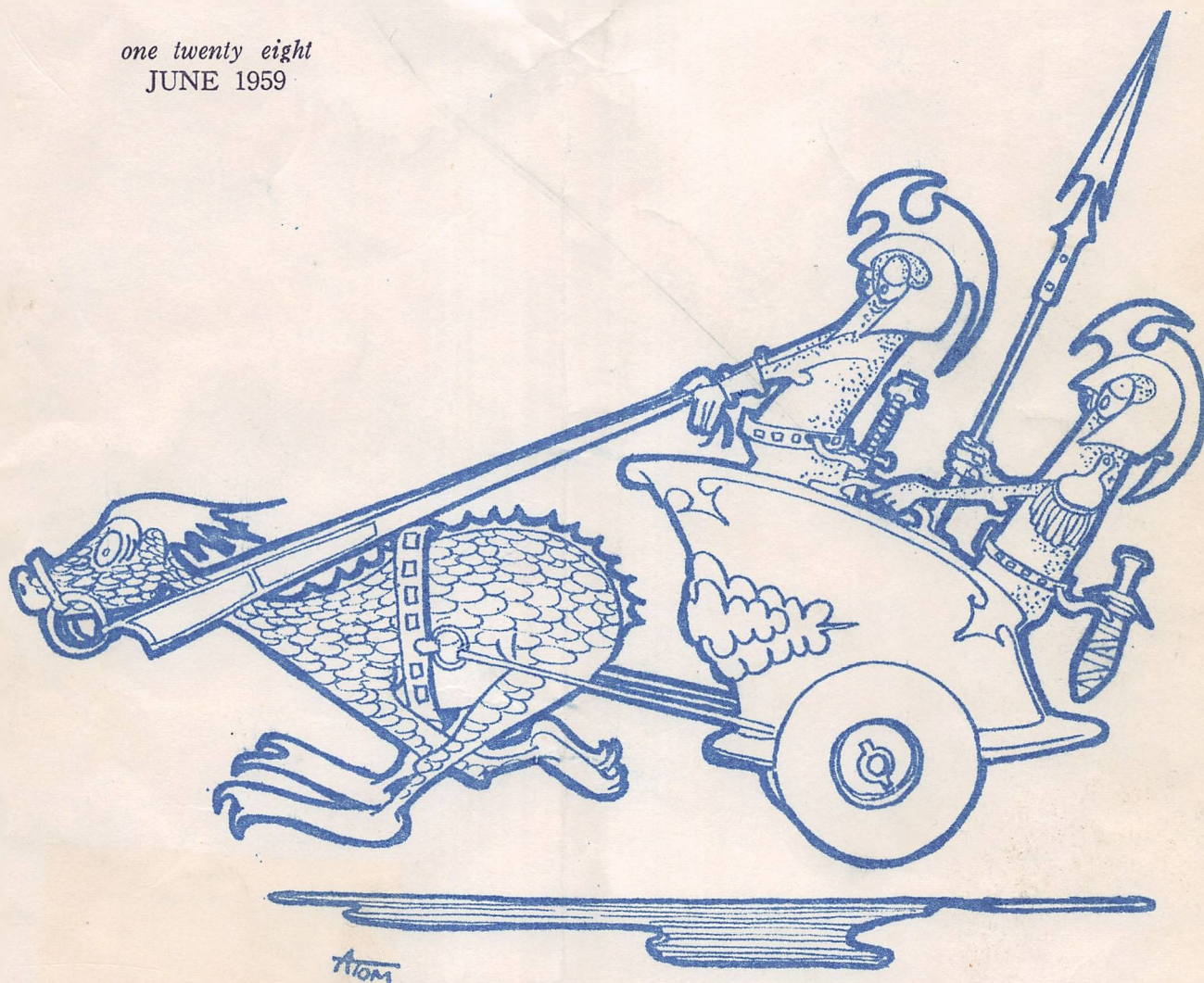


CRY

OF THE NAMELESS

one twenty eight
JUNE 1959

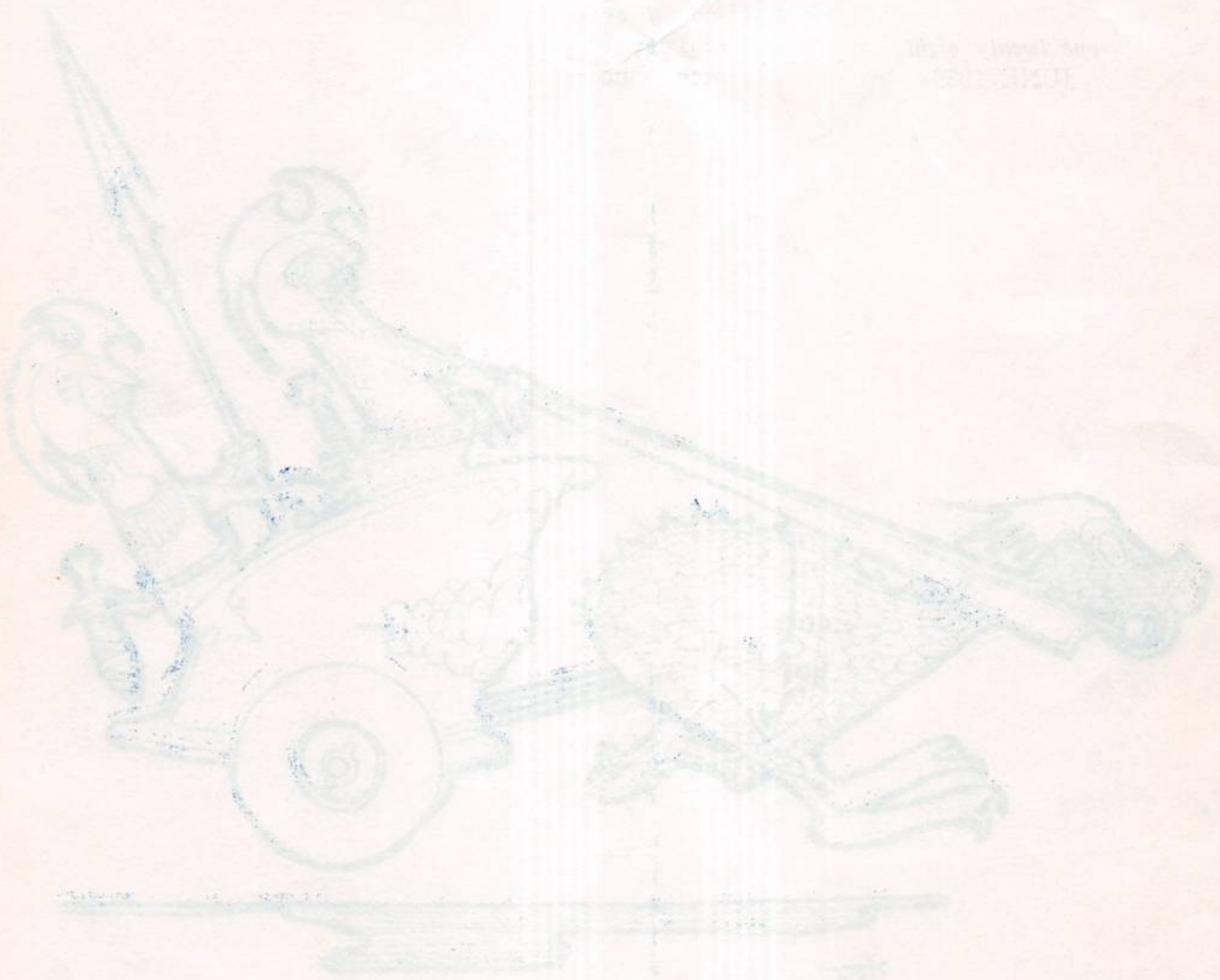


"Hasten, Xptl! We must get our loot in to the Bherri Fhund!"

CRY

OF THE NAMELESS

THE NAMELESS



THE NAMELESS

Yes, here is CRY #128, June 1959.....

still monthly (see below), still erupting from Box 92, 920 3rd Ave, Seattle 4, Wash. Still 25¢/ea, 5/\$1, 12/\$2 (or 1/9 ea, 5 for 7/-, or 12 for 14/-, from John Berry, 31 Campbell Park Ave, Belmont, Belfast, N.Ireland), or free for contributors, editors of zines reviewed in the issue, and commenters including the best of the Also Heard From Dep't (at whim). Still NOT available for trades: address all protests to B.R. Toskey, 4005 15th Ave NE, Seattle 5, Wash-- it's his policy as Circ&Mlg Dep't, and personally I am damn good and sick of arguing with the readers about it. So. Tosk has his reasons, so go right to the source for your answers. Please.

OK, we won't be going bi-monthly just yet. Consensus seems to favor our cinching down on the hinder-binder and keeping monthly schedules, so we'll try it. Looks to be a rough operation-- just to hold our own, we are already rejecting material we like, and drastically cutting letters that we feel deserve better treatment, to say nothing of relegating perfectly fine letters to the "Also Heard From" Dep't. It is bound to get tougher rather than easier; the lettercol, for instance, must shrink a bit-- we can only ask your indulgence, where you feel our judgment is at fault in deciding what to cut. Just be forgiving, and write us anyway, huh? The same goes for contributors-- we'll have to reject some things we'd really like to print, and we must be allowed a bit of editing, if only to cram a 4 $\frac{1}{2}$ page item onto an even 4pp.

And fellas-- it'll be a big help if letters & contributions arrive as early in the month as humanly possible-- the worst of CRYpubbing is the way the work piles up on us in the last few days. CRY #129 will be published on Sunday, June 28th.

This month, as it happens, we have:

Cover by ATom, reproduced by the Stenofax process (Multigraphy by Tosk)	page 1
Excuses, excuses-- always <u>excuses!</u>	F M Busby 3
The Science-Fiction Field Flowed Under	Renfrew Pemberton 4
Of Croggled Greeps and Other Things	Dean Grennell 8
GOONGa Faan!	Parker Sheaffer 10
CRYing Over Bent Staples	Rich Brown & Bob Lichtman 12
Fandom Harvest	Terry Carr 16
Minutes (Minutes?)(I dunno)	Wally Weber 18
Science-Fiction Forever! (Part 4)	E Mergenthwinker Cox 20
The Way of All Flesh	John Berry 22
CRY of the Readers (conducted by <u>Elinor Busby</u> , including stencilling the illoes and the <u>Extra Bonus Comments</u> by <u>Burnett R Toskey, Ph.D-elect</u>)	25
<u>We Did A Bad Thing: Ed Cox' piece is cont'd from the bottom of p.21, to page 24..</u>	
<u>Illoes: Adkins 25, Bryer 27, Cameron 30, Rotsler 39, Stiles 34, Butterfield 8....</u>	
<u>Stencil-cutting Credits: Elinor 25, Buz 8, Tosk 5, Wally 2, Stenofax 1. - - -</u>	

Down around the bottom of page 15 it tells as how it would help to get as many membership fees as possible in to the Detention Committee with celerity. And on p.11 we discuss the need-for-speed with regard to our favorite project, the Berry Fund. By the way, copies of John's incomparable The Compleat Faan are available from Box 92 (or from me, personally) for 35¢ the each-- though all proceeds go to the Fund, and paper money is easier to handle than is coinage.

The same goes for Guy Terwilleger's "Best of Fandom-- 1958", except that this one lists at 75¢, from 1412 Albright St, Boise, Idaho. But it's also a must.

Leave us speak of TAFF, shall we? Elinor & I are supporting the candidacy of a fine young veteran fan named Terry Carr, who claims to be "more than half of Carl Brandon", but who does not specify more than which half. Which may or may not be indicative. At any rate, Terry has fully demonstrated both talent and stamina in fannish life; consider this Good Faan when you're entering your TAFF vote, hey?

TCarrForTAFF DCin'60 MakeBerryComeAcrossNOW PuConIn'61 JoinTheDetention

And don't ever salute with your left hand

The Science-Fiction Field Plowed Under

...being the 47th appearance of Renfrew Pemberton.

This is the Thursday before CRYday. The column did not get started two days ago because Sandy Cutrell stopped by on his way from Portland to New York, to drop off our copy of Bosses' Songbook. So we had him and Greg Storm stay for dinner; the CRYgang dropped over, and we had an evening of fannish gab, with Sandy taping a few selections for us. He's something like Freberg, for versatility.

The column did not get started last night, for no particular reason. But by all means, we will get it on the road this evening. There are a few changes...

It turns out that our news-stand access to Nova Publications (New Worlds, Science-Fantasy, and SFA) has been due entirely to the efforts of Bill Austin, a mostly-gaffiated Elder Faan of note. However, Bill is losing too much money on the deal and is dropping it. So the zines will probably disappear from these pages, except for Science-Fantasy-- I expect to subscribe to that one. In case any of you feel like subscribing to any of these, the address (once again) is Nova Publications Ltd, Maclaren House, 131 Great Suffolk St, London S.E.1, England. \$5 will get you 12 issues of any of the 3, with New Worlds being monthly and the others bimonthly. Nebula, however, reaches my favorite stand through a New York outfit, so I'll be getting it as long as the tie-up holds. I imagine that any of you could arrange for a sympathetic-type dealer to stock a few copies on a trial basis, if you have a Friendly Neighborhood sympathetic-type dealer, that is.

The 3rd Monster Issue of Super-Science is on the stands, and can rot there, for my part. So there's one off the list. And Belle Dietz informs us, in the letter-col, that Satellite has folded, so there's another-- I can mourn the decline of this zine over the past year more honestly than its demise.

So, discounting SSF, Fantastic, and (perhaps unfairly, in the light of its recent improvement) Amazing, we are left with a scanty total of 2 monthlies and 5 bimonthlies on the US scene-- skinniest pickings since 1948 or '49, I believe. The Pemberton shelves will continue to collect one each monthly and bimonthly from the UK side, which helps. However, there is a certain amount of duplication.

For instance, Nebula #38 (May) contains Bob Silverberg's "Strong Waters", which also appears in the July SFS, as "Hoap Big Medicine". In this one, the Native Brew of the alien planet is extremely euphoric and habit-forming in its effects-- threatens to louse up the entire colonizing-effort, in fact. And then on top of everything else, comes a Plague. I'll bet you'll never guess what the cure is. Well, it's a nice light story, and differs slightly from editing on both sides of the Pond. It should be pointed out, though, that UK appearance of a tale from a USzine is not "reprint" in the ordinary sense-- our zines don't get over there very much, and vice-versa. (In this case, the UK appearance was the earlier.)

OK, let's treat with Nebula #38: ATom is held down to the bacover and a two-panel cartoon this month (sob!). Walter our favorite Willis discusses the origin of plots as he's seen them develop in (coffeholic, probably) faantalks.

Phil High's "A Race of Madmen" must have been forcibly withheld from Campbell: in this one, the Awful Terrible Human Race faces up to the Conquering Empire in wooden spaceships, with EFRussellish results. It's a goodish bit.

Brian Aldiss' "The Arm" is too morbid for my taste, though competently-built as can be expected from this writer. "Consolidation" (John Diamond): except for the overall punchline with the stellar colonies and caterpillar-like aliens, this one is either too vague or too subtle for my taste. So the disturbance to a placid society provides opportunities to a hectic-organizer type. Well? ##Phil Stratford's "Medicine Man" parlays the injury-equals-death pitch of Giles' "Via Venus" into an implacable struggle to save the natives from their superstitious ways. Well, it ain't easy, I assure you. But then, what is, these days?

Next in Nebula is Donald Franson's "Cold Storage", an episode concerning the comeuppance of a marooned ex-dictator. I say "episode" rather than "story", since all happenings are pre-set at the beginning-- it is left only for the protagonist and the reader to discover the true situation. While this is going on, however, we are privy to the reminiscing and planning of the marooned man-- well-depicted.

"Hospital Ship" (E R James) is a rather confusing-to-read puzzle-piece with a punchline after the old style. Crude in spots, but imaginative.

Bob Madle's column starts next month (as he'd told me) rather than this month (as blurred last time), due to time-lag involved in transAtlantic author-editor discussions concerning material in the first submitted installment.

I recommend that you nag your dealer to nudge the distributor to get Nebula.

New Worlds #83 (May): The conclusion of Maine's "Count-Down" is a confusing montage of blood, sweat, and rabbits-from-hats. I don't know if Maine got lost in the lay-out of his island, but he sure lost me-- the trek to the site of the Intruding Artifact was originally a good long jeep-ride, but toward the end of the tale our good protagonist is hiking it in the dark with four cases of dynamite on his back and a bullet wound for good measure. The answer turns out to be that everybody has been killing everyone else due to "possession" by a gimmick from future times, a gimmick that is strangely limited by being able to occupy any mind only once (and dopey enough to shift after each murder, so as to horse around for three installments rather than pick a strong body with a big gun and clean house right away). Anyhow, the firing of the "antigravity rocket" proves it to be a Time Machine instead, and the gimmick was intended to prevent this discovery, but since the guy and gal do not kill each other after all (just everybody else, gets killed) they intend to live happily ever after, once Military Intelligence decides it wasn't their fault they killed a few people. Maine writes good literate English; it's just that he needs, like, the Squink Blog Handy Plotter, maybe. His plotting stinks, but literately.

Four shorts: Harry Harrison follows a "victim" of harsh mechanized justice to the bitter end, through raised and thwarted hopes, a desperate revolt, and an almost-good-enough Way Out-- but it backfires. Would have been more believable if the "hero" had been allowed to use his head when it hit the stone wall.

Phil High's "Project- Stall" is an interesting (combined human & scientific) Problem Piece. "The Outstretched Hand" (Sellings) utilizes time-travel for psychiatric purposes; rather well. F G Rayer's "Searchpoint" is competent enough on the wellworn theme that the military tends to Shoot First, but that this is inadvisable.

If the serial weren't such a dog, this would be a good issue of any zine.

SFA (British, of course) #8 (May): Jay Williams' "Seed of Violence" seems to have been cut a bit from the version that appeared in the Nov '58 FU (see CRY #120 for review), although it covers more pages. Still falls pretty flat, here.

"Don't Cross a Telekine", by Philip Stratford, is about the most poorly lined-out "psi" story I've ever seen. The author gets to make up his own rules, and there are still holes you could throw John W Campbell through. (1)The hero is telekinetic and telepathic, with a touch of Kinnison's "sense of perception". Yet for most of the story, he is pushed around by people at gunpoint-- he uses his telekinetic talents just twice: once to manipulate dice for a reader-demonstration, and again when the author is ready for The Crisis. In between, he's a noodnick. (2)These telepaths, it says, can only work with other telepaths; ordinary minds are closed to them. Yet our hero uses ordinary minds as "relay-points" to protect himself from a "telekinetic trap" that blows people's heads off. (3)Telekinesis is the control of material objects by mental force. Yet our hero is menaced at one point by a plain physical-science-type "detector" gadget, and is helpless before it.

I do not consider it unfair to point out that while it is not always possible for an author to spot even the most glaring flaws in his own work, it's always been my impression that that's what editors are paid for doing. Did Carnell read this?

