

CRY

NUMBER 175
 ARGH 1964

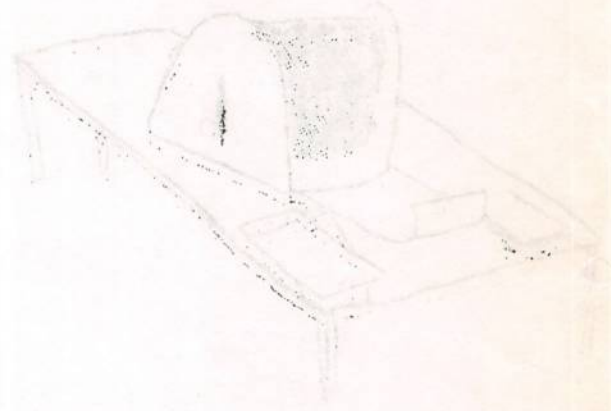


Phil
 Hamel
 OH

"What'a ya mean, I 'wasn't on the 173 $\frac{1}{2}$ Mailing list'!!!"

CRY

NUMBER 177
JUNE 1964



Report a no more, I mean to the left of the page.

Page Three

This certified fake CRY is put out to Prove that Rich Brown and Wally Weber are not the only ones that can put out fake CRY's I can do it also.....I have yet to recover from the tramatic experience of finding out/~~the/for/this/falling~~ life as I knew it and wanted it was ended. Actually I'd become so hooked on CRY over the years I still kept writing CRY and then when I could bare it no longer I decided to come down to Huntsville and ~~get/revange~~ visit Wally.....This turned out to be easier said than done. Now I know why it's called Huntsville It was named by a Beatnik.

Now to conform with Standard Fake CRY format we have to have a page of ghlourious

C O N T E N T S

Cover by Phil Harrell for/TAFF! (logo plegerized copied from 173 $\frac{1}{2}$).....	Page 1
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Published by Wally Weber and partly Edited by him partly by me Headings by me....what there is of them on the cover and GotR's.

Right now I'd like to take time to warn all you loyal readers Never, but NEVER! come to visit Wally he'll only try to make you suffer. and the worse part of it is he'll succeed..... I know from wherefore I speak. The first thing he did was chuckle madly to himself and say "I don't think you've seen this there were only 40 copies printed and plonk down in my lap a weirdly small issue of CRY titled "CRY 173 $\frac{1}{2}$ April 1964" and by weirdly small I mean not only was it 12 pages but it was about 7 $\frac{1}{2}$ by 10. and to compound d matters he said, "but maybe you can get a copy from Bruce Pelz. I think he has a copy of every Fanzine ever printed" I'm thinking of a sutiably feindish revenge. I'm starting a fund to Import Ella Parker so she can come to Huntsville.....

Spare copies of this are avialable from either Wally, Box 632, Huntsville, Ala. 35804 or myself 2632 Vincent Ave. Norfolk, Va. 23509 and is Handset in rebuilt Royal Pica and is limited to some few copies of which yours is the worse, and also the one with the uniquely spelled words so keep it it's a collectors item. Wally will be at Pacificon II, (Now we know what TAFF adminerstrators do with the voting money // teach him not to put me on the mlg. list heh heh heh//) so if he decided he didn't have enough to carry he'll probably have a few thousand spare copies of this.

I have decided not to Run for TAFF because I ~~couldn't/get/enough/nominators/~~ Don't want to split the Bill Donaho - Terry Carr vote and no amount of Talk or Begging will get me to run; but you can try if you like....In case of a geniune draft I might catch a cold from standing in it.

I might also say that this many people cut this many stencils....

Phil Harrell.....6

wally weber....5

I must also give my best regards to Buz & Elinor Busby. Two of the most magnificent people on God's Green Earth. And along thses same lines may I say hello to Tim Dumont, Pat & Dick Lupoff, Bill Donaho, Bjo & John Trimble, Redd Boggs, Fred Patten, Betty & Gene Kujawa Bruce & Dian Pelz, Ron Ellik, Ella Parker, ATom, and sundry others. End of page three (GASP!)

