

cry of the nameless

number 126

APRIL 1959



"WELL, WHAT ARE THEY GOING TO GIVE US, HUH?
A \$50,000,000 LOAN, OR BLUEPRINTS FOR A FIVE YEAR PLAN!"

City of the nameless

number 126

APRIL 1955

Small Town

What are they? Is there a
way on the road? The road

C r y o f t h e N a m e l e s s # 1 2 6 A p r i l 1 9 5 9

Yes, once again, from Box 92, 920 3rd Ave, Seattle 4, Wash, comes your favorite monthly hoaxzine, free for contributors (including letterhacks who manage to avoid the "We Also Heard From" section) and to editors of zines reviewed herein. Otherwise CRY will set you back 25¢ each, 5/\$1, or 12/\$2 (UK equivalent is 1/9 each, 5 for 7/-, and 12 for 14/-, to John Berry, 31 Campbell Park Ave, Belmont, Belfast, N Ireland). These facts stem from the Iron Whim of Burnett R Toskey, CRY's Circulation Manager.

I note that you are gazing puzzledly at the word "hoaxzine", above. I used the word advisedly; CRY is just one big bag of hoaxes, inadvertently. Take our title, for instance: CRY of the Nameless. Heck, the Nameless as a club haven't had anything to do with the production of CRY since-- hmmm-- never did, come to think of it, except that the club reimbursed Wally a couple of lump sums in 1954, just before CRY quit being free to all and wholly supported by Wally. Early CRYs were club-centered, but never club-produced. GMCarr, Wally Weber, Wally Gonser, Burnett Toskey, and the various editors under the short-lived Rotation System of 1954-5, did the work. And for the past 3 years or so, your current CRYgang has been saddled with the Beast.

Or consider "Box 92": pure hoax. When I pick up the CRY's mail, it is always in Wally's personal mailbox (closer to the delivery desk). Letters are then handed to Elinor (2852 14th Ave W, Seattle 99) and sub-moneys to Toskey (4005 15th NE, Seattle 5). Most contributions are stencilled by one or the other, too. Hoax 92.

And then I inadvertently hoaxed all of you for a couple of years by stating that CRY was available for trades, whereas the Toskey System doesn't allow for them.

However, not since the days of Malcolm Willits (CRYs 79, 87, & 90) has CRY run a hoaxish T A B L E O F C O N T E N T S. This one, also, is for real.

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For the first time in history, this page is being stencilled the night before CRY is published, instead of being hashed out while Toskey cranks. Now if only we have not miscounted anywhere...

Stencil Credits (approx; all those 1/2pp): Elinor 26, Tosk 10, Buz 7, Wally 2.

Art Credits: Adkins 30 41, ATom 1 26 33, Bjo 14 36, Lambeck 28, Pelz 44, Toofer 49. Bjo stencilled her own, and Elinor stencilled all else as usual.

The Turning Crank: just think! By the end of June, it is highly probable that CRY will be the only monthly fanzine published in Seattle, for which the crank is turned by a genuine Ph. D. This, of course, assumes that Toskey's thesis gets by.

The magnificent Bruce Pelz Index to CRY 1957-58 is being held over for expansion to cover CRY's First Ten Years, to appear in the Tenth Annish (#135, Jan '60). Tosk has done the preliminary listings for #1-99, or through 1955, following Bruce's lead in listing everything, including letters. If this Annish goes as big as Tosk thinks it might, pagewise, it may be distributed on an extra-cost basis. Apres Tosk, les Deluge, I suppose. And now, off and away to stencil a couple odd half-pages. ...Buz.

The Science-Fiction Field Plowed Under

by Renfrew Pemberton

It was suggested (in the lettercol?) that I pick up a copy of Fantastic for the Garrett lead, "Trouble With Magic". So I did; I picked it up, looked quickly through it, and put it back. The Garrett piece may or may not be good of its type, but at a fast glance it looked like one more hi-larious imitation of Thorne Smith. Further into the zine, a random paragraph looked familiar. Turns out to be part of a reprint of "The Identity of Sue Tenet" from the Dec '52 Other Worlds. Without benefit of reprint-credit line, the thing was retitled "Girl of Many Bodies" and the Frank Patton housename discarded for something like "Kane Wilson" or viceversa. Possibly the obvious cutting and added typos are supposed to make this not-reprint, but Fantastic picks up very few points from here by such tactics.

Super-Science has its Second Monster Issue on the stands. With titles such as "Creatures of Green Slime", "The Day the Monsters Broke Loose", and something about Undead Corpses, I found no reason to bring a copy home. The back cover has an ad for royal jelly (oops--- Royal Jelly), in which much is made of the fact that the queen bee "reproduces, several hundred thousand times". Well, that's OK. Go ahead and buy Royal Jelly, fellows, if you wish to mate once and then sit around and lay eggs for the rest of your life.

This appears to be a good month in which to experiment with the format of the column, varying the dogged story-by-story comments-- possibly we'll have some loose description of most stuff and only hit the highs and lows in detail-- it'll be all worked out as we go along. Main reason this is a good time to experiment is that today is March 31st; we go to press April 5th. At hand are SFA, Nebula, & New Worlds (all March), Amazing and Astounding for April (plus Satellite, which was most likely around here while last month's column was being written, but at the bottom of a stack due to its highly inconvenient size), SFS, FU, and F&SF (May), with Galaxy due in the mails. New Worlds and Nebula showed up today; I've only read the Walt Willis column as yet-- Nebula is worth getting for Walt's column alone, when he's in high fannish fettle as he is this time (I gather that last month's more sobersided piece is atypical).

Well, let's have a look at the state of the Field: Science Fiction Adventures #7 (March) runs short novels by James White ("Occupation: Warrior") and Nelson Sherwood ("The Sun Creator"), plus a short story, "Anachronism", by Clive Jackson. White gives us lots of action concerning dirty work in a sort of supervised war, building up to a dependable single-switch ending. Sherwood runs a loose plot with dangling side-threads, with a stolen planet-buster for suspense. Jackson does the Gallant Old Obsolete Spaceman, rather well. All good light reading, as intended.

Geez, what a bunch of conformists! Somebody says "Lowndes is re-using interior cuts on cover, for economy" and everybody immediately reacts "If it's cheaper it is obviously to be scorned", completely overlooking the regardless-of-costs merits. Pfui; I still think these covers are tidy and distinctive. Like SFS, May:

The final installment of "Caduceus Wild" is rather unsatisfactory, begging just about every question raised in the preceding narrative. The traitor is at last unmasked, argued about for pages (though these screwball-assembly discussions are interesting in themselves-- they just don't do much for the plot), and finally let loose on a "We won't tell if you won't" basis. From this point, the Big Issues are completely dropped, and we have the Escape Sequence, brought off by a brand-new character who is just too folksy to be true. Fun, yes-- but the story flops, or goes Mainstream and all Littul-Peopleish.

Also, Silverberg (novelet) has the Hick Running Wild in the Big City deal; Basil Wells' "Utility Girl" is an insipid cheat; Kate Wilhelm has a sharpie outsharped; Kit Reed and A.L.Caramine have a couple of rather lively items, but this is not one of the better issues of The Original Science-Fiction Stories, even if my other head did get a letter in. Maybe RAWL was just using up some clunkers from the backlog.

I could wish that "The Galaxy Primes" in Amazing were under a pseudo; it's no fun having to make nasty remarks at Doc Smith's stuff, but this one simply doesn't have it. In Part 2 (April issue), the continuity just goes all to pot: I can't keep track of what planet our hero-group is on, or what they're trying to do there. The personal interludes are more interesting, though overdrawn. And in the middle of page 129, our friends suddenly decide to coordinate the galaxy, in about five lines of double-columned text. I mean, you have to watch these characters. Well, I don't know whether it's poor editing, or what, but this one should not be running.

Best piece in this April Amazing is the Cordwainer Smith piece, in the highly original barely-coherent style of "Scanners Live in Vain" and "Game of Rat & Dragon", rather than the more conventionalized later pieces ("Golden the Ship Was-- Oh! Oh! Oh!").

40-page suspense-drama novelet "Greylorn" (Keith Laumer) fades into a punchline more suitable to a short-short. There are three more short stories of reasonable content, save that Ron Cocking's 16-pager could be summarized: "Bighod, Aliens are kidnapping our top scientists to stop wars". And Fontenay's is, I believe, physically impossible on the face of it: a "flying platform" powered by windmills for Pete's sake-- the thing would either fail to rise or would blow away fundament-topside. But "Test Rocket" by Jack Douglas has a good gimmick, except for one point: we shoot up a test rocket to Mars, with a mouse inside. It misses, and heads for Alpha Centauri. So six months later, it comes back an answering-rocket of sorts; what price Einstein?

That's enough for tonight; am not sure this informal system is going to help keep the CRY down to size, or not. Tomorrow is April 1st, so watch out, see?

April 2nd: If you did watch out yesterday, I hope it paid off. So let's have a look at the April Astounding; that Campbell always bears watching.

Conclusion of Leinster's "Pirates of Ersatz" is quietly amusing: our hero has gone into piracy to get himself a stake to make investments to make Das Geld to pay off the victims of his piracy with a nice bit left over on which to settle down and live the Good Life with a Nice Girl. (He had left his piratical home-planet originally, you'll recall, because there was no future in piracy for such a Bright Lad.) So he ends up committed to a life of ostensible piracy but mainly show business, for reasons that you might not suspect at first glance-- for one thing, it seems advisable to bring a little more colour into the drab lives of the Civilized Citizens. This one is fun; I'll have to read it over in one sitting sometime, to see if it holds together or not.

The (frightened-BEM) Cover story, "Wherever You Are", by Winston P Sanders, reads greatly like Poul Anderson to me-- a genuine physical-science puzzle underlying an action situation, with some highly amusing sideplay on the "the Bim, the Bum, and the Bem" situation immortalized (a high-sounding word meaning "ran it into the ground") by the late Earle K Bergey. ***Amelia insists that I mention that the Bergey Situation could also be titled "The Guy, the Gal, and the Gook". Oh, well...

Couple other novelets in here: EFRussell with Captive Earthman outwitting the Brutal Aliens (under the handicap of a giveaway illo), and H C Elliott's "Set A Thief"-- a subtle (or rather diverse) sketch on how to handle Alien Contact. Like, it's here at home, and one poor old beat-up general has to cope with the Army's usual way of dealing with anything it doesn't understand. Couple of good items.

Couple good shorts, too: Anvil's "The Sieve" (the Universe is not built to allow for goofs), and Dickson's "The Catch" (People are better than anybody, but are we sure it's worth it?). Much better aSF than last month-- more versatile or etc.

This doggone May issue of Fantastic Universe sits here facing me with a Big Fly (eyes 12 to 15 feet across) chasing the Beat Humans in Foreground. It gives new insight on the Square-Cube Law-- such as just who is the Square, in this business?

FU has always been a beast from a reviewer's standpoint; with its long list of short items, it's a problem, each and every time, to comment all around and still stay on the pages. Ye Ed Santesson is a Good Man, though, so let's take a cut at it on the next page you'll be turning to if you started from the right direction.....

FRussell fronts-off this May FU with "The Army Comes to Venus". He does an interesting job on this Wild Frontier and this nice hymn-singing girl who moves in with no visible means of support and sets to civilizing the area. Being a somewhat resistant type, however, I can't suppress a sneaking urge to see Brave Lassie Miranda end up in Annie's Place; anyone for "How To Treat Elves"? After all, the song "Anna Maria, Anna Maria, Anna Maria Jones" has a lot more boff to it than Miranda's tunes, but I guess we got to get with the civilizing influences.

Hmm-- I've been skimming through the various pieces in this issue of FU-- seven shorter stories, an article, and Editor Santessor's books-column which is rapidly becoming the best fancolumn in the (US)Field: there isn't a stinker in the lot, and Lloyd Biggle's "Traveling Salesman" is quite original as to gimmick and root-structure. Peterson's 20-pager runs to action and suspense; Correy has a live aSF refugee; the other four items are quite passable for the varied tastes they're aimed for. So.

Let's all give Bob Mills a vote for more of the longer stuff. Here in the May F & S F, we have again the 3-novelet format; I'm in favor of having longer novelets. This month's are by McIntosh (with a bittersweet piece about the guy who keeps going back to try to win the gal he lost the first and subsequent times), Robert Graves (with a reprint that I've seen before, carrying a twist I'd forgotten), and Chandler (whose "The Man Who Could Not Stop" runs disappointingly in a routine channel). Like, when is the poor damn Sharpie ever going to be allowed to avoid outsharpening himself?

Doctor I, Asimov, gives a good solid rundown on howcome it's much easier to put a hunk of hardware past the moon than it is to strike or orbit our #1 satellite.

There's a lot of loose stuff on the contents-page of this May F&SF: Goulart's HPL-takeoff, dknight book-reviews (titled "Wine With Your Bottle, Sir?", but reading more like "Who Used Up All the Vinegar?"), a Briarton "Feghoot" piece that wouldn't bring much applause out of "CRY of the Readers" (such as, Briarton is really reaching lately), good stuff by Chad Oliver and Rosel George Brown (they say she's a girl), substandard deFord and Davidson, and a notable Jack London bit ("The Angry Mammoth").

MORE Long Stuff, huh, Bob??

This April Satellite has been sitting around for quite awhile. Not only that, but I have to look over the contents-pages to see if it's a new zine; maybe I'd best see my psychiatrist-- it looks as if phallic symbols are losing their thrill, especially when nose-to-nose as on the cover of this issue. Like, pfui; who's covering up? (Geez! I just looked again at the logo: "Now Monthly! New Large Size!" Well, I tell you now, it is a good thing that most faans are too high-type to even notice. I have only been corrupted by reading lousy ol' Mainstream Fiction lately; that's all. And speaking of mainstream: hasn't anyone noticed how appropriately Ellison titled his teen-gang novel "Rumble"---? Like, maan, where he writes from....

(April 3rd, and I brazenly left the MAY Satellite sitting on the stands today, so's I might just get the rest of the stuff covered. And then Tosk dropped over...)

Yeh, the APR Satellite: JTM'Intosh's "The Solomon Plan" is a spy-piece "short novel" (we win). Moskowitz is goshwow on Merritt: since his criterion of value seems to be Age, how will he react in a few years when he gets around to Richard S Shaver? Nothing against Merritt, you understand, but this series could use a bit more modulation, for impact. In the ~~April~~ Lost Stories Dep't is Leiber's "Psychosis From Space"-- would've been a favor to Leiber to let it stay Lost.

There are four shorts: Tom Purdom's "The Duel of the Insecure Man" is top-drawer material with good touches; Budrys' "The Last Legend" is strictly a fast-switcheroo piece; Wicks' "Patient 926" is pseudo-Bradbury ("fantasy suppressed"); Slesar's "Job Offer" is such hack mutant-doom that the "freak" is today's Homo Sap. I give up. In my admittedly purely-personal opinion, the change to monthly-largesize has done no good at all for Satellite; a relatively good zine has gone mostly to crud.

Rather than start off a review(?) at page-bottom, let me remind you all that the "Berry For Detroit" Fund collects at 5612 Warwick Dr, Parma 29, Ohio, with Falascas of one or two "N"s totting up the incoming change. At last word, the Fund needs a couple more hundred bucks on top of the couple at hand. So dig down, hey?

I have one more zine around here that I've actually read (there's a couple that need a bit of skimming before hitting these pages): New Worlds #81, March 1959.

NW begins a 3-part C E Maine Serial "Count-Down": this's admittedly more of a suspense piece than straight stf, and probably that is best-- ol' Chas Eric does a bit better with people than with Stfic "Fact". This one starts off well except for what seems to be a certain heavy-handedness on the Big Mystery. We'll see.

Three shorts: John Brunner's "The Trouble I See" runs a promoting psi-type into the "sharpie-outsharped" situation, but not too believably-- if the guy's psi can chase him out of danger at Age-Six, I don't see how he goofs up confusing a falling bucket with a bombing raid in later years. Of course, I have been prejudiced vs this particular story-kick for quite a number of years-- "at last, he saw the flaw in his reasoning, and screaming, d-i-e-d!" -- oh, cccccchhhh, yet!

Philip E High's "Squeeze Box" is equally the Sharpie-Outsharped, but in this case it is the Murderous Alien Sharpie, so naturally we are all more favorably impressed. Actually, though, this one has an ingenious solution, and is not given away by the Inevitable Situation immediately preceding the windup. Good, in fact.

Bert Chandler's "Chance Encounter" fits into his "Rim Worlds" series: it has two possible windups, in the general sense, and the specific kicker is sort of moth-eaten, but somehow this does not detract as much from the impact as you'd think.

Novolet (James White): "Dogfight" is so very much better than his piece in SFA. This one deals with a rather standard situation of interstellar war controlled by computers, with a not-unheard-of traitorous-spy in the foreground-- nevertheless it reads well all along and comes out more believable than you might expect.

New Worlds is recommended, though the reprint quota is unpredictable....

In order to try to make a happier tomorrow, let's take a flying cut at the parts of the JUNE Galaxy, that I've read. (Let's hope that this attempt doesn't end up in a mere more-hungover tomorrow, from staying up too late.)

Fred Pohl's novella (and 64 pages is just about whatever the editor wants to call it, in my book, short of a book-length novel) gets the zine off to a good start. This one had invulnerable aliens who are superfast due to lack of a Subconscious (are you liston-ing, Toskey?), a supposedly-traitorous psychologist, a very fine bit of background throughout, and a solution that is only a mite unbelievable-- that is, the windup is terrific in terms of the story, but I still doubt that the aliens would leave only one lousy guard on duty at the crucial moment. OK, I'm a cynic; good item.

"Take Wooden Indians" (Avram Davidson) starts out in very intriguing style; at first, it is impossible to tell very much about the trend of the story-- good for ol' Avram, say I; I like these these puzzle-piece opening sequences. Things get to be more predictable later on, but I dunno whether this is Avram's Fault, or mine for merely reading the stuff over too great a period of time to be goshwow, and etc.

The Willy Ley column is making a fine attempt to meet the readers; I gather that Willy is saying "so wot do you folks want?" Ley is one of the best kind....

Rich Wilson's "Traveling Companion Wanted" is a blend of Miraculous Voyage tales and O'Hara's piece about the guy who Godded-out in a diving-suit because he couldn't get out of the verschtunken thing. Luckily, this one evades that denouement....

Larry M Harris' "Extracts From the Galactic Almanack" does have a few good cracks in it, but any time you find (for instance) the CRY using so many pages for so few good-type punchlines, I suggest you write us a scathing letter and cancel the sub. No money back, of course, but WOW! Think of the feeling of moral superiority....

Despite a number of suggestions, Floyd C Gale still reviews for Galaxy: obviously he is incurably addicted to juveniles, so-called "fact" books, and etc, which he does less justice to than I here do to him. Don't know what's bugging the man....

Dan Galouye's "Soft Touch" may bug you to endsville for awhile, if you let it. Midwise, it's an ulcerator, but later it gives that generationwise the firstest is on the rugged side but that Tomorrow Will Be Better. Familiar? I wouldn't be surprised, but this one is in a reasonably original format.

Interlude: any of you jokers who don't like the way this column is going, should write in-- It may not do any good, but it will make you feel better, at least.

