for a ha'porth of tar? Yes, Ella, you can find something better to do than write letters to CRY and be insulted by all your friends, on eight-and-a-half by eleven: Write letters of comment on SMOKE and be insulted on ten by eight.

Hmmm, and now Ken Potter is in danger of straying the self-same path as too many of us Londoners have -- through the medium of Ella Parker's public library. I suppose you'll be sending her two copies instead of one -- one for herself, and one for increasing your mailing/sub list.

Berry's story about the regimental silver -- so, okay, I know it was in an earlier issue, one of those I didn't get -- reminds me about that even more sacred military possession -- the Corps flag. At one summer camp, at Cranwell, the big Officer's Cadet's School, we had a beautiful Group Captain's pennant on the flag pole in the middle of the drill square. Strangely, it eventually found its way into my belongings back at school. I had an interesting time explaining it away to the Flight Lieutenant in charge of our school contingent, but in the end he was a proud as anything, and displayed the souvenir prominently in his office. He was a good fellow, this flight lieutenant, and obeyed the commands of the cadets very religiously. We also persuaded him, after discovering that units like us were intitled to them, to get us a primary glider -- a rather naked contraption looking like a well-nibbled herring bone and with the soaring properties of a brick which had over-eaten and had cramps -- and a whacking big rubber dingy like you see in those air/sea rescue films starring John Mills and Richard Attenborough (if they made any, that is). The glider we used to spend most of our time putting together and taking apart, but once in a while, when the elastic rope was in a fit state (it usually was damp and highly unelastic) we used to try and fly it. Stan (that was his name) was the first to try the thing out. Ah well. Still, we had some very good fun splicing the wings together again, and patching the tail up. Eventually, the combined might of the Emanuel School RAF Section whipped the contraption into submission, and we enjoyed some very pleasant ground slides, until one day, yours very truly became mad with power and decided to have the thing take off (ie, all parts leave the ground at the same moment).

So, as soon as the fabulously powerful elastic band started pulling the machine -- and me -- forward, I yanked the stick back. A gust of wind happened to hit us at the same time, and, with visions of breaking the world altitude record, we left the ground like an American rocket. Trouble is, it continued to make like an American rocket, gave a weird sort of jerk, and began to tail-dive towards the cricket pitch. This was indeed a crisis. Of little import was the machine. Of little import was me. Of great import, however, was the school cricket pitch (AND DON'T ANY OF YOU IRREVERANT AMERICANS START JEERING AT MY LOYALTY TO ONE OF THE SACRED ENGLISH COWS). I knew in that moment if I could control the aircraft properly, I would be the hero of the school. So, I struggled with the reluctant controls. Eventually, they succumbed, and I came to the ground, heavily perhaps, but as accurately as the most skilled flyer. I was the hero of the school. My finest hour had come. I was lauded to the skies. Too bad the head master didn't agree that the pitch was better for growing tomatoes on with a little ploughing, like I'd given it.

The rubber dingy was a different proposition. We had a school swimming bath, and persuaded the head to have the thing filled for the benefit of carrying out air/sea rescue operations. It was filled in a day, and slowly emptied itself into the adjoining classrooms over the next week. Like, it had a leak. I don't remember a lot about blowing the dingy up. I remember, though, that my bicycle pump was used. Trouble was, we had to deflate it to get it through the door of the pool. We blew it up again, and tipped it to a fanfare kindly supplied by the school band into the limpid, cloudy water purified by forty gallons of lab-prepared Milton. Then, we all lined up on the high diving board (you know, bale out from a great height) and jumped into the thing. It took the first two of us, but the third, a rather bulky cadet rivalling Bill Donaho's dimensions, proved too much for it.

He went right through the rubber bottom. Almost all the way. I shall never forget seeing him, though, with his head stuck in the bottom, slowly turning blue as the dingy sank and he drowned. Sad, really.

Oh, dear, I seem to have digressed for a few words. And I can't return to the Corps flag now, as it's time to knock off. Next time, maybe.

TTFN

George

NANCY THOMPSON READS AND ROMPS ON

3616 Panola, Fort Worth 3, Texas

Dear Wolly,

Aug. 25, 1960

There is something familiar about that machine merrily clacking away. Who do we know who looks like a coffee pot with arms?

I never do things ~~dsckwsrba~~ (Do that on a typer. I'd like to see it.), but today the lettercol came first. (Must have stapled the pages wrong.) Noticing a blank space after my name, I hurried to see if you really honest and truly put in all that long letter. (Next time be sure to get it all in. How can you deprive fandom of a single golden word?)

Looks like we just can't get organized. I admit it's my fault, though. But, gee, I never heard of a dish-dryer either. And I can't find the last installment of TGGW, to be sure that I am all straight and have all the facts. Now see what you've done? Undermined the self-confidence of a struggling neo-fan. For shame.

Speaking of BERRY, how does he do it, time after time? Like he can write no wrong. His latest effort, I am sure, will appeal to new fen like me, and joggle up memories for older ones. (Do I mean "older" or "more experienced?") Where can I get hold of one of those Neo-Fan Guides? Save me having to ask a lot of stupid questions. [Try sending a postcard to Bob Tucker, Box 702, Bloomington, Illinois. -- www/]

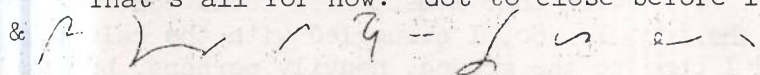
Not to skip around or anything, but I did read "The Yellow Brick Road" all the way through. All nine pages of it. And I never did get real enthused. To be honest, I never thought to connect the two books in any way. 'Course I read Alice in Wonderland and saw the Wizard of Oz at a very tender age. Is it significant that I still read Alice but have never again touched The Wizard? (Sure it is. I saw Wizard at the age of 10 and had nightmares for two weeks thereafter.

Piper, I realize why you don't send me. You are a cynic.

Elinor on gafiation -- hmmmmmm -- okay. I just had a chilling thot. I just had the thot that -- sob -- mine is not a "memorable" fannish name. Is gafiation inevitable?

[Not if you move to Puckapunyal. --www/]

Forgive me, but I'm going to ask one question. The suspense is killing me. What is a BNF, a FAPA, and for cryin' sideways, what does TAFF stand for? [You call that one question? You don't happen to have a job preparing tests for students, do you? Anyway BNF = Beginning Neo-Fan, FAPA = Fugghead Amateur Press Association, and (good grief, girl, you should know about this one!) TAFF = Texan Anti-Femmfefanne Federation. --www/]

That's all for now. Got to close before I ren entirely out of ink. Chin up, smile, &  (hoo boy).

Nancy

[And in a later letter....-www/]

Dear Wally,

Gasp--

I didn't mention in my letter how much I enjoyed the Kettering Report. Up to now, the only contact I have had with Locke has been in the COTR. He writes good letters, too.

Nancy

[And then Saturday I pick up the mail and find... -www/]

Dear Soupbone;

Oh you pipples are clods! I fully expected to have Cry-habit licked this month. No Cry, no brainrot, no loc's to write -- bliss. But you all have to send a Cry anyway. So, as any of my used-to-be friends will tell you, I've still got a strange-looking monkey on my back.

Well, let's see what's what this month. (What? Eight pages?)

TV Joke: Have heard it before, but it still is amusing.

KEIN BLUE P&B: Tho I am a true cat-lover, I must admit that dogs possess certain endearing qualities not found in the average feline. Cats (or my cat, anyway) do not feel called upon to roust one out of bed at dawn, play "shake hands" for company, or greet one with muddy paws.

Fandom Harvest: Too brief. TCarr deserves more than a few paragraphs to spread himself in.

The "Minutes" should be changed to "Seconds", at least for this ish. (I feel so silly calling four pages an "issue.")

Elinor comes across marvelously, as usual. Speaking of jazz, there is, I feel, nothing as pure indigo as a jazz flute. Just don't listen to it if you are depressed, because you'll rush right out and "end it all."

Oghod, there's one in every crowd. What's with you, rich brown, that you got to be different? Didn't you know about the official boycott?

As I read the final sentence, I shudder a little and give the monkey a pat on the head.

Prostrate in narcosis,

Nancy

OUR OWN RICH BROWN IS BACK TO CLOWN
Dear Nameless; (how you spel Namles?)

box 1136, tyndall afb, fla.

Well, it didn't work. I know what was behind the slow-down on CRY -- I was even grateful, myself, that I would have all this extra time, and I wouldn't have to worry about getting my letter to you on time.

Only now, here I am, over a month after I've received this CRY, with the September issue at hand, and I still haven't commented.

C+O+N+G+R+A+T+U+L+A+T+I+O+N+S, both for CRY taking the Hugo, and for Seattle winning the convention bid. I will be there -- this is a promise. Naturally, I don't expect you to tell anyone that I'll be there -- not until they've already paid their money, and it's too late to back out -- but I thought I might add a jeer to the cheer, to let you know what a hellish year you'll be having.

I don't really know just what I felt while reading Boggs' The Yellow Brick Road; except that it's amazing to find how he can make me interested in a subject. I've never read any of Baum, I must admit, and my only contact with anything Ozish was years ago, when I saw The Wizard Of Oz, the movie. But the article itself is fascinating, and the parallels drawn seem to definitely Show Something; though I'm not all so convinced that Baum was an intentional thief, and if he was, that this prevents him necessarily from being a genius (as well as a hack). Undoubtedly, one could trace even Alice back to some other source and that source to another. The Lord Of The Rings can be traced through the Norse Myths, Wagner, or even compared to the Odyssey, in many ways.

Berry follows quite well. This, I feel, had the Real Fire...possibly reaching even into the stage of Fannish Classic.

I kind of blinked my way through The Plow That Just Barely; like, the fmz reviews held my attention, mostly. It let me know how hopelessly out of touch I am with a good deal of fandom. Of the nine zines mentioned, I get two.

And then, of course, the tag-line, "He traded his Ethics in on an Oldthmobile Dept." Oh, for CRYsake, Buzby!

And speaking of GAFIA, I come into Elinor's column, Hwyl. I don't really think names have too much to do with it. I may or may not be the type who stays -- but I've been 3-1/2 years at this Goddamn Hobby, and I've got about as indistinguishable a name as possible. Can you imagine all the trouble I go thru with any new correspondent who wittily decides he's probably the only person in fandom who has had the bright idea that a pun can be made on my name? Can you imagine how tiring it gets to hear all the innuendo's? Of course, it has it's advantages, as well. Mike Deckinger sent me a label from the George Washington baking company, makers of RICH BROWN CHICKEN BROTH. Harry Warner Jr. seems to be haunted by my name -- the restaurant he occasions has taken to being graphically descriptive in their menues, with such things as "rich brown gravey." And I have egoboo in countless other places, as well. I'm mentioned in THIS IS MY BELOVED ("...rich brown maple syrup..."), and in FILE 13, where in answer to a quiz, it turns out

that the heroine's eyes are "Rich brown." In TWIG, Colin Cameron wrote a story about aliens that had "rich, brown eyes." And countless others, no doubt. So....what's in a name? Of course, this doesn't prove anything -- there's always the chance, if providence smiles properly on fandom, that I'll leave it all behind. But it does get my name in print, doesn't it?

George Locke, who is neither a Berry or a Terry Carr (yet, I add hastily), plunges into his report and becomes humorous in quite his own way. Tho I have a horrible feeling that this may have been cut to shreds, it still stands up well to the reading and provides several minutes of good chucklesome reading.

Mal Ashworth: I received, the other day, your CRY letterhack card. This is a kindness given by a True Gentleman; and I thank you sincerely. However, Don Franson also responded, with another card -- so I am returning yours to you. Obviously, I am not a Gentleman. When you get hit by that E-Flat, double clutching Traylor Truck, I want them to Know What You Really Are so they'll let you lie there and rot. And thanks for your fmz.

Ella Parker: Hi, and welcome back to the rat-race.

Bill Mallardi: WHAT HAVE YOU GOT AGAINST DAMON KNIGHT, ARCHY, AND RICH BROWN? Nothing incriminating, I hope?

Don Franson: Yes, CRY used to have an Art Editor, friend. It's name was L. Garcone, and it drew portraits of the letterhacks. [It didn't draw them; it clawed them on the stencils. Remember? shudder --www/ In a way, for all its scrawliness, it's a pity that L. Garcone is gone -- it was the monster that all CRY letterhacks faced, together -- a bit afraid, perhaps, but together. It was hard going there, back in the old days, and I don't know how many of neos who write CRY would take it now....they just haven't got it here, Don, they haven't got it here (and with that a tear comes to my eye as I show you where 'here' is by putting my hand over my...but then, CRY is still a family magazine.)

Ian McAulay: Don't feel bad. You have company. It seems that Norm Metcalf always gets his CRY before I get mine, too -- always. Sometimes it's as much as a month. He gloats at me, because I'm alla time saying about how I am probably CRY's longest term letterhack. But it doesn't do me any good, being that, as Norm is always ahead of me.

Nancy Thompson: Oh, yes, I appear elsewhere also...7 days a week, 25¢ admission, and bring some peanuts, eh? No, I mean, to be serious, I do do other stuff for other zines...why there's...there's....uh....there's.....and besides that I....plus of course, there's the fact that I...er...gnthplx. I shall take this up by condescending to Personal Correspondence, or something.

Bob Lichtman: Yes, but now that I've revealed our rallying cry (or is that rallying CRY?), now what? Will they rally to our cry? (or our CRY?) And do we rally want them to? And besides, now that All Has Been Revealed To The Ignorant Masses, do we need another one? RTKLW!, perhaps? Fine, now all we have to do is figure out what it means..

And that is just about all...the first rich brown type rich brown letter in a long time, eh pippl?