PHILLCON REPORT

Part One by Wally Weber

Despite continuous threats by mail, nobody really thought Phil Harrell would really get to Huntsville. Even Ned Brooks, who was driving, must have had his doubts after twenty-two hours in a car travelling along a mobius strip.

But arrive he did, and the Phillcon was in session at various times (depending upon your particular time zone) Sunday morning, August 16, 1964. The first item on the program was for everybody to go to sleep.

Later on Sunday Phil went out into the great city and returned with Confederate money, most of which he lost in typical convention-type poker games. Appearing on the program were Betty Kujawa, Rob Williams, the Lupoff's and the Wollheim's. This will come as a great surprise to those speakers since it was obvious from the text of their speeches they didn't know their tape recorders were being tapped.

Monday, Ned Brooks couldn't stand it any longer and he left the state. Phil Harrell hosted a banquet, and the remainder of the day and evening was spent in the N3F Room assembling the club's latest one-shot, TNFF. Half of the attendees ended up on the fan-eating couch in the wee hours of the morning.

Tuesday Phil presented another banquet, after which the N3F one-shots were folded for mailing. As an added attraction, an unsuccessful attempt was made to get Redd Boggs to the convention, and readings were given from a "Dear Abby" column and other great works of fantasy.

Wednesday again featured a Phil Harrell banquet which included his most famous delicacy -- obscene grottle of chicken. The party in the N3F room consisted of pasting fans' names on everything in sight, and sticking postage stamps on the by now world-famous one-shot. "Help stamp out TNFF!" was the bottle-cry of the evening. The experience was climaxed by the convention members taking turns in falling down three flights of steps with their arms filled with one-shots. A short and fruitless search was made for the convention committee's tape of "Magnet," an old-time science fiction thriller. An assorted collection of mood music was finally substituted.

At the moment it is Thursday or Friday (depending on your time zone). A haggard, ulcer-ridden, bankrupt Phil Harrell has outdone himself with the evening's banquet, this time featuring fillet of collated left-overs. Banquet speeches included TAFF announcements by Ethel Lindsay, and readings from insurance policies and other works of science fiction. The first real emergency of the convention has occurred; the members have run out of drinks. Stay tuned to this fanzine for later developments.



WITH CLEAN EYES & A BLUE BICYCLE

Wally is a fiend.... I've said it before and I'll say it again. Not only is he a fiend he's a sadistic fiend. He takes great glee in what will in later years come to be known as "the slow suffer" allow me to elucidate....

First he showed me the CRY I didn't get and joyfully told how impossible it would be to get a copy. Then he began telling me about all the fanzines he gave Bruce Pelz even naming a few to make me squirm all the more. Currently he's flaunting his Pacificon II plane ticket at me...I expect him to start pratcing his Pacificon Pammel bit anytime not so he can enjoy me suffering even more.

I'm sleeping on a couth (which is a couch with a canyon down the middle) that wally suciently calls "The Martian Maneater" and I expect anymorning now to wake up and find myself quietly being digested while it burps and smacks it immense jaws then turns back into a couth waiting for the next hapless victim.

This morning when I woke up I noticed my watch had run down and I didn't know what time it was except it was between 7AM (an absolutely obscene hour of the morning) and 11:45AM by wally's Click-Clack (that's the only clock I've ever seen that goes click-clack instead of tick tock) and that's never right....anyway I wondered what time it was and so I went out to use the Phone which seems to be somesort of wild southern fertility rite here in Huntsville and this part of the country. Further up around Draper, N.C. it gets even more complicated. The have a local Phone Company that's unlike anything you've ever seen. For one thing you can't get your money back if you drop it in. even if they don't answer. It's called "The Lee Telephone Co." and must be his revenge on Yankees visiting down South.

