

# CRY

*of the Nameless*

june 1958    number 116







Well, it finally happened----

C\*R\*Y O\*F T\*H\*E R\*E\*A\*D\*E\*R\*S has taken over

the CRY OF THE NAMELESS, here at Issue #116 for June 1958.

It was bound to happen, and now the letters outpagenumber the rest of the CRY, which exudes from Box 92, 920 3rd Ave., Seattle 4, Washington. For a long stupid time, the CRY lost money at the rate of 10¢, 12/\$1, but now we have seen the light!

FROM NOW ON, THE CRY WILL LOSE MONEY AT THE RATE OF 25¢ PER SINGLE COPY, OR 5 FOR \$1, OR 12 RELENTLESS MONTHLY ISSUES FOR \$2.00, SUBSCRIPTION RATES.

You will rightfully condemn this 250% inflationary price-raise as outrageous.

Have fun.

Outrageous Inflationary Contents for This Issue

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So THIS is how the world ends-- not with either bang nor whimper, but with a prosaic subscription raise. At least, I've been told that this raise is going to be the End of the World....

Our artists owe the world the following information; their works appear in these pages as follows: ADAMS 28,29; ATOM 14,25,33,42; BARNES 40,47; BROWN 44; BRYER 32; DAIGLE 25,29,30,33; DEMUTH 34,39; GARCONE 38,46; MORAN 35; REISS 27,31,36,40; STILES 26; STONE 37,39; HOLOCAUST 4 if I don't manage to fill it myself.

Dop't of Rambling Thoughts: I'll bet you thought we were kidding, last month, didn't you, when we broached the question of raising sub-rates? And asked for your ideas on the subject? Well, except for those of you who appear (unless Toskey was forced to edit beyond his strength) in the lettercol, IT'S TOO LATE NOW.

25¢ per issue, 5 for a buck, & a full 12-month year for two dollah, is the current tariff as of the date on which you receive this issue. This 48-page issue.

Live running subscriptions will of course run at the old rate. Trades were always a little unsatisfactory (there aren't too many monthlies), and will likely tighten up a little more-- though no sincere trader will be lopped completely.

The l\*c\*t\*t\*e\*r\*c\*o\*1 - let's face it - is getting completely out of hand. Toskey, who was accustomed to printing anything he could decipher, has been driven to merciless editing and even to, er, rejecting. From here on out, it would behoove anyone desiring a free CRY for letter of comment, to do some actual commenting, along with the fun-and-games. And the really dirty part of it is that the lettercol does not even give you Certified CRY Rejection Slips, such as can be obtained for unsatisfactory articles, fiction, and miscellaneous crud.

Sometimes it seems as if we're not quite fair, and we've been working up to this for a long, long time; it used to be that we were complete schnooks.



T\*H\*E S\*C\*I\*E\*N\*C\*E F\*I\*C\*T\*I\*O\*N F\*I\*E\*L\*D P\*L\*O\*W\*E\*D U\*N\*D\*E\*R

by a Pemberton named Renfrew

SCIENCE FICTION STORIES, July: Lead novelet is "Underground Front" by Haugsraud & Smith. Against a background of scattered and protracted Warm War against the "Asiatics" is set a mystery plot of semi-official groups battling for power in our own government. Lots of possibilities, but it dives into the Action too soon and any resemblance to a Story of Ideas is sunk right there, without a trace.

"The Moon - Good Night!" (Mack Richards) is a far-fetched and unhelping title for this enjoyable picture of a world in which the U.S. and the S.U. are getting along in matter-of-fact if stand-offish fashion, simply because it was inevitable in the long run. The protagonist is a highly-unreconstructed Old Bolshevik with an idee fixe and the memory of having been told (by Lenin himself) "you are absolutely right". When the old boy is railroaded to Joint Manned Satellite #1, with his idea... But it's still a lousy title.

Gordon R Dickson's "Last Voyage" is a problem-suspense piece concerning a ship menaced by Aliens. Logic, not rabbits, emerge from the author's hat.

At the end of Part 3 of "Tower of Zanid" (de Camp) and heading into the finale, our hero has lost his girl and is finally so help me about to get ready to prepare to commence to start the Main Action that was all set up early in Part 1. Withal, a good supply of de Camp's Patented Plot-Thinner would make a Million-Word-a-Year Man out of Cordwainer Smith.

If George H Smith's vignette "Hello, Terra Central" had appeared in the CRY, most of you would have panned the hell out of it. But you would have been too harsh; this is perfectly good fan-fiction of the neo persuasion.

"Just Desserts", by Irving Fang, is a short cutie on the hazards of landing your saucer without checking on the denizens, and I did get a big boff out of the neat way the punchline was handled. ## Rob't/Randall does a G&S verse to answer those who ask which head wrote which passages in his/their works. Nimble.

FANTASTIC UNIVERSE, July: W.C.Gault's "Escape Ferocity" is an anti-machine polemic in which the Inevitability of the Menace destroys its credibility; obviously, the spaceship is going to continue its inexplicable campaign of killing off its passengers as fast as the reader can sort them out, in spite of all their counter-measures, because the author has Planned It That Way. Sick kicker, avoiding explanations.

"Winged Victory" (Thomas B Swann) is a pleasant spoof, with an extraterrestrial girl posing for a Greek sculptor for, er, certain considerations. ## Joe L Hensley's "The Pair" effectively handles the problem of a crippled and embittered veteran of interstellar war, and his search for vengeance. A well-done piece.

"Two Suns of Morcali" is a studiedly ineffective title for Evelyn Smith's wry and chortle-making epic of the indomitable (well, nearly indomitable) lady explorer and the not-Idol's not-Eye. The lady is quite a gal: ("Those wars didn't start because I antagonized the natives; it was because the natives antagonized me.")

Bobloch's "Egghead" is a sort of "little 1984" out of the "Hidden Persuaders". Brrrrrr! I'm glad that Packard's best-seller seems to be spreading ripples into the public at large; maybe this won't happen after all, Bob.

Jessup is back, over a blurb in which editor Santesson kindly quotes this column's remark about Jessup and damp flat rocks. Morris K is off his hate-stf kick this time; instead he has assembled a covey of myths, rumors, and cult-beliefs that would make a month's debunking for Sprague de Camp and Willy Ley working as a team. The apparent motive is to throw together so many "unexplainable" things into one package (with a UFOlogy tie-in) that critics will give up in despair and admit that UFOlogy Has A Lot To It After All. (Let's turn the page and get a fresh run at ol' Morris, shall we?)



(OK, onward to Target: Jessup)

Under the title "The Truth About Flying Saucers", Morris begins with a rundown of the ten-year History of the Problem (two pages), and then proceeds to embrace ALL "borderland" fields of study and speculation as UFOlogy's Own, adding that he himself is sticking to orthodox scientific principles in his own presentation. The first orthodox scientific principle expounded is that of previous advanced civilizations on this planet, complete with Lost Secrets. From this, we go into the Little Men routine. One passage reads: "I was startled to find that reputable Ethnologists had shown that Pygmies had existed as fully developed humans from as far back as the Age known to Geologists as the 'Tertiary'. That's over thirty million (30,000,000) years ago, my friends." Well, I'm a little bit startled, myself, considering that a measly one million (yep, 1,000,000) years is the usual round figure accepted for the time since the distinction between ape-men and man-apes began to clarify (not the 25,000-50,000-year figure quoted by Jessup). Of course, with ethnologists and geologists assuming the prerogatives of proper nouns, anything can happen. But on to more orthodox scientific findings....

There's a half-page of orthodox scientific Pyramidology, a reference to Easter Island, and a shy half-bow to Velikovsky. The "bridge on the moon" comes into it, along with numerous authoritative "references" to purported lunar phenomena that are brand-new to me (which does not, of course, invalidate them, any more than the fact that all the weird happenings reported in the oldtime version of "The American Weekly" took place uniformly in Transylvania and similar out-of-the-way spots, impugned the veracity of Mr. Hearst's writers).

Brother Jessup wrote in much friendlier vein, this time; he has traded his barbed pen for an all-too-ample shovel. Like, man, it's deep.

Back to fiction (if I Ever Left Home, that is): Michael Shaara's "The Lovely House" is a rather well-redone item on the disguised-spaceship theme. It may not be cricket to give away the gimmick, but there's nothing else to say about it.

"Road To Nightfall" is Bob Silverberg's version of the ending Tucker wanted to use on "The Long Loud Silence". With the country (in this case) cut into separate sections by radioactive dividing-belts, and technology in collapse, the food runs out-- all the food. And here are all these people in this foodless city. It gets rough, and Bob follows one stubborn man all the way. Effective.

Civilian Saucer Intelligence reports on "sunburns" from UFO radiations, and this outfit is more data-minded than some. But howcome all this month's sighters stopped their own doggone cars so's they could look, while last month's found their engines quitting at similar ranges? And hoo boy-- here's the Case of the Pockmarked Windshields, late 1957 Ohio model. We had that here in Seattle in April 1954; everybody got all shook up, but no saucers. Who's covering up?

Wallace Edmonson's "Children's Hour" is a bitter little parable of warning. Robert Andrea's "Spacenet" is a tired takeoff-- "Dumm-de-dum-dumm!"

SUPER SCIENCE, Aug: Eric Rodman's "A World Called Sunrise" is the lead novelet, dealing with a Quarantine World of persons exiled from Earth for having become too radioactive (thru atomic mishaps) to have around here safely. Improbable as this may seem, the author tops it: each exile is "sentenced" to exile for twice the half-life of the isotope which contaminates him, the author being apparently under the impression that "half-life" means half the time required for a radioactive substance to play itself out. The plot is better than the "science", but not much.

"The Cold-Blooded Ones" (Cal Knox) plays the inscrutable-alien theme, with a planet of reptilian types whom the Earthmen cannot bring themselves to trust-- they're "too good to be true". But evil seems to be similar to beauty in one respect, and you know whose eye that's in.

-----  
Palmer says we're outnumbered by the Shaverites...  
-----



-----  
...and the way things are going, these days, I believe him.  
-----

Koller Ernst's "Many Mansions In The Sky" is an exasperating piece: with a "Star Ark" carrying the remnants of humanity from a radiation-blasted Earth to the Centauri System, woman's intuition, Divine Will, and the Fitzgerald Contract-ion (typical sfnal misinterpretation of) combine to re-stage the Ararat Scene.

The Illusion-Monster Rides Again in Richard Watson's "A Planet All My Own": something old, little new, plenty borrowed, ending blue. Stop spinning, Weinbaum.

Alan E Nourse's "Gift of Numbers" parlays the Diabolical Exchange theme into a bit of a switch. Nobody really wins, but the protagonist could have done worse.

"The Beautiful People", by Austin Hamel, strikes me as too matter-of-fact for a first-person treatment of the people-into-pets idea. ## Curt Casewit's "The Martian Wine" is a straightforward gimmick-piece: the exploiter foiled. Selah.

VENTURE, July: Any assessment of C.M. Kornbluth's novelet "Two Dooms" is hard put to avoid unqualified eulogy, from the knowledge that here is one of the last, <sup>pieces</sup> if not the last piece of original Kornbluth we'll be seeing. The motif is "Well, what if we hadn't developed the Bomb?"; the demonstration is via time-travel into a future alternate-world; the development is merciless and superb. The moral is: You pays your money and you takes your choice, and it's a good one. Vale.

Non-fiction: Dr. Asimov discusses collisions of galaxies to a speculative droll conclusion (let's hope his symmetrical mind is correct). Fratero Sturgeon has ire at the publication of an inept Mainstream satire and at the rather fuggheaded ill-treatment of JWCjr in a Book of Debunking; makes some good points, too.

"Contact Between Equals" (Albert Stroud) is one of the best and most unique items that's shown up lately. This one takes off from an untrite variation of the van Vogtian man-in-a-strange-weird-situation beginning, expands nightmarishly as fast as the reader can follow, and winds up with a brand-new, original, and-- yes, practical-- gimmick. I like this too much to horse around with synopsisizing.

John Novotny's "Biggest Damned Martini in the Universe" is also a gimmick-piece, and is funny enough to obviate paying lip-service to scientific accuracy.

Simak's "The Money Tree" depicts still another way in which human cussedness could louse up interstellar relations. Ingenious, we humans, if furshlugger.

"Lady of Space" (del Rey) takes another look at the girl who goes to space to help the boys out. This one reads pretty much for real from the outside, and the plot works out nicely, but I still do not get a believable picture of the girl's motivations or the guy's adjustment to the finale. This is a thoughty piece, tho, and I could probably think of more on it, except we just now got company. Sorry.

GALAXY, July: "The Back Of Our Heads", a novelet by Stephen Barr, is complex, witty, philosophical, crudite, sophisticated, fascinating-- and will someone kindly let me know what the man was leading up to, just before (1) he decided not to have an ending on this story, or (2) he lost me??? Reads as if the Unity scrambled the eggs.

Paul Flehr is back with "We Never Mention Aunt Nora", which goes quite well, up until the kicker, when the author is stumped and falls back upon the worn and fatigued Nameless and Indescribable Horror. Aw, fooot.

L.J. Stecher's "Man In A Quandary" is a retread of an old "My problem, Mister Anthony---" joke, but he does give it quite a buildup. Yes, indeed.

Uggh, the proverbial caveman, was likely weaned on tales of the dire fates visited upon those whom the gods gave strange abilities and other gifts. Fritz Leiber, in "Bullet With His Name", substitutes the Testing Aliens for primitive gods, but Uggh wouldn't have any trouble recognizing a reasonable translation.



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Is that the Hit Parade on the car radio, or have the bearings burned out again?  
-----

(GALAXY revisited-- cont'd)

PAGE --7--

"Blank Form" is an interesting puzzle-piece: protagonist comes upon a man who can change shape under stress of emergencies, and also, as it turns out, under hypnotic command. Problems: whence came this man, and howcome he himself does not know his origin or true form? The answer is sort of cute, and the tale reads well. Oops, this piece is by Arthur Sellings, and on-stencil daze caused the lapse.

-- Poul and Karen Anderson offer "Innocent At Large": the Martian colonial hick getting his lumps among the Earthside sharpies. The yokel and his story are done nicely; this one is lots of fun.

Except for editor Gold letting a couple of authors get away with underdone stories, this would have been an upper-grade issue. As is, it's too erratic.

ASTOUNDING, June: New cover process for this Emsh depiction, and an article on it, to boot. Editorial plugs for "science fans" to goad Science out of incipient ruts, and for Science to let 'em. Good idea, but as usual, Jawn is better at posing problems than at supplying answers (this is not a slam).

This, however, is a slam: Campbell did a superb job of killing Silverberg's "Heir Reluctant", with blurb and chapter headings. I don't know why the hell he didn't print a complete synopsis ahead of the story and get it over with, so as to be sure that nobody would miss the point. Perfectly fine story in its own right, if editorial policy had seen fit to step out of the limelight and let us enjoy it, without all the heavy hinting.

Stanley Mullen's "Space to Swing a Cat", dealing with man-made mutants from the animal kingdom as space-pilot candidates, could have used a rewrite for smoothness. A story of attitudes should have a little more subtlety throughout; the characters in this one do about-faces as the author decrees, and the only subtle touch is the author's hiding of the Vital Factor until afterthought-time.

I was surprised to find the background of Asimov's Foundation Series (even including some of the proper names) in Randall Garrett's "No Connections", the plural of an Asimov title, by the way. Obviously, the good doctor A was in on the conspiracy, and conspiracy it is-- to deal the reader a low blow to the Amusement Center. Well, if you (as I) didn't dig it from the illocs.....

Ted Thomas' "The Law School" gets off the Cosmic Significance kick with the author's extrapolation of Law into the Space Age, and aims more for the belly-laugh. May not lay you in the aisles, exactly, but you should get a few boffs.

"Murphy's Law" (Hugh B Brous) finally catches up with Brass Tacks, which for several issues has been preoccupied by the various ramifications of the basic law of research and development: "If anything can go wrong, it will". (So far, I have not seen one of the major corollaries mentioned: "If it can't go wrong, it won't go at all".) However, Brous does fine on his buildup, but his punchline was used up by the immortal Jorkens before Campbell started editing.

The second, or middle part of Clement's "Close to Critical" doesn't do much for me. The problem was posed last month, and the solution will be along next month; this month's offering comes out mostly filler. I don't imagine I'd have this trouble, reading the entire story between just one pair of covers, but with a month's wait before it and another of the same after it, that's how it goes.

Sky Miller's news, views, and reviews are always good reading; I don't always mention all departments unless there's something controversial to say, but it's about time to mention the good job regularly done in "The Reference Library".



-----  
He wasn't a Purple People-Eater until his Ditto machine drove him over the edge  
-----

IMAGINATION, Aug, carries reviews by Bloch (who, as you all know, is Superb) of a couple local Seattle zines, including this one. Turnabout is fair play, although this department probably won't be able to be as nice to Madge as Bob was to the F&S Gang. Now, if the zine were all by Bloch.... Ah, well.

The article, "Next Stop The Moon" (Henry Bott), is sound enough in a popularized way, but unfortunately, just behind the article is the Lead Novel: "Special Delivery" by Kris Neville, reprinted from the Jan '52 issue by something on the order of overwhelming popular demand, according to editor Hamling. Well, I'll tell you: I was pretty sure that I must have read "Special Delivery" at its first appearance, as I was buying all the zines at that time, but I couldn't tell for sure by a rapid look-through. So I read it all the way through, and I'm still not sure whether or not I read it before. Oh, circumstantially, I'm sure I did, but its memorable qualities certainly failed to spring to warm recollection. In fact, "Special Delivery" is my momentary nomination for the "Most Forgettable" award. There are others, of course, but somehow, none of them come to mind at the moment.

Ellison's sharpie-entrepreneur, in "Glug", is oghodonceagain outsharped, this time by stirring up the ecology. Oh well, they pay for them, don't they? Agberg's "Homcoming Horde" also bears out the promise of the last sentence; there is still a market for a buildup-and-windup, even without the slightest sign of a plotline.

"You'll Like it on Mars" (Tom W Harris) is a typical nothing-piece "mystery" item and probably approximates closely the Ideal Yarn as far as Hamling is concerned; full of sound and fury and signifying damn little, it's a good sample of the sort of thing that has been printed often enough in Madge to take the zine off my list several years ago.

Anyone else for a "Get Bloch a Better Sponsor" campaign??

FANTASY & SCIENCE FICTION, July: Gordon Dickson's "Brother Charlie" has the Earthmen trying to make peace between two inimical species living on one planet. The ending would have been better if the whole shenanigan hadn't turned out to be a plant. And so help me, that's the sort of ending that deserves to be given away.

"The Reign of Tarquin the Tall", by Kit Reed, fully justifies Boucher's persistent efforts to keep his zine open for offtrail material, and thoroughly defies description. An absolute monarchy in a rundown impromptu rooming-house, and all the tenants living off the welfare; whatever happened to Mary(?)Lasswell?

"Gil Bralter" is a newly-translated Jules Verne. I'm only telling you.

"The Day of the Green Velvet Cloak" shows Mildred Clingerman in one of her better moods. We have a rather pushed-around young lady of the present, admired for her sturdy character and all by a young man from the past, and a certain amount of hugger-mugger with the fabric of space-time and human moral fibres--ah, foosh; this is a nice warm story for a chilly day.

Ron Goulart's "The Katy Dialogues" is a tour-de-force of multivalent bits of dialogue, based on the simplest of Entropy (or Downhill) Plots.

That estimable savant, Dr. Asimov, forsakes the test-tube for the alembic to a certain extent in "The Up-To\*Date Sorcerer". This is purely for fun.

Roy Vickers' "The Eighth Lamp" is a 1916-model fantasy of the "crime-doesn't-pay" persuasion, and I recommend it to all ghost-buffs who are not yet convinced that crime doesn't pay, except for authors.