Cliff Reed's "Halfway House" is a straight Action piece, with secret agent, empire-building governor of prison planet, V*I*L*E outlaws and nasty monsters, and a girl who turns heroine simply because the author needs one of those. Oh, well--

SFS for July, and now listed as bi-monthly: neat cover, with brown-&-white negative-cut(?) circular illo, brown print on yellow background except for red title block with white print. SFT sez the multicolor June Future cover was a leftover.

Silverberg's "Heap Big Medicine", as reviewed under Nebula but with more dialogue on the end here, shares novelet honors with "Beyond the Snake Planet" (Bill Wesley). Somebody had to go way out into left field for that title, which fits poorly. The story itself wanders quite a way into the pasture before coming up with a solution to the problem of finding G*I*R*L*S for the crew of the one-way starship carrying evenly-paired colonists and their children. The question "Why did the crew take off without their own women in the first place?" is asked repeatedly, but never answered. So it's a sort of Idiot Plot, but the solution is reasonable.

"The Bare Facts" (Geo H Smith): stripper in nude future, reverses her routine.

"Night of the Robots" (Allen Wilder): Evil Maan replacing people by robots, but turns out to be Evil Old Robot himself. Attempted double-switch is pointless goof.

"Twist of the Century" (Donald Franson): Future-travel with indeed some good twists. Don tosses enough ideas for at least two novelets into a 12-page short. His variant solution to the War Problem is the meat of the piece, but there are some good laughs in the buildup, too. But beware the GEA if the UN outlaws zap-guns.

"Building Nine" (J Martin Graetz): A refugee from Unknown, almost, with secret University Department dealing in alchemy and the like. Lots of fun here, also.

"Alien Cornucopia" (Walt Liebscher): One-page vignette in the Foghocht manner. Looks as if the faans have all the best of it, this time. Yes.

FU, July: This strikes me as the zine most apt to go for some sort of fan-column if the idea were pushed; editor Santesson breaks out with fanews and discussions in his "Universe in Books" column often enough to indicate his faanish sympathies. Hnnnnnn?

Ivan Sanderson winds up his UFO series in thoughtful fashion; for one reason or another, this man's articles have improved a lot in the past year.

(Rich Eney, in Fanac, reports the suicide of UFO-buff Morris K Jessup. I have been quite vitriolic, a couple of times, about Jessup's writings. So that there will be no misunderstanding, I'd like to say that I am sorry that anyone should apparently find it necessary to destroy himself, but (though I doubt that Jessup ever paid any attention to this column, if he saw it) I see no reason to feel badly about having torn into the man's writings in FU, as I saw 'em. Et tu, Buck Coulson?)

This month's CRY format won't take individual comment on the ten stories which average about ten pages each. Harry Harrison's "I See You" in New Worlds appears here as "Robot Justice", though. "Crossroads of Destiny" (Piper) simply delineates the alternate-worlds idea, without making much of it except for hints.

Some pretty good items, too: a Chandler Rim-Worlds story, a short Space Cadet takeoff by Robert Andrea, L W Hall's "Human Element" (on the girl who wants to try to compete with robot ballet artists), Agberg's spoof on Leisure for the Masses, 4 other tales just don't quite get off the ground, including a de Ford & a Wilhelm.

aSF, June: Center-installment of Dickson's "Dorsai!" brings Donal (our hero) along rapidly, ready for Big Things in Part 3, next. It goes well and with interest.

Novelets: "Cat and Mouse" (Ralph Williams) puts an Alaskan trapper to superhuman efforts to combat an Alien Menace, but for insufficient motivation storywise: the Warden (who sets up the problem) "(was inclined to avoid) direct intervention in the ecology of the worlds under his jurisdiction, even in the field of predator control." I'll bet that if poor old sweat-and-strain Ed Brown knew that, he'd've felt a hell of a lot less placid toward ol' appear-and-disappear-at-will Warden, after Ed had been through the turmoil and all. Too much catspawing here, for my taste.

Chad Oliver's "Transfusion" is another catspaw bit. This one makes sense to all the participants, but seems a bit arbitrary from here. Like, we are seeded here on this planet with a batch of phony clues to our evolution, while the seeders sit up in orbit and wait for us to grow up. Well, they were in a jam, and wanted us to grow up tougher and in a now thinking-groove. I guess it figures, at that.

Shorts: Rog Kuykendall's "All Day September" puts a guy into lethal jam on the Moon, skips to the Big Picture, and comes back to the guy after he's solved his own

problem offstage, entirely. Effectiveness of story is lessened, thus.

"Unborn Tomorrow" (Mack Reynolds) compounds time-travel in/Hangovers Squared. It shouldn't even happen to Mike Hammer...

Galaxy, Aug: Simak's "No Life of Their Own" ("novella") is told from the viewpoint of an Earthchild with immigrant alien neighbors, and is good if not exactly, wow.

Novelets: Silverberg's "Mugwump 4" (illo'd by Martin) starts out like "Line To Tomorrow", veers into some choice sidelights, but ends back on the track, dammit. Tenn's "The Malted Milk Monster" carries the same flavor of Padgett-Doom. Pohl's "The Waging of the Peace" sequels the Pungs Corner epic, but manages to round out the trio with the same "now it's worse than ever" finale. Like, we're in a rut.

Shorts: "Citizen Jell", by Michael Shaara, sinks the hero but at least it's in a good cause for the first time in this issue. Jim Harmon's "The Spicy Sound of Success" runs on a good new gimmick: the captain of an Exploration Ship is the new hand, since he hasn't had a chance to become complacent: the more you learn, the lower you rate, but the more money you make, since you're more apt to goof and die. W.T.Haggert's "Lex" has another good idea: the fully-automated factory with Personality. But the ending is slaunchwise. ##Willy Ley discusses orbits to good effect.

F & S F, July: Rob't F Young's "To Fell a Tree" deals with a 1000-foot tree, and with the belated discovery that everybody goofed, as we might have expected. Effective.

Isaac the good Asimov, in "Battle of the Eggheads", discusses the academic pecking-order, causes and effects thereof, relevant to current educational warcries.

My page 53 lacks the Hilbert Schenk verse heralded on the contents-page.

Davidson's "Author, Author" horses-around funwise for a spell, but ends up by having it all come up ghosts, and giving the protagonist a Padgett-finish.

"For Sale, Reasonable" (Elizabeth Mann Borgese) seems to be a satire in which a man offers to hire out in competition with computers, listing advantages and etc.

Jane Roberts' "Impasse" is a short fantasy with a punchline re growing up.

"The Harley Helix" (Lou Tabakow) is a fast bit with laughs; good windup.

H M Sycamore's "Success Story" swings the "Time Locker" gimmick into human relations. Also, read this story, write a postcard, and make yourself 100 bucks, by suggesting other money-making possibilities of the story's premises.

"Rabbits to the Moon", by Raymond Banks, is a good light piece. This one has all sorts of side-laughs, and a sublime disregard for comparative anatomy.

Feghoot needs a vacation; he's been working too hard. For some time, now.

Howard Fast's "The Cold, Cold Box" is a halfway-believable hunk of wishful-thinking with an integral bit of perpetual conscience-searching; well-played.

At a rough guess, the zines reviewed(?) this month would rank, as to enjoyment, in the following order: F&SF, Galaxy, aSF, Nebula, FU, SFS, New Worlds, and SFA. You may note that this order is almost exactly backward to the order in which the zines are reviewed-- and thus backward with respect to the order in which the zines were read. You may note this, if you choose. If you find significance, let me know.

Star S-F #5 is nine new stories in the PB format (Ballantine 308K, 35¢). It may not be just exactly what you'd call a magazine, but I imagine that it would do rather nicely in the clutch. MacLean&Condit, Matheson, Silverberg, Davis, Hyde, Budrys, Galouye, Sellings, and (Miz) Brown do the honors. This one isn't exactly the Greatest of the Year, but no existing prozine would lower its average by running this lineup of tales. I'd say more, but we are staying within a 4-page limit today.

Obviously, this column needs a new approach; the skinny treatment given the last few zines is not a Good Thing. There should be some way to give more space to Lauding The Best and to Hammering The Worst, and a reasonably thorough method of listing the in-betweens. Yep, there really should be some way to do all this. I'd appreciate it if someone would give me a few good clues as to how to go about it.

Oh, well-- a solution will doubtless arise. After all, three years ago there were 20 titles on the stands, and we all made-do, somehow. Or maybe it was two years-- my time machine slips its clutch, any more. Sloppy repair work, like. -R.P.-

OF CROGGLED GREEPS & OTHER THINGS

-- DEAN GRENNELL

"To be, or not to be: that is the question:
Whether 'tis nobler in the mind to suffer
The slings and arrows of outrageous fortune,
Or take arms against a sea of troubles,
And by opposing croggle them..."

Hamlet, Act III, Sc. 1

I understand there is some question among CRY's readers as to the usage or misusage of the familiar fannish verb, "croggle". Perhaps I might be able to shed a spot of quietus upon the controversy and then, again, perhaps not.

I say this because to the best of my recollection, the word first appeared back in the lusty prolific days of the Boggs-Silverberg-Grennell WO3W correspondence. To pinpoint its maiden employment would require considerable effort on the part of a truly dedicated party such as a neofan bucking for a minor office in the NFFF. I have not the stomach for the job just now.

I'd say offhand that I first used it although I wouldn't argue the point too fanatically. I think that the word was used in a context that made the fine shading of its meaning so readily apparent that the other two members promptly adopted it as a word that the English language had been needing for years and began using it on mundane people, non-WO3W-type fans and for all I know, other things as well.

I couldn't say, not being a Hitchcock caliber linguist, whether other languages require the incorporation of "croggle," either as is or modified to comply with their own phonetic vagaries. I can say that it corresponds closely enough to the "m'yioupfsk" of Kwakiutl and the "ngyaazh" of Upper Umpopo Hottentot to satisfy all but the most hair-splitting semanticist. The verb "brulrgg" or "brulrlgg" as it is variously sounded by the Cogaluk Esquimaux is likewise reasonably analogous; however it is deplorably imprecise to attempt to equate it, no matter how loosely, with such obviously variant verbs as "Qoolpi" in VIIth Dynasty Egyptian (although the "Qath" of the XIth Dynasty was not too radically dissimilar) or with the "ööiaää" of Middle Pre-Phrastian Etruscan. I must caution the readership against any attempt to pronounce "ööiaää," because the Middle Pre-Phrastian Etruscans had, as any cursory dilettante in Comparative Archeological Anatomy (an immensely fascinating and rewarding field, by the by) knows, had a trifurcated glottis which was lost through inbreeding as the Seven Tribes of Emphrizie fled across the Miuku Mountains and into Outer Oblivion before the savage hordes of Olioeh Barbarians. To say ööiaää, even incorrectly, might result in trifurcation of the glottis which would be painful in the extreme--prior to the invention or miracle drugs it had a fatality rate of 75.37%--and it would necessitate the victim's learning to speak Middle Pre-Phrastian Etruscan which, these days, is seldom taught outside of the largest universities.

But enough of these side-discussions, fascinating though they may be. The word croggle, as it is commonly used in fannish circles, might be illustrated by a few sample sentences, used purely for illustrative purposes:

"Bob Leman's extrapolation on the Courtney theme in the latest issue of HYPHEN absolutely croggled me." (Quite true, incidentally.--dag)

Here we see it used in the sense of "...really broke me up," or "made me dissolve in mirth" or "gassed me," or "Man, like it turned me real on." It is indicative of arousing

intense, almost painful hilarity. You might also say "I croggled over your story about the one-legged coffin salesman and the mortician's cross-eyed daughter," just as you might say "I like to ripped a gut over it."

So it would not be unduly far-fetched to view it in this sense as if it were a legitimate pontmanteau word composed out of crumbled and joggled. Joggled is a variant of jiggled and I almost said jiggled except that would have made it come out "criggled" which is another word entirely and, confidentially, a word not used in mixed company by people fluent in the various dialects of the Ookawatapifi and Oogaluk Esquimaux. If any CRY reader has a command of these tongues, I will gladly apologize via separate letter upon request.

Croggled is also sometimes used as if it were approximately synonymous with the somewhat grudgingly-recognized "discombooberated." One might conceivably say something like "R was really croggled when K hit him with that last lawsuit."

Or you could use it in the sense of "I croggled at GM's suggestion of a NFFF/FAPA merger." Comparable wordings might be "I balked at it," or "I threw up my hands in horror at the very idea and a perfectly good two-dollar dinner as well."

It is generally agreed that the group-at-large determines the semantic connotations of a given word by their usage at a given time. English is full of words whose meaning in 1959 is completely different than it was at some time in the past. "Awful" originally meant the same as "awe-inspiring." "Amusing" once meant about the same as "amazing," which engenders the speculation that in some parallel space-time continuum there may be faans like you and I reading the E. E. Smythe serial in the current issue of AMUSING SF.

Thus too for croggle. Today it is usually taken to be a verb denoting intense disturbance and in most cases disturbance of a subjective nature. True, one sometimes encounters it used as if it were a synonym for "clobber" (or, as Norman G. Browne used to say, "clobber"), e.g., "I'm gonna croggle that guy if it's the last thing I do!" Now, as of this time, that would be a usage not entirely sanctioned by purists although condoned by those who feel that anything is permissible if it effectively communicates the idea with a minimum of distortion. It may be that, in time, the usage could shift to the point where that would be the recognized and sanctioned usage. Anything can happen and very likely will.

As for the elusive crottled greep ("Everybody talks about crottled greeps but nobody does anything about them!"--Mark Twain), that can definitely be pinpointed as to first appearance: a one-shot called FILLER, published in 1953 by Norman G. Browne and Art Wesley. It was the latter who, while cutting the stencils, inserted "But, if you don't like crottled greeps, why did you order them?" as Filler number 378 in a moment of uncontrollable whimsy. The thing might have died right there, leaving a fresher, cleaner, sweeter-smelling fandom today, had not the London Circle picked up the bit and used it as the motto on one of their original quote cards at a British convention a year or two later.

Let it be here noted for the interest of future Fancyclopedists, that the inventor of the Short-Snorter-Quote-Card was damon knight. The reception of the London O Q-cards had been so enthusiastic that the WO3W put out a set of 36 of them for use at (I think) the San Francisco Con and damon started sending these around marked as SSQCs with the instruction to sign and pass on.

The noun, "greep," was made up for the occasion but "crottle" goes back quite a ways to around 1935 or 36 when it was mentioned in an article in the then-new THIS WEEK magazine which is circulated with numerous Sunday newspapers. This article gave names to the various devices used by comic-strip cartoonists to symbolize information about their char-

acters.. A crottle was the name given to the little bubbles that are drawn about the heads of comic strip luses to denote extreme inebritation. Crottles may sometimes be seen even today in the strip "Judge Parker" when some poor mixed up type belts the bottle a bit over-heavily. Thus, "crottled" would have been about the same as plastered, swacked, sozzled, blotto, polluted, boiled, pie-eyed, pixillated, etc., &c. However, it was felt that crottled was rather going to waste in a usage so redundantly replete with synonyms and it was appropriated to cover a process carried out in a manner which has never been even sketchily described upon a commodity about which nothing is known save that it is mysterious. The complete secret details on crottled greeps are not scheduled to be released until some as yet unspecified time between the Fimbulwinter and Armageddon so cheer up...with any kind of luck, you'll be dead by then!

--dag

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GOONGA FAAN

by Parker Sheaffer (with apologies to Rudyard Kipling)

You may talk of Cons an' bheer when you're fannin' over 'ere,
An' you go to social-clubs an' WestorCon it;
But when it comes to pubbir' you will find no time for clubbin',
While your lonely typer seat gets blisters on it.

Now in Ireland's rainy clime, where Walt Willis spends his time
A-servin' of ghoominton to the clan,
Of all that Irish crew, the busiest fan I knew
Was that sentimental bherri, Goonga Faan.

It was "Faan! Faan! Faan! You writin', pubbin' wonder, Goonga Faan!
"Cry! Slipshee alleewayout! Story, write it! Plannee layout!
"You droopy-moustached idol, Goonga Faan!"

The typer that 'e 'ad was nothin' less than bad;
A rusty wreck that BoSh 'ad left be'ind,
With parts from three machines an' a danglin' can o' beans,
Was all the fan-equipment 'e could find.

When the stinkin' fanzine fiold with crudfiction was congealed
An' the stuff would make your spinnin' beanie stall,
We shouted "Berry Ho!" 'til his work began to flow,
Then we panned 'im 'cause 'e couldn't serve us all.

It was "Faan! Faan! Faan! Your story, where the Hyphen is it, man?
"You put some geeday in it, or I'll crottle you this minute,
"If you don't fill up my fanzine, Goonga Faan!"

'E would turn the Berries out 'til no zine would be without,
An' 'e didn't seem to know 'ow to refuse;
If we came out once a week, you could bet your bloomin' Deock
'E'd be sendin' just as much as we could use.

Underneath the tea-chest plank, at the typer or the crank,
'Is output would a Silverberg inspire;
An' for all 'is Goonish 'ide, 'e was faan, pure faan, inside,
When 'e wrote to save the neos under fire.

It was "Faan! Faan! Faan!" with the critics kickin' crudzines in the pan;
When material ran out, you could 'ear the neos shout:
"Hi! Retribution-surplus, Goonga Faan!"

I shan't forgit the day when I dropped be'ind the fray
With blank pages where my contents should 'a' ran;
For my zine I feared the worst, an' the man I called on first
Was our good old yakkin', yulkin' Goonga Faan.

'E sent me back a scroll, an' it plugged the gapin' 'ole,
An' it 'old up 'arf-a-zine of also-ran;
Though one neo said it stunk, yet my fanzine 'adn't sunk,
An' I'm grateful for that yarn from Goonga Faan.

It was "Faan! Faan! Faan! They're beggin' you to 'elp 'em if you can;
"They're clawin' at the door, an' they're 'ollerin' for more:
"For Ghu's sake, send the stories, Goonga Faan!"

'E finished up the tale to get it in the mail
An' Gafia come an' carried off the man;
'E got it safely sent, an' just before 'e went:
"I 'ope you liked the yarn," writ Goonga Faan.

So I'll meet 'im later on in the place where 'e 'as gone--
Where it's always SerCon drill and Cosmic Plan;
'E'll be jokin' as 'e plods, givin' grins to pore damned clods,
An' I'll get a Mundane laugh from Goonga Faan!

Oh, it's "Faan! Faan! Faa! You sufferin'-catfish crier, Goonga Faan!
"Tho' we've pelted you an' scorned you, by the moustache that adorned you,
"You're a better fan than we are, Goonga Faan!"

* + * + * + * + * + * + * + * + * + * + * + * + * + * + * + * + * + * + *

Right you are, Parker: Bring ol' Goonga Faan Berry to the Detention!