The way it works is thus, You pick up the phone and dial your number and when the other side answers you drop your money in then and NOT before. Now on the inside it looks just like everyother phone company outdoor phone so you go in Pick up the phone and drop your money in dial your number and the party answers, and you say "Hello Mary" and she just keeps on saying Hello....she can't hear you and won't be able to until you drop in your money. You can hear her fine. This leads to complications at times as She says hello a couple of times and this just gives you time to drop your money in the phone and say hel-- as she hangs up....if you're lucky you'll get her on the fifth try. Not that it will do you anygood about the third time you tried she called the police and now they decend enmasse on you and arrest you for using the telephone to terrorize.....

But, anyway as I was saying earlier, My watch stopped this morning and so I decided I'd call and find out what time it was so I called the operator and after about ten rings the operator finally condesended to answer it so I asked her if she could give me the number for time, and she said "I'm sorry sir, but we aren't allowed to give that information. You might try information 113." so I hung up and dialed 113 and after an interminable time (she was probably talking to the operator) a heavily Southern voice answered "info'mace shun may ah hoyalp ya?" and I asked her if she could give me the number for Time to whit she replied, "Ah'm sorry suh, but we dunt hayurv uh tom antsrin serveus hearyu en Hunsveal" so I asked if she could give me the time? and she said "Ah'm sorry suh but, way kayent genv thet info'mace shun, eeuz thair Eneything alse?" and I said nc So much for Southern Hospitality; they won't even give you the time of day.

I might mention while I'm at it that if any of you out there have the following fanzines I'd like to have them, in fact I'd like to have them so much I'd even pay cash for them. I would like CRY (the real thing and rich brown's fake CRY) from #130 thru #139; STARSPINKLE #1 thru 7 and Shaggy #130-#141 of course I want others also but my want list is home so write and we'll haggle.

For a while there I was under the mistaken delusion that I wanted to sell my collection

I even sent out a few inquires and sold a bit, but now I've come to my senses and have learned a valuable lesson to boot. I won't violate any DNQ's and things of that ilk I'll just say that nothing is really as valuable as you think it is. In fact it's not even as valuable as someone else thinks it is. If that makes any sense.

The point tho, that I decided I didn't really want to sell my collection was when I bought 5 min t copies of LE ZOMBIE in a run and decided I didn't want to sell my collection to him even tho he was offering me the prices I wanted.

You have no Idea how many people/dealers I had to go thru to get those prices either. I even had one offer of 50¢ a book for MINT Arkham House books Rare and OP so I can say it makes a difference who you sell your things to what kind of prices you get for them. But as I said, I'm no longer interested in selling mainly buying--when I get some money. Of course if my name was Bruce Pelz, I wouldn't have to worry seems that every fan that moves decides to give their fanzine collection to him... He's one guy that has everything, but then every one isn't Bruce Pelz.

You think I'm kidding? (No, not about everybody being Bruce Pelz, about his having all fen give him collections) Two Cases in point. At Discon for example, I had been given a complete collection of IMAGINATION, Now you have no idea how much they way especially when you have 1) two bags that weighed about 50 pounds each 2) a painting and 3) Sundry other parafinallia. So 4) a complete run of MADGE can only be carried if you can sprout two more arms. I was finally worring what to do with it when who should wander by but the Bruceifer. Man completest....case in point two Wally Weber is moving to Huntsville, Alabama and he has fanzines that date back to 1948. He gets to Los Angeles and decides he doesn't want to take them south after all and wonders what to do with them about the time he's due to visit Bruce Pelz.... Not only that Bruce has got a Beautiful Wife and a complete run of Starspinkle what more could a person ask for?? Me--the only way I can get a Fake CRY is to put out one--and wally will probably leave me off the mailing list on this one too so I'm right back where I started---*sigh*

One thing tho that has been a great pleasure while I've been here is I've been able to cook all I liked and so far I've baked 2 cakes (mit iceing/topping) and cooked 4 meals. so far neither wally or myself have keeled over from berri-berri or ptcmaine poisoning so I guess I'm a good cook. It Tasted good at any rate altho if you suddenly don't hear from wally anymore you'll know I seasoned his fried Chicken with Arsnic and ran off with his fake CRY 173½ along with severial other choice morsles in his collection (what's left of it at any rate) Right now I have my eye on some particullary attractive AToms.....