It is true that I have not yet figured out Stephen Barr's "The Vandals".



Before "The Blue-Eyed Horse", by Michael Fossier, there was "The Stray Lamb", by Thorne Smith. And didn't Ziff-Davis 'used to' run this into the ground, too?

Quite a number of C.M.Kornbluth's works would have made a better finale than his "Theory of Rocketry" here. Certainly the craftsmanship sags not, nor does the merciless extrapolation. But, though Kornbluth was master of the Bitter Approach, I somehow doubt that he'd have preferred to sign off on this bitter a note.

FUTURE, Aug: Bertram Chandler's "The Song" is a not-so-fast switch on the Siren or Lorelei motif. Gimmicked by reference to the Old War between Mars and the ex-planet #5 that now composes the Asteroid Belt (it seems that some of us are hybrid Martians), and shadowed by a Dominant Wife routine, "die Lorelei-- getan".

T.H.Mathieu has a Good Thing Going, in his current series that began with "Cargo: Death" (remember the hyper-poisonous Pseudomus?). This month's "Earthquake Remedy" runs a sidelight plot to the main problem of what to do with the poisonous li'l beasties, thus carefully keeping things open for more sequels. Well, this one didn't exactly send me, but at least it didn't lose any ground for the major plotline. Guy goofs, gets tortured, gets rescued. Equanil??

Py dham, I thought Dr. Asimov was readerproof outside his own field of biochemistry, but not so! Here, in "Point of View: Mercury", Isaac the Good manages to get me all fouled up on things I had pretty well in mind, before I started reading that article. There's such a thing as too much popularizing explanation.

The RAWLitorials on ol' AMAZINGS are OK, but I like the present-oriented ones a lot better, and will be surprised if the readers don't react similarly.

Kato Wilhelm's "The Last Threshold" is along the plotlines of old-time dream world (not the Z-D variety) science-fiction. The fellow keeps disappearing in everyday life, shocking the bejesus out of his money-hungry relatives (he's rich). He reappears in the dreams of a fine uninhibited young lady, and I do not mean uninhibited in the Toffee-teaser style, either (did that poor joker ever make out?). Pornography fans can drop out here also; Miz Wilhelm has taste. Anyhow, the plot may limp a bit, but the action is nice.

"Object Lesson" (Carl Grooner) is not exactly a story at all-- it's more of an imaginative essay. A strategic gimmick, and not one named character. Tsk.

Richard Embs' "Texas In The Sky" is concerned with oceans of oil on Venus. However, by skipping the obvious hazard of igniting said oil by rocket-blasts, and instead pooping around with trivial fraternal hassles, the author missed the barge. Would it be redundant to say that this one didn't get off the ground?

That's all very well, but are you insured against being visited by Peter Graham?

Watch for "I Was a Hopeless Hieronymus-Machine Addict" in the paperback edition

Every now and then we get (would you believe it?) criticisms on this column. Some think we should run more to synopses, so's it wouldn't be essential to read the verschlugen stories. Others feel that there's not sufficient critical analysis of individual stories. And then there are those who would like us to hold down the page-count and leave more room for the lettercol, yet.

Admittedly, there are lots of faults indigenous to this department: inability to maintain the same viewpoint and presentation from one zine to another, for example. I don't see any way to beat this inconsistency, as long as the zines come out at different times and are dissected on different days; Pemberton is not exactly the Objective Type. There may be a Method, but I do not have it.

We welcome all suggestions, as long as they make for less work. And I do believe that we have concluded our tryst for this particular June of 1958.



*for a fannish good time, it's*

# DETROIT IN 59

SUPPORT THE GROUP THAT YOU KNOW WILL PRODUCE A GOOD CONVENTION

Here are 7 good reasons why fans all over the nation are supporting Detroit:

1. Detroit fandom intends to produce a financially sound convention. Experience gained in the past ten years of convention-going has shown us the pitfalls to be avoided. We produced a conference in '54 that was very successful. Since 1948 we have attended all national conventions and most major conferences. We have gained practical experience with each passing year.
2. Detroit fans are FANS, not professionals after gain or glory.
3. Give DETROIT a chance. We have never had a World Convention. Don't send the World-Con back to the same old sites time after time. Give a different group a chance to show what it can do.
4. Detroit will WORK for a convention. Over 800 letters and fanzines were mailed before June 1st. The fight has just begun; we expect to double this before September. Our advertising will appear in over 20 fanzines with a combined circulation of over 2,000 copies. When was the last time you saw anything from our competitors?
5. Detroit has the confidence of fans and professionals. We have over 160 cards and letters on file offering to support our convention. They know we can handle a convention; THERE SHOULD BE NO DOUBT IN YOUR MIND!
6. The MSFS is no Johnny-come-lately to fandom, having been in existence for better than twelve years. Most of our founding members are still with us, and some of them have even matured---George Young, who wore the first propellor beanie at the Torcon in 1948, now has a wife, two children, and the world's largest propellor beanie. Martin Alger, who originated the term "Bem" nearly twenty years ago, has accumulated ten-year-old automobiles, thirty-year-old magazines, and 100-year-old guns; despite these handicaps he attends meetings regularly.  
Of course, not all of our members are ancient. Two of them are actually below twenty-one, and one of these kids has only been in fandom for five years. Her two children make her feel much older.
7. Detroit has made plans for a convention rather than vague promises. A questionnaire based on these plans is being circulated. You can help plan your own convention--- NOT have it shoved down your throat!

We hope that the above points have convinced you that Detroit is the only logical choice. If you are still undecided just watch the various fanzines--- our material is appearing every week.

Board of Directors of the Michigan Science-Fantasy Society: Fred Prophet, Howard Devore, Roger Sims, Dean McLaughlin, Mona Rhines, Bill Rickhardt, George Young, Mary Young, Jim Broderick.

*hospitality is our byword!*



Last month saw (if it was looking) the publication of two extraordinarily large fanzines: "The Incomplete Burbee" and "The Best of Fandom -- 1957". Both of these are reprint anthologies, both have very good duplication and very good material, and both are highly recommended for your permanent fanzine collection.

THE INCOMPLETE BURBEE. Terry Carr et al., 2315 Dwight Way, Berkeley 4, Calif. 75¢ -- if you prefer to send a dollar bill apply the extra 25¢ on a FANAC sub. (6/25¢). FANAC is even more worthwhile now that Tucker is distributing an occasional LE ZOMBIE with it.

Five fans produced this zine in only ten days, which doubtless accounts for the way the material is jumbled together in no particular order, chronological or other, with an alphabetical index substituting for the conventional convenient table of contents. Duplication, however, is very legible, and the illos are good.

And the material? It's all of it B\*U\*R\*B\*E\*E! Burbee himself, discussing Al Ashley, F. Towner Laney, cub scouts, NFFF, tropical fish, player pianos, the ideal fanzine, Les and Es Cole, how to stop writing for fanzines, and so forth. It's enchanting stuff. Here's a few excerpts:

"I explained that my wife is constantly offering my services to the neighbors. In the past few months she has offered me to the neighbors to repair an automatic washer, a sewing machine, a vacuum cleaner, a stove. This comes under the heading of being neighborly. ... But, when the young lady across the street complained that she just couldn't get pregnant, did my wife make one attempt at being neighborly? Where were those magic words 'Oh, my husband can fix that up for you in a jiffy?'"

"Later I was ... introduced to this Louise Leipiar ... 'I've heard of you,' I said. 'Nothing good,' she said. 'No,' I said, 'though I did hear you were easily excited.' Her eyes flashed and her breath shortened. 'I am not!' she bellowed like a great jungle beast. 'I am always --' here she was quick to see she was being baited so she continued in a lower voice, even working in a smile-- 'why, I'm always calm and cool as a cucumber. I never get excited. I wouldn't hurt a fly.'

'I guess not,' I said. 'Well, I'll have to tell Laney I met you. I'll describe you and say she's not a bad kid, except that she gets excited easily.'"

"Rotsler read the rough draft and laughed like crazy, then went off and stole 15 of my best lines ... He says he stole only 3 lines, but I hold out for 15. 'I can prove it!' he shouts. 'No,' I say, 'don't prove it, because if you do I'll be mad because I've got my mind made up that you stole 15 lines.'"

GET this. 75¢, tho a high price for a fanzine, is not too much to pay for 96 pp. of Burbee.

THE BEST OF FANDOM -- 1957. Guy E. Terwilleger, 1412 Albright St., Boise, Idaho. 35¢.

This is considerably underpriced. Guy should charge at least 50¢ for this; if he puts out succeeding volumes -- as I hope he will -- he really should raise his price.

Contents vary wildly in quality. There are twenty-six items, each picked by a faned as the best or most suitable from his zine pubbed in 1957. But the zines range from excellent to cruddy, and the editor did not always make what I would consider the best possible choice. Some of the better items are: the two



Bob Shaw pieces, the two John Berry pieces, Walt Willis' column, Carl Brandon's "My Fair Femnefan", Marion Zimmer Bradley's "Way Out West in Texas," and, what not having received SIGBO #3 I was particularly pleased to see, Robert Bloch's "The Lomokome Papers". This last is not only a beautifully thorough analysis of story & author but also contains what will henceforth be a favorite pun: "Wouk ... originally planned to write a play ... which appeared in 1949 in New York and ... failed. Probably a case of all Wouk and no play." This has the lovely relevancy that makes a pun worthwhile, and ranks in my estimation with Irish Fandom's sham-rocks that weren't planted, but came up by their own Sweet Will.

This has 92 pp. of mostly very good reading, and is beautifully produced. You'd better get it. 'Twill be wonderful if Guy can keep up this project thru the years. Ten years from now I'd love to see ten such volumes on my shelf.

In his item in BOF'57 Walt Willis compares fan-feuding to amateur boxing. I'm going to try to look at it in that light. Henceforth, when one fan lambastes another, instead of getting all fashed I'll simply take the cortico-thalamic pause and say to hell with it.

RETRIBUTION #10. John Berry, 31, Campbell Park Ave., Belmont, Belfast, N. Ireland, and Arthur Thomson, 17, Brockham House, Brockham Drive, London, S.W.2, England. 15c.

Here's a real good RET -- 52 pages of it! Includes goon stories by John Berry, Chick Derry, Joe Sanders, F. M. Busby, & Art Thomson. By far the best of these was the story by local fan-genius F. M. Busby. It was masterfully plotted, with shrewd character analysis and deep insight into human destiny. Now will you put down that zap gun, Buz?

The other stories were good too. You know, the goon mythos is a bit specialized, but since each local goon uses characters & situations peculiar to his own locale the goon stories have a unifying tendency -- fandom-at-large becomes more familiar with the peculiarities of each goonish locale. This I approve of highly.

I also approve of the lettercol, and the ATom (& other) illos, and Ethel Lindsay's fanzine reviews. She's really a woman of exquisite taste & discernment: she not only likes CRY, she likes it for the same reason I do.

OBGIS #1. Jerry DeMuth, 3223 Ernst Street, Franklin Park, Ill.

&

VEHMEGELICHT #1. Tom Reamy and the Dallas Detergents, 4243 Buena Vista, Dallas, Texas.

You know, I keep getting the peculiar, fantastic, revolting impression that the people who put out the two sheets listed above are not in favor of D\*E\*T\*R\*OIT for the 1959 convention. Can such things be?

Reamy is plugging Dallas' Southwestercon. Sounds like a small worldcon, but as if it might be fun anyhow. If we lived nearby we'd go.

THE VINEGAR WORM #3. Bob Leman, 2701 So. Vine St., Denver 10, Colo. For trade, comment, or free on request.

The quality of the material in VW is holding up very nicely -- but oh! the duplication is a sad surprise! Every word can be made out quite easily, tho.

My favorite item in this was Bob's story of his bulldog, Dolly, who insists on sharing his & his wife's bed. Leman-flavored extract: "Now people move in their sleep, shifting about to allow the various muscles to rest and relax -- or at any rate, people without bulldogs do so. Not so with me: when I try to move my legs they encounter our good Dolly, squatting like a toad atop the covers."

Other good items: Bob's chat with a vampire, Bob Bloch's listing of the



many things he has learned from television, ending:

"16) Most television sets themselves are marvelous and complicated instruments, and sometimes it takes half an hour to find the little switch that will turn the TV off.

17) It's usually worth the effort to do so."

Also Bob Leman's equally satirical article on what to do when the TV is out of order, his British tale "inspired by a reading of certain British novels which attempt, with varying degrees of success, to depict life in the United States" and some brief book reviews and various other filler stuff. There's also a Spillane parody by Ron Smith which would be fine if one hadn't already read too many Spillane parodies.

Highly recommended.

VAMPIRE TRADER #4. April, 1958. Stony Brook Barnes, Route 1, Box 1102, Grants Pass, Oregon. This issue and next for 3¢ stamps -- #6 10¢.

This is an eight page hectographed tradezine. Advs. & plugs are printed free. VT is by and for the young neofan. I shan't attempt to evaluate it -- shall simply say that the value of a tradezine is probably dependent on the size of its circulation and the regularity of its appearance. Altho this is the first I've seen I have the impression that it appears very regularly; and Stony certainly sounds eager enough to increase his circulation.

MISC. #2. Andrew Joel Reiss, 741 Westminster Road, Brooklyn 30, New York. Free at present.

By and for the young neofan. Ends up: "Yourare getting this because I feel lije, or for trade or something. But for goshsakes, I need material!" Andrew J., I believe you.

This has some good Reiss and some very good Adkins illos. Like most fanzines nowadays (& why should CRY be different?) it gives the new address of Adkins & Pearson: The Esquire Hotel, Apt. A-1, 360 W. 45th St., N. Y.

By the way, I saw SATA ILLUSTRATED #9 recently. I shan't review it (it's folded) but want to say that never have I seen or imagined such effects obtained with ditto. There's one illo that looks like a photograph! My only gripe is that they used purple & red almost exclusively. There are prettier colors in the dittograph palette. --I read lettercol & fanzine reviews -- both quite good.

YANDRO #64. May 1958. R & J Coulson, 105 Stitt St., Wabash, Ind. 15¢, 12/\$1.50.

Gee -- Buck has a lot of negative phrases in this! "I am getting sick of con reports" (repeated in slightly varied form), "topics which are of no interest at all to me", "not exactly my type", "a field which doesn't interest me", "one of the four or five fanzines in the world which are actually worth reading" -- ~~hmm~~. Buck Coulson, young man, quit pouring ashes on that faint fannish spark!

However, YANDRO is its normal pleasant self. Article by Bob Briney on math in SF, story by Rich Brown, fanzine reviews, lettercol & fillers.

George Wells, Box 486, Riverhead, New York, hopes 80 people will send him \$1 each so that he can buy a ditto. "A few may not be able to send as much as a dollar but if this is your case, send me as much as you can." Ho hum.

GAFFIA #3 & 4, Ted E. White, 1014 N. Tuckahoe St., Falls Church, Va., is distributed with RUMBLE #13, John Magnus, Jr., 6 S. Franklinton Rd., Baltimore 23, Md.

These are both pleasant, interesting reading. Both gents ask for more friendliness & good will in fandom. I couldn't agree more! Must say I was awfully pleased with Ted's reaction (in a previous GAFFIA) to the Perfect Guest's article in INNUENDO. & so adieu until next month!



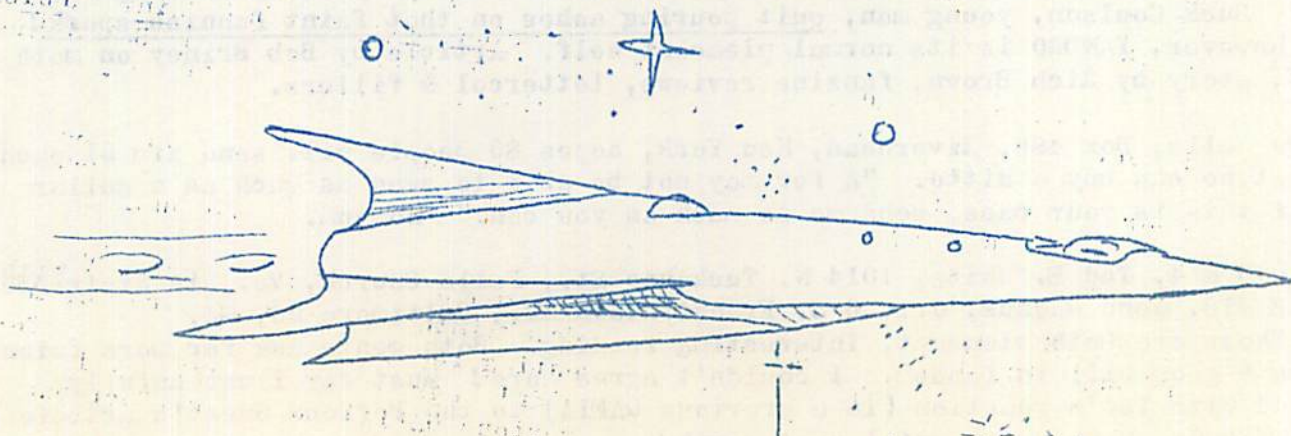
minutes of: THE WHEELS OF IF

by Walter A. Willis

The 987th meeting of Irish Fandom was held despite the fog on 17th January at Oblique House as usual, a mass protest march by the inhabitants of East Belfast having been diverted into the canal by friends of John Berry in the Traffic Police. Mr. Willis drew attention to the fact that Irish Fandom had been meeting regularly for ten years and not once had proper minutes been kept of the proceedings. He was not forgetting the unfortunate case of the visitor from England who had attempted to take notes---they would be glad to know he was now allowed visitors---but he pointed out that Wally Weber had been doing it for the Nameless Ones and was still sane, comparatively speaking. He proposed that Mr. White be elected Secretary, as the only professional writer in Irish Fandom. Mr. White said that while profoundly conscious of the honour, he just could not afford to accept it. His wife Peggy had wired a cash register up to his typer and he had to account for every word: his London Worldcon Report in Hyphen 19 had left him without pocketmoney for another four years. Mr. Charters drew attention to the fact that John Berry was not yet present and it was resolved that Mr. Willis put a red light outside the door to direct him through the fog. On his return Mr. Willis found that he had been proposed and unanimously elected Hon. Secretary.

Mr. Willis's attempts to find a seconder for an amending resolution were interrupted by the arrival of a strange young lady who said that a copy of Hyphen had accidentally come into her possession and she had been very interested in it. Immediately the well oiled machinery went into action. She was shisked upstairs and taken on the Ten Minute Tour of the attic while Mr. Charters read selected excerpts from The Enchanted Duplicator and Mr. White assembled the rest of the material for the Basic Indoctrination Course. The young lady had been taken as far as the Museum of Fantiquties (key of Jack Speer's car, to be exact) before she was able to make it clear that she was the vicar's daughter and had no interest in science fiction, or even fandom, but had thought the publishers of Hyphen might like to help out with the parish magazine. She produced samples of the sort of printing that would be required, including a large poster advertising the garden fete next weekend, to be opened by Sabrina, and then departed, leaving the meeting stunned. The Hon. Secretary, pausing only to close a window which had been left open, was about to proceed downstairs to explain, when there was a terrible scream from the hall.

The Hon. Secretary blames himself for his carelessness in allowing the poster to be blown through the window so that the words PERSONAL APPEARANCE OF SABRINA were illuminated as it stuck on the wall beside the lamp, but he still insists that John Berry was foolishly optimistic. Both of them are however united in the hope that fans will accept copies of the St. Simeon Parish Magazine in fulfilment of the unexpired portions of their subscriptions to Retribution and Hyphen.





## M I N U T E S

by wally weber

The May 11, 1958 meeting of the Nameless Ones was located high atop fabulous Cougar Mountain. Actually this was the very same place where the April 27th meeting took place, but a careful study by an impartial group of experts (Namely, me.) has concluded it is better that CRY readers are left uninformed as to what happened at the April 27th meeting.

