







This is C\*R\*Y (the Stolen Fanzine) #131, for September, 1959. It is produced by Wally Weber, Burnett R Toskey, and F.M. & Elinor Busby, in reverse alphabetical order and with little cries of joy at having been able to keep everyone else from doing any of the verschtunken W\*O\*R\*K.

CRY sallies forth from Box 92, 920 3rd Ave, Seattle 4, Wash. All subscription moneys and information, however, must eventually be relayed to Burnett Toskey at 7323 19th Ave NE, Seattle 15. Tosk has all the (remaining) back issues, and handles all details of mailing and circulation, so better service on these matters can be expected from writing him directly. You don't have to, but it would be helpful.

CRY still sells for 25¢ (or 1/9) per copy, 5 for \$1 (or 7/-), 12 for \$2 (or 14/-) with John Berry, of 31 Campbell Park Ave, Belmont, Belfast, Northern Ireland (but currently visiting a few friends in the New York area-- like YIPPEE!) as UK agent. Successful letterhacks (including some of the WAHFs) and other contributors receive free copies of the issue containing their material. Tosk still says No Trades.

This is the Hurried Issue of CRY. Wally and Tosk are leaving for Detroit tomorrow morning, with Wally Gonser (who edited some CRYs back around 1953). Today is Saturday, Aug 29th. Next month we'll probably be back on schedule and publish on Sunday, Oct 4th. We don't actually have a cut-off date as such, but items that arrive during the last week are apt to give rise to grim mutterings and to slide toward WAHFDom and the backlog.

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Interior illoes: Adkins 29, ATom 17, Bjo 26, TCarr 20 32, Nirenberg 16 23, Take 5. Forgot to mention that the cover was photostenciled, with the lettering Multigraphed. Stencils cut by: Elinor 24, Buz 6, Wally 2, Tosk just bought a house & was moving. Gestetner-cranking by Tosk and Wally. Assembly by all of us. Body by Fisher. Thish, only, Elinor & I will be mailing out CRY, so Tosk can't be blamed for goofs.

. Sorry the pressure of events kept CRY from running any sort of WesterConReport. Wally sent a truly fabulous writeup to Shaggy, so be on the alert for it there. Tosk put his in SAPS and is out of extras. Elinor & I did a quick sketchy job on it in FAPA, with a few extras which will one day be sent to as many of the old POL list as possible, when I have time to check that list out. And then there's G M Carr...

We hope to have Wally's Detention Report in here next month, and then John will doubtless have had time to catch his breath and start on "The Goon Goes West". By cutting dep'ts as we have done and are doing, we should be able to run this saga in reasonably good-sized installments, for the greater enjoyment of the readership, and still keep CRY within bounds.

Boyd Raeburn says that if Leslie Nirenberg isn't a real writing drawing person, he (Boyd) will trade his Healey in on a Buick. Now, there's devotion for you...

OK: D C in '60, San Diego (WesterCon) in '61, Chicago in '62, TCarr for TAFF, thanks for bringing Berry to Detroit, let's make Boise a big one, SouthGate Agin in 2010, you probably sawed Courtney's boat yourself, Bloch is Superb, Otto Pfeifer sells carbon paper, get your feet out of the Blog Bucket before they fall off, I don't care what Fund you came over on-- keep that fingerprint powder off my sandwich.



# The Science-Fiction Field Plowed Under

by Renfrew Pemberton

Future, Oct: RAWL continues to experiment with monochrome cover-cuts, and with good results-- black, white, red, and yellow are used this time. One illo is black-on-yellow, with red title and black blurb. The other is white-on-black, set into yellow background with white and yellow lettering. Logo black-on-yellow, with a white-on-black squib across the top. The Nov SFS, now, has white-on-red logo set into ochre background with black and red lettering, and a black-and-white illo, fairly large, halftone. Just goes to show what a little ingenuity can do. Contrast these with the results of Ray Palmer's economy drive a couple of years ago, for instance..

Future leads off with Ed Clinton's "Tomorrow's Brothers". After the Atom, this time, we have most of surviving humanity huddling underground, except for the Immunes who all happen to be blond types and glow in the dark, and who are assigned to the work of Decontamination and not allowed to breed (oops, it's not exactly after the Atom; the survivors are still blasting at each other). So right off the bat, we out here in the readership have two gripes, one small, one large. Small: it seems mighty odd that blonds (and, of course, blondes) should be the radiation-Immune types; it doesn't work out that way for simple ultra-violet, surely. At least some sort of rationalization should have been provided for this apparent discrepancy. Larger gripe: with humanity on the verge of wiping itself out, and in urgent need of Immunes for Decon work, it seems incredibly short-sighted and dog-in-the-mangerish for the Normals to refuse to allow the Immunes to breed. "Possibility of mutations" is the official excuse, and the ban is lifted when it turns out that the Immunes breed true. Obviously, that would be the time for the Normals to crack down, since it mighty well stands out who's indispensable and who isn't, each to the other. I have the feeling that this situation could have produced a much better story, if the author had tried to think it out a little more thoroughly.

Bob Silverberg's "The World He Left Behind" is reviewed in CRY #129, for its appearance in Nebula #39. Nice piece, but the time-travel bit is most unclear.

Cal Knox' reviews are getting sharper all the time; he does a dk-ish dissection of a GOSmith potboiler, appreciates Kuttner's "Fury" (deservedly), etc. Mighod, now I'll have to reread "Methuselah's Children" and see if the thrill is gone for me, too, in the light of Cal's criticism (well, the "heck, it was all a mistake, folks" ending always did seem weak, though necessary); I hope I still dig it, though.

"The Glorious Gestalt", by Robert E Langan, is a very uneven story, with some very interesting ideas mixed in with chunks of social satire that are too flighty, oddly enough, to get off the ground (mixed metaphors at ten paces, anyone?)-- the impression is that the author is trying to be more cryptic and fast-paced than he's up to being, just yet. But I do like this guy's imaginative touches, in spots.

Harold Gluck's "Space Law" article is interesting but largely uncommentable-upon.

"The Reckoning" Dep't opens (for discussion) the question of Reprints, following FBLong's "Flame of Life" in the June issue. Readers are invited to make nominations, speak up pro&con, etc. Personally, before going on record, I'd like to know just what earlier zines are in The Pool-- the 1940-43 period produced a multitude of titles and publishers-- what do we have to choose from? There's a lot of early Kornbluth, under various names, that might go very well-- but would it be available, here? Quickly, RAWL, before Toskey moves his collection out of the FenDen into his new house! OK??