Hoping You Are The Same,

rich

LETTER OF COMMENT ON CRY #142

Boyd Raeburn, 89 Maxome Ave, Willowdale, Ontario,
September 18, 1960 CANADA

Boggs was very interesting, although I am not familiar at all with the Oz books. So, I am not in a position to write myself on the quality of the Oz books as compared to Carroll's Alice books, but I note that while a number of children's libraries will not carry the Oz books, claiming them to be "badly written," "out of touch with reality" and so on, I am pretty sure that the Alice books have not been given the heave-ho from the temples of "litrachah for children". The other items enjoyed, but elicited no comment. Nirenberg was very good, as usual. "Zuftig" almost existed -- Les showed me the cover for the first issue today, but I think he's going to call the zine something else. He got some stencils from me last night "to put out a letter-substitute zine" he said. I dropped into the Coexistence Candy Store this afternoon, and found that, while he had cut three stencils, it was all original material. So far there were no fanzine comments, which were supposed to be the reason for the zine's existence. I keep reminding him that

Habakkuk started as a letter-substitute....but there's no danger of any zine by Les running to the size of the later Habakkuks -- not if I have to run it off for him.

Cheers for Mal Ashworth. I never have been able to understand this stuff about people being worried about the atom (or hydrogen) bomb. I mean, do people go about in a perpetual state of worry about The Bomb? How does one do it? Do these people maintain a permanent mental picture of The Bomb about to go off through all their waking hours? Maybe I'm being flippant about a serious thing, but I am completely unable to empathize on this. As Mal points out, even without the Bomb, there is always the chance that one may be killed at any time. If the whole human race were threatened with extinction, is that something to go around biting the lips over?

Bob Smith: I see that Australia and New Zealand share a few more slang terms than I had thought, but a couple of the Kiwi ones did stop you. Sho' nuff, "mock" used to be a very commonly used word in Auckland, and probably still is. For the last few weeks in the Pogo strip, Albert and Churchy have been in Australia, and the Aussie slang has been flying very thick. But the Aussies didn't have it all their own way, e.g., the following sequence. Kangeroo A to Kangeroo B. "You'll have to bail up. You don't have a razoo." Albert: "What in the world is you talkin' about?" Kangeroo: "Very simple..I said she doesn't have Buckley's chance of gettin' there...she's not financial...hasn't got a deaner in the swag...she'll have to play Ned Kelly." Albert: "Wot? Do you mean somebody will have to lay the bread on her if she's gonna cut out? She's low in the reservoir and will have to put the blunderbuss to Brinks?" Kangeroo: "Wot?"

A word of approbation to Rich Brown. Little did you realize that when you suspended publication for one month, you gave him the chance for which he had so long waited. Congratulations, Rich, even though your take-over was short. [We're taking it harder than you apparently realize, Boyd. Here we slave, struggle, and bankrupt ourselves for over ten years to get the CRY into the limelight, and then we let up for one lousy month so rich can get out a scrawny imitation, and that's the month the CRY gets a Hugo. It's beyond what mortal flesh can bear, I tell you! --www/

Boyd Raeburn

BOB LICHTMAN, A SICK FAN

6137 S. Croft Ave.; Los Angeles 56, Calif.
4Sept60

It has occurred to me once again that CRY is sloppy as hell. I mean, almost no illustrations, and typed headings. Why don't you get someone like Terry Carr to move to Seattle and do fancy illustrations by people whose illios he pulls out of his own exclusive /fMp/ and use that Gothic lettering guide, not to mention all the other lettering guides he's got. You could pay him a salary of 5000 egobux per month, which would keep him too ecstatically happy to worry about things like food and Miriam.

I wish you would please take the trouble to go through the stencils for TGGW and correct the typos, of which there are far too many, if you ask me. TGGW should be as typofree as an issue of Skyhook.

Before I forget, I should make Dick Schultz happy and mention that the year's page-total for CRY is now 451 pages. You have four issues to go, which means to go under the 600 page limit these issues have to average exactly 37 pages apiece. Keep this in mind when you have nearly 700 pages of CRY for the total in 1960. 700 pages for \$.2 for the subscribers -- I don't know anywhere I could get books that cheap.

In a way I am rather sorry Redd wrote this article, for while it set my mind a-whirling back to the days when I read all those Oz books, I didn't appreciate reading literary criticism of what I read at a time when I wouldn't have known a good book from a real stinker. This is sort of intruding on something quasi-sacred, don't you think?

I notice in Glamdring that Bruce Pelz failed to get the point of this story by Berry. It's so subtle, yet forceful, that it may escape some of the readers. This is the sort of Berry writing I really enjoy reading, aside from travelogues and convention reports. This is a slip back into the groove that produced masterpieces such as "All The Way".

Nirenberg/Piper is quite amusing. Well-drawn, too, in the Feiffer style.

Hwyl... I don't know whether to take your comments on why fans gaffiate seriously or not, Elinor. On one hadn ("If a person's closest, favorite friends are all in fandom, he will stay in fandom because that is the bond between them") you seem to intimate I'll stay

in fandom, byet on the other hand ("Teenagers who show great signs of maturity, sophistication, or excessive literacy are almost sure to gafiate within three years") you turn the other way.

George's Kettering report shows very few signs of excessive cutting, which is all to your egoboofication, Buz. (Is that a new word I just made up?)

Mike Deckinger: If the allusion about the travelling salesman who left his stfmag in the bathroom has been removed from Psycho, it's been done by Bloch Himself. Remember that the prime reason he's been out here has been to re-write the book into a film script.

Hyuck, Bob Smith made the mistake of letting on to me that he had comments on CRY #141 in #142, when this would normally be impossible. I'll unmystify the situation. Bob got a rundown of the issue from an intermediary (a well-known CRY letterhack stateside; no not me!) and then airlettered some contrived comments up to Seattle.

On this marvelous revelation, I will stop this CRYletter. Oh joy.

Best,

Bob

GEORGE NIMS RAYBIN LETTER CAME IN c/o State Rent Commission, 280 Broadway,
Dear Sixyou (Triple W), August 11, 1960 New York 7, New York

I was very much interested in Bill Donaho's discussion, in Cry #142, of ethics and the lack of same involved in shoplifting etc. Apparently he sees no reason to condemn people with "weak conventional ethics". With this position, I cannot agree.

A person who has unconventional ethics and ordinarily lives up to them is, at heart, a good person. Intellectually mistaken perhaps, but emotionally good! The important thing is that such a person does what he believes to be the right thing. Who knows, a decade or two from now, society may acknowledge its error and accept the ethics of this non-conformist, even though society insists on restricting him at present.

On the other hand, the person with weak ethics (conventional or otherwise) is a person who knows what he believes to be right and then very often does what he believes to be wrong. I do not think that this person can be classed as good even though his frequent transgressions are petty. He is not interested in doing what he thinks is right; he is only interested in doing what pleases him.

For my friends, give me the ethical people (conventional or unconventional); I cannot respect those who cannot ordinarily conform to their own standards.

Elinor's HWYL, in point 3 (a fan should have a memorable name) reminded me of the experience with my own name. Before I went to college, my middle name was unused. Even in college and in service, only the initial was used. I noticed that, whenever my name appeared in the newspaper or in local organization house organs, the name was not one to be remembered. Then once, by accident, my full name was put in an article, and a number of my friends noticed it and told me about it. From then on, I always used my full name!

Sincerely,

George Nims Raybin

NORM METCALF BUT NO LAUGH

Box 1262, Tyndall AFB, Florida

Dear Wally,

16 Aug 60

Looking at the contents page we notice a startling fact. There are some items over 3 pages long in the Cry. What's the matter with you guys, are you tired of running articles through the Article Squasher or did it elope with L. Garcone?

Just noticed on the stands in Toledo that Pyramid has brought out The Wizard of Oz along with The Incomplete Enchanter. A good sign, here's hoping they sell.

Berry's story has more human insight than most of these 'rags to riches' stories that appear in fanzines (including past Crys). With a little polishing up to give further insight into Perkins it would make a great piece of fannish literature.

Ashworth: By 'young, hyperactive fans' you are perhaps referring to Lichtman, Deckinger and Schultz? Figuring that Schultz once wrote an 18-page letter of comment on a 6-page zine, think what he could do with a SAPS mlg.

Ellington: I used to agree with you until being attached to the Army. The personnel there (career types, that is) are nearly worthless and could care less about what would

happen in case of war. War, to them, is a remote abstraction. Why worry about something that may happen when they can't even foresee tomorrow's consequences for today's actions.

But no one's being drafted who isn't eligible to vote. The 17 to 20 year old is eligible to volunteer but he isn't being drafted, though he's eligible under the law).

Franson: Yeah, Don I'm reading each and every ish of each and every sf mag being published and it takes guts. We could do without Galaxy, If and one of the Z-D zines any day. That would leave us with 6 mags and then I wouldn't mind it so much. Analog with its own brand of sf, F&SF for the offbeat and unusual stories (not sf, necessarily), Amazing for the simple-minded good stories, and the Nova pubs for the widest variety of well-done stories.

Deckinger: Quite a few of the Negroes have unofficial segregation practiced against them by real-estate agents and neighborhood sentiments. Since their dwellings are no source of pride they turn to cars for status symbols since no one particularly cares about what kind of cars they drive. Besides it's rather hard to segregate autos.

Donaho: If this be boot-licking make the most of it but I prefer Weber writing con reports to Terry Carr. I prefer Terry's reports, naturally. --www/

Raeburn: "Sordman the Protector" was the best story in the ish but then look at the competition it had. In an ish full of nothings, the only story with any vitality at all had to stand out. As you say the story is a reweaving of elements and mood from previous stories. Purdom went to the trouble of putting some of himself into the story and giving it some drive and vigor. It's just the type to appeal to Judith Merrill so pretty soon she'll probably anthologize it and some people will acclaim it as a classic. Even if it isn't worth reading and re-reading I can foresee a future of acclaim for it.

Most,

Norm

CHUCK DEVINE ON THE LINE

922 Day Drive

922 Day Drive (I said it once, and I'll say it again!)

Gentlemen: (You can read this too, ~~BoWally~~ Idaho

August 10, '60

Before I start on the comments, could you tell me how one is to go about getting TGGW when it is finished? The easiest way will be to pay us for a copy. --www/

Follow the Yellow Brick Road held a special interest for me as I have always enjoyed the Oz books. Boggs covered the subject quite thoroughly with only a few minor mistakes. Off hand, the only one that comes to mind is his statement that there weren't automobiles or anysuchlike in Oz. He has overlooked the scallywagons.

Berry's story was very entertaining. Even some egoboo.

Elinor's thing starts off kinda slow but when she gets going, it is hard to stop reading.

BNFsville was a bit blurry in my copy but good. Better than a lot of Feiffers that have been pubbed.

I didn't like the KETTERING REPORT until about the last page. As soon as I became interested, it stopped.

Now we come to my favorite section in CRY. WE Also Heard From..... Gee, maybe if I write you enough, I'll be mentioned in there. Do ya think I have a chance, huh, do ya? Weeeell, I dunno, Chuck. You're sort of young, you know. --www/ Oh well. (Sniff, sniff) Arewell cool world. I'd bless you but I don't have the strength.

Chuck Devine

BETTY KUJAWA.....oh, good grief...

2819 Caroline, South Bend 14, Indiana

Darlin' Wolly Webby;

Monday, Aug. 14th '60

Say lissen Wall (and this goes for anyother Pittcon goers out there----even Toskey) since I am right on the Toll Road on your way to said Con--feel free to drop in---huh???? I thought it over and decided it was just too far to drop. --www/

I suppose by now you-all know that The Ballard Boys came for a visit some weeks back!!!! I tell you it was THE moment of my fannish life when they rode their hosses up our drive. Should a seen 'em in those western outfits with all them guns!! Wrai all in black and Brother Bill in white--quite a sight!!!

Hadda glorious time, as you can imagine. Wrai and I didn't stop talking for around five hours---fortunately Bill and Gene had guns, etc. in common. And speaking of faans --as of now I hope (and pray) that round Sept. 10th or so Gene will fly east to some airfield where Bob Pavlat will have brought Eric Bentcliffe--Gene will fly him back here--I shall spend glorious days with a real live British faan with us--then we'll fly him up to Minneapolis. I pray ghod the plans go thru.

As I said on my passionate card I did go visit CryHack Phil Harrell--he was rather amazed when I phoned him out of the blue and was all agog that I came to see him. Had fun that night listening to his records (and, say, his older brother plays horn with Woody Herman no less!) and admiring wildly his models of rockets, satellites and like that. Phil is REALLY a genius at model building. All thru this we talked talked talked and when we left I was presented withaa genuine GALAXY reject for my collection. Twas great fun all round.

Speaking of CryHacks, Boyd Raeburn doesn't know how lucky he's been all this spring and summer!! A good five times now we've almost made it up to his town--always the weather had secured flying that day. But we still may try this fall--I'm gonna be noble about this and write him beforehand and give him a chance to pack up and get out.

CRY No. 141 with the Con report was excellent--I certainly enjoyed that.

On 142 I relished your cover illio. I've already written Redd Boggs telling him how much I enjoyed FOLLOW THE YELLOW BRICK ROAD--what memories that brought back. Hope he'll be round again.

FAN FARE was very very nice--and a handy sorta parable for newfans to read, too. Jeeze and with an up-beat ending, too.

Loved the PLOW column as always--hey on this morality to steal or not to steal kick I hope goodbuddy Buz has noted this new book THE OPERATORS by Frank Gibney (Harpers---\$3.95) it just came out--dealing with much the same thing we've all been talking about.

Just finished THE HISTORY OF ORGIES, by the way, so I can be the hostess whose parties are always talked about. They had some real faaanish types back there thru the ages, I'll tell you boy!

The Les Piper cartoon page was as exquisite as ever--don't ever let him stop.