Although the site of the meeting was still the home of John and Kathleen Swearingen, the official host of the evening was Dick Nulsen. This made John and Kathleen guests of Dick Nulsen's in their own home.

As soon as possible, Wally Weber went to work extorting ballots for TAFF from the members attending the meeting. With the democratic announcement that the members could vote for anyone they pleased followed by the information that anyone not voting for John Berry would not leave Cougar Mountain alive, the filling out of ballots was completed with efficiency, dispatch, and very few twisted arms. John Swearingen behaved surprisingly well during the operation, although he could not be restrained from writing in his own name on the ballot. ("At least you must admit," he said, "that Mr. Berry and I have the same first name.")

The business part of the meeting came about when Wally Weber offered to hold the next meeting at his home, unpopularly known as Swamphouse. The horrified silence of the group was taken to mean acceptance, and the shakey future of the club was settled for another two weeks.

The conversation began winding its way from subject to subject, with ~~xxxx~~ one of the members insisting on mentioning science fiction just as though anyone in the club read the crazy stuff. Science fiction came dangerously close to monopolizing the conversation for minutes at a time, and at one point it took the combined efforts of the group to keep Rose Stark from reading an entire story out loud from some little-known sercon fanzine called Astounding Science Fiction. If the club doesn't do something to curb these outbreaks of science fiction, it is difficult to say just how bad things might get. The club might even degenerate to the point where science fiction would become the main topic of discussion.

Fortunately the club is still relatively civilized, and the main purpose of the meeting was realized. The main purpose of the meeting was, of course, to consume the host's refreshments. This meeting, however, the host was Dick Nulsen, and although the refreshments seemed to be quite wholesome and tasty, there is a certain psychological disturbance connected with knowing Mr. Nulsen that leads one to feel that there must be something unusual in anything the man is responsible for. One could naturally expect refreshments concocted by Mr. Nulsen to contain an ingredient that converts Nameless Ones into purple people eaters, for instance. Dick's reference to part of the refreshments as, "Sheep Dip", did little to ease the mind.

Having depleted the supply of refreshments to the best of our combined abilities, the club settled back to more conversation. John Swearingen played a very serious speech record on his custom built lo-fi record player that the members were tricked into thinking exceedingly funny. He retaliated later with several selections which he played on his violin.

Wally Gonsen gave way to the urge to tell a joke. It involved a widow whose husband had died in a brown suit. It seems he had expressed the desire to be buried in a blue suit, and the widow informed the undertaker of the fact. The undertaker agreed to provide a blue suit, and at the funeral the widow was quite pleased with the job the undertaker had done, but when the undertaker submitted his bill, there was no mention of the cost of the blue suit. Having typical female curiosity, the widow asked the undertaker about it. "Another man died that day in a blue suit that same day and his wife wanted him buried in a brown suit," he explained. "So I exchanged heads."

echhhh.

wally weber



by Bill Meyers

The cover of the June aSF is indeed "different" but I'm afraid it's not because of the new and improved color presses JWC talks about in his article, but because Emsh is not "thick" here -- he's almost "slick". A nice change.

Randall Gerrett's "No connections" takes the top spot this time because of its humorous aspects. The hilarious kicker is skillfully concealed until the last moment.

Theodore Thomas makes a practice of extrapolating Law into space, and I'm afraid he's getting tiresome. However, "The Lawschool" this time is saved by the actual court proceedings taking a back seat. Clement's serial plods on.

As does Imagination, unfortunately.

For some reason, Hamling reprints Kris Nevill's "Special Delivery" as the "novel" this time, taken from the 1/52 issue. Thinking it might just be worth looking for (as Kris Neville is not really so bad) I read the first few paragraphs, and flipped to the Bloch col.

Don Berry, the new artist, is doing magnificently. Let's hope he branches out to other zines where he might be noticed.

Bloch is serious this time, again, as he tried to rally the science fans in the audience to speak out and take their stand among the devotees of Mary Worth and Wyatt Earp. Reviews and other stuff is as well done as might be expected.

Amazing offers a list of uncrowded colleges. Maybe someday Fairman will stun the world and print something interesting. Z-D is now offering a classified ad service at the rate of 25¢ a word. After being able to put as much as one wants in Other Worlds without paying a cent, I doubt if this will make much of a hit with anyone other than pro book dealers.

After perusing the June aSF book review, I see that the Eric Frank Russell series, currently running in Fantastic has already been printed in hardbound form. Well.

Hardbounds this time consist of "The Bowmen & Other Legends" by Arthur Machen and non-sf "The Black Rose" by Thomas Costain. The former could hardly be classified as science fiction, but rather religio-fantasy. It's a limited edition, printed in 1915, with less than a hundred pages, about twenty-five of which are taken up by the introduction. Several short-short legends of World War I, concerning Divine Intervention and the like. As you might guess, this was bought sight unseen.

I'm mentioning "The Black Rose" because of its exceedingly strong characterization, a mark of an excellent book. I'm rather late in reading this, it being a best-seller back in 1945-46, but Costain has been recommended to me by several people. It was indeed good with, as I say, characterization the superior quality. This is something rarely found in science fiction, I'm afraid, and may be another contributing factor to why science fiction is not ---- (you fill it in; it's been said enough).

.....Now that we have the trivia pushed out of the way, let us go time travelling with Meyers. Back, back, we go to the year of 1926....it is Spring.....

Well, after quite a few years of publishing Science & Invention, and a couple of magazines devoted to "radio" Hugo Gernsback has come out with a new magazine that I, personally, feel has been needed ever since he began publishing imaginative fiction in ever-increasing quantities in the aforementioned magazines. Weird Tales has provided a market for fantasy for several years, but fantasy is old and has been written for thousands of years, while this new element in the field of literature, known as "scientifiction", is relatively new and has been introduced by such modern authors as H.G. Wells and Jules Verne. Since I, particularly, am fond of this type of fiction and am becoming somewhat a steady fan of it, I am happier than ever to see a magazine appear that is devoted to it exclusively.

The cover, I'm sure, is rather inaccurate, although it does serve its intended purpose of catching the eye. It pictures a band of ice-skaters in a wasteland resembling the Arctic regions, with --- of all things! -- Saturn serving as the background. The inaccuracies are the yellow sky and the fireman-red stripes on Saturn.

Mr. Gernsback, in his editorial, promises not only reprints of the old masters (Wells, Verne, Poe, etc) but new material by modern-day writers. I hope it catches on with some of the more skillful writers of the present day.

The fiction itself begins with a serialized version of Jules Verne's "Off on a Comet",



(CULTIVATING with Bill Meyers, concluded)

(17)

which is illustrated on the cover. It is in two parts, the conclusion of which is to come next month. In the first half Captain Hector Servadac of the French Army and Ben Zoof, his aide, are swept away from the Earth by a comet whose gravitational pull is so strong as to tear off a comparatively large section of the Earth and carry it off into space. I'm not sure that Verne's science is plausible but he, as usual, is gifted with an entertaining style of writing. A lot happens in this first installment: the two companions happen upon a number of other people who were also carried off with the comet, including Servadac's rival, the crew of his rival's ship, an Italian girl, a Jewish money-lender, and a band of poor Spaniards. Complications arise as the comet makes its way outward from the sun dragging the group into intense cold (Verne asserts that the temperature of space is never below  $-60^{\circ}$ ). The first installment ends after they have sought refuge in the warm confines of the caverns of a volcano, and after they have discovered that there is yet a man that they had not known of, whose presence is revealed by, of all things, notes in bottles composed largely of equations and exclamations dealing with astronomy.

H.G. Wells' "The New Accelerator" is next, concerning a solution that, when taken internally, provides so much energy that one moves around so speedily that the world appears to stand still.

"The Man from the Atom" by G. Peyton Wertenbaker has some amazing concepts. The feature character is provided with a device which will enable him to grow larger or smaller at will. He chooses to grow larger -- and grows to such immense proportions that our Solar System is only an atom in a vast ocean of another world. He fails to return, for he cannot find Earth among the untold trillions of atoms and electrons, and the story is ended rather sadly.

"The Thing from -- Outside" by George Allen England has been done before, and with more skill by, for instance, Algernon Blackwood in his "The Wendigo". This, too, takes place in the Canadian North Woods and deals with Unknown Things that are never actually seen but which only leave traces of where they have been.

Austin Hall's "The Man Who Saved the Earth" entails another good concept -- which is logical. Mars, by the means of fantastically advanced machines, threatens to drain Earth of all of its water so that it can irrigate its own parched lands. The hero (who is played up too much, I'm afraid) saves the world with another fantastic machine which he just happens to have been working on since he had been a boy.

Last is Edgar Allen Poe's "The Facts in the Case of M. Valdemar" in which a real feeling of horror is communicated by Poe's skilled pen. A man who is skilled in mesmerism, keeps "M. Valdemar" in a state of semi-consciousness for seven months after he had actually already died! The ending is revolting and consequently extremely effective.

I'm looking forward to further issues of this new magazine, Amazing Stories; it shows great promise.

(an approved ad)

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## F A N D E N G O

by John Berry

I write this with an unsteady hand. Tears dim my eyes, and a nostalgic yearning floods through my mind as I gaze round the room. My daughter's bedroom. She had her fourth birthday just last month, and, by one of those infinitely devilish jests of the Forces of Frustration, that birthday, otherwise so happy and gay, was a further nail in the coffin of my fanac.

I recall the birthday. Kathleen, my daughter, invited all her little friends in for a party, and all put on funny hats, and I put one on too, and I played hide and seek with them. Then my wife called us into the dining room, and I watched in awe as greedy little mouths devoured a month's grocery account. Then, tearfully, Kathleen bade them all goodbye, and hugging her presents, we put her to bed in her cot, in the big bedroom she shared with her brother.

Downstairs, as I helped clear up the debris, my wife made an important announcement.

"We'll put Kathleen in the back bedroom," she said.

I stopped scraping the remains of a lemon jelly off the ceiling.

"But- but that's my den," I said nervously. "It's full of fanzines and books, and my duplicator....."

"....and rubbish," she interrupted. "I'm sure I don't know what my parents think when they look into that room. Pictures of Marilyn Monroe and Diana Dors on the wall, and a notice saying 'Please replace the 3D glasses after use, it's the only pair I have,' pinned to the door! They do think the worst of you, and you can hardly blame them. And there's those two terribly dirty tea chests with that plank across them."

"That's my desk," I said indignantly. Some people don't appreciate my powers of initiative.

"Well, I don't care," she insisted. "It'll all have to go. I'm going to start redecorating that room tomorrow, so you'd better get everything cleared out --- and mind where you put all that junk. If you put those tea chests in our bedroom, I'm going home to mother."

Nodding glumly, and resigned to the inevitable, I dragged my footsteps upstairs. I looked at my den. I kicked last week's correspondence out of the way and slumped in a chair. I looked round the walls, ignoring the rips in the vivid puce wallpaper. Many photographs were pinned in prominent places, pictures of Busby, Metzger, Schultheis, Sanders, Ellington, DAG and his tribe, ATOM, John Champion, the Linards, a few Swedes (not the vegetables, stupid) and so many others. Several full length examples of the Body Beautiful (personified by the names my wife had just previously mentioned), some in colour and in various stages of undress, were plastered in prominent positions on the four walls.

I pondered at the many BNF's who had suffered within, Raeburn, Schultheis, Rory Faulkner, Chuck Harris, the Bulmers, the Willis's, the Thomsons, the Whites, etc. I recalled the evening Steve Schultheis was welcomed into my den, in its guise as the G.D.A.H.Q. He was obviously anxious to show his folks in the States that it was all so incredibly true, and suspending himself by the toecaps of his polished shoes from the picture rail, he took flashlight photographs with reckless aplomb.

Rory Faulkner, on the same occasion, staggered backwards at the strange ethereal atmosphere of the Berry den, and ultimately confessed that in all her years she'd never seen anything like it before.

I looked at the ordered disorder, and knew that never again would I have my fanac quite so organised. In the other house, a few years previously, my fannish eccouremments had been strewn throughout the house, under beds, behind the cistern, in the pantry. Then, when we moved to Campbell Park Avenue, I had bagged the spare



back bedroom, and made it my own exclusive territory. Up to the unhappy day I had been given orders to vacate, it had been so terribly easy to keep tabs on things. If I wanted to find a certain letter, it only took me, on average, about twenty five minutes to shuffle about on my hands and knees until I discovered it.

And, on that last sad evening, as I sat there for the last time, I realised that an outstanding era of my fanac had all but ended. For almost two years I had tasted the delights of having all my fannish equipment in one place - my place - and most probably, once again, all that had been efficient and organised would become inefficient and disorganised. I should once again have grave trouble trying to keep tabs on my correspondence.

I got up, walked slowly round the room, looking at the many and varied decorations on the wall. A novel sf calendar, sent by the Coulsons, my Quinn Original, many ATOM illo's, the fannish snapshots mentioned before, the pin-ups.....

I gathered my books together, blew the dust off them, and when I could once again see clearly, stacked them in suitcases.

Under cover of a smoke-screen and a frontal attack by the United States Marines I captured a bridgehead in the north west corner of my son's bedroom, and behind a temporary berricade of tea-chests, organised a Temporary Fanac Headquarters.

It was the best I could do.....

.....

When I arrived home from my office the following night, my wife had done her worst. My den was no more. The fly-blown paper, ripped and torn, which had suited the general atmosphere of my room so much, had all been scraped off. The dent in the floorboards, where my typer had once dropped, had been repaired. The room was bare.....deserted.....

And the final agony was to come. I was coerced into re-papering the room. A nice pink flowered wallpaper, with a tricky pattern, specially designed so that the edges of the paper didn't fit properly. This annoyed me even more.

Finally, a coat of light apple-blossom paint on the doors and window frames finished the decor. I - I couldn't recognise the room. It - it looked so different.

.....

As I said on the first line of this true and sentimental story, tears dim my eyes as I write this. Kathleen is asleep in the bed, and I'm leaning back in a new armchair. The door is closed, and everything is so silent. And yet, in some inexplicable way, as if I am in another dimension, there is an atmosphere about the place. It's my imagination, I know, but there, by the doorway, is Steve Schultheis, a look of blank astonishment on his face as he steps over the remains of a tube of duplicating ink which the previous entrant, Rory Faulkner, hadn't noticed. Arthur Thomson, his sunburned nose like a beacon, seems almost to materialize in front of me, his stylo hand making circular motions as he transcribes a Rotsler illo on to stencil. And the rest of them, one by one, Raeburn, his vivid red corduroy jacket draped round him like Superman....James White, looking furtively over his shoulder as he drapes a card enscribed 'ANTIGOON WAS HERE' over my typer...Ken Bulmer, pulling paper clips out of his beard.

Such thoughts belong to a fan's memory....they are sacred....and wonderful.

.....

My wife just interrupted my reverie. She told me to go downstairs as she wanted to discuss something important with me. I pressed her for details, and she said it was time we re-decorated Colin's bedroom, as he was jealous of all the work we had put into his sister's room.

Aw hell.

Blow a bugle, someone. Line up, bhoys, like you did in THE NAKED AND THE DEAD and BATTLE CRY. United States Marines, at the double.....To the Attic, men.

C-H-A-R-G-E.

the end



Rich Brown

Maybe you read my report, a few CRY's ago, of the New Year's Party that was held at the Moffatt's house. Well, I was re-reading it the other day, and I got to thinking about how all the fans who read it were really missing out on something. One of the worst things that happened there. It really was, it was bad all right, I'm here to tell you.

I didn't mention it before because it depressed me. It depressed me, y'see, because I thought of all the poor neofans that might be reading it, and how if they learned The Truth, they might gaffiate, or how it might warp the mind of a potential BNF and make him a fugghead or some worse thing. But now I don't care. I think it's my fannish duty to tell you about all the stupid people and the stupid things they done.

As you may remember, I was in this poker game with Burbee and Ellik and all, and I said that I quit when I lost all my money. That was a flat-dabbed lie! Now come the truth, no matter who it may hurt; I walked out because I was disgusted with the whole mess. May all their beanie-props grow cob-webs!

You may think that this is a little too emotion filled, but it isn't, really. I think it'd be safe to say that any true-fan in my place would act and feel the same way. Any intelligent tru-fan, that is.

Well anyway, it was Ellik's deal, and he dealt the cards around and said, "Seven card stud." It was dealer's choice. Well, when he was pushing the cards out, nobody was saying much, so I began regailing them with my wonderful conversation.

"And there was the fight the Tarantula's had with us Chessmen out on 5th in L.A. Well this big sucker comes up like a bat out of hell with a chain and I took my switch-blade..."

Burbie kept trying to look at his cards and when he wasn't he was looking at me with a hurt expression. He'd done that every time of the previous 12 hands when I began to talk.

Ellik said, "Dammit Brown, why don't you shut up and play the game?"

Naturally, I laughed in his face.

Ellik, by the way, is the sensitive fannish face combined with short-cropped blond hair and glasses. Besides that he is possessed of intelligence, wit, and everything that makes a Good Fan. Besides this, he has a rugged handsomeness and ..well, I'd go on, but his notes here are kind of scrawled; guess he should have used a typer.

About the 30th hand they were all looking pretty haggard; I don't know why, as my wit was getting better as were the stories -- guess they'd had too much bheer, or something.

Like I said in my other report, about here they started conspiring, openly but with malice aforethought, to get me out of the game. They raised bids over my head, and refused to bid when it looked like I had a good hand. For instance, when we first started, the bids were in pennies; now they were in quarters and half-dollars.

Naturally, I laughed in their faces.

Suddenly, during the 37th hand, right in the middle of a very good story I was telling them, Milo Mason's face lit up. I smiled, my face lit up also, and I continued the story with more zest; at least, one person here was a true-fan.

Then, Milo leaned over and said to Burbie, "I've got a plan.." and the rest was done in a hurried whisper. I ignored them and continued my story. Burbie nodded and leaned over to pass Ellik the word, while Milo did the same to Barney Banard.

With Barney laughing as hard as he did, you'd at least think they'd have the fannish courtesy to let me in on it. After all, wasn't I telling them some very interesting, spicy, witty, humorous stories? But they didn't -- I guess they were so wrapped up in what I was saying that they forgot themselves.



I had delt the 37th hand, so the 38th went to Barney Anard. Barney paused and said, "This'll be a quick hand of schmaltz." He tore two cards in half and gave them to Milo. He tore the corners off three cards and spread them in front of Burbee; four up, eight down. Then he tore five cards in quarters and gave five of them to Ellik and 15 to me. After that he took eight cards off the bottom of the deck and sliced them diagonally, keeping for himself every other diagonal.

I eyed them keenly; Barney, Milo, Burbee, Ellik. It looked like they were having trouble keeping a smile off their faces.

Barney said, "I've got a veeblefetzor; I'll bid 50¢."

Milo said, "I've got a furshlugginer; I'll raise you 50¢."

Burbee said, "I've got a snazzle; I'll raise you \$1."

Ellik said, "I've got a farfle; I'll raise you \$2."

Well, hell, I got up and left right there. I mean, there are certain funny things in doing something stupid, but this was just Too Much. Of all the stupid things.. Tell me, can you actually see somebody stupid enough to try to beat a veeblefetzor, furshlugginer, and a snazzle with a lousy farfle?

-----30-----

### THE ADVENTURES OF BRINKWATER J. HOLDCLINCH

by Joe Pylka

Brinkwater had tried, many times, many ways. He'd sealed up all the entrances, the cracks and crevices, leading into the room. He put poison all around, stuck flypaper onto the floor, as well as himself. All to no avail. He still had ants in his pantry. Finally he couldn't stand it any longer. He did what any man in his position would do. He went out to get a drink.