Kate Wilhelm varies the old "man-vs-machine" conflict, but not enough, somehow.

"The Creator", by Ross Rocklynne (Ross Rocklynne? Oh, yeh, there's the 1942 copyright-credit at the end)-- now here is the sort of item that justifies reprints; it's so off-trail that it does not become dated; I did not peg it as a reprint until I belatedly noted the by-line and did a double-take. Ol' Ross Rocklynne; how about that? The "Darkness" stories (all two of 'em), the Hallmyer series (Planet, mostly), "And Then There Was One", the poor old professor from Mars... that's one big trouble with the Field today-- not enough offtrail stuff, and what there is, is too damn self-conscious. And on that thought, let us hie us hence onto the next page, which is



(still with Future)

Awhile back I was boggling at inept social satire. In "The Amazing Half-Million-BTU Autocrat", a new name (Tom Hafstrom) kicks all the stops out on this social satire binge, and comes up with a sort of Super-Faan-Fiction-- I croggle, in the very best DAGian sense of the word. If the Toronto SportsCar-Crazies missed this one, it's a sad loss for them. Just once in a while, something really fractures me like this.

Astounding, Sept: First of two parts, Mark Phillips' "That Sweet Little Old Lady" is off on a wild chase composed of about 2/3 chortles and 1/3 suspense-- like, no author gives you all these laughs on the way to a morbid ending. We'll leave the overall assessment, naturally, until next month when the upstate returns are in.

"Captive Leaven" (by Chris Anvil) is such a good twist on the Marooned Spaceman theme (like, how he gets unmarooned) that editor Campbell was suckered into printing it without de-bugging it first. The explanatory dialogue is wholly deus-ex-machine, and insufficiently explanatory, to boot. Good tale, with too much sawdust missing.

The Murray Leinster novelet, "A Matter of Importance", is based upon the essential difference between the (ideal) police attitude and that of the military. It is well spelled-out, and reads well-- I suppose that the nagging incredulity stems from a "how come somebody didn't do this a long time ago if it was so easy?" reaction.

"The Sound of Breaking Glass" (Budrys) substitutes a dash of incoherence for the late lamented Sense of Wonder: Society having broken down under the impact of a too-available hypnotic-drug (Brainwashing Made Easy, in Your Own Home), everything has gone to hell in a hand-basket, and our heroine(?) in her new-age fortress is behaving rather foolishly to extend the wary hand (helping-type) to a starving couple at her doorstep-- usually she shoots 'em, and quite sensibly, too. Anyhow, ol' Algis stays so cryptic all the way through, that I'm still not quite convinced on the ending... yeh, I guess I am-- it's just that Al doesn't think much of people.

"..Or Your Money Back", by David Gordon, is cute-enough on the Misdirection Ploy with a psionic snapper, and I found it interesting, too-- but hasn't this been done often enough by now to satisfy the editor's thirst for triumphant psionists?

"Handling the Data" (M I Mayfield) (oops, prefix "On.." to that title, and damn all these tricky-layout artists, while we're at it): just goes to show that Campbell hasn't lost all his subtlety, or appreciation of same, even on his own hobbyhorse...

SFS, Nov: (and out a bit early, too). Silverberg's "The Impossible Intelligence" is in the hallowed routine of "Anecdotes of My Friend The Genius", but interesting....

Mack Reynolds' "The Hunted Ones" makes the entire human race look like a batch of Southron deppity-sheriffs, in order to make his point. Or damn near it, anyhow. This is a good story except for the forced background; there's good gimmicks.

Jim Harmon's "Luck, Inc" tries for much more sophistication than the previous item, but falls into the too-cryptic category (oh, there's no pleasing me, this evening). Dammit, I wish the editor's budget allowed for more rewrite-demands.

"No Star Shall Fall" (Wilfred Owen Morley) is credited as a '41 reprint; I was most reminded of a piece in the first postwar (pulpsize) Super Science, but Joe it Ain't So: (I just now went out and looked that one up, and it was in the second ish of postwar SS, and was only similar in mood, anyhow, not in detail.) Moody, like...

Talmadge Powell's "The Great Mutation" is concerned with pregnant males and I wish you wouldn't scare me like that. Good treatment, though-- not too cute.

"A Little Knowledge", by Charles de Vet, is just about the best good-intentions-ain't-worth-a-damn story I've seen in a long spell. Without the usual heavily-obvious moralizing, we are given the full picture, und es macht gut, except for a bit of the over-heavy on the ending. Well, it just goes to show, don't put anyone on a review column for a lousy solid four years; it won't hardly pay off.

As for instance: Louise Hodgson's "For Sale-- Super Ears": here's a story that's apparently based on the author's half-knowledge of the hi-fi gyppo field. It goes along quite well up to the point where a plot-gimmick is needed to cinch the punch-line-- and unfortunately it falls flat on its ending, there, making a Poor Deal. But that's the only real clunker in the zine, and the de Vet (plus the Agberg and Powell, but especially the de Vet) make up for it, surely.



F & S F, for its Tenth Annish (dated Oct '59) is 160 pages plus covers, and sells for 50¢ to non-subscribers. Like, Wow, except for the all-blurb cover.

There's 60 pages of Heinlein's "Starship Soldier" (part I of two parts), which is fascinating reading as you might expect-- except that up to now this is not a story at all in the sense of containing any plotline-- it's an episodic narrative. Now if this installment were to be, say, one-tenth of the projected work, it would be legitimate to spend so much time on background (we start with a "raid" episode, then flashback to the protagonist's "joining-up" and follow him through Training). But the way it is, I think the yet-to-be-revealed plot of this piece is going to turn out to be entirely secondary to Heinlein's purpose, which appears to be indoctrination of youthful readers into Heinlein's way of looking at things. In connection with national defense, what an Army or Navy ought to be, and what's wrong with things in general, Heinlein has, it would seem, some rather strong opinions. In many of these, he could be right; in others, he will be hard-pressed to find agreement. At any rate, he has a right to put these opinions into his stories, and Bob Mills has a right to print them. And I have a right to point out that these first 60 pages are 99-44/100ths plotless.

Ted Sturgeon's "The Man Who Lost the Sea" is poignant, penetrating, and is also relatively plotless, being (rather) a brilliant and tricky flashback-riddled recapitulation clarifying the confusing situation that exists in the first paragraph.