A nice sunny April 4th here in Seattle, but we're supposed to be discussing the June Galaxy, not the weather. Winding up the zine is McIntosh's "No Place for Crime", a true specimen of the s-f detective story, in that the better the s-f content, the poorer the detective-content. Actually, this is a Perfect Crime tale, with a highly ingenious gimmick-- and a Perfect Police Force. But it's the plotting and execution of the crime-wave that is the Labor of Love; the detecting is done by sheer massive routine thoroughness-- with imaginative handling. Good piece.

I like the emphasis on longer items in this larger-sized Galaxy. Also, editor Gold is now willing to try a lettercol-- so you take it from there, huh? Write!

It begins to look as though Nebula is the Fan's Indispensable Prozine. This March issue is only my second, but tentatively, at least, I must rate it "Excellent". The logo says "For Reading That's Different", and this is a true blurb. I've been trying to figure out just what's so different... and it seems to boil down to "it just fools different". There is a freshness of viewpoint in many of the stories, so that even the older story-ideas used here manage to avoid that "formula" flavor that is the current bane of US stf in too many cases. This freshness also shows up in "New Worlds" & "Science-Fantasy" to quite an extent, especially in the latter.

Asidely, I think we can assign causes fairly well for the preponderance of "formula" or slanted material in our USzines-- rather than being ascribable to the obtuseness of editors or the cowardice of authors, as some would have it, the whole thing seems to be a simple matter of positive feedback-- same as the TV rush to quiz shows, to Westerns, etc. Or like a cattle stampede or mob hysteria. Many of our favorite oldtime authors have (or seem to have) mined the main vein of creativity and are working the tailings. Trouble is, the newer authors can't help but follow the lead of the Big Names, to a great extent. Neither can the editors fully cope with the tendency to buy more of what sold in the last few issues, particularly when most of their "solid" material comes from established writers, and prolific. And nobody can toss off material regularly and frequently, for any long period of time, without lapsing into "formula" to some degree. I have not stressed Campbell's well-known demands for material slanted to his own taste, because I do not feel that his present attitudes have much influence in the Field outside of the pages of Astounding.

Back to Nebula: Dan Morgan's 40-page "The Hard Way" has a "psychokinetic Healer" (considered a quack, generally) attempting to readjust the metabolism of an Alien so that we can communicate with same. A good picture of esp-talent not in the standard forms, lots of people-problems, and a thoughtful treatment of them, overall.

"Wallpaper War", ECTubb's novelet, is light fare on future Interior Decorators. Of the three short stories, Brian Aldiss' "Sight of a Silhouette" does the most for me, being a moving and believable picture of the immortal in a world of (largely, like 10,000,000-to-1) mortals. "It" (John Kippax) is an Action, or Stress Situation story, in which the individuals stand out well from the background. Stuart Allen's "Sell Me a Dream" is the quiet-nostalgia type of fantasy; although well done, this story didn't get to me very well, since the protagonist is too hopelessly-passive a type for me to be able to identify with. Or passively-hopeless, perhaps.

Walt Willis' "Fanorma" column, this time, very delightfully discusses the effects of actifanning upon the fan's mail-deliveries, content and quantity. This is multi-level writing at its best-- written so as to be interest-catching and informative to the neo or fringe-fan, but with fine esoteric sidelights for the glee of the aficionado. With reference to Sandy's "Fan Diary" in APE, Walt tops off with a hypothetical "fan Diary" of a brand-new neofan (and how it grew). Priceless.

Ken Slater and Forrie Ackerman review books and (you guessed it) moon-pitchers, respectively and respectably, both. Short lettercol. ATom bacover and 2 cartoons!

Note from Bob Madle mentions that he'll be starting a new fan-column in Nebula #39 (June issue), so that this zine will have fanstuff from bothsides the Pond. Bob hasn't been getting enough space in Columbia Pubs, as he and RAWL both admit (if that is the right word; they merely state the obvious fact); I don't know whether the Lowdozine columns are discontinuing, or not.

Nebula is highly recommended, and they have backissues from #11 on.--Renfrew P.

A CONSTANT DIVERSION

Gerber looked about at the weird trappings and assumed a countenance similar to that of a displaced goldfish. From top to bottom, floor to ceiling, both sides of the narrow aisle were piled fanzines--thousands of fanzines, millions of fanzines.

"This is where I sleep," Hartz said

"You sleep...in here? But good Lord, where?"

"Where else? Just push over a stack and there you are. More comfortable than a featherbed. Straighten 'em out again every morning," he added.

Gerber had reverted to his cyprinoid expression.

"This, this isn't what it looks to be, is it? I mean like..."

"Uhm, lemme see. Yup, The Acolyte #1. Got quite a number of historical zines here, just laying around collecting dust. First efforts of Ackerman, Moskowitz, Sneary, Laney. Take anything you want. Been meaning to incinerate some of these for several years now. Never quite got around to it what with the WSFS hassle and all.

"The mice gave me havoc for awhile and the silverfish, beastly devils, chewed up three years' of YANDRO till I took precautions and sprayed everything with quick-drying cyanide."

Gerber rapidly spat out the ancient fanzine he had been gnawing and proceeded to clear his throat with concern.

"No cause for alarm, old sock. Never quite got around to this room what with the Solacon and all. Quite an affair. Wouldn't have missed it for the world if a carload of hooligans hadn't shoved me into a ditch near the Los Angeles freeway. Seattle license plate."

"Er, Hartz. This is all very interesting...but I convey sad tidings. Tidings that will shake you to your very foundations."

"Nonsense, Gerber. Get off your high horse. So what if T. Carr didn't vote for you for TAFF. Who needs him, outside of Miriam and perhaps Carl Brandon? You'll make it next year."

"No, no, Hartz. All that is meaningless. Fandom is no more, do you understand? All is lost. Cry, SF Times, and Fanac have all folded. Anthony Boucher is doing book reviews for Children's Digest. Rich Brown was drafted and now serving in the Phillipines, tho God only knows why they sent him there. Perhaps to keep him from joining the PAPA Lar' Stone got a job as reporter on the Toronto Globe and Mail. Art Thomson (once-sob-ATom) is doing campaign posters for a Seattle women's club. Donald Franson--now head of the Rosicrucians. Oh, Lord, Hartz--where will it all end?"

Hartz lay on his back, looking at the Rotsler illos pasted to the ceiling. All those people were just names to him. He'd never sent a letter to a fanzine (other than to sub) and had never quite gotten around to attending a convention.

"Up, Gerber, you nefarious scoundrel. You've yet to see the rest of the place. My bathtub is full of Fogo and Peanuts books. Been meaning to give 'em away for months. Never got around to it what with the Deek-Raeburn dispute and all."

THE END

W. MARLAND FRENZEL

SAGE AND ONIONHEADS

JOHN BERRY

Ten years ago, in 1977, when fandom came to the forefront in a big way in the United States -- when, you'll recall, the Davy Crockett Hat, the feathered headdress and the miniature stetson were replaced by the beanie with the large multi-colored propellor -- well, the major sf publishers decided to cash in on the new Fandom Craze... as did the Gestetner Co. amongst others.

These organizations brought up peak hours on TV programmes, and co-ordinated coast-to-coast hookups for the really big shows -- you younger neofen won't remember those first days, but us nineteenth fandomers do.

It was all so exciting. Faneds went to extreme limits to plug their fanzines on the screen. Ponsoby Fatwinkle, whose fanzine YEWTH had reached the all time record of a 15,173 circulation (excluding trades) was a major offender -- although 'offender' is the wrong word. I've always regarded the scheming as being more of an indication of fannish initiative.

No one knows how Fatwinkle worked his greatest ploy. The President of the United States, R. Bloch, was about to make a major policy talk to the people of America, and, in some inexplicable way, Fatwinkle worked it so that as the TV picture came on a few seconds early, President Bloch, unaware that the green light was winking, was seen industriously perusing the latest YEWTH, and chuckling over its contents. Suddenly he sat up, dropped his fanzine, straightened his face, and began his nationwide speech on the quarto-size paper monopoly. As I say, no one knew how Fatwinkle did it, but his circulation went up by leaps and bounds.

Of course, that little episode has nothing to do with my story of these first fannish TV shows when no quarter was asked or given, and the....

Funny thing, folks, I took a tape-recording of the first coast-to-coast show, WHO SAID THAT, sponsored by the King Brand All Action No Stoppage Stapler Corporation.

Heh-heh, I can remember that show as if it were on my 58" screen at the moment.

Heh-heh. D'you know what I'm going to do? I'm going to sit back, draw the shawl tightly round my shoulders, close my eyes, switch on the tape recorder and imagine I was a decade younger.

By the way, it will be necessary for me to say a word or two here and there by way of continuity, but I'll keep my comments to the minimum.

I'll just depress the switch: ---

"....and this stapler is fully guaranteed to staple fifty fanzines in one filling. Our all-in guarantee insures you against angry letters from your subbers. Remember, fans --

The King Brand Stapler
Is always in stock,
The very same model
That was used by Bloch.

"And now, fans, for our first big faan show WHO SAID THAT. Allow me to introduce you to the panel of experts.

"On the left is Ponsoby Fatwinkle, the up-and-coming faned, publisher of the 200 page genzine YEWTH, and the CRAPA, SAPS, F.P.A, OMPA, and B.N.N.A zines BISMUTH, FLIP, NEUTER, SMUDGE, and PERIWINKLE."

"Good evening, fans."

"Next to Ponsoby, in the middle, is Miss Sheila Shortcrutch, voted FANDOM'S VIRGIN OF 1976, a title which she lost last Thursday week at the Council Bluffs Convention. She publishes a

genzine, UNINHIBITED, and will be fifteen next birthday."

"Hi, kids."

"Finally, on the right is the old man of the panel, Syd Nabbitt, founder of BANANA, co-editor of FLUKE. Syd, as you all know, is a fannish humourist of considerable stature."

"Yakittydo."

"Right fans, now you've met our panel. I shall read the first quotation, and the panel will have to guess first of all who said it -- ha ha -- and then give their opinion of the merits of the statement. Viewers at home will see the name of the author on the screen before the quiz commences."

"Here it is: --

"The time has come, as fans, when we can legitimately refuse to back down before the claims of those who pretend to assign fixed values to so-called mainstream writing, and to uphold our notion that adventures in atoms are every whit as important as adventures in adultery."

Crinkle interrupting here. I just want to tell you that the author of this statement appeared on the screen thusly: --

President Bloch, written by him in his fabulous IMAGINATION column in August 1958.

Now back to the recording: --

"Now then, Ponsonby, who do you think said that?"

"Huh. Whoever said that is an idiot -- a cretin and an imbecile all rolled into one. I mean, it doesn't say anything, does it? I mean, it's not fannish, is it -- it savours of an apology. Oh, I would say it was uttered by some half-baked neo-fan in 1935."

"Ah-ha. I'm afraid you're wide of the mark, Ponsonby, and, er, if I may say so, just a mite impetuous --- you'll soon see what I mean. Miss Snortcrutch?"

"Shucks, what does 'adultery' mean, Mr. Questionmaster?"

"Oh well, Sheila, it means, er, well, you know what went on at the Council Bluffs Conv -- oh no, er, who do you think said it?"

"Was it Sandy 'Battler' Sanderson, in the late fifties?"

"No. -- no, but a shrewd guess. What do you say, Syd?"

"Let me see now, I would say it was someone profoundly clever with a deep insight into the psychology of the mundane mind -- someone with a high I.Q. rate. I would hazard a guess and say it is from an editorial of one of my earlier fanzines. Yakittydo, faaaans, YAKITTYDO --- hah hah hah!"

"Well, you're all wrong, panel. It was our beloved President, Robert Bloch. He said it in, oh, er, carry Ponsonby out, will you --- that's better. Bring him back when he has recovered. Now then, Sheila, do you think it a sound statement?"

"Yeah, yeah, I do -- except for the part about adultery."

"And Mr. Nibbitt."

"Like I said, yakittydo."

Crinkle here again. Ponsonby had a stroke and had to be rushed to the hospital, and the organisers managed to get an old fan in the audience to take part.

"And don't forget folks,

. Always get King Brand

And don't be a sucker.

The stapler's a good one.

It's still used by Tucker.

"Welcome back after the station break, fans, and you'll see we have a new panel member. You may not recognize him, although you've heard of him, and we sincerely thank him for stepping into the breach at a moments notice --- Professor Guy Terwilliger, O.M. Thank you for the applause, Now here is the next quotation: --

"Fandom is full of sceptics."

Guess who - yep - Crinkle again to let you know that a notice announced the author as, in fact, Guy Terwilliger in his Best of Fandom, 1957. Scrawled underneath was -- 'Honest fans, it's just a coincidence; we didn't know he was going to be on the panel.' Now back to the recording: --

"Miss Shortcrutch, what is your opinion of the veracity of the statement 'Fandom is full of sceptics', and who do you think the author is?"

"Well, ah don't rightly know who said it, Mister Question Master. Probably Bruce Pelz. Like, it's not sexy, if you know what I mean!"

"Yeees, Sheila, I think we all appreciate that - er - quaint observation. And you, Syd?"

"Well, it's got finesse. It's got that certain knowledgeable insight --- I'd say it came from the early fifties -- it's definitely a 3rd or 4th or even 5th Fandom expression --- oh --- I'd say Hoffman or --- yeah --- I'd plumb for Madle. If it's not him, all I can say is Yakittydo, fans, Yaki-----"

"Professor Terwilliger --- um --- would you like to hazard a guess?"

"I want to say first of all that I wish to thank King Brand Staplers for this chance to express my appreciation of their wares. In my Best of Fandom 1974, all seventeen volumes were stapled with-----"

"Professor, I'm sure that our sponsors are quite delighted to have that spontaneous egoboo, but I'm also certain that our 50,000,000 viewers would like to hear you guess who said 'Fandom is full of sceptics' --- and, heh heh, be careful what you say, Professor!"

"Undoubtedly I would hazard the conjecture that notwithstanding the modicum of forthrightness and the unrestrained element of cynicism that the phrase bears in its abstract connotation, it surely carries the stamp of utter genius, and I wouldn't be at all surprised (and I say this with due consideration of the elementary factors involved) if it were originally written by a fan, or rather, a senior BNF in a moment of supreme mental realization, because so superb is the phraseology --- its utter terseness, the refined quality of construction --- I would say that possibly -- quite possibly, I said it!"

"Absolutely correct, Professor, and here is a box containing one thousand King Brand Staples as a prize for that brilliant example of intellectual reasoning. You said it way back in '58, Professor --- do you still think it holds true?"

"I don't wish to moralize, but considering the profound metamorphosis that periodically afflicts the psychological outlook, as it were, one must realize that consequently, although scepticism, in its widest sense, can only be fundamentally sound if, by the very nature of its deeper meaning, it, oh, what was I --- er --- oh definitely yes --- yes yes ---- it does. Certainly it does. Yes!"

"Professor, such an emphatic opinion is worthy of your high reputation, and once more we give you copious egoboo for your frankness and sincerity. And now another word from our sponsor --- ---

And remember fans:
The stapler is perfect
Don't mind if we brag.
Not only does Pelz use it,
But also old DAG.

"Our last quotation is a difficult one which will require all your concentration. Here it is: ---

"And I wish to thank the contributors without whom there would have been nothing but blank space."

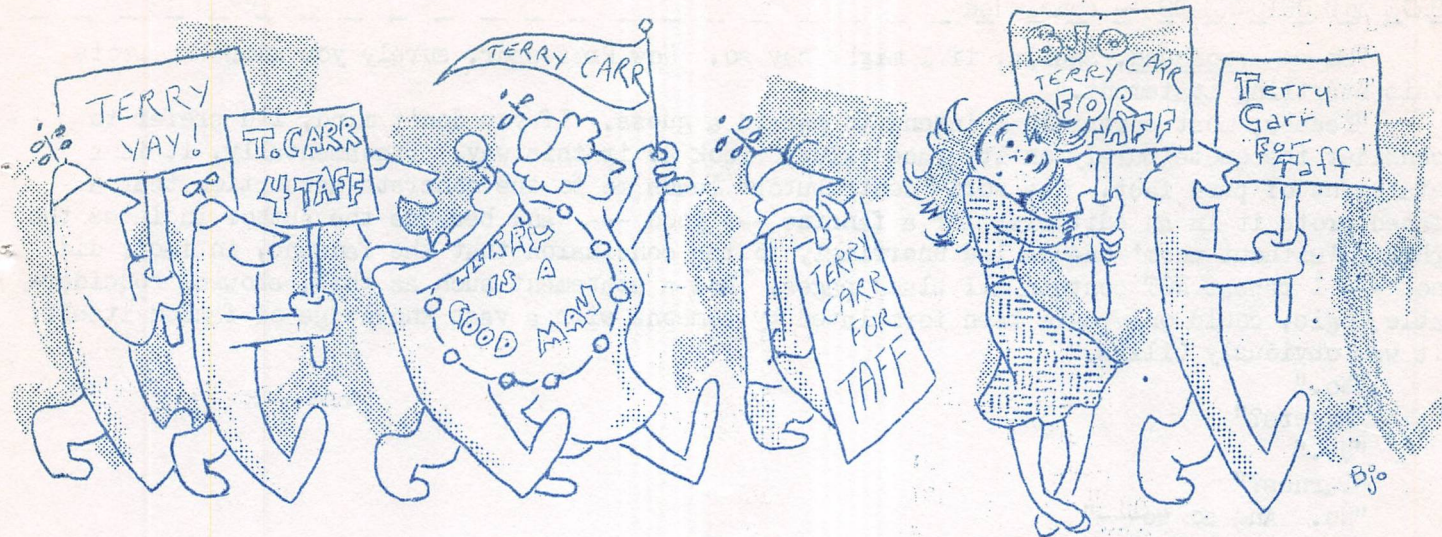
Crinkle here. You'll forgive the interruption again, folks, but you'll want to know that the details flashed on the screen were given as 'Leslie Gerber 1959, in the editorial of UMGLICK.' Now back to the tape: ---

"Would you like to yak--- would you like to comment, Syd?"

"Ah shure would, Massa Question Master. Yakittydoo-hoooo. Well, my first observation is that it bears an undefinable stamp of accuracy. Could it be the Hon. Arthur C. Clarke --- or Senator Asimov --- oh, it's someone like that. Ya----"

"Miss Shortcrutch....an opinion?"

"Like, it's not zazzy, is it? Like I said, us kids don't dig this serconism. No sex. I mean, it doesn't mean anything. As I said in my article in UNINHIBITED last week, "Sexual Expression and the Fanzine" --- it isn't our type of humor."



"I always get so carried away by parades!"

FANDOM HARVEST -- TERRY CARR

As you may already know, Lee Jacobs and Ed Cox presented their electric mimeograph, the Iron Maiden, to Berkeley Fandom several months ago. Since then, it's been sitting at Ron Ellik's house, unused and unusable. Several things were wrong with it, not the least trouble being that the motor wasn't connected to the mimeo itself, besides which there seemed to be some missing parts. We've been sitting around wondering what to do about it for some time now, looking at each other now and then and saying, "We've got an electric mimeograph. How does an electric mimeograph work?"

Our troubles seem to be over now, though. Yesterday Dave Rike picked up the mimeograph to take back to his place with him. He says he's going to fix it, and we have faith in him.

You see, Dave Rike is a big fan of mimeographs. He collects them, in fact. I believe he already had two or three when he picked up the Iron Maiden. He says he likes to tinker around with them.

I was once going to write a Carr Factual Article about Dave Rike. It was going to be about how much he likes mimeographs, and how he was continually buying used mimeos to add to his collection. The punchline was going to be: "Fifty mimeographs," I said. "Well, that's not too many."