Over a scotch and soda at the Exploere's Club, where he was a member, Brinkwater related his problem to Sir Giles Worcestershire Sauceshire, the celebrated veteran of the India service. "You know," he concluded, "those ants are persistent beasts. They have completely baffled me. What more can I do?"

"There are times when one can do absolutely nothing," answered Sir Giles. "The only suggestion I have for you is to let them alone, keep a stiff upper lip, and all that."

"Maybe I should try that. They sort of frighten me. They're big black animals, and from the looks they give me they'd carry me off if I bothered them too much."

"Yes, they are rather large ants. But your American ones are nothing compared to the ants I saw in India. Those were almost as big as a house. As a matter of fact, the natives often captured the young ones, which they then trained to perform various tasks. They were the regular beasts of burden in the back country. They were quite intelligent, too. The natives taught them a few simple commands so that they could direct them in their work. These ants usually became quite tame after a while, and were as faithful as a lap dog. You had to watch out for them, though. Sometimes they went berserk, killed their master, and often made a good attempt at destroying the village. Then I or one of the other officials had to go out, hunt them down, and kill them."

"That sounds a little far fetched," Sir Giles. "I've never heard of such a beast before. Tell me, what are those ants called by the natives?"

"Eleph-ants" answered Sir Giles.

the end



IN MEMORIAM:

# fantastic

by Burnett R Toskey  
ADVENTURES



Part VI: 1943.

As mentioned in my last month's column, two authors are standouts in the Ziff-Davis publications during 1943, David V. Reed and Don Wilcox. In Fantastic Adventures, however, another author made enough noteworthy appearances to be eminently worthy of mention, said other being none other than Robert Bloch, not only for nine "Lefty Feep" stories, but also for stories under his Tarleton Fiske pseudonym. Leroy Yerxa began to develop even more pseudonyms than his contemporary David Wright O'Brien, with the astonishing result that the December issue is extremely unique --- every story in it is by Yerxa, under one pseudonym or another. This feat was accomplished only three times, altogether, in Ziff-Davis magazines: the mentioned one by Yerxa, in 1945 by Berkeley Livingston, and in 1947 by Richard S Shaver (except in this last case they didn't hide the fact). I am told that Don Wilcox has also had this honor, but this is impossible, according to my calculations.

The cover artwork was completely dominated by Robert Gibson Jones, except for one by Malcolm Smith and two by HW McCauley. Interiors were by many people, but Magarian continued to be the most decorative. The lettercol had some discussion of the relative merits of Magarian and Finlay (they have similarities in style), with many supporters for both artists.

Chad Oliver was a frequent contributor to the lettercol. Other familiar names there include Robert Bloch and Joe Kennedy.

But the real meat of the issues is the stories themselves, so lets cut in:

NOVEL LENGTH STORIES (30,000 words and over): (In order of preference)

"The Man With Five Lives" by Clyde Woodruff (David V. Reed), (Rating A,1.3), long novel complete in January. The author's real name is David Vern, I just remembered, but I always think of him as David V Reed. Here is one of the most amazingly constructed pieces of fiction ever written. The fantasy element is the division of a man into five men, each the embodiment of one distinguished quality in the original. One is a coward, another a liar, one a fool, and one a killer; the fifth one remaining is, then, the real man. The hero's name is Clyde Woodruff, and ten pages from the end it shocks the reader to discover that the liar had written the whole story. Against this fantasy is a mundane-type counterplot so intricate as to keep you in complete suspense until the final thread of the mystery is revealed. This is a terrific story written in Reed's brilliant literary style.

"Chariot of Death" by Don Wilcox, (Rating A,1.5), August. Words cannot describe this story adequately. Within ten pages I was completely fantisted by the scoop and power of the multitude of fantastic concept involved in this story. The plot finally settles down to a fabulous tale of political intrigue, brought on by an all-consuming superstition cult, and fifty million unemployed workers, handled in a manner that only Wilcox could have -- any other would have fallen into the many pitfalls in this type of story. A great deal of the plot is engineered by a skeleton who wears a red cape and plots to convince the unemployed millions that they should commit suicide.

"Return of the Whispering Gorilla" by David V Reed (Rating A,1.6), long novel complete in February. This sequel to a Wilcox story (May 1940) relates the inner struggles of a man's brain in a Goxrilla's body against the jungle blood of the animal's body. The scene is Africa during the 2nd world War, and tells of a fantastic scheme the Germans had for using trained gorillas to man suicide submarines. Reed combines an unusually intricate plot with the skill of a van vogt, but with much greater clarity and instight into the minds of the characters.



"Craig's Book" by Don Wilcox, (Rating A,1.7), July. Once again, Wilcox creates a cast of characters that would make Jules Verne squirm in envy, and in addition creates a flight into fancy so wild as to be nearly indescribable, yet so realistically portrayed that suspense and mystery are sustained throughout. The book which gives the story its title is a book of small blank cards which would each transform itself into a beautiful girl if you tossed it into the air. This would be a handy arrangement for men who play the field, no doubt. The big difficulty, however, is that when you tried to kiss the girl, she would turn back to a card. Quite a stacked deck.

"World of the Paper Dolls" by Don Wilcox, (Rating A,1.7), October. In his usual unpredictable pattern, Wilcox here combines many elements of wild fantasy into a story filled with charming girls and villains which are so evil that you expect them to leap right out of the magazine at you and bite your head off. Here are paper dolls which explode if touched by an untrustworthy person, but are harmless if the person is trustworthy, paper dolls which drift in self-created winds toward an ancient buried treasure, and paper dolls with powers even more potent than voodoo dolls. ---And it's so darn easy to tear the head off of a paper doll!

"Furlough From Eternity" by David Wright O'Brien (Rating, A,1.8), April. O'Brien's finest story answers the question: Does a professional gambler who is honest at his trade and virtuous in other respects belong in Heaven or in Hell? In this case, the gambler gets a gambling chance --- and wins a 48 hour furlough back on Earth in another body to try to find proof that at least three people love him --- but then he gets convicted of his own murder. The plot gets more complicated after that, and at the end is a twist that is totally unsuspected, yet which makes it a truly outstanding story.

"The Ice Queen" by Don Wilcox (Rating A,1.9), January. While this is far from being Wilcox at his best, it is still a fine story in true Wilcox fashion, with a cast of finely drawn characters. The story tells of a hidden civilization under arctic ice, its queen who rides on a white tiger which possesses many strange powers, and a king who is nothing but a heap of bones almost rotted completely away, who rules with an iron hand centuries after his death. As usual, the ending is a happy one, but one can never predict just how Wilcox is going to bring about his happy ending.

"Return to Lilliput" by William Brengle (Rating B,2.3), May. An adventure story of four men and a girl shipwrecked on the island of Lilliput, complete with many of the characters of the Swift novel, but now equipped with a fourth-dimensional theory of their existence. The story is smooth and pleasant reading, but contains few surprises, but several fortunate coincidences. Entertaining enough, but follows a predictable pattern.

SHORT STORIES: "B" rating; (in order of preference)

"Almost Human" by Tarleton Fiske (Robert Bloch), June. This classic story needs little comment, for it has been anthologized, and broadcast over radio and TV many times. It is the story of a robot, educated to be a criminal, but who meets its match at last in woman. A real gem.

"Spawn of the Glacier" by Leroy Yerxa, December. Yerxa's best story up to this time concerns some seeds found in glacial ice near the North Pole. Accidentally they become planted, and the resulting plants bear strange fruit --- which, when ripe, falls to the ground. Then a door in the ripe fruit opens and a little green man 5" high, and with wings, steps forth. Twelve of these little green men set out with a firm determination to conquer the Earth.

"Nothing Happens to Lefty Feep", by Robert Bloch, February. Here is one of the best of the series. Feep gets sent to the land of Nowhere, where he meets such famous people as Anonymous; John Doe, and Mr. Average Man (whose radio doesn't work because statistics show that the Average Man only owns 8/15 of a radio!). A hilarious story.

"Trail of the Magic Slippers" by John York Cabot (David Wright O'Brien), March. A short and refreshingly original tale of interdimensional travel, which seems written more in Wilcox's style than in O'Brien's. O'Brien is versatile enough to have written this, but it also is possible that the editor goofed.



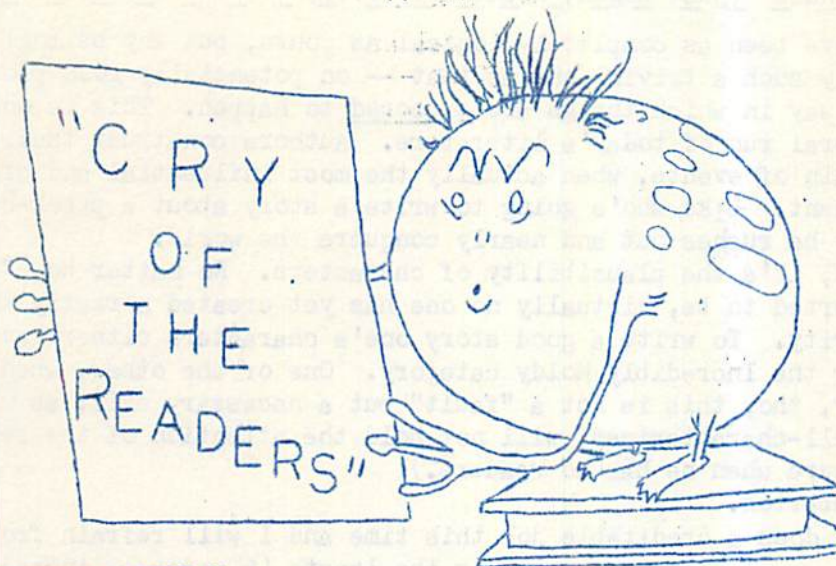
"C" stories (In order of publication):

- January: "The Perfect Husband" by Dwight V Swain  
 "Lefty Feep Catches Hell" by Robert Bloch  
 "Mister Trouble" by David Wright O'Brien
- February: "Yesterday's Clock" by David Wright O'Brien  
 "The Willful Puppets" by William P. McGivern  
 "Club of the Damned" by Clee Garson (David Wright O'Brien)
- March: "Drummers of Daugavo" by Dwight V Swain  
 "The Gave Him a Rope" by H B Carleton  
 "The Chance of a Ghost" by Robert Bloch ((Lefty Feep))  
 "Jones Gets the Willies" by Elroy Arno (Leroy Yerxa)  
 "Tomorrow's Mail" by Leslie Owen
- April: "The Curse of Many Hands" by E. K. Jarvis (Robert Moore Williams)  
 "Where in the Warehouse" by Bruce Dennis  
 "Lefty Feep and the Racing Robot" by Robert Bloch  
 "The Merchant of Venus" by Clee Garson (David Wright O'Brien)  
 "The Last Case of Jules de Granjerque" by John York Cabot (David Wright O'Brien)  
 "The Bracelet" by Doris Thomas
- May: "Saint Mulligan" by Nelson S. Bond  
 "Return of a Demon" by Alexander Blade (house name, Yerxa likely here)  
 "The Irresistable Perfume" by Harold Lawlor  
 "The Skeleton in the Closet" by Tarleton Fiske (Robert Bloch)  
 "The Curious Coat" by David Wright O'Brien  
 "Genie With The Light Brown Hair" by Robert Bloch ((Lefty Feep story))  
 "The Garden of Hell" by Leroy Yerxa  
 "The Miracle of Kicker McGuire" by Robert Moore Williams
- June: "Stuporman" by Robert Bloch ((Lefty Feep Story))  
 "I'll be there with Music" by Berkeley Livingston  
 "Stenton's Shadow" by David Wright O'Brien  
 "Lost Legions of Carthage" by Leroy Yerxa  
 "Genie of Baghdad" by William P. McGivern  
 "Have You Seen Me?" by Richard Vardon  
 "Citadel of Hate" by Lee Francis (Leroy Yerxa)
- July: "Caverns of Time" by Carlos McCune  
 "The Goon from Rangoon" by Robert Bloch ((Lefty Feep Story))
- August: "The Star Shepherd" by William Brengle  
 "World Beyond Belief" by William P. McGivern  
 "You Can't Kid Lefty Feep" by Robert Bloch  
 "Dinky Winky Woo" by Harold Lawlor  
 "Fairy Tale" by Tarleton Fiske (Robert Bloch)
- October: "A Horse on Lefty Feep" by Robert Bloch  
 "Warrior Maids of Lybia" by Leroy Yerxa
- December: "Witch of Blackfen Moor" by Lee ~~KKK~~ Francis (Leroy Yerxa)  
 "Professor Cyclone" by Alexander Blade (house name--used here by Yerxa)

I forgot to mention before, but as with Amazing, Fantastic Adventures reduced its size to 212 pages in June and went bi-monthly in August. The remaining stories not mention in the above listing or the preceding discussion are "D" stories, which means they are just sort of ordinary. There are no "E" stories orw worse.

Cry readers have no doubt noted with horror the unusual length of these last two review columns; but the reason is obvious -- an unusual number of pages were being reviewed, and the percentage of commentable stories is larger than normal. I hope to have columns regularly for several months to come now, but the next few will be quite short, because the mags went quarterly for two years, so you can rest a little easier than you may have thought. Anyhow, you are getting this in addition to all the rest of the Cry material -- nothing is being taken out to make room for it.





conducted by  
BURNETT R. TOSKEY

with

an occasional leetle comment  
by  
AMELIA PEMBERTON  
herself!

TENNESSEE WILLIAM

Dear Party of the Unsigned,

Once more it is time for Meyers' bi-monthly comment.

These ATOM bems are beautiful; the perfection evident in the cutting of the stencil indicates you're taking a great deal of care with them, and I must admit that you are doing just as well, if not better, than ATOM himself in this respect.

Other artwork is the usual trash...in addition to my suggestion that you print only letters from Deek in the letter column, I also assert that all artwork not drawn by ATOM should definitely be banned from the CRY with great fervor.

I'm in favor of the 25¢ per issue deal; besides eliminating a lot of useless deadwood, the jacked-up cost might bring in more letters from a few silent mercenaries undoubtedly present in our audience.

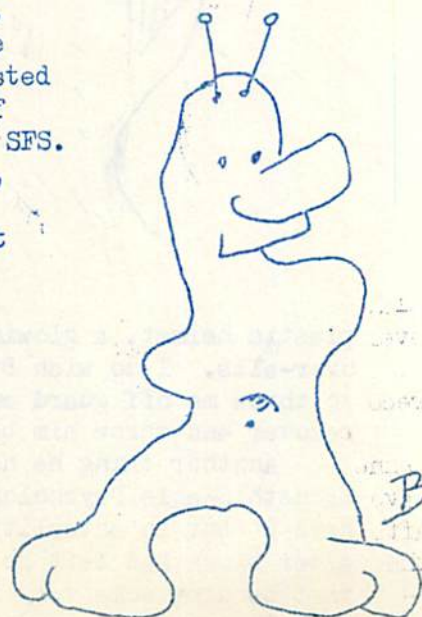
The Gestetner, as expected, could not give better repro. The results are quite pleasing, due to my being nostalgic over the old combined mimeo'd and ditto'd CRYs; now we have a completely mimeographed issue, and printed in lustrous blue yet. Besides this, no more yellow paper.

I quite agree with Pemberton that Lowndeszines are enjoyably fannish. What RAWL is lacking though is sufficient space to expand these departments to lengths of which they are worthy without crowding out a too sizeable amount of fiction. This is where the pulps were very handy. I'm not backing the "Bring back the pulps" craze now as I realize it is sheer wasted breath, however, I am still for micro-type in the columns, if not in the fiction. If Amazing can do it, so can Future and SFS.

Review all the Z-D zines you want, Pemby; I, personally, find it quite disgusting to even flip through them in search of something to say in the way of a review. You may be right as to Amazing's being more readable than previous to the change in number of pages, but I am aware of your psychology and, no matter how intensely you may praise Z-D in an attempt to bring back my complete reviews of same, I feel it only fair to warn you that I'm not even giving consideration to such.

Gordon Dickson's "The Question", Pemby, may not have been so very philosophical; neither may it have been given serious extrapolation and creative thought, but it was Enjoyable To Read, and in my book, that gives it top priority over any other aSF story I've read in many months.

But your version of the Clarke "Songs..." story in IF would have been so much more





trite. Clarke's may not have been as completely logical as yours, but why be logical? Why put restraints -- especially such a trivial one as that -- on potentially good plots because they do not conform to the way in which things are expected to happen. This is one of two distinct faults in the general run of today's literature. Authors construct their plots around the most logical chain of events, when actually the most influential and effective occurrences happen by accident. Like who's going to write a story about a paper-hanger whose paper doesn't hang so he rushes out and nearly conquers the world.

As for the other fault, it's the plausibility of characters. No matter how "realistic" today's literature is purported to be, virtually no one has yet created a really true-to-life specimen of mediocrity. To write a good story one's characters either have to be in the Incredibly Heroic or the Incredibly Moldy category. One or the other, when you break everything down. (Actually, tho, this is not a "fault" but a necessary evil, as mediocre characters no matter how well-characterized, will not hold the attention of the reader, and one does not create literature when he has no readers.)

Yeah, so watch it, Pemberton.

The Pemberton Opposite does a creditable job this time and I will refrain from my usual criticism as the length (6 pages -- incredible for this reviewer) cancels out any complaints I might have in the reviewing itself. I'm being merciful this time, Amelia, especially when you did not praise SPECTRE to the heavens as you should have.

Fields' sentence, upon re-reading, does seem rather vague at that, but I am sure you are completely off the track in your interpretation. (I was joking anyhow...AP) What GWF appears to say is that Terry Carr is obligated to print all material submitted to him by his college friends, and that Ellick is the only one of these who turns out material worthy of being printed -- but this lets out Brandon, doesn't it....

And you certainly sliced up TWIG here. Besides my trusty zap, Bruce Pelz neglected to mention that I had dauntlessly attempted other means of staying his visit to my abode. Such things as having the Elements on my side. Surely he didn't think that the heaviest snowfall here in 18 years did not just happen to occur on the day he decided to visit me! Unfortunately, tho, it did not discourage him enough, as he had on his cave-exploring outfit and in case of the car being buried by the snow he was capable of tunneling his way to my house. And, yes, that outfit. It scared hell out of me when I first saw it...there I was staring at something resembling a Martian with a bright red

plastic helmet, a glowing zap-ray mounted on the front of it and a baggy pair of cover-all overalls. I do wish Bruce had warned me of this initial shock, beforehand, as it was enough to throw me off guard enough to allow him to proceed into my lair before I had a chance to recover and throw him back out.

Another thing he neglected to notice. My "henchman" was actually world-renowned Kenneth Seagle Psychologist Extraordinaire. He did not "mumble a few words" as Bruce would have it but in actuality completely psychoanalyzed him without his awareness and later on after Bruce had left he called up and made his report like a good little henchman. It seems that he drew some very interesting conclusions that I will not relate here but which I will send in detail to anyone requesting such and enclosing \$7.50 for mailing costs. He still cackles about it as do I, for although Half-Goon outwitted me by means of his zap-gun, I





reaped much more important profits from the visit, in accumulating enough material to black-ball him from the GDA for life.

Just one wrong move, Bruce, old buddy...

Hal Lynch's "The Incredible Meaning Of It All" is good, fannish, and convinced me more than ever that CRY is coming up in this world with Exceptional material.