Ike Asimov (that Good Doctor) explains why there is a lower limit to temperature by particle-velocity, then explores the possibility of an upper limit. Good play.

It is announced that "Feghoot" ideas will be entertained from the audience, with Briarton writing them up and the Idea Man being paid off in subscriptions (one year per accepted idea) and proper by-line. So will you Fegheads kindly send those things to Bob Mills rather than to CRY, in future?

Zenna Henderson's "And A Little Child.." is not a People story, but just a good offtrail bit that straddles the stf-fantasy line rather delightfully.

damon knight's "To Be Continued" is one of the most ingenious variations of the interfering-time-traveler that I've seen in years. A little confused at the end, but..

"The Gilashrikes" (Chas Finney) is Just a Little Bit Too Damn Cute, actually.

Hardly ever comment on the poetry, but I do dig Gordon Dickson's "Guided Tour".

"Operation Incubus", by Poula, is in the "Operation Afreet" series, and deals with one of our alternate timetracks in which witches, werewolves, magic carpets, etc, are known and accepted facets of life in this our contemporary world. This is a sophisticated type of fantasy, going Unknown one better, perhaps-- I like it, anyway. However, there is so much sex-tease in here that it's the sort of story that's been bugging Joy Clarke-- but in this story, it's integral to the plot, at least, rather than being thrown in to titillate the young-and-impressionable. Well, I must admit that laying the unconsummated tease on with a trowel is not my stick of tea, but in this story I found plenty of non-tease material strikingly presented, so no bind.

"The Pleasant Woman, Eve" (Hassoldt Davis, and I suspect-- strongly I suspect a ribald pun hiding Avram Davidson); and a Pleasant Fable it is, too. JBCabellish.

Bester PIrotechnic with his "The Pi Man", and developing an idea that could well have been developed from children's compulsive-games (don't step on a crack in the sidewalk, etc). ((And some day I will develop a way to avoid the mental echo that puts a word like "develop" onstencil in two consecutive lines.)) This is Better Bester.

Hardly ever comment on the poetry, but I fail to dig Coupling's bit, in depth.

"Dagon" is assuredly by Avram Davidson, and perhaps I am wrong in the above assumption (Hassoldt Davis. He knows.), so... the great thing about this piece is the writing; the gimmick is relatively minor and would make a nothing-story in the paws of a Z-D housename, for instance. But ol' Av can write 'em.

Only 4 zines this month, which is why I allowed the furrow to wander, more. My thanks and appreciation to the folks who would like to see this particular cycle of activity extended, but I do have to split the deadline-work scene. Tell you what-- we can go more fully into the Historical Necessities of the whole thing, in the next and final edition of this column; I was going to, anyway, but why not pretend that it's all due to Popular Demand, and like that? Anyhow, see Y'all next month. --R.P.



# WHO'S GOT THE FOCAL POINT?

==7==

by Alcatraz Q. Leavenworth

We've heard some talk about CRY not being a focal point of general fandom. Everyone knows what a focal point is, but what is "general fandom"? We hear that CRY is not of interest to general fandom, but only of interest to you and me and Gerber. Well, now, let's see.

If a fanzine is of no interest to fans, they will not write letters to that fanzine. This is where we can get away from opinion, and get down to facts. Letters can be counted, and fans who write them can be tabulated, by anyone idiot enough to waste time doing so. I am that person (you thought I'd say idiot.)

I've been getting fanzines for a little over a year now, and in that time, CRY has published 359 letters (including those in the WEALSOHEARDFROM section) from 91 different fans.

In the same period of time, FANZINE "A"\* has had 39 letters from 34 fans, though it is a biannual and should not be compared with CRY, which is only a monthly. FANZINE "V" has printed 127 letters from 69 fans, including names of those unpublished. FANZINE "Y", a monthly, totals up 225 letters from 90 fans.

FANZINE "OO", an irregular bi-monthly, has 70 letters from 53 fans. FANZINE "P", an irregular quarterly, has 35 letters from 21 fans. FANZINE "S", an even more irregular quarterly, has 78 letters from 52 fans (including excerpts).

FANZINE "JD-A" (I have only a few issues) has letters from 84 fans. FANZINE "DM", a letterzine, has none, as far as I know, because I don't get that zine. FANZINE "T", the fanzine that no one notices, has 86 letters from ~~40~~ ~~41~~ 49 fans. FANZINE "SFT" has only 9 letters. FANZINE "VW" has none.

So there. Draw your own conclusions.

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But what fanzine, if any, is the focal point of all fandom? This is the stirring question of the hour. The answer, in this instance, is to be found in mathematics.

To find the focal point (F), take any fanzine (fmz), square the number of issues (I), multiply by names on the mailing list (n), divide by number of fans in fandom (fif), work in number of letters written by the average fan per month (L), amount of letters printed by fmz being tested (P), discounting pocsarcds (estimated) (pe), minus number of days of gafia, average fan (g), plus amount of ire engendered by controversy (ic), less amount of postage stamps within reach of fan (s), deducting time lost in pubbing own fanzine (t), etc.

Not being able to understand this formula, we must discard it and use another. Toskey's Law states that if anything is desired to be proved, it can be proved by mathematics. The reverse of this law, substituting the word "disproved" is equally valid. So, using another formula, (\*\*\*\*\*) (let that series of asterisks represent the formula, which is unprintable, as there is no zzoozza or gloobwitz on this typewriter) we can easily find out if any given fanzine is the focal point, without going into abstruse equations that no one can understand.

Just insert the fanzine (first removing the staples) into the formula, take it out (watch your fingers) and reduce the result to simple mathematical gibberish. By inserting all the current fanzines (and acquiring quite a collection of staples), we can ascertain which one is the most focal of all. Not yet, though--all we have now is gibberish.

Reducing the gibberish to gobbledegook (easier done than said), we end up with (eight pages omitted). Then, by a simple transgression, we get E equals MC squared...no, go back, wrong formula. Eventually, we find the answer. The focal point of all fandom is (fanfare of trumpets)...WESTERCON REGRESSION REPORT???????

Something must have gone wrong. Murphy's Law must be operating. Oh, yes, rechecking the figures, we find that it wasn't the square of minus one, it was the square-root of minus one that should have been used. Now....The actual focal point of all fandom is (ta-raaaa):

WESTERCON REGRESSION REPORT.

Well, Dr. Toskey, you always said that mathematics has no relation to the real world.