But it really isn't necessary to distort the truth about Dave Rike and mimeomania: the truth makes good enough telling by itself.

When Dave picked up the Iron Maiden, he looked it over gleefully. "Look at that roller," said Ron. "All caked with dried ink. It's pretty messed up."

"Mmmm," mused Dave, "yes, it is pretty bad." His face suddenly lit up with joy. "Gee! I guess I'll have to put in a new roller!"

"And look in here," he went on, fiddling around in the interior of the machine. "This will probably need adjusting, and I'll see what happens if I take this out."

"Sounds like a lot of work," Ron commented.

"Well," Dave said, "I work all day, see, and when I get home I like to have something to fool around with."

"Why don't you get a woman?" Ron said.

"Women cost too much money," said Dave. "A mimeograph is what I need."

--- -- -- -- --
Ron Ellik has been ogling girls again. Not content with ogling Burbee's daughter, he has even gone so far as to take me up on my offer to let him chase girls now that he's twenty. He had a date last night, and he has another date tonight. With two different girls (neither of whom is Burbee's daughter, but then that's not surprising--commuting 450 miles between Berkeley and Whittier on dates would be hell).

"You mean you're playing the field?" asked Miriam, shocked. Ron nodded. "Terry," said Miriam, "did you give Ron permission to play the field?"

"Well, not specifically," I said. "But I did say he could chase girls, not just a girl."

"But he seems to be catching them!" Miriam protested. "What about that?"

"Well, I haven't caught anybody yet," Ron broke in. "It's just that this girl said I could chase her to a movie tonight."

"Oh," said Miriam.

"Besides," Ron went on, "what's so special about me taking girls to movies? Everybody does it!"

"I don't," said Miriam, with relentless logic.

Ron just sat there, a broken fan. "I give up," he muttered. "I'll phone her and say I can't make it. Then I'll see if Jim Caughran can go with me instead." He went away.

But I think he took that girl to the movie anyway. I would^{n't} put anything past that Ron Ellik.

--- -- -- -- --
I suppose you've noticed the great improvement that's been going on with Amazing and Fantastic. If you haven't, drop down to the newsstand and take a look at the mags; I think you'll be surprised at how much better they are these days.

For one thing, they're featuring better writers now. Amazing is currently running a new serial by E. E. Smith, for instance--you can't ask for much more than that. And Amazing prints science fiction exclusively now, and the fantasy all goes into Fantastic. That seems simple and logical, but it wasn't always that way, nossir. Under the editorial direction of Paul Fairman, the material for both mags came out of the same pile, and it was all written by a group of a half-dozen hacks in New York. Fairman, I hear, didn't even read the slush-pile--the manuscripts that came in free-lance and unsolicited. He just contracted with his stable of writers to write each issue and sat back and relaxed. He edited the magazine the easy way.

Fortunately, he got fired for it. Ziff-Davis apparently didn't like his policy, so out he went. They decided they didn't want any more of this stable-of-writers nonsense, and they looked around for a new Editorial Director who wouldn't get mixed up with such stuff.

They hired somebody named Norman Lobsenz, specifically because he knew nothing what-

soever about science fiction.

That may sound cockeyed to you, but it does make sense if you think about it. By choosing a man from outside the field, Ziff-Davis got one without friends and contacts in science fiction: hence, no stable of writers.

They seem to have made a good choice in Lobsenz in other ways, too. Lobsenz visited Forry Ackerman shortly after taking over the chair at Ziff-Davis, and Forry told him quite frankly that he couldn't stand Amazing and Fantastic and hadn't been making it a practice to submit manuscripts he was agenting to them.

Lobsenz, far from being incensed at Forry's words, agreed with him. He said he'd just finished reading the past six months of both mags, and had never had a harder job in his life. He thought they stank, and intended to do something about it.

He started out right away by conducting a poll of the readers, asking what they wanted in the two mags. He was perfectly honest in saying that he'd abide by the wishes of the readership, and has already started following some of their suggestions.

In fact, honesty seems to be a hallmark of the man. His editorials are straightforward and friendly; he seems proud of the improvements made so far, but doesn't make any extravagant claims about how great the mags are or will be.

The only thing I have to say against the man, from his short record, is that although he wants to print good science fiction he still doesn't seem to have a clear understanding of the genre. In the March issue, for instance, he says he will accept literary criticism of the stories he prints, but not criticisms of the science in the stories. "Remember," he says, "the title of our magazine includes the word 'fiction'."

Such a statement will possibly arouse a storm of protest from certain quarters. It doesn't make me very happy, either. But one thing is certain: Lobsenz is the best thing that's happened at Ziff-Davis for years, despite whatever shortcomings he may prove to have. I'd suggest you keep an eye on his mags.

I have it via the bushy-tailed grapevine that Bjo has been pulling a sneaky and will have some cartoons in this issue of CRY poking fun at me. That's just like Bjo: she pokes fun at me just because I poked fun at her last issue. I suppose one can't expect anything more from such as that female.

You know, some females are the type that kiss and tell. Bjo is even worse: she kisses and forgets.

At Burbee's annual surprise birthday party last year, I got mixed up in a rather wild scene. It was during the period when Miriam and I were first going together, and the two of us were in one bedroom holding a serious intellectual conversation of which we lost the thread as more and more fans came in to join us.

All of a sudden everybody started kissing Miriam, for some reason. Steve Tolliver was kissing her, Ted Johnstone was kissing her, George Fields was kissing her. Alex Bratmon was looking on hopefully, but he was crowded out. Miriam seemed to be enjoying herself.

I said, "Look here, what am I supposed to do, twiddle my thumbs?"

Miriam said, "Well, Bjo is lying in your lap, you idiot, why don't you kiss her?"

I looked, and discovered this to be true. So I said "Kiss me, you fool," and she did. It was fun, too.

Several weeks later Bjo came to Berkeley for a party, and the subject of that episode came up. Bjo said, "Did that happen? I don't remember that! How much had I had to drink?"

"Quite a bit," I said.

"Well, I don't believe you, Terry Carr," said Bjo. "You may claim I kissed you, but

it's not true. I don't remember it at all."

She went back to Los Angeles the next day, and I stewed and fretted around Berkeley for awhile. It's kind of deflating to have a female say she doesn't remember kissing you. I got pretty worked up about it, as a matter of fact.

About a week later, Miriam wrote me that Bjo had decided to kiss me again next time she saw me, to see what it was like. She said she was going to kiss me right in the middle of the convention.

That capped it. I could just imagine Bjo kissing me with all fandom gathered round, then sweetly explaining, "Well, we kissed once before, but I didn't remember what it was like, and I wanted to find out." All fandom would be plunged into laughter at my expense.

So I sent a message back to Bjo that if she were to kiss me at the convention, I would tear myself from her embrace and stage-whisper, "Please, Bjo--control yourself!"

That got her. Back came a message saying that she wasn't going to kiss me at the convention after all. Instead, she was going to storm up to me and slap my face.

I wrote back that if she did that I'd say, "Bjo! Can't we discuss this--ah, delicate matter--more privately?"

I didn't hear any more on the subject from Bjo, either then, or at the Solacon, or later. She just dropped the subject.

That's the only way to treat a woman who kisses and forgets.

Tom Condit came over for a visit the other night. We got to talking about fanzine titles, and Tom said, "Chelsea Robertson and I were going to put out a fanzine together a couple of years ago. We were each going to do half, and staple the two parts together back-to-back, like Ace Double Novels. The title was going to be '69'."

Miriam looked at him, thunderstruck. "Back-to-back?" she said. "Back-to-BACK?" That doesn't sound at all appropriate, really."

It was but the work of a moment for Tom to figure out what she meant.

"Well," he said, "how do you know so much about the anatomy of fanzines?"

The conversation stopped right there. There didn't seem to be much more to say.

-- Terry Carr

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And the latest from your friendly Volisch Agent:

Copies of John Berry's delightful "The Compleat Faan" are now available via the CRY; nominal price is 35¢. All proceeds go to the "Berry to Detroit" Fund, which guarantees return of all donations of \$2 or more in case the Fund can't deliver for any reason at all, so don't wait until you have exact change, necessarily. Money's rec'd for TCF will be forwarded to 2N Palasca, 5612 Warwick Drive, Parma 29, Ohio. Go thou and do likewise; the Fund needs about \$200 on top of the \$200 already in the till, by the end of June. Sounds rough at first hearing, but I'm sure we'll make it. That deadline has to do with need to purchase tickets-- Top Priority. Let's really "Make Berry Come Across"-- what say, friends? Detention for the Goon, yes?

And while we're at it, let's be thinking also of the TAFF campaign, which will close on Dec 31. In order to send a faan to the Easter convention in England in 1960 (like, for instance, Terry Carr), there has got to be moolah sent to Bob Madle, 3608 Caroline Ave, Indianapolis 18, Indiana. This is a non-partisan announcement, courtesy of the Committee to Deport Terry Carr.

I do not seem to be able to give you accurate WesterCon news; every time I quote something like hotel rates or etc, the situation changes out from under me. So this routine shall henceforth be left to W Wastebasket Weber & Blotto Otto Pfeifer, whose Regression Reports are purported to be upcoming with Reservation Cards for you all to fill out and return-- reservations made the Easy Way. Incidentally, Otto's quoting the dining-room menu, starting with the New York Cut Steak (in WRR-last) is just a bit misleading, not to say frightening. The Coffee Shop at the Moore is quite a bit cheaper than the quoted menu would have it. And I'm all out of stencil. --- Bug.

One of the favorites in the repertoire of a sf writer is the one in which the hero (by a stretch of the imagination) happens to be the first to encounter the forefront of a conquering alien horde. This hero, in a type of story to which AMAZING STORIES type magazines are addicted, is usually buying into the local bar....in practice if not in actuality. To give you an idea of what a story of this genre is like, the editors of CRY shudderingly present:

THE GREEN HORDES OF THE GREAT EGG

Luke Martin was getting tired. It was a hot, dry day, which was the cause of all his trouble in the first place. Since it was so hot, he decided to go into town and have a few cool ones. Which he did. But after having tanked up on a great many foaming drafts in great sweating steins, he decided he'd better get back to his claim.

Considering the heat and all, he wished he had another one right here and now. But he was doing pretty good. Town was far behind and he had only another mile or two to crawl before he was home.

At about here, an odd thing loomed into his low level vision. It was a foot. Or was it? Green, sort of scrawny like a bird's, with claws. Spindly. Well, he had had quite a few. "Luke Martin," he thought to himself, "you're drunk!"

He started to crawl on but noticed that the feet were still there. In fact, there were two pairs of scrawny, green, bird's-feet on the bottom of spindly legs.

The legs went up about another foot to a short dumpy green body which had spindly arms, green, and clawish hands. The head fitted -- beak, yellow, and with squinty, murky eyes. Red shorts with yellow cross-bands like on hussars plus all sorts of implements, gadgets, and things on a broad, leathery belt.

Luke got into a sitting position and decided to cogitate on these apparitions when he was quite startled to hear one speak.

"Ah ha," it said, "a human. According to the manual, TM 4-5792 $\frac{1}{4}$, this is the dominant species on this planet."

"Yes," answered Yakblog, "but aren't they bipedal?"

Luke Martin shook his head. "Here I am way out of town in the middle of the desert and having the horrors that talk!" he thought.

"But then," said the first, whose name was Yxlsquint, "maybe it isn't human."

"That's an insult!" snorted Luke.

"Ah ha," said Yakblog, "it speaks. The manual isn't entirely wrong then."

"By the looks of this specimen, we'll have no trouble at all in accomplishing a rapid defeat of the inhabitants." Yxlsquint looked pleased at this observation.

"Go away!" said Luke. He started crawling toward home again.

"Great Egg!" exclaimed Yakblog, "maybe it isn't bipedal!"

"A possibility, to be sure," answered Yxlsquint as they proceeded to walk alongside the laboring Luke.

"I say, human, can you walk?" asked Yakblog.

"Good Gawd, you things still with me?" panted Luke. "I'm gonna start believin' yore real if you don't vanish or somethin'."

Yxlsquint and Yakblog exchanged supercilious smirks. "Of course we're real, human. We are going to conquer your planet Earth!"

Luke ground to a stop and sat down. He wiped sweat in a dust-grimed smear down the side of his face. "Damn if I'm not getting fed up with this here yak," he said. "Bad enough for a man to be under the weather, sort of, then have a couple of odd monstrosities like you two

tuh come pester him. Talking!" he finished explosively. He panted and wiped more perspiration with a grimy sleeve. "But then they gets to insultin' yuh. More'n a man can put up with, I tell yuh!" He squinted a glare up at them.

"Beyond any doubt, this is the human type described in the TM," said Yxlsquint. "It talks and there is only the one species of life on this planet that uses symbols."

"Then why doesn't it walk?" exclaimed Yakblog.

"What's all this palaver about?" demanded Luke. "If ye're going to talk, talk so's a man c'n understand!"

The aliens stiffened. Yakblog spoke. "Listen to me, human, your day is about done. We, the Race of the Egg, are about to take over your planet. It will be to your advantage to speak more respectfully to your masters!"

"Bah!" snorted Luke, and spat into the dust. "Isn't it time you vanished? This here hot desert sun just about swat out all the beer and I'm pretty sober now. Time th' horrors vanished!"

"I don't think you understand, human!" snarled Yxlsquint. "We're here to stay. We will bring the Great Egg and the Sacred Hatcheries shall bloom forth across the planet from which Legions of the Egg shall Hatch. Humans will be but slaves!" He folded his spindly green arms in a masterful attitude.

"You," continued Yakblog, "will be held up as an example of what we do to disrespectful humans." He smirked mightily.

"You green lizards jest don't make sense," sighed Luke. "I'm gettin' tired of all this. Why don't you vanish?"

The aliens exchanged outraged glances.

"We're trying to tell you, miserable human, execrable worm, that you are now less than nothing. We are your Masters!"

"Oh, the hell with you, then!" snorted Luke, and vanished. -- E Morton Cox

S c r a m b l e d D i a l o g u e by Mike Deckinger

Having seen my fill of slambang papier-mache-Monster films, I've wondered how it would be/a film used different dialogue. Like:

"John! I can hear IT out there.. IT's coming closer & closer.. IT will kill us. Leave me.. you must warn the people in the village so they can get away.. I'm not afraid of death.. will you go, John, and leave me here?"

"Damn right I will."

"Professor, many of our readers think that may have been a Flying Saucer in the sky the other day, and that the planets could be inhabited. What's your opinion?"

"They're all crazy."

"The aliens are advancing.. there's nothing we can do. Here they come.. their heat-rays are burning everything. Tom must get through to the lab & The Weapon."

"Professor, I've got it! The one thing that can stop the Aliens. I've spent six months' work devising it."

"Hurry, man! They're coming closer.. bullets won't stop them.. if your Weapon doesn't destroy them, they'll take over the world and destroy us all!"

"Wait, I've got it.. they're only inches away, but I just have to press the button here and.. and.. oh hell! There goes six months' work down the drain!"

"Hey, you! What are you doing with that wooden stake?"

"Building a fence; what does it look like?"

"Will we ever know the real truth? Aren't there things Man just isn't meant to know?"

"Of course not; just because jerks like you can't figure out they came from Arcturus doesn't mean the whole world is dumb, too."

"Run, everybody! The Monsters are coming! Head for the East Gate!"

"Wait! Tom is missing. I'll have to return to the city to look for him."

"You mean you'd risk your life to save Tom?"

"Of course not, you idiot! But he took his wife with him!"

((Take your family to a movie today-- Bufferin works faster than aspirin! -- FMB))

CRYING OVER BENT STAPLES

by RICH BROWN

VARIOSO #18, John Magnus, 2712 N. Charles, Baltimore 18, Md. Fairly regular, 25¢, 20pp (with insert sheet), mimeo.

Feud, feud, feud. This entire issue is taken up with a feud between John and Andy Young. Andy's entire argument, as printed in Andy's zine, BACK BLAST, is reprinted here, and argued with. And it seems to me that Andy had to really strain to make the blunders he made here. Still, I have hopes that this will pass. Tempus fugit, and all that. RATING: 5

DHOG #9-12, Ted Pauls, 1448 Meridene Dr., Baltimore 18, Md. Almost four a week (tho irreg.), no price, from 1 to 7 pages, mimeo.

One of the quicky zines (or maybe I should say snapzines), and getting better. Though I have voiced opinion against this type of zine before, I'm beginning to think it can become a Good Thing. Ted's repro has improved 863%, his chatter is not without merit (in fact, some of it is downright good), and he's beginning to show a little taste, or rather discretion, in picking excerpts from letters. RATINGS: 3,3,4,2

AHOV, Ted Pauls, address above, attached with DHOG, 1pp, mimeo.

Ol' Tedric going into the fmz-revoo field fierce and fiery (poor boy must have heard of Franklin Ford), and not coming off too well, either. I'm in favor of criticism where criticism is due, not criticism to see how great a critic you can be. And in several places, this is a bit too picky for me. Come on, now Ted, you don't want to become Mean and Critical like I used to be, do you. Just follow my course....just be Mean. RATING: 1

SATA #10, Bill Pearson, P.O. Box 171, Murray Hill Sta., NY 16, NY, Quarterly, 25¢, 28pp, photo-offset.

This zine used to be SATA ILLUSTRATED, you know, and had some of the best art (and poorest fiction, sometimes) in all of fandom. Oh, the beauty that once was SATA ILLUSTRATED -- all purple and red and two page spreads (I'm a poet and don't..oh, never mind.). But the masterful dittocolor is no more. Now SATA is a sleek, half-sized photo-offset job, containing some excellent art, and (sniff) from good to excellent material. There's an excellent piece of fiction by Bob Leman (excellent fiction in SATA...yes, Fandom As We Know It Has Come To An End), an article on the lunatics outside of fans that Larry Shaw runs into editing Infinity, by Larry Shaw of all pipple, and an over-styled self-conscious piece of fiction by Bob Warner. FANDOMWISE has transformed into FANTASIA, and has suffered in transit for the worse. (There wasn't even one mention of Henry Fonda, the world's greatest fiddler, and all the usual bull) SATA is good.....dammit. RATING: 7

HORIZON #4, Russ Brown, 3313 Calumet, Houston, Texas. Irreg. Trade, letters, etc. 28pp, ditto.

A lot of material crammed in here: a skimpy editorial; my pre-solacon and solacon report (all first draft, my first con-report -- I won't make any other excuses); a confusing story by Dainis Bisenieks; a few long letters in a short letter column; some fair fmz reviews by the editor; two movie reviews by Dodd, singularly unedifying as is standard with Dodd; an article by TWIG that puzzled me; a column called PHANTASY PHILM CHATTER, which is a good half a page long, at least; and a few filler bits. The material as a whole isn't too good, and it's only because I enjoyed my own egoboo that I will give this a RATING: 5

YANDRO #72, Bob and Juanita Coulson, 105 Stitt St. Wabash, Ind. Monthly, 15¢, 38pp, mimeo.