Elinor's HWYL---Elinor; did you happen to catch in this last issue of TIME--in the Religion dept--the article on 'speaking with tongues???? I didn't know that when one does 'speak' the gibberish that afterwards one translates the 'message' from God into English for the congregation----real strange like--specially since it's been cropping up recently not only in the wilder Pentecostal sects but also in the staid stuffy old Episcopalian churches as well. Hope you saw that, Elinor---think it would intrigue you.

Intrigued, obviously, by 'point three' in the list---"A fan should have a memorable name"---I must qualify there, I think. With mine once one has learned it and how to pronounce it one can never forget it! Lil chilluns seem to be the best at pronouncing it here (they are SO proud when they've mastered it, I guess). They'll go out of their way to greet me just sos they can say it out loud.

Liked Locke as always...that bit of the waitress asking which one was Ella's husband--ah what a moment!!

Will someone PLEASE explain what the Thalia club is out there??? [Mainly it's a group of culture addicts. If you are interested in long-hair music, drama, ballet, stuff like that, performed by dedicated amateurs, you can pay dues to become a member and see the group's productions. If you are one of the dedicated amateurs, you can, for a slight additional fee, take part as a performer in these affairs provided you can meet their minimum standards. I think the group is partial to Scandinavians. Every once in a while they select some girl as their "Queen of Light" and send her to Sweden where she writes postcards to all the members whose dues are paid up. --www/

There are times (many of 'em) that Mike Deckinger irks me--this is one---that generality remark of negros and their dwellings. Wonder if he included such as Dr. Bunche in that sweeping statement. I hope most fans don't go round saying---'negros are this and such..' or 'all Jews do so and so'. Tis ridiculous.

On the Donaho letter--irregardless of his charitable friend who'd give his only jacket away to a needy soul--the guy STILL stole and, in my book, still ain't ethical.

If he steals he steals no matter who he steals from he's still a thief--he committed the act--the victim of it doesn't change his (the thief's) action--still dishonest--you dig?

Bill says "It's none of my business" (that a friend steals)--when IS it??? To what DEGREE must the offence rise before it IS Bill's business?? If the institution was The Bank of America, that would be ok??? If the institution was a small local orphanage that desperately needed its savings and he had stolen them, that wouldn't???? (be ok, I mean). Hope Bill, too, reads THE OPERATORS.

How bout that rapid reply from Bob Smith--sure must have cost you plenty, Wolllllly, to send him CRY 141 by ICBM--nice of you, tho. /I get second-hand ICBMs at a discount from Boeing. -www/

Poor Rich Brown and his intravenous injections---went thru that for almost two weeks back in '42--and just like Bob Lichtman--I had 3/4ths of my thyroid removed (plus a cancerous goitre--oh it was peachy to go thru, I tell you, peachy!) And I feel for Lichtman as after my operation I COULDN'T TALK FOR SIX MONTHS!!!! Can you picture my being silent, only able to softly whisper, for SIX WHOLE MONTHS?? Gawd what hell to go thru--for Gene it was pure heaven, of course.

goodbye---

Betty

PHILLIP A. HARRELL NEXT ON THE BARREL 2632 Vincent Ave., Norfolk 9, Virginia
Dear Buz & Elinor; 0515-080860=(08-08-60) & 0523-081260

Happy happy daze, you'll never guess who dropped by for a visit a REAL F*A*A*N VISIT. Betty Kujawa (of all people). She and her husband were here for the National Skeet Shoot that was held at Va. Beach and they stopped by here. Talk about GHOOD tymes, we had one. I was thinking of writing it up as The Great Faan Visit, but then I don't know if I could. Just think MY OWN CRY Letterhack Con. CRY is now my favorite of ALL zines now. (Gad! you folks are habit forming.)

I received CRY #142 today. Redd Boggs had a very interesting disertation on the noble land and books of Oz, which I enjoyed thoroughly. I also enjoyed the bit by Elinor on the same thing.

I believe the FAN FARE was my favorite in all of CRY (I missed Lancaster Layabouts. Too bad it had to end.) thish as I kinda like to identify myself with Gregory Perkins kinda vicariously like you know. Like this is your life PHIL TRUFAN and all that Jazz.

And speaking of Bob Tucker's NEOFAN'S GUIDE, I've been Faunching Veriley for one. I'd give anything for one. I wrote to him like you said but I didn't hear nothing from him. Not a word. /It is quite probable that He has not yet created the revised Neofan's Guide, but you may be sure He has you on His list and will send you yours When The Time Comes. Which might possibly be after you no longer have any use for it. --www/

Speaking of Prozines as Don Franson was (by the way thank him for my CRY LETTERHACK CARD; I'll treasure it always, I MEAN IT!), I also subscribe to all the prozines. All SIX of them. And to tell the absolute truth I like CRY a heck of a lot better than I do ANALOG. (ASF&f. You notice they use a small f for fiction and a large F for FACT. I think one of the "Astounding Fact"(s) are that it's been able to ignore public opinion for so long. I wonder if they will try the "Astounding" vanish of the "fiction" part of the title and just leave it "Analog Fact only". Time will tell, but it appears to me that the "fiction" is growing smaller along with the "Astounding", or is it just my imagination?)

Just to ruin your vacation and dinner/supper, I have stuck a picture of me on the front page of this letter so you can get a good idea of "WHAT KIND OF A MAN READS CRY?".

Fannishly yers,

PHIL Harrell

(But you can call me
Paul if you'd rather)

STEVE STILES STILL SMILES

1809 Second Avenue, New York 28, N.Y.

Dear Wallaby,

August 11, 1960

It was raining, the wet dampness sloughed down from heaven to kiss the thirsting earth in splattering embraces, from the right the shadow man moved through the rain curtain, moved through to reach the envelope-thing huddling in the mailbox darkness. With hands, eager hands, he brought the printed thing from it's envelope womb to his eyes. It was Psi-Phi....PSI-PHI???! Oh heah, Cry of the Nameless arrived yesterday. Oh well.

You'd do well to send this issue to your English teacher, Wally; maybe Redd Boggs' piece would convince him that the Cry isn't all drivell after all. I've only read one page of it so far (I fully intend to finish it) but it sounds like the sort of thing English teachers thrive on.

"Fan Fare" was quite good, as a piece to be enjoyed, but for the life of me I can't define the ending...what kind of ending was that? Being a sadist I was sort of enjoying the idea that something would go wrong for Gregory -- his aspirations smashed, etc., but instead no surprise ending, shucks, it was a success story of a sort, kind of a fannish fairy tale.

Now we come to TPTJB, and particularly pg. 18. I feel that I may owe Buz an apology. About my comment "Out to ostracize somebody again.", I take it you object on the again. At the time of my writing it I had a rather vague idea that "ostracize" meant to scold, and I had the scolding of Jean Bogert in mind. I looked up ostracize and Webster says it means to banish, which is certainly what you're trying to do in Rickhardt's case.

That's apology number 1 -- for mixing up scold and ostracize. Now for number 2.

When I saw "The Strange Case of Wm. Rickhardt Dept," I disliked, and therefore objected to, not the fact that you were trying to get him out of FAPA, for I believe that all you said was true, but probably the idea that there are people in fandom that pull unorthodox shennanigans. I don't like to see mention of that sort of thing. I suppose that I owe you another apology for shooting off because of nonsubstantial reasons. Excepted? ((Well, accepted, anyway. -- FMB))

Enjoyed HWYL and the discussion on gaffiation. Maybe I'll be in fandom for a long period; still I don't know. I'm trying to devote more time to my artwork, and as art as a profession looms closer, I have my doubts. But now is when I like fandom, and now is when I intend to enjoy it.

"Kettering Report" was enjoyed.

At the risk of being laughed at, I'll have to admit that I'm still in the shadows about the case of the missing Cry pages. Up until now I've been thinking that it was all a grand hoax, but the Burbee and DeVet letters threw some doubt on the theory. I wouldn't believe Burbee, but DeVet looked like such a serious guy on Cry#121.

I don't agree with Mike Deckinger when he says that they "think nothing about the slums they live in." By "they" he refers to negroes. I go to a school in upper Manhattan and have to ride through Harlem. The people there don't strike me as being thoughtless. The people in Harlem look glum, grim, sad, and resentful. The cars the negroes have prove that they can afford better than their broken dwellings. They can afford, but are denied. I've actually seen prussures put on landlords to keep negroes out of good apartment houses. Ray Campenella was almost denied a home of his own, even though he sure had enough moola.

About slum improvement, recently I read a play called "One Third of a Nation." You ought to read it, Mike. It gives all the reasons why a landlord doesn't have to improve real estate and still rake in the cash. We've been having recent exposes about the kind of landlords who own the Harlem rat traps, and the picture isn't very pretty; a nice sweet racket with the tenant in between.

When I get sercon,.....wheeeew!!

Sincerely,

Steve Stiles

DONALD W. ANDERSON READ HIS CRY AND PASSED IT ON 141 Shady Creek Rd., Rochester 23,
Dear Diligent Wally Weber and Cry Company, New York

A rather skimpy #142, but enjoyable nonetheless. Redd Boggs contributes a long and apparently well researched article which I presume most of your readers will find most interesting. Unfortunately the subject was of no particular interest to me. I expect that I am in the minority.

John Berry still rolls along nicely. I'm still close enough to my entry into fandom to remember the excitement of getting fanzines for the first time, my first published letter (in CRY, naturally), the confusion over unknown terms and abbreviations. The funny thing is that all the interest and excitement have not abated one little bit.

Several days have passed since that last line was written, and in the meantime I have given the issue away. The local public library has a Junior group (up to 22 yrs) whose interest centers around stf, but most of whose members had no idea of the existence of organised fandom. Using CRY as an example, I gave a little talk to the group, and may have formed the nucleus of a fannish society here in Rochester, complete with the possibility of publishing a genzine in the not-too-distant future. Now see what you've done?

Sincerely,

Don Anderson

/Suddenly the overwhelming responsibility of taking over the CRY is made clear to me, and I can't face it, I tell you, I can't face it!! Immediately I must give up my mad scheme. But first, I gotta put the rest of the letters in the....

WEALSOHEARDFROM column:::::

DOREEN ERLIENWEIN sends us a poem by Conrad Aiken titled, "The Nameless Ones." She also wants to know how we can possibly get the CRY out without her, "second slave on the list," and goes on to ask, "Or do you have a few more slaves now??? Has BUZ been selling more of them?" Actually Buz gave up the slave trading racket after he sold you. He's now a slave himself. All us CRYers are. JACK L. CHALKER writes us a whole letter like this: "sneppah tahw rednow I ,sdeYRC,,rettel siht hsilbup uoy fI" My eyeballs are now inside out from reading it. I see better that way, I have discovered. MICHAEL J. MCINERNEY says "The best piece in the entire issue was "Fan Fare" by John Berry. Since your zine is only the second zine that I have ever read, I am now experiencing the feelings that John so ably described." ELLA PARKER sends a DNQ letter congratulating us for the Hugo and the Convention. JOE PATRIZIO comments on CRY #142, and adds, "Mal is right about the Potters being incommunicable. I've found this out the last couple of Sundays when I had the experience of meeting them. To note only one thing that happened -- Irene was sitting quietly listening to the conversation, when suddenly she started bouncing up and down, flapping her arms, and talked about vultures, sitting in trees waiting for people to die. All this was completely out of context, but it didn't seem to affect anybody unduly." STURE SEDOLIN says, "It may interest you that John Berry's starting in CACTUS 6 (will be out around X-mas) a new series of articles called 'American Fans I Have Met'. I'm also planning to run some photo-pages and John sent some pix of the fen he'd met." The usual lovely money came to us from ED GORMAN, JOHN M. FOYSTEN, ROG EBERT, GORDON EKLUND, MARGARET CURTIS, BOB LEMAN, and KEN HEDBERG. Ken is subscribing for HECTOR PESSINA who was a friend of his up until now. JAMES R. SIEGER sent us lovely money, too, but it was for John Berry's THE COMPLEAT FAAN, of which we haven't any more, so we'll have to send his money back if he screams for it loud enough. B. JOSEPH FEKETE, JR. sent his mimeod plea for INERTIA, as if we didn't have enough the way it is -- inertia, I mean. And then there is that passionate postcard from BETTY KUJAWA.

And that, kiddees, takes care of all the letters that have fallen into my foul clutches. No doubt there are more lurking down in Box 92, but unless Buz or somebody else other than yours truly puts them in, they won't make it thish. My moment of glory is over and has been replaced with a chilling horror of what I have done. Oh, the thought of those poor, innocent (up until recently) kids in Rochester....I can't stand it! So I am going away for a rest...a nice, peaceful cemetery I know...to gather energy for next issue. Have fun (in '61).

-WWW-

I am now a staff writer for SHANGRI-L'AFFAIRES and I love it.

This incredible situation came about because I was outsmarted and bewitched. I must have been, because why should I love this curious fanzine? I think I've got it pretty well figured out. I'll explain in a moment.

A few months ago, I didn't care at all whether or not SHANGRI-L'AFFAIRES was being published, and if the LASFS got so hard up they had to use material by some of their own members it was of little consequence to me.

But now I feel I am under a geas, a happy compulsion, to write something for each and every issue of this sterling fanzine. I have a personal interest in it. I will be very disappointed if it doesn't make its scheduled publication date. I would^{not} be surprised if some day I even show up to help run off and assembled the darned thing.

Oh, but I think I've got it pretty well figured, as I said. This thing was accomplished by a red headed pixie name of Bjo.

Bjo. For a long time after she assumed ownership and operation of Southern California fandom I did not see her. Her center of operations was the LASFS and I haven't been to a LASFS meeting since 1947. But I had heard of her. Fanzines come to my door and all of them are scrutinized carefully. In these pages of shimmering mimeography there appeared many cartoons by Bjo.