We're going into the home-stretch now: time is running short, for getting the Berry Fund up to the ticket-buying level. What say, everyone who's supporting the Fund and meaning to get the loot in "just any day now"? Now is the time, friends; this month does it, for the tickets. Send money, checks, money orders, etc., to Nick Falasca, 5612 Warwick Drive, Parma 29, Ohio.

Belle Dietz raises a couple of questions (in the lettercol), reminding us that it might be a good idea to reiterate some of the points stressed in the Kickoff Announcements, for the benefit of any who may have tuned in late. (First, though, it should be mentioned that our Contributors List published last month includes only those donating to the U.S. Fund HQ, and does not include the UKfen who have turned their contributions in to U.K. Fund HQ, Arthur Thomson. Our List was, as mentioned, published mainly to allow contributors whose names should have appeared but didn't, to check along the Rickhardt Migration Routes and get the contributions all in to Nick. ATom, by the way, reports a goodly number of UK contributors, but we do not have a list of names from him as yet.)

(1) The Berry Fund is designed to supplement, rather than to compete with TAFF. On the current schedule, TAFF brings a UKfan West every 3 years. With the WorldCon Rotatior Plan, this means that all foreseeable Westbound TAFFers will attend West Coast Cons. For Eastern and Midwestern fans (the majority of), the Berry Fund will provide the first chance to see a UKfan on a close-to-home basis since 1955; the next chance would be by delaying the next Westbound TAFFer until 1962, a long haul.

(2) Berry Fund canvassing is directed toward a much smaller group than is TAFF canvassing-- mostly, it is the editors and readers who have gained enjoyment from John's writings, that the Fund must draw on. Because of depending on larger donations from fewer people, the \$2-or-more-is-returnable policy was adopted. Also, the Berry Fund campaigning will be concluded several months before the TAFF deadline. Certainly, anything that costs money is slightly competetive with anything else that costs money. But we Berry Funders are also wholeheartedly supporting TAFF, in every way, and specifically including the financial, and TAFFers are reciprocating. OK?

CRYING OVER BENT STAPLES

Part I. Rich Brown

Once again comes with the apologies for not having written to most of the editors who are reviewed here; the old critical hat is donned, and let the mimeo ink fly where it may... just not at me, please.

jd ARGASSY #39-#42, Lynn Hickman, 304 N. 11th St., Mt. Vernon, Ill. 10¢ for less than 10pp, 20¢ for more, 6pp, 25pp, 10pp, 12pp, multilith.

Lynn just got a new multilith and seems to be having trouble with it; several places there is too much inking, broken and/or torn mastersheets, too little inking, etc. The idea behind jd ARGASSY/JD argassy is to alternate a large-sized zine with a small-sized zine; the larger having letters, articles and the like, while the smaller becomes a newszine for the Midwest. Well, it's a good idea, anyway. The newszine side of it doesn't seem to come out too well, but Jim Caughran takes us through Europe interestingly enough, Bob Madle is still having a fine time at the LonCon, and Willis argues agreeably with Madle a bit. Over-all, I think it's a bit over-priced and over-rated. But if you can get it some other way...
RATING: 3,4,3,3

LOCO #2, Don Allen, 34a Cumberland St., Gateshead 8, Co. Durham, England. No price, 12pp, mimeo.

This seems to be a fmz that radiates fun; Don probably had a lot of fun putting it out; I know I had fun reading it. Several of his own cartoons, various yak, a few pages of fannish limericks, a few pin-ups (one by himself and one by Jim Cawthorne), and all in all, just plain fun.
RATING: 6

HYPHEN #22, Walter A. Willis, 27 Clonlee Dr., Belfast, N. Ireland, 15 ¢, 26pp, mimeo.

Here we go with more superlatives; Atom and Ray Nelson on the artstaff, who could hope for better cartoons and illustrations? Depressingly little of the inimitable Willis, except in the lettercol; palatable bit by William F. Temple on Arthur C. Clark, a rollicking bit of fun with Bob Leman; interesting A. Vin¢ Clarke; a peerless turnabout on the crossing-the-Irish-Séa bit by Bob Shaw; and a letter column of wit, gaiety, seriousness and fun that would do any fanzine proud. Long live the king.
RATING: 10

SHANGRI-L'AFFAIRES #42, Al Lewis, 2548 W. 12th St., Los Angeles 6, Calif. 20¢, 38pp, mimeo.

Changing editors once more, yet still moving forward (a good direction), Shaggy #42 sports impeccable repro, a good layout, a three-color cover, and a few other things I can and will mention. Though the material is still mostly by the LA or Berkeley group (which isn't necessarily a Bad Thing), Ted Pauls has a debateable article on the subject of Focal Points, and Ron Bennett offers us the 13th installment of Colonial Excursions. Ron Ellik beats Terry Carr for a change, which would be enough except that the other material is generally of a good quality, too.
RATING: 7

((Lichtman says "a damn fine fanzine," also rates it '7'.))

HORIZONS #78, Harry Warner, Jr., 423 Summit Ave., Hagerstown, Md. FAPA and w-1 only, 25pp,

A top FAPazine by a top FAPA member; if you can think of no other reason to join FAPA, here is one. This is all the work of a very enjoyable Harry Warner, Jr., and worth your 8pp & \$2 a year, even if nothing else turns out to be. Fairly equally divided between mailing comments and articles.
RATING: 9

RETRIBUTION #13, John Berry, 31, Campbell Park Ave., Belmont, Belfast, N. Ireland, 15¢, 30pp, mimeo.

What RET #12 lacked, RET #13 has; Goon material, in the form of Ron Bennett's superlative "South Gate Confidential," and CRY's own Don Franson with a surprising & good "The Goon Goofs Off," Penelope Fandergaste on the subject of why The Goon is such a great detective, and The Goon himself with the now-usual "who'd Be A Goon?" (and I'm happy to

say that, I think, I've finally made the grade). There's a happy balance, though, since there's also "Portrait of a TAFFite" by Bjo, Archie Mercer's "Over the Chankly Bore", which continues on quite well in its newfound home, and the inimitable BoSh is back again, this time with a BoSh factual article called "Filthy Looker," and a fannish cross-word puzzle by Berry that must have been the very devil to figure out. A very good show, despite the lack of ATOM illos. RATING: 7

((Lichtman also rates this '7')).

FANVIEW #1, Johnny Bowles, 802 S. 33rd St., Louisville, Ky. 6/25¢, bi-weekly, 5pp, mimeo.

This is a bid for newszine, but the way it looks now it won't beat FANAC. The repro is good, as well as the lay-out, and there are some rather good book reviews (reviewing everything from "The October Country" to the Louisville, Ky. telephone directory--literally) by Butch Manka, who may or may not be a pen name of the editors. But one rather doubts the accuracy of the news when this issue mentions the fact that "TAFF has over \$200 for Berry." Oh well, live and earn I always say. RATING: 4

HOCUS #7, Mike Deckinger, 85 Locust Ave., Millburn, N. J., 5¢, 22pp, mimeo.

HOCUS is one of the most promising zines in some time. It keeps promising to get better, but... there's a lot of things in here that Mike could have just as easily done without. The repro is improving, but the lay-out is terrible. Except for the pieces by Steve Tolliver (a "cute" little thing that might have better gone in the lettercol rather than as an article in itself) and Arnold Crawford (a very good piece of off-trail fiction) and Walter R. Manka (a savorable piece entitled "The Best Advice I Ever Had," which might have well gone into Jack Douglas' "My Brother Was An Only Child") and even a few of the things Mike has to say, most of the material is pretty dull. There are people Trying To Be Witty and failing; Defending Science Fiction; and trying to Say Something Controversial and falling flat on their uncontroversial mugs. In words of three syllables, I suggest that Mike become an editor; it's a shame to see good material mixed with crud. RATING: 4

YANDRO #75, Bob Coulson, 105 Stitt St., Wabash, Ind., 15¢, monthly, 27pp, mimeo.

Despite the DEA cover, this is the best YANDRO in some time. That may seem odd to you, possibly because you like DEA, or more possibly because I said that of the Annish, just a few issues ago. But it's true. The art is distributed between 12 artists, with enough difference in style to please nearly anybody. The material as a whole is better, perhaps because there is less of it. This is not a dig, because the remaining space is taken up with a 16pp lettercolumn. Lettercolumns have been YANDRO's turkey, as I've said often enough before. But for those who cannot enjoy lettercolumns, there's Bob & Juanita rambling enjoyably; Dan Adkins with "New York Insight" (one wonders if that could have been Dan's war-cry as he saw the lights of the metropolis); a good poem by Mike Deckinger for them what likes good poems; a column by Bob Tucker (which would well grace the pages of any zine); and a few quotes from "The Mind Cage." Like I say, this is the best YANDRO in some time. (Would it be fansmanship to rate this 2?) RATING: 8

And that, fiends, is that.

--Rich Brown, 1959

PART II. Bob Lichtman

FANTOCCINI #23. Leslie Norris, 7623 Farmdale, North Hollywood, Calif. No price listed, irregular, 6pp, mimeo.

Les Norris, it says here, was a fan from 1947 until 1952, when he drifted from the fold upon joining the Armed Forces. Now he's back, and he wants to get oriented again. This zine is mostly a biographical sketch, fairly thorough (I suppose) and interesting.

But the Thing Is: he wants back in, and if the rest of you won't help orient him, I will. Look, I mean it, write him! All right? Right! RATING: 4

((Brown says "Welcome back" & also rates this '4'.))

SLANDER #4, Jan Sadler Penney, 51-B McAlister Place, New Orleans 18, La. Free for letters, contributions, trade, or review, quarterly, 32 pp, ditto.

Another oldtimer returned to the fold. SLANDER #3 was out just a short time before this current issue, but #2 preceded #3 by better than a year. This has certainly the most unusual ditto format I've ever seen. The various colors are used with gay abandon, so letters are printed in purple, with red or green editorial comments ((to differentiate between editor Jan and editor Dave)). The effect is one of well-organized confusion, but I like it. The whole zine is bound on the spine with a piece of black plastic tape: it's obvious that Jan is a faneditor of Discernment and Taste--this treatment gives SLANDER an outward appearance few zines can copy.

The material inside merits, for the most part, this distinctive format. There's Jan's editorial, well-written and interesting, an article by Hal Annas, well-written but not as interesting, the long (12 pages) letter section, with letters by all manner of fans, a story by someone called "Viereck", which was rather pointless so far as I'm concerned, poetry by Dave Penney, an article by Harry Warner, Jr., on photography. And then there's what I consider the high point of the issue: "All Fandom is Divided Into Several Parts," by Dave Penney, which is faanfiction in the Enchanted Duplicator tradition. This you can't miss. The rest of the issue is taken up by a letter from GMCarr, and a few fanzine reviews. ((Brown rates this "4".))

RATING: 6

VOID #16, Greg Benford & Ted White 10521 Allegheny Drive, Dallas 29, Texas (Benford's address), 25¢, free for trades, comments, contributions etc., monthly, 24pp, mimeo.

VOID has expanded with this issue to 24pp, to put in more material and still stay within the 3¢ postage limit. This issue contains material by Harry Warner, Jr., Kent Moomaw, and Dan Adkins; in addition, there's a pair of editorials and several pages of letters in micro-elite. The Warner piece is on copyright, and seemed rather pointless; the Moomaw is the conclusion to the two-part serial started in the last VOID (& now available in booklet form from White--25¢); the Adkins is a rebuttal to White's review of TWIG ILLUSTRATED in the last VOID. White is still standing firm on what he said.

This fannish monthly won't be coming out every other week anymore, Ted says. Hell, just when I was getting geared to expect one every other week--Ted, you are cruel.

RATING: 8

FANTASY ASPECTS #2. Alan Lewis, 129 Jewett-Holmwood, East Aurora, New York. 15¢ per, 8/\$1, irregular, 24pp, mimeo.

Lewis is bitching in his editorial about how the reviewers didn't like his first issue, how no one is subscribing and he's losing money, and how he doesn't have an editorial personality. The first is beyond his power to change now, the second is just natural in fan-pubbing and he'd better accept it, and the third is up to him.

In this issue, there's humorous Bloch, boring Joe Gibson, serious but interesting Laney, and interesting Harmon. On the original side, there's a poem by Bruce Pelz that's pretty good.

Add a cover, better illos, a lettercol, and more fannish reprints, and you may, just may, have a worthwhile zine, Alan.

RATING: 4

((I believe I would have rated this higher...EB))

FLY IN THE SALAD #1. 10¢, irregular (?), 4 pp, mimeo. Rider with above. Interesting rambling, a few fmz reviews, but not worth 2-1/2¢ a page. RATING: 2

APORRHETA #9. H.P. Sanderson, 'Inchmery', 23 Queens Road, New Cross, London S.E. 14, England. 20¢, 6/\$1, irregular, 38pp, mimeo.

This marks the beginning of a new policy for APE. Sandy is no longer sending out issues just for comment; now you have to sub, trade, or contribute. And APE isn't monthly any longer; it's 52-pagely, effective as of the 11th issue, and it will appear whenever 52 pages of material accrues.

The format has changed to an all-Diary one. The contributions are inserted in on the day they arrive, which must eliminate layout problems. Besides the usual letters, reviews, and Sandy's nattering, this contains a fairly good fanfiction story by Ron

Bennett, a poem by Joy Clarke, another fanfiction story (this by George Locke), the usual Pandergaste column (I say she's ATom, Berry, or Bennett), and the 4th part of the Berry serial.

Despite this Vile Subscription Arrangement, APE is still worth getting, maybe even for money. RATING: 8

APORRHETA #10. H.P.S. again; thish 34 pages, and still mimeo'd.

More letters, reviews, chatter; I like this new format, as far as the layout goes. Other material includes: fanfiction by Ron Bennett (this one excellent), the Penny Fanny column, the conclusion of the Berry serial (I didn't care for this in the overall view), a column by Bennett, and Joy Clarke's "Little Pitcher", in which she rambles interestingly.

#11, we are told, will be 52 pages, and will appear when that much material is accumulated. I hope that won't be too long from now. RATING: 8

PROFANITY #5. Bruce Pelz, 4010 Leona St, Tampa 9, Fla. 15¢ for your 1st issue, after that you trade, comment, or contribute. 38 pages, multilith.

This is the 1st Annish of ProF, and the 1st lithoed issue. The repro isn't perfect as yet, but doubtless will be before long. Thish's cover is made up of fan pictures, well reproduced.

Inside there's material by Elinor Poland, Al Andrews, Don Franson, Alan Dodd, Rich Brown, Bob Coulson, and Bruce's music to Heinlein's "Green Hills of Earth". Particularly of note are Coulson's fanzine reviews (which I consider among the best), the Brown prose, and the Alan Dodd articles. The rest of it just didn't hit me right. Bruce seems capable of putting out a great zine; I wish he could get the material. RATING: 5

ROCK. #2. Es Adams, 433 Locust Ave SE, Huntsville, Ala. Free for comment, trade, or contribution. Quarterly(?) (It better be - FMB). 28 pages, mimeo.

This is a SAPSazine, but various others get it too; the material is sort of genish. The zine is impeccably mimeo'd ((by Bill Meyers - FMB)) on fine-quality white paper (not what I usually mention in reviews, but this zine is impressive-looking).

The contents-page is good for a laugh or two, as Adams makes with the pulpzine-like synopses of contents. There's a page of Meet The Author, and one of editorial. Then a serious poem by Dainis Bisenieks (which I disliked, but the Adkins illo is excellent), mailing comments by Adams, a fair story by Andrews, one by Lar' Stone which is humorous in a way, and a short letter column.

Mostly, the Adams writings are the best things in the zine. RATING: 5

Now, a Special Feature: egoboo for Burnett R Toskey--since he's complained about no one mentioning him in CRY any more, a review of:

FLABBERGASTING #10. BRToskey, 4005 15th NE, Seattle 5, Wn. No price (and probably not available), quarterly, this issue 44 pages, Gestetnered.

This, the fabulous SAPSazine of The Toskey, must be seen to be believed. Layout and repro are impeccable, and the writing (all by Tosk) above average.

The strikingly distinctive cover is Multigraphed in seven colors on heavy blue paper. Interior headings are Multigraphed in various colors, above CRY-blue text.

In a 3-page editorial, Tosk discusses recent fanzines, FAPA, life, and his PhD thesis. Following is a quite indescribable Toskey Factual Article, then 2 pages of Garcone portraits of neoSAPS (yes, CRYreaders, that's where Garcone went: he does all the illoes for FLAB). Next are 30 pages of Mailing Comments, followed by an article on BRT's taste in S-F and Deathless Pro's (you'd be surprised at some of his picks).

The zine ends tastefully at the conclusion of the last page. RATING: 9.9

And friends, that's all for this issue, from me. You might try sending your zines to me as well as to Rich. That way, one of us is sure to review it. Take no chances, friends.

-- Bob Lichtman; May, 1959.

JOIN THE DETENTION NOW--your \$2 now to James Broderick, 12011 Kilbourne St, Detroit 13, Mich, will help the Con Committee do their best job for your Detention: like, now.

FANDOM HARVEST

TERRY CARR

A couple of months ago, my mad and sexy wife Miriam was reading Edwin O'Connor's "The Last Hurrah," and making chortling noises every couple of pages, because "The Last Hurrah" is a very funny book in parts. It's a satire on certain aspects of politics, particularly political campaigns.

Miriam was so enthusiastic about the book that she was even, for a time, thinking of using it as a basis for extrapolating a satire on TAFF campaigns. I told her I thought it was a fine idea, because I knew she was subtle and even downright sneaky enough to slip in several surreptitious plugs for me in the current TAFF campaign, but somehow she never got around to writing that piece, which is a pity.

Because TAFF campaigns could stand a little satirising, I think. TAFF has changed considerably since its inception, and probably not for the best. The original idea, as many fans have pointed out so often lately, was simply to bring a well-known fan across the Atlantic both as a means of enabling fans on the other side to meet individuals in whom they'd become interested through their writings, and as a reward for outstanding services rendered by the TAFF delegate. Nowadays, several other ideas have become associated with TAFF, such as that heesh should be a "representative" of fandom on hiser side of the Big Pond, that heesh should write a full conreport, and so forth. Some of these changes are good; others strike me as dubious.

So I think a satire on the current state of TAFF would be in order, and I wish someone would write one. I can't do it myself, of course, since I am directly involved in TAFF right now.

Such a satire could, for instance, present the story of a fictional TAFF campaign involving, say, three candidates. Let's call them...oh, the first three names that pop into my head: "Don Ford," "Terry Carr," and "Bjo Wells."

Now, these candidates should, for the sake of a good story, be quite different from one another. Let's make "Ford" sort of a veteran "convention-fan"--the type who's prominent and popular at conventions but doesn't have too much to do with fanzine-fandom. As for his qualifications, let's pretend he helped originate and run a prominent series of conventions, like the Midwescons. Hell, considering the strong feeling there is in some quarters against the position of "convention-fans" in TAFF, we'd better give him even more in the way of qualifications: let's say he even helped originate and run TAFF itself.