At the moment, I have two particullary virlent (or however you spell it) mouth ulcers which I seem to have gotten on the ride up here with Ned. We lived on Coke and Crackers/nabs and I think I drank about 6 too many as my mouth seems to be protesting. So this cut me off of sweets &ct for a while till they clear up. In the mean time I'm concocting magnificent Desserts smothered in whipcream and feeding them to wally and watching him eat them *sigh* I must not live right....

I can't even eat any of the cakes I baked, (Which I'm not sure is a blessing or not..) and the thought of not being able to eat any of that whip cream is driving me out of my cotton-picking eyestalks....I may break down yet and when I do I may even eat the can!

As I said, Ned Brooks brought me down and stayed with us a while then the went to visit his folk for a couple of days altho he missed the meeting of the "Liverpool Group" Huntsville aux. and a grand and glourious thing it was and so fannish it seems to ooze out of the windows and under the doors, It broke up at 2AM in the early bright and adjourined to the kitchen where wally had a coke (I may never look a coke in the bottle-top again) and I poured milk on my ulcer. We're putting out this oneshot Fake CRY to keep with tridition. every time I visit some famous fannish abode I put out a oneshot there, Norm Clarke's Dick Lupoff's & now wally wastebasket Weber's--of course the others didn't torture me as much as wally has....

TIME FOR ANOTHER STENCIL

Yes, Kiddies, it is that time once again to slip another virgin stencil into this lecherous old typewriter's clutches. We don't know any more than you do at the moment what is going to be put on it, but that's what makes one-shots so exciting, not to even mention dull.

One-shots, after all, are meant to be done, not to be read. Anybody who reads a one-shot and doesn't like it has only himself to blame. Fans don't look at it that way of course, but we'll change that. Once the fans perceive the unbearable logic of the well-known facts I am about to invent, they may never read another one-shot again as long as I live.

Beauty, we have been informed by the usual reliable sources, is in the eye of the beholder. But who wants to be holding an eye? A messy proposition, that. And who wants to donate an eye in the first place, let alone the second or third place? After three donations, that average fan would be down to his last half dozen eyes, and it would be difficult to see the beauty in that.

But we were talking about one-shots. Probably one-shots are unique to fandom. Who else but a fan would, upon being visited by natives from far-off lands, immediately drag out stencils and corflu and proceed to publish a fanzine that would be better dead than read? For this reason alone one-shots can be justified (although the general trend is toward ragged right-hand margins). Take this evening for example. If we hadn't had a one-shot to put out, we would have probably gone to a bowling alley and, if we had time later on, would have killed a cop. Fortunately we had the work on the one-shot to fall back upon. Can you imagine the shame we'd have felt if we had gone to the bowling alley and our friends found out about it? Terrible.

One-shots not only keep fans off of the streets, but they are also carriers of unusual misinformation without which the readers would not be able to exist as fans. Ordinary fanzines become infected with facts because the contributors always know there will be a second issue later in which complaints will be registered. But the contributors to a one-shot have no such inhibiting circumstances. After all, the important thing about science fiction is the fiction.

One-shots are also great for using up all the old dried-out stencils that have been accumulating at the bottom of the pile, the dregs of ink remaining in crumpled but unwashed tubes, and the old yellow paper that has been moulding under the crudsheet stacks. If it weren't for one-shots, old fen wouldn't ever die; they would just be buried alive (more-or-less) under their fannish garbage.

One-shots are also helpful to completists, who are kept on their toes looking for spurious publications that they are never certain really existed until they somehow find a copy for themselves. A good, difficult-to-locate one shot can drive a real collector of fanzines straight into the psychiatrist's office where, by golly, he should have been before he started collecting.

As you can barely see by now, the reasons for publishing and enjoying one-shots are as numerous as necessary to fill this page. There is, however, one reason for publishing a one-shot that is unquestionable. It stands above all other reasons for its brevity, not to mention the fact that the bottom of the page is almost upon us. The main reason fans want to publish a one-shot in a given circumstance is that... the one-shot wasn't there.