They were striking, captivating cartoons. Here was a rare bird, a woman with a wonderful sense of the ridiculous. I knew after a time that here was the most sparkling fan ever to hit the area. The only person I could think of who could match her for impact was F T Laney. If Laney and Bjo had ever met, Laney might have fallen madly in love with her; all of his four wives were redheads. Of course he seemed to prefer women older than himself, and for this Bjo would not qualify. She doesn't even look more than eighteen.

So there was this fabulous Bjo, a glorious gift to fandom. Somehow, she snagged the hearts and minds of all who knew her, and her dedicated followers fell into two categories; the Mountain Movers and the Hired Guns. The Mountain Movers, I learned, did the heavy, unimaginative work like helping Burbee clean up his garage, and the Hired Guns did the more urbane, sophisticated sort of stuff like shooting people.

I do not mean to imply that she is slinky, or wears tight-fitting satin gowns, or smokes Turkish cigarettes in a long jeweled holder, or stands on a shiny dais under a baby spot singing "That Old Black Magic." She takes over hearts and minds in her own special way which is probably blended with magic because there seems no special reason for her powers.

It naturally came about that one day I met her. She came to my house to a party. She didn't look like much to me. Maybe 5'1" tall and no spectacular measurements. Red headed and freckled. Pixie face. She didn't even seem at ease in my presence.

I must have chuckled silently to myself. I could see at once that I was immune to this one. "After all," I said to myself, "I am Burbee." This remark seemed at the time to be quite sensible, complete, and satisfactory. I know now that it was stupid.

Let the others fall for her, I thought. Even Willie Rotsler by this time was hooked on Bjo. He tried to simplify the whole thing by saying that she controlled all the fellows by the use of "thinly-veiled sex promises." I didn't give it any thought but assumed idly that maybe this was a good enough explanation.

One day I said to her, "Bjo, make me a thinly veiled sex promise." She sort of lowered her lids and slunk up to me (well, this time she slunk) and said in a low sexy voice (ever see a sexy pixie?), "That sort of thing works on boys, but for a mature man like you, I'd need something else."

She left me speechless. Big Mouth Burbee for once had nothing to say. I wonder what the "something else" was?

Well, if she was going to conquer me she certainly couldn't use sex because everybody knows I have no interest in sex. Besides that, I am hard-headed, stupid, suspicious, crude, mean, boorish, unjust, and intemperate, with no capacity for love of anything except home-brew and ragtime player pianos.

I must have presented a challenge to the young lady, for she outflanked me.

One day one of her agents smashed my typewriter.

I thought nothing of that. I was rather relieved. Now I had a fine excuse never

to write for fanzines again. I could even quit FAPA. I could stop writing letters.

Then, a few weeks after the typer was broken, Christmas came. (Later, as I recapped, I had the mad notion for one fleeting moment that Bjo had invented Christmas for the occasion). Bjo, through her disciples, gifted me with this very typer.

I fell in love insaantly with it. I laid my fingers gently on the keys and all sorts of fine stuff typed itself out. I had a ball, at first. I thought for a time I was really living. Why, it would even be fun to write fan material, I thought.

I was softening, like a dead fish in the sun.

Next time I saw Bjo, she didn't seem to say anything of great significance, but when she was gone I found I had a sort of inner craving to write untold amounts of material for SHANGRI-L'AFFAIRES. Without even thinking I told her that if Gordon Dewey wrote her an article I would write a companion piece, even titling it "Companion Piece" (Or: "How to Lay a Friend"). Just saying that exhilarated me.

When I saw her again the spell was somehow completed. I was completely englamored. I don't know what class of magic she used. There was no sex in it and surely she doesn't resemble a ragtime player piano but the whole thing was strong, valid stuff. I instantly wrote an article for that curious fanzine, and I am Bjo's slave just like all those other guys I used to chuckle about, and this mad, happy compulsion to write and write and write will not wear off until this typewriter ribbon wears out.

Then I'll be my own man again. I'll be free.

But what is there left in the world for a man who is not Bjo's slave?

-- Charles Burbee

THE RELUCTANT FAN

by Emile Greenleaf

"But why?"

"Oh, well...er, it's just..I'd rather not meet him."

"You had any kind of fuss with him? He ever done you anything?"

"No-oo. Nothing."

"You aren't afraid of him, are you? Look, all that stuff he tells Ella Parker and everybody is just in good fun. He's quite a kidder. But he doesn't mean a thing by it."

"Oh, I know that. That has nothing to do with it. It's just--aw, I can't put it into words."

"Look, if you're afraid he'll snub you because you're a neo, don't worry. He's even in the N3F, which proves that he's an all right guy."

"I never said he wasn't. It's just that..... You'd think it silly if I tried to tell you."

"No I wouldn't! Try me. Maybe I can help you."

"Well, it's like this. You'll probably laugh at me, but it's one of my phobias. I can't stand to see a CRY man.

--Emile Greenleaf

First off, folks, let ^{'s} get a few items of business out of the way. Ian McAulay-- George Locke, did you ever get your missing CRYs? I'm sure they were sent, and have put off replacing 'em in the hope and near-belief that they'd surely arrive sooner or later. Please do let me know (whether it's true or not)/^{that} they did arrive safely and that your files are in good shape.

Peter B. Hope--I DO believe in you, truly I do! The questionmark after your name indicated that I was trying to remember to ask Toskey to send you back issues, as you requested. Since it's been a year now, and I haven't remembered yet, I can only hope that Toskey will see this and remind me to ask him. Never fear, Peter--either it will be straightened out some day or else it won't be, and by that time perhaps we won't care. I do believe in you, though. I am absolutely convinced that at 435 Riverside Drive, New York, dwells Peter B. Hope. And we have lots of money from you, Peter. I am sure that you sub is in very good shape. Wouldn't you like me to apply that \$2 check from you toward a conmembership?

Back issues: people, we have CRYs 141, 138, 136, 135, 134, 132, & 131. Further back than that, check with Burnett R. Toskey, 7323 19th N.E., Seattle 15. He has back issues, from about 128 back, but what ones he has and what ones he hasn't I do not know at all. If you are going to send me any money for the CRYs that we have here, tell me what to do with it if the issue you want is sold out before your money arrives here.

So much for business. Now, in a round-about way, about TAFF:

At the business meeting at Pittsburgh a great many motions were made, and a great, excruciatingly unconscionably large amount of talk talk talk went on about relatively minor matters, matters which I thought could not unreasonably be left to the discretion of any sensible person such as myself. (Before you leap all over me for my undemocratic attitude and lack of humility, please be charitable and consider the possibility that I might be joking). I thought, they'll entrust us with the work, but they won't entrust us with any decisions that they can possibly make for us. As it happened, we were not saddled with any decisions which we considered regrettable, and the meeting did get over with eventually.

The very next day I hit Eric Bentcliffe up about TAFF--started explaining to him the Busby Views, which are, you'll remember, a three month voting period to be followed by a fund raising drive. Eric is the soul of politeness, is one of the most charming and delightful men alive, but as I explained TAFF to him, and told him how it should be run, I began to sense a certain restiveness within him--a certain buggedness, even. Suddenly, I was struck by a blinding flash of insight, and I realized that it was quite possible that Eric Bentcliffe enjoyed my telling him how to run TAFF about as much as I had enjoyed the business meeting the night before. I was stoned. I didn't know what to think. All my ideas began to shift like patterns in a kaleidoscope. Here's the way I feel at present:

What's wrong with TAFF? Really. & what's wrong with leaving TAFF in the hands of the two most recent TAFF representatives? They're going to have to do all the work--they might as well make the decisions. What's wrong with the way TAFF's been administered in the past? It's caused hard feelings? How much, and why? Surely, no inappropriate person has ever been elected TAFF representative. Let's look at the record. Vinz Clarke was elected, but didn't make the trip. Ken Bulmer was elected, and did. Lee Hoffman was elected, but didn't make the trip (on TAFF money). Robert Madle. Ron Bennett. Don Ford. Eric Bentcliffe. All these people were extremely eligible TAFF reps. Perhaps some of us might have preferred others in their places, but that's a normal, to-be-expected state of affairs. Since no improper person has ever been elected TAFF rep., why should we worry for fear it might happen? What real harm would it do if an ineligible candidate were elected? Now that TAFF is firmly established, I should think it would do no real harm whatsoever, and is most, most unlikely to occur anyhow.

Do not interpret this to mean that I am now against special funds. No! I am still very much in favor of special funds to supplement TAFF, but not to replace it. Fandom is now large and rich enough to support TAFF, and to support an occasional special fund for a special fan, right alongside it.

To get back to the last subject but one, let's leave TAFF administration in the capable hands of Eric and Don. They're good men. They'll do well by us. & let's support TAFF heavily. Ron Ellik and Richard Eney are running, you know. Gad! How to choose

between two such superb fans and charming gentlemen? Ah, it's not possible. Buz and I will support TAFF, but if it's just Eney running against Ellick, I doubt if we'll bother to vote. We have been in SAPS with Richard Eney most of the time since the spring of 1956, and always thought well of him. We met him for the first time at Pittsburgh, and liked him immensely. How could we possibly vote against him? And how could we possibly, possibly, possibly vote against Ron Ellick, whom we've met at four conventions now, and spent as much time in company with as we could, and laughed mightily at all his jokes? With respect to the two TAFF candidates presently running, my only wish is that both could go over!

We had a great time at Pittsburgh. I covered myself ^{with} shame and rue by smiling and waving at Randy Garrett--not once, but twice--thinking that he was Richard Eney. Actually, there's no resemblance at all. Richard Eney has a red beard, and Randy Garrett has merely a red waistcoat. And Eney is really nice, whereas Randy Garrett seems to regard rectums as outstandingly humorous portions of the anatomy, a belief which I have never found tenable, or even becoming. But I wasn't the only person who goofed.

I must tell you that Walter Breen showed up at the Pittcon somewhat in need of a haircut. Buz and Sidney Coleman and I went out for supper together Saturday night, and, walking past a barber shop, Buz saw a man in the barber's chair getting a haircut. He was immediately convinced that the man was Walter Breen, and I'll admit there was a very strong resemblance. Buz went back and stood in front of the window and caught the man's attention, and cheered and applauded and waved his hands above his head to signify his warm approbation. The man in the chair smiled and nodded very pleasantly, but as the three of us walked away and Buz explained that that had been Walter Breen getting a HAIRCUT, Sidney and I were forced to inform Buz that he had made a mistake. "No, Buz," said Sidney. "You should have been able to tell at a glance that he wasn't Walter Breen. That man had shoes on." Buz still thought that it probably had been Walter Breen, until the next time we saw Walter.

Another thing that happened at Pittsburgh was meeting Harlan Ellison for the first time. Later I griped to Boyd Raeburn that here I had been in fandom for years and years and had been hearing about Harlan Ellison all that time, and nobody had ever told me how unutterably fabulous he was. Boyd thought for a bit, and then informed me that Harlan has not always been quite so fabulous. He said that Harlan was more fabulous at Detroit than he had ever been previously, and that he was more fabulous at Pittsburgh than he had been at Detroit. So I was much pleased to hear that there was a reasonable reason for what I might otherwise have imagined to be a Conspiracy of Silence or something. In person, Harlan is a short, thin, well-proportioned young man with sharp features, brown hair brushed straight across his forehead and occasionally falling forward, pale skin, well-cut lips, large misty blue eyes, eloquent eyebrows tufted on the inside corners, which give him an innocent and sincere look--he can look quite elaborately guileless. He is a terrific story-teller, vivid, dynamic, and neither malicious nor particularly obscene. I was quite impressed by him--so much so that once when someone said something I thought worthy of comment I could only mutter bemusedly "If I were Harlan Ellison I'd say something appropriate."

Well, we met lots of nice people at Pittsburgh--lots of nice CRYsubbers, to all of whom I say "Hi!" We had a ball.

On the trip home, we stopped off and visited another CRYsubber, our old friend Wrai Ballard. We had a great time there, too, visiting Wrai and his folks and shooting Wrai's guns. I had never shot a pistol before, nor had Buz for many years, but we liked Wrai's Deringer 4 so well that when we got home we bought a pair for ourselves. We (& Jim Webbert) went out to the police range last Saturday, and shot boxes and boxes of ammo, and found our little guns are quite accurate even for 75 feet, and hardly wanted to come home at all except it got dark and we ran out of ammunition. We would have gone out there again this afternoon, except that we had to stay home and work on CRY, and I hope you people appreciate our sense of dedication and all like that--to YOU, you know! 'Twas a lovely day today--just right for target shooting, too.

Shall I say another word about TAFF? I might as well. You know, Buz and I were supporting Mal Ashworth, and we were disappointed when he didn't win. But after we met Eric Bentcliffe we weren't disappointed anymore. No matter how much we might have enjoyed meeting Mal, we couldn't possibly have enjoyed him more than Eric. But we hope to have an opportunity to vote for Mal again on the next westbound trip, so that we may enjoy meeting him TOO.

Elinor Busby

I've been reading fanzines for over ten years now, and though I must say that on the whole I've been pleased and satisfied with the scribblings presented, still it seems to me that there has been an important omission. I've read countless thumbnail histories of science fiction and various sf mags; I've read biographies of the important men in the field; surveys of trends and ideas and styles in science fiction. I've read praise for John Campbell, Sam Merwin, Tony Boucher, Hugo Gernsback, Don Wollheim, and just about every editor the field has ever had. That's why it's hard for me to understand the complete omission of praise for the greatest editor that we've seen in this field: T. O'Connor Sloane, Ph.D., who was Associate Editor of AMAZING while Gernsback was publishing it, and Editor in full from the time Gernsback left until Ziff-Davis and Ray Palmer took over in the late '30's--in all, a period of about ten years.