\*Names on request--write to the editor of the fanzine in question, and he will tell you its name.



# FANDOM HARVEST

TERRY CARR

Last week Ron Ellik came through town on one of his endless hitchhiking trips. It seems every time Ron gets settled into a chair or something he suddenly gets this urge to be On The Road again. I've seen the symptoms many times: his head jerks up, his eyes open wide, his breath begins to come in short gasps. He twitches nervously and not even the cold bottle of Root Beer at his side seems to offer him solace from his inner urge.

"What's wrong, Ron?" I say.

"I...I've got to go," he says. "I've got to go..."

"First door on your left," I say helpfully.

"No, no...I mean I have to leave. I have to...to go somewhere. Hitchhiking. I have to feel the pavement beneath my feet, the swoosh of air as car after car passes by my outstretched thumb. I have to go on another trip!"

And then I hang my head sadly, for Ron Ellik lives under a Curse. Doomed forever to hitchhike the highways of North America, without surcease, without rest. His life is one long highway, and at the end is...what? Perhaps rest. I hope so.

Because it's really soul-shattering to see the wanderlust come upon Ron, to see him lift the face of one who is cursed and stagger blindly for the door. There is a legend, the legend of the Flying Dutchman, doomed forever to sail the seas. Ron Ellik is like that.

Ron Ellik is the Flying Squirrel.

Anyway, as I started to say, Ron stopped off for an overnight visit with us last week. That same evening, Trina Castillo came over for dinner between sessions at the modelling studio where she works. The four of us sat around the table and ate while the fannish conversation flowed like wine. Ron was telling us of happenings down in the Los Angeles area, where he is staying during the summer; Miriam and I were talking of Bay Area parties and the night Gregg and Joanne Calkins visited us; and Trina was constantly tossing off epigrams (a nonfannish term for "interlineations") like "Fandom is all right, in its place."

I suppose many of you know of Trina Castillo, nee Perlson, formerly of New York fandom, a model who has appeared in the Playboy-type mag Dude, and currently a resident of the Bay Area. She and Art Castillo, star cartoonist of Doubt magazine, are keeping Poul and Karen Anderson's house in order while the Andersons are off on a months-long trip around the east. Trina is petite, around five feet tall, with long wavy dark hair cascading around her shoulders.

Because of her lack of size (if it can be termed a lack), she doesn't eat much. In fact, it was rather amazing to compare the eating habits of Trina and Ron. Now, Ron is usually slightly overweight--not really much, and certainly it was unfair of Pete Graham to continually call him Fatty, but Ron is a little overweight. This is because he has a habit of eating food, I suppose. In fact, he apparently can't understand people who don't eat much.

"Trina," he said at the conclusion of dinner, "you've hardly eaten a thing! How do you stay alive?"

"Oh, I'm small," said Trina. "I don't eat much. I eat like a bird, I guess you'd say."

"Boy, you sure do," said Ron.

"You should try it," said Trina. "You could lose a little weight."

"You mean if I ate like a bird I'd get to be like one?" said Ron.

"Sure," said Trina.

"But I'm a squirrel," said Ron.

"Well, you don't have to be," said Trina. "You should try eating like a bird. Then, instead of being a squirrel, you'd be a bird."

"A bird...?" said Ron wonderingly.

"Sure," said Trina. "Bright-eyed and bushy-pinfeathered. You'd make a delightful bird."

Ron fell silent and I suppose he was considering it. But before long Trina said:



"Ron, you're a BNF. How long have you been in fandom?"

"Oh, since 1952 or 53, I guess," said Ron.

"Hah!" said Trina. "I've been in fandom longer than you! I discovered fandom in 1951!"

Ron looked at her dubiously. "What part of fandom did you discover?" he said.

"Oh, I was writing letters to the prozines," said Trina, "and some New York fans wrote to me. That's how I met David McDonald and Martin Jukovsky."

Ron smiled. "David McDonald and Marty Jukovsky," he mused. He chuckled briefly.

"Well, what's wrong with that?" said Trina.

"Oh, nothing, I guess," said Ron, "only it seems a little like discovering Pismo Beach."

After dinner, Ron fell to baiting Miriam. He picked up a couple of her characteristic figures of speech and started tossing them back at her. This is an old Berkeley Fandom gambit which was used extensively by Pete Graham in particular. And now Ron was using it on Miri.

One of her pet expressions is "You drive someone crazy!" She utters this on occasions such as when someone (usually me) cracks an obscure witticism and expects her to get it, when someone changes his mind five times in quick succession, and such. Ron is given to such mild forms of accidental mental torture, and Miri had been opining all evening that Ron drove her crazy.

Ron picked up the phrase. At appropriate and sometimes inappropriate moments he would say to her, "Miriam, you really drive someone crazy."

He kept on saying this for a half-hour or so (invariably leading Miri to say the same about Ron) until it became obvious that the joke was wearing thin. Then he turned to me.

"Terry," he said, "your wife will never become a Berkeley-type fan. She doesn't think in a Berkeley way."

"You drive someone crazy," I said to him.

"You really do, Ron," said Trina.

"But it's just a gag," Ron protested. "Why, we used to pull this stuff on each other all the time, don't you remember?"

"Sure I remember," I said. "But you're right, Miri doesn't think like a Berkeley fan. Her weltanschauung is completely different. This sort of word-tennis seems to her to be just running a phrase into the ground. Her whole philosophy on the subject of humor is different."

Ron nodded sagely. "Thus she refutes Berkeley," he murmured.

Which ended that subject.

A little later Trina left for the studio, and Ron, Miri and I sat around talking into the wee small hours. One of the things we talked about was the upcoming Fanac Poll, which tries to determine fandom's favorite fanzines, writers, cartoonists, and so forth.

"You know, Terry," Ron said, "I think we're missing a bet on this poll."

"How's that?" I said.

"Well, we're not getting anything out of it for ourselves," he said.

"What do you mean?" I snorted. "We got tons of egoboo on the poll last year! FANAC was voted favorite fanzine, INNUENDO third best, and both of us made it into the Top Ten Fanwriters of the Year."

"Yeah," Ron said, "but this year we're distributing ballots with other fanzines than FANAC. We're probably not going to place so high this year. And anyway, I'm not talking about the egoboo. I mean we're not getting any money out of the poll."

My eyebrows shot up. "Fandom is just a goddam hobby," I intoned piously. "Fans shouldn't even hope to make money on their fanac."