Wally Weber

TO ELLA WITH LOVE
or
THIS IS LOVE, BABY, AND NEVER MIND THE JELLY BEANS.

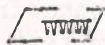
BY Weber & Harrell, Certified SCoAM,

I'm really quite fond of Ella and when I told Wally this he thought I was out of my mind and when I said I'd dearly love to meet her someday he said, "Boy! some people sure love to suffer don't they!" and then he went on to tell me how I was a "Stupid Clod of a Man" which made it official. I think my reaction to being informed I was a certified SCoAM rather startled him as I told him how delighted I was at being Ella's counterpart over here, His reaction was a rather pained, "Oh, NO! I'm not supposed to make people happy I'm supposed to make them suffer..." but it was too late I was already certified (None official without certification) which makes me feel closer to the Wonderous Ella than ever before. Actually Ella has been one of my Lady loves ever since I started reading her letters in CRY and having her defend me from the Frumious Weber in her letters. My lady loves are Ella, Bjo, Elinor, Betty, and Ethel Lindsay... But Ella is something special she's the only one when you mention her name Wally turns pale down to his toenails, and as he had had a first hand opportunity to see my Glourious Ella I ask him to describe her and I wrote it down and since He left me off the mailing list of fake CRY 173½ I shall now give verbatim his words and may I say I don't believe a word of it. He just likes to make people suffer.

"Ella is quite a fearsom sight to behold. She has Cleats on her shoes, and her knuckles are made of Brass; her eye projects Lazer beams and her left eye lightning bolts, Her other eye projects a disendergrator beam. She has retractable fangs, fingernails, and toe-nails, but they have never been known to be retracted. Her Gestetner is powered by whipped Slaves.

Her voice can break down stone walls—when she whispers. When she shouts her voice breaks down stoned Wally's. She can hurl a fan two miles; three if he's called her a stupid clod of a woman.

She actually likes fans—boiled; as long as they don't spill their drinks on her rug. She has crushed fan for breakfast; chopped fan for lunch, and ground fan for dinner/supper, with fan soup as an appertiser. Hot fan juice for tea. She has a disposition of a little child—if that little child happens to be Lizzy Borden. She has all the homey qualities of a lugubrious lizard which is still impaled on the Wally being passed off as an ATom illo.

Put them all together they spell Ella" 

As I said, I don't believe it to me Happiness is a Gal named Ella Parker. She is a summers day in the middle of winter; As sweet as the air after a spring rain a captivating creature that caught all the stars of a summers night and fashioned them into a tiara for her hair while the rest settled in her eyes She is the beauty that love sings of and the joy that life lives for she is all things kind and wonderful, but most of all she's Ella Parker, and that's the most wonderful thing of all. I still hope that someday I'll get to see her as Wally says we're two of a kind, tho I fear that's somewhat insulting to Ella!

Of course I feel somewhat the same about all my lady loves. Elinor has a voice so lovely you think you've died and gone to heaven to listen to it, and if you look at her you know you have; she's pure Angel from tip to toe. I doubt if they even know I exist, but that doesn't matter they'll still always be my lady loves. Bjo is a girl as lovely and as adorbable as her drawings and her cartoons; poetry in the flesh. She was my first love after her came the others. But yet, I never get the Gal. I think that's one reason I came up here for the week hoping maybe I could study wally's technique or maybe have some of it rub off on me....

I guess it won't work tho, and Wally will always get the girls and I'll just get tired and more broke....I think the only reason wally gets the girls is that he doesn't want them..

EXPLANATIONS

and other eratta

by Phil Harrell.

Certified S.C.oaM.

This has been fun, Spaceskipping typer and all. I wrote all the letters in CotR's so don't go blaming Wally, he only edited the column, I didn't try to copy anyones style, I just used the names and went on from there mainly because I felt that no CRY, fake, or otherwise would be complete (see what I mean about space skipping?) without a CotR's column. The only style you'll recognize will be mine....If Wally includes it...*sigh* so enjoy yourself.