During that decade AMAZING published a good deal of top science fiction; such men as David H. Keller, Jack Williamson, E.E. Smith, John W. Campbell, Miles J. Breuer, Francis Flagg and many others appeared regularly in its pages. It was an important decade in the development of science fiction, and yet one that seldom is mentioned; fan historians seem to prefer to write on ASTOUNDING during that period rather than AMAZING. They point to the pioneer work done by Campbell late in the '30's as ASTOUNDING's editor, or to the meteoric rise of Stanley G. Weinbaum in WONDER and ASTOUNDING; they remember fondly the Brundage covers on WEIRD TALES then, or the work of Wesso or H. V. Browne. AMAZING and T. O'Connor Sloane rate barely a mention, for some reason.

Mentioning the artists used by other magazines--and we mustn't forget Frank R. Paul, who left AMAZING when Gernsback did--perhaps provides an important clue as to why AMAZING isn't remembered fondly today. For during the '30's almost all the artwork in AMAZING was done by Leo Morey, one of the most lacklustre artists in s-f's history. One can't get the great nostalgic feeling looking through a file of magazines sporting Morey covers that one can get by looking through mags bedecked by Brundage or Paul covers.

This is not, of course, a fair way to judge a magazine; the judgment should be made on the basis of the stories more than anything else. But I think this sort of thing--the personality of the magazine, the "feeling" one gets by looking through its issues--is the criterion which has caused Sloane's AMAZING to come up short in the reckoning of historians. AMAZING under Sloane seemed pretty dry stuff, there's no doubt about it.

Nevertheless, in this little essay I intend to concentrate on this aspect of Sloane's editorship--the personality of his mags--and try to show why I rank him as one of s-f's greatest editors. Because, to me, AMAZING under Sloane was just as much fun as any magazine ever published in the field.

I'll say little about the artwork, except to mention that for all his faults Morey was underrated, I think. He did come up with a fair amount of good covers and interiors--some of them copying Paul, of course--and if anyone still thinks all of his covers were dull he might remember that a 1934 Morey cover had no less than six nudes on the cover, five of them females, one of the latter complete with four bare breasts. You'd never have seen that from Frank R. Paul!

Sloane's forte, though, was in the editorial personality that was prevalent throughout the issues he edited. One of my most pleasant pastimes is leafing through my old AMAZINGS reading his story blurbs and the letter columns with the wonderful titles he would give the letters and the straight-faced replies he always came up with. As I've mentioned, Sloane seems to be remembered as a singularly dull and pedantic figure, but from the evidence of his blurbs and such it's hard to think that this can be true. If Sloan was as pedantic as it seems on the surface of it, then indeed he must have set a new record for such things--but frankly, some of Sloane's editorial comments read to me like the height of straight-faced humor, and I simply can't imagine anybody writing some of those blurbs seriously.

It's always puzzled me how a learned, dry, dull man such as Sloane is assumed to have been could ever have got mixed up with a sf magazine in the first place. Stf had very little respectability then, remember; it was just beginning its long uphill fight to crawl out of the crackpot category. I think Sloane must have realized how silly some of the stories he printed were, how ridiculous were many of the comments he received from his readers, and how far-fetched were the "scientific" ideas of his authors. Just by reading

his blurbs I get a picture of a patient, learned man who yet had an insidious sense of humor about him which kept him going even when he had to deal with brash youngsters criticizing Einstein and making like literary critics about the work of 17-year-olds who tried to sound older by using their middle names in their bylines (G. Peyton Wertenbaker, for instance). It was a thoroughly ridiculous situation; Sloane must have realized it. And he must have had a sense of humor; I categorically deny that he was always as serious as historians and fans have assumed.

For instance, there was this blurb from the December 1933 issue, for Otis Adelbert Kline's short story, "A Vision of Venus":

This is a very nice short story, verging on the short, short order, and will be enjoyed by all of our readers. We have not had a story by Mr. Kline for some time and we are sure this one will be welcome. There is a love motif, but not of an order to excite opposition from our readers.

A lot of people probably took that blurb straight, and thought "Good heavens, what a nut Sloane was!" And that seems strange: haven't we had countless satires on youngsters who read stf but blush at Bergey covers? Isn't one of the oldest fan-satire themes "Sex and Stf Don't Mix"?

Remember Cleve Cartmills definition of a fan? "I am a science fiction fan. I am twelve years old. I don't like stories with sex in them. They make me feel funny."

I think Sloane simply knew his readers for what they were, and was following a practice of straightfaced humor in his blurbs.

And make no mistake about it, Sloane was a superb satirist in his blurbs. He had a way of going on for several sentences in his terribly dry manner, as above, and then hitting you unexpectedly between the eyes with an absolutely ridiculous punchline. Remember this blurb from the March 1930 issue, for G. Peyton Wertenbaker's "The Ship That Turned Aside"?:

Perhaps because so little definite information can be obtained on the subject of the fourth dimension, authors with good imagination and an interest in scientific theories find in this subject a fertile field to work in.

Why, after all, might it not be only a thin and penetrable veil of vibration or radiation that separates the third dimension from the unknown and mysterious fourth?

G. Peyton Wertenbaker's reputation as a writer of scientific fiction is established. He gives us some surprising and unexpectedly good turns in this bizarre tale of travelers in unknown space and in the fourth dimension.

Besides, this story is a true literary classic.

Notice the snapper at the end? What skill the man had for misdirection! He writes on for three paragraphs about authors with good imaginations and scientific extrapolation and such, and then in the last sentence, as if it were an afterthought, he blithely adds that the story is a true literary classic!

A dry pedant, indeed.

By the way, it's a bit difficult for me to decide whether or not he was kidding about that story being a classic. On the one hand, it would have been just like him to satirize his readers' overestimation of science fiction in such an offhand manner--but on the other hand, that story was a damn good one, standing head-and-shoulders above most science fiction of the day. Well, in any case it was no "true literary classic," so maybe Sloane realized its worth by exaggerated it just for the hell of it. Sort of a touch of whimsy, like.

Sloane was very often whimsical, it seems to me. Glancing through the AMAZING lettercolumn, "Discussions," I'm continually amused by the titles given the letters. Most of them are just dry and stodgy ("Some Carefully Thought Out Criticism".."Some Curious Views About The Moon--A Suggestion For A Story".."An Appreciation Of Our Artists And Stories"..*etc.*), but others strike me as something that Sloane stuck on the letters with a little grin and a shrug: "Although A Flattering Letter, We Publish It".."A Letter Of Very Breezy CRiticism".."An Author On the War Path"..*etc.*

John W. Campbell Jr. was a regular contributor to the lettercolumns for some time, usually arguing science with E. E. Smith. Once a reader jumped into the gray and picked apart one of Campbell's theories, and Sloane promptly titled the letter, "One On John W. Campbell, Jr."

Another of my favorite Sloane-isms was the letter saying that AMAZING was slipping (this was in 1931), which Sloane titled with his characteristically strange syntax, "The 'Downfall'(!) of AMAZING STORIES, But It Is Not Falling Down".

I tell you, the man was a genius!

Of course, all geniuses are sometimes hard to understand, and I confess that I'm a bit confused by one of Sloane's little peccadilloes. He had a strange habit of writing blurbs that made it absolutely pointless to read the story--he'd synopsise the whole plot in the introduction, like this one for Stanton Coblenz's "In the Footsteps of the Wasp" in August 1934:

Mr. Coblenz is one of the best liked authors with whose works we have been favored. In the present story he appears in the role of a short story teller and very ingeniously brings everything to a happy conclusion where a whole nation is rescued from tyranny and almost extinction. We are sure that our readers will enjoy it.

After a blurb like that, I visualize Sloane leaning back in his old leather-upholstered chair and mentally adding, "...if they bother to read it."

To tell the truth, such blurbs by Sloane have never bothered my appreciation of the stories concerned, because actually there was seldom much suspense or emphasis on plot-twists in the Sloane AMAZING. The writers of his day just weren't interested in plotting, I guess; certainly this type of blurb Sloane so often wrote makes it seem as though he too assumed this. What was interesting to them (and, presumably, to Sloane) was the science and extrapolation embodied in the stories. Certainly when he presented such a lovely satire as Miles J. Breuer's "The Gostak and the Doshes" he declined to mention the satire and instead advised:

But be sure to read the story when your mind is thoroughly clear and rested.

There will be a marked difference in your reaction.

Sloane knew very well that his authors sometimes got pretty far-out with their theorizing!

I wanted to mention in this little survey another of my favorite Sloane-isms, but I can't seem to find it in the issues in my collection, which is admittedly incomplete. But I remember it clearly, and it somehow sums up for me the personality that was T. O'Connor Sloane, Ph.D., the conservative, cultured, formal-mannered yet whimsical science fiction editor. In his reply to a letter from a reader in Australia, he wrote, "Thank you very much for your very well thought out letter of criticism. We are always pleased to hear from our readers in the Antipodes."

Isn't that terrific? Where today can you find a sf editor with such old-world charm as had T. O'Connor Sloane, Ph.D.? I regard it as a great loss to us all that Sloane is no longer connected with the field.

All sorts of visions swim before my eyes. What if Sloane hadn't left the field? What if, when Ziff-Davis bought AMAZING, Sloane had later come back to the field, perhaps as the editor of STARTLING or THRILLING WONDER in the '40's? It's very interesting to try to imagine how he might have edited a science fiction magazine in a different era. To imagine, for instance, T. O'Connor Sloane, Ph.D., as Sergeant Saturn in the STARTLING and TWS lettercolumns. Here was one typical quote from the Sergeant Saturn era, answering a typically rude letter from a reader:

Wart-ears, you must have slipped that letter in while ye Sarge was squeezing the juice from two jars of Xeno for his matinal uplifter. Go dip your head in a pail of aqua pura as punishment--and hold it there until ye Sarge tells you to take it out!

I really can't imagine Sloane writing anything quite like that, of course. Written by Sloane, it might have come out something like this:

One wonders, Wart-ears, if perhaps one of our companions consigned the above rather breezy letter to the stack of those for publication while this humble officer of our dear planet was engaged in partaking of liquid refreshment.

However, we are always pleased to hear from any of our readers.

Of course, this immediately brings to mind another amusing thought. What if Sloane had been editing the PLANET STORIES lettercolumn, say, during the heyday of such flagrantly offensive letterhacks as Edwin Sigler? We might have read:

We are always pleased to hear from our racist readers in the Old South.

Or what if Sloane had been editing ASTOUNDING when van Vogt came up with "The World of A"? He might have written some such blurb as:

Mr. van Vogt has proved his popularity, and this story will surely add to it. It combines many virtues such as swift pace, intriguing situations, and colourful scenes. But be sure to read the story when your mind is thoroughly clear and rested, as it might make sense that way.

Or--good heavens!--what if Sloane were editing the Galaxy/Beacon series of novels being published currently? I immediately have visions of Sloane's blurb for Philip Jose Farmer's "Flesh":

There is a love motif, but not of an order to excite opposition from our lascivious readers.

And finally (the Ultimate Vision) I imagine T. O'Connor Sloane, Ph.D., acting as editor of the CRY lettercol. I imagine letters from Bob Smith titled, A BREEZY LETTER FROM THE ANTIPODES, or ONE ON MR. RAEBURN, etc.

Or perhaps we might have such editorial comments as:

We are always pleased to hear from a stupid clod of a woman in the British Isles.

-- Terry Carr

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"Dean Drive"

(a speculative song, by F. M. Busby. To be sung to the tune of "Green Door")

Midnight! One more night without sleeping!
Reading Campbell's writings and weeping...
Dean Drive! What's that secret you're keeping?

There's a lot that doesn't seem to meet the eye about the Dean Drive;
It's a lot to ask a man, to know the why behind the Dean Drive;
There's a lot of folks who aren't so very high about the Dean Drive.

Dean's place! Only Campbell has been there;
Dean's Place-- theory runs awfully thin there;
Wonder: just what's going on in there?

There's a swingin' weight that's bouncing up and down inside the Dean Drive;
When interrogated, Campbell says we all can ride the Dean Drive;
Seems to be my fate to wonder just what's up besides the Dean Drive.

Space drive! Anti-gravity's needed;
Space drive? Why is Dean so unheeded?
Could be, all those claims aren't conceded.

There are shafts and weights, and both the weights are mates inside the Dean/
And the weight rotates (John says it levitates) inside the Dean Drive;
And he fulminates when swingin' Science gates deride the Dean Drive.

John says, here's a three-body problem;
John says, this is Science's goblin;
Meanwhile, Dean Drive keeps right on wobblin'.

There's a pulse that operates a solenoid to work the Dean Drive,
But it doesn't operate within a void to jerk the Dean Drive;
It's the spring-suspension that has me annoyed about the Dean Drive.

Midnight! One more night without sleeping!
Reading Campbell's writings and weeping...
Dean Drive! What's that secret you're keeping?

+ + + + + + + +

Chapter One: MARS

Simon Twink wanted to go to Mars, to the first Martian science fiction convention, at New Bedford.

Item..he hadn't got the World \$10,000 for the fare, in fact..he scratched his head and felt in the hip pocket of his scarlet shorts..in fact, he only had a five thousandth of that amount, if you counted that morning's sub from Japan.

Item..supposing by some miracle he got the W\$10,000, he couldn't get a passage in the liner, anyway; technicians first, young married couples second, that was the priority. He knew a young non-fan doll, 'bout eighteen, he could elope with, that would take care of the second priority, but would also mean W\$20,000, and she owed him W\$3.

Item..supposing he got the fare and the priority, if the fans on Mars knew that an Earth fan intended to attend their first convention he'd never get off the planet alive! It was a pity, really; Isaac Flynn, the treasurer of the Trans Planet Fan Fund had absconded with the cash which had been collected to get Serge Clinka from Mars to attend the Istanbul World Con in '07..the Martian fen had never forgiven Earth Fandom for the Flynn incident..and no amount of pleading in fanzines would alter their frigid point of view; they even stopped trading fanzines!