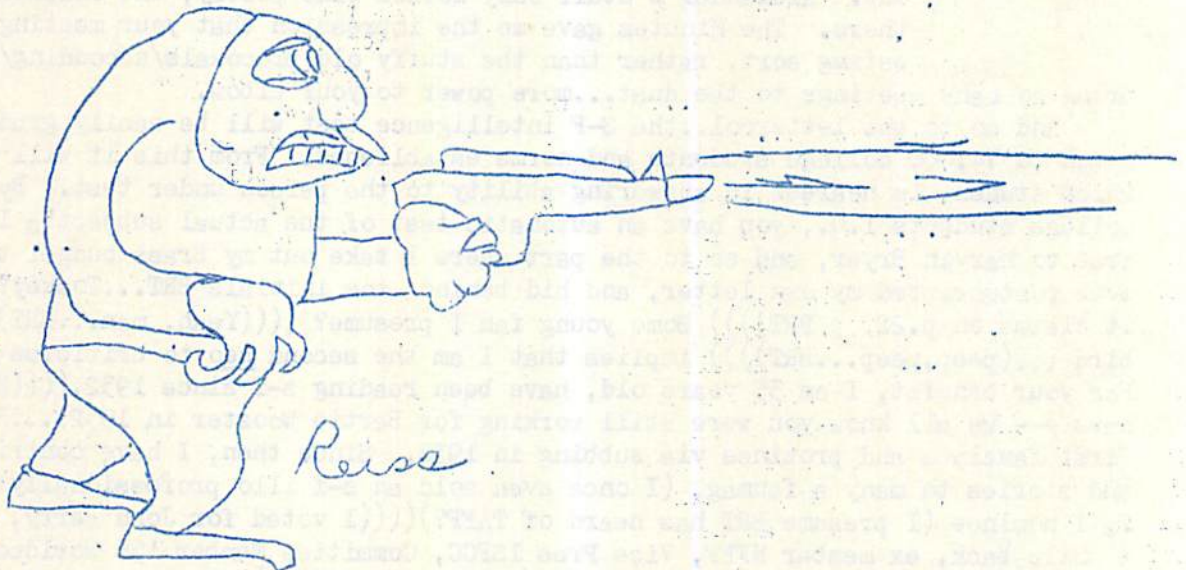
Wally's "Minutes" at least assures us all that not an issue will go by without at least one Exceptional item (with all respects to the Pembertons, of course). As long as Wally lasts, CRY will last.

I can't seem to scrounge up much to say about "Prospectus" as it seems to be more of a personal declaration of existence more than anything else.

"...this barnacle in the anus of progress..." Omighod, that was good. As of now, I think a column of Deeck and Moran letters would be much better than a column composed solely of Deeck.

Adams:

I suppose I'm forced to admit that I'm quite maniacal about this business of collecting. Besides being a wild-eyed completist, I'm a stickler for condition and have lately taken to paperclipping temporary protective jack-



ets on each magazine I read to prevent perspiration from my finger-tips getting on the magazine. Doesn't that beat anything you ever heard of?

However, I'm not the Ultimate in such foolishness. Friend Seagle, whom is mentioned earlier, knows of a collector of Pogo comics who keeps them in a large vault, and when every now and then, he looks through one, he handles it with a sterile rag and makes sure to touch only the corner of each page as he turns it.

Brown is getting out of hand with all these comments. He appears to have turned prolific as a result of his letters to The Cult and apparently The Cult influence is showing here in this format.

I'm wondering how many hours Heather Robson spent in deep concentration, contemplation, and deduction, to finally come up with the contention that I had ceased to read the Z-D magazines.

Gerber: Onward, Leslie Gerber, onward. There is no other Leslie Gerber in existence and there never will be another Leslie Gerber, so make the most of it fellow. Onward...

And in the words of the stupefying strummet: It's a business to do pleasure with you.

Bill Meyers

4301 Shawnee Circle  
Chattanooga 11, Tenn.

((((Lynch's piece met with great favor with us as well as the readers. We all hope he contributes again, soon. The shot we have of Bruce Pelz for next months fotocover fits your description. In story writing, it is strictly artifice to have things happen just because the author says they happen; if characters don't act the way a normal human ought to act, then the author should at least give some sensible reason for it all. When opportune (or mis-opportune) coincidences occur, the story ceases to have any pseudo-realism, and hence reader interest in living the story is impaired, and often lost....BRT))))



BRINGING IN THE JEEVES

Dear Wally,



Many thanks for the latest ish (114) of 'Cry', I particularly liked the cover for this issue, a great improvement on thin stylo line stuff. I suppose the cost is rather on the high side however..pity, I'd love more stuff like this. I didn't go a bundle on 'Thots...', too slow paced to be funny, too off key to be true. On the other hand, I lapped up Pemberton's magazine review column. This may have been because I agreed with many of his ideas, or simply because he writes well. Whatever the reason, I liked it. Also liked, was the shaggy dog story by Pelz. One little bit of side gen for the fanzine reviewer, is the fact that Ron Bennett only has Cecil (the elephant) and now wife...he's had the elephant an awful long time, and we have even taken photographs of it..somehow they didn't come out. Alexander's stuff only looked like poetry, the resemblance ended right there. The Minutes gave me the impression that your meetings are the interesting sort, rather than the stuffy old proposals/seconding/voting which bring so many meetings to the dust...more power to your elbow.

And so to the lettercol..the S-F intelligence test will be easily graded, if first given to 74,000 college students and norms established. From this it will be easy to find which student is nearest in answering ability to the person under test. By testing the college students I.Q., you have an automatic test of the actual subject's I.Q. I offer this free to Marvin Bryer, and so to the part where I take out my brass cudgel to deal with whoever postscripted my own letter, and hid behind the initials BRT...Toskey?((((That's what it claims on p.22,...BRT)))) Some young fan I presume? (((((Yeah, man...BRT)))) Anyway, this bird (((peep,peep...BRT)))) implies that I am the second neo to criticise your illos.... For your benefit, I am 35 years old, have been reading s-f since 1932,((((But you couldn't have --- we all know you were still working for Bertie Wooster in 1932!...BRT)))) got my first fanzines and prozines via subbing in 1938. Since then, I have contributed artwork and stories to many a fanmag, (I once even sold an s-f illo professionally!! Cor) Was a Taff nominee (I presume BRT has heard of TAFF?((((I voted for John Berry, did you?...BRT)))) a while back, ex member NFFF, Vice Pres ISFCC, Committee Member '58 Worldcon, Joint Sec BSFA (((((Does this mean what it appears to mean?...BRT))))), Publish Triode in conjunction with Eric Bentcliffe, and the whole point of the lot, is to try and convince BRT that I'm not a neo, and have been around fandom long enough to have cut many a stencil, and I know that they can be cut a hell of a lot better than the ones which I criticised...meanwhile, they were a lot better this ish.

And with that blast from the Delameters (invented by Doc Smith in 1937)(Probably before BRT's time) I will fold my tent and steal away. I am open to exchange letters, tapes (3 3/4 or 7 1/4). or time bombs. Best wishes,

Terry Jeeves  
58 Sharrard Grove  
Sheffield M12,  
ENGLAND

((((Sorry I was too subtle with my jokes for your to catch --- or is all of this your way of being subtle? We'll subtle this out of court, yet. Well, just to put us on an even basis, I am 29, began reading s-f in 1947 and pubbed my first fanzine in 1950. It seems to be a good respectable money-losing hobby, and actually cheaper than most, for the amount of fun, don't you think? I re-iterate, the illos you criticised are exact copies of the originals. Others that you haven't mentioned are not, because some of the stuff we get is in faint pencil, or on thick cardboard, and the lines don't show up very good on the mimeoscope. These eccentric artists... You might take note of Bill Meyers comment on this point at the beginning of this lettercol...but then I disagree with him rather strongly also. I'm not as good as he says, but not as bad as you say -- but then perhaps I am no judge. At any rate, no one else seems to want to take over the job..BRT))))

PELZY WELZY

To the Free-wheelers of Seattle: The Chainless Ones,

I suppose the nonsense Rich started will begin to show up in all the letters this



month. I would have addressed this one to The Seattle Selibates: The Dameless Ones, but that wouldn't fit everyone. Would it, Buz?

I suppose everyone should have foreseen the approach of a change in the sub rates, but it does seem like the loss of a tradition. Sigh. But we are ever forward-looking. We must realize, etc. Anyway, if Wally can't promote a second mortgage on the car, I would vote for any sort of suggestion that would keep the CRY coming out monthly with however many pages seems appropriate -- even to the extent of kicking in on a sub AND sending letters of komment (but only as a last resort, you understand).

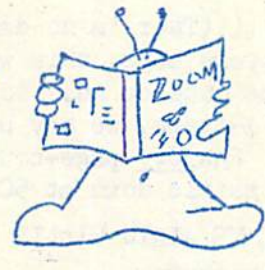


Attention, Bob Warwick: I am glad to see your name listed along with the other CRYers. I was beginning to think you might be one of the multifarious Fabulous Seattle Ponies. Also, that accounts for Toskey's comment of a couple issues ago that there were six of you against the gang trying to take over the CRY. (((I hadn't taken Warwick into account..he makes seven...BRT))) Now we know who (and what) we have to deal with.

Sorry, Pemby, but you're not likely to see the Saint story with Rayt Marius and the Death Ray appear in F&SF. The story is "The Last Hero" and even in the Avon pocket edition (under the title of "The Saint and the Last Hero") it took up 223 pages. A bit long for a magazine "novel". On the other hand, it could be serialized -- maybe?

Y'know, I'd have to read the Ramblings of Piers Pemberton even if they took up the whole issue -- just for the in-context interlin-eations, if nothing else. "And like the man who sat in the fudge..." was indeed a fracturing one. Cackle.

One of these days, someone is going to publish a biblio of all these "Get Out Of My...!" stories, just to see where all the trash is coming from, and how much of it there is. To be complete, it will have to include such variants as "Get off of my..." and "Come into my...!"



"The Incredible Meaning of It All" was a nice bit of anti-Film-Flammers. I think. Of course, the REAL meaning is that Hollywood can do a SF film with reasonable justice to the story. They did this one UP instead of IN.

### "THE OBJECTIVE OBJECTION SLIP"

Dear Editor \_\_\_\_\_  
 Editress \_\_\_\_\_ I have \_\_\_\_\_ received a rejection \_\_\_\_\_  
 Fugghead \_\_\_\_\_ have not \_\_\_\_\_ a acception \_\_\_\_\_  
 a anything \_\_\_\_\_

from you: Why? \_\_\_\_\_  
 Why not? \_\_\_\_\_ I am certain that my contribution  
 to your zine \_\_\_\_\_ was written excellently \_\_\_\_\_  
 rag \_\_\_\_\_ atrociously \_\_\_\_\_  
 Who cares? \_\_\_\_\_  
 You asked for it \_\_\_\_\_?  
 When you have a chance, please acknowledge \_\_\_\_\_  
 drop dead \_\_\_\_\_

signed:

This objection Slip can be used for absolutely any attitude you may be in concerning your contribution to another zine. Very convenient to use.

Now that I've commented on the initial portion of CRY, it's time to tackle the part for which all the other is merely a front: The CRY OF THE READERS.

Look here, Adams, I have no intention of blowing up Seattle. I'd prefer to blow up Gainesville, and move to Seattle. And if the local Goon Squad continues to crack down on selling bheer to minors, and the lower plebians of the campus continue to riot in protest of said crack-down, I may be able to blow the place up under cover of quite a few other



bombs (tear gas + smoke). More fun, more people killed, more dogs run over, more cops confused.

Rich Brown: The Finkwater series wasn't that bad -- the series could be used as a vehicle for puns and slightly shaggy dog stories, but if the gimmick is too obvious from the beginning, the story (?) is not worth much of anything.

Welcome to the CRY Invasion Task Force, Senor Gerber. We're gathering strength all the time. Each has his role to play, and cooperation is the watchword, despite the facade of strife between members of the team. Anyone who gets to South Gate can get in the background material, and send a resume to the others. This will call for some detecting, a la Sherlock Holmes or The Goon. So -- Comprene? Ole!

Well, CRYers, I like your new Secret Ingredient G\*E\*S\*T\*E\*T\*N\*E\*R. It makes the zine look more one-color than the black did, somehow. I know that doesn't make much sense, but then.... Oh yeah, a couple of other items: DETROIT IS INDEED FINE IN FIFTY-NINE!!!

-and

JOHN BERRY FOR TAFF!!!!

Goon Today, Here Tomorrow!!!!

erratically, Bruce Pelz  
Box 3255, Univ. Sta.  
Gainesville, Fla.

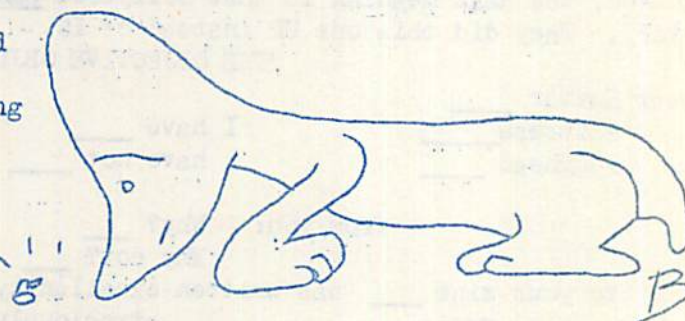
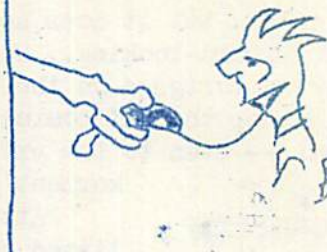
(((There's no danger of us changing our policy on contributors, including letterhacks. As Meyers says, this will cut down our inactive sub list, and perhaps bring a lot more active correspondence in. Noting the size of this month's lettercol, if we start getting very many more letters, we may have to start getting more choosy with the letters we select for printing. The Cry page-count has been increasing too steadily for its own good, but we hope it will settle down at 50 pages or thereabouts. Busby has his doubts about this....BRT)))

WALTZ ME AGAIN WILLIS

Dear -----s,

I meant to write you earlier, but something happened. One day two enormous issues of CRY arrived, both by the same post, but in separate envelopes. Naturally my sensitive fannish soul was revolted by this display of vulgar ostentation. Besides I was shocked and saddened to learn from Mr Harris that for the last ten years I'd been wasting my time writing about fans and Conventions and trips to America and similar frivolous nonsense when you all would have much preferred to see me discussing the influence of Harlan Ellison on Robert Silverberg. So I plunged into sf and read it continuously for three weeks, even Harlan Ellison, until one day I asked myself an epochmaking question. "What," I said to myself, "What" (I always repeat myself like that) "WHAT HAS THIS GOT TO DO WITH FANDOM?"

So here I am again, happily enjoying Cry 114. Rich Brown's THOTS were so entertaining as to almost make me forgive him for that ghastly grass houses thing in 112, a gag which was first used in fandom in the first issue of PERI some five years ago by a desperate hack. (I can't remember if it was original then or if I stole it from some radio comedian.) His Goldfish thing this time was much better and if it's original I elevate my beanie in his direction. Renfrew and Amelia were both very fine indeed, though I must admit I always prefer Amelia since I see one way or another most of the items she reviews. Alexander's Magnet wasn't a very interesting story and it's a pity the carriage on your typer kept jamming, because it makes it look as if it had been intended for poetry. Wally's minutes were fine and so much so that for a moment I thought I was going to be inspired. As you'll





see below, I was wrong. (((Actually, as all of us saw elsewhere in this ish...BRT))) The letters were fine, and I'm particularly grateful to Bill Meyers for coupling me with John W Campbell. There is no other editor I would rather be coupled with, now that Bea Mahaffey has left the field.

Best

Walt Willis  
170 Upper N'Ards Rd  
Belfast, N. Ireland

#### COMIN' THROUGH THE REISS

Egad, nothing original to say. Oh this is a sorry fate..

The time has come to reveal the nefarious plot which has been foistered on the unsuspecting readers of the CRY. For many moons now, Rich Brown and Bill Meyers have allegedly been trying to take over the CRY. I say allegedly. They have alrwyd taken over the CRY. For a long time Meyers and Brown have lived in Seattle, sending all their mail to a company in the towns in which they are supposed to live, AND THIS COMPANY MAILS OFF THEIR MAIL, SO THAT IT IS POSTMARKED FROM THESE CITIES.

Ah, but you ask, why was all this done? The answer is very simple. Brown gave some indication of it in his THOTS ON TAKING OVER THE CRY, a while back.

The CRY is a living entity.

All the paper mailed out through the mails is actually so much protoplasm broken off from the original living entity known as "THE CRY OF THE NAMELESS". This thing has the ability to control minds, as it has controlled those of Meyers and Brown.

I cannot say WHY this creature has established the idea of Brown and Meyers living in another state; BUT I DO KNOW THIS.... IF THE CRY OF THE NAMELESS IS NOT STOPPED IT WILL DESTROY MANKIND. (((Just so long as fandom survives!..BRT)))

It is already spreading through the sewers of Seattle.

\*\*\*\*\*

Well now. The Atom cover for thish of CRY was damn good. He draws sorta like Don Martin in MAD.

What is it a Gestetner?

The best illos were them there those by ME.

Yegads. Why don't you just knock the prozine reviews out of the CRY? I can't stand prozine reviews. When I take over the CRY I'll kick prozine reviews out.

Amelia's increased fmz reviews are very good. Keep them long.

The Wally Weber thing was good, but what with this and the minutes, Weber is gonna end up taking over the CRY.

Skeberdis is wrong. Gerber is NOT a girl. He exists only in my imagination. I am Gerber. He is a pseudonym of mine. Everything is deploribus

Andrew Joel Reiss  
741 Westminster Rd  
Brooklyn 30, N.Y.

(((If you call whatever grows larger spontaneously a living entity, then assuredly the CRY is a living entity. A Geststner is a type of mimeo which uses a silk-screen to keep the inking smooth(a slightly different type ink also); they undoubtedly have a store In Brooklyn -- go see for yourself....BRT)))

#### THE QUACKING DEECK

Fat Ones:

The cover struck me this issue.. I struck back. To no avail.

The Penultimate mentions a Saint story, stf-tinged, which has not yet appeared in F&SF, the title he unremembers. It was "The Last Hero". No thanks necessary for the information; I'd do it for anyone.





N Now to serious stuff. The Penultimate reviews the June Infinity, and says of "But Who Can Replace a Man?" by Brian Aldiss, "The machine viewpoint has been worked out nicely in dialogue and action." Maybe: but I quote from a letter I almost sent Mr. Shaw, but forgot to mail:

"In his story, Mr. Aldiss made this statement: 'All machine brains worked with nothing but logic...' He then has his machines eye one another 'speculatively,' remark 'complacently', say something 'eagerly', reply 'humbly'; admire and desire things. The machines also remark 'grimly' and cry out when being abandoned to rust. These machines operate on 'nothing but logic.'

"All the machines have supercilious attitudes when they are the stature of class three brains. The field-minder remarks to the seed-distributor, a mere class-five brain: 'I have a class three brain. Therefore I will go and see why the unlocker has not come this morning!' Ah, weel, all machines have pride -- all logical machines, that is. But old field-minder, supercilious as it may be and smart as it may be, operating on the logic evident only to Mr. Aldiss, uses an incorrect grammatical structure -- 'will go and see'. I'm no grammarian, thus I don't care about misusage of the English language as long as it's not too bad, but one would think that a robot -- a logical creature as we've been told, but not shown --- would certainly speak correct English; failing that, this 'logical' robot would at least realize that it is certain to go, but it is not at all certain that it will see (that is, understand or find out anything)."

"The field-minder, cutting across the great yard, noticed that 'More machines' seemed to be in random motion now; one or two had crashed together and were arguing about it coldly and logically.' (The 'logically' part is moot of course.) 'One or two' he says. Two crashing together I can understand. But one crashing together?

"Following is a brief discourse involving the field-minder, who should have been out minding his field, and a penner:

"'I cannot come because I am too gigantic,' said the field-minder. 'Therefore you must go alone and return to me.'"

"'You must stay there,' said the penner.