Ron smiled slyly. "Ah, but what if people were to offer us money?"

"What do you mean by that?"

Ron shrugged casually. "Well, like what if someone slipped us five bucks and mentioned that he'd always wanted to place in a Top Ten Writers poll..."

"You mean we should accept bribes!" I said, horrified.

Ron's eyes narrowed to mere slits as he smiled. "Well, call it accepting payment



for services rendered," he said. "We just accidentally count fifty extra votes for our friend in the Top Writers category..."

"But that's monstrous!" I said.

"It wouldn't really be like accepting bribes," Ron went on. "Just doing a favor for a friend. And surely you'll agree that only a friend would give us five bucks out of the goodness of his heart!"

"A friend indeed!" I snorted.

"Of course," mused Ron, "I wouldn't do that for just anybody who gave us five bucks."

"You mean...you mean, say, if Willis wanted to beat out Berry as top writer this year, you'd...?"

"Well, yeah, sort of. I mean, that's a hotly-contested position between them. They should be willing to pay more than just five bucks for it..."

"Oh, horrors!" I moaned.

"...and if Willis were to give us ten or fifteen, say, we could mention to Berry that it was a lot of work compiling the points-totals, and we didn't have much time left over after working to make money to keep us and ours alive. You know--we could lay it on thick but subtle about how we just couldn't see how we'd be able to do a proper job of counting the totals in the best writer category, and maybe we'd make a mistake in counting and Willis might win..."

My head was reeling at the monstrous iniquity of Ron's idea. Willis and Berry trying to outbid each other in bribing us for Poll positions? But these fine fans would never do such a thing!

Nor would I ever accept a bribe!

"Ron!" I cried. "Ron, get hold of yourself, man! Come to your senses! We couldn't do such a thing! Why, it would undermine the whole fabric of fandom! Fandom is built solidly upon the rock of justly-deserved egoboo--to hand out egoboo for money would make a mockery of all that is clean and pure and decent in our microcosm! The structure that is fandom would come tumbling down around our heads like a house of cards! It would be like that nightmare you keep having about the Tower To The Moon in a windstorm! Ron, we couldn't do it, Ron!"

During my impassioned outburst Ron's expression had gradually changed from one of greed and cunning to one of curiosity, of surprise, of realization, and finally, now, of remorse.

"Oh, how could I ever have thought of such a thing!" he blubbered, crying on my shoulder. "I must have some evial spot upon my fannish soul! Oh, woe! Oh, woe, woe, woe!"

I patted his head. "Don't fret so," I said forgivingly. "You have obviously repented your evial thoughts. You see the light now. You have redeemed yourself."

"No!" he sobbed. "Not redeemed yet! I must dedicate my life to serving fandom, in order to make up for my evialness! I must pour my all into creative fannish endeavor, to keep fandom a worthwhile way of life! Fandom is a Holy Cause, and I must serve it!"

"Gosh," I said, "you mean we're gonna put out FANAC weekly again?"

Ron abruptly froze. He raised his tear-stained face, dried it with his handkerchief, and frowned. "Pub FANAC weekly?" he muttered. "That's a lot of work."

"But it would be for the Cause," I said.

"Well, yes, but now let's not get hasty about this," said Ron. "I mean, let's keep our feet on the ground. Let's look at this logically. What are we getting so excited about?"

"About your evial plans," I reminded him.

"Oh, those. Oh!--those!" said Ron. "Well, heck, I was just kidding about all that anyhow! Good grief!" And he took a long pull on his bottle of Root Beer and leaned back in the chair and relaxed.

"It was all pretty silly anyway," said Miriam a little later. "You're supposed to be a Berkeley fan, Ron, but Berkeley fans are sensible, and if you were you'd have known that that whole idea was silly anyway. Fans don't have any money to spend on bribes." She pointed a finger at him. "You'll never be a Berkeley-type fan," she said.

"You drive someone crazy," said Ron.



With Keen Blue Eyes and a Bicycle . . .

by F. M. Busby (just back from climbing a social- of the worst type)

On the rare occasions when neither Elinor nor I are chained to our respective typers, we talk to each other, in our halting fashion. So one day we were talking about Terry's ("Fandom Harvest") picture of CRYday, and about the letters that were asking just how close Terry was coming to the mark.

"Terry does not have all the details down pat," I said to Elinor, "but it's odd how deftly he has depicted the spirit of the occasion."

"So get on your Bicycle and write it up," she said, ever-practical. So, I am.

A typical CRYday starts about 10 a.m. when Elinor and I finally settle the all-important question of who is going to get up and make the coffee (and work the dogs up to a frenzy so they'll rush into the bedroom and fuss the laggard out of the sack; this is the routine, and we like it). Most of the stencils are pre-cut, as Terry has surmised. There have been many evenings on which Elinor has slaved at the lettercol, Tosk has typed up various items, and I have butchered up another Pemberton column. But now comes the Moment of Truth-- two or three of the Wally-Tosk-Otto combine turn up.

The time is somewhat short of noon. The situation is that I should have a hell of a lot of page-numbers on top of many, many stencils. The actuality is that we don't quite know how many pages the Beast is going to run to, yet, because at least one item is not yet on stencil, and it's hard to say whether or not it will go onto the requisite number of pages without mutilation. Elinor is (usually) sitting on the end of the lettercol, trying to figure out what will be an even-numbered page so that she can end up halfway down it at the end of the We-Also-Heard-From Dep't. I haven't yet started the Contents Page, and have absolutely no ideas as to how it will go. It will go, somehow, because it always has, and that's enough for mortal man to know.

"Does Wally have his two pages of Minutes?" I ask. This is ritual; Wally always has his two pages of Minutes, much as we would like to have four or maybe six pages.

I start on the contents-page, after we have guessed enough page-numbers to put onto enough stencils to keep Tosk busy for a while. I type out "CRY is the only fanzine for which the crank is turned by a Ph.D." Then I go out to the FenDen (all the typing is actually done here in the house, or FenDen-Annex) to ask the full title of some specific item, and find that our Ph.D. is not turning the crank at all-- Wally or Otto is crank-bestricken, while Tosk is setting up type for Multigraphing the printed part of the cover. So much for worldly glory and accurate reporting.

After goofing at least one contents-item, I dig into the art-credits, which end up like "...Stiles 38, Tea 42", realizing that Bob Lichtman will get it, anyhow...