Twink leaned against the wall outside the Crap Hall on East 55th Street, Council Bluffs, and he frowned. If he could have traced Isaac Flynn and got the money; but heck, Flynn had last been heard of on a Venus tramp two years ago, so that sure was a stupid suggestion. He kicked himself in frustration.

He spit a lump of chewing gum at a fly on the sidewalk. Missed it. He kicked an empty cigarette carton onto the boulevard and a passing turbocar flicked it back at him with the speed of its passing.

That was life. What the hades was the use of wishing to go to the first Martian Con when he couldn't even manage to raise the turbo fare to cross town for that evening's meeting of a group known the fannish world over as The Bluff Merchants!

Twink slouched home, nodded to his mother, picked up the morning newspaper, lay down on his bunk, just casually looked at the "Men Wanted." He realized that one of these years he would have to get a job.....

Then he leaped to his feet.....

.....

.....

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...

The small square seemed to blink in blue neon lights as he read it and re-read it. Chee.

GESTETNER wanted a salesman on Mars.

He put cream on his hair, combed it, polished his green toecaps, caught the turbo to the local Gestetner office.

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Simon Twink almost trembled as he sat on the plastifoam couch in the outer office of Gestetner, in New York, a week later. He had been lucky, but could his luck hold out? From the whole of America he had become one of the last six to be considered for the post, which specified a four month trip, with chances of a big and more-than-generous commission if he got orders for the new solar-powered Gestetners, or solicited sufficient unsolicited testimonials on the three machines he was to take with him as examples.

The girl with the golden finger nails told him to go into the Personnel Manager's office..he was the last one to go in, and the long wait had not done his appearance any good, but a quick wipe of the toecaps on his cuffs, and a crafty swipe with the comb just as he opened the door to Mr. A. J. Tuffwit's office made him at least feel better.

First of all, A. J. asked him about his sales experience.

Twink said he hadn't any, but he knew it was his forte.

A. J. sniffed, and scribbled something on a sheet of paper in front of him. Or did he cross something out?

A. J. asked him about his experience with Gestetners, and Twink spoke for 25 minutes on the superb mechanical achievements of a wide range of Gestetner machines, including an old 580 model from the late '60's. Twink's own muper was a 580 model, and he knew whereof he talked. What he didn't know was that Gestetner wanted a 580 model for their

museum, and before he knew what had hit him he held in his hand a check for W\$250.

A. J. Asked him if he thought he'd like it on Mars. Twink bluffed a mite, then recovered his composure and said it was his own opinion that he would be ideal as Gestetner salesman on Mars.....he was an amateur writer and had more than average powers of observation and expression, and, why, hadn't he sold Gestetner a Gestetner about fifty years old; wasn't that salesmanship?

A.J. said he liked the look of Twink, and he'd hear one way or the other in a few days.....

.....

Twink supervised the packing of three large wooden crates in the cargo hold of the huge silver and red SARATOGA. It all seemed so impossible. He had a fifty million mile run in the newest liner....he had a liberal expense account....he would be away from home for some months....best of all, he'd investigate the Mars con at New Bedford..... he had the necessary cover, a duper salesman, but he'd just have to go in disguise. He'd made the foto sheet in CRY OF THE NAMELESS #833, and Mars Fandom was trading then....

.....

A different Twink walked down the ramp of the SARATOGA on the concrete ramp on the Mars liner station at Llanfairpwllgwyngyllgogerychwyrndrobwl-llantysiliogogoch. (Everyone admitted it was a hell of a pity that the captain of the first ship to land on Mars had been born in North Wales and was a true patriot at heart.

Twink had had a fringe cut over his forehead, and had his curls clipped rather drastically. He'd grown a small wispy mustache, and a rather tuftier beard. With a pair of dark glasses, he doubted any of the Martian fen would recognise him. It didn't matter about his name. He could go to New Bedford as a Gestetner salesman under an alias; no one would know....Fred Perkins, that would do.

He waited a couple of hours until his freight was unloaded, and had it taken to a domed warehouse which Gestetner had book for him. Better get settled in and try to make a few sales before starting anything in the fanac line.....

.....

Twink got rid of his three solar-powered dupers inside a week. He hadn't sold them but he'd tried a line of patter and persuaded a lichen farmer, a plutonium prospector, and a newly landed colonial family (a young married couple) to borrow the Gestetners for short trial periods. Twink was secretly a bit ashamed of his technique, but, weeeell, business was business, and if they didn't sell he wasn't worried; best of all, he'd made time for the con.

.....

There were seventy-seven fans on Mars. Thirty of them managed to get to New Bedford. Most of them had flown in via private jet (everyone who lived way out in the country, as it was termed, needed a jet) but several thick-tyred tractors were parked outside the Con Hotel, under the vast transparent dome.

He was warmly welcomed when they heard he was a duper salesman, and his first task was to repair a small portable duper, borrowed from an air force office by the colonel's son, who pubbed what was acknowledged to be the best Martian fanzine: STRIDENT TRIDENT.

He wanted so much to join in ^{had} the fannish activities (which so very much resembled fanac back home; after all, they/most all come from earth, or their parents had before them.) Twink (or Perkins) was very depressed when he heard of the hate they felt toward Earth fandom, but when they told him the Flynn story he was forced to admit to them (in his guise of a nonfan) that sure, they had a ponnt.

The high spot of the con came on the second day, when Truesdale Jones, a BNF from Venus, was to address them on "The Merits of the Eight-Armed Venusian Scringe as a Fanzine Collator." He hadn't arrived, but a jet had been sent to ~~Llanfairpwll~~ the liner port to rush him to New Bedford.

Then, excitement.....a loudspeaker on the dome ceiling announced that Truesdale was on his way..would soon be there....a crowd rushed to the airlock and the Venusian BNF walked in, handing out copies of his latest compendium.

He climbed the rostrum, looked around him, cracked a pun or two, got his audience in a good mood, coughed, ruffled a sheaf of notes, looked up, and suddenly screamed "Flynn!" at the top of his voice.

He was pointing at Perkins (or Twink).

.....

Twink had thought he was going to be lynched. He had in fact been punched and kicked before the Colonel's son, Hayter Stevens, had shouted for quiet and said they were lucky, they had Flynn, and it seemed the fannish thing to do to hold a trial. One of the girls present could take shorthand notes, and wouldn't it make a smashing oneshot?

In an hour the court was ready. Truesdale Jones said he'd sure like to be judge, but he couldn't really, as he'd have to give evidence of identity. Hayter was then chosen as judge, and Truesdale called as first witness.

He said on oath (he touched a copy of FANAC 1 and muttered an incantation to Bloch) that he recognised Flynn from a video tape flashed on all the screens in Venus. Flynn, with fringe, cut curls, moustache, beard and dark glasses, had raided the Venus Gold Exchange with an armed gang, and had seized an air force rocket and had blasted off Saturn-wards. Truesdale said the man before him must be Flynn, that he had never been so positive in all his life. And the accent, too, it was the same, and the clothes..

Twink said he was Perkins. Maybe he didn't really sound convincing, and that was a fault. He said it was just a coincidence he looked like Flynn, and the accent and clothes, well, both he and Flynn came from Earth, didn't they?

Judge Hayter said no one had said that Flynn had come from Earth, therefore Twink (or Flynn, or Perkins) had given himself away.

A second witness was called, Virbinia Plunkett. My, thought Twink, she was a doll. Red hair, blueish green eyes, and a figure like.....but chee, he was in a jam, to hell with her figure, although.....

"and in a conversation with Perkins, rather, Flynn, yesterday, I solicited the fact that he arrived on the SARATOGA at the air port on the 27th. I put through a telecall to the airport twenty minutes ago, and was told that no one called Perkins had landed from the SARATOGA on that date. I also telecalled the Gestetner office, and they say their salesman was called Simon Twink, and that he is at the moment on the Ice Range."

... True, thought Twink. That's where he told 'em he'd be..couldn't have said he was going to spend a week at New Bedford. It would have been a poor excuse; he could have said he was trying to tell the solar duper to fans, but they wouldn't be able to afford the high price. No, the Ice Range had seemed the best place to be, vast and barren and not easy to get hold of anyone.....and now he was sunk. To them the next worst thing to being Flynn was to be an Earth fan.

The trial continued to lunch time, when Judge Hayter called a recess for repast.

Twink munched his pineapple jelloide when a female voice screamed "The dome is punctured!" Everyone ran in opposite directions.

"Quick, Simon," Virginia said to him, "the third tractor from the airlock; you'll get a jet from New Bedford port in fifteen minutes."

And she was gone, lost in the crowd looking for the puncture.

Things were moving fast for him, but he raced to the air lock, pressed levers, waited, and dashed to the nominated tractor holding his breath. He nipped inside, took a breath of the manufactured air, and turned the wheel like mad to get out of the closely bunched line of tractors. He bounded over the sand, saw tractors start off in pursuit behind him.

He made the jet with seconds to spare.

.....

Back at the Gestetner office on Mars, he shaved off the beard and moustache, and found that the gold was waiting for him for the three Gestetners..HE'D SOLD 'EM...and also video tapes giving testimonials. He didn't play 'em over; he was wondering if he should go over to New Bedford and try to trace Virginia now that the convention was over....then he decided he wouldn't have time before the SARATOGA left on its return journey to Earth.

Maybe, in future.....

.....

A.J. met him at the port in New York.

He was delighted, bubbling over with enthusiasm.

"Wonderful news, Twink," he enthused. "I always had faith in you, but you sold

the three of them. Let's rush to the office and play the testimonials."

Twink tried to think of an excuse, but there was the matter of his commission, so he turbo'd to the Gestetner headquarters.

.....
A.J. addressed the assembly.

"Gentlemen," he said proudly, "most of you are Gestetner salesmen, and I've called you here today to meet our newest and youngest representative, Simon Twink. Playing a hunch, I sent this young and inexperienced man to Mars.....remember that we've never sold a machine there in three sales trips. Twink here sold all three. He has video testimonials here, and when Twink has addressed you, giving, I'm sure, details of his high pressure technique, I'll play them for you. Er, Twink?"

Simon Twink stood up. He was thinking about Virginia Plunkett.....

"Well," he said, "what I say is, if you've got to sell Gestetners, well, you've gotta sell 'em." He waited for applause, which didn't come, then continued. "Like, basically, well, it is more of a sort of combination of, well, it's the results which count, isn't it?"

He sat down to a murmur of bewilderment.

"Um, obviously Twink is reticent about his technique, but I ll play the video testimonials now."

The lights were turned down, and the wall screen lit up.

A man with a beard and a red face grinned from the screen.

"I am a lichen farmer on Mars," he croaked, "and your salesman sold me a Gestetner, solar-powered. It is the finest machine I've ever seen. So far, eleven of my fellow farmers have asked for the loan of it, and I'm sure that if more machines are shipped, they will find a ready market. The machinery is so deliaate and hard-wearing, and the way the rollers shred the seed from the lichen is wonderful to behold. Yes, the Gestetner Lichen-Seed Remover is/an all-time giz. I thoroughly recommend it."

The face faded, and there was complite silence in the assembly room.

There was a pause, all the more potent because of the accompanying darkness.

Then came the second testimonial.

A grizzled man in blue overalls with a pick in his left hand, and with a transparent helmet on his head.

"I am a plutonium prospector, and one lucky day I took on temporary lease a solar-powered Gestetner. Luckiest thing I ever did. Shan't tell any of the other prospectors. This is my technique, as advised by your Mr. Twink. The ore in the Ice Range strata is in thin wafer-like layers. When the space between the rollers on the Gestetner is compressed as tight as possible, and when the slices of ore are rolled between 'em, the plutonium bearing strips remain rigid, and the rest of the ore is ground to....."

The testimonial was switched off.

The lights went on.

A.J. was stuffing pills into his mouth, and three of/the audience were being carried out.

"What did the young colonial couple do, Twink?" A.J. thundered, "use the Gestetner to mangle her undies? Come to my office."

They climbed over a few recombent forms to the luxury of A.J.'s office.

.....
"Hm, I see your point of view, Twink, right enough. I did send you to sell Gestetners, didn't I? Well, here's your cheque, quite generous, I think."

They shook hands, and Twink caught a jet to Council Bluffs.

.....
"....and listen, fellahs, it was the greatest. And that fem Virginia, chee, legs all the way up to her nether regions....."

The Bluff Merchants sat in an awed circle aronnd Twink as, in his moment of rightly earned glory he recited his adventures. An Earth fan had finally succeeded in attending a Mars Con.