Yandro continues on, continually trying to push aside the mediocrity it usually contains, and seldom succeeding. This time, though, (pleasant surprise) it does. There's enthusiasm in the annishes that the regular issues need so badly. Both editorials reflect this by actually Saying Something. There's a rather poor parody of van Vogt; an article, "Science Fiction Art", that might start some controversy, but I doubt it; a full-paged pun that goofed, by Dainis Bisenieks; a good piece of fiction by Ron Smith; the usual Dodd column, tho better than usual. There's other good stuff, including the usual meaty lettercol, and suggestion that I'd like to rave from the housetops (like, go see BELL, BOOK, AND CANDLE). Even considering that there is quite a bit that I don't care for, this is the best YANDRO in some time. RATING: 7

IMPROBABLE #3, Vowen Clarke, 6221 Thorn St., San Diego, Calif. Irreg., 15¢, 30pp, hekto.

Checking only with past reviews of this, I'd say that the hekto work has improved; all but one page, in my copy, is readable. Physically speaking, that is. There's another skimpy, non-assuming editorial that I don't care for; piles upon piles of reviews of mags and books and movies that I don't care for; and a little column bit called IMPROBABLE's Future that tells you what to expect next time around (shades of 7th Fandom--here we go again), which I didn't care for. You'd think I didn't care much for this zine. But it has its good sides, too; "Three Sci-Fi Fables," by John Mussells, one of which was excellent, the other two merely good beside it; a very good dissection of "The Stars My Destination" by Bob Tucker. Back to the first side, though, there's an article by Guy Terwilliger that I didn't agree with at all, but I won't argue it, since from the looks it's older than SG. The editor also manages to mis-quote one of the readers about the worth of fan-writers and fan-artists, and the editor wants good s-f and art to disprove it. Which is a rather sneaky way to ask for material, if you ask me. RATING: 3

THE VINEGAR WORM #4, Bob Leman, 2701 S. Vine St., Denver, Colo., Irreg., \$22.50 or a letter of comment, 22pp, mimeo.

Except for two small quotes, this is all Bob Leman, and Bob Leman at his best. There's an editorial that is an editorial (with the usual spoofing around), Bob's solacon report, two pieces of semi-faanfiction, all of which is just plain damn funny. Only not so plain, really. Bob also presents his serious side in a review of The Moswell Plan in "The Oculenteratologist's Bookshelf", which might be improved by knocking off the jaw-breaker in the middle of the title. Which is the only improvement I can think of for the whole zine. RATING: 8

BURLINGS c/w ELMURMURINGS, Charles Burbee & Elmer Perdue, 7628 S. Pioneer Blvd., Whittier, Cal. Irreg(?), FAPA & wl(?), 19pp, mimeo.

Things have changed since the last time I saw this, in ways for the better, and in others I'm not so sure... We have Burbee editorializing, and Elmer meandering on Subjects I Do Not Understand (which makes me feel like the very inadequate neo I am), and BJO(FOR TAFF!!) illustrating. Also we find what will prob'ly be the closest we'll come to getting a solacon report from Burbee. On the whole, this sounds more like Burbee talking than Burbee writing, and I can imagine the whole thing, complete with pauses and gestures, which is maybe why I give it a RATING: 7

QUILXOTIC #1, Don Durward, 6033 Garth Ave, Los Angeles 56, Cal. Bi-monthly, it sez, 10¢, 10pp, ditto.

I wonder why I keep getting these 1¢ per page zines? I wonder if the editors really think it's worth it? I wonder, if they do, why? It doesn't matter that nobody ever pays for fmz anyway; it's the principle of the thing. And there's always the susceptible neo. And I don't think 10pp makes a fanzine. There's another skimpy editorial, a fair story by TWIG that over-emphasizes the dialect a little too much, a poor story by Ted Johnstone (very, very poor, for Ted), and some fairly good fmz reviews by Bob Lichtman. RATING: 2

FANAC #33, Terry Carr & Ron Ellick, Apt 7, 244 Virginia St., Berkeley 4, Calif. Bi-weekly, 4/25¢, 6pp., mimeo.

This is indispensable to the well-informed fan, or better, to the fan who wishes to stay well-informed. It's even worth 1¢ a page, though I refuse to pay it. RATING: 5

GYRE #2, Steve Tolliver, 909 S. Madison, Pasadena, Calif. with FANAC

This is dispensable. Except maybe to someone going to Cal-Tech. Steve can do better than this....at least, I hope he can, for his own sake. RATING: 2

SPECTRE #5, Bill Meyers, 4301 Shawnee Circle, Chattanooga, Tenn. Irreg. comment or trade, 30pp, mimeo.

This has already risen to One Of The Better zines in fandom, yet this issue seemed dis-co-ordinated(for lack of a better word). Individually, the material is better than average, some of it even excellent. Editorial in fine Meyerstyle; a Bob Leman article; Renfrew Pemberton rambling as is his wont, excellently on a few choice books (and a few, says Ren, that are not so choice); a fannish poem by Gregg Calkins; a Terry "Carl Brandon" Carr faaan-fiction piece that's as good, if not better than, the last time I saw it; and a long, good letter column. But somehow, it didn't hit me right. RATING: 7

SHANGRI-L'AFFAIRES; LASFS, 2548 W. 12th St., Los Angeles 6, California. 20¢, fairly regular, mimeo.

#40: First real try-out on the gestetner that I'm buying in on. One of the repro problems seems to be in the type-face. Otherwise, repro is ok. There were a few things I didn't like: the profile on Bjo doesn't do her justice; the Bloch reprint, unfortunately, didn't deserve reprinting, and the lettercolumn was poorly edited. (in fact, not edited at all; just put together) However, there's a lot to like; from the Bjo illos to Terry Carr's and Ron Ellick's romping around the Squirrel Cage. One interesting thing: Rick Sneary has me defined as a combination Neofan/Actifan/BNF/Fake-Fan/Serious-Constructive Fan. By his definitions, I could fit partly (but not wholly) in any of them. I guess I'll never know... RATING 6

#41: With the appearance of this issue, I am willing to admit that Shaggy may, possibly, once again get to be a really top notch fanzine. There's good Barbee (two pieces; the second by far the best), Good minutes by Ted Johnstone, good Bloch (if you don't mind him when he is serious), good Ron Ellick, and good Terry Carr. Also in the good category falls the good art of Jerry Steier, Bjo (for TAPF!), and Jack Harness, not to count Morris Scott Dollens. Unfortunatly the bad appears along with the good; Fritz Leiber plodding along on the assumption that finally sf is doing something destructive; another in the profile series -- nothing wrong with them except that neither of them, so far, have done justice to those being written about; E.E. Smith's stupid rebuttal to Al Lewis (I agree that Al should have been rebutted, but all good old EESmith does is quote a little of Al's article at random points saying "I don't agree" and "how stupid can you get?"), and a lettercolumn that is good, but still could use some editing. RATING: 5

TWIG ILLUSTRATED #?? Guy Terwilliger, 1412 Albright St., Boise, Idaho, Irregular(?), Price?? ditto.

Guy says this isn't TWIG any longer, but a new TWIG ILLUSTRATED. Very believable. The repro, via ditto, is from good to excellent; Dan Adkins, the art editor, puts the art on master, much as he did in the good old days of SATA ILLUSTRATED. Unlike SATA ILLUSTRATED, however, this has a lot of good material; a parody of Terwilliger & the War Machine by myself (faaan-fiction, if you like), a humorous fannish article by Dick Lupoff, and a good piece of science fiction by John Mussells, are among the better things this issue (I hasten to add that my bit was almost word for word parody; even though everyone knows I'm the type who throws false modesty to the winds anyway); Dan Adkins' comic strip would have been better with a better plot. There's also the usual editorials, a little magazinish column by Lars Bourne (everything Lars has done lately seems a little magazinish), a rebuttal of Belle Dietz, and an increasingly good lettercolumn, all of which are pretty much negligible in comparison with the other material.

RATING: 7

RETRIBUTION #12, John Berry, 31 Campbell Park Ave., Belmont, Belfast, N.Ireland, 15¢, Quarterly(?), mimeo.

There is something regrettably lacking in this RET -- and, for a change, that something is something I can put my finger on. This issue is screaming out loud for G.D.A. material, and in lacking it falls to merely generalzine standards. I have said before in this column that I have yet to see what I would call a bad British generalzine. Or a bad British zine, for that matter. This, with good humorous material by Berry, Bob Leman and Larry Sokol, and good serious material by Mercer (well, partly serious, anyway), and Bob Kvanbeck (well, patl...), a lot of good art, and excellent reproduction, doesn't destroy my illusions. Still, this ain't what it should be, as somebody famous once said. RATING: 5

FARISIDE #2, Gregg Trendein-Trendantae, subs via Ed Krente, 19408 Waltham, Detroit 5, Michigan. price(?), irregular(?), multilith.

Materialwise, there isn't too much I can say about this zine. There are two science fiction stories, written by a couple of people who can't write complete sentences, much less complete stories, a parody by the editor, who can write complete sentences but doesn't, I guess, because he's parodying Kerouac. There's also a book review column, handled adequately enough, an article by L.C. Wallace that bored me, and a letter column of one whole letter. And now we come to the art. Most of it is by the editor. I would like to state here that it's my opinion that, for serious art, Gregg Trend' beats anyone in fandom, and a good deal of those in prodom. Finlay might possibly be better, in that Finlay's stuff is straight, whereas

Trend's combines the realistic with the abstract. This zine is worth its price (whatever its price may be) for the art alone. RATING:7

Well, that's all that has hit the mail-box recently. However, I noticed that Mike Deckinger states that Marvin L. Rivers didn't steal AFFAIR WRIST STOW RAY from Shangri-L' affairs. Well, I checked, and as far as it goes, it's true. I saw the bit first in Paul Turner's SHANGRI-LA, which was published over a year ago. Mike says that Marvin hasn't been in fandom long enough to get it from a fanzine. There, too, I might agree, for the version printed in Turner's Shaggy was credited as coming from a book entitled THE ANGUISH LANGUAGE. It's possible that Rivers got it from there -- it's also possible that Rivers is telepathically inclined and got it that way. It's possible, but I doubt it. ---rich brown, 1959

TEST YOUR FAN I.Q.

by Donald Franson

Are you qualified to be a neofan? Fill in the missing fannish terms:

1. One insect-visaged Martian BEM said to the other bug-head:
"You don't believe there's bugs on Earth? I think you are a _____."
2. When fans want to forget, they never join the Foreign Legion or the Mafia;
They just drop out of human ken, to a realm that they call _____.
3. He pubbed his fanzine once a year, and then called it an _____.
It had no S-F contents, but it was tremendous _____.
4. At conventions, after guzzling all that's canned and bottled, creeps
Don't attend the banquet, they've no room for _____.
5. And, lo! when he saw the angel write his name big, Abou
Ben Adhem (may his tribe increase) got his share of _____.

1. If you are.
2. Reading.
3. This you.
4. Certainly.
5. Are a neo.

Answers:

M H I N U T E S

wawly wobber

The March 8, 1959 meeting of the Nameless Ones opened at 8:21 PM. Your calm and calculating secretary took the readings from both his watches, subtracted twice the difference between the two readings from the time shown on the oldest watch, and recorded the result. Strangely enough, the correct time was recorded, but the wrong year was put down. It was significant of confusion to come.

Great quantities of propaganda for the Moore Hotel was distributed during the early moments of the meeting. A great deal of discussion took place on the merits of holding a Westercon in this hotel. Flora Jones summed up the discussion rather neatly with her statement, "I move that we accept the Moore Hotel for the Westercon." Burnett Toskey, suffering from an advanced case of mathematics, considered her summation for several microseconds before concluding, "I second that!" President Weber, who had hoped to follow the pattern of his ghod, Dave Kyle, by running the Westercon single-fisted and telling people where they couldn't sit, tried to ignore the motion when it was presented. "We already have a hotel for the Westercon," he objected. "The Ben Franklin. Snootiest place in town -- should satisfy anybody." But the brave President was horribly outnumbered. Votes swarmed over his objections like a black plague, and soon the Moore Hotel was selected as the site for the forthcoming Westercon.

Bitter over his tragic defeat, the President revealed his evil plans for the Westercon banquet. "I wrote Boeing a letter," he announced, "and asked them if we could have our banquet in a 707."

"What's a 707?" a fictitious member of the club -- probably L. Garcone -- asked.

"What's a 707?!" the outraged President screamed.

"No fair," countered the fictitious member. "I asked first."

"A 707 is almost the only jet transport made outside the borders of California in this country," the harassed President decided.

"Did you mention in the letter that you worked at Boeing?" Burnett wanted to know.

"Nobody works at Boeing," Jerry Frahm informed as he entered.* His entrance was greeted with mingled cheers and sneers as befitted one of his hideous sense of humour. Eventually even this excitement dulled and the hungry members went back to discussing the Westercons. The possibility of a salmon barbeque was suggested. This seemed to appeal to those who preferred being seasick to airsick. Several ideas for displays and entertainment were revealed. Burnett planned to entertain fans by selling duplicate copies of science fiction magazines from his collection. "We can forget to inform the out-of-state fans that alcoholic beverages are not allowed to be sold on Sunday," he said, "and then I can promote sales on Sunday by offering a free bottle of whiskey with every \$20 issue of Planet Stories I sell."

The President's bitter mumbling about the switch of hotels began to irritate the members who were attempting to hold private conversations, so somebody wondered if it wasn't about time that elections were held again.

"Elections?" the President croaked, turning pale. "Elections? What are they?"

"That's when we railroad members into office," Burnett Toskey explained.

This apparently sounded like a fine idea, and the club decided to hold an election at the March 22 meeting. The President hastily adjourned the meeting, but by that time it was too late.

Rose Stark objected to the meeting having been adjourned, so the weary President unadjourned it by official decree. Rose then brought up the subject of the Thalia memberships the club must produce in order that it might continue to hold meetings in the Thalia room. (I know this may sound a trifle mysterious to those of you who don't know what this is all about, but we don't know enough about it ourselves to discuss it

*Possibly there is no connection, since at this date no formal answer to the letter has been received, but President Weber is no longer employed by Boeing.

here.) Eventually it got to the point where Rose rose and stated, "I move that the two remaining memberships for the year be paid immediately."

"I second," Flora Jones declared.

The motion was passed, which immediately created another problem.

"Now we need somebodies to volunteer their names for the memberships," the informed President pointed out. Nothing satisfactory grew from this remark until Burnett Toskey said, "I move that Rose Stark and Ruth Noon volunteer to be the members." Ed Wyman was unable to resist the temptation to second this weird statement, and as a result of the vote that followed, Rose Stark and Ruth Noon dutifully "volunteered" to become Thalia members.

The meeting was finally adjourned at 9:17 PM, and the members retired to the kitchen to eat the goodies furnished by Elinor Busby, a new member who shows promise.

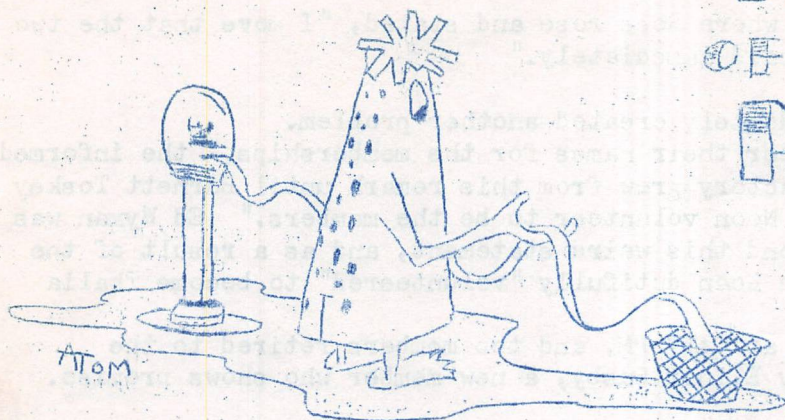
Although no meeting of the Nameless Ones could ever be called usual, the next meeting to be reported was so unusually unusual that a short explanation is in order to acquaint the reader with the terrifying events leading up to the meeting. On March 9, President Weber reluctantly made his way to the Moore Hotel where he informed the manager that his place of business would someday be harboring this ghastly institution known as the Westercon. Unfortunately the previous arrangements had been made with the assistant latrine inspector at the hotel instead of with the manager, so negotiations on room rates suffered a revision. The manager's figures came 50% more expensive than the inspector's. This tremendous alteration panicked the President to a state bordering on utter rout, and caused him to inform the manager that the Nameless would reconsider the situation at the March 22 meeting, and that the manager could expect to be informed of the outcome in two weeks. Unfortunately this situation was not kept secret, and Burnett Toskey was forced to take desperate measures to foil the President's mad scheme to get the Westercon back into the Ben Franklin Hotel. The result of these desperate measures was the March 14 meeting.

The March 14, 1959 meeting of the Nameless Ones was opened in a telephone booth at 4530 25th N.E., the location of a Standard Oil Service Station, by President Weber. Attending members, who attended by answering their phones when the President called them, were Ed Wyman, Jerry Frahm, and Flora Jones. It was unanimously voted that the Moore Hotel be accepted for the Westercon despite the inflationary prices of its rooms. Since five votes were needed, by virtue of a new ruling thought up by the President for the occasion, Ed Wyman also voted Geneva Wyman's vote, and the President permitted Burnett's vote as well as his voting of Elinor Busby's vote. Whew. The meeting was adjourned when the President ran out of dimes.

The special emergency March 15, 1959 meeting of the Nameless Ones was held at 4736 40th N.E. in what once was a coal bin. Aside from President Weber, the only persons attending the meeting were Secretary Wally Weber and Member-Of-The-Board-Of-Directors-of-Seattle-Science-Fiction-Club-Incorporated Wallace W. Weber. By a unanimous vote, President Weber was impeached for delivering the second most inept convention bid in the history of the Westercon; Supporting and acquiring the worst possible site for the Westercon that could be found in the Pacific Northwest; Successfully delaying the acquisition of a more suitable site for the Westercon; Seriously aiding and abetting an anti-Westercon publication known as the Westercon Regression Report; Delaying the acceptance of an ideal Westercon location, known as the Moore Hotel, despite the expressed desires of all Seattle fans; and holding an important club meeting, involving the impeachment of a club officer, at such an inconvenient time and place and with so little announcement that only a limited number of members could attend. A second unanimous vote set the time at which Weber would be relieved of his office at noon, March 18, 1959. A third unanimous banned the President from the March 22, 1959 meeting.

The March 22, 1959 meeting of the Nameless Ones was called off for lack of reign.

CRY OF THE READERS



SEATTLE MONSTER MAKES GOOD

Dear Cryeds,

As my duo-sub draws perilously close to its end I want to make sure of receiving 2 copies of each CRY uninterruptedly for another invaluable year so here's \$4.

On the cover of #111 you published a foto of Lorence Garcone or someone masquerading as same. At any rate, if anyone there wd care to send me the original of said foto (or reasonable facsimile) there is a strong possibility that I cd work it into a future issue of FAMOUS MONSTERS. I hope that this suggestion does not constitute a mortal insult, and that I will still be permitted to participate in the forthcoming Westercon, where your local Laneyophile can burn this loco Laneyophobe in person rather than effigy.

Fja

915 South Sherbourne Drive
Los Angeles 35, California

((I'm informed that Garcone likes the idea of appearing in your magazine, and is causing searches to be instituted at Swamp House and at the Toskey apt. If the foto can be found it will certainly be sent to you immediately. #Seattle (FSFandom, at least) is a hotbed of Laneyophilicisim, but this does not mean we're Ackophobic. No sir! We're looking forward to seeing you at the Westercon with great pleasure. --Just think, tho. If I were Ackophobic I could have titled your letter THIS IS THE FORREST--PRIME EVIL. Alas.))