Please remember also that this is meant as a tribute to CRY rather than anything else and as such is dedicated to all the CRYgang wherever they may be; But to Buz, Elinor, Wally, and Ella most especially. and above all. The CRY years were the best years there possibly could have been and now that they are gone only the beloved memory and a few fake issues linger on. I rather prefer to think of it this way; CRY is not dead, it's only sleeping for a while and someday it will rise up again. Let's hope so anyway, as nothing could EVER replace it.

My week with Wally is almost up, and I must say it has surely been pleasant. Wally is an easy person to get along with and except for a tendency to torture me I've been quite pleased with my week. And who knows I may yet find a way to ~~extract~~ get the CRY 173½ yet. I would appreciate any and all letters of comment you would care to send my way I'll even be glad to pass them on to Wally and vice versa---I hope. A copy of this will go to everyone we can think of and will hopefully be reviewed in various and sundry zines so be kind enough to comment or the next time we do one of these all you may get is a review of the next one...

I think my Ulcer is finally bidding goodbye after driving me almost out of my mind and I can't say I'm sorry (that it's gone, not almost driven me out of my mind) They may be small but that make up for that failing in absolute soreness, I will probably gorge myself on whipcream tonight and get another one. Say La Vie....

Like Wally said earlier (or later depending on where those pages go) "If you read this and don't like it it's your own fault, One-shots are meant to be done and not read" or words to that effect. And the only thing we can guarantee is that after you read it you'll never be the same again....how could? look who wrote it. and by that I mean the deadly duo.

Wally has a dictionary sitting next to the typewriter here, which maybe a subtle hint that my spelling is not all it could be by any means, but if you think this is bad, you should have seen me 8 years (almost 9 now) when I came into fandom. I'll tell you the reason anyone was afraid to nominate me, they were afraid I'd write a TAFFreport and they'd have to read it....*sigh* Oh well, I really didn't want to split the vote anyway....(Now watch some one else run and shot that excuse full of holes... I must not live right.)

I was tempted to call this column, "Idetic Sives I have known and other exciting horror stories" but for some reason I can't seem to find "idetic" in a dictionary Wally assures me it's in and I don't know how to spell it cause I looked, besides my way is more original anyway. so individualistic if you know what I mean.

Tonight we will probably publish this on Wally's Gestetner 230, which will be a change for as I'm only used to publishing things on my Matchless Mimeo (a most superb Roneo 150) and it will be a new experience for me; I believe I'm quite looking forward to it. Then I'll have to get back home and start work on the N3F's Collector's Bulletin #2 and on VENTURA II which is due out in October....If I'm able to, I think maybe I'll be able to. I hope! C U N VII

P.A.H. 11-20-28

CRY OF THE E

CONDUCTOR WALLY WEBER

DESS

ELLA A. PARKER WRITES LIKE PHIL HARRELL 43, Wm. Dunbar House, Albert Road, London N.W.6.
Dear Cry: England

Well, just because you escaped the first time doesn't mean you'll do it again. Next time I'll have reinforcements, and when you come, heh heh, well I'll have Ethel Lindsay, Betty Kujawa and Joni Stompl here to help me, so bring your track shoes. If you try to straggle I'll even have Bill Donaho sit on you again; that should quiet you down a bit.

Also you quit picking on that nice Phil Harrell, and give him a copy of Cry 173½ like he deserves for being a faithful Cry Hack all these years. After all we Certified S.C.oaW./M. have to stick together don't we?

... We'll be looking forward to seeing you in LONDON IN '65, heh.heh.

All for this time. As ever, yours,

Ella

(S.C.oaW. Certified)

/Joni Stompl??? That's an ominous sounding name. As for giving Phil Harrell what he deserves, I thought that was exactly what I was doing. --www/

RICH BROWN WRITES LIKE PHIL HARRELL

Somewhere in Darkest New York.