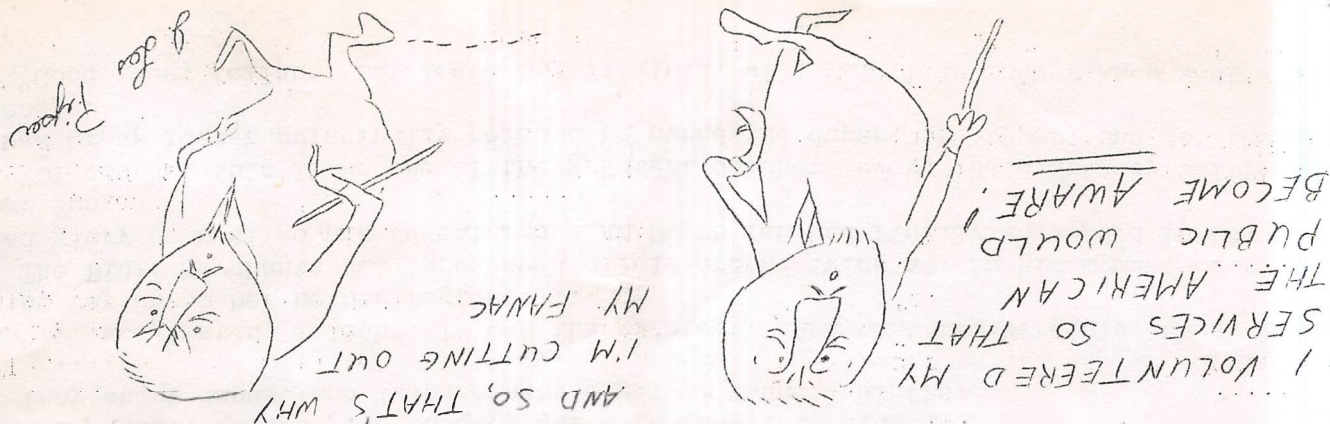
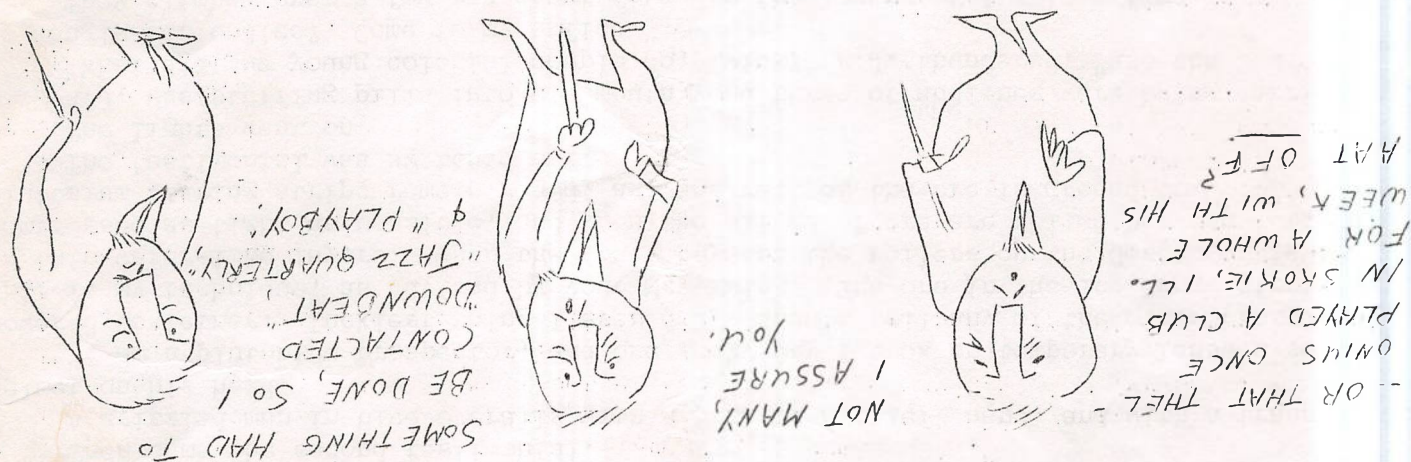
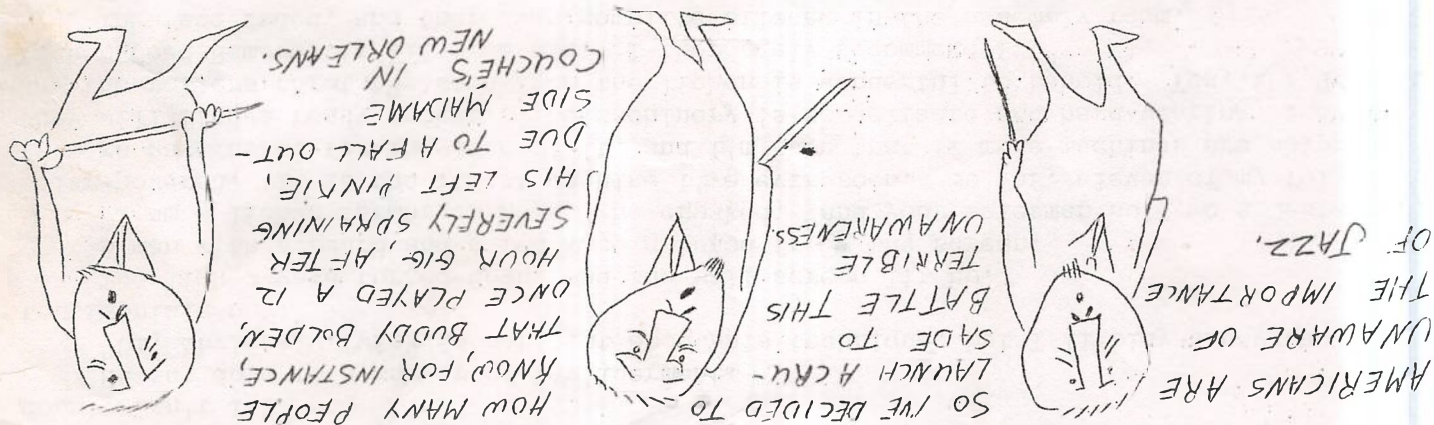
"Of course, this'll be one of the greatest oneshots ever," said Gregory Sniffwald, who was group leader principally because he owned the duper, the typer, and got the paper wholesale.

"Good idea, fellahs, but leave out Virginia, will ya? Like, never know what will

happen in the future.. wouldn't like her to go gaffa just because she helped me. Well, pass me a few stencils, whilst I bash out the full gripping story. Get the duper inked up...."

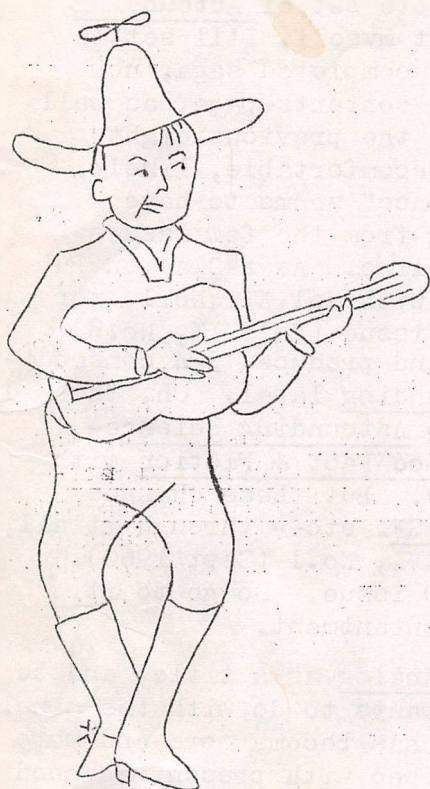
It took eight hours to produce a 20 page oneshot, with realistic illos by Dick Futz. The fans left their room gloriously happy. Possibly one of the greatest scoops ever known in fandom, rivaling the news in 1967 that Aunt Mabel in the WOMANS WEEKLY was really Burnett Toskey. Twink shouted a happy 'goodnight' as he turned down 74th street. Quick as lightning it happened. A black turbo drew in to the kerb, strong arms gripped him, and the turbo swerved away into the speed lane.

TO BE CONTINUED



CUTTING DOWN ON FANAC (Can be sung to almost any Western melody.)

by Donald Franson



I'm cutting down on fanac, I'm giving up the grind,
 I've sold my duplicator, all apas I've resigned,
 I'm nearly gafiating, there's nothing left to do,
 I'm cutting down on fanac, and I'm tired of egoboo.

I've got a tower of fanzines, that's piled up to the sky,
 I can't find time to comment, no longer even try,
 And though I hate to slight them, I hope fans realize,
 I'm cutting down on fanac, and can't even criticize.

The Minutes don't amuse me, the CRY don't seem the same,
 The letterhacks confuse me, I can't get in their game,
 The also-heard-from's got me, I've lost my fannish touch,
 I'm cutting down on fanac, I guess I did too much.

I've dropped my correspondence, don't even answer wires,
 I haven't mailed a postcard since the one I sent Bill Meyers,
 I've placed an ad in SHAGGY, to stop my fannish mail,
 I'm cutting down on fanac, 'cause my fanac's going stale.

Gem Carr don't aggravate me, I don't care what she writes,
 The serconfans can hate me, I've had my fill of fights,
 I've lost my taste for feuding, I've quit the en-three-eff,
 I'm cutting down on fanac, and I'm even cutting stef.

I can't keep up with Campbell, I don't get mad at Gold,
 I've quit the newsstand gamble, new prozines leave me cold,
 I've lost my sense of wonder, with half my mags unread,
 I'm cutting down on fanac, and my love for stef is dead.

I can't enjoy a story, even from the Golden Age,
 I gave my mags to Forry, I haven't saved a page,
 No room for a collection, that only gathers dust,
 I'm cutting down on fanac, science fiction is a bust.

The club still sends me greetings, invites to talk and eat,
 I don't attend the meetings, they're too far down the street,
 I missed the last convention, just walked right past the door,
 I'm cutting down on fanac, and I don't want any more.

I'm moving out of Fansville, I won't tell FANAC where,
 I'm going to Mundania, there are no fans down there,
 I'll find a desert island, remote from fannish scenes,
 I'm cutting down on fanac, and I'm using drastic means.

I've said Goodbye to Fandom, I've pubbed my Last Farewell,
 I'm throwing out my fanzines, and fans can go to hell,
 I'm going to find a hobby, that's not so damn much work,
 I'm cutting down on fanac, tired of being an unpaid clerk.

No more will faneds hound me, to kick in or respond,
 I'm going to where they found me, the mundane world beyond,
 I need a long vacation, far from this storm and strife,
 I'm cutting down on fanac, GAFIA IS A WAY OF LIFE.

The Ever-Lovin' Blue-Eyed SCIENCE-FICTION Field Plowed Under...

by Renfrew Pemberton & his Other Head

Completists, note: it is now possible to obtain a complete set of Astounding, consisting (I believe) of 358 issues. Not being a completist myself, I'll settle for the 296 I have, probably. But let's have a look at this completed saga, now that "Astounding" has disappeared from the fine print on the contents-page, as well as having been gradually forced off the cover and spine over the previous eight issues while the word "Fact" leered at it and made it feel uncomfortable, likely.

Astounding Stories of Super-Science (the "of Super Science" seems to have flashed on and off the covers at the editorial whim, judging from the few issues at hand from that era) first appeared with a Jan, 1930, dateline. As a Clayton Pub it ran 34 issues in 39 months, 3 issues to a volume, ending with Vol.XII, No.1, for March 1933. Street & Smith resumed with the October, 1933, issue (Vol.XLI, No.2), ran Vol.XII and all subsequent volumes to six issues each, and produced 324 consecutive monthly issues (that's 27 years, folks!) under the Astounding label. Oh, the name on the contents-page changed from Astounding Stories to Astounding Science-Fiction with the March, 1938, issue, and to Astounding Science Fact & Fiction with the February 1960 issue (as you are well aware, one and all). But these changes are of a piece with the logo-tinkering that changed ASF to aSF. etc-- through it all, the fine print said "Astounding", up to and including Vol.LXVI, No.1 (Sept 1960). But now the legal title is Analog, starting with the Oct '60 issue. So go to it, you completists, and then you can sit back with a sigh of contentment.

It took me awhile to realize the true significance of Analog as a title, and to see that it is apt, indeed, in relation to what the editor wants to do with the zinc. It is certainly no secret that for some years now, Campbell has become more and more interested in delivering a Message, and less and less concerned with presenting good stories for their own sake. There is nothing wrong with the first half of the attitude; it's the last part that annoys and disappoints fandom (and probably the general reader as well). I like a good story with a Message every bit as well as one without, unless the Message itself bugs me so thoroughly as to spoil the tale (and this is not too usual, with me). But it is terribly discouraging to see ever-increasing indications that Campbell persists in preferring mediocre stories that carry the Message, to good ones that do not.

It was not always thus; at one time, the Message stories were apt to be the top items in the issue. For instance, some very good stuff came out of the period when Campbell, disillusioned with Hubbard, was digging deeply into the mechanisms of insight, etc: Raymond F Jones' "The School" (Dec '54) was loaded with whammy, though "They'd Rather Be Right" (the major premise of which is unassailable) somehow became all-too-plonking and detracted from its own Message before "The End" came along.

There is nothing wrong with pushing a Message, if (1) the message itself is a valid one, and (2) you go about it right. Passing the first point as a matter of individual opinion at this time, Campbell is fouling up on the second: the way to get a Message across to a gang of readers who want good stories is to print only the T*O*P Message-carrying stories, along with the best just-plain-good stories you can round up. Instead, Campbell will settle for a poorer story with-Message, which of course devaluates the Message itself, to the reader.

And what does this all have to do with Analog as a title? Simple. The editor is now concentrating not on stories for their own sake, with Message incidental if present at all; instead he wants stories that are actually and truly analogs of his Message as embodied in his editorials and speeches. The giveaway blurbs are short analogs in themselves, boiling the story down to the Message-aspect portrayed, so that the reader can't possibly miss it.

All this slanting does not make Analog unreadable or devoid of value & enjoyment. But there was a time when the day Astounding appeared on the stands was the occasion for me to set aside other interests, insure myself against interruptions, and spend the evening savoring the issue at leisure. Now, and for several years, it is just another magazine, and I read it when I have the time to spare. I do read

it, each and every issue, and usually within 2 or 3 days after purchase, but these days it's not even particularly annoying to have to lay the issue aside right in the middle of a story, which would have been a source of acute pain a few years back.

And of course the rest of the field has been affected, too; since writers are naturally plunking for the Top Dollar first, a number of Campbell's rejects end up with editors who couldn't care less about Message stories but they have to find something to put in their zines for CRYsakes.

One more thing: while surely there is historical precedent for one author and his pseudonyms dominating a magazine, unfortunately Randall Garrett is neither (Robert Heinlein nor Cyril Kornbluth. And he never will be, so long as he plays the Tame Messiah on this Message kick.