BELLE-VUES

Hi!

Re: ish#125

Too bad there weren't more prozines to review but Buz does a good job on what there were. I absolutely agree with Elinor on the April issue of F&SF. I thought it was the best prozine I've read in many years; I even liked the cover.

I enjoyed Willis' "The Sterling Fanzine". There were some real gems in it--the "bout with his conscience" and the bit likening bank cashiers to goldfish. Poor Walt-- I was so sorry not to see dishonesty triumph in the end.

Berry's "The Way to the Stars" was even better than John's usual good stuff. Yes, indeedy, we should make Berry come across and I hope across also with more "A Sops Fables".

I was fascinated by Busby's "Report from Mundane" on the psionic detectors. After reading Buz' comments, I came real close to converting some of my own coat hangers and trying it out. I have only one small problem. There are plenty of underground pipes, conduits, etc. in N.Y. but I can just imagine the sensation I'd cause walking along some N.Y. street, converted coat hangers in hand, psionically locating pipes. Next stop: Bellevue, observation ward. And I'm sure they don't let the patients use their mimeo. I would like to try it out but I guess trials like this are mostly for country folks with a reputation for being eccentric anyway (you know, that neighbor of ours reads science fiction, poor fellow). It wouldn't do for a city gal without Blue Cross coverage.

Gerber's bookview column was excellent and really up to his usual standards. I've read most of the books and I agree with most of his opinions. I also liked his "Authentic Replica" story. Reminds me of the time I bought 3 boxes of some cereal because of an ad that each box contained a different statuette of an e.t.--then I found the figures weren't accurate. What a let-down!

The Unbiased Fanzine Reviews were--well, I can't find the funny words I want. Weber stole them all. I've been getting the Westercon Regression Reports (they arrive around dinnertime) and I've been laughing so hard I've had trouble eating. I'm glad you found a good compromise hotel. If only the Westercon weren't being held so darn far away. Hope it's a terrific success. ((Thanks--we hope so too.))

I thought the Bjo cartoon about Ronel on page 40 was one of the funniest fannish cartoons (with the Leslie Gerber cover) that I've seen. More Bjo, please.

You keep switching around reviewers or else leaving out the fanzine reviews altogether so that I'm now thoroughly confused. Where should fanzines be sent to have them reviewed in Cry?

Sincerely,
Belle C. Dietz
1721 Grand Ave.
Bronx 53, N. Y.

((Let me assure you, Belle, that your confusion as to where fanzines should be sent to be reviewed in Cry is only of the lightiest, airiest, and most ephemeral nature conceivable compared to our confusion as to where fanzines should be sent to be reviewed in Cry. I can only suggest hopefully that it might be well to send your fanzine to as many people as you can think of, to insure it's being reviewed in Cry. That way maybe we'll get a copy.))

THE GLOOM IS ON THE SAGE

(FMB)

Dear Elinor,

Just finished reading "Despoilers of the Golden Empire" (ASF Vol. LXIII. No. 1), and then Renfrew's review of same. While I agree with his unwillingness to give more of the story away at the time, I would be interested in his second thoughts on the story.. I was erked.

I'm always erked when the way or why a story is written protrudes into the enjoyment of the story itself. While I'll agree David Gordon didn't "lie" in the story, he mislead, and quite extensively slanted the cause-and-effect of things. In the same way that Campbell has been doing. I am talking about the natives belief that the White Men were gods. That the natives were fighting not only Spanish steel and training, but their own superstition.

I'm somewhat suprised that Campbell is still hep'ed on Pizarro and Cortes, considering the reation he got at the Solacon.. I don't know how many others, but Anna for one had a long arguement with him about Cortes. Cortes is a dirty word in our group, and I think there are other supermen a little more given to decency and integraty. There are few people I would more like to use a time machine and a gun on than thos to Spanish supermen.

The story was written so that it appeared to be a parallel in future time. That it was nothing but a re-write of the Spanish Conquest was obvious, and the watching for parallels dissrupted the interest in the story for me. To find it was not future, but our supposed past, rendered it a practical joke. One not likely to be guessed as no one thought Campbell had a sence of humor.

I have still not made up my mind regarding Carr or Bjo for TAFF, and do not expect to tell Fall. But I can amend my remarks about Bjo, to asure everyone she is able to do more than just kiss well. As a personality, she is one of the more remarkable I have met. She is a living dynamo of activity, with a magnetic personality, capable of inducing spin into persons in her magnetic field. It is impossable to say what things would have been done without her, but I would venture the opinion that 50 to 90 percent of all LASFS activity over the past year is directly or indirectly attributable to Bjo. Her enthusiasm for a endless array of projects is as infectious as her smile. --In short, she is

the power behind LASFS, in a very real sence.. If she were better organized, and wrote more, she could be the power behind a large part of fandom. (The last statement is perhaps a little strong, but I've seen persons with much less on the ball gain power merely by dent of hours spent....) Good by dearhearts, and good luck.

Rick Sneary

2962 Santa Ana St.

South Gate, California

((Rick, Pemby says he admired "Despoilers of the Golden Empire" more as a tour deforce than as a story. He says he wouldn't care for a steady diet of this sort of thing, but did not find the one objectionable. Says all the way thru he kept thinking that the story was too crudely, too obviously written to hit Campbell's present crochet, and that Campbell, to buy it, must be Losing His Grip. But the fact of its being a joke redeemed it for him. Pemby has an over-developed sense of humor, in my opinion. Pemby wishes called to your attention the fact that Campbell does indeed have a sense of humor, altho it is a bit ponderous. Recall Finagle's and Murphy's Laws, the goose that laid the golden egg, thiotimoline, and the November 1949 issue. --For myself, tho, Rick, I do agree with you very whole-heartedly. You, Pemby and I all had the same experience--while reading it, up to the very end, we thought it a crude cribbing from history. At the end we find out it was history. This is a joke? I've heard better. If it had been a good story in itself I wouldn't have minded. But there was no plot, no character development. The whole story could be summed up in one sentence: a man of spirit can overcome tremendous odds. In my opinion this information is not sufficiently interesting to warrant taking up so much reading time. --& as Pemby points out, the rest of the issue was on the same theme!))

A WOOLLY LAMBECK

Sceaming invective,

Howzat for an opening? ((I dunno--what does it mean?))

Looks like my letter was in the "maybe" pile ((yes)) or near the top of the "no"s ((no)). I feel complimented (I suppose).

Franson says that the deja vu phenomenon can be caused by faulty memory. Well, I keep having a similar type thing, which I think is caused by a short-circuit in the brain-cells. I'll be thinking along at a merry rate, when suddenly, I am repeating the same thought over and over and over... This gets a bit annoying, since after I finally stop repeating the thought, it breaks the chain of reasoning that I was following (assuming, that is, that there was a chain of reasoning and that I was following it), and I have to start all over.

As long as Bjo likes dragons, perhaps she'd care for L. Norman Roberts. He isn't actually a dragon, tho, more of a small demon I roused up while cussing out my hectograph in Sanskrit. He looks approximately like so: (shown at work)

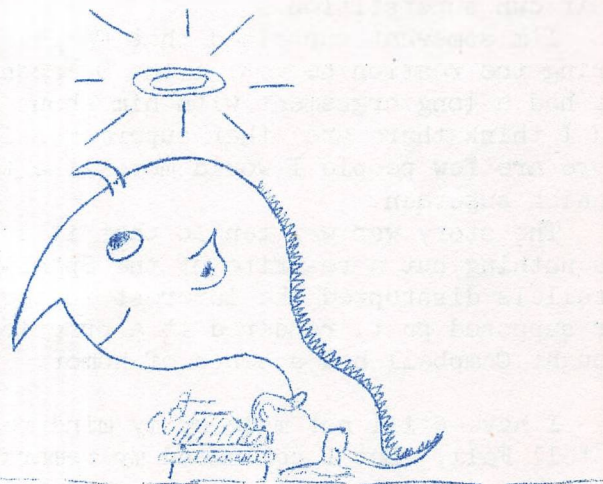
Yours,

Robert N. Lambeck

22 Long View Drive

Simsbury, Connecticut

((Bob, that thing you mention--I call it the scratched record phenomenon--is probably pretty common. It happens to me, at any rate. Point is--was there a chain of reasoning that you were really interested in following? Look and see, next time. & I will too. I suspect it's a symptom of boredom.))



I WAS A VILLAIN FOR THE CRY LETTERCOL

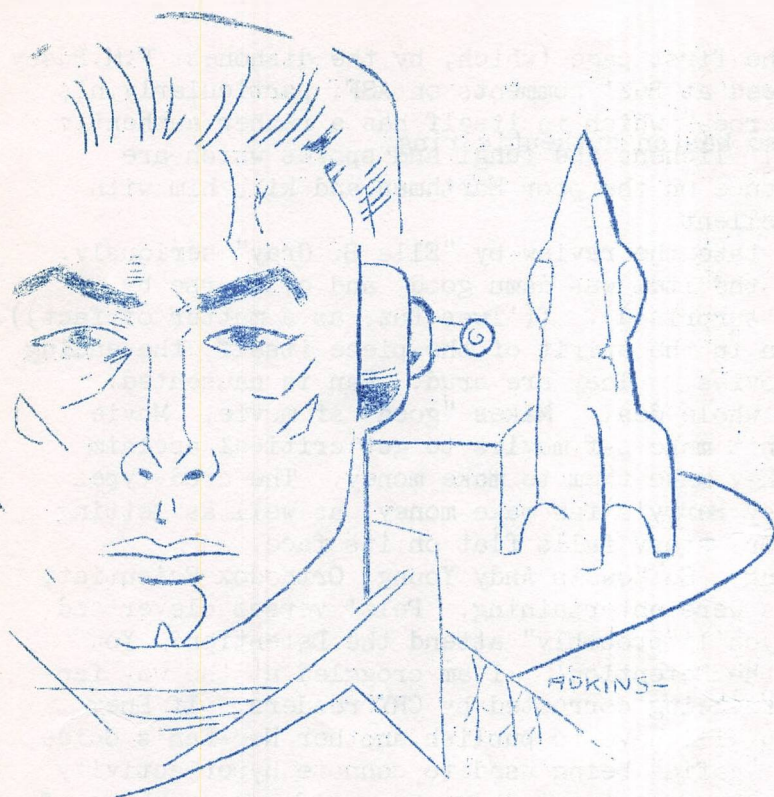
Hi,

...What a filthy interlineation on the first page (which, by the dishonest F.M. Busby numbering system, you call "page 3"). Gleeed at Buz' comments on ASF, particularly his retitling it "Astounding Tales of Super-Heroes" which in itself has a rather authentic ring, ~~Ed Cox Science Fiction Forever!~~ also has an authentic ring, except he left out all the horrid ol' lichens and fungi and spores which are always zooming around Venus waiting to pounce on the poor Earthman and kill him with loathsome effects. Willis was really excellent.

I wonder if any of your readers will take the review by "Ella B. Gray" seriously. ((That's Gray, Ella G., dopey.)) Anyway, the item was damn good, and of course by Leman Himself. (If it isn't I'll be most surprised). (('Twas Buz, as a matter of fact)). The Berry started out well, but even taken in the spirit of the piece itself, the ending was weak. Producer making so-called sf movies. They are crud. Fan is nauseated. Yells at producer. Gets put in charge of whole deal. Makes "good" sf movie. Movie gets critical acclaim. So? So people don't make s-f movies to get critical acclaim (not the guy in Berry's story anyway). They make them to make money. The crud-types make money. Did the non-crud movie made by Berry's fan make money, as well as getting critical acclaim? He doesn't say, therefore story falls flat on its face.

A Report from Mundane very interesting. So how is Andy Young, Orthodox Scientist, going to answer that one? Wally's Minutes were entertaining. Pelz' verses clever and funny. Letter column. What do you mean you'll "probably" attend the Detention? You are damn well positively going to attend the Detention! I am croggled at the way fan-nish terms ("croggle" being the latest) are being corrupted by CRY readers. If Eney doesn't get Fancyclopedia II out soon, you will have to publish another Neo-Fan's Guide, otherwise we'll be getting such things as "gafia" being used to connote hyper-activity.

And I am croggled at the way some of the fans these days are vociferous members of the "don't offend" school, even to the point where no offense was intended or given.... Bourne taking a dim view of Leman parodying (or "satire" or "burlesque" or "pastiche" or what you will) Kirs, Brown getting hot about Leman parodying Rike, Brown making blithering yips of protest over some of the things I said about Deeck, and now we have Gerber yelping that perfectly inoffensive remarks of mine were offensive, and you, Elinor, seem to be taking his side and inferring offense on my part and... just what in hell is going on? Is some of the weird doublethink that sometimes runs rampant through the CRY letter-col infecting you? Consider the following: Out of a clear blue sky one Bert Weaver in Australia storms into the CRY lettercol and yells that I always make him mad. The issues of CRY with the Deeck controversy haven't had time to reach him, so I wonder what has brought this on. He considers me "overbearing" because of the fanzine reviews I did, but why do I always make him mad, seeing that there has been at the time of his writing, nothing by me in CRY to make him mad? Remembering that I have had letters from Australians offering English crud prozines in exchange for A BAS, I wondered whether Weaver had been one of the crudzine offerers, and was mad at me because I had not replied to his offer. Gerber considered such a postulation to be offensive. Why? So anyway, I looked back through my unanswered letters, and found that Weaver had written to me offering to send me crud English prozines in exchange for A BAS. I care not what you think of the current New Worlds and so on....the last time I saw a copy of New Worlds etc. which was around the time Weaver made his offer, the zines WERE crud in my opinion--perhaps not as cruddy as Vargo Statten, but crud is crud, in no matter what degree. So now, Elinor, you come leaping into the picture. First, you infer that I was offended by Weaver's offer, although I gave you no basis for so thinking, and then you say that I should send him my zine. WHAT IN HELL FOR? Because he's mad at me? Why is he mad at me? I don't know. I try to guess why, and Gerber gets mad at me. I ask why is Gerber mad at me, and.... I give up. Look, I don't know Weaver. He's probably a harmless guy who is kind to dingos and little buckaroos. I just don't happen to want any English prozines. Weaver wrote me a very nice letter, which I intended to reply to someday, except that I had more important letters to write. (I am also tired of writing letters to Australian fans saying I don't want English prozines. If Australian fans can send cash subs to CRY, they can send cash for A BAS.) I might very well have sent Weaver



a copy of A BAS, seeing that he asked for it so politely, but now I am getting stubborn. I am not going to send a guy a free zine because HE was offensive to ME in the lettercol.

Regarding Pelz letter and parodies on Lehrer songs. I did not scorn Pelz. I did not myself use the word idiot. I offered no opinion at all on what Pelz said. I merely reported, without comment, Kidder's words and Steward's general reaction. The remarks of Kidder and Steward were not provoked by Pelz or anybody else not knowing where to find Lehrer parodies, for as far as we know there are no Lehrer parodies (except for the Mercer item). The thing is, Lehrer's songs themselves are parodies (satires or what-have-you), and thus Pelz' remark was somewhat akin (notice the qualification) to saying "I'm surprised that 'Cacher of the Rye' or 'My Fair Femmefan' or 'Purple Pastures' haven't been parodied." ...

Boyd Raeburn
9 Glenvalley Drive
Toronto 15, Ontario
Canada

((Okay, okay, you have convinced me completely on the subject of Bert Weaver. Bert Weaver is a horrible ol' schnook, unless he writes in and states otherwise. #When you retail Kidder's and Steward's uncomplimentary opinions without specifically stating that they are not necessarily yours, the implication is that they are yours, also. One does not usually repeat opinions that one does not agree with, except for the pleasure of demolishing them. --Does one? This one doesn't. Be that as it may, the fact that Mercer successfully parodied a Lehrer song would seem to indicate that they are indeed parodiable.))

WE'RE CROGGLED, AT LAST

Dear Editors,

Quite by accident, while browsing through a small stack of magazines at the home of a neighbor, I chanced upon a copy of your publication. I was deeply perturbed to discover that the seemingly illiterate readers of your periodical have little discernment of the English tongue. The word "croggle" was met with, challenged and mis-used on numerous occasions; none, however, appeared to comprehend its meaning. Here with, I boldly attempt to set you straight.....

WEBSTER'S UNABRIDGED (Revised Edition-) 1958--

"croggle" (crógglē), n (F., adj. &n., fr. L. Crogculus. crogculus, neut. crogiculum a jest. fr. crogere to laugh.) 1. The act or practice of exciting laughter at a person or thing by means of jesting words, caricature, mocking, etc. slightly contemptuous banter. 2. A laughing matter: f. persons, a laughingstock; a butt. 3. NOW RARE. Quality of being crogiculous; crogiculousness- v.t. To treat with croggle; to laugh at mockingly or disparagingly.-- CROGICULER (-kuler)

Now dwell upon this.

Yours contemptuously,
Marie Croggle (Mrs. William Croggle)
Box 320, Wine Oak, New Jersey

((But, Mrs. Croggle, what does it mean in fandom? If you're not a fan, don't try to ans.))

DONALD, DUCK!

(FMB)

Crytures from the Black and Blue Lagoon,

How to cut CRY to 40 pages: eliminate Berry (saves 4 pages); cut out Minutes (2 pages); Willis (5 pages); Guest Pseudonyms (3 pages); Pelz Gerber and others (x pages). Excise all nonsense from the lettercol (saves 14 pages). Then after everyone complains, restore all cuts, reinstate fanzine reviews, Toskey's column, expand Pemby's, etc.

Result: 80-page CRY... Come out twice a month with 40-page CRY.

I'm glad Willis has exposed the mundane profiteering from the unnatural division of fandom into governmental compartments. Fans should be able to exchange currency without such losses. How about trading postage stamps on a 2.80 to 1 basis? Or CRY or somebody could print up some fanscrip marked "fanpence" on one side and "fancents" on the other, and circulate them around fandom. (Better forget it. I see a drawback. I don't have a duplicator.)

I love the contents page. Bill Meyers and other who decry contents pages are wrong. Berry funny again, haven't laughed so much since Laurel and Hardy cleaned the chimney.

I've heard of Archie Mercer, but I don't know Ompa from any other jazz magazine. Just wait till someone says: "John Berry? Oh, you mean the CRY representative."

Es Adams: The last man on Earth told a last man joke. That's why everybody else took off and he's the last man on Earth.

Once there was a philosopher who claimed that nothing existed except in his own mind. His name, appropriately enough, was Berkeley.

I hope no non-fan is too puzzled by Buz's letter in the May Science Fiction Stories. He uses fannish terms and doesn't even explain what a goon is. But a good mystery is interesting, I've always found.

Now it's originals for letterhacks--Cry of the Readers is getting more and more like La Vizi. Lucky I happen to have some old PLANETS around--I'll just copy a letter, change the name, send it to CRY, win an illo.

Well, Blue came back, but now Brown is gone.

There's an old song: "I'm Sorry I Made the CRY."

Yours,

Donald Franson

6543 Babcock Avenue,

North Hollywood, California

((Buz wants me to tell you that Ompa isn't a jazz magazine, that it's the official organ of the Sousa Fan Club. #I deeply appreciated your remark on Berkeley. That's not only rebellion, that's culture, man!))

WAY DOWNEY 'PON THE LA RIVER

(FMB)

Dear Cryators,

I have been trying to think of a title for the following parody, but all that comes to mind is "Alexandria's Mag Time Band"--which would be more applicable to Rich Brown & his One Shot Crew at the SOLACON. Oh well....