We'll make our second candidate, "Terry Carr," primarily a "fanzine-fan," a fanlike character who publishes a popular fanzine or two (fanzines like INNUENDO and FANAC, maybe), and who writes brilliantly witty material for many other fanzines--sort of a Carl Brandon type of guy. Let's say he's been in fandom, man and boy, for ten years or so, and is no tyro at conventions either, having been to several cons over the years. He's the hero of our story, you see--a fan who's contributed much to fandom, who is virtuous, unassuming, witty, deserving, trustworthy, loyal, helpful, friendly, courteous, kind, obedient, cheerful, thrifty, brave, clean, and reverent.

Then, for the third candidate, "Bjo Wells," let's ring in a dark-horse. This fictional candidate hasn't been very active either in the convention or the fanzine side of fandom for long, we'll say, but becomes hyper-active about the time the TAFF voting starts. Of course, every candidate must have some qualifications, and even a satire must be believable to some extent, so let's say this "Bjo Wells" has brainstormed and organized a popular part of the program of the preceding worldcon, and furthermore, has contributed a number of popular cartoons to several fanzines--far from being a nonentity in either convention- or fanzine-fandom, but apparently overshadowed by the qualifications of the other two candidates.

Yet this story is to be a satire, and so things should be turned a little topsy-turvy--therefore, let's ring in some other stuff about this "Bjo Wells." Let's make "Bjo"

a female, for instance.

This last part may seem kind of pointless to you, but I've found from experience in writing satires concerning fandom that bringing sex into the picture provides all sorts of openings for riotous humor. You see, there's a long-standing joke in fandom to the effect that "sex and fandom don't mix." This is supposed to mean that fans are above such things as sex, or at least that they're not interested in it. It's a joke because some of our more cynical friends claim that fans are maladjusted introverts who can't get along in normal society and who therefore retreat into the half-world of fandom--who would like, for instance, to lead a normal sex life, but are socially incapable of it.

So, taking this altogether too cynical view of fandom seriously, we can make wonderful satirical material out of a female TAFF candidate. The word gets around that "Bjo" is female, for instance, and immediately young and repressed fans all over start drooling. They write silly things about the qualifications of the other candidates being meaningless in view of the fact that "Bjo" is a girrull and therefore obviously the best possible kind of TAFF representative.

This satire is going to have significance, you see: these love-starved fans want to identify with this mysterious female, and the idea of sending her to England as a representative of them is an excellent way to do it.

And of course "Bjo"'s supporters are not fools--they recognize good propaganda when they see it. So before you know it, they're saying that she's so sexy she could stop traffic in a bathing suit, and quoting her measurements.

You see what a terrific satire this could be? A little unbelievable, but very, very funny.

Now we mustn't forget about our other candidates, "Don Ford" and "Terry Carr". "Carr," remember, is our hero, and I think it would be a good idea to make "Ford" the villain--we can fashion some nice melodrama around this setup. Let's ring in a plot-complication to the effect that "Ford," while running TAFF in its early days, set it up in such a way that many fans were outraged. Maybe under his setup the rules were so vague that even nonfans could vote in the TAFF elections if they wanted to. Well, maybe we shouldn't make it that bad; let's just say his rules tended to favor the convention side of fandom--because everybody knows how "fanzine-fans" hate "convention-fans." The reason they like conreports so much is that they like to read about what asses the fans at cons make of themselves.

So "Ford"'s administration of TAFF was unpopular among a large group in fandom, and the prospect of him winning TAFF and therefore taking over the administration for another two years absolutely infuriates this group. A whisper-campaign starts, with several prominent fans saying they'll no longer support or even pay any attention to TAFF if "Ford" wins. Feeling runs so high that all over fandom fans are fainting in the streets over the prospect of a "Ford" victory.

It's a real messy situation, all right--melodramatic as all getout. The very existence of TAFF, one of the most worthwhile institutions fandom has ever had, is threatened.

You see what I mean about what a good idea a satire on TAFF could be? The situation I've outlined above has everything--conflict, humor, Significance... Everything, I tell you.

But I'm not going to write it. Like I say, I can't, because people wouldn't think it was seemly if I expressed my views on TAFF while I was a candidate. They might even think I was trying to attack my opponents, even though the fictional opponents in the story I've suggested are mere pawns, and the satire is directed at the fans who support or oppose them.

So I'll leave you here with just the suggested plot-situation. You finish the story.

--Terry Carr

MINUTES

by Hon. Sec. Wal. Web

You faithful followers of this column (yes, I mean both of you, Mom and Dad) will notice that the title no longer contains an H. You will notice it particularly now that I have pointed it out to you. There is an explanation for this which has nothing to do with the tons of mail we've been giving to the Nameless paper drive indicating a dislike for an H in Minutes. In other words, don't ever get the idea the CRY cares the least bit about what its readers want. Dropping the H merely indicates that the following reports once again have official sanction and are recognized as the only worthwhile and true records of meetings of the Nameless Ones.

At present there is a single drawback to these official reports. Due to Secretarial procrastination, the minutes of the May 3 meeting were not written in time to be presented and approved/corrected at the May 17 meeting, and due to an unfortunate publishing schedule the minutes of the May 17 meeting have not yet been presented to the members attending the May 31 meeting at the time of this writing. This means you will be no better informed as to what actually happens at meetings of the Nameless Ones than you have been before.

MINUTES OF THE MAY 3, 1959 MEETING OF THE NAMELESS ONES:

Your lovable Secretary inadvertently fed the notes on this meeting to L. Garcone, a fiend of Toskey's, who altered them in such a manner as to make them useless as a source of reference. Therefore your clever Secretary is reporting on the meeting with only his memory to guide him, which is a far better deal than sticking to facts anyway.

The May 3 meeting of the Nameless Ones took place on -- um -- yes, May 3 it was. Sometime during the evening, our newly-elected-President Elinor Busby courageously opened the meeting. Immediately, Flora Jones took advantage of Elinor's youth and lack of knowledge concerning Nameless tradition by suggesting that something be done about writing up an official record (called "minutes") of each meeting to supplement the slander and misinformation (called "Mminutes") printed in each issue of the CRY. Elinor, probably carried away by the power of being President, asked for volunteers to write up an official report. Like smart and seasoned soldiers, nobody volunteered. In fact, nobody even volunteered to second Mrs. Jones' motion that such a thing be done. (The power of the press! They knew what would have happened to them in the next Mminutes.)

Undaunted, President Busby decided the club would adopt the reports in the CRY as the official minutes, pointing out that the CRY reports were slanderous and misinforming only because they were completely accurate. Your completely daunted Secretary was then ordered to read the Mminutes of the previous meeting, leaving out the funny parts. This was done, despite its lack of precedence. The report was disapproved, but accepted without correction.

The matter of having a master of ceremonies for the Westercon came up. The members thought that this would be a good idea until a better one came up. After all, it seemed likely that sooner or later a ceremony would arise during the Westercon and it would be nice to have somebody master it. Elinor suggested that Alan E. Nourse be asked to fill the position. Her suggestion was met with overwhelming approval. The fact that Mr. Nourse might not accept the position was considered, and your Secretary was finally given strict instructions not to mention anything about the position being offered to Mr. Nourse in the CRY minutes. The theory behind this crass censorship was to prevent an alternate choice, should an alternate choice be necessary, from knowing he was an alternate choice and feeling bad about it. (If you happen to be an alternate choice, please do not read the preceding information in this paragraph. We don't want you to feel bad.)

(MINUTES concluded)

==19==

Otto Pfeifer was appointed liaison man for the club to the Moore Hotel. This appointment was made without objection; Otto wasn't at the meeting to object. (This can well be taken as an object lesson for you Nameless Ones who never attend the meetings.)

The possibility of a membership drive was voiced. Several Nameless Ones rustled their black capes, fingered their fangs, observed the pale faces around them, and agreed that the club could use some new blood. Elinor rather cleverly pretended to appoint your Secretary to the task of printing up leaflets for a membership drive; then, when Burnett Toskey had his back to her in order to gloat at the Secretary, she unsheathed the Presidential dagger and stuck Toskey with the job.

A vote was taken that approved the reimbursement of the Secretary for money spent in printed up Moore Hotel room reservation cards for the Westercon. The Secretary was rather strongly urged to get in motion and mail the cards out before the Westercon actually took place.

Having accomplished more business than all the other meetings during the year combined, the Nameless adjourned to the kitchen for refreshments.

Hon. Sec. Wal. Web.

MINUTES OF THE MAY 17, 1959 MEETING OF THE NAMELESS ONES:

After the usual pre-meeting preliminaries of greeting one another with insults, using the THALIA Gestetnerscope without permission, hiding the no smoking sign, and conversing, plus an unusual pre-meeting event of a chess game between Burnett Toskey and Otto Pfeifer, not to mention Toskey going out to buy some chocolate eclairs for refreshments and returning to find himself an outcast because he brought something else instead, Elinor Busby opened the meeting at 8:45. Continuing her unorthodox leadership, she requested that the minutes be read. When informed that the minutes had not yet been written, she requested that the notes of the previous meeting be read. When informed that the notes were not available, she requested that the Secretary go soak his head if he wasn't going to use it for anything else. She also suggested in the Khrushchev manner that subsequent minutes be written sufficiently far in advance that they would be available for reading at the following meeting. The Secretary's offer to write the minutes for the June meetings before the meetings took place was rather rudely refused.

In lieu of the minutes, the Secretary read a letter from Helen Hiss, a member of the Nameless who managed to get away but couldn't forget.

The President announced that Alan Nourse had officially accepted the position of Master of Ceremonies. This left the club with the problem of providing a ceremony. Since the Westercon business meeting can only be determined by the ghods, the only organized Westercon function left was the banquet. Several persons were suggested as potential speakers at the banquet, and Elinor, in what must have been a moment of Presidential confusion, appointed herself to the job of following up the suggestions.

President Busby pleaded without success that the club move, second, and approve that the banquet be held at the Moore Hotel. The idea did get vigorous nods of approval from everyone, however, which is better than a vote at Nameless Meetings anyway.

Geneva Wyman, whose sneaky legal mind is excelled only by Jack Speer's sneakier legal mind, suggested that should we become involved with collecting money for the banquet, it would be best to refer to the money as "donations" so that the sneakiest legalest minds in our state tax department will not be tempted to demand a cut.

All this talk about banquets was making the members hungry, so your Secretary made and Geneva Wyman seconded a motion to adjourn. Only Burnett Toskey object, but a short investigation revealed that his objection was to staying at the meeting. The meeting was adjourned at 9:00, and while the rest of the members headed for the kitchen, Elinor accompanied Toskey on his second trip to the grocery to make sure he got eclairs.

Hon. Sec. Wal. Web.

What fan of a few years standing has not read the great old epics? Remember when a staunch hero fought the foul foe for thousands of light years across the galaxy, pitting mighty weapons and all his great brain power against the enemy to keep the new paint job on his ship from being scratched? And the beautiful heroine who stuck by him, thick and thin (on a no-calorie diet)? And then there is the great scene of the space-opera wherein the hero and heroine get marooned on a raw, lonely planet with the ship busted up. With but a toothpick and a yo-yo, the hero manages to wrest steel mills, tool and die layouts, lathes, coffee machines, rivet guns, welding machinery, fractioning towers, micrometers, and so on, from the soil of the raw world, all the while managing to keep the heroine's virginity intact. Then they repair the ship, take off, win the war, get married, and you know what happens to her virginity then. It remains intact. The goddam author starts a new interstellar war all over again and the hero has to....but anyway to the epic!

SPACEHOUNDS OF THE E.P.I.C. ◇ ED COX

Kit Doitcherself stuck out his jutting, strong, lean, space-tanned jaw in a look of determination as the ship screamed brokenly through the outer atmosphere of the strange planet. "I never could read these damn things," he husked as his sharp, lean, blue space-tanned eyes flicked over the flickering dials, meters, needles, alcohol bubbles, lights flashing...orange, red, green, purple, stop, wait, go, blue, blinking, winking, flickering.

"Gah, I'm gettin' dizzy," husked Kit. "You all right, Nudia?"

Nudia Fignewton, the beautiful, curvacious, lovely daughter of the UHF Imperator of the Ongle-foof System turned her utterly captivating blue eyes toward Kit. As her eyes traveled over his lean, space-tanned form, her ruby moist lips parted slightly. Then wider. "GET ME OUTTA HERE!" she squalled.

"It's too late, m'dear," replied Kit Doitcherself. "Even if we could go back, the ships of the Enemy are scouring the universe for us and our only hope is to crash-land on this obscure planet where they won't never find us anyhow."

The scream of tortured atmosphere penetrated the confines of the ship and the temperature went up as the over-taxed insulator units couldn't keep pace with the over-maximum load.

"But how come we're crash landing?" demanded Nudia.

"It always happens like this in interstellar epics," explained Kit, and then they were down.

The impact was tremendous, buckling the very skeleton of the ship, popping the outer plates, scratching the paint job and spewing out inter-skin equipment. The ship tumbled down a slight incline, completely fusing the drive-plates, rattling the equipment and drive units within the ship into a hopeless muddles mess of scrap. The ship rolled drunkenly and split open on a great granite outcropping. Girders, plates, parts, equipment and supplies spewed out over the alien landscape. Nothing could've lived through a wreck of this magnitude.

Kit Doitcherself groaned. "Are you all right, Nudia?" He opened his eyes and looked around him, dismay thudding deep in his stomach.

"Yeh, I guess so," she said. They climbed out of their anti-grav seats.

"Lemme feel if you've got any broken bones," slavered Kit.

"No thank you," she iced. "I'm quite alright. What're we going to do now?"

"Repair the ship, I suppose," said Kit, his slim, blue, space-tanned eyes taking in the scene. "Eit of a mess," he added.

"Well, I do wish you'd hurry, Kit," said Nudia, turning on the charm. "This place looks teddibly dull!"

"Well, the first thing we must do is to establish a camp, scout the land for inhabitants, raw materials, drive-ins and so on; then take inventory of salvagable supplies," he said briskly. "I'll take inventory and you scout."

"I will not," she huffed. "I was never even a Brownie, and I know nothing about scouting."

"Well, the planet isn't inhabited anyhow, according to the TM," said Kit. "But we must establish camp." He scanned the skies and made lightning mental calculations from observable data such as the length of the shadows, the distance of the sun from the planet, temperature, wind currents, and so on. "It'll be dark soon," he announced. "We'd better hurry."

They gathered sleeping bags, some survival kits and ascended a slight incline toward what seemed to be caves. Kit scanned the surrounding vista and found that they were in a region of foothills at the base of a huge range of towering mountains. A featureless plateau spread to the horizon opposite the view of the mountains.

They settled near the mouth of an empty, shallow cave. "What did you salvage from the ship?" asked Nudia. "Enough to start repair work soon?"

"I have a toothpick and a yo-yo," Kit replied. "Now to sleep while I keep watch against danger in the fast approaching darkness."

Three hours later Nudia spoke softly.

"Kit?"

"Yes?"

"When is it going to get dark?"

"Ahhh, go to sleep!"

"I can't sleep with the sun in my eyes!"

"Turn over!"

But night soon fell. All became quiet. There were no loud night sounds made by alien creatures. Only a light chirping and piping from small night insects. And a thud.

"Agh!"

"Kit Doitcherself! How dare you try to get into my sleeping bag!" demanded Nudia.

"Well, I ah, it's just that...ah...well, dammit, I ahhh..." he mumbled.

"You know why you're not suppose to try to get in my sleeping-bag, don't you?" she scolded.

"Yeh!" snarled Kit. "I'm supposed to be gallant, protective, honorable, courteous and kind. Besides, other heroes in space epics marooned on lonely planets with beautiful young dolls don't try to, and mainly because two of us can't fit in the damn furschlugginer sleeping-bag!" He rolled over into his and went to sleep.

The next morning Nudia came back to the camp after taking a dip in the nearby crystal-clear pool from a breath-takingly beautiful mountain waterfall. Kit was sitting up against the bole of a tree, chewing on the toothpick and expertly joggling the yo-yo.

Nudia kicked aside the empty heateration cans.

"Whaddaya mean sittin' around like this hey!" she demanded. "Why aren't you wresting steel mills, tool and die layouts, lathes, coffee machines, coffee, rivet-guns, welding machinery, fractioning towers, micrometers and like that from the raw soil so's you can fix the space-ship and get us outta here? Hey?"

"Well," he said, executing a masterful Walking-the-Dog with the yo-yo, "it would be a terrible bother, y'know. Also, why can't we, just the two of us, become an Adam and Eve and create a whole new world just for the two of us? All the other heroes always pass up their big chance when they've got their heroine all to themselves. And mainly," he concluded, "I don't know how to fix the goddam ship!"

"Well!" she iced. "I will at least have nothing to do with your mad scheme of starting a brave new world with just the two of us. And if you can't fix the ship, you let down a long line of heroes before you!" She stalked off in a huff, being careful not to trip over it.

For a long time, Kit Doitcherself sat against the bole of the tree, twirling the yo-yo, smoke curling out of his ears. He was thinking. Then slowly, regretfully, and with an air of resigned finality, he got up. He tromped down to the scattered remains of the ship and pawed among things, sorting out piles of materials.

Hours later, Nudia came upon him laboring beside the swift-flowing stream, a great complexity of machines and cables laying about. He turned. Simultaneously they said: "I've changed my mind!"

She paused.

"You were right, Nudia," he husked, flinty blue sparks shooting determinedly from his lean space-tanned eyes. "I owe it to you, myself, the Empire, and mostly to the long line of heroes before me, to get us out of this predicament." He gestured at the stuff strewn around him.

"I've salvaged this from the ship. I'm starting a small hydro-electric plant with these dynamotors and generators with which I'll be able to melt down ores, weld things with this torch,

THE WAY OF ALL FLESH



JOHN BERRY

Life was good for Frank Jackson. Very good. In fact, he sighed to himself, it was, as Bussy termed it -- 'choice'.

He sat back on the contemporary wicker-work chair, which seemed to cater for curvature of the spine, and he looked around him --- at the bookcase on the far wall, which housed a complete Astounding file, and most of the IF's, GALAXY's, NEBULA's and NEW WORLDS ---- at his massive fanzine collection, gathered without regard for expense. True THE TATTOOED DRAGON had cost him \$7.30, and the SLANT file almost \$40, and the QUANDRY file close on \$60, but he knew the collections were an investment, and anyway, he had the money, so why worry? His proud eyes flashed to the wall on his left. It was covered with photographs of most of fandom's BNF's --- photographs the majority of which he'd taken himself during his fan tours. He chuckled to himself -- the firm who employed him and paid for the trips wouldn't be at all pleased if they realized he'd lavished most of his time on visiting fans. It was lucky he'd landed that big deal on the Comet before actually arriving in England -- it allowed him that extra day necessary to visit the Liverpool group.