So on this historic occasion, let's look at Analog, ~~VpZ/LZ/VpZ/L~~ Vol LXVI, No.2, for October, 1960. Leadoff is a "short novel" (48pp), "The Lost Kafoozalum" by Pauline Ashwell. The first half of this is quite good, but then we go into the Pure Action situation, so that overall the piece is nowhere near up to "Unwillingly to School" (the classic to which this one is a sequel). The theme is manipulation of a "lost colony" by trained manipulators, with our little friend Lysistrata Lee in the foreground. I deplore the cornball title and the giveaway blurb, as well as the loss of the latter half of the piece to straight "do we make it, or don't we?" plotting; it is to be hoped that the writer's subsequent offerings get a better break.

"Combat", by Mack Reynolds, is a 42-page novelet. The title is too many levels-of-abstraction from the event level and comes out as a non-sequitur (pronounced "non-squitcher" in these precincts). Mack postulates that in the next couple of decades our current defensive and (by what we see in the papers) one-down attitude toward technological advances of the Soviets, et al, will get much much worse-- to the point where we fall behind in production, automation, and damn near everything except plumbing, big-screen TV, and tailfins. So we (Earth) receive an interstellar visit. And where do our visitors land? The Kremlin. It's a thoughty piece, Mack's.

Shorts: HBFyfe's "Satellite System", depicting how a quick-thinking stout-Cortez type hero gets out of a jam, is utterly scuttled by the "Hey, look, fellas" blurb. "Psicopath", by Darrel T Langart (Analog's anagram), is not the best psi-detective story I ever read, and which I didn't care much for. The psi-detective story is a dead-end pitch at best; I wish editors wouldn't nag authors to try this stuff...

Ten-twelve years later, the Good Doctor Asimov resubmits "Thiotimoline" without any editorial notation to the effect that the tongue is in the cheek. Aw, now...

Editor Campbell does his own article this time. It has to do with the growth of crystals and how can we pinpoint the line between life and non-life. It is not the sort of thing that is easy to refute or to second; it's good Campbell.

The new Analog doesn't appear too different from the recent Astounding.

Then there's the leadoff-story for the December Galaxy. It's JTM'INTosh's "The Wrong World". Here's a tale with an added snapper; the basic story stands on its own merits, and the gimmick stands on its. And you can't hardly find that kind... (our copy of Galaxy is one of those rare miscues, missing pages 99-130: I quit here)

The Quick Brown Bicycle Jumps Over the Lazy Plow: Somehow it has come up that most of your CRYstaff is also most of the "Seattle in '61!" committee that'll be putting on the 19th World Science-Fiction Convention: Wally Weber, F M and Elinor Busby, Jim Webbert, and Wally Gonser are all in this dual category. And it looks as if this Con bit is going to bind on other activity. So giving a realistic look at the future situation, here's how it will likely turn out: -- next year we will skip the July issue for the Bay Con (WesterCon) and the September issue for the WorldCon on our very own doorstep; 1961 will likely see only ten issues of CRY.

I don't see any great flurry about this set of decisions; we call 'em as we see 'em, and everyone knows we deliver, mostly. One way or another.

So, send your "Seattle in '61!" WorldCon membership checks (made out to Wally Weber or to "Seattle Science Fiction Club") either to "BOX 1365, BOWAY BRANCH, Seattle 2, Wash" or to 2852 14th Ave West, Seattle 99, Wash.

It is a proud and lonely thing to be a fan. But what isn't? --F M B Pemberton.

M I N U T E S

by Wally Whirlybeanie Weber

MINUTES OF THE AUGUST 28, 1960 MEETING OF THE NAMELESS ONES:

The August 28, 1960 meeting of the Nameless Ones was held in room 3035 of the Arcade Building, located in the heart of that teeming metropolis that will be honored with the 19th World Science Fiction Convention next year, Seattle, Washington.

Flora Jones, the honorable Vice-President (as opposed to the dishonorable Presidents-in-charge-of-Vice the club has had in the sordid past), opened the meeting at 8:40 p.m., after the attending members were quite convinced that the President, Jim Webbert, was not going to show up. Flora showed a genuine lack of originality by asking for the minutes to be read. She also showed an unwarranted amount of optimism, because the SEC-Treas hadn't written any.

Rose Stark moved that the title of the office, "Secretary-Treasurer," be officially changed to "Secretary-delinquent-Treasurer," but the other, less impulsive, members evidently had no desire to complicate the office any more than it was already, so the motion died for want of a second.

Since the last meeting had been the fabulous Lake Sammamish picnic, the SEC-Treas substituted an impromptu verbal sketch of the affair for the unwritten minutes, and endeared himself to the hearts of the club members by announcing a monstrous profit of \$13.22 on the brawl. The Sec-TREAS added that this brought the club treasury up to \$26.30, before deduction of his private PITTCON expenses.

Flora hastily asked for new business, and somehow the question as to where the club would hold its next meeting came up. A more logical question would have been why the club would hold its next meeting, but apparently this was no time to introduce a new thought into Nameless fandom. The club, being a rather cheap group, particularly in the eyes of the Sec-TREAS who was still wondering how he was going to make the PITTCON on \$26.30, decided that the \$3 rent for the room in the Arcade Building was out of reason considering the small number of persons attending the meeting. The only alternatives suggested were meeting in the members' individual homes, and meeting in restaurants. A few members volunteered their homes, and a few others volunteered their homes provided certain restricting conditions were met, and finally it was decided unanimously that the September 11th meeting of the Nameless Ones be held in Flora Jones' apartment. As a note of clarification on that unanimous vote, it must be pointed out that at Nameless Ones meetings, the chairman of the meeting is not allowed to vote.

Suggestions were entertained for points to bring out in the bid Seattle was planning to make at Pittsburgh for the 19th World Science Fiction Convention. Quite a number of interesting suggestions were made, and in a way it is a pity that Seattle never did get to make a bid at Pittsburgh. (The Nameless Ones have a reputation for railroading club voting on almost anything that comes up at the meetings, but the Nameless' most outrageous efforts were paled into nothingness compared to what happened to Seattle at Pittsburgh.)

The club finally realized it was discussing a subject that was the exclusive property of the Seattle Science Fiction Club, Incorporated, and turned the discussion to the corporation itself. Mention was made about how the club had assessed itself out of members required to hold meetings, and was completely at the mercy of its Board of Directors and a five-member Convention Committee. Flora Jones paid her one-dollar assessment when she learned that only one more member was required to meet the minimum required to hold an official meeting as required by the by-laws, and she expressed the hope that all the members could be gathered sometime so that a meeting could be held.

A few other discussions pertaining to the impending PITTCON and the proposed SEACON were started only to end in normal confusion until the meeting was adjourned at 9:27 p.m. to relieve the SEC-Treas of the responsibility of keeping track of what was going on. This proved to be entirely unnecessary since nothing of importance happened anyway. Fern Reddy, a friend of Burnett Toskey's, was elected President of the club. When she objected that

she didn't know what a President of the Nameless Ones was supposed to do, she was informed that all she had to do was attend the meetings and innocently hold the official club gavel. "I don't hold it innocently," she informed us right back, and would have used the gavel to bash in each of our heads if Toskey hadn't wrestled it away from her. The Reddy reign should prove to be the most interesting in Nameless history provided the club survives it.

The SEC-Treas had hoped to spare the readers of and listeners to these minutes the following information recorded in his notes of the post-meeting conversations, but Dr. Toskey has demanded that it be included, and since Dr. Toskey probably saved the lives of all of us by disarming Fern, it is a small sacrifice to make. In an informal conversation following the presentation and recovery of the gavel to/from the new President, Rose Stark revealed she didn't know her adz from a plane.

Hon. Sec. Wally Weber

MINUTES OF THE SEPTEMBER 11, 1960 MEETING OF THE NAMELESS ONES

The September 11, 1960 meeting of the Nameless Ones was brought to order at 8:13 p.m. by Jim Webbert, who was still President of the club despite the illegal election held two weeks before. Having come equipped with a knife and a tear-gas gun, Jim found nobody objecting to his claim.

The presence of the weapons, in some manner that seemed logical at the time, caused the subject of conversation to shift to the shiftlessness of the Seattle Police Department. From the discussion, one gathered the sole duty of the department was to issue parking citations without just cause. Wally Gonser told of an automobile that received two parking tickets four minutes apart, one for each windshield wiper. Marge Wyman complained of having received a ticket for overtime parking before the time on the parking meter had run out. Jim Webbert revealed that he was being charged twice for the same ticket. Jerry Frahm was the only one present who had a happy ending to relate. He described how a policeman withdrew his threat to have a bank truck towed away for illegal parking in front of the bank after a bank official demanded that the policeman first write a receipt for every item in the truck, a task that would probably have taken the next two police shifts to complete.

The minutes were read during a lull in the conversation, and the President commended them for having been written ahead of time. The President then made the sorry error of asking for new business. This time he really did get the business.

Jerry Frahm moved that no lethal weapons be allowed at meetings of the Nameless Ones. While doing so, he directed the famous Jerome Frahm glare at the infamous Jim Webbert knife and tear-gas gun. It was impossible to determine who was first to second the motion, because sounds of seconds came from all directions, like gunfire in a Fearless Fosdick battle scene. When the smoke cleared, the President had been quite shot down, and the Sec-Treas was delegated to take the knife and gas gun outside and lock them in the President's car.

By the time the Sec-Treas returned, quite exhausted after having spent some time trying to break into the wrong car with his pockets full of weapons, F. M. and Elinor Busby had arrived at the meeting with the fabulous Hugo and the official Worldcon gavel. The Hugo and gavel were marvelled over, and eventually the motion was made, seconded, and enthusiastically passed that the SEC-Treas write a letter to John Berry to thank him for having contributed the material that was primarily responsible for CRY winning the Hugo. It was a strange bit of business for the Nameless Ones to carry out, really, because everyone knows how the Busby pair ruthlessly stole the CRY away from the club and made it their own personal fanzine. Perhaps the Hugo has somehow united the club and the CRY once more.

An avalanche of motions were made, seconded, and passed after that. The Sec-TREAS reported \$28.05 of club funds in his private checking account, and the laughable motion was passed that \$3 of it be re-imbursed to the Sec-TREAS for the August 28 room rent. The next motion passed included two amendments (in the Worldcon manner) that resulted in the club changing its meeting nights from Sunday to Thursday, its meeting place from members' homes to room 3035 of the Arcade Building (pending availability of the room), and instructing Jerry Frahm to investigate the possibility of renting a permanent office for the club. The final motion was to adjourn at 9:20 p.m.

Hon. Sec. Wally Weber

The Late, Late Show on WAHF:

...with Buz tending the Stack.

Wally finished off page 25 last Thursday, then stopped by the following day to drop off a batch of new letters, after all. So here we go...

MAL ASHWORTH says: "This is a most difficult letter for me to write you. But it must be done; despite all lets and hindrances I must persevere. It is just that this confounded sackcloth itches so, and these ashes keeping falling out of my hair and into the typewriter." It turns out that Mal is apologizing for not having an article for us this time: "I started on an article for CRY; I was going great guns. That is to say I had written four or five consecutive words on a page without a half hour gap in between and a host of alterations." This is a pretty sad story, coming to a climax when "...the letter 'n' broke off my typewriter and went ping-pong away into the wild blue yonder. Maybe you would have accepted an 'n'-less contribution, but you didn't get the chance. I have to confess, that kind of thing puts me off. (Of course, any other kind of thing put me off, too, when it comes to writing articles, but we needn't consider that at the moment.)" And Mal says he is sorry, and that he will try to get the big September CRY read before Christmas, and that his new typer looks "so pleasant and inviting that I have sat right down and gone on typing this letter without meandering aimlessly round the room for half an hour first. Good grief! You may even get that article this month!" We hope so, Mal.

LES GERBER has a new address (Box 223, Franklin & Marshall College, Lancaster, Pa), must have struck it rich since he signs his letter with gold ink, says congratulations & he-told-us-so (he did, too) about the Hugo, wishes we had room for fanzine-reviews again (so do we, and we'll see how it goes, if the pagecount can be held down), and is just unlucky that his letter didn't arrive sooner; it's a good one.

WALTER BREEN also has a new address, a temporary one (c/o Donaho, 1441 8th St, Berkeley 10, Calif), and similar bad luck with the timing of his letter, which he sent airmail Spec Del but too late. Referring to an MZB article on circus fandom-- "...how extraordinarily courteous the circus fans were to her as the rankest of neoneos; in contrast to stfsy fandom. I might say (having been to the PittCon), in extreme contrast. Shame on most of us." Hmm, this does not fit in with my own impressions at Pitt, Walter. How about the rest of you, out there? Walter is also curious as to why dropping away from the CRY-lettercol and dropping SAPS to work on a genzine should be considered signs of approaching gafia. I dunno why it is, Walt; it's just that 4 or 5 ^{immediately} ~~did~~ gafiater after those preliminaries, ^{4 or 5} ~~in~~ about 2 years.

TED FORSYTH states that George Locke only uses food and tea as an excuse for consumption of huge quantities of sauce and sugar. Unusual metabolism, maybe? Ted thinks CRY should go bi-weekly, congratulates CRY and rich brown, says it's Edmund Cooper and not Kingsley Amis he shares employers with.

BOB LICHTMAN says: "Allowing rich brown to edit the Sept CRY was a stroke of genius. Why, look what he's done to CRY-- something you haven't been able to do in years and years. He's held down the pagecount! Pretty slick, eh?" ((Yes))

WILLIAM C KELLER, SR, sends 25¢ for a sample copy and a stamped envelope with a request for our sub-rates. ((See page 3, sir, and thank you.))

PETER B HOPE sends \$2 "for the purpose of appearing in your new column." ((How's that again??)) "Don't know what the '?' after my name means (I do exist) but it has been appearing too long." ((See Elinor's column; all should be well, now.))

And this is all for CRY #143; really it is, this time. ---Buz.

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