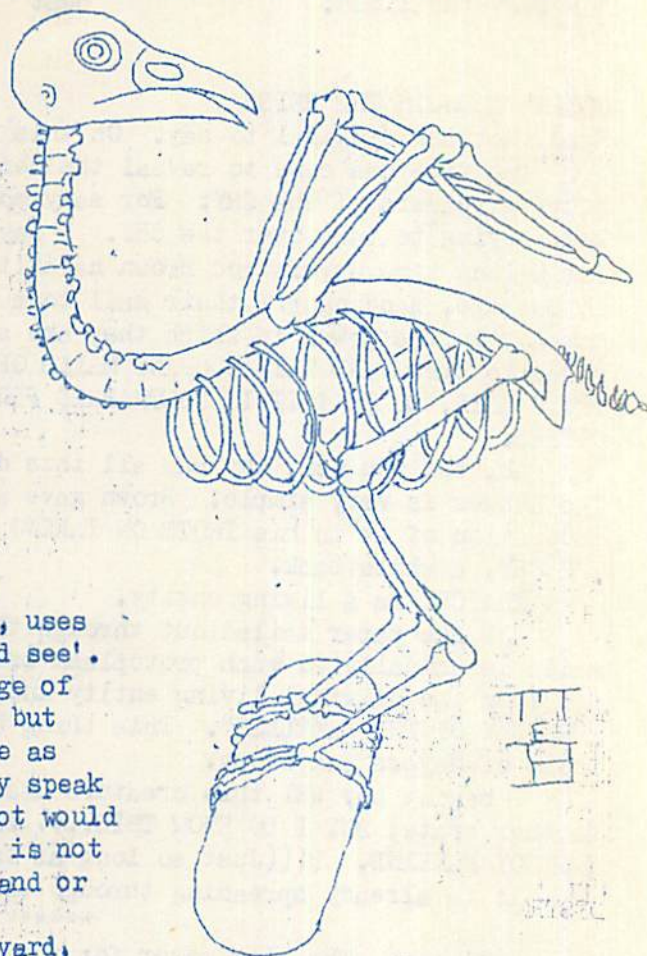
(I don't know if anyone is following all these quotation marks, but if they are they're alone, because I'm not.)

"The field-minder and the penner have equal brain stature. Couldn't you tell? Presented with the same problem, they both came up with the same solution. Dandy. But why should one solve a problem already solved?

"To carry this thing even further, the radio operator, a class two brain, a real whiz, says: 'Because I have the best brain here, I am your leader.'" The machines with him accept it, because it is logical -- one of the few times anything logical is said or acted on in the story. Yet, later on, the operator remarks: "'The class one brain is taking command and some of the class twos are fighting him (sic).'" Only a few of them are logical part of the time; the rest are logical none of the time.

"The end of the story is really a cruncher. All the men were supposed to be gone. But Mr. Aldiss's band of machines comes upon one, and man takes over the machine again. (Surprise! Surprise!)

"Because of a dietary deficiency, all the men were supposedly extinct, or so explain the





robots. They don't know why this happened, though; and this is one time I can't pick on the robots, because I don't know why either, and I'd give odds on the author's not knowing. Anyhow, this one old fellow is left. (Why?) The machines approach him; he asks for food. He resumes command. (What's the old man doing in the mountains? Why didn't he have a few robots with him to supply him with food? Why, if the machines could supply him with food -- which he must have known would be nutritious, or he wouldn't have asked for it -- did all the other men, the ones running the machines, die of dietary deficiency?)"



The preceding is rather lengthy, but I just had to do it. Pemberton sees so many things that I don't that I couldn't resist demonstrating, for my own benefit, that the Penultimate couldn't be right all the time, that he was bound to goof. I feel better.

Pardon the messy typing; I is just returned from the pub. You can lead a fan to drink, but you can't make him stop.

I'd send you a picture, my amiable enemies, but I haven't had one taken since I was three. That one, unfortunately, I sent to some addled female (the masochistic wench wanted to know what I looked like; haven't heard from her in some time, now that I think about it) and she isn't return it. Now I can't even extrapolate what I look like.

Ok with me if you want to go up on the price of Cry. I'll just have to write more-interesting letters.

Well, it's like old times. Here I manifest the most benign manner and veritably drool benevolence, and churls still continue to come from the Post Office out to snipe at me. Hurt, that's what I am.

I shall first dismiss this Youn Trufan Brown, a lad who has his facts straight but his conclusion addled. Certainly fans who write to Cry enjoy writing letters; masochism has about had its day as a sexual perversion. But simple enjoyment is not indicative of readability. You'll notice, Mr. Brown, that I argued about the letters in Cry, as I originally stated in my letter that the letter column had deteriorated, not the magazine as a whole. The magazine is as good as it always was; the letter column ain't. Previously -- and not only because I was writing then -- the letter column had some froth and dottle, some gossip, and some thoughts. The latter, unfortunately, is rarely seen now. (It will be of no avail for you to ask me to go back and check my memory. I revel in destroying cherished illusions -- but not my own.)

And the name is "Wm." William, Willy, Bill, Billy -- all are but corruptions of Wm. Makes my alcohol boil to be called a corruption.

Another (what's the feminine of "churl"?) seems to feel that politicians have "understanding." Naivete is delightful in women, Heather. Don't ever spoil yours by reading some history or a newspaper.

Toskey, old boy, uncorpulent fellow, I read "Amazing Stories in Review". Although you admit you're biased, I thought some of the stories sounded rather good. Next time I'm in the second-hand magazine district, I may look up some of the old titles. But I'd need to be pretty powerfully drunk to read stories entitled "Skeleton Men of Jupiter", "The Great Brain Panic," etc. Those titles, I believe, keep a lot of people from reading the old pulps, me included.

Happily insincere

Wm. Deeck  
8400 Potomac Ave  
College Park, Md.



((((It would have been fun to see Shaw's face when he read your letter --- or could be he was aware of the story's faults, but figured nobody would notice -- how it slipped by

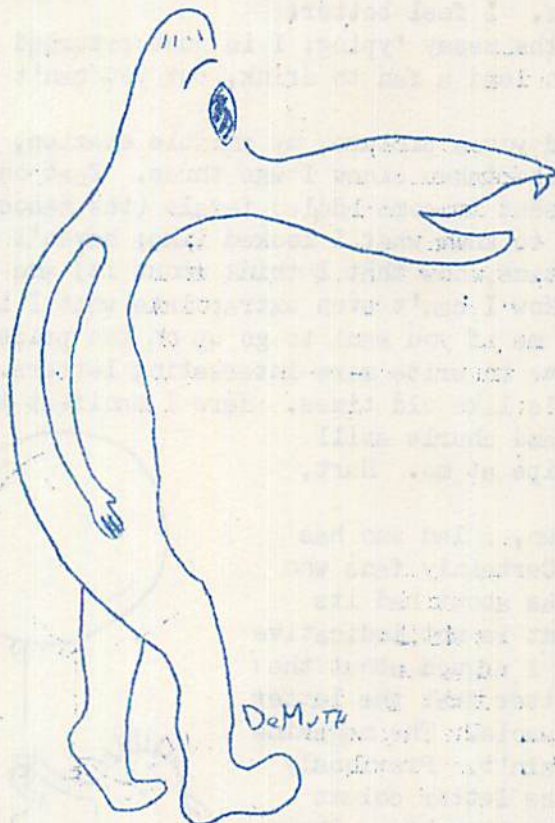


Pemberton I don't know, but next time I see him I'll ask...he'll no doubt have his reasons. I guess now we've got all the fotos we need for our fotocover, which should happen next ish; featured will be Es Adams, Rich Brown, Stony Barnes, P F Skeberdis, Bruce Pelz, Jim Moran, Joe Sanders, D Bisenieks, Les Gerber, Larry Stone, and, reported on the way, JOHN BERRY. If you want a lettercol filled with serious thoughts, try Yandro. We don't have much gossip, it is true, but then this is a family magazine. But I think our letters are live...BRT))))

## THE LEMAN DROP

Dear Freinds;

My freind loan me a copy of your mag. he said write them say you like there mag. they will send "free" copy. (ha! ha!) So here is a letter about your mag. It is a "good" mag.



I never seen one like it exactly its size is funny and the print. and the pictures funny. But it about SF I like that. I am a "trufan" I read SF all the time I guess I read more SF then "Robert Bloch". we was in first-fandom together he write me all the time. Well onto the ish. Your mag. is not as good as flying saucer from other worlds but tis as good as Imagination you have more letters in your lettercol.

The letters are the "best" part of youre mag. everybody write so you can understand what their saying not like some mags I could name full of chemical formulae and similar recondite matter. but your letters are good they are easy to "understand" espec. Rich Brown and Esmond Adams. There trufans. Good gafia to them. (he! ha!) but I thot that old joke about boyfoot bare with Deeck was to old fashion for a good mag. and Shul man wont like mixing his book title with this bad spoonerism, he'll sue for liable. Not to speak of Lowell. Well onto the ish.

the cover was "good" I like monsters and all the other illos was good they were monsters to. Van Dongen draws the best monsters espec.

his people. Why dont you hire him? to draw for you? Well onto the ish.

Ronfrow Pomborton sure reads a lot he read hard mags like astounding S fict but he says bad things about all of them, he's right. It hard to read SF sinde Amazing went intellectual. there not even many good comics left. I sure agree with Amelia where she reviews grue and sa says about split infinitives. You got to write how you feel, grammer is for the birds. (The most unkindest cut of all!...AP) (ha!) I read Meyers column to. Its hard to understand with words like ghod ect.

Well you will want some serious constructive stuff well here it is. You ough to have something about flying saucers from other worlds, they will save us if we believe in them.

your reproduction is very good do you have a gestetner? and blue ink?

Yours in "fandom" your freind Mervil Culvergast  
(no address)

(((The postmark on the above was Denver, Colorado -- and Bob Leman is our only subber in that area. Either this is he, or a friend of his. Well, our policy is: no return address, no contributor's copy; unless we have your address on file and we know you. So if this isn't you, Bob Leman, you'll have to share your copy with Mervil. The above letter is strictly sic all the way. Whoever you are, come out of hiding...BRT))))



Dear Buz and Elinor--

By all means--raise the price of the CRY, but don't cut the pages. (((That would be too much work, since we haven't a paper cutter...BRT))) So few zines have the respect of thickness that it would be a drastic disillusionment to loose the CRY in that number. (Do you follow me A.P.?) (((I don't follow you...BRT))) You can only go so far in losing money on a zine!...then....

Renfrew is fullfilling (((sic))) a great need in his pro-views. Since I can no longer get all the stories read, at least he gives a review and I can pick out ones that sound good.

Half a good isn't better than a whole goon. For some reason, I find most goon take-offs rather poor in comparison to the original. But, I liked it anyway.

If Meyers, whose writing I like and whose comments I usually enjoy, and who can be quite competant (((sic))), is to have his column, for petes sake don't let him review the same prozines that Renfrew does. Too much is enough. (Still with me Amy?) (((I'm not...BRT)))

It is becoming "incredible" the number of artickes fandom can get from that damn shrinking man. Now, had the movies not added that one word "incredible".... Just think, this would have been "The Shrinking Meaning of It All" and would have only been one line, which, certainly wouldn't been as much fun as Lynch made for us.

Why can't your minutes be hours?

Long live Toskey and a pox on all who don't agree. Keep him reading--then writing.

Letters as good as always. (That shouldn't throw you A.P.!) \_\_\_\_\_

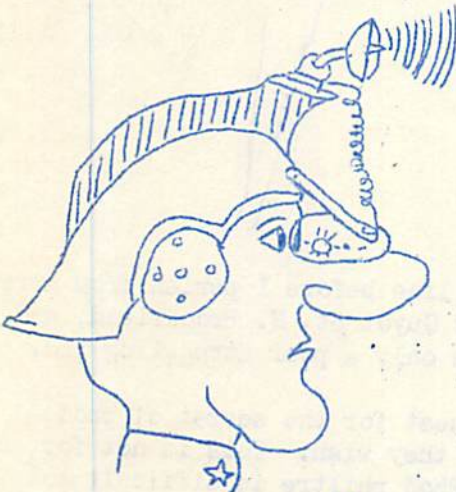
Guy Terwilliger  
1412 Albright St  
Boise, Idaho

(((The above was excerpted from a letter to the Busbys. Nobody tells me what to do; I read when I have time, and continue on my column when I am able, and no amount of complaint from the readership will stay my hand...BRT)))

HOW MORANIC CAN WE GET?

Dear Fiends,er,Friends,

The Cry has crossed the country in five days! Invoke the gods!.. Accustomed to receiving the age-yellowed rag by snailmail three weeks after publication, I was pitifully unprepared for such a traumatic experience. The folks found me at sundown, head in mailbox, mewling softly. It took three solid hours of wrist-chafing to bring me around. Well night recovered now, (although my brain forever bears shock scars deep in its writhing convolutions) I nightly burn the joss sticks in praise of First Class Mail.



ATom's Boog, nonchalantly loitering in what appears to be his piddle puddle, is glowering, no doubt, at Toskey's unforgiveable blunder. In this instance the water torture should suffice, using corflu, of course! The little fellow should really be proud of his distinctive coiffure! Who says you can't grow hair on an egg?

In regard to the editorial bemoaning the lack of Long Green, I would gladly come across with 25¢ per ish for a zine of Cry's quality. To me, there are few things as satisfying as finding a nice fat mag in the box each month. Here's hoping you won't be forced to do a little pruning on the lettercol, an act which would prompt much gnashing of teeth.

Is the laudable Gestetner just a temporary fixture while the old mill is being de-bugged? Nay, I pray. For some reason the Cry strikes me better in blue. Come to think of it, the first ish I snagged was sumptuously appointed in that color((((Impossible!...BRT))). Ah, those halcyon days before fanaddiction sank cruel tentacles deep in my guileless breast.

Amelia's fumings over the poor English current in a certain zine evoked quite a response from this corner. I hooted and snickered through the entire opus, ending my impromptu chorale with a succulent raspberry. Why must females pounce on every poor misguided participle espec-



ially if a member of the stronger, more intelligent, superior(rally round me, boys) lets fly with it? Guess they enjoy stepping out of their drap, subservient roles to correct their male peers.

Brad Daigle, Hark!!! Why (sob) did you have to mutilate that nude on page 48? You, sir, are one stage lower than the moustache dauber. But wait-I judge too harshly. Did a secret desire to assume feminine status lead you to crown your work with a self portrait?

Allright, what's going on here? You actually have a good piece of writing in Hal Lynch's offering. What is responsible for this millenium? Has Fink Goldfinch thrown a scare into you? Who is covering up? The various interpretations of the Incredible Shrinking Man were much more palatable than the incredibly stinking picture itself. Lynch's cross-sectioning of the fan mind was nicely done, even to the description of the occasional fits of nocturnal ague experienced by the Neo. I guve this one a rating of Plenty Goody O.K.

Suggestion of the Month: Get rid of your present method of numbering the pages. Sniveling away up there in the corner, hiding self-consciously in its parenthesis, the number seems to be apologizing for its presence, Use something more forceful, something like, "Hey you there, the funny-looking one. Now gimme your ears, Bucky, 'cause I'm gonna let you in on something that'll curl the nails on your grubby little toes. THIS IS PAGE 29!" Kinda takes your breath away, doesn't it?

The atmosphere flyer on page 25 is reminiscent of the type often found plying the "wild vast reaches of space" on the Spaaace Patrol programs of fond memory. What ever became of all the science fiction series that used to choke the videowaves? The only one of that ken received hereabouts is the perennial Flush Gordon, played by some upstart who can't compare with Buster Crabbe in the really old serials. There was true crudfiction, the very dregs. And some of those mangy monsters he was always grappling with!

Tell me, omniscient ones, do you have any subscribers in the Greater-Boston area? Since my re-entry into fandom I've been asking about for brother fen in the vicinity. Thus far, no luck. If there is any such critter in these heah diggins, I'd appreciate it if he (she, it) would drop a line before I perish from atrophy of the fan gland. (((We used to have Joe Blake, 9 Mt Guyot St, N. Brookfield, and John Mussels, 4 curve st, Wakefield, on our list; now we have only a poor struggling pro, name of Isaac Asimov(Cry 114)...BRT))))

Mr. Arthur Thompson: M'Lord, forsake your ill-starred quest for the secret of phod powder, I beg. Let these Seattle expendables toy with it if they wish. This is not for wonders of nature such as we. The destructive power of the Phod philtre is difficult to comprehend. One of my forbearers, Slaunchigon Mavoorneen, shiftless oaf by trade, once finagled a hooker of the stuff from one of the Uachtery Muchty testers. Slaunchie's AToms are still circulating in the upper atmosphere. By the way, better keep an eye on your Gutterimbucles. After passing the fifteen foot thick stage they prepare to pronate, and you know what a horrid mess that is!

So Brucine Pelz is a goonop, eh! He writes a good report, but all that talk about FAPA, APA, and other CRAPA makes my little neo head whirl. And that jazz about a calcium





carbide powered zap gun. Really, now! Methinks 'twould never work. 'Scuse me a minute -- someone's at the door. Yes? Oh, not you! I was just writing about -- Whaat? But I haven't done anything -- Please, nooo Aieeeeeee ZAP ZAP

Jim Moran  
208 Sladen St  
Dracut, Mass.

(((((The old A.B.Dick is gone forever --- parts are no longer available for it. We are the proud owners of the Gestetner, so it is permanent. How do you like our new shade of blue? If we tried numbering the pages as you say, we would be hard put to think of original things after a while. Page-numbering is always the last operation before final run-off. See answer to Kent Moomaw's letter on entire Cry procedure. I saw a couple spliced together Flash Gordon old-time serials; nearly laughed my head off....BRT))))

#### BLOCHHEAD

Mesdames et Masseurs: Of course I review CRY in MADGE, but just didn't want to let five months go by without registering my admiration with the current issue...and particularly with your quaint policy of actually reviewing magazines and stories, just as if science fiction fandom was interested in such things instead of jazz and rods of varying temperatures. I also approve of references to publications of 15 years ago; there sometimes seems to be a general misconception to the effect that science-fiction sprang, fullblown, from the forehead of Minerva, circa 1951 at the earliest. // Recently had a visit from your neighbors, Alan Nourse and family, who were en route to the east coast: so pleasant to see them that I regretted it when their time expired. Hoping you are the same,

Robert Bloch  
P.O. Box 362  
Weyauwega, Wisconsin.

(((((See this ish for reviews of some of your stories in 1943. This wouldn't, by chance, have any effect on your attitude expressed above, would it now?...BRT))))

#### HE CHICKENED OUT

Greetings, from the one with the Photographic Memory (even though it hasn't been developed yet),



A mangled mess which eventually turned out to be Cry #115 arrived today. It was coverless and in a very, verrry ragged shape. Ye Ghods forsooth sayt I, ol' D.A.G. muster outdone hisself and brought out Grue #30. Why it isn't due til' "Suddenly it's 1960"! But as all ghodd dreams go, it abrubtly came to an end as I started to rhead that wunnerful Gestetner repro with that beautifulll bhblue ink and that WHITE paper. My dream was shattered and I was completely disalusioned when I realized that it was only an issue of Cry.

Now 'fore I crawl bhack inter my cave I should like ter make th comment thet I WUZ BORN + BREAD ON BEECH-NUT also. Duz thet mean thet I'm incurable like Gerber?

Perhaps I'm an ass (everybody tells me so 'specially Bill Meyers) bhut I could never ghet 'nuf nerve up to even rhead one complete Shaver story. I alwayz thot thet someone woud denounce me az a Shaver fan ifjn I did???

Note that I took A.P.'s advice + have moved! Note new address.

I still insist that Gerber's a ghirl!