He looked at his watch -- it was almost 7:30 -- Penny should be coming soon. Ah-ha, that Penny, she was a girl. Only 17, and yet she could wield a stylo with almost as much skill as Bjo Wells. She worked in an office down the corridor from him, and he'd spotted her reading an IMAGINATION in the elevator one morning. He'd told her that he had a big selection of sf books, and would she like to come up and see them -- it was quite safe, he was married!

That was six months ago -- and after allowing her to borrow some prozines he'd shown her a PROFANITY one evening, and gave it to her to read, together with QUIXOTIC and ORION and TWIG and the complete GRUE file. Soon, she read each fanzine avidly as it arrived, and offered her assistance to Jackson to work on his fanzine SQUIGGLE.

Jackson laughed out loud. It was too easy. He sat back -- that's all he had to do -- he just sat back and dictated stories and editorials. For Penny was a shorthand typist. Yes, that was the laugh. Penny took down his material in shorthand, and then, mostly during office hours, she cut stencils for him. Penny also took dictation for most of his correspondence, too. Hell, it was so easy-----

There was a knock at the door.

"Ah, Penny," he said quietly. "Now to get that story for SATA dictated."

"Come in," he shouted, and then frowned as the door opened. It was Elmer Pease, the neofan.

"G-good evening, Mr. Jackson," said the neo. "Sorry I couldn't get here earlier, but I'll get all the filing done before I go home."

"It's all over there on the table, Pease," Jackson said. "I was going to tell you to get a move on with the filing, but if you're going to finish it tonight, that's O.K. with me. I particularly want the Eney file --- better do that first."

"Yes sir," and the neo crossed to the table, sat down and commenced his chore.

Jackson sat back and grinned. That was the way it went. The neofan filed all his letters and fanzines -- Penny stencilled his material and passed it on to Harry -- Harry le Roy.

Harry was a good chap. He was 22, could write a mean prozine review, and best of all, he was a Gestetner salesman. The utter simplicity of it! Penny handed Harry the completed stencils, suitably, even decorously illoed, and Harry brought them back in a day or two, impeccably dupered. Jackson couldn't help laughing out loud, and he noticed the neofan looking at him out of the corner of his eyes.

There was a delicate tap on the door panels, and Penny walked in. She was wearing tartan jeans and a thick yellow sweater.

"Pencil sharpened, Penny?" quipped Jackson.

"Hello Elmer," she smiled to the neofan. She looked at Jackson and bit her bottom lip.

"Um -- would you mind if I looked at the fanzines first, Frank? I've been writing to Franson and he tells me he's an article in the latest VARIOSO about mis-spellings in fanzines?"

"It's over there, dear, but hurry, will you? I've got the most wonderful idea for a story, and I'd like you to write it down whilst I'm in this mood. Just the right words are bubbling in my mind!"

The girl curled up in a chair and picked up the fanzine.

"It's good to see you've enough time to look at Penny," sneered Jackson to the neofan. "You shouldn't be thinking about girls at your age ----"

The neo blushed and hid his confusion behind the covers of a spring-folder.

Jackson hummed to himself. Ghod, it was great to be alive. Harry just brought in the duplicated pages -- and -- as if it could be any simpler, he merely told Charlie to take them with him when he went home at night after the fanac session. Charlie Brimson was an asset to Paloma fandom too. He was a school-teacher -- well educated -- and his current intellectual feud with Bob Leman had fandom agog. It was great for the SQUIGGLE circulation, too. 340 copies were sent out for the 17th issue, and threequarters of that total were loyal subbers. And the great thing was that Charlie's pupils at school actually put the issue together -- and, what's more, addressed the envelopes.

Charlie always brought them back, compiled and packaged, and the neofan put the stamps on and posted them.

What -- just what -- could be more organized? Jackson hummed loudly. Everyone did the work, he acknowledged to himself -- well, the manual work, anyway -- and he got all the egoboo --- those nice letters of comment always said the same: "--congratulations on the neat duplication" -- "clever illos" -- "wonderful story of yours -- and no spelling mistakes or typos either" -- "very clever prozine reviews" -- "you're very lucky to be featuring the Brimson-Leman Feud" --- "superb issue" -- "here's \$3 for two years sub" --- and so it went on.

Of course, Jackson confessed modestly to himself, he wasn't selfish. Penny, Charlie and Harry got their share of egoboo, and he continually praised their work --- "nice layout, dear" --- "I like the way you used that word 'sesquipedalian' about Leman's HYPHEN essay, Charlie" -- "neat dupering, Harry, and congratulations on that PSI-PHI review -- I thought it was a good issue too" -- and they said "thanks, Frank," and they were really and truly happy because after all, under his guiding hand, hadn't they made Paloma the Mecca of Trufandom?

The door burst open, and Charlie rushed in.

"Surprise -- surprise, Frank," he laughed, "and you're the first to know. Penny and I are eloping. Well, what do you say?"

Jackson stared, aghast, as Penny got up and rushed over to Charlie and threw her arms round his neck and hugged him.

"Well," they asked, "aren't you going to wish us ---?"

"Of course," said Jackson, through lips that almost refused to move. "It's very sudden --- our 18th issue is pending --- but --- well," he lied, "it's really nice to see you both so happy. I must honestly say it's a surprise, but one can't stand in the way of true love." He sighed and looked at them.

"Thanks, Frank," they laughed. "We knew you'd be pleased." They shook hands with him.

"Here kids," said Jackson as they turned to go. He peeled off some greenbacks from his wallet and forced them into Charlie's hand. "You're both young, and I guess you'll need it. Will you be coming back soon?"

"We're going to Seattle, Frank, but we won't forget to tell everyone there what a good guy you are -- and how kind you are!"

That's one consolation, Jackson glumly said to himself as he sat down in the chair, watched them shake hands with the neofan, and rush out of the room. Chee -- it was such a shock. He'd seen them looking at each other some evenings, and they'd often left together -- but eloping. Blast it. In fact, to hell with it. He'd seen them both look at the tears in his eyes -- if only they'd known the real reason! The SQUIGGLE schedule would all go haywire now -- what was he going to do? It wasn't so bad about Charlie --- he'd had the stencils cut for the final part of the Brimson-Leman Feud, and he and Harry and the neofan, with a bit of work, could compile the 18th issue and address the envelopes. But he'd got big plans for the 19th issue ----

Harry came in, and walked straight over to Jackson. He threw a bunch of stencils on the desk.

"Sorry I couldn't do 'em, Frank, but guess what?"

"Chee, don't say you're eloping?"

"No -- heck -- I met the happy couple downstairs -- sorry about this Frank, but I'm re-joining the air force, I was never happy selling Gestetners, and I only kept on with the job to please you -- you know that. Gee, I'm sorry about it, Frank -- but I just couldn't go on with it. I'm being posted to Carswell, so I'll be able to keep my contacts in fandom via

Ellis Mills. I've a lot of packing to do, Frank, so I'll go. Thought I'd tell you personally, instead of writing from Carswell. I feel like a heel, but -- -- --"

Jackson stood up and they shook hands.

"It's a shock, Harry, losing Penny and Charlie -- and now you. We built up a pretty fine fan group between us --- Harry -- but, I guess your happiness comes first -- you'll maybe find time to write me an article about fanac in the air force -----?"

"Yeah -- yeah ----- well, 'bye, Elmer," and Harry slammed the door behind him.

Jackson rested his head in his hands and looked at the marks on the blotting pad.

Great Suffering Blochs.

To think that in half an hour his whole world had tumbled to nothing. Was it a hoax? Oh, was there just the remotest chance it was a hoax. Aw, nuts -- of course it wasn't a hoax. It couldn't be.

"Excuse me, Mr. Jackson."

Jackson looked up through creased eyes at the neofan.

"Well, Pease -- er -- Elmer?"

"I'm awful sorry about everyone leaving, Mr. Jackson, but I -- I'll stick by you!"

"Thanks, son, thanks," smiled Jackson. He was going to ask if the filing had been done, but as things were -----

"I've a sister, Mary Jane; she's almost sixteen, and she can do shorthand -- not as fast as Penny -- and my dad has a typewriter at home," ventured the neofan.

"Oh -- oh, is that a fact?" asked Jackson, with new interest. "Well, maybe you'd ask her to come along one evening."

"And I've an old flatbed at home," said the neofan more eagerly. "It doesn't make a very clear page, but at least it does duplicate --- and ---"

"Don't worry, Elmer," said Jackson. He looked at the fanzine file, but his eyes saw nothing. "I'll buy a Gestetner, and maybe you could take over the duplication of SQUIGGLE -- after all, it came top in the FANAC poll, and we've got our prestige to think of, haven't we?"

He wondered about things. The neofan seemed intelligent -- maybe he'd picked up enough fannish atmosphere to be able to write something -- even if it was only a film review -- and perhaps Mary Jane would take to fandom as Penny had done.....?

Things could be worse -- he consoled himself -- not much worse -- but worse just the same.

Was there a chance -- a slight chance he could get SQUIGGLE 18 out on schedule?

He buried his head in his hands once again.

SCIENCE FICTION FOREVER IV

and work on electrical stuff," he said proudly. "It all must start with this generator," he gestured at the paddle-belt arrangement in the stream. "Without this, we'd be lost."

Nudia calmly walked over to it and shoved it all into the stream. Above his strangled cries she spoke quietly and firmly.

"I too changed my mind, Kit," she husked. "I thought it all out and decided that you were right. What girl gets the chance to get a huge, lean, space-tanned hunk of man like you all to herself on an uninhabited world which will be our empire together!" She sighed and undulated up to him. "Just you and me, Kit." She put her arms around his neck. "We'll be Adam and Eve like you said and start our own dynasty!" She tightened her arms. Kit's face grew moist with fine beads of perspiration. A vein throbbed in his temple. "We'll have lots of children and start the population of the new world!"

"No! No!" he gasped, untangling her arms and stepping back from her. "I told you I changed my mind, Nudia." He drew himself up into an attitude of lofty determinism. "We can't have children and populate the new world like in the science-fiction stories!"

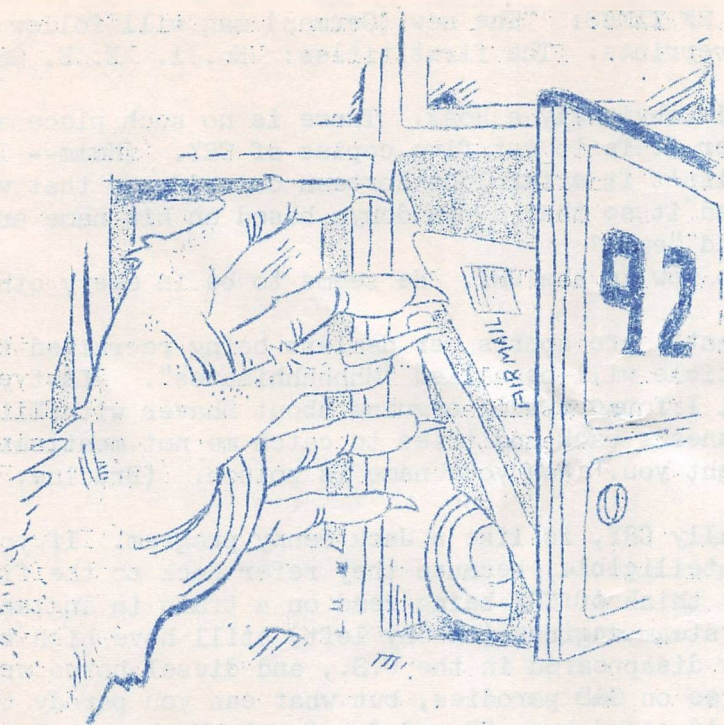
"But why not, Kit honey?" wailed Nudia, her size forties heaving.

"Because," sobbed Kit, stumbling toward the mountains, "because that would be incestuous!"

+++++

YIPE! (Dep't of Last-Minute Error-Detection): Plug for Twig's "BoF '58" on page 3 reads as if BoF '58 had a Berry Fund tie-in. NOT SO! My error in wording the plug. Merely meant to indicate that paper money is easier to handle in this instance, also, to help cut Guy's expenses in this fine monumental project. OK?? --FMB.

ADKINS-



CRY

OF THE READERS

edited by Elinor Busby,
with comments by
Burnett R. Toskey (ol' Doc)

FIRST FANDOM IS NOT DEAD!

Dear CRY (New! Bi-monthly! 196 pages!)

I can see the black headlines on SF TIMES now: "CRY GOES BI-MONTHLY -- THE END OF AN ERA."

Seriously, though, I must agree with you that it's a wise move. The more leisure in getting it out is bound to improve it as well as the nerves of those involved. BUT! Don't slip from there, to quarterly, annually, neverly, the old toboggan, or you'll destroy this #1 fanzine, and the letterhacks will have no home.

NEBULA subs can go to Bob Madle, who is the U.S. representative. Also, the British edition, which subbers receive, is 4 months ahead of the U.S. edition in date. The last I have is #39, which is dated February, and will be dated June in the U.S. However, Peter Hamilton, in a letter to subbers, says the March and April issues were skipped; "owing to circumstances beyond our control" but says "we are extremely sorry for any disappointment which this may cause our regular readers, and hope to have our magazine back in regular publication again very soon."

I wondered about that IF volume number, thanks for explaining it.

Hey, maybe I can get into First Fandom! Do you think a letter in the October, 1934 Astounding will do it? I don't have that particular issue now (I had to cut up my collection once, chopping out favorite stories -- Toskey forgive me), but on the back of part five of "The Skylark of Valeron" it says (in somebody else's letter): "When I read Mr. Donald Franson's letter, my first thought was thttt he was just plain nuts--"

Berry is very inventive. There is sense to this detachable letter of comment idea.

I don't like it, Les. The titles don't stand out. Too many "buyits". Not enough "put-it-back-on-the-rack"'s. Go back to the old format.

Pelz's poem excellent. Moffatt's piece is not as good as his wonderful "I Really Don't Believe It" in BEST OF FANDOM '57. "Minutes" funny, especially facts about Garcone.

I can picture Leslie Gerber counting, counting-- say, Les, did you talk Bob Silverberg into writing to the CRY again? Now see what you can do with Hugo Gernsback.

It sounded terrible where I said I didn't read Pemby. This time, I forced myself to read Pemby. Sound better?

Rich Brown: I think the story you want is one of those Bloch fantasies in which Fandom takes over the world, perhaps "A Way of Life", Oct. '55 FU, which I don't happen to

have.

"Huh?" Department -- a quote from SF TIMES: "The new (German) mag will follow a policy of buying only new stories, no reprints. The first titles: No. 1. E. E. Smith's 'Skylark of Space'--"

The Dorcas Bagby Whittier letter is obviously a hoax. There is no such place as Texas. What an involved way for whoever it is to get five copies of CRY. (Hmmm-- I wonder if "Whittier" is a clue?) And isn't it a fabulous Fortean coincidence that when Thomas Gray wrote the "Elegy" he planned it so that a pseudonym based on his name and poem would have initials that would read "egg"?

I'm glad that Harry Warner, Jr. is now in the CRY. He seems to be in every other fanzine.

Bruce Pelz: What is a Volisch Agent? Are sports car dealers being recruited through the CRY? #I predict the next Weber article will be called "Mhhhhhhinutes". #Last year when Toskey suddenly left the lettercol I found myself arguing about Shaver with Elinor, who doesn't even read Shaver. Now he sneaks back and tries to catch me not mentioning his name, but he didn't, though he caught you. Now your name is poison. (Brucine, Bob Lambeck.)

Archie Mercer: A fanzine, especially CRY, is like a Jack Benny program. If you tune in late, some of the jokes will be unintelligible, because they refer back to the first joke in the program. #It's wondrous to think of CRY being read on a train in England. I have been on English trains. Do the steam engines (if any left) still have high whistles? Steam locomotives have virtually disappeared in the U.S., and diesel horns are not as fine-sounding as old whistles. #Agree on G&S parodies, but what can you parody that everyone in fandom knows, besides the old stand-bys, SF and fanzines? Maybe standard poems would go good, like "The Raven" which Gregg Calkins has done.

Bob Lichtman: Toskey edited the lettercol by cutting everything in half with mathematical precision. It made the letters especially unintelligible when he cut them in half vertically down the center.

Dan Adkins: If Eddie Jones copies, who from? His stuff shows lots of imagination.

Colin Cameron: A Westercon is of no interest except to another Westercon of the opposite sex. But aside from that, this looks like C*E*N*S*O*R*S*H*I*P. You frozen northerners, why should the Westercon be held in Seattle in '61 as well as in '59? Is it necessary that it be combined with the Worldcon, and thus eliminated, every third year? Len or Forry or somebody, elucidate.

Dammit, there's a line I don't understand at the bottom of the last page. What's Rockland?

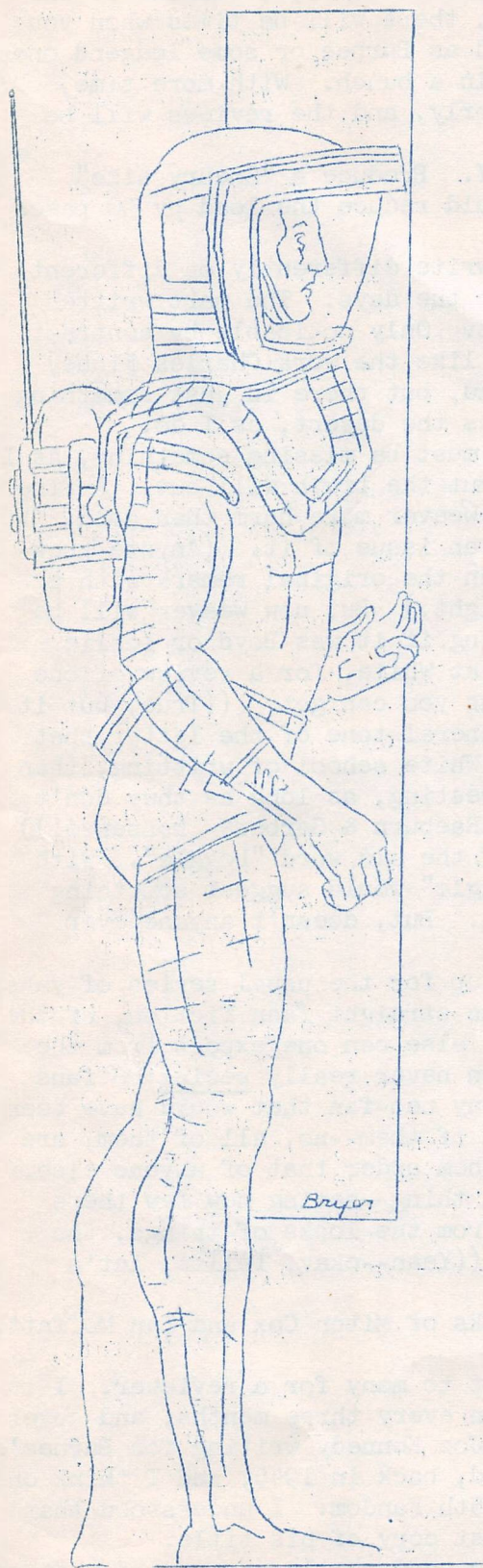
Yours,
Donald Franson
6543 Babcock Avenue
North Hollywood, Calif.