Dear Wally,

Fandom has been good to me. Good and disillousing. I have decided since the golden era has gone, I will go with it. Cry tho is legend; it will go on forever, while I can not. It is too much to watch fans turn against each other, and say nasty things. I have said I was going to gafiate before but now I mean it for the three hundred and seventy fifth time. Good bye Cry, good bye fandom.

rich

/How can you do this to us, rich? How can you? Oh -- you say you can do it because you have so much practice at it? Well, write when you get work. --www/

BETTY KUJAWA WRITES LIKE PHIL HARRELL

2819 Caroline, South Bend, Indiana

Wally Baby,

There you are now, down in the land of Hominy Grits and You All's. Gene and I flew part of the way to Calif. in our Lincoln. He says a Lincoln flies a little stiffer than our plane so I doubt if I'll take out a flying license in one.

Gene finally lost a skeet shooting contest. Seems he tried a new load in his gun and shot down an Army plane which disqualified him.

Love

Betty

/That should teach Gene not to go off half cocked after getting loaded. --www/

PHIL HARRELL WRITES LIKE PHIL HARRELL 2632 Vincent Ave., Norfolk, Va. 23509
Darn it Weber,

It's one thing to leave me out of CotR's; it's another to leave me out of the entire Cry; B!U!T! now you've gone too far. You left me out of the entire mailing list and that's a new low of Suffermanship even for you! How could you do it? The long years of CRYlecting each zine lovingly and never missing an issue -- now this.....! I hear even Don Franson didn't get his copy! How low can you sink, Weber? Now I shall reveal the horrible secret that will plunge all of fandom into war! Wally Wastebasket Weber has lost his CRYhack Card!!! At least that's his story -- but we know the real story, don't we Don? Now we know the Real Reason behind the CRY collapse. For when we didn't get our CRY's 173 $\frac{1}{2}$, the moving finger wrote the handwriting on the Wally. Remember gentle readers that 173 $\frac{1}{2}$ came before 174 so when he put that out and left at least two vital names out he signed his own Doom and the fates shuttering in horror at the dasterly deed moved Weber into my clutches....so if this issue is blood splattered don't ask why... He may have delayed his fate a while by suggesting we put out this issue of Cry and I do the cover, but he still has to go over to London in '65 and when he does my counterpart, wonderous Ella, will be waiting. And we SCoam/W stick together! So Ella, my Love, he'll soon be all yours! heh heh.

Excelsior!

Phil

(S.C.oaM Certified)

/Well, what have I got to lose? I might just as well leave you off the mailing list of this issue, too. --www/

ETHEL LINDSAY WRITES LIKE PHIL HARRELL Courage House, 6 Langley Ave., Surbiton,
Dear Cry: Surrey. Gt. Britain

I have returned one used Weber model CRY173.5 to you for replacement. And must say you certainly are slow replacing your defective models. I certainly hope the one you send in '65 will be in better condition. My goodness, when I bought that one when I was over there in September '62 the model there was in excellent shape. It's not that I mind having had to wait three years to get it but you could at least send me one that worked reasonably well. After all 2¢ is 2¢ and if the model you send over in '65 isn't in better condition I will ship him back to you and cancel my order. After all I can't waste my time on worn out merchandise you know.

Patiently

Ethel

/The model you received was not either defective. It is known as the "Lazy Wally" and was never meant to work. But we'll see if we can do worse in '65. --www/

THE WE ALSO HEARD FROM COLUMN:

Well, we sure heard from a lot of fans this time. Let's see if we can list them all in the space we have left. AVRAM DAVIDSON writes that he was mistaken about quintuplets and that it was now sextuplets, but he was still too incoherent to decipher very well. ROB WILLIAMS tells us what it is like living within phoning distance of Betty Kujawa, but it is hard to read because his doctors won't let him have sharp pencils. KAREN ANDERSON relates how she was once an old bat at a costume ball. EDWIN BAKER mails us a printed advertisement in his new learn-by-mail course he is teaching in accounting. We almost didn't get it, though, because he put the wrong numbers down in our address. WRAI BALLARD sends us his new Seattle address and asks what is good for webbed feet. Spiders, of course. RUTH BERMAN contributes a three-act play, but it wasn't good enough to use so we sold it to somebody from New York for \$800,000. So thanks anyway, Ruth. JOHN BERRY writes, asking for his towels back. If I'd known he was a fingerprint expert I wouldn't have visited him in the first place. WALTER BREEN sends notice that, since CRY has folded, he will no longer mail FANAC to us unless we subscribe. I guess he is mixing his coin collecting with fandom. F. M. BUSBY wants to know how the hell come he has to write letters to CRY. TERRY CARR announces that ACE is coming out with a new