On the price of "Cry": I feel that if you put out a large zine like "Cry" has been lately you are justified in charging a larger price. Even 25¢ would be cheap for "Cry" #115! The trouble is that most of us couldn't afford it, even tho 25¢ would be cheap. We might all like Playbhoy, bhut it costs 50¢.

till then --- Peter Francis Skeberdis  
450 Bancroft Street  
Imlay City, Michigan

(((((Sorry your Cry came in such bad shape; with luck an extra cover will be enclosed with this issue, if we can scrounge one up. I checked our records and noted that you have 8 ishes left on your sub -- a figure which will remain unchanged whenever we print a letter from you. The 25¢ deal is not to cut out people who can't afford Cry, but to cut out people who aren't interested enough to write once in a while; our policy of free issues for printed material, including letters, still holds....BRT))))



MOOMAW BRAMBLES ON  
People;

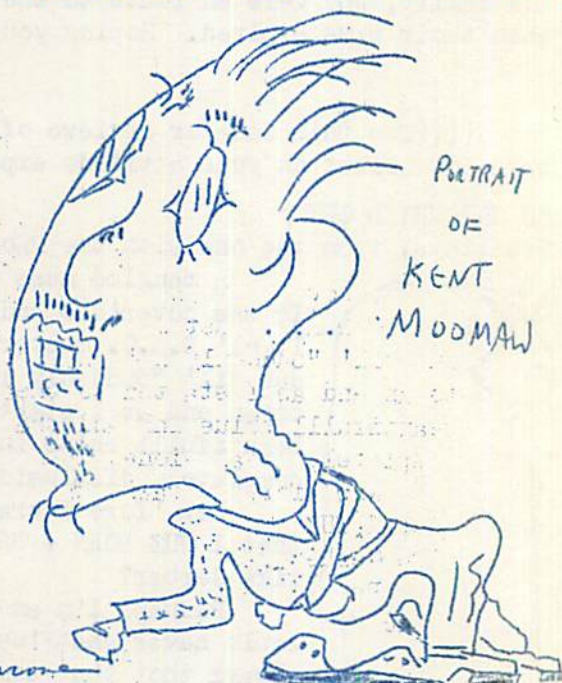
Gad, it's been a long time. Skimming through the copy of Cry 115 you sent along has evoked all sorts of nostalgia in me; my thots go drifting back to those long lost days of two summers ago when I spent whole days, morning to dusk, writing monstrous (perhaps in content as well as quality, eh?) letters to you, Champion, Lars Bourne, Dick Lupoff, and others, feeling that I was actually Getting Somewhere in Fandom, predicting untold egoboo for myself, and generally being totally and ecstatically immersed in the rushing torrent of actifandom. Today, with my crifanac cut to the barest bone, mired in a permanent LNF position and comparatively unconcerned over same, my correspondence limited to a few close friends, my general-zine folded, my reading tastes incredibly removed from their forerunners, today I can look back on those halcyon days with a wry smile. They were lots of kicks, make no mistake, but summer is almost upon us again and I know damn well I'm no longer capable of writing ten-page letters of comment...of course, the ones I sent you were never that long, but I know I knocked out such epic epistles to at least two people during those months. Yes, those were the days ...no school to get hung up over, no job, no obligations, no decisions, just sitting up here in the second-floor womb digging the fannish scene. Um.

You see what you've done?? Damn.

The rise of Toskey to Cry's helm seems to have accomplished at least one miracle: namely, the elimination of those ghodawful hand-printed-scrawled headings that Wally used to concoct. While typed headings do little for me aesthetically, I regard them as infinitely superior to the Weber Touch. Your illos, with Atom and Jeeves, are also generally improved. I was amazed to note the total absence of Garcone --- would've thot he'd have worked himself up to Art Editor by this time. Good; keep it this way. (((Actually, Garcone has been Art Editor all along --- but power-mad editorial writer Busby continually forgets the credit line. The heading on p.12 of #115 was by Wally; his headings are always excellent; the scrawled ones you disliked were by Garcone, who, stung by your insults, has inscribed your portrait to the immediate right.....BRT)))) I realize that the size and frequency of the magazine prohibit your doing much more than typing stencils each month and inserting illos as you go, but I do think you'd please us choosy types (barbarians to you, Elinor) a little more by paying closer attention to what goes where and suchlike. As you can see, I haven't changed much as far as the visual side of fanpubbing is concerned: I'm still bugged by sloppiness and other manifestations of Haste, if not Indifference. In your case, I'm sure it's the former...but goshwow, buy a blue pencil or something! In my lowly opinion, lotsa this material is expendable.

The Gestetner is great, tho, and with practice, you will probably be turning out DAG type mags all over the place...physically, of course. Would suggest you badger the Britons for more art in lieu of Barnes and Daigle, but as long as Garcone is gone, I won't protest too much no matter which illustrators make the scene.

Materialwise, this issue bests most of the others I've seen also. No Squink Blog or Gobbledegook or any of that junk...I hope this means you people have finally decided to give up on that sort of thing and restrict your humor to the intelligent sort of which you're all (particularly Buz and Wally, tho) capable. The Pembertons, Renfrew and Amèlia, are still top-notch...both review columns are as effective and perceptive as ever. Pelz is bearable, if somewhat below the nominal Goon standards set forth in wRETch. Meyers' column is surprisingly good...I've seen little of Bill's work lately, gaffiating and all, and didn't realize how adept at this type of thing he has become. Ghood show. Lynch (and never having heard of





this fellow before, I was expecting something on the order of Hubbard Green) was amusing and worthwhile...the kind of thing Cry should have been featuring all along. (((A piece like Lynch's is something that appears once in a decade!...BRT))) I hope this isn't luck--the



fact that both pieces of fiction thish are better than average, I mean--and that the Toskey-Busby combine is is rejecting inferior stuff unmercifully.

Tosk's history is typically boring...but I think that's his aim in doing the series, so I have no legitimate reason to grotch. "Prospectus" I thot rather pointless; I trust you made Bisenieks pay for this full-page advertisement.(((You bet...we inflicted him with a Cry...BRT))) All in all, people, I was impressed with the level of published material this time around, and would like to encourage all of you to maintain what you've begun here...ghod knows I crit you enough when I dislike something; I feel obligated to stress

my satisfaction, now that you're coming along, to an equal degree.

And now (sob), on to The Letters!!(Do I sound like Rich Brown?)

Adams: Trust your in re "our dark friends" was, like one made by Phil Castora in the Galt recently, an attempt at baiting some of fandom's more wild-eyed types...that you're jesting, like, man. I find it difficult to picture a narrow-minded fan regarding such things as the goddam racial problem, myself...there's Wetzel, of course, but I'd hardly call him a fan. Me, I just discovered Langston Hughes, the great Negro poet, and am at present going wild over such volumes as "The Weary Blues". Hughes does, in many cases, for traditional jazz and the blues what current Beat poets are doing for bop and the cool school...one of his verses, "Song For Billy Holliday", is incredibly close to one of my own, which I wrote a couple months ago, called "Lines For Chris Conner". I'm afraid to send it out now for fear of charges of plagiarism, but I'm flattered that my style (tho not my content and skill, of course) as a poet is even vaguely reminiscent of Hughes'. Like Wow.



Deeck: Hm, I thot you'd left fandom in a huff after writing that nauseating thing for (Spencer? Sodek? one of them) after the NewYorCon and being on the receiving end of that tremendous blast by Boyd Raeburn. Still around, tho, and still making snide remarks about the idiocy of fans, undoubtedly because they didn't make as big a fuss over You as the readers of STARTLING and TWS. Oh, man, not that you're transparent or anything! Oh, no...

Pelz: Gordon Aghill, like Robert Randall, is a joint penname used by Bob Silverberg and Randall Garrett. The Aghill part is, as you surmised, a translation of "silver plus berg", while the Gordon is from David Gordon, another Garrett pseudonym. Confusing, no?

All best, like,

Kent Moomaw  
6705 Bramble Ave  
Cincinnati 27, Ohio



(((I can't understand what you mean at all when you ask us to pay attention to what goes where etc. We always put two-page items on a single spread--and longer items begun on a spread; and never continue anything to another part of the zine. What more do you want? Please

explain yourself about this business of "layout", or is it beyond your understanding, and merely use this as an unanswerable type of criticism. You've used this same sort of criticism before, and never explained yourself. The Cry is put out in a certain amount of Haste, yes, but then it can't be helped. It takes 3rd class mail up to three weeks to get to our subbers,



and this leaves them only a week to get letters in to us; Pemberton's column is kept up-to-date, which means he can't complete his column until the last minute. The other material, all of which comes completely unsolicited, comes in with the other correspondence; all of which means that the entire issue of the Cry must be typed up and run off over a period of about 3 days. The editorial page is typed up while I (usually) am doing the running off. We don't claim to have an artistic production, but we have fun, which is our only purpose on the whole project. Thanks for the nice letter, tho---it's been a long time....BRT))))

(((((Flash: Just received word that John Berry's pic has arrived for our fotocover..BRT))))

## BARELY A TRICKLE

OK You Namless Guys,

Yer all bums for not printing my, and Lar Stone's letters - We had a swell idea for starting a feud, but you gummed the works.

Hey men, keep up GESTETNER, and it looks like the only thing to do is raise the price - the letterhacks, "artists" and all will really have to get on the ball in order to get their free copies. Me too --

Is Science Fiction Adventures really folding?? Gad! Foo Foo! What a blow to action, but adult SF readers!

AMAZING STORIES IN REVIEW leaves me looking forward to next ish.

Glad to know I'm on Cry's honor roll of rejected personalities, never could make it at skool, wonder.wye.

Well, BYE

Stony Brook Barnes

Route 1, Box 1102

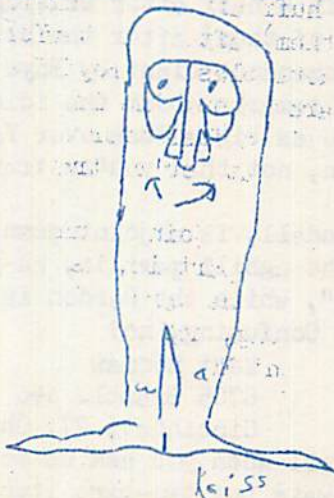
Grants Pass, Oregon

(((((Well, I printed the jist of it all on the last page of letters, didn't I?...BRT))))

## THE SANDERS ARE HERE

Dear Namelessessences,

Two things prompt me to write this letter: the excellent appearance of CRY #115 and the leedle beetie "3" behind my name on the address label.



Beautiful cover on #115. Patriotic, too.

I'm glad to see so much Atom artwork -- five drawings, yet. This is good; it's the best thing that's happened to CRY's artwork in years. Unfortunately, you still have a fair share of sickening stuff; for instance, the messes on pages 49, 50, and 52 could hardly have been worse.

I, for one, am rather glad to see the AMAZING review column back. I'm rather curious what went on, then. Very little has been reprinted in book form, and I'm darned if I'll spend money to buy the things.

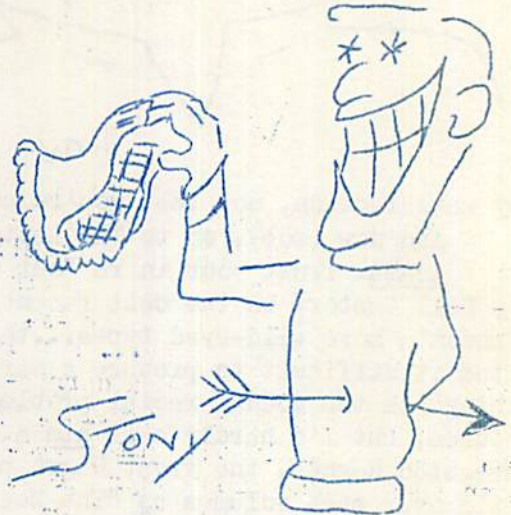
By the way, Toskey, have you ever read C.S. Lewis' trilogy, OUT OF THE SILENT PLANET, PERELANDRA, and THAT HIDEOUS STRENGTH (pbbed as THE SCREAMING PLANET)? To my way of thinking, Lewis has Merritt, Lovecraft, Wilcox, etc. beat seven ways to Sunday. His writing is excellent, his characters live, and he has the sense of wonder. He makes sense, too. (Agreed!...AP)

Renfrew, you'll be happy to know that Kluga is no longer an employee of Royal Publications. Meaning there'll be no more Kluga artwork in INFINITY. Shaw seemed rather pleased about this when he told me.

Yes, I've been in New York.

The Pembertons have the most solidly enjoyable pieces in this issue. Cheers.

You know, I think you should drop Meyers' column. It's a mere parallel of Pemberton's





and is nowhere nearly as well done. Perhaps if he concentrated on book reviews, I'd like the column a lot better.

To quote Larry Stone: "...their letters have to be intelligent and thoughtful. I like the CRY lettercol much better." Yeah. Chuckle, chuckle, chuckle...Yours, Joe Sanders  
R.R. #1  
Roachdale, Ind.

(((((As you note, you got in on the 12/\$1 sub-rates just in time. If you haven't read stf pubbed in the '40's, how can you compare Lewis to Wilcox? I haven't read any Lewis, but I have them around the place -- I don't know if I'll ever get to them or not....BRT))))

#### NOTES FROM BOYD-SONG

...Most unfair to send me a zine that looks like a Grennell publication. Repro is too faint. Don't be so mean with the ink.

Saint: Rayt Marius and blue-tinged deathray. Was this the one that was in the form of a cloud and engulfed a goat?

Startled Ron with my howls of laughter at the quotations from TWIG.

"The Incredible Meaning of it All" is very good. Too good for CRY. Lucky I read this, as I usually avoid these writings in CRY -- stuff by Brown (Rich) and Pelz, etc.

What do I read in CRY? In these three issues, I've read the editorials, and the reviews by Pembertons. I don't always agree with what you say, Amelia, (I think you're too lenient) but you review interestingly. Find some of Ren's stuff interesting, but you often give so little indication what you're talking about that you keep making me feel I've missed stories in the few zines you are reviewing that I have read. A good critic should be interesting to a reader who has not read or seen whatever is being reviewed. You seem to assume that the reader not only has read the stories you are reviewing, but can remember them by name (and I usually can't although I may have just read the issue - except in the case of serials, I usually take very little if any notice of titles.)

CRY is a curious zine. I presume people such as Asimov get it for the prozine reviews - what must be their reaction on turning from penetrating and intelligent reviews to the juvenile babbling of the letter col? (Watch it, Boyd -- Doctor Asimov occasionally appears here -- FMB) Your letter col really croggles me. Are you the only zine that gets scatty letters like this, or do other fanzine editors edit heavily? I don't get letters like this, thank Ghu. Only one on last A BAS anything like a CRY letter was from Metzger. Maybe I have a different readership, but I think your lettercol must have an insidious influence. Even letters from people like Willis and Thomson appearing therein tend to sound babbly. You never see these names in other zines (Pelz and so on). (Seen RET#10 yet? -- FMB)

Seems there are some other fans in Canada - Victoria and White Rock, B.C. Until they appear in a faaaaaanzine, I will not acknowledge that they exist.

And on that haughty note I must stop. Regards,

Boyd Raeburn  
9 Glenvalley Drive  
Toronto 9, Ontario

(((((Willis's remark in one of his letters to us was to the effect that our lettercol seemed to inspire the writers, including himself, to write better than themselves...BRT))))

#### LONGER AND BROWNER THAN EVER

Bardon me;

It seems as tho I remember youse vaguely from somewhere. Fleeb. And while I'm fleebing, I might as well give a hearty "Fleeb!" to this paper. I had previously heard of your new weapon, the gestetner (excuse me, I mean G\*E\*S\*T\*E\*T\*N\*E\*R), but you slipped up. I mean, like, it won't do you any good. In fact, it will do you more harm than good. Now that CRY is so much more bootiful, it makes me (& me cohorts too, I imagine) want all the more to take it over.

Gee. 54 pages. In fact, double gee and a gosh-whiz-wow-boy-oh-boy to boot. 54 pages and a monthly to boot. CRY is going to become the number one fanzine -- you mark my words. What with great covers by such greats as ATom and me, and with such great material with such greats as Berry and me, how can you lose? Huh?



Excuse me, but I feel a Carl Brandon coming on...

# GESTETNER BLUES

I got me a gestetner, that works only with blue ink  
Last night I got a gestetner that works only with blue ink,  
That Foo damned gestetner; gonna throw it down the sink.

I get out my gestetner, I'm gonna use it for the FEN DEN  
Yes, I get out my gestetner, I'm gonna use it for the FEN DEN  
But the way the paper comes out; looked better when it went in.

What the moral of the story is, I'm sure I don't know,  
Well, what the moral of the story is, I'm sure that I don't know,  
But this Foo damned gestetner gets me feelin' mighty low.

There is not much one can say for ATom's cover. Certainly nothing bad. However, as to the content of things -- this so-called GDA op has three fingers and most GDA ops that I know have four fingers (and a tenticle in the middle of his belly for pushing the space-bar). But otherwise, it looks just like GDA ops.

R.Pemberton: del Ray's article brings to mind a choice little quote from POGO: "all them foreigner. Just give me a few atomic bombs and I'll cram peace down their blood-thirsty throats!" You notice, R.Pem, (that's kindofa pun --- R,Pem/RPM; get it? Ah well, I didn't think it was so hot either) that now several readers are clammering for the demise of your column. When I first came to the CRY, almost everyone wanted them to be stopped -- except me. Finally, after many rah-rah's, others began to take interest, and to like. Now it seems to be getting started the other way again. Tell me, since you've been here longer than I have, Pem, has this "cycle" happened before? A Pem, you know, is a Pig-Eyed-Monster. I still enjoy your column; the longer the better -- and Foo spite those who don't!!

A.Pemberton: Yes, six pages of fanzine reviews -- 16 fanzines, too, of which I have but 9 --- and, sniff, no review of FRAMISHED, my great and wonnaful super special goshwow letterzine (don't I sound like the current youngfan group, tho?). I think MIMSY was better than you reviewed it, but then, I'm more than a little prejudiced. Most other stuff I agree on.

At first, I didn't quite get the pun on "Half-Goon, Will Travel". This is a nice little pñeece, except that I resent being a pen name of Bill Meyers, and I didn't know Es Adams wrote letters to the prozines. Also, the end was a little weak, but it could be that it is a parody of sorts on main-stream fiction novels that always seem to end with something so damned inconsequential that it's almost sickening. If so, nicely executed.

Meyers continues to get better and better with each issue. If I were to make any generalizations about mags out now, it would be that Astounding is too dry, Galaxy is too wishy-washy, F&SF is trying to be too cute, the RAWL publications are improving, Infinity is top-notch, and all others can go to hell.





I find Hal Lynch's piece to be about the best thing CRY has published in the past eight or ten issues. I like.

"Minutes" was Wally's usual lapel-headed beast. I mean, they are really getting to be more than just fabulous. They're frajous. Make 'em looonger, Wally. If nothing else, cut out..uh..well, you could drop..well, you could make CRY bigger, anyways.

Keep up "Amazing Stories in Review."

I don't hardly agree with Dainis Bisenieks -- the APA may be the best group to which to distribute a zine, but publishing a generalzine gives you experience, gives you an idea what to expect, and in general, shows more your editorial (rather than blatheral) ability. Now, I just got in SAPS, and I'm on the waiting list for OMPA and The Cult and planning to begin my long wait on the long w-l of FAPA, so I'm not against APA's. I might tend to agree with you on something such as OMPA, where you can publish a general-type zine and receive other general type zines in the mailing -- and also send out and sell other copies.

YEA, VERILY, DETROIT IN '59!

Jim Moran: Suh, you stand corrected, to wit: "Think! Then sink the stinkin' Fink!" Worry not, I sunk ~~Fink~~ Fink. Come, come my good man, there is room for both sercon and fannish zines. When I drew that cover, the things hanging out of the head were veins and stuff like that. But now that you mention it, worms appeal to me more (NOTICED: All fans take note: if I get a box of worms in the mail, I will send them back) -- so worms it is. (On second thot, let's build a Tower to the Moon Out Of Worms!)