Meanwhile, Tosk is back at the crank and saying "OK, I have page 19. Give me page 18", although he hasn't hooked anyone on this since 1955. He could probably screw up the whole works by saying "I have page 19; give me page 20"-- Wally or Otto would automatically (or Ottomatically) discount and give him page 18 on which to run the backside. I would, too. It's amazing, how the Toskey Method works out.

Somewhere along in here, we have come up with a forgotten item to be either hurriedly stencilled or conveniently forgotten-all-the-way. Elinor has somehow managed to end the WAHFDep't halfway down an even-numbered page, regardless, and has also started fixing dinner. I haven't said "I need a beer", but I've had a couple.

The Gestetner thunders to a halt. Always there's the imperative question "Do we eat first, or do we assemble (and staple) first?", because it's often a dead heat.

Much later, we all sit around and read through this Thing which has once again been perpetrated upon the face of the earth (this is Toskey's traditional line, but he has become self-conscious and won't say it any more), and then Tosk takes the stack home and cold-bloodedly arranges to mail out each individual copy of the CRY.

I sort of thought you'd like to know. By the way, what is Ted White's address?

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M I N U T E S reported by Wally Weber

MINUTES OF THE JULY 26, 1959 MEETING OF THE NAMELESS ONES:

The meeting was brought to something vaguely resembling order by President Elinor Busby at 8:45 p.m. in the usual old meeting room. The horrid President made her evil husband stand up before she allowed him to speak to the members. (Those of you who wish to learn the real truth about the horrid President and her evil husband may send a self-addressed stamped envelope to G. M. Carr.)

F. M. Busby, the evil husband, first tried to trick the members into authorizing an expenditure of club funds for the purchase of fanzines containing Westercon reports. Level-headed members pointed out that no fanzines containing Westercon reports had appeared since that July 4th convention and that besides if the club held off subscribing for long enough the convention reports might be sent to the club free.

Having thus been thwarted in his attempt to rob the treasury, F. M. gloatingly described how he had sneakily taken over the banquet, making all the arrangements without authorization before the club had been given a chance to make better arrangements. He asked, in his threatening way, if anyone had any questions to ask about the banquet. Jim Webbert, who was obviously on the Busby payroll, praised the banquet, but before F. M. had a chance to swell his toad-like chest, Flora Jones wanted to know why she had gotten such a lousy steak at the banquet. Hastily, a motion was passed that her money be refunded. Jim Webbert even donated the money, probably a portion of his ill-gotten gains, in order to buy off sweet Flora Jones, who resembles Mary North except that Flora is kinder and more courageous.

Considerable discussion about the incorporated Seattle Science-Fiction Club took place, and what bylaws such a club should have. F. M. Busby once more pried his way into the limelight by making the motion that Elinor appoint a committee to write up a proposed set of bylaws for the incorporated club. Jim, the Busby puppet, quickly seconded, and the browbeaten, duped members approved the motion unanimously. Elinor then surpassed her previous record of corrupt politics by appointing F. M. as the required committee.

A good deal of the meeting had been involved with the problem of keeping the club treasury out of the control of Busby henchmen. A motion was eventually made by Wally Weber to the effect that the treasury be turned over to Geneva Wyman, the club treasurer, in cash. The motion must have had a loophole because F. M. immediately seconded it and somehow forced the club to pass it unanimously.

The meeting had become so sickening by this time that motions for adjournment came simultaneously from three individual members. Since F. M. had been one of them, Jim Webbert automatically seconded the motion. The meeting was adjourned at 9:57 p.m.

honorable, true, & pure Secretary Wally W.

MINUTES OF THE AUGUST 9, 1959 MEETING OF THE NAMELESS ONES:

This meeting was contained in Jim Webbert's apartment because Jim is a puppet of the evil Busbys, not to mention the fact that the club was locked out of its regular meeting place. During the meeting John Strand, who is a new member and can't be expected to know any better, accepted the job of looking into the possibility of holding programs on meeting nights. Wally Weber did not protest when authorized to reserve convention space in hotels over Labor Day weekend for 1961. In all, it was a rather dull meeting because the Secretary hadn't shown up.

reliable secretary Wally Weber



## MINUTES OF THE AUGUST 23, 1959 MEETING OF THE NAMELESS ONES:

Following a tradition started at the previous meeting, the club started the evening by being locked out of its regular meeting room. Rose Stark had keys for unlocking the doors, and that would have taken care of the situation if it had not been for the fact that the keys did not open the particular doors the club was interested in opening. A short search of Seattle soon turned up a more suitable key, and President Blinor Dusby was able to call the meeting to order at 8:25, p.m. The order did not last long, for the minutes of the previous meeting contained serious flaws. (The Secretary was set straight on the matters, but you, you stupid clods who don't attend meetings, will never learn the truth. The Minutes at the bottom of page 12 were written anew to make the page come out even, nobody else will remember what actually happened, the original notes have been filed in Swanphouse where nothing is ever able to be found, and I'LL NEVER TELL!)

Blinor Dusby asked for Old Business, F. M. Dusby brought up the subject of bylaws for the incorporated club, and Flora Jones thought that the bylaws should come up under the heading of New Business. But nobody ever pays attention to Flora anyway, so F. M. continued to talk about bylaws. Primarily, he explained why he didn't have a set of them written up, and later on he pointed out that the incorporated club and its bylaws would not be required anyway due to the fact that Seattle was not likely to hold a world convention in 1961. But nobody pays any attention to F. M. anyway, so the club went on talking about bylaws and a convention in Seattle in 1961.

Ditto copies of the original Articles Of Incorporation were passed around for members to fold into hats and airplanes and to cut paper dolls out of. Flora Jones compared the ditto copies to a photostat of the original copy and pronounced the ditto copy as being honest and true. (There is an interesting story about how the photostat of the original Articles Of Incorporation was obtained, and if Jack Speer comes out all right in his court case for stealing documents from state files we'll tell you more about it sometime.)

Jerry Frahm, who under the name of Jerome A. Frahm is a member of the Seattle Science-Fiction Club board of directors, pointed out that the bylaws were really no business at all of the Nameless Ones, but rather were the responsibility of the board of directors of the incorporated club. He pointed this out with some difficulty because he insisted upon using formal parliamentary procedure in obtaining the floor, while the floor in Nameless meetings is usually a reward given to the member who talks the loudest. Eventually Jerry persuaded the President to entertain a motion that any informations pertaining to the bylaws be presented to the board of directors of the Seattle Science-Fiction Club. Flora seconded this, and as usual the motion was passed unanimously. Since the Nameless Ones really had no information to present, it was an easy motion to comply with.