Come on along! Come on along!
Read Cry of the Nameless 'zine!
Come on along! Come on along!
It's the best 'zine on the scene!

They run a lettercol like you never read before--
With Richards (Brown and Sneary) and other fans galore....
It's just the bestest 'zine--so keen!

Come on along! Come on along!
Why don't you take your pen in hand?
And write the fans (I said the fans)
Who compose the Nameless Band.

And if you care to see the Science Fic-
tion
Field Plowed Under..
Come on along! Come on along!
Read Cry of the Nameless 'zine!

I was happy to see my old buddy, Ed M. Cox in CRY #125. When Ed lived in Maine (some years ago) we used to carry on a lengthy correspondence. Then he moved to California and we stopped writing to each other. This because we saw each other fairly often, especially when he was living in Hermosa Beach. Then he moved into L.A. and rarely do we see him nowadays. This is a sad state of affairs for, among other things, Ed is an excellent cookie-putter. Anna says so, and she should know. Personally, I have never really tried cookie-putting, doubting my abilities in that direction. I am a fair home-style cook; that is, I can avoid starvation when it is necessary for me to fix my own breakfast or lunch. My specialty is the Moffomelet about which you may (or may not) read in the fannish cook book the Kyles and Ellis Mills are cooking up. But when it comes to baking something--cakes, pies, cookies--I do not rush in where my angel wife fears not to tread. Not that she mixes the dough with her feet, but when the dough is prepared, she finds it helpful to have someone around who can expertly drop dabs of the dough in a cookie tin, saving her one of the chores involved in the production of cookies. She is of course an expert cookie-putter herself, and when Ed Cox first arrived in California, and stayed the first few days at the Moffatt House, she immediately recognized his potential talent for cookie-putting. The talent was more than merely potential. The boy has it. In fact, I think it was on his first day with us that she put him to the task and he performed with the ability of a professional cookie-putter. Perhaps working in his father's bakery back in Maine had something to do with this, but Anna believes it is a natural talent, something he was born with. In all probability he comes from a long line of cookie-putters.

He also writes entertaining s-f take-offs. I first read the gripping, dripping Venus piece some time ago--when he was still living in good old Hermosa (home of variegated jazz joints). About time he had it published somewhere, and may there be more of the same.

Speaking of John Berry (and who isn't nowadays?) I had a small part in making a tape for him a couple of weeks ago. A few of us Califans gathered one Saturday evening in the hillside home of Elmer Perdue to cut the tape for Berry. I am not entirely sure it is a masterpiece, but at least it is pretty informal and friendly as all git-out. Mostly, we sat around yakking about whatever subject came to mind, pretending that the mike was John sort of eavesdropping on our conversation. I did do a couple of verses from my "Venusian Blues" and Elmer played a jazz recording made by him and some of his musician buddies. I'm wondering what Berry will think of it all though, as I recall reading in his "Compleat Fan" that he did not hold with tape-correspondence and that fanzines and letter writing superior forms of fannish communication. I'm inclined to agree with him. Still, an informal, occasionally strained and inane tape like we made might have its moments of amusement and I know we are all eager to hear John's reaction to it.

Perhaps you know by now that the LASFS Fanquet this year will honor George W. Fields. George turned "pro" in 1958 when he sold some of his astronomical paintings to a color slide studio. The Fanquet will be March 21st but as of this date don't know where in town it will be held. The Alexsndria was among the various places underconsideration, and it would be nostalgic to return there for an evening of fannish fun.

I enjoyed CRY #125 very much--must make special mention of Pelz's G&S parody, and of course the one and only WAW. And Atom. &c. Oh yes, I see it says on the back pages that the number after one's name indicates the issues remaining on one's subscription. This was good news as Inote (110) after my name on the mailing sticker! Wonder who subscribed for me? Wonder who has that much money?

Well, South Gate Again in 2010!

Happy Days (and nights too)!

Len Moffatt

10202 Belcher

Downey, Calif.

((I like taperespondence. Don't agree with Berry at all there--or you, either. No sir! #The number after your name was, perhaps, a typo. Keep on writing, Len--you're not off the hook!))

THE POMPOUS TOAD OF SLADEN HILL

(Jim Moran)

Astrologer the First: "Lo! In the eastern sky! What fearsome body hurleth past with such undue velocity?"

Astrologer the Second: "Perchance a meteor is plunging in to meet its charred, fiery fate!"

Astrologer the Third: "Mayhap the mystic, clouded sphere of Venus is coursing down the track of its eternal transit."

Astrologer the Fourth: "Aieeee, my brothers! Nay! It is the passage of Moran! He is returning with all proper speed out of the woeful, skull-strewn depths of Gafia!"

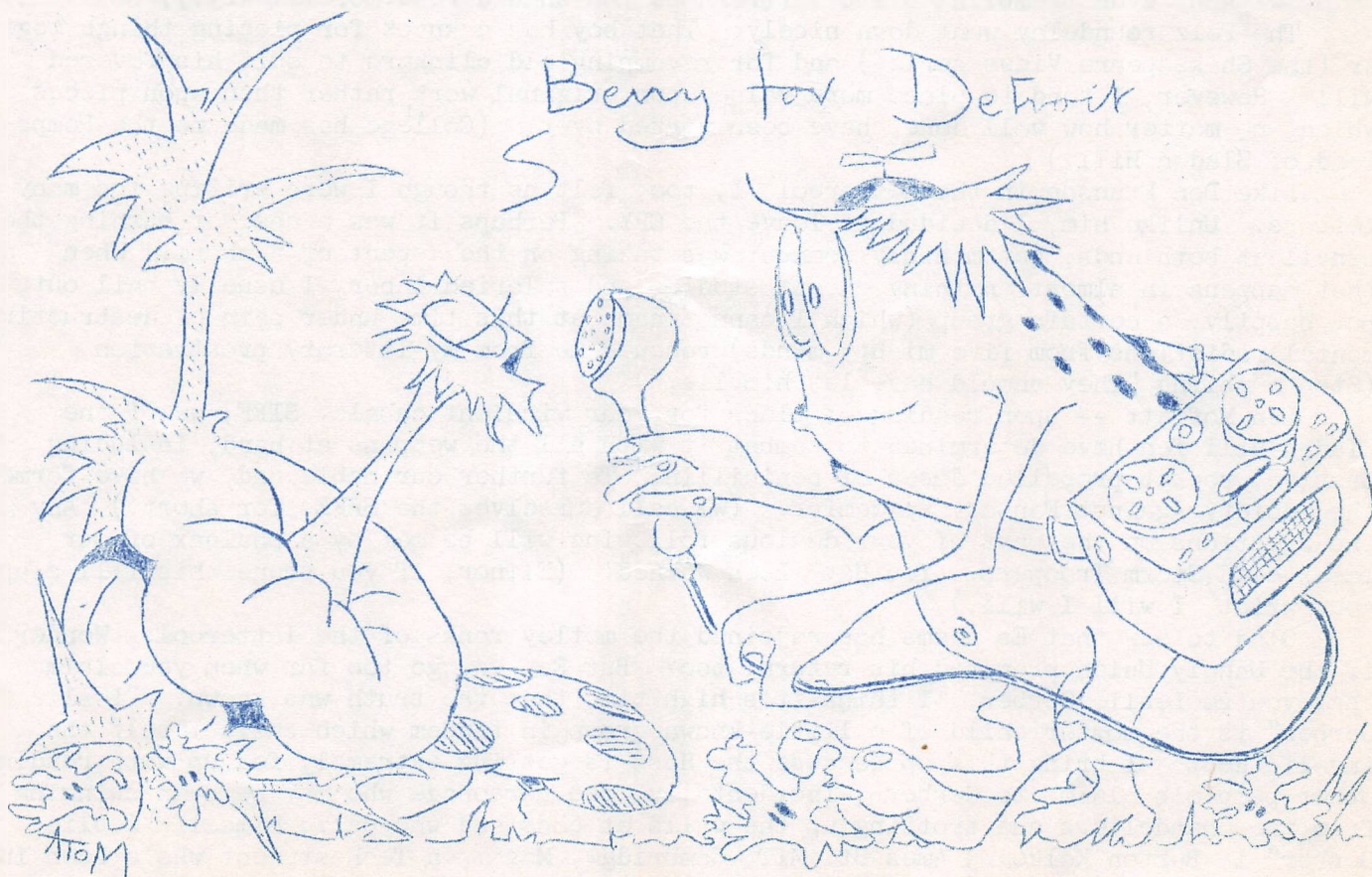
(Bray of the kettledrums, huzzahs, and general applause.)

And pluming my vapor trail of sweat and spittle, I lock gear, swoop in, flick the dust and spider droppings from the rusted typer, and fall to work on another Epistle to the Philistines. Once again (as the Irish would phrase it) "The humour is upon me."

A fine broth of an issue this time, undoubtedly chock full of all manner of toothsome goodies. But what's this? Another ATom cover? Consulting my mound of CRYs lying in wanton, worm-gnawed disarray atop a bookcase, I note that AToms have adorned the facade for the past three issues. Now #123's was fine, for it combined facile execution with a wry bit of vengeful humor. #124's could boast a cute gimmick. But with #125 a monotonous series came into existence. Said cover was something of a letdown, being insipidly rendered and infected with political hooah. How about a change? I hear Norman Rockwell does good work..... ((Pooh))

Let me flip without further ado past the contents page and past Pemberton's reviews of the ever-declining esoterica to take a critical gander at "Science Fiction Forever." Hmmm. Well now, Mitch, I haven't thrown my coppers down for a promag in some time, but I do remember the Good OldDays. Your droll little effort has conjured up fond memories of sitting with eyes fixed upon ragged pages until far past the witching hour, then stumbling, crusty-eyed, to bed and dreams of knifing through hard vacuum in a metal coffin, ears ringing with the roar of the mighty propulsion engines (the central heating plant in the basement).

"The Sterling Fanzine" was delightful. It occasioned my initiation into the world



of the Wily Willis, and I am now an aficionado of the first water. Walt writes in a pleasant, conversational style which is quite a relief from the choppy, unhappily phrased burblings one meets so often in so many fanzines. I must have more Willis or I shall surely perish.

Berry is getting more faanish with every passing minute. "The Way to the Stars" was above average as faanmatter goes, but I just can't see the value of that type of faanish literature. Would someone care to enlighten me as to the true significance of it (if any)? The best Berry I've read thus far was "Hauty Culture in ProFANity #4. That was by far the most uproarious tale since Rabelais' "Gargantua et Pantagruel".

This coat-hanger hoodah has me straddling the proverbial fence. The dreamer part of me is gung ho for the idea and for mental telepathy and telekinesis to boot. But the scientific section keeps growling "Show me!" Methinks I'll grab some hangers and try to trace the lay of the cesspool pipe. The Pit is overflowing again, so perhaps I can get some water for coffee while I'm down there.

MIGOD! IT WORKS! With the straightened hangers I made several oblique passes over the pipe, which runs from North to South. Each time, the hanger in my right hand would swing around and align itself perfectly with the pipe. Strangely enough, the one in my left would remain pointing straight ahead. As far as I can see, my grip had nothing to do with swinging the active hanger around, for I was holding both of them very loosely. Straaange things are happening. ((Buz says your left side is your scientific side. With you, The Right Hand Is The Dreamer.))

And now, back to the mundane. Les Gerber should be ashamed of himself. Still monkeying with kindergarten scissors and Cheerios cutouts when he could be felling DC-3s with liquid fueled rockets. C'mon Les, get with it. Think how fast we could exchange letters using simple two-stage solid fuel jobs. Hmmm. I'll be working at the Sparrow III manufactory again this summer. Wonder if the Navy'd miss one or two of them?

Either Wally's minutes aren't as funny as they used to be, or I'm getting jaded in my old age. In days of yore it seemed that every other line contained some gem that was enough to make any high-spirited lad titter. But now I can skim through the whole thing without even trembling a lip. ((Perhaps you should read more slowly.))

The Pelz roundelay went down nicely. That boy has a knack for piecing things together (the Shakespeare Views series) and for revamping old clinkers to suit his fevered will. However, I tend to place more value upon original work rather than upon pieces which, no matter how well done, have been worked over. (College has made me the Pompous Toad of Sladen Hill.)

Like Don Franson in the lettercol, I, too, felt as though I were writing too many letters. Unlike him, I decided to leave the CRY. Perhaps it was a case of burning the pencil at both ends, but monthly comment was taking on the aspect of a chore. When that happens in almost anything except studies and salaried labor, I usually bail out. But happily, a certain group (which I cannot name at this time under pain of destructive mental radiations from five mighty minds) rescued me from my literary prostration. (Stop mumbling "They should have let him lie.")

Len Moffatt -- upon reading of plans for your virulent cabala, SIFF, we of the Sladen Hill fen have determined to combat it with all the weapons at hand, including massive, rocket propelled doses of penicillin. To further our noble end, we have formed the Society Against Fantasy Epidemics. (We call ourselves the SAFEs for short.) Any insurrections on the part of your devious following will be met by a phalanx of our latex-clad Storm Troopers. You Have Been Warned! (Elinor, if you prune this I'll slap your wrist, I will I will.)

Glad to see that Es Adams has rejoined the motley ranks of the lettercol. Wonder if the Unholy Union prompted his return, too? But Es, you go too far when you claim that you're Leslie Gerber. I think it's high time that the truth was known. "Leslie Gerber" is the master child of a little-known group in fandom which calls itself the Angelic Host. I bring this up because the Host is getting extremely fed up with reading other people's claims to Gerber. Incidentally, the personage who may be seen swinging from the chandeliers and trotting up the walls at cons and who calls himself "Leslie Gerber" is Burton Kolko, 3 Ames St. MIT, Cambridge, Mass., a Tech student who's been in

on the gag since its conception.

I'd better dry up before this bundle requires extra postage, so I'll close by saying that I'd be delighted to compete for choice illos. The ones which really caught my eye were both by Ric West, the covers on #s 114 and 122.

So, until next month, Elinor and Gang, I bid you all a fond adieu. It's good to be back.

Strangely,
Jim Moran
208 Sladen St.
Dracut, Mass.

((It's good to hear from you again, Jim. #Believe I know who the five fine minds belong to. Somebody squealed (probably a Volisch Agent). #I'm afraid I can't enlighten you as to the value of "Way". Either you dig it or you don't--as it happens, I do. Tho "Age" is still, I believe, my favorite Berry piece. #Glad to hear someone has finally tried the coat hangers. --I pruned (you'll note) the paragraph you told me not to prune. How are you going to slap my wrist over a distance of 3,000 miles? I'll bet even that psionic right hand of yours won't reach that far. -- Well, I didn't prune it very much. #Sorry, Ric West covers are not available. At least, I don't think they are. I'll ask))

SORRY, VIRGINIA, THERE'S NO E. MITCHUM

Dear Elinor,

...Yeh, I'm an old letter-hack from way, way back. You'll notice how I'm even double-spacing the letter. Hooboy, it's just like writing to STARTLING or FFM or PLANET again! Sort of. Like those and other magazines, CRY seems to have a regular letter-column crowd. And now that you've suggested that the letter-writers vie for original illustrations, I am caught....right here....by a sharp whang of nostalgia. Gee, I haven't won an illo in years!

Speaking of such, I am rather tickled by the ATom cover. Gad but that guy has a wonderful cartoon style. Love them lil critters he has walking around on their long, flat feet. Yup, sure do. But now let's get on into the magazine and see what inspires great gushes of long-winded running off at the typewriter. And believe me, I do!

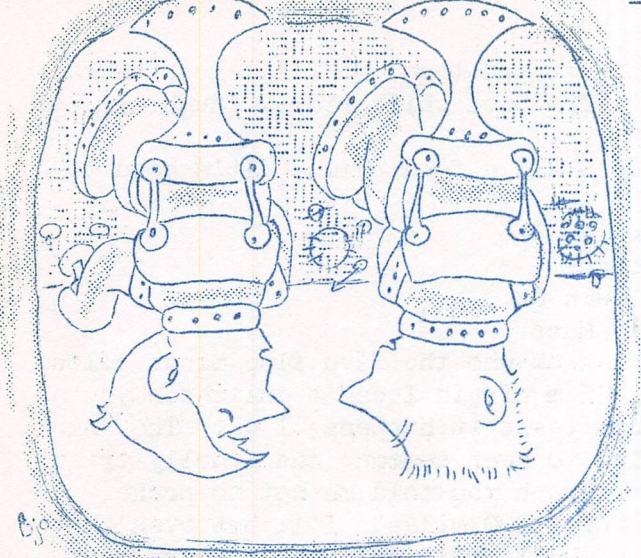
Gad, one look at that contents page and I wondered what was happening. Look at those names. Renfrew Pemberton, E. Mitchum Cox, W. Wastebasket Weber...Don't any real people write for CRY?

But it was slightly flabbergasting (not a plug!) to see a real, live type prozine review column. Somebody still Reads Science-Fiction Magazines. Astounding' (an expletive, not a magazine). And, dammitall, some of them sort of excite my interest. Does this mean I'll go out and buy copies of the things and read them? NO! I don't have time enough to keep up with MAN, SAGA, BRUTE, THUDDING ADVENTURE and all them other good 'uns on the stands these days let alone read stf! Besides, I can use the time to experiment with possible contractions of "Renfrew Pemberton". Now "Pemby" is a nice friendly type contraction, but then "Renny" is Doc Savage-like. So we could try "Frewp"? No, I thought not. "Buzby" sort of fits, though, doesn't it?

Walt Willis is sort of the Burbee of his part of the world. Now don't anybody, especially Walt, flip, because naturally there is quite a difference. But I get that same pleasant glow from reading his stuff that I do when reading Burbee's. (Time to go mix another gin-Squirt, too, I see.) Sure learned a lot about why I shouldn't send International Money Orders. Always wondered about those. Anyhow, the best thing in the whole issue and there certainly was a lot of it. This issue, that is.

I suspect that there isn't really any such thing as "The Moswell Plan". Sounds to me like a lot of thiotimoline. On the other hand, John Berry sounded downright serious. I think it is a deep-seated wish for such a thing to come about. In fact, this might happen when Berry Comes Across! I guess we'd all better send lots of dough for the fund so there'll be ample funds and we won't have to Squeeze Berry Through! ((Right!))

Hmmm, Book Reviews Yet! This is interesting to me since I've been Reading Books lately. Yes, I have, actually and literally. Not only that, but they were science-fiction books! But they are two or three years old. I'll never catch up. I was rather dis-



"Remember--I have a cake in the oven!"

they should change their mind before letting go of said piece.

Liked lots of the letters. (More and more this reminds me of a PLANET STORIES type letter column!) Len Moffatt got off some good lines and some of the salutations were real cute. I liked Stan Woolston's "Dear Cry Babe". Chortle. Dear Elinor, I fear for you. No telling what might happen now that you've made that innocent remark at the end of Boyd Raeburn's letter. Y'know, the one about not having seen a copy of VARGO STATTEEN magazine or whatever it's called.

I am sure, also, that "croggled" most certainly does not connote pleasure. In all the usage I've seen (in GRUE, other Grennell pubs and letters) it was used as an expression of a sort of horror or something. Startlement. I always thot Dean invented it. Anyhow, Grennell or any of the old GRUE crew ought to be able to give a definitive definition.

Jim Caughran has the Fandoms idea pretty well outlined, seems to me. I'll let the experts worry about details.