((Dug out the Oct.'34 Astounding, and read about your "new" theory of gravitation. What am I offered as a bribe to refrain from republishing it in CRY? #As I see it, if CRY went bi-monthly we could continue at that schedule indefinitely without undue fatigue, whereas if we keep up the pace we've set, we may all gafiate on the CRY any time, due to the expense and work involved overshadowing the fun we get out of it...BRT))((The line about Rockland was a quote from a poem in the Falascas' THE DEVIL'S MOTORBOAT. The poem was a magnificent parody of Ginsberg's "Howl". #A Volisch Agent is an evil person. Bob Leman was accused of being one by his freind, Mervil Culvergast.))

A LAD FROM TEDDYBEAR TOWN
Eeep!

The aforementioned sound is that of my mighty brain turning tail and heading for safer realms after the shock of seeing "...going bi-monthly..."

Was nice watching Mark Hornsby Permount rise and fall. For some reason, the last line reminds me of when I was walking down the school steps this afternoon with Butch Tuller. Some girl came running past us whispering at her loudest, "Jesus-Christ-Almighty!" Butch Tuller said, "You called?" I don't remember what she said after that.



Rich Brown: It isn't especially odd that you can't place me. I have trouble placing myself all the time. Perhaps it's contagious. And I'll be even more unplaceable in the future. I expect to have perhaps 4 changes of address during the next year or so.

I can just imagine getting a fanzine with \$1.50 in postage due stamps on it by the time it catches up with me.

Yours,
Bob Lambeck
22 Long View Drive
Simsbury, Conn.

((Fanzines sent 3rd class are not forwarded. And if return postage is not guaranteed, they are simply thrwn in the wastebasket...BRT))

RICK-PSHAW BOY

((source refuses to accept credit))

Dear Elinor,

I see you have left yourself open to suggestions again. Or, at least, opinions. As I always have opinions, even if I don't have facts, I'm glad to offer my help in trimming down CRY to your size. Though, actually, I can't see how you can find this a problem. Maybe what you need on your staff is a hard fisted bookkeeper. By applying the same rules I used on spending Solacon money, I could get you down to reasonably (for you) size in no time. You just chop off everything you can't get along without. A quick look tells me I could have edited a CRY of only 30 pages.

Points: (a) Use heavier cover stock and put editorial on inside.

(b) Leave Pemberton's reviews untouched, for they are obviously one of your mainstay items that makes CRY different from other zines. The column should not be shortened, either, for "writing within limits" will tend to strangle Renfrew's free rain of ideas, which make the column.

(c) Leave Minutes as they are. They some times might not be as great as other items, but they too are distinctly part of the CRY picture. And it is great fun to (1) compare them to your own local, or (2) get an idea of what a local club is like.

(d) Your letter department is your main attraction, to read what the fans say. I think it is well edited (cut) now, but it could be hit even more. Look at the sparkel and dash of "-"'s letter column, and the comparative little space it covers.

(c) A good fanzine review column is a service, though it seems to receive little comment except from wounded editors. But, I would prefer to see you keep one--

(d) If you insisted I might let you add one item of general fan interest--if it was something that would cause talk. Assuredly no more filler in the form of one page

polls, poems, and jokes.

As a 30 or 32 page zine you would be still worth the price, & you would have one-fourth the publishing work. And the readers would still have a monthly CRY.

I see a Bi-monthly CRY as the sure beginning of the end. Unless I miss my guess, you

are now at the point of continuous production. If you cut 22 stencils, I imagine it was done at a rate of one or two a day. Given a two month gap, there will be times when you won't have to get out and "cut my stencil for the day". And as Burbee or some legend ones said, it is easier to do it every day than to save them up in a bunch. With more time, there will be more putting off, and soon you will be quarterly, and the reviews will be so vast they will have to be trimmed, and...

Still another plan is to adopt a variable size for CRY. Produce a "Sneary size" issue one month, and a normal 45 pages the next. This would reduce the load by 90 pages a year.

Now, comment on Pemberton's reviews. Knowing that I write differently on different days, I was interested to note the change in this one, over the days. The part written last was better. There seemed more interest and life to it. Only noticable by contrast though. --Personal opinions being what they are, I rather like the work Charles Finney has been doing in F&SF. It is hard to say it fits our field, but there is just something about the style I like. Maybe because he so obviously loves the desert, as I do.

Regarding the letters, I have felt in the past that I must be missing something, as I couldn't see the evil that lurks in the heart of Gerber. But the truth will out. A fine example of due as I say, not as I due. He surely has done Weaver more harm than good. No one would remember Raeburn's remarks if Gerber hadn't made an issue of it. (Anyone knowing Boyd's usual caustic comments on things would have taken the original remark with a grain of salt -- just as one does with reviews by Damon Knight.) But now Weaver will be thought of as "That Australian that...." with some forgetting if it was Boyd or Leslie that called him a "feeble-minded fool." --As for the gibe at White, for a review of one fanzine in still a third, is about as non-sequitur in CRY as you can get. ((True, but it was my fault for printing it.)) It would seem, from the general tone of the letter that he more wished to become a member of the Ellison, Raeburn, White school of writing, than he wished to condemn them. Well, gad-flies make life interesting, as long as they don't expect to be loved. ((Are you implying that we don't love Raeburn & Gerber? Nonsense!))

I rather suspect that "croggle" is the intense form of the old word "boggle". With "boggle" showing mild amazement and flabbergastation, "croggle" would suggest something that would make one's mind all crawly and choked up feeling. But, doesn't anyone ever feel "foutish" anymore?

The conventional Bar opening to the Berry tale set me up for the usual series of yaks. I don't know how far along I was till I realized that it was straight faan fiction, of the type White has been boosting. And good stuff too--but what else can one expect from the man of many moods? --There were a couple flaws, due to John never really seeing US fans at a Con, but not bad-- Though, I can't think off hand of any neo-fan that would have been willing to submit so completely to a BNF's direction. Most of them--no, all of them, are too brimming over with their own personalities to submerge them under that of anyone else. -- Publishing a list of Berry supporters seems to be a good thing--seeing how few there are. My own small bill went off to Nick two weeks ago.. From the looks of things, the Fund has been plugged by more fans than have contributed. ((Yeah--okay, fellas, let's support the fund N*O*W!))

I find it impossible to say anything regarding the works of Mitch Cox and Len Moffatt, do to my long standing hatred of these two.

Fanzine reviews are much as I expected. There are just too many for a reviewer. I shudder to think what it would be like to try to do a column every three months, and cover everything. --I was a little surprised to see mention of Joe Kennedy writing for Barnes's VAMPIRE. Joke's fanzine VAMPIRE was one of the first I read, back in 1945, and I think one of the best. It set the pattern for the mags to follow in 5th Fandom. I understood that Joke was in retirement--wonder what he thought of this newest copy of his title.

By the way, partly because of the sales talk I gave you, and partly because of what she has done to get other fans to become actifans, I am now supporting Bjo for TAFF. We young fans have to stick together. ((I'm disappointed, Rick. Bjo is potentially a fine candidate, but she has been active in fandom for a very short period of time.))

Yours,

Rick Sneary, 2962 Santa Ana St., South Gate, Calif.

((CRY is not a continuous process, as you seem to think, but instead is a last-minute rush on stencil-slashing, run-off and assembly. Most of the material, especially letters, comes in during the last week before date of publication. Having CRY vary drastically in size from month to month isn't a good deal either...might be that the solution is just to get tougher on the unsolicited manuscripts....BRT))((You know, I don't think anybody's done Weaver any harm--good, if anything. His name is Known in hounts. of CRY readers (like the CRY, for instance) and now if he has anything pubbed in any fanzine read by CRY readers they will pounce upon it with little cries of joy. "What ho!" they will say. "Here's something by Good Ol' Bert Weaver!")

PRESERVE THE LETTERHACKS FOR POSTERITY

Hello Up There!

In re CRY 127 for May 1959:

ATOM cover--fascinating & funny as per usual.

Contents Page

& Buztorial--CRY bi-monthly? Sob. But it was inevitable. May I offer another solution? Publish TWO fanzines. Without doubling the work. How? Why, easy... Make one a monthly, like always. But use only topical material in the monthly, like promag, fanzine and book reviews, lettercol, and Wally's Minutes. Make t'other one quarterly. Use non-topical items like fiction, verse, articles (most fanzine articles remain topical at least for 1/4 of a year, if not longer), and, of course, a lettercol too. That means that CRY faithfuls would have to write 16 instead of 12 letters a year, but it should be worth it to us to keep the 2 mags going. Titles? Continue to call the monthly CRY, as always. The quarterly could be called, simply, the CRY QUARTERLY. What would this mean in the way of time and work for you all? ((Too much.))

Well, there would be at least 8 months a year where you would have less work to do per month than you are doing now 12 months a year with a giraffe-busting mag. Four of 12 months would (theoretically) contain more fanpub work, but you could spread the work on the Quarterly over more than four months so that no one month would seem as work filled as they must be now. Savvy? Comments?

SFieldPlowed-

Under is giving me fits because I can't fit enough stf reading time into my schedule, and now have desire to get and read British mags, as well as US mags. But anyway am grateful that Pemby keeps up abreast of the field (all over the place) and can always make special effort to get and read items he makes sound most interesting.

Fandom Denied--John's tragic-pathos ending to this tale was almost too much. Especially as another story in same ish has "tragic" ending. I found it a little hard to believe that fans would be quite that cruel to a kid who obviously was the victim of a hoax. On the other hand, fans ARE people, and people can be damned cruel critters... But it was a good story, tho I prefer Berry with a lighter touch.

Gerber's use of the Sturgeon method is okay, and space saving, but hope he (or some other book reviewer) will occasionally do more detailed reviews of the more important books.

Nice the way you tied the two fanzine review cols together. Both gents do a good job of fanzine reviewing, tho I think Rich has the edge over Bob. But then Rich is an "older" fan than Bob--more time in the microcosmos, that is. Would like to see both of 'em in their pitching (or with a 'b', as the case may be) each month.

E. Mergenworther

Cos carries on admirably with his series of take-offs sans music.

Bruce Pelz is a parodydler of great excellence. Three cheers and a tiger (from the Congo or the Niger) for his Lehrody and likewise for Ed Note for giving it that classification.

I want to thank the person responsible for doing such a fine job of editing my story. (('Twas mostly Buz.)) I am grateful and pleased, to say the least. I felt it was too damned long, but it wasn't the shortening that pleases me so much as the polishing and tightening. Somebody up there likes me. ((We all do.))

The minutes or mminutes were not only up to par, but a bit better than that. If Wally insists on inserting the fannish h, let him, I say, tho I think the h bit can be carried to extremes. What ever happened to the time-honored feud between the Foo Fooists and the Ghu Ghuists? (There I go--living in the past again.)

F. Sharp must be a pen name for Franson, tho why he would want to hide behind one for such an entertaining piece I dunno...

Hoo boy, what a whoop de doo lettercol with both Elinor and the Tosk taking readers to talk. Give 'em both barrels! No, wait...speaking on figuratively...the letterhacks of CRY must be preserved for all the many, many, many future issues.....

To which I am looking forward.

SOUTH GATE AGAIN IN 2010!

Thine,
Len Moffatt
10202 Belcher
Downey, California

((Your idea isn't so hot, I'm afraid, since the yearly amount of work would be increased rather than diminished, due to the larger number of letters. We had a "quarterly" zine once, with the same avowed purposes as you would have us use for a CRY quarterly, and it just didn't work out--perhaps you remember SINISTERRA. The trouble with something like that is that it tends to become a Big Deal, and too much Work. #Truly, Franson has no need to hide behind a pseudonym...that boy is Sharp!...BRT))

TRIMBLE & SHIPSHAPE

HULLO THERE, THANX FOR CRY #127

Wot's all this gas about dropping CRY to bi-monthly, like? No, forty-eleven times no! BiGhu, something else must be workable. Squeeze Tosk harder, or hock GM Carr, or something. ((We don't own GMC)). But keep CRY monthly!

Please?

Berry really came over this time (now, if we can only make him come across...). But the end of "Fandom Denied" sorta left me, somewhat. #Ed Cox's latest bit of StForever, while good, didn't seem to pack the whallop that the first two did. Wouldn't you know it. We come up with a scheme to keep Cox with Cry and he proceeds to fall off, like. I dunno, tho, I'll bet that the next one puts the series back up to its high point.

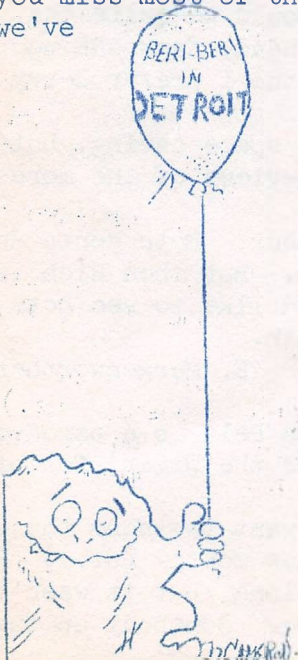
Speaking of Ed, which is fun, and only cut-funne'd by having him around (you come back from Maine, you!), this guy is a walking interlineation file. He'll be doing things, like photographing Bjo or some equally agreeable pastime, and be muttering interlineations to himself. And what gripes us most is the fact that if you aren't listening verrry close you miss most of them. This is not good. What is a good sign, tho, is the fact that we've

got him on the run; he's not sure of his name at all now. As a matter of fact, the other night (just before he left for Maine), he was calling himself E. Morton Crogwattle. The only possible hitch I can think of is that he might forget his name is really Ed Cox, and not be able to pick up his reservations for the flight back. Not a Good Thing.

Len Moffatt's "Rise and Fall of..." was pretty good stuff. Glad to see more fa-anfiction from the Downey direction. #Something about "Mminutes" failed to turn me on this time. #StField Plowed Under is still where I read most of s-f these days.

Rich Brown and Bob Lichtman's fmz reviews do make it nice this time. I think I'm beginning to make something of the rating system.

First thing that came to mind upon reading Les Gerber's letter: Does fandom owe you something, Les? I get this impression. And quit fighting people's battles for them. There's enough enmity in fandom now without you jumping around to stir up fights between others. I'm sure that if whatsisname((you mean his name isn't known in CRY haunts?)) and Boyd Raeburn want to fight, they'll both be able to do so without you putting your two-cents worth in and corrupting a good scrap. Hell, relax and enjoy this hobby that is fandom.



And with CRY around, it's even more enjoyable, like.

BjoforTAFfishly,
John Trimble
5201 E. Carson
Long Beach 8, Calif.

((Strange that Wally's minutes last ish should have left you colder than usual--I thought them to be one of his two or three best articles in this column. #The ending of the Berry story was a bit harsh for my taste also. I can understand the poor fellows reaction, but like Len Moffatt, I feel it's unreasonable to believe that fans would be that cruel. The story had great moments, though...BRT))((A tendency to fight other people's battles for them is just one aspect of loyalty. I suspect most people would infinitely prefer not to have their battles fought for them, but loyalty is not in itself reprehensible. --Actually, Les Gerber is a bit on the immature side, but at his age he's s'posed to be. A mature sixteen-year-old is a sixteen-year-old for whom no very glorious future can be predicted.))

OH GLORY! OH POOP POOP!

(MDC)

Dear Party-Poopers:

As has been customary with most of my salutations, this one has a particular meaning. Like, what's the unfannish bit about pubbing CRY bi-monthly? What a dirty ploy that would be, after getting all us CRYhacks used to commenting on a monthly schedule. When it comes right down to it, I'm geared to receiving a CRY every month.

Anyway, assuming you were to switch to a bimonthly schedule, you wouldn't really be accomplishing much in the way of cutting down the size of the CRY. Pemby's column would run about 10 pages at the minimum every time, the fanzine reviews about 8, the Minutes 4, the regular material (Berry, Cox, Gerber, etc.) about 25 or so (since you'd pick up more unsolicited manuscripts in the two month period) ((we needn't print 'em!)), and your letter sections would run at least 25 pages, since it would take us CRYhacks twice as much space to be our usual fannish selves.

Result: a 72-page CRY at the minimum, and it'd run closer to 80 or 90, most likely. So, what are you accomplishing? You may as well put out a 46-page CRY every month; and the monthly schedule is better, you have to admit, for high interest in the zine. And you'd need monstrous stages to assemble an 80 page CRY. So, like, let's have no more discussion of changing the CRY's frequency rate, hey!

Liked the orange ink on the cover this time, and since Tosk has quite a rainbow of other colors at his disposal, how's about using more of them. That crazy lavender, for instance. I still like ATom covers, but I don't particularly care for advertising on them, even for such a worthy cause as the Berry-Pond Transit Fund (like, contribute). The cartoon types such as the ones on #'s 124 and 126 are the best, I think. Keep the fannish adverts inside the zine.

I'm coming to regard Buz' prozine reviews as a pleasing but inevitable thing. I always like reading them even if I don't buy many prozines anymore. Most of my prozine reading is looking at the things at the newsstand. Did anyone notice Don Franson's story in one of the latest Lowndeszines, by the way? Pretty good, even from the hurried newsstand reading I gave it.

The Berry Sops Fables are improving again. The one in this issue is almost up to the quality of the first one, "All the Way". #Sometimes I wonder how Berry goes about picking the fans he uses in his stories (the real-life ones, that is). He writes about Arv Underman being at a convention; if you people only knew Arv! It's a project to get him to a LASFS meeting, even.

I don't particularly care for this Sturgeon imitation Gerber is using to review books. It does save a lot of space, but Les just can't make it come off like Ted does.

EdCo's story superb this time, as usual. I wasn't expecting the ending to be like this at all. Keep this series going, eh! It's already one of my favorite departments in CRY.

Liked Bruce's "Lehrody". Sometime I'll have to try doing one of them, myself. Bruce seems to be becoming a regular feature with his song parodies, too. Damned nice; all the stuff I like assumes the proportions of a column sooner or later. No wonder CRY is so big.

Len's story is definitely the best thing in this issue; it reads like something Carl Brandon might write if it didn't concern TCarr and Ronel. #Only trouble with this story is that Len didn't have a letter in CRY OF THE READERS. I think I prefer long Moffatt letters, but this Moffattale is appreciated, too.

Mminutes is another column I enjoy quite thoroughly, but it never seems to draw much comment from me. Needless to say, Wally is one of our better faanish writers. I'd like to see him do more work for the general fanzines, though, because his talent is just too good to limit it to such a narrow field as Nameless Minutes. Wally, spread your writing around, and do about five times as much of it. You really should. ((Agreed!))