Then a terrible thing happened. Flora Jones was telling the members how, since the Nameless Ones was supposed to be a science fiction club, it should do something pertaining to science fiction once in a while. During her speech a fiendish glint came into the President's eyes. When Flora was done, President Blinor rose up and exclaimed, "Since the subject came up, let's talk about science-fiction!" Usually a remark like this is followed with silence which in turn is broken by an uneasy remark or two about flying saucers. But this time the membership immediately burst into a conversation about science fiction stories, and it lasted for some time.

Finally the conversation got back to club business. A motion was passed that the next meeting be held in three weeks instead of the usual two, and the unusual meeting was adjourned so that the board of the SSFC could meet and decide when it would meet again.

fairly honorable secretary Wally Weber



# T H E R O O M A T T H E T O P

by John Berry

"Yeah, I'll tell you, it was a shock. I mean, he left me the whole estate, the big house, over 150 years old, the complete furnishings, everything, with the single exception of the one small room in the attic, which was locked. I was his only living relative, admittedly, and being left a couple of hundred thousand dollars, well, I guess I wasn't worried about one small room, and its contents, but I asked myself..why?

I remember the terms of the will very well...it stated that one day, sometime in the fall of '77, some people would come who would lay claim to the room and its contents, and they were to be facilitated in every way to dispose of the contents as they wished, or to have a permanent lease to that one room for 999 years.

I'll confess to you quite frankly that I was filled with curiosity. Remember that just after the will was read, you sent for me and gave me all his personal papers? I went through them very carefully, but they gave me no clue at all as to the contents. It seemed to me that there was a good chance that the attic was used as some sort of store room, as some of the servants had mentioned the possibility.

I was very much tempted to have the lock on the door forced...I can admit that to you, because you know as well as I do that the will specifically laid down that if I, as the sole beneficiary, did open the door, before the people arrived, I would automatically lose all claim to the title of the estate, and although I was curious, and grew more curious, I wasn't quite that keen to learn.

The obvious thing to do was to hire an investigating organization to see what they could find out about the contents of the room. I felt that there must be clues scattered around. You see, I must impress on you that I had no thought at all of claiming anything in that room. I'm satisfied with what I got. It was just plain damned curiosity, and it became almost an obsession with me. I had to know. Once, I crept to the top of the house with a crowbar, and I swear if a clock hadn't chimed down below, I would've cast all caution to the wind and...the investigators, you say? Oh, naturally, I got Pinkertons on the job. I could afford it, and I had to know.

In three weeks, I got a report. Cost me plenty, but what the hell. Say, those Pinkertons men know their job. I couldn't understand the report at the time, in fact, it did nothing to satisfy my burning curiosity at all, but as I say, when the people did come...oh yes, they came all right....when they came, their subsequent actions proved the Pinkerton Report to be on the nail.

Can you spare ten minutes...hell, I'm paying for your time, anyway, so listen. I've got the Pinkerton Report here with me...let me find the page now....here we are..listen to this, and tell me if it means anything to you:

'....and our enquiries show that Mr. Harold Slamdinger was for many years an amateur publisher of some considerable repute amongst a strange organisation of similarly interested people bearing the general name 'fans'. The postman says that for several years he delivered vast quantities of mail to the house, sometimes ten or twelve large envelopes a day. The servants were instructed to leave the mail unopened, and Mr. Slamdinger was known to take the envelopes to the attic and spend a considerable time there.

Further enquiries in the local town show that for years Mr. Slamdinger had a standing order with the Gestetner shop, and was constantly supplied with duplicating ink and reams of coloured paper.

It appears that periodically, affairs called 'conventions' of the sect are held in various parts of the country, and one of our agents who penetrated a group meeting reports that the name Harold Slamdinger is spoken with reverence and awe. Our agent was informed that Slamdinger, besides publishing something called WHIZZ-BANG, was also a stalwart of OMPA, SAPS and FAPA, and, and this is an amazing thing, actually created BANANA himself!

It is our considered opinion that during his latter years Mr. Slamdinger let his business concern run itself, and he applied more and more time to his hobby. It is highly probable that the room contains collectors' items having



a connection with 'fandom', and we can state in confidence that when the room is finally opened, our deduction will prove, in the main, to be correct. Please find enclosed our account...'

Now, come on, wasn't that strange? It appeared from the report that for years my uncle had, well, not exactly neglected his stapler business, but certainly didn't give it the attention it deserved, although, well, two hundred thousand dollars is no sneeze.

And then, last week, the people came.

Yeah, thanks, with a drop of soda water, not much.

Yeah, they came OK.

Nine of them if you please.

Two came from New York, and the others from points west. One young lady was with them, too, although she looked stranger than the rest, those funny hats they wore, with little propellers on, the men's were a dull brown, but the girl's was vermillion, and it sort of looked uncanny, you know?

They introduced themselves as members of the World Science Fiction Society, and said that at the Spokane Convention, the terms of Hal's--yep, that's what they called him--Hal's will had been read, and that in accordance with it, they had come to see what was legally theirs.

I took them upstairs, and I bet you know how I felt as I followed them into the room.

Such an anti-climax. It was terrible. First of all, the whole place was stuffy and hot, and the contents of the room..well... the walls were lined with bookshelves, which were crammed with very thin magazine type things. In the middle of the room was a new looking all-electric printing machine, and surrounding it were large packages of different hued paper...the piles of paper were about four feet high. Just inside the door were boxes of King Brand Staples.

The nine visitors were silent...their mouths were open, and more than one wiped tear-filled eyes. I remember one of them said something to the effect that the 'fanzines were priceless'. I know that ethics dictated that I should have left the room, but I had never before been confronted with such a group, and although it was patently ignorant of me, I stayed by the half-opened door, and watched them. They went into a huddle around the printing machine, and seemed to be in two minds. Finally, one of them said that it was as Hal had wished, and that 'a oneshot is a must'.

The men took off their coats and flung them untidily on the floor. The girl plugged in the machine, and it hummed into life. One sat at a typewriter, and typed several I think they're called stencils, which he frequently decorated with little red blobs. These were taken to the machine, and processed. The girl opened a box of staplers and they stapled the pages together. They gave me one to look at; it was called **SLAMDINGER LIVES ON**

I dropped it on the floor, and left them.