Anyhow, I sure liked CRY. I think, years ago, I used to get it when it was a small half-page size zine coming out with monotonous regularity but with no great ambitions. It sure has grown. I remember, now, seeing quite a few of these large-size issues at Don Wilson's a long time ago when we were compiling the FAPA surplus-stock zine. Must drap over thar and borrry some of them to get clued in on recent history.

So much for this letter. Already it has been too long for what little it said but I wanted to prove to you, conclusively, that when I say I ramble on and on, I do

Well,

Bye,

E. Morton Cox

At the Sign of the Burning Beetle

984 S. Normandie Ave.

Los Angeles, Calif.

((Thank you very much indeed for the VARGO STATTEEN, Ed. That was a very sweet gesture, and I appreciated it immensely. It had a syrupily sentimental story in it (Chuck Harris' first, I believe) about a werewolf going to heaven and St. Francis taking out a dog license for it. It also had a story about a girl with blue hair, and I think I shall pass it on to The Toskey. --Yup--most interesting--a fine zine (in a manner of speaking). I enjoyed "Mirror" very much when I read it. Since then I've read more Pangborn and become sort of disenchanted with him, and enjoy previously enjoyed stuff less retroactively. His characters all talk in the same tone of voice--a sort of sad, thoughtful, tired tone of voice; and when some of his characters are old Martians and others are very young 18th century Americans why, reason boggles.))

appointed in "A Mirror for Observers".

Got a kick out of "The Authentic Replica". Same goes for the "Unbiased Fanzine Reviews" and "Paving the Road to Hell". Yup. The "Mminutes" shows a gradually creeping influence of the piddling ghod Ghu into everything. Yuggoth, however, will prevail when all the rest of these little ghods are swirls of hot dust amid the flames.

"Cry of the Readers" is a most interesting chunk of the zine. And best of all (of this dept.) was the ATom illustration. Now to cruise through this stuff and see what comments are elicited. For one thing, I notice that there are a lot of fans in this yere area. You know, I always thought that deja vu was something one said while playing chess when they move a piece, the words being some magick thing which allows them to retract the move if

HOAX! HOAX! CRIES ELLIS

Dear ones,

CRY #125 received and dutifully digested, all that is save that abominable 'counter-review' of "The Moswell Plan". Much as I admire Bob Leman, I cannot sit idly by and watch him hoax fandom in the manner in which he and Ella Gray are attempting. "The Moswell Plan" is beyond a doubt one of the most boring, extravagantly-padded, mid-Victorian novels it has ever been my dreary luck to peruse. Despite Ella's assertion that 'Miss' Bagby had three affairs, this book could only have been written before any of them. Recently a deal of acclaim has arisen for those sweet young authoresses who have shocked the literary world with their treatment of sex-laden plots while still in high-school. Alas, however, 'Miss' Bagby does not prove to be an earlier version of these startling girls. One may suspect the general background was different, as it most assuredly was, but this alone cannot account for the astonishingly inept technique 'Miss' Bagby employed in setting to paper the account of these simple people. I do not consider "The Moswell Plan" a book worthy of the effort required to find it, much less to read it.

Oh joy! Berry and Willis all at one go. Yum.

"The Authentic Replica": very good. (This statement is the opinion of the author, and does not constitute an endorsement of the article by the USAF, which organization has, as yet, very little control over the opinions of said author.)

Alas, and alack, a recent sweeping survey of my financial prospects for the near future definitely proves that in nine out of ten cases bankers recommend that I do not attend the Westercon in the year 1959. It will be a near enough thing to get to the Detention so that I shall have to forego the pleasure of your company in the MOORE Hotel. I can still support Detention for the Goon, ever with my limited funds ((Good!)) And you? ((Yup!)) Please put in a word to Blotto Otto and Wallace Wastebasket and endeavour to persuade them that I should get a copy of the Regression Report even in spite of my threatened dereliction.

Bruce Pelz has finally come up with a parody that I appreciate.

All right already, I'll cut the stencils, just send me your file copies and I'll extract the Mminutes, cut the stencils and return the file and stencils to you. I might even be able to furnish the stencils, provided it didn't take more than two or three quire. (I've got me a position now, shift work from 1500 to 2400 for two weeks followed by 2300 to 0700 or whenever the last plane lands, whichever is sooner.)

's all,

T/Sgt Ellis T. Mills

P.O. Box 244

Carswell AFB, Texas

((We're really disappointed that you won't be up for the Westercan--we were expecting you. But very likely we'll see you at Detroit. #You are a good, good kid to offer to cut all those stencils, and I think we'll be taking you up on it one of these days. We'll send you Gestencils. FSFandom doesn't even have a mimeo anymore--just the Ottomatic, and that is, I believe, rather hard to use.))

LET'S HAVE A LITTLE LES GERBER, PLEASE (Brian Donahue)

Dear Seattle-Science-Fiction-Club-INFORMATION, Anonymous,

Zowie! Rich Brown may write better letters than I do, but I got three pages this issue to his one. And maybe panning made me reveal some gold in my character, but Brown's first paragraph showed Fort Knox, and you don't pan him! ((We did--))

Would you mind telling me what your deadline is? ((Not at all--CRYday is the first Sunday of every month. Last mail pickup is the preceding Friday.))

Lazy Pemberton, "The Still Waters" was first published in 1955 Fantastic Universe and was reprinted in "Robots and Changelings." And "In Gratitude" appeared in the last issue of Infinity as "There Was an Old Woman--" (a much poorer title.) And I wish you'd stop calling Silverberg Agberg. It confuses me. I keep thinking of Gordon Aghill (Silverberg & Garrett.) And "The Man Who Never Forgot" was F&SF Feb. 1958 This information comes to you courtesy of the Gerber files.

ATom's original is hanging on the wall over my desk. Thanks, people. I love ya all.

Sure people will always leave, but you don't have to be so damned happy about it. I still think that "the Oscar Levant of fandom" fits Boyd Raeburn. Dennis the Menace? Ghodd ghu, no! I'm a Dennis the Menace fan myself!

Leslie Steven Gerber
201 Linden Blvd.
Brooklyn 23, N. Y.

((Didn't print much of your letter, Les. Too darned dated! Also, you touch on too many subjects too briefly. It makes editing rather difficult. #I don't really feel happy about people leaving the CRY. I'm simply trying to appear resigned. Actually I hate to see a CRYfan escape; but if a fan can bear to live without CRY, my fierce pride (on CRY's behalf) will not let me forget that CRY can keep going too.))

OLD LEFT-OVER BROWN

Raputznal, Raputznal, lower ye fraykin' top-naut, I'm gettin' the hell beat out of me: Which is as unoriginal a beginning as you'll ever get out of me.

Usually, I don't comment on the contents page. But this time I shall. I don't think it makes any difference what the Seattle club calls itself. Because, as is said on here, CRY has nothing to do with The Nameless Ones, anyway. As far as I'm concerned, the Nameless in the title is from Nameless Anonymous. (And don't change the title to CRY of the Nameless Anonymous --after all, you didn't used to call it CRY of the Nameless Ones, did you??) ((A good point.)) And the minutes of the Seattle Science Fiction Club Inc. is just another (and one of the better) columns appearing in the good ol' CRY. Come now, and be hip on this point.

Fandom Harvest is just a Terry Carr editorial under another title. Man, how I go for TCarr editorials, tho. Let Burbee listen to his voice on a tape recorder ((that was wire, I believe)); let Ted White drink his Pepsis; let Jophan turn the handle of the Enchanted Duplicator; as for me, let me spend all eternity reading wonderful TCarr editorials. However, even with all this, I'm afraid, I must still say, BJO FOR TAFF!

John Berry is back to his usual impeccable self, tho I do hope that the series he started will continue.

Didn't anyone else send in reviews? Oh yeah, on the contents page it says something like: "Rich Brown aced out everyone on the fanzine review dept. this time..thanks to all the others who sent in reviews. Better luck next time." Like, uh, look, I don't understand this. Didn't anybody review anything that I didn't? If so, why weren't they printed? Now, if you're accepting these on the first come, first printed basis, then I have an advantage over several pipples, over most of the regular CRY letterhacks, in fact. And whether it's that or the best set of reviews received--man, I just think it's messed up. Like, this way, the poor faned doesn't have even the slightest idea where to send his fanzine for review. As to what can be done about this, I have two suggestions. (1) Print all the reviews received, cutting out duplicates, of course, using the best review of a zine received (when there is a duplicate, etc.) The other suggestion, the one that I think is more simple, more practical, and undoubtedly the best thing that could happen to CRY; (2) turn the whole column over to me, or let Meyers and I trade off (since we were the first two to query after "Brandon"). Eh? ((At present, I don't know what we'll do. If we make up our minds before CRY comes out, it'll appear on the contents page.))

I loved Bob Leman's "Six Against Eternity", and am awaiting the next six hundred and twelve chapters. So far, my only criticism would be that the plot has wandered, in a sense. ((Huh?))

Jeff Wanshel: I've only had one fannish dream that I can remember off-hand. I dreamed that I was over at George Field's for the regular Saturday night party, and Bob Leman came in disguised as a bear. His disguise, as I remember, consisted of long side-burns. Of course, we all saw right through it, but we weren't sure what to do about it. Finally, George made a complicated pun on tomato paste, and Bob realized immediately that we had all seen through his disguise, so he stomped out of the room. Tha's all I remember. ((Buz says "That sounds about right."))

Lar' Stone: Hate to say it, but I don't feel as blue about the CRY as I did two issues ago, because now it all seems to be hitting a middle-ground; a lot of the old CRY letterhacks are back, and some of the material is by them. And yet, there's Carr and

a few other Outsiders that I enjoy. In fact, I'm getting to the point where I like the CRY even better this way

Leslie Gerber: Doggone it, Les, after that bit about how I shouldn't pan you, I wanted to, but I like this letter of yours. Even if it did take up more space than mine. #Tch, tho, you haven't been keeping your peepers peeled, or you would know that there has been an "h" in mhinutes for a long time now. I do agree with you, though, about going over-board. And Wally has gone over-board, hitting that "h" key all the time. Wally, quit hitting that "h" key so much. I mean, when you overdo it, the fannishness gets all drained out. So stop hitting the "h". Wally, you'd better go back to smoking pot. #You know, if you write letters like this continually, Les, not only will I start to like you as a letterhack, but I might even be willing to admit that you write better letters than I do. #Oh come, neoCRYhacks, just like neoSAPS need panning. In fact, a lot of pipple need panning. I pan you and you pan me, whenever we think the other needs it. And maybe Graham will reply to me--he's one of the best at it. Or, as some fan once remarked to me, "You ought to see Peter Pan."

Elinor, the sweat-hearted ((huh?)) CRYing Busby: Do not feel bad. I like your titles, anyway ((Thank you.)) Especially enjoyed HAMGERBER, C.C.SENOR ((that was Colin's.)), ALL NIMSY WERE THE BOROGOVES, BRUCE WANTS TRUCE, THE PAULS THAT REFRESHES, and A BOBBED BOB. If that be treason, let Leslie Gerber eat it.

Don Franson: I take the bit about me writing Salinger as a compliment, and a good one at that (I was pleased to find out that I liked CATCHER almost as much as the Carl Brandon parody). However, I can't really agree with you. About me writing better than Salinger, that is I'm as hard up for egoboo as the next fan (that is, I always want more, no matter how much I have), and yet I must admit that I rewrote all but two or three lines from the book. In a way, ol' Gerber is right. I'm disgustingly unoriginal.

Jim Caughran: That cartoon by Wells is well known; however, 'tis my own theory that the times of fandoms may be picked mathematically, and generally hold true. Doesn't sound just right, does it? Well try my theory. First fandom lasted six years, second fandom lasted one year, third fandom lasted four years, fourth fandom lasted two years, fifth fandom lasted two yeras, and sixth fandom lasted three years. Now, the average "life" of a "fandom" is three years. Now, assuming that the average will continue, we find that eighthfandom began in 1956; which I, truly, think it did. I came in in November of '56 and Meyers and Moomaw and Fleischman were there before me. However, according to the calculations, 9th fandom should come in in 1959, whereas my theory is that it came in in the last half of 1958. Therefore, say I, look for 10th around 1962. However, it is only now that what I have termed 8th Fandom is beginning to retire to the APA's. Which means, of course, that this whole mess was frafshtafner to begin with.

Ted Pauls: "...Rich Brown (the poor man's Walt Willis)." That wasn't a very fannish thing to say, Ted, old friend. To my way of thinking, it should have been more like " ..Rich Brown (the poor fan's Walt Willis)."

Bob Lichtman: My birthday is July 1. But then, I think I've mentioned before the wonderous and serconnish notion of how truly fabulous it is that my 15th birthday marked the beginning of the International Geophysical Year. Ahem. #Oh, yes, there was some question, an issue or so back, about when Moomaw's birthday was. If my memory does not serve me wrong, I think I remember reading somewhere (in Larry Sokol's ZODIAC, I believe it was) that Moomaw and John Champion had their birthdays on the same day. ((Thanks--it was I who wanted to know. *October 11, then.)) #Did you ever think that maybe DAG didn't like the Jenrette cartoon sequence?

Rich Brown
127 Roberts St.
Pasadena 3, Calif.

BRAND NEW BROWN
BLAST!

Well, I kept it up for a year, almost. Or maybe a whole year, I dunno. That much you have to give me. CRY #111 was the last CRY that appeared that had no letter from me in it. And before that, it was #100, I think. Fans may come, and fans may go...you

know the rest. The truest words I ever spoke. And it happened right after Bruce Pelz mentioned the fact that I had the longest string of letters of anybody. But luckily, I am a Free Spirit, and will try to, once again, Have The Longest String. It will probably take a long time, since in the six fingered hand I razed the regular CRYers into further and longer activity. ((Another Volisch Agent.)) Such a shame, such a shame. I shall go have a long CRY. #125, to be exact.

I like that bit, Renfrew, where after blasting every story in Amazing, you say, "Amazing is a lot more literate than it used to be, anyhow." A touch of fansmanship, and a nice, subtle ploy at that.

EdCo's story much enjoyed, though I'm not sure just why. The fact is, I got so interested in the story that I forgot it was an article.

Willis is good, good, good. Gray is bad, bad, bad. Willis is good because he knows he talks of where we know. Gray is bad because she talks of where she knows, should know most of us know not of where she talks, but talks as though we know of which she talks, and then, at the end, talks as though she knows we know not of what she talks, and you know what I think of Bill Meyers. But seriously, I did like the Willis bit, very much. And again, seriously, Gray's piece may have been all right. But I haven't read "The Moswell Plan" and so I didn't get full enjoyment from it.

Very good bit by Berry, I thought. It's good to see him mentioning a few CRYnames, at least; more egoboo for all, more fun. And all that

Report from Mundane was not only informative, but interesting, and even enjoyable. I personally though don't believe it's PSIONICS that does the trick; it's just, some people have sensitive fingers, is all.

Les Gerber's Blasting the Books is ok, I guess, but I don't really see where he says any thing. However, I did like Leslie's article. I looked up into nothing when I had finished it, and muttered something like, "Huh?" to myself and then, slowly, slowly, I say, the punch-line hit me.

Yes, and I still love Wally's mminutes. Sometimes I get the impression that some of the things said resemble Berry factual articles, and yet when I compare it with what happens at LASFS meetings, I'm not so sure. Get a group of fans together, in the most drabest of conditions, even, and some fabulous things happen. Wally does The Job in reporting them.

Unbiased Fmz Reviews are very good, too; but it brings up a question to my ever-questioning mind; mainly, WHY DON'T I GET THEM THERE WESTERCON REGRESSION REPORTS????

Pelz' poem parodies are improving greatly. This is one of his best. His very best.

Don Franson: Quick, now, go look on your front porch. Now, you'll notice (if you haven't picked it up already) a little red card, and you'll also notice that it says CASH OR ? FOR USED CLOTHING. That is how I afford this goddamn hobby --passing out those cards at the measly rate of \$1 an hour. Anyway, we got over to North Hollywood sometime last week. I knocked, but got no answer. Eventually I'll have to go back out and see you. Why'ncha make it down to the LASFS sometime, or, better yet, some 20th Century Fandom party? Contact me, and I'll give with the details.

Len Moffatt: Damnation, Len, get off this short letter kick. I'd like to see some of your stuff in CRY, and I'd also like to see you let yourself go in the letter column. Heck, man, that's what's good about the CRY lettercol--you wanna spoil a fannish tradition or something? # I have two additions to your SIFF deal, but both of them, unfortunately, are unprintable. And by unprintable, I mean U*N*P*R*I*N*T*/A*B*L*E.

Ellis Mills: Speaking of stations, which you were, I recently was twiddling the dial and came across a program that perfectly fit my musical tastes (which do not exist). There was nothing unusual about the station, except that the dj was Johnny Magnus. This, and the like, has happened many times. Bill Meyers and Joe Christoff are really professional bowlers. Though in that occupation they spell their names Myers and Kristoff. Robert E. Gilbert produced a picture about Bill The Kid. Eric Russell played a Beatnik in a recent Peter Gunn episode. A passifriend of mine at school goes by the rather dubious name of John Hitchcock, and just a short way from my school is a small sign shop run by Arthur Thompson. (I've often thot of stopping by on my way home and telling them they should change their name to ATom's Sign Shop, and explaining why, but I never have).

Elinor Busby: By gum, even though a Bjo-ite, I liked your counter-pun to Lichtman. If you keep 'em up like this, gal, Willis, Bloch and Ackerman may well have to take a back seat. ((That's a ridiculous statement, dear lad, but thanks heaps anyway.))

Bob Lichtman: Dunno what part of Arv's letter was cut, but from what you say, I can prob'ly guess what it was about. ((I edited out what you thought it was about, because it wasn't.))

Boyd Raeburn: I didn't know anyone else had jumped on old Ted White. As I heard it, Ted Pauls and I are the only ones who ever mention him anymore. #Actually, my concepts of the numbered fandoms are a bit hard to explain. I consider them lengths of time, true, but I also consider them groups of people. I don't know much about Vorzimer-- just what I've read in fanzines --but what I've gathered from them, I compare Vorzimer's personality with that of Ellison's, and I find them much the same --i.e. conceited and obnoxious, and so I use this as a basis for determining fandoms. ((Huh?)) Er..if you see what I mean. ((No.)) The fact, newly revealed to me, that DAG was a 7th Fandomite, rather spoils that theory, though, for I don't think him either conceited or obnoxious. #And here on page 38 I find that I've been scorned. Well. ((No, no, dopey, Boyd said that you would be angry with him and claim that he had scorned Bruce Pelz.))

Jim Caughran: Well. uh..while I'm being fuggheaded as hell, what is a fandom? If not a group of pipples, then it seems to me, digging back into my vast and varied knowledge of fannish lore but mainly using plenty of imagination, then it is an era. An era, I might add, that is caused by a new group of fans when the old retire to the APAs or gafia or wherever old fans go to die. And we're back where we started from. So, like, I'm expressing all these bits on fandom as my idea on How It Should Be, not as fact. If I'm wrong, and can be convinced I'm wrong, I'll admit it. I'm not serious about most of it, anyway.

i had something real memorable
thought up for a close, but
i forgot it.