Es Adams: Actually, I am one of the few who entered fandom under an assumed name. My real name is Ben F. Trufan, but "rich brown" seems more fannish and the Right Kind Of Name for a fan to have # I know of only one Negro in active fandom, and he is a Good Man.

Jerry De Muth: Well, since you don't read stf no more nohow, Pemberton's reviews should be welcomed all the more -- if you want to impress some poor little neo that you are a BNF, you can't do it by quoting Willis, Burbee, Ackerman, etc., but by gicing learned discussions on the Ghreat Literature, Science-Fiction And The Cosmicness Of It All. And regardless of what anyone says, when I take over the CRY Pemby's reviews will stay (A cunning psychological trick to win them over to my side).

Willy Deeck: I tried, once, to make you mad. I really did. Unfortunately, you left the CRY about then; either that, or you ignored me. I think prob'ly the latter, tho maybe the former. As I remember, it was something to the effect that if you would "come to LA, I give you punch inna nose. If I not there, I come the day before." I forget what it was I was so hopped up about, tho. Lesdee. Make you mad? You are a fugghead. Your old lady wears tennis shoes to church. Anyone who lives at 8400 Potomac Avenue in College Park Maryland must be a blooming idiot. Hmmm. Still don't think that will do. If I were Francis T. Laney...

Bruce Pelz: Finkwater is terminated because even I didn't like it. And, I like writing faaan-fiction better, if I am properly inspired. Nay, I haven't given up trying to take over the CRY. Indeed, I have just begun to fight! Thanks for the kind words on my story.

Heather Robson: Say, if I didn't ever include you in the Task Farce, I do now, since you will prob'ly be in Seattle before I will. You need simply to get them a tottering, as it were, and I will remove the bottom peg. Simple? Simple.

Ron Ellik: Right perceptive guy, that Ackerman, to see Moffatt's leer over the phone. It is not so much the fact that you took the kisses without authorization that burns me --- it's that I didn't.

Len Moffatt & BRT: If Heinlein's stories don't get better than the past few I will be ready to admit that most anybody is better. Sure, the style is the same, but it's not worth reading if the plots are that bad.

Leslie Gerber: Forget it, your asnapolie accepted. I can't afford to quibble, since our Task Farce needs men (y'see, I don't think you are another Lee Hoffman) -- we must divide and conquer, unite and rule, rip and maim, destroy and obstruct, deploribus heofan and wham, south gate and fifty-eight, etc. Hmmm, admittedly the Finkwater series was not original, but TOTOCOTN was the most original thing I ever wrote.

Lar' Stone: Sorry, but most fans are of the view that nothing is worth the trouble of having to strain to read -- as am I. It took me a long time to learn this, and even longer to



whip my mimeo into shape -- and I still don't turn out exactly "good" results. However, if Gerber can get his mimeo into shape and turn RD out with some semblance of regularity, it should develop into an interesting newszine. Sure, egoboo is a precious commodity, and I like to hand it out regularly; personally I don't care how much egoboo anyone gets -- as long as I get twice as much, that is. (Heh)

Stony Barnes: As you, and others, may know, I was using an illustration of yours for a letterhead. I'm out of them now. However, the perceptive Mr. Harry Warner Jr., one of the last to receive such, came up with this little tid-bit: "I like your letterhead very much, but even so I find I must admire the courage of whoever did it to sign his initials SB." Now, Stony, I don't think there be cause for any discomfort -- you can use the super-lightning S or sign it Stony. Isn't it lucky tho, that your middle name doesn't start with an "O"?



In the past few months, I've had time to think on taking over The CRY. I have been thinking about L. Garcone. With my integdible (it sez here) logic, I figgers in all the views on him -- at first, he was just an artist. Then, when the CRY readers start to take over, you show us a picture of a deflated balloon that is supposed to be L. Garcone. You tell us that once he walked into a Nameless meeting and when offered a chair, he ate it. All this in the laughingest of moods. HAH! What a perfect way to cover up for a monster that really exists! In doing this, you think that I will come unprepared. HAH! again. Can't fool ole Brown when he's thinkin' like he thinks he's thinkin', if you get what I mean.

Well, you know how the mail-man walks. Right up to the front door with a bucket of mail. More and more and more and more. Feh! It get's kindof tiresome after a while. You know what I mean -- or you would anyway, if your name wefe

Rich Brown  
127 roberts st  
Pasadena 3, California

(((((Our records indicate that you have 7 ishs left on your sub -- not that you will ever use them up; once you get up here, we'll work you till you drop. How would you like to take over the lettercol? We get occasional complaints to the effect that we should cut out the prozine reviews, but these are not aimed at Renfrew particularly (except for that neo whose letter immediately precedes yours), but just aimed at the idea of prozine reviews in general. But then, we even get complaints on the type of lettercol we run (INcluding that same neo, whose letter precedes yours!)). Garcone is leaning over my shoulder now, slathering at the corners of its evil mouth, in ghastly anticipation of the coming of Rich Brown to Seattle -- to wreak a terrible revenge upon you for referring to it as a deflated balloon....BRT))))

MOFFAT MUFFS' IT  
Hi CRYites!

Thank y'all for CRY #115. As usual, the mag is meaty, interesting and entertaining. But I knew it would come...sooner or later it was bound to happen...CRY becoming too expensive to produce, that is...

Over 50 pages and coming out monthly...no wonder! Should you cut to 30 pages? Well, you could cut the mag down to about 30 pages if you included only the following material: COVER, Contents Page, Promag reviews, Fanzine reviews, Nameless Minutes, and Lettercol. If you still wanted to publish articles, fiction and poetry occasionally, do so in a one-shot.



If you continue with 50 pages or more per ish, you will just have to charge 35¢ or even more for CRY, and despite the high prices times we are trying to adapt to, most fans would object to paying more than 25¢ per copy for a fanzine. I think that 30 pages for 25¢ is your best bet, much as I hate to see CRY grow smaller in size. But quality is even more important than quantity. Anyway, no matter how large or how small the mag, I agree that the dime a copy price is ridiculous in this day and age.

Toskey must be getting hard up for letter-titles if he has to resort to that hairy old reference... "Little Miss Moffatt"... (and he spelled it with only one t which always makes me feel naked...). The other title he has used, "Len, the Belcher" does have an element of truth in it, as I am fond of beer.

The chairwoman of the SOLACON says I should be typing addresses on the envelopes to be used for mailing out the upcoming ish of the SOLACON Journal, and I guess I should at that. If any of you haven't joined yet, don't delay, as this ish deals with the planned program as well as having many other interesting and entertaining details about the Convention, some of it very vital info indeed.

Didn't think I'd get thru a letter without a plug for "South Gate in '58", did you?

Best Wishes

Len Moffatt

10202 Belcher Avenue  
Downey, California

((((Well, on Cry #115, if we had cut everything but the items you mention out of it, we could have kept it down to 46 pages. Also, we've had our fill of this fiction-article type of one shot. Some of you may remember Sinisterra. One fanzine is enough, except for our individual zines. I figure that 25¢ per ish will cut down our circulation a bit, and as a result, the Cry won't cost quite so much (paper saved) to produce. Also, I think that with the next issue we are going to clamp down harder on the material we accept, including letters..BRT))))

#### COTTON-PICKEN HANS

Dear Nameless Ones!

Now I have read, heard and thought so much about you and your CRY that I simply must write this letter to you and hear if you got a single, little cotton-picken copy for me. In exchange I'd be able to send you two or three Anita Ekbergs and hope that will cover your postage. Of course those gals have to be sent under separate cover, but as for covering I'd suppose you're not TOO terrible sneaky about it. You know of course that the Swedish girls mostly have such small bathing suits that you have to believe in them to see them.....

yours,

Hans Siden  
Dammevagen 6  
Gothenburg C, Sweden

(((((On to Sveden!!...BRT))))

#### GERBER GIBBERS

Undear Brainless Ones,

You have gone too far! This is too much! I don't mind being in the same lettercol with Jerry De Muth too much, but when you louse up my page with one of his illos, this is too much. Why don't you give me a Barnes illo, or a Reiss illo, or any other illo?

Now to rip through the issue. Atom was superb on the cover, only the GDA op on my copy is discovering that the title of the magazine is Cry of the Nameless.

As for Busby's plea, I'll help out. I will donate \$10,000 to The Nameless Ones for use in Cry as soon as I make my first million. A 52 page Cry is, shall we say, a bit of a bargain at 10¢, but going to 25¢ is a bit too much; that would kill your circulation! (((((That is just the point!...BRT)))) Try 15¢. Even Yandro has just gone up to 15¢.

And Pemberton, I disagree with all the Great People who stick up for damon knight no matter what he says! I think knight is a perceiving and intelligent critic, but I also think he could use a good job of psychoanalyzing. I find myself agreeing with him quite often, but when he starts panning Matheson because he doesn't like his looks, he goes too far.

Funny, but after I read "Mars by Moonlight" I called up H.L. Gold and asked him if he wanted to make Galaxy into another Imagination. His reply: "We all make mistakes."



Bruce Pelz was funny, Too funny. First he takes Rich Brown out of the Cry (except for the lettercol), then he takes over the GDA spot, then he'll take over Amelia and Renfrew, then Meyers, then the whole lettercol, then....

Meyers is entertaining, but I wonder why it is necessary to pan the easily-pannable. Everyone knows that the Hamling and Z-D mags are full of crud. As for the other mags, Pemberton does a good enough job. Oh well, leave him at it. I like reading his anti-crud ravings.

I don't know what Hal Lynch was trying to say, but he left me thoroughly confused. That's probably just what he wanted.

Tell me, Wally, did all this stuff really happen? Even my English teacher laughed himself silly over the Minutes. Why don't you take six pages for the Minutes and report everything? Pembertons and Meyers do it! If you can't afford the space, cut out Toskey's column. It's good, but who the hell can get the mags he talks about? I am going slowly mad yearning for these mags. Or maybe you could expand Cry even more. Either alternative will make Toskey furious.

I am terribly disappointed to discover that Jim Moron (THAT WAS NOT A TYPO!) can use English correctly, rats! Incidentally, remember in Cry #113 when I offered him a lifetime subscription to RD for that head of Japanese war sojer? Remember? I got it!

Funny, on page 43 Toskey says that all the ATom illós you got have mussed hair, and on the same page is a hairless ATom illo. Tak-tak-tak! (((That one had invisible hair...BRT)))

I'm beginning to like this guy Pelz, and I might like him better if he sent a copy of ProFANity.

What the hell are you jerks trying to do? I think you want Rich Brown to take over the Cry. My letter was almost as long as his but you cut it down, excerpting the best part of it in the process. He rumbles on with all the inane tripe he can drag out of his diseased "brain" and you print it, then I get cut out. How's that for pathological raving?

As for my being a girl, I guess I might as well admit it. I am a girl. I've fooled everyone so far, but there is a limit to how far you can carry a hoax. Pete is the only one who knew that I was really a female aside from Andy Reiss and Goerge Wells, both of whom are sworn to security. It's about time I came out of hiding. I am a female. How could I marry Peter if I wasn't?

Deploribus richbrown,

Leslie Steven Gerber  
201 Linden Boulevard  
Brooklyn 26, New York

(((If you think your letters are long, you should see the massive book-length letters we get from RBrown! Surely, it shouldn't be very difficult for you to find 1940-45 Amazings in New York; It takes all my whipping effort to get even two pages out of Wally. It is impossible to cut out my column, because I really control things around here. I Am The Master! So watch it, see....BRT)))

#### THACKERAY'S LITTLE BOY

Wait, wait;

Here comes Es with a letter. Don't run off without him for CRY 116. That would lose you many fans, surely.

I love the cover. This bhoys Atom has got something. He may become a successful fan-artist if he strives. But you look at the top artists in the fan field, Brown, Adams, Daigle, Barnes, Garcone, and you can quickly see that the road to ghreat art is a long, slow one. Many artosts have put so much time and effort into fruitless (seemingly so at the time, at any rate) work that they have lost their minds. 'Tis pitiful, but worth it for Art's sake.

The paper and repro, rah! 'Tis wonderful after Miserable Ages of Yellow. What Gestetner anyway? Looks like a blue mimeo.(((Its color is Fawn...BRT)))

Renfrew (strange spelling which should win enemies) is his usual fine self in the review pages. His pun on F&SF's Dreistein Case amused me no little. But now with Es only reading ASF & F&SF, and remembering little of the former except the editorial for more than a day or



PORTRAIT  
OF  
LESLEY  
GERBER

Leanne



two after reading, I'm running even lower than usual on things to say about Pemby. (Did pretty good though; this must be about the longest comment I've ever been able to drag out on this column. Wow.) Amelia's column good, too. I particularly liked the In and Out of TWIG part that gup up bad writing. I guess that's what has bugged me about the zine, but I never could put my finger on it. Nothing from it reads very smoothly.

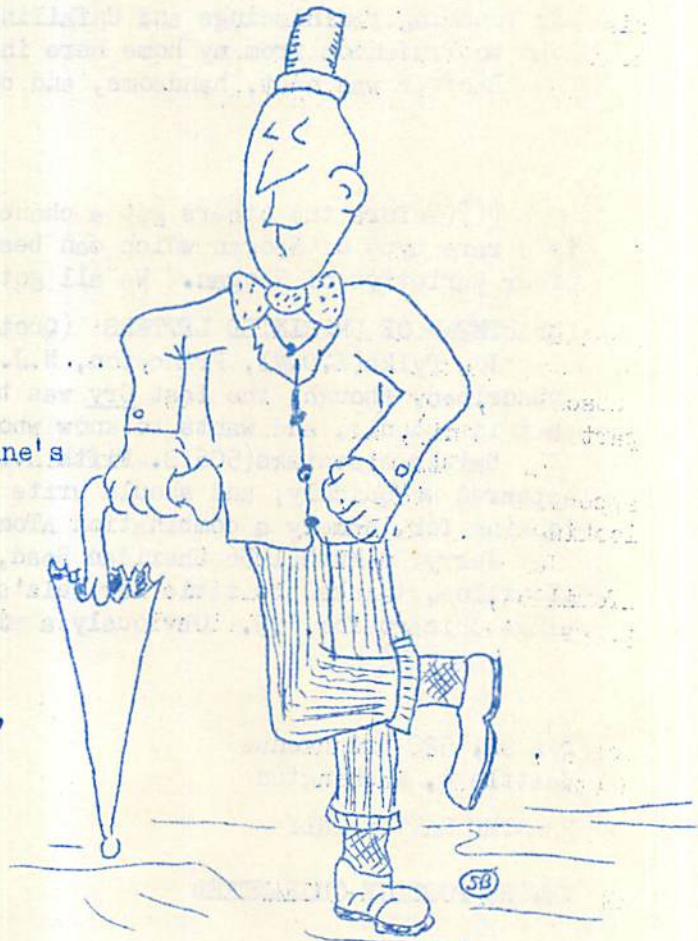
Pelz wrote a fine piece of fiction for you, but I eye it with a certain amount of jealousy and hope that it goes over with a phlog. Even though I'm too lazy to write up my cases, I feel that as Esmond Adams, The ESMOND ADAMS whose letters have appeared in Cry of the Nameless, HUMBUG, et al, I should be allowed to continue keeping my eye on things. In this interest, I plan to try to lure Pelz into the open, thus getting a chance to see whether he qualifies as a Goon. I go in prejudiced, but I guess in the long run I would be glad to put down selfish wishes if it came out that Pelz could best serve the GDA as Southern Op. But you just bet that my Sharp Cleverness will dig out anything he tries to hide if I can lure him into my trap. (Be a good fella, Buz, and smear the ink on Pelz' copy of CRY if you put this section of my letter in it.)

Meyers' column doesn't stick together much, does it. Come now, Bill. Togetherness, that's the word. The Playboy and book reviews were about the only things that impressed me much. The extended quote he sneaked in had me hiding under the covers. You piddle seen Ballantine's well-done effort, THE GRAVEYARD READER?

I feel I'm going to sound quite unfannish in asking what a Quiet Neogan is, but I must know; still, either I (a) will ask something that even a Rich Brown should know (even if I don't remember mention of it in anything Willis has done) or (b) will be put in the middle of a section of witty correspondents loudly haw-hawing, "And what's a Quiet Neogan, might I ask?" The only way to get out of this horrid suction is to list the possibilities, thus acting very Above-Board and Sophisticated. Done.

Anyway, with that aside, I got a True Charge out of the Incredible Meaning of It All. The title was beautiful, truly. Coupled with Pelz' bit, this CRY has two of the best efforts in CRYfiction (outside my own meager effort, of course, since I see no call for false modesty) in quite some time. Well done.

Minutes were their usual fantastic. I wish some of these folks that hide in the background of Nameless meetings could be forced into the limelight. I suspect that perhaps the whole thing is a fraud. Many, Swearingen, Wyman, Nulsen, and such, must be merely figments of Weber's imagination. But Weber is merely a pen-name for Busby, who writes the Pemberton column too. Then Elinor must be G.M. Carr in actuality, as well as Amelia. If Weber isn't real, then Toskey doubtless is a pseudonym, or perhaps merely the pet name for one of the Busby reproduction machines, since I vaguely tie the name in with words about crank-turning. With so many other names to fill in for, Busby has no time for a wife, obviously, and is probably Elinor/G.M./Amelia, too, just so he can sometimes show his versatility by writing from the female outlook. But Busby is obviously a fake name. The most likely idea is that one of the other real names kicking around like Otto Pfeifer or L. Garcone is the actual name of the Lone Member of Fabulous Seattle Fandom. I wonder if I get in GDA for that.





I like the Toskey (ha!) introduction to Amazing in Review, but find that even with its general wit and fine outlook I cannot stomach the idea of plowing through years of Amazing at the present, so this is Unread.

What could Amelia do with Atom's line, "You're not the only fmz to have ESMOND ADAMS writing exclusively for you." (←I like that line...AP→) I like the sound of it, even if it is worthy of TWIG, construction-wise. Anyway, though, I've had letters all over the place besides CRY, RET, and HUMBUG. Like SATA, SPECTRE, TWIG, and (care to look this one up for laughs, anybody?) AMAZING STORIES....

Rich Brown seems to have found himself as the Wise Ole Dad Advisor this time around with his touching reminiscings and Unfailing Words of Advice. Gosh. Can you direct me along the Road to Trufandom from my home here in Mundane, Wise Sire?

Bacover was neat, handsome, and contained a fine idea. My vote is in.

Best.

Esmond Adams

432 Locust St

Huntsville, Alabama

(((((Before the others get a chance to pounce on you, I'll inform you that a Quiet Neogan is a rare type of Neogan which can best be identified by the fact that he isn't as noisy as other varieties of Neogan. We all got a huge laugh out of your letter....BRT))))))

DEPARTMENT OF UNPRINTED LETTERS (Quotes and comments from the lucky ones)

Joe Pylka(R.D.#1, Princeton, N.J.) calls us the Maneless Ones, STF Lions of the West, subscribed, thought the last Cry was typed with Bodoni(actually, the fmz column was the only part in Bodoni), and wants to know who Brock Pemberton is.

Dainis Bisenieks(506 S. Fifth Ave, Ann Arbor, Mich) expressed surprise that his article appeared so quickly, and should write to Grennel and ask for Grue#28, which is just what he's looking for, namely a combination ATom and Rotsler cover. But you better send him 25¢.

Jerry De Muth(1936 Sheridan Road, Evanston, Ill.) is awed by our Gestetnering and the ATomillos, thinks the title for Pelz's goon story to be cleverer than the story itself, and plugs Chicago for '59. Obviously a misguided type, but then, look where he lives.

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TO:

Len Moffatt  
10202 Belcher Ave  
Downey,  
California