F. Sharp, I presume, is good ol' Buz. ((No.)) Lessee, on this point system, I've earned somewhere between 50 and 60 points, as of 13 May, 1959. That total assumes that: each issue of your fanzine counts the 5 or 10 points, and a purple hand is equivalent to a black hand for ditto publishers. Actually, it's probably better than fifty points; I've had quite a number of purple hands (& I only counted fifteen points for it, while it's probably closer to twice that, at least). #If these assumptions aren't so, though, no one can be rated a BNF on this chart, or didn't you notice? ((I did not make those assumptions, and scored about 30 points. I suspect that some fans could score 100, tho.))

Nice Franson illo on CRY OF THE READERS; didn't know the fhellow could draw. ((Don gets to chalk up a point for illo botched in stencilling--the original was much better.)) Guess he cribbed your visage from the picture on CRY 121. Same expression. ((Same blouse, too.)) #Rather like Toske getting to make comment in the lettercol again.

Before I get into comments on the lettercol, I want to give everyone my views on the Philosophy of Being a CRYhack. It seems to me that the majority of us (Brown, Gerber, Franson, Pelz, etc.) employ a writing style in our letters so that they read almost like an article. At least, much of what I write in my CRYletters is intended to be interesting to the readers as well as let you CRYpubbers know what I think of your efforts. Most CRYletters are slanted: stuff like making comments to letterhacks by putting their name down with a colon after it; that's slanting--slanting to an audience of regular CRYreaders. I like it, and everyone else seems to, and anyway it's been going on for so long that if you started receiving letters from, say, Rich Brown or Es Adams, that read like normal letters of comment, you'd wonder what was happeneng. I cnn see it now; you reading a letter from one of the regular CRY hacks and suddenly looking up and saying, "Why, look, Buz. A normal letter of comment. Now I know how regular faneds feel. Gee, what a strange feeling." Heh! #Any of you other CRYhacks got anything to say about this?

Les Gerber: Now that you've convinced yourself that you should, go ahead and send copies of UMGLICK to FSF. Send four of them; one each for Busbies, Blotto, Tosk, and Wally. Like, man, that's the only way. #EdCo does exist; I've met him a couple times. #You do like Willis, Les, don't you? You should be delighted to learn that George Fields (3607 Pomona Blvd., Montebello, Calif.) is going to pub a volume of Walt's short articles soon. To be called THE WILLIS PAPERS, it'll run about 100 pages. I'm not sure of the price; I think about a buck. And it's only the first volume of several, which will eventually comprise a set known as the Complete Works of Walter Willis.

Elinor: What do you mean: people who publish every other year deserve to be offered British procrudzines? Hell, so what if Raeburn doesn't pub very often, he puts out a Top Ten fanzine when he does. See if he doesn't rate high on next year's FANAC Poll. ((Ol' Boyd rates high with me right now; he's one of my best friends. If I can't insult my best friends, who can I insult? Don't tell me 'nobody'--you'll just discourage me.))

Don Franson: I believe Forry buys two copies of CRY so he can put one mint into his Collection. #You should see some of these old fanzines he raffles off on occasion at LASFS meetings. Items like DREAM QUEST, UNCENSORED, etc. (The first circa 1947, the second 1942).

Rich Brown: I wish you wouldn't use the rating system on your reviewing, so I wouldn't have to use it on mine to keep the reviews uniform. I agree that it's hard to assign relative values when rating the zines, without seeming to overrate some and underrate others. #It's still rather hard to believe that Grennell is a 7th Fandomite. In fact, I believe he came in just after the CHICON II, which would put him on the tail of Fabulous Sixth Fandom (FSF--strangely enough).

Tosk: Agree with you that CRY will never become #1; not while us letterhacks still inhabit the cavernous expanses of the lettercol.

Harry Warner: Gee, welcome to CRYdom. I hope you make a regular thing out of writing to CRY, and maybe even do an article or two.

Bruce Pelz: You've doubtless seen the squib in FANAC about John Berry dropping RET as of the 13th issue. I'm rather inclined to agree with you that John may be a bit tired about being continually associated with the Goon--but I prefer his own suggestion of pubbing a limited edition of RET for us GDAddicts rather than folding the thing entirely.

#GDA Ops: if John does fold RET, how about some of us taking it up and pubbing it on a semi-CULT system? Gotta keep the legend going, gang. #But keep pubbing RET, John.

Dan Adkins: Go right ahead and comment on the fanartists, perhaps in an article.

Ghod, what a long &WEALSOHEARDFROM section. You should turn CRY into a 36-page letter-zine, people. Just keep the review columns, the Berry, and the letters. #Just kidding, of course, I like CRY's present format. Don't change it.

I'm with you in Fenden, Elinor Busby, ((You can slipsheet.))

Bob Lichtman

5137 S. Croft Ave.

Los Angeles 55, Calif.

((Putting out CRY bi-monthly would be a blow to many, doubtless. We haven't made our decision yet, and may not for a few months, but what would you prefer, a bi-monthly CRY or no CRY at all? It may come to that if a more reasonable solution isn't found. #We have a stapler that will staple 150 pages if necessary, probably more than that. #Wally is a slow writer and it's backbreaking work getting stuff out of him--what we get is worth the effort; but our own whip hand gets tired. We all agree that he should spread his talents around fandom more than he does, but his interests just don't seem to lie in this direction...BRT))((Fields' Willis collection has been mooted ever since time began. I'll believe in it when I see it. FANAC doesn't believe--you'll have noted.))

EARLY CAUGHRAN

Dear Busbies,

A letter of comment on the CRY -- early, like, this time.

The orange lettering provides a very good contrast with the blue mimeoing... Berry is very good, far better than usual. His giving up the GDA has made several hundred percent improvement in his stories.

Pelz's Lehrody -- I like that -- is good, but somehow doesn't hit it off with me as well as Mercer's. I like Lehrer's I wanna go back to dixieland better than I like the AEC bit--probably carries over.

Moffatt writes good fan fiction -- there seems, however, to be a lot of this lately, and it begins to become repetitious, good as most of it is. Fandom could use an eccentric billionaire, but not an eccentric fuggheaded billionaire.

Wally's minutes are better than usual.

And, the lettercol--did Franson draw the heading from a photo? ((Yup--on photo cover)).

People with fannish names--there's a person here at Barrington with name Rich Brown, and a person who looks an awful lot as I remember Rich Brown, but unfortunately they're not the same person. I could probably go throo the public directory and come up with dozens of fannish names at Cal. Even Jim Caughran. And I'll bet there's no one else who knows someone with the name ((huh?)) -- I'd be interested if there were, tho.

CRY is a focal point, of sorts --

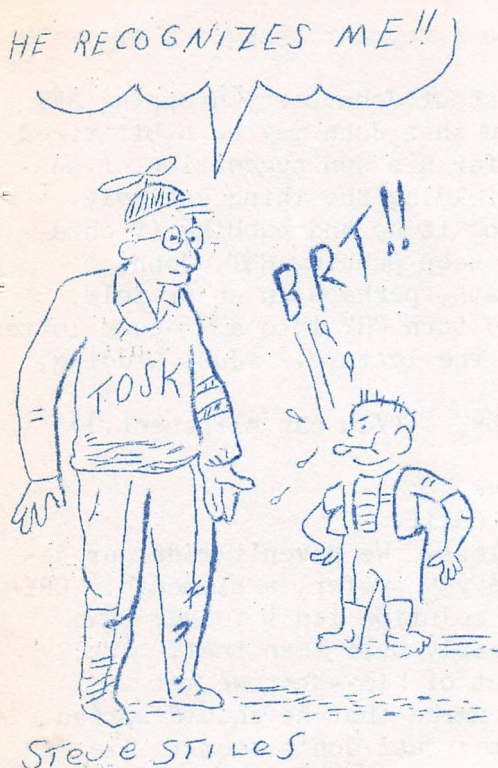
I chuckle at Dorcas Bagby Whittier--I do, however, think it is too much of a coincidence that Mills and Mrs. Whittier should exist in the same state.

Jim Caughran

2315 Dwight Way

Berkeley 4, Calif.

((A focal point of fandom must be a fanzine upon which manuscripts of all descriptions converge continuously...BRT))((CRY is a focal point of CRYfandom--an amorphous group, composed of several overlapping fandoms--I don't mean consecutive, historic fandoms, I mean eddy-fandoms. (New term I just this minute made up.)(Meaning self-evident, right?)))



THE SPIELEOLOGIST

(FMB)

A time of CRYsis is at hand:

The only thing I can suggest to solve the burden of CRYpubbing would be to require subs, at about 40 cents an ish, six for \$2 maybe. Then, contributors still get free copies, letter-writers get half-price copies. Either cut-out free reviewee copies altogether, or give them half-price copies, also. Other than that, I guess going bi-monthly is the only solution. *Sigh*

I notice that John Berry is well represented in BEST OF FANDOM 1958, and if he keeps writing material as fabulous as "Fandom Denied," Terwilleger better start thinking of putting out THE BEST OF BERRY 1959. A superb job, indeed, was this one.

Ed Cox keeps up his good average with the Time Traveler bit--but Rolf should take one more time trip; quartets are so much more popular than trios these days.

And now we come to a problem raised by publishing so much excellent Berry material: other faan-fiction has a heck of a time trying to compete. Len Moffatt's story comes off a rather poor second this time. Dunno why, unless it's maybe trying to cram too many side remarks in.

It appears that "F. Sharp's" point system has gone to his head. And there are a few items he forgot:

- For critical review of your fanzine by Ted White, 2 points.
- For reply to above, published in Whitezine, 1 point.
- For starting feud, and shifting blame, 1 point.
- For starting feud, and accepting blame, 0 point.
- For getting in last shot in feud, 2 points.

I'm inclined to agree, Tosk, that CRY won't ever hit the #1 fanzine spot in a poll--by FANAC or any other. But placing in the top ten proves either that CRY is GOOD, or that CRYophiles are the only ones who bother being active in such polls.

I have just finished reading "Mine Enemy Grows Older," an autobiography of one Alexander King. It seems that in addition to being an artist and critic of renown, Mr. King has had many other adventures in his life, not the least of which were an addiction to morphine lasting the better part of a decade, a couple federal sentences for same, and marriage to four wives (one at a time) through the years. It's an excellent book, about a very interesting character, but I now begin to wonder greatly about Raeburn's wish to be called the Alex King of Fandom.

Archie's point about assuming familiarity with a piece on the part of the readers is well taken. But what would be familiar to the majority of fandom? Any suggestions?

Bob Lichtman, you evidently don't realize that when fandom gets to the point where CRY is being sent to 15,173 people, the postage will be free, and the materials government-subsidized.

I AM MOST HAPPY TO SEE THE RETURN OF THE TOSKEY TO THE LETTERCOL!!

Erratically from the forefinger,
Bruce Pelz
4010 Leona Street
Tampa 9, Florida

((We have found through experience that raising the sub-price seems not to affect our circulation, and our problem is not particularly financial anyway. As Buz says, a pile of money on the table doesn't type stencils. And to charge money to our Loyal Correspondents is the LAST THING we want to do...BRT))

THE ALEX KING OF FANDOM? LET'S HOPE NOT!

Hi,

I agree that going bi-monthly would be the solution to your problem.

Berry's "Fandom Denied" starts off very clumsily, then picks up and runs quite well

for a while, only to fall apart at the end. The BNF tutors the neo on fandom, doing a very thorough job, we are told. After all this tremendous indoctrination, it is too much to believe that the neo had never heard of Bennett, FAPA, or any other apa, Grennell, etc. etc. An item of this type must still be logical, and this is the second Berry item you have run recently that has fallen apart at the end in this way. On the other hand, "The Rise & Fall of Mark Hornsby Permound V" by Len Moffatt is beautifully done. While this is an old idea, he handles it very smoothly and produces a very well done item. Part III of Ed Cox' Science Fiction Forever pretty much keeps up to the standard he's set. I join with those who are wishing Wally would start dropping a few "h's". The Minutes vary wildly in quality and interest from issue to issue, and this time they were just too cute.

I think I could cope with G. M. Carr as an enemy, but I very much hope that I'll never find Leslie Gerber declaring himself to be my friend, and springing to my "defense" over something. I am astounded at the things Gerber is reading into what I said, and my main feeling in the matter at the moment is embarrassment for Weaver, while Knight Errant Gerber springs about yelling "louse" "idiot" "feeble-minded fool" about the poor guy. I think the kindest thing to do will be to ignore Gerber and maybe he'll leave Weaver alone and direct his hysterical screams somewhere else. As I said, I'd probably have sent Weaver a copy of A BAS if he hadn't come leaping into CRY yelling that I make him mad. If Peter Francis Skeberdis feels the way he does, I'll take his 25¢ and send ol' Bert a copy. But remember, Pete, Weaver says I always make him mad, and there are pages and pages by me in A BAS, and you wouldn't want Bert to have apoplexy, would you?

Regarding non-sfish fanzines, Howard Lyons puts out a magic fanzine. I think it is quarterly, quite slim, is very highly regarded by Big Name Magicians, and he gets 50¢ a copy for it (none of this trades or free copy for a letter stuff.) McCain by the way was not talking about jazz fanzines...he was talking about jazz record fanzines, which are another thing again. He took pains to point out the very important distinction. ((True--I goofed.))

The story Rich Brown is asking about is "A Way of Life" by Robert Bloch. It appeared in the October 1956 issue of Fantastic Universe.

Grennell came into "fandom" around the time "7th Fandom" was proclaiming itself. He once visited Ellison when a few other "7th fandomers" were there, and Norman Browne in an unintentionally hilarious article in VANATIONS set up a 7th fandom class system with Dean at the head, but this adoption by some of the 7th fandomites doesn't make Dean a member of 7th fandom himself. ((Pooh! It does so. Besides, he was a member of 7apa, wasn't he?))

Bruce Pelz' rephrasing of his statement about Lehrer's songs is very well done, very clear, I agree with him, and the air is filled with serenity and friendship.

The fanzine reviews by Rich Brown and Bob Lichtman are quite well done, but much too short. ((They can't be too short! We're trying to hold the page count down!)) I am not expecting an exhaustive, multi-page, Ted White type analysis of each zine, but both of the boys seemed to skimp a bit occasionally. I dug deeply your comment in the middle of the review of A BAS, Elinor. Thanks Rich, for a nice, if somewhat confused in places, review.

Regards,
Boyd Raeburn
9 Glenvalley Dr.
Toronto 15, Ontario
Canada

((I enjoyed Wally's minutes particularly this time--one thing not everybody realizes about Wally's minutes is that they are ACCURATE! Varda Pelter really does come to Nameless meetings every time she breaks her leg; we really did have all that trouble with Tosk's lights; everything happened just the way Wally describes it. Wally is a truly conscientious secretary.))

TIMOROUS COMMENT ON 126

Dear Elinor:

You don't mind if I start off on a 'first name' basis, do you? ((You're supposed to.)) Bert Weaver kindly loaned me his copy of CRY 126--thanks for the info on page 45. Toskey, an International Money Order for \$2. is winging its way to you--don't spend it all at once. (My wife just glanced over my shoulder and wanted to know "who the hell is Elinor!"

After patient explanation with much reference to CRY my beloved stalked away muttering something about "...Nameless Nuts..." I shall probably have bread and jam for tea instead of that T-bone--the sacrifices one makes for fandom!)

On CRY 126: Being my first acquaintance with the zine I devoured it from cover to cover. Result: It's magnificent! Cover was great, but then I always did like ATom. Pemberton's prozine reviews are really first-class, and tell an old 'back of beyonder' like me just what he wants to know. I'm all for longer stuff in F&SF, Pemby, but don't agree with this idea of re-printing stuff from earlier issues, namely "The Shout" (April '52) in the May ish. Is this what we pay 40¢ a copy for?

HUMOUR: Berry takes first prize as far as I'm concerned with his "Sage and Onion-heads." What can I say about the man that hasn't been said already? Nothing. He's just great. Yes, "Berry to Detroit" and I might send some dough myself. Wonder why Irishmen are so good at this sort of writing? ((Berry's originally from England.)) Gerber-san's little one-pager (('twas by Marland Frenzel.)) was good--you know, if some far distant race digs up fanzines, they'll get a damn queer picture of ol' Homo Sap! Rich Brown's fanzine reviews will be of immense help in picking the best of the current crop. Couldn't possibly afford all of 'em, unless they will trade for Brizines. (Whoops! Sorry, Mr. Raeburn!) Wally Weber's zany "Mminutes" are so good I shall never listen to Australian Parliament on the radio again--this is much more fun!

Now, to the Meat, the Letter Col: Shades of the old Standard Mags! (Altho these in CRY are saner.) I was interested in what Rich Sneary had to say about "D of the G.A." in Astounding--not having seen this particular ish yet. I don't read ASF regularly anymore. Present-day ASF in monthly doses is more than I can stomach!

The Raeburn-Weaver fracas amused me--but not much. My, my, fans bruise easy, don't they?

'Till the next CRY,
Bob Smith
I Timor St., Puckapunyal,
Victoria, Australia

((Forgot to include your offer to answer all letters.))((I'd suggest you send the Berry money rather soon, you and everyone else, for the deadline looms near...BRT))(("Nick Falasca"'s the name for the money order, tho any Seattle fan would foreward.))

STONEY COMMENT ON 126

Heh

Cute ATom cover; significant (and funny) if not fannish. I think Buz' editorializing on the contents page and in filling holes throughout the ish are becoming Highlights of the Issue, for me. Dunno whether it's Buz' engaging personality affecting the CRY, or the CRY taking over Buz; probably a little of both. The Change in the Pemberton col is okay by me, since I only read it for entertainment anyhow, and Pemby still manages to get some good lines in (like the Royal Jelly bit). I've also noticed, while goofing at the local newsy's, the new IF, which would seem to make Galaxy a monthly after all, no? Alternating a big Galaxy with a little IF. 'Sfine by me.

"A Constant Diversion" strikes me as a fair little effort. Cute idea, and I rather like the emphasis on the CRYhacks (like, he mentions me, tho as a reporter, aggh...)

John Berry does pretty well in his piece. The handling of the fans on the panel is classic; I liked the jingles, and the only fault is the somewhat obscure ending. Not the Very Best Berry, but excellent, naturally.

I like the Bjo cartoon heading for "Fandom Harvest." The column itself is amusing; Carr's light touch fits in well with the CRY's light touch. I don't think this was too evident in the previous instalments of the column, but this one is jes' fine as silk.

Second part of Science Fiction Forever! doesn't come off as well as the first, what with its wondrous sound-effects and all, but is still good for snickers-on-afterthought. "Scrambled Dialogue" is an overworked idea, with an inept title, but still good for a short chuckle here and there.

Enjoyed Rich's fanzine reviews, except that he tends to be overcritical in some places, and not critical enough in others. Disagree on Vinegar Worm, which wasn't near as good as #3, and SHAGGY, which was certainly worth more than "5". On the whole, tho, Rich does

a fair job, and worthy of the Six-Fingered Hand.