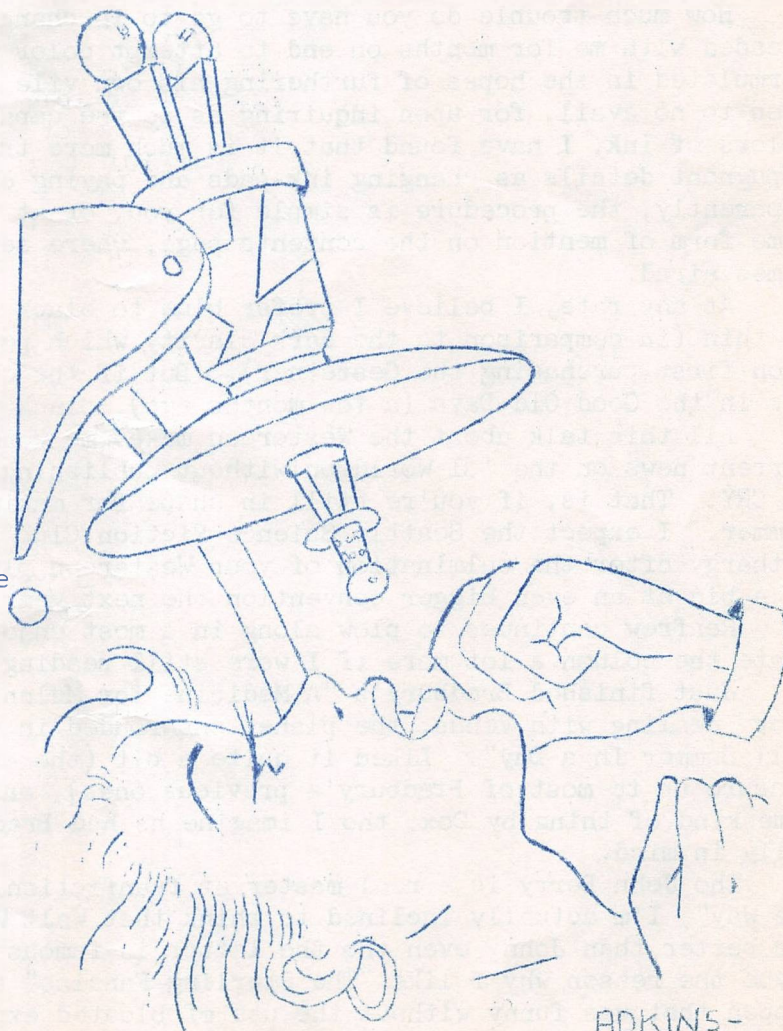
rich brown
127 Roberts St.
Pasadena 3, Calif.

((Hah! Three pages of Rich Brown in the lettercol alone--plus pages and pages of fanzine reviews. Let me congratulate you, my dear sir.))

TCARR FOR TAFF! SAYS OL' DAN'L
Hullo you all,

Must forgive this poor old boy for the delay in replying to CRY #125. Him's lazy, forgetful and stupid.

To show you how stupid I am, I reviewed CRY #124 in JD and said some things about Terry Carr that completely surprised me. Puzzled me, too. Did old Adkins write that... and sure enough he must have. And me all for T rry Carr for TAFF! Have been kicking myself ever since. Now I don't mind chopping down some fans, but this Carr is a good man. For some reason, his FANDOM HARVEST hit me wrong and at the wrong time. It is self-centered, sure 'nuff. But not in such a bad manner that I have to say things like that. And me, the most conceited ass in fandom!



Now did you have to go and agree so damn fast? ((But I didn't!)) Terry, son, you forgive a tired old fan, don't you? Not the knife, Carr...not the knife...

Still think that bit by Bob Leman was over written and not up to par, yes.

Another Bing Bang Atom cover. Is all right.

Fretty bang'n issue here too. Even Gerber did a swell bit with that Authentic Replica thing. Somebody Cox was all right too. Most everyone in the groove. Have to review this some place and give these people all that sweet egoboo. Cutting up the Gerber letter was WOW! Old Gerber tried to cut up Franson's also but found it hard to do, so gave it up.

Pretty good art this issue. Nice job of stencilling the Adkins illo. Thanks to who ever did it. ((Thank you.))

Short letter, am out of cigarettes and going to cut out to get some Luckies. Should get some booze and get loaded. Am feeling low. Miss my Janette.

Best,

Dan Adkins

P. O. Box 203

Madison Sq. Station

New York 10, N. Y.

((Cheer up, ol' boy. You'll be a married fan before you know it. Don't believe you've ever mentioned whether Janette is planning to join you in fanac as well as wedlock. Is she? --Or does she have good sense....))

A TRUE BILL

Dear Ones,

At the risk of being morbidly conventional, I will say I Have Returned.

How much trouble do you have to go to in changing the color of the ink? Adams has pleaded with me for months on end to attempt color work with my mimeo (a scheme no doubt formulated in the hopes of furthering his own vile plans for ROCK.), but these pleas have been to no avail, for upon inquiring as to the capabilities of my mimeo to use different colors of ink, I have found that it is much more trouble than it's worth, entailing such repugnant details as changing ink-pads and paying extra for any color other than black. Apparently, the procedure is simple for you, or at least not exasperating enough to merit some form of mention on the contents page, where seemingly less important gripes are sometimes aired.

At any rate, I believe I prefer blue to black if you must insist on spreading the ink so thin (in comparison to the dark clarity which pervaded both CRY and your SAPSazines upon first purchasing the Gestetner). But if the overall reproduction were as dark as it was in the Good Old Days (a few months ago), black would definitely be preferable.

All this talk about the Westercon makes me wonder how you're going to cover all current news on the '81 WorldCon without publishing another monthly fanzine as a companion to CRY. That is, if you're still in shape for making a try at the WorldCon after this summer. I expect the Seattle Science Fiction Club to be taken under the wing of a great lethargy after the culmination of your Westercon plans, and this would hardly be conducive to a bid at an even bigger convention the next year.

Renfrew continues to plow along in a most enjoyable manner, but I think I could appreciate the column a lot more if I were still reading the prozines he reviews.

Just finished Bradbury's "A Medicine for Melancholy" in which there was yet another story dealing with Venus, the planet enshrouded in clouds, its continual rain, etc.: "All Summer In a Day". Liked it quite a bit (tho on the whole, the book itself didn't measure up to most of Bradbury's previous ones), and especially liked this satire on the same kind of thing by Cox, tho I imagine he had Bradbury's "The Long Rain" more specifically in mind.

Tho John Berry is a real master at faanfiction, as he so obviously proved with "All the Way", I'm actually inclined to think that Walt Willis handles the Factual type Article far better than John, even tho the latter is famous for his skillful handling of same. Maybe the reason why I like "The Sterling Fanzine" so much is that something actually did happen that was funny without the use of bloated exaggeration and yet at the same time would not have been funny if it had not been written as fannishly as Walt set it down.

Like I said, Berry is better at faanfiction and I have only to point to "The Way to the Stars" in the same issue to prove my point. This, too, was excellent. Extremely fortunate you are to have these men appear in the same zine, both with extraordinarily good material. I'm croggled, Pelz.

When Leman reviewed "The Moswell Plan" in THE VINEGAR WORM, I sent him a letter which contained a few serious comments on the subject. It never occurred to me until the FANNISH came out that this review might be a hoax, as Terry Carr conjectured. I wasn't really certain until I read this "counter-review" by Ella G. Gray. Now, I think it's all a gag, but since both Leman and Ella Gray (who I suspect is some relation to Mervil Culvergast) kept such straight faces, I'm not sure what to say. If someone is having fun with a paltry hoax, I hope he lets us in on it soon now so we can all laugh. But Leman is weird, so I don't know what to expect.

Possibly Ray Blain, by some freak of nature, has magnetized water pipes? I haven't gotten up the nerve to stagger around the yard holding out a couple of coat hangers. Maybe some dark night when I'm in an adventurous mood...

Gerber reviews books well enough but I disagree with him on Miriam Allen deFord's "The Long Echo" which he seemed to dislike so intensely. It was vignette-type dyed-in-the-wool F&SF material, but the gimmick I found not at all "cheezy and unimportant". In fact, if the idea has not been worked before--and I, myself, have never run across it--it impresses me as one of the few fresh concepts which turn up these days, and could possibly supply a few welcome variations for our starving hacks to work with.

You could easily have snipped out all but the first and last couple of paragraphs of Gerber's "The Authentic Replica: and come up with an account less tedious to plow through.

My enthusiasm for Wally's "Mhinutes" has waned considerably over the past year or so. What gags that appear therein are rather poor these days, unlike the wild hilarities in Days of Yore. Oddly enough, the Westercon Regression Reports are far more reminiscent of the old "Minutes" than the current "Mhinutes" (as are the "Unbiased Fanzine Reviews", by the way, which were great). Perhaps if Wally dropped the "h", the old hilarities would return with the old title.

Bruce Pelz is perhaps the best spur-of-the-moment versifier in fandom. And the longer works which Bruce apparently spent some time on are equally brilliant, not really so much for what is said, but for how easily he can parody something in the fannish vein. I enjoyed "Paving the Road to Hell", needless to say.

The letter column was unusually interesting. I don't know whether to credit Elinor's editing or the currently more comment-provoking issues of CRY. Whatever it is, the lettercol doesn't drag a bit, despite its length.

In all, a very fine issue.

Regards,
Bill Meyers
4301 Shawnee Circle
Chattanooga, 11, Tennessee

((We don't know whether changing the color of ink is much trouble or not. Toskey does all that, and Toskey is an incredibly serene and patient type for whom nothing is too much trouble. The gripes on the contents page are just the things that happen to affect ol' Buz. #If I remember correctly, yours is the first even qualified vote for black. #The Westercon Regression Report is to be followed, after the Westercon, by a Worldcon Regression Report. #I have news for you, Bill. Willis wrote the very finest piece of faanfiction of all time: "The Enchanted Duplicator". This will never be bettered; it is an absolutely perfect work of art. Would you like to borrow it?))

TAMF' TAMF' TAMF' THE BRUCE IS MARCHING

Dear Effesseff:

Huzzah! Back to blue ink again--even if it is only temporary.

Somebody made a mistake in stencelling the ATomcover: the sign should read "Berry for Detroit" on top of any TAFF notice. First things first and foremost, pippie. ((True))

I presume that's Ed Cox hiding under the 'E. Mitchum' and doing a most excellent job on a sort of "The Long Rain" revisited. I join in hoping the series is a long one.

Elmer Furdue sat alone in a room... there was a nook at the door.

There exists a Verge Olde Sayinge about "He who tries to please everyone, pleases no one." As I recall from the last time I thumbed through Bartlett's "Familiar Quotations" old Aesop hisself started this saying, which has been holding quite true in all manner of fields, including--or maybe especially--in fanzines. Up to now, that is. As far as I can see, CRY has set out to disprove ol' Aesop by publishing something for each lunatic branch of fanzine readers in fandom. For them as likes Humor by Important Names there's Willis and Berry; any sercon readers can have the various reviews and the TELEPHONY bit; neos should be kept happy with Gerber's stuff and the lettercol; and anyone in between can get something from several items. This is probably one of the best issues you've had in quite a while, CRYers.

Pray tell, who is Ella G. Gray? Member of TNO? ((Nope.)) Another Fabulous Seattle Foney? ((Namely, F. M. Busby.)) Never having read "The Moswell Plan", I get very little from either her review or from Leman's original review. ((According to Ellis Mills you're not missing much. I haven't read the book myself, but it sounds as if it combines the worst features of Hardy and HPLovecraft, neither of whom I dig.))

Now, this "The Way to the Stars" I do dig--much more than "All the Way," even. Besides the uproarious Berry humor found herein,



there is also a faint suggestion comes to mind that this movie might be a very good idea.

Franson, don't you think you might move just a little farther south? You CRYers realize, of course, that

with all this Berry material appearing regularly in CRY, the first time an issue comes out without anything by Berry there will be many loud complaints?

Gerber does a thoroughly competent job on the book reviews, as far as I'm concerned. And "The Authentic Replica" made interesting reading. *Yes*, it looks like your sc'pegoat days are just about over around the CRY.

MHINUTES muchly improved over SHECONDS, Wally.

The letter-headings had several good ones this time, of which "Franson Editors the New York Harold" was probably the best. ((That was my favorite.))

I am perfectly willing to call Boyd Raeburn "the Alex King of fandom," if he so desires to be called--primarily because I've never heard of Alex King, and if as I suspect he is noted in the field of jazz, I probably never will. And to call Boyd thus is such a small sacrifice to make his joy complete.

And thankee, Elinor, for defending my right to be uninformed.

Okay, Es, I'll hold you to that intention of being at Detroit for the con. It's in print, so you can't back out.

Bjo--I LIKE those cartoons! Confound Ellik, anyway--I'm getting jealous seeing that marvelous squirrello all over the place. Hope you send more to CRY.

Stan Woolston: If you're interested in newstand conditions with regard to large zines, the largest stand here in Tampa puts the SATELLITES on the upper shelf, along with the men's mags, rather than at the accessible bottom shelf with the rest of the SF. It's a case of knowing where to look--or asking--I guess.

((Bruce, actually, we don't really try to please anybody except ourselves--I think. But we have all kinds of tastes ourselves.))

Erratically,
Bruce Pelz, 4010 Leona St., Tampa 9, Fla.
~~PELZ~~ (OK, EB, I'll quit)((Thanks))

Fellas, I'm sorry--but once again the "Maybe"s have all turned into "No"s. In fact, some "Yes"s turned into "No"s, too. Although CRYday isn't till tomorrow, it's April 4th and I haven't even gotten started on my SAPSzine. Gee, it's awful when one's fanac interferes with one's fanac.

AND WE ALSO HEARD FROM:

BOB SMITH, who is a friend of Bert Weaver's, and who plans to sub to CRY as soon as he gets a name that he can have an International Money Order made out to. B*U*R*N*E*T*T R. T*O*S*K*E*Y is your man, Bob. JEFF WANSHEL reviews an old CRY, of which he liked Carr and Leman especially. Says Gerber is a genius, and is planning to visit him soon. Says he sent TCarr 25¢ for FANAC--hasn't rec'd one yet. If Terry didn't get the 25¢ he'll send another. (Noble youth!) #TED PAULS (oh dear! I didn't mean to slight him again so soon!) STOP DUPER! The format isn't coming out right--Buz says I must take up more space. So--

THE BALTIMORON

(TP)

Dear Cry Babe (I'm far enough away!) ((Oh no you're not.))

I actually sobbed as I pushed my way through the CRY col and saw my poor little letter in the "we also heard from" space. And to add injury to insult, there are no ghlorious reviews of dhog and the only letter with egoboo (Jeff, I luv yu) is also stuck in that "We also" place. Hurrumph!

Just for that I'll write a good letter this time, with no puns, and you'll have to print at least half of it. OK? ((Okay.))

Youse should feel honored; you are getting the first letter typed in my new fan room. As you probably know, I occupied the basement with my junk. Well, I've now moved all but the mimeo to my bedroom. In some ways, it's a disadvantage, such as the lack of room and that I have to run down two floors to use the monster. But I like it. Cozy.

I pass over everything, saying only ~~what I'd like to say~~/this: IT IS EXCELLENT! IT ALWAYS IS AND ALWAYS WILL BE.

Now we go on to the thing that's dearest to my heart. What else but CRY OF THE READERS!

Ellis Mills: Send ME a copy of UR. I'LL comment, and from my letters in CRY, you should know watt to expect. CRY is enlightening. (Heck, I promised no puns.)

Elinor: You may vote for anyone you like for TAFF, but I'd advise anyone smaller than I to vote for BJO or light out for the next country. (Hah, Shaw (Larry) says I'm the guy who can look up to Ellison!)

Bjo Wells: I adored that illo of yours on p. 40. My mother said the expression on Ron's face was like a chipmunk! Gad!

It seems I am through the lettercol. Guess I'm just down in the dumps about not getting printed. Next time, 10 pages o' komment.

Nastily,

Ted Pauls

1448 Meridene Drive

Baltimore 12, Maryland

((Well! I didn't slight you again--I was a good kind Elinor and printed your li'l letter, and virtually intact, too. But-- don't ever be depressed at being in the &wealsoheardfrom dept: We can't print everybody, you know. I mean gee whiz we've already got 19-1/2 pp & I haven't started my SAPSzine yet!))

AND WE ALSO HEARD FROM (continued):

ARV UNDERMAN, who likes blue ink, Pemby, Willis and Berry, and has lots of suggestions for shortening CRY and then lengthening it again when people complain. Damn! I was planning to print this paragraph about the Edward Teller talk; it's quite interesting. Well, it's too late now. I'll not interrupt this dept. a second time. Sorry, Arv (& readers). VIC RYAN --hey--here's another letter I really intended to print. Sorrow. Vic would like to see a movie made of "The Carl Brandon Story" starring TCarr. In black-face, no doubt. Why not "The Terry Carr Story" starring Carl Brandon in whiteface? And Vic liked Gerber's book reviews and article. GEORGE NIMS RAYBIN doesn't even mention

anything more controversial than: "What happened to "CRYing Over Bent Staples"? It's missing? Then I want my money back. What's that you say, I didn't send any money for that ish? Oh, stop being so darn technical and give me my money back anyway." The rest of the letter was pretty good, too. Darn if I know how it worked its way so far down the stack. BOB LICHTMAN is glad we're back to blue ink, said the Willis article was simply great and he's looking forward to Fields' publication of "The Willis Papers" (& we are too), and laughed 5 minutes at the second to the last line of the Berry story: "Sir Laurence Olivier as Bob Lichtman and Little Richard as Carl Brandon." Oh dear! Bob has a lot of interesting things to say to the letterhacks! Oh well--too late now. JOHN KONING is the only person who got what Boyd was getting at: "Tom Lehrer's songs are themselves parodies. Why parody a parody?" All I can say is: why not? (Pretty weak, isn't it?) John liked the Berry story, says Willis is very great, and CRY is much better than a year ago. Says "CRY has improved more than any other zine, but lost something--perhaps in the lettercol. The loss may have been for the good." RAY SCHAFER sends a buck. W*E*L*C*O*M*E to CRYdom, dear fellow SAP! GEORGE SCITHERS wants to trade. Darn, George, we'd like to trade, but the implacable Toskey's system does not allow for this. You might send your zine to Rich Brown for reviewing, then Tosk'd send you the issue 'twas reviewed in, anyhow. MIKE DECKINGER sends a buck, and a movie dialogue thing which may or may not appear in thish. If not, 'twill very likely appear next month. Thanks, Mike. Oh--he wants it mentioned that Ted Pauls owes him a letter. Shucks! Here's the best letter we've had from PETER FRANCIS SKEBERDIS in many many a moon--& it somehow wandered away from the Stack. Peter says: "All this biz about A. R. Weaver. Now Art is a nice guy. The only major trouble with him is that he's so darned P*A*R away from fandom. Did any of those people ever realize that a self-made fan would tend to be a little rusty in spots? Damn! We all can't be perfect like Raeburn." JOHN KONING sends in a li'l piece of faan fiction--we haven't made up our minds about it yet, John. We'll try and let you know pretty soon. ARTHUR THOMSON wrote us a very nice letter, but I can't find it right now. Mostly, he said his typer had broken and he was going to write us a letter of comment when he got another one. I think. What! Didn't we hear from JIM CAUGHRAN this month? I can't believe it. I have a horrible feeling that we did hear from you, Jim, and that your letter meandered into an incorrect stack. Sorrow! & MERV BRYER sent some very good illos, which will be used when I get a proper stylus. Elinor

from:

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Seattle 4, Washington

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