doubleback, "FAMOUS PAGE TWO'S FROM CRY," backed with the expanded version of Burbee's famous, "THE NIGHT LANEY BLUSHED." PHIL CASTORA wants to join the Nameless Ones because LASFS meetings are too noisy. JACK CHALKER pleads for information on how to get the bid for a Worldcon. Well, first you have to call Ella Parker a Stupid Clod of a Woman in public. ED COX asks if anyone knows where Lee Jacobs went. Lee was last seen emerging from a twentieth floor of a Los Angeles smogscraper. HOWARD DEVORE offers to print 50 copies of a one-page fanzine for any fan, free of charge, for each \$500 order of used magazines the fan orders from him. GORDON EKLUND wants to know how to get out of chicken outfits. Well, Gordon, one way is to fly the coop. DICK ENEY writes, "I am not responsible for faults other than my own." DON FITCH wants to know if there are any fan clubs in Southern California. Don't be silly, Don; there aren't any fans in Southern California -- the weather is too cold there. JOHN FOYSTER refuses to believe that American females do not carry their young in pouches as Australians do. OWEN HANNIFEN, JACK HARNESS, DAVE & KATYA HULAN, and TED JOHNSTONE want to know where they can find a sixth for bridge. Apparently they do everything bigger in California. LEE JACOBS asks if anyone knows where Ed Cox went. He was last seen pushing Lee out of a twentieth floor window of a Los Angeles smogscraper. LENNY KAYE wants somebody to help him fill out the forms for collecting his Social Security benefits. "Why wait until I'm too old to enjoy it?" he asks. ALAN J. LEWIS has become tired of getting his name confused with another fan all the time, and has legally changed his name now to Ron Ellik. BOB LICHTMAN wants somebody to tell him about the birds and the bees. He says it sounds like something he hasn't tried yet. ED MESKYS tells us to send all his mail to Norm Metcalf until Ed can find a permanent address. NOR METCALF wants to know how come so many fans lately have been addressing their letters to him with, "Dear Ed," at the top. FRED PATTEN would like to know if there are any rules to Diplomacy. BRUCE & DIAN PELZ send a quarter for this issue and want us to explain what a fanzine is. ART & NANCY RAPP sent us a letter we are having trouble reading. It is a quarter of an inch wide and 600 feet long and, as far as we can make out, we have to read a little over three inches of it each second in order to understand it. DICK SCHULTZ apologizes for not sending us any illustrations. It seems he had just started drawing when the bartender caught him and threw him out. BURNETT TOSKEY is working on a formula that he hopes will aid mathematicians to figure out women. He keeps getting sidetracked by the figures, however. DOREEN & JIM WEBBERT are looking for a small dog. They think one of their big dogs swallowed it. The Mayor of Los Angeles asks if anyone knows where Ed Cox and Lee Jacobs went. They were last seen stacking beer cans in a pile twenty stories high. He is concerned because it violates Los Angeles building codes.

But nobody sent us lovely money this time. (That quarter from Bruce and Dian was in rotten shape -- it looked like it had once been used as a gear in an electric Gestetner.) What's with you cheapskates? Don't you love us any more? ----WWW

from: CRY (fake) 175
2632 Vincent Ave.
Norfolk, Va. 23509

Printed Matter Only

RETURN REQUESTED

A number after your name on the address label indicates that you are a robot.

Zip this issue to:

Lee Hoffman
54 E. 7th (basement)
NYC, NY, 10003