Heh, like the answers to "Test Your Fan IQ." Wally's Mminutes again come out amusing. Kind of spontaneous and natural wit, is the key here; not particularly literate (few fans are), but still funny. ((I think "unpretentious" would be a better description. Wally's not illiterate.)) And I'm glad the Westercon Hotel issue is settled. Must send for the Regression Report soon, as I'll definitely be there.

Oh ghod, not the lettercol! A precipice, yawning chasms below; I'm faaaaallling. Glad to see Jim Moran back. Garcone has indeed gone big-time, but if he goes off to Hollywood to plague Ackerman I fear Tosk might even Miss Him. So will I, as a matter of fact.

Rich Brown is two days older than I am, but then, I'll be able to celebrate my birthday (17th) at the Westercon. Oh how faaanish, how utterly utterly. Crap. Raeburn's point well-taken, and yours also. Equal but opposite, like (re Lehrer). Well, on the whole, I most enjoyed the letters by Moran, Cox and Mills. Also (and as always) Brown. This is the kind of thing your awarding of illos is based on, yes? And now I know that "The Moswell Plan" is a hoax, and doesn't even exist. That leman, huh?

I take my leave (yes, gimme mah leave;
it's mah leave; can't go anywhere without
mah leave...)

Larry Stone
1614 10th Ave.

New Westminster, B.C., Canada

((No need to worry about Garcone going big-time, as it is as addicted to the Seattle area as I am, unfortunately. No word has been heard from Ackerman since the photo of Garcone was sent, either. I have my dcubts about anything coming of the deal...BRT))((We'll be looking forward to seeing you again, Larry.))

FUDGY BUT NOT PUDGY

dearbuzzandelinorandtoskandottoandwallyandjohnswearingenandothernamelesscatshullo:

And bighod, you better print that or I'll get angry, I will, I will.

But if you do I'm angry anyway. You people don't realize the Great Truth I revealed some time ago. Here you are, sitting there acting as though you had any control as to which-way the old CRY goes, saying that maybe the CRY will go bi-monthly. Like, you forgot something along the line, but never fear, little richie's here to remind you that

Fans may come,
And fans may go,
But the CRY goes on,
Forever!

and don't you never forget it, either. I know, I know, you've been sitting on edge waiting for me to come up and get taken over by the CRY, and Wally is long tired of wearing his crash-helmet to bed. But, doggone it, hold the ship, and one of these days when you least expect it, I'll be right there, helping you type that stencil or turn that crank. Six CRYs a year, even if bigger, wouldn't satisfy me as much as twelve smaller ones.

Berry's SOPS fable has a kind of untrue ring to it this time. It's hard to explain, but it doesn't seem likely that any fan could give lessons in BNFdom totalling approximately 18,050 pages (saying that it cost 1¢ a page for postage) and not mention SLANT or the APA's, or at least one of the things the audience asked.

At last Leslie Gerber reviews something that I've read, so immediately you think I'm going to disagree with him? You're right. The book was "The Rest Must Die," by Richard Foster. First, I'd like to ask old Les what he has against sex. Basically, "The Rest Must Die" was concerned with a post-atomic world. A few thousand people who managed to get below ground when the bombs went off have to organize, get food, live, and get away if they can. That's the setting. The author has to do something with it. He can have these thousands of people react to the situation calmly. Unfortunately, things like that don't happen in real life. People--some people--get hysterical when they see mice. You can't expect them to react differently when death is sitting above them, waiting until their

food supply runs out. Somebody will decide, probably several somebodies will decide, that they want one last fling before they die. ((Les^{had}/gripped about "crude and out-of-place sex!")) Not that, on the whole, I'd really recommend this book anyway.

Cox once again has the saving grace of a damnable fine last line to his story. That which went before was a might on the good side too, I must admit.

This piece of Bruce's is definitely the best thing I've seen by him. 'Tis good to see other letterhacks doing something once in a while, and seeing them do it so damnably well adds more heaps 'pon the pile of joy.

Ah, to see ol' Len Moffatt writing again, and faaan-fiction at that, makes the feelings of the heart bubble forth, like a sinkful of joy.

I wish all Mminutes could be as enjoyable as these that Wally has in this issue. I move and second and carry by unanimous vote that these Mminutes be offered to the next volume of BEST OF FANDOM.

According to F. Sharp's point system I must be a BNF 100 times over, what with all the fanzines I've published less than five issues of, the many, many fanzines I've promised but never come out with, the many critical reviews (did I ever get another kind? Oh, yes, once Elinor said I published something that "was not without merit". Doggone, Elinor, you lost me a point), ((Pooh, that was criticism.)) the derogatory mentions in fanzines, and most of all the sickening puns.

Don Franson does a good characterization of you there, Elinor, doll; plus being a good cartoon, too. Don Franson was by to see me earlier today, and I loaded him down with CRYs and SAPSazines--poor guy will be reading for months and still have fmz coming out of his ears. He was here last week, too, but unfortunately I was at work and he couldn't stay. He's a very nice fellow and we had a nice, long, interesting talk, and the only conclusion we reached was that fandom needed more order, less bickering, some good, BIG projects, and free bheer. I'll try to get him to come over some time when we're making a tape for you peoples ((good)). Then I'll rot him from the inside by exposing him to the idea of putting out a fanzine.

Leslie Gerber: Yes, I'll be careful with UMGLICK #2. If I think it should be knocked I'll knock it, but if I like it I'll say so too. I won't let any personal prejudice sway me. # "The Authentic Replica" had an especially priceless punch-line, which is why I liked it. Maybe this is that unconscious that they're always talking about. If that is the case, Les, I suggest you be unconscious more often.

Don Franson: There are lots of other fandoms that I've had a vague connection with. "Little magazine" fandom is prob'ly the biggest of them all; but others, such as "art" fandom and "magic" fandom (for the more conventional, rather than Gandalfian kind). I can't help but remember Willis bit about this fellow who was an avid follower of one of the better poets in the little magazines. He memorized his verses, line for line, and always stayed far in the background. Finally, pulling up from inside him all the courage that he could, he wrote to The Master, offering a slight suggestion toward improvement of one of the very minor verses. With baited breath, he waited for the answer. Finally, weeks later, a letter from The Master arrived. Carefully, yet excitedly, he opened the letter to find a single sheet and on it, written in minuscule script, "Dear Sir, I think you are a bloody shit," and signed by The Master himself.

Ah, a Warner article would indeed be a welcome sight in the CRY...

John Trimble: Thank ghod there is someone such as you--I, too, have worried about that danged old rating system. But now I can explain it off casually; you're right, of course, it's a hoax. And so are all the zines reviewed therein. Only the numbers are real, and they must be changed to protect the reviewer.

Bruce Pelz: Man, don't you have SCIENCE FICTION FIVE YEARLY? Oh, you've missed something; and you'll have to wait 2-1/2 years for the next one. Anyway, it had a bit by Harlan Ellison that used the "Raputznal" bit, and to much better advantage. SCIENCE-FICTION FIVE-YEARLY was really, like, wow, though.

Bob Lichtman: I am in favor of the CRY, no matter what form. I loved the old days of CRY when everyone was uninhibited and we were Taking Over the CRY and all like that. But those days are gone; and the new days are upon us--they have their good side, and the CRY goes on, I've found; so be it, say I.

Dan Adkins: I disagree with you on Gregg Trend--his stuff may be mostly fudging, but I like the way he fudges. And I like surrealism for one thing (whcch most of Gregg's art is), and I like loads and loads of lines when used as Gregg uses them (which I call pseudo-Finlay). However, I'm quite willing to give Gilbert credit, especially; I've got a lot of his art, and I've never had to send any of his stuff back, to my memory. I like him; at first, it all seemed quite a bit alike, but now the bhoy is Experimenting and I like what few Experiments he has shown me. And I also like ATom and Barr and Eddie and Jim Cawthorne and Don Allen; and also a fellow by the name of Adkins, I might add. But to me, Gregg Trend's art is something new and expressive; perhaps you'd better get the rest of FARSIDE and give it another look.

Es Adams:

Get those letters in
(damn your hide, damn your hide)

Get those letters in!

What fabulous wonder-bit

Of Es Adams wit

have I missed

(damn your hide)

because you didn't send

your CRY-letter right in

(damn your hide)

The fist

of the hand

will make you wish you'd fanned

(Damn your hide!)

MFFYF!,

Rich Brown, Cuban Freedom Fighter

127 Roberts St.

Pasadena 3, Calif.

((We're thinking the best plan is to stay monthly, but draw the line at 36 pages. We might, just might hold out till you get here if you hurry. #Did Garcone really make FMOF?...BRT))

D'YA S'POSE CRY PAULS ON HIM?

Dearest Toots:

As long as you asked, my opinion is that CRY would be simply lousy as a bimo. Just about the only claim to fame CRY has is its monthly schedule. This may be rather blunt, but this is no time for sweetness and light. If you take away CRY's monthly schedule you may as well fold. It would be much the same as YANDRO going quarterly; poo! Now don't misunderstand; I like CRY. I probably always will. But CRY has almost nothing to offer the fan except a monthly schedule. Sure, you have a column by Carr, but that's one thing among all the others. Cox's stuff just isn't that good. Berry is usually only average Berry (this time is an exception; he is superb). So go bimo...and DIE! ((I hope Ted White will move to New York before you've lost your Sense of Wonder completely..))

As far as other ways to cut down, well, there are some. In this issue, for instance, there is...gee, I seriously thought I'd find something expendable. I haven't...

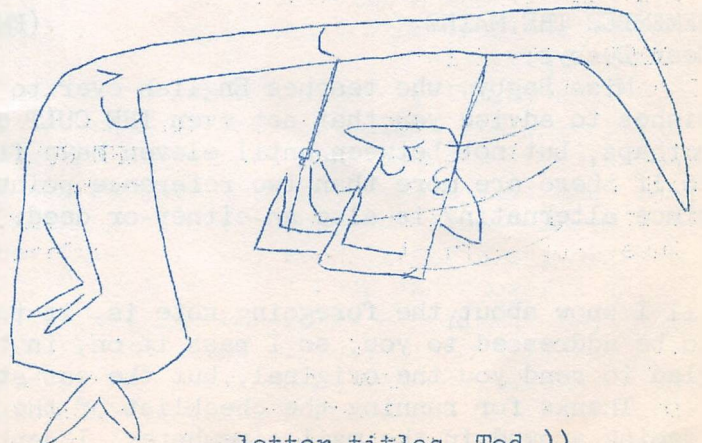
The only thing I see is to cut CRY OF THE READERS still more. To lOpp, say. This would make readers work twice as hard to get in print, which would be a Good Thing. ((Why? 'Twould destroy their spontaneity.))

Ted Pauls

1448 Meridene Drive

Baltimore 12, Maryland

((Admitted we have nothing to offer fandom... so why doesn't somebody clue these fools who keep sending us money...BRT))((Thanks for



letter titles, Ted.))

SWEET SUED

(FMB)

Hi, Cryfen:

I think Buz' idea of making the CRY a bi-monthly is a good one--if the only alternative is to fold it.

Buz' proviewcol snappy and well done. One of the best things about this is that I've usually read the prozines prior to receiving CRY and I have the fun of seeing if my impression of the stories agrees with Buz'. Most of the time they do--a sure-fire sign that here's a reviewer with taste. I used to boast that I read all the sf prozines but I've stopped reading FANTASTIC. Next to go will probably be Super Science Fiction's Monster things. I have a strong stomach but not cast iron. Tell Buz he'll be able to stop fumbling with Satellite's clumsy large size--it's folding; Leo Margulies told Frank recently.

Berry's A Sops Falle #3 enjoyed but I have a berryache. I'd like to contribute to the Berry Fund but from what I hear, lots of fen are afraid that it or other funds similar will compete with TAFF. Now I think TAFF is a wonderful thing and I'd certainly hate to see it fail because of other concurrent fund collecting--but on the other hand Berry certainly is deserving of a Statesside trip. I notice that, with the exception of Ron Bennett there were no British donators to the Berryfund; mayhap they feel the same? Anyway, if you can think up a nice, conscience-quietly solution to this dilemma, I'll cough up for both funds; otherwise I'm afraid I reserve my legally gotten gains (hah, did you know I was a legal secretary?)(yes)) for TAFF. ((Thanks for mentioning this, Belle--I mean about the Berry Fund, not about your being a legal secretary--see page 11 for the true picture.))

Les Gerber does an excellent job on bookviews--I for one like the idea of his aping Sturgeon's format; I think it makes for unusual clarity in reviewing.

Rich Brown and Bob Lichtman do well with the fanziviews. Of course, so much sweetness and light kind of overwhelmed me but I'm glad the boys don't dissect for the pure pleasure of fool-hunting, when it's not called for.

Len Moffatt is quite right, fandom is really just a goddamned hobby--that is--if you can avoid being sued.

Wally's Minutes up to his usual hilarious standard but the funniest, I thought, was the line about creating a disturbance on the sidewalk to wake up the janitor and then leaving the disturbance for him to clean up. Wheber, the Whonderful!

The lettercol fascinating and expertly edited. I like comments by both Toskey and Elinor, but then being female, I'm always interested in what people think of other people.

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

((I agree that Gerber's short reviews are preferable to his long ones, because he gets his points across and saves space at the same time...BRT))(& I also approve of Garber's using the Sturgeon format.))

REMEMBER THE MAINE

(FMB)

Dear Busbys;

Miss Bagby, who teaches English over to Barsoum, read my copy of ~~CRY~~ CRY and she wishes to advise you that not even THE CULT can alternate between thirteen editors. Among, perhaps, but not between until eleven have first gafia, because between is never referred to if there are more than two reference points. You should also have a different verb, since alternating is also an either-or deed. Would google do?

Faithfully yours,
Maxwelton Braes

All I know about the foregoing note is, it turned up in a message from Mars, but it seems to be addressed to you, so I pass it on, in transcription, naturally. I would have been glad to send you the original, but the cat ate it.

Thanks for running the checklist of the Berry fund. The dollar which I sent must be roaming around in the mail somewhere. I sent one more, this time to Nick Falasca at the address you suggest. If the other one turns up, better yet. It's a good idea.

Thanks also for the fanzine listings. I'll send for the sercon job. It seems to me that some folks are too geedee sercon about never being sercon.

I'd certainly like a candid shot of that principal looking up the school pipes and wiring with a coathanger divining rod; but maybe the custodians would be more openminded. JWC granted me an audience recently and advised me to try it but I had no immediate occasion. When I was about ten I tried the hazel-twigg stunt but nothing happen. I told the man that I am a type whose wish thinking is averse to wish thinking having any success; so even if wish thinking can work it would counter itself that way; but he said the brass lamp-hanger rods would work for me too, just the same.

Respectfully,

Alma Hill

Lee Academy

Lee, Maine.

((We all thank you in behalf of Berry for the dollar, and in behalf of ourselves for the interesting letter...BRT))

QUOTH THE RAYBIN

(FMB)

Dear Buz, et al,

CRY #127 has graced my letter box even though I only made the Also Heard From column. For this, I extend my gracious thanks to the inimitable Toskey and/or anyone else who might have been responsible. It is always a please to receive CRY.

John Berry was, as usual superb. But then, I must sympathize with Sneethorp. After all, who is Ron Bennett, who is Larry Shaw, who is Archie Mercer and Dean Grennell, what is TAFF and SLANT? Eisenhower doesn't know--Stevenson doesn't know--why should Sneethorpe know? If I were there, I would have said what a Toronto reporter once said, "there were so many celebrities there that I was the only one in the room I'd never heard of."

How come CRYing over Bent Staples ended up by Rich Brown and Bob Lichtman? Has Rich gotten too lazy to do the whole column himself? I rather enjoyed seeing the divergence of ratings between Rich and Bob. Possibly this feature could be expanded in the future by letting Rich Brown and/or any co-plotters write the reviews, but also including separate ratings regularly by 3 or 4 Seattle fans.

See, Buz, that's what happens when you put out a good zine--more and more readers CRY on your mail box. There's only one solution--start publishing crud.

Illegally yours,

George Nims Raybin

c/o State Rent Commission

280 Broadway

New York 7, N.Y.

((The trouble is that if we publish crud, our circulation will get even larger, and all the crudwriters will take the places of the people we like. #Brown and Lichtman sent us reviews independently of each other...BRT))

AND WE ALSO HEARD FROM:

VIC RYAN, whose letter was a "yes" until 5 seconds ago, when I pooped out. Vic says Les Gerber's not the only one who's a character in a story. Vic says Lynn Hickman told him that in Bob Bloch's latest, "Psycho", there is a "midwestern insecticide-equipment salesman who left his science fiction mag in a hotel room", and that Lynnsayhe's going to sue for \$35,000. Vic liked Berry piece very much, Gerber reviews, Moffatt. JIM MORAN writes a rather short letter, as he's busy with term papers and studying for finals. He promises a Homeric tome for the next lettercol (But Jim, we'd rather have a Moranic tome!) but as in this letter he's commenting on 126 instead of 127 I don't know whether to believe him or not. DON DURWARD doesn't care for advt. on covers, liked Berry piece very much, liked Cox, Moffatt, and says according to Sharp he has 20 points. Says: "I like Bruce Pelz's prose, 'cause he really knows, A CRYhack is what I want to be." NORMAN C. METCALF says "a strong sense of personality exudes from the zine (which explains why the windows are open)" and says he knows "The Moswell Plan" to be a hoax because 2701 S. Vine St. Denver 10 is a vacant lot with a mailbox and a large hole leading to Carlsbad Caverns, N.M.

PETER KANE sends artwork, some of which will be used--starting next month. Liked Moffatt piece best in the last CRY, altho liked the Berry piece very much too. MARV BRYER sends a cover for CRY--but it requires photolith, and we aren't using photolith as much as we used to, so I don't know... STAN WIRTH, who is a friend of Don Durward, sends \$1. GEORGE WELLS sends some book reviews. We've already sent him back the mystery ones. The stf one we were thinking of printing, but really, we just don't have room. RON ELLIK asks must he send money? and already we've replied 'yes' and he's replied 'phoo!'. MIKE DECKINGER tells Rich Brown that the story he's looking for is "A Way of Life" by Bob Bloch in FU back in '56. STEVE STILES sends the most satisfactory artwork we've had from him (one of which you'll have seen a few pages back). He likes Gerber reviews, sorrows for poor blasted-by-Adkins Gregg Trend, sticks up for Skeberdis, and says the continents are drifting apart. Steve, practice a sleeker signature for your artwork, will you? Look at Adkins and Bryer. DAN ADKINS sent us a five page single-space elite type letter about the various fannish artists. It's darned interesting. We'll send it back to him, ask him to try to boil it down to a four page article, and ask if we can print it in two parts. We've GOT to get CRY whipped into shape!

See you next month, fellas,
Elinor

This has been the 128th issue of

C R Y

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The WesterCon convenes at the Moore Hotel, 2nd Ave at Virginia St, on the afternoon of Friday, July 3rd, and will continue through Sunday, July 5th, or until the flesh weakens.

CRY comes to you by courtesy of FenDen Publications, the U S Post Office, and a malevolent fate. Try to deserve it, won't you?