They came down half an hour later, and I asked them what they proposed to do. Were they going to vacate the room, or did they want to leave the stuff where it was?

They went into another huddle, and there seemed to be an even greater divergence of opinion. I thought two of the men were going to come to blows. Finally, they said they'd write to you and let you know, after they'd gone into the matter in detail.

Meanwhile, I wrote to you, asking for you, as my lawyer, to negotiate a deal with them, after all, they said those fanzine things were priceless, and also as regards that 999 year lease, I asked you to try and persuade them to give up the lease (if they wanted to retain it), money no object. Oh, you wrote to them?...good...what did they say... thanks, I'll read it:

Dear Sir,

At a general meeting of the WSFS, lasting nine days, we have decided not to avail ourselves of your kind offer of \$30,000 for the cessation of the 999 year lease and the sale of the contents. Hal Slamdinger was in fandom for many years, and he amassed a considerable library of fanzines, many of them collectors' items. Also, most of his superb fan-fiction stories were written in that room, and we have decided to maintain the place, on public subscription, as a permanent memorial to the man who founded BANANA. Each year a group of sf fans



will come to rush out a oneshot on the anniversary of his unfortunate demise.

No further correspondence is necessary on this point. Our attorney, Mr. Raybin, assures us that the relevant section of the will makes it completely clear that....'

Oh, take the blasted letter. What sort of people are they, turning down cold hard cash like that, just for a roomful of junk? I suppose I'll have 'em coming every June, and trampling through my house. And you say there's nothing we can do....I know it's a nasty thing I'm going to say, but I almost wish one of them would depart from this world the same way as Slamdinger did. Maybe it would frighten them off, I mean, I ask you, wasn't he strangled to death when his tie caught in the rollers of his Gestetner.....?"

John Berry  
1959.



Various Announcements as they come to mind....

Awhile back we inadvertently scoffed off Colin Cameron's pitch for the 1961 WesterCon (Sandy Ego, y'know), by saying "the WesterCon goes along with West Coast WorldCons, silly!" Now, a very little thought would have shown that this is not necessarily true, and I'm as silly as the next. A little more thought would have indicated that it would be ridiculous to have 2 Seattle WesterCons so close together, even if the '60 WesterCon had gone south as we all expected it to do.

So anyhow-- Elinor and I hereby announce our support of the San Diego bid for the '61 WesterCon. Haven't discussed this with the gang as yet, and I'm fairly sure that the Nameless Ones have assumed, as I did, that the WesterCon "went along" with the WorldCon. However, we'll bring this up at the next club meeting (yeh, I'm back to attending Nameless meetings, after a 1½-year lapse), and I'm reasonably sure that the club will want to Do the Right Thing, and support Sandy Ego. OK, friends?

Meanwhile, info regarding the '60 WesterCon at B\*O\*I\*S\*E can be obtained by writing Guy & Diane Terwilleger, 1412 Albright St, Boise, Idaho. When we get back in gear a little better around here, we hope to have a good flow of info from Guy to present directly in your friendly neighborhood fanzine, the CRY.

Right now, it's Detention Time: I hope you've all supported the Detroit Mob by sending \$2 for your membership card, progress reports, and Program Book, and that as many as possible can attend and have yourselves a Faanish Good Time. Wish we could make it, and could vote for "D.C. in '60", but it didn't work out that way, this year.

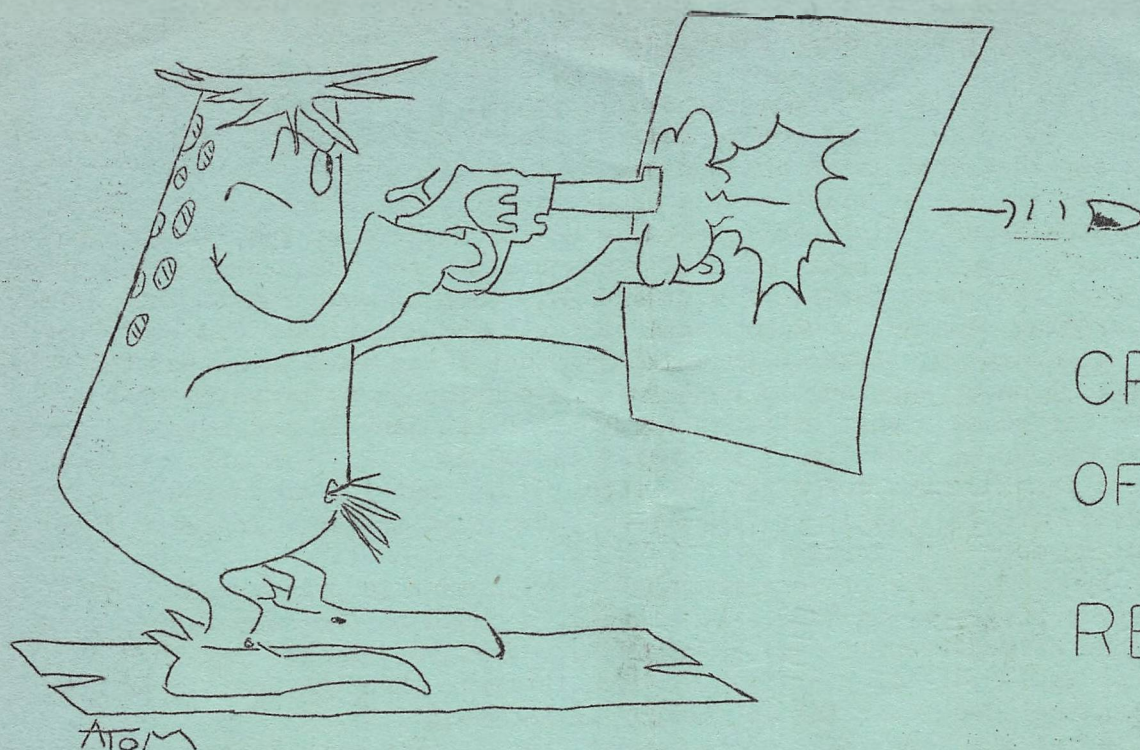
You can vote for "D.C. in '60" though, if you can just get to Detroit!

And you can vote "Terry Carr For TAFF" right in the privacy of your own home. (And you'll notice that neither of the Other Candidates have thought to offer you this ultimate convenience. Why? Who is covering up?) Votes and loot to Bob Madle, natch.

Many, many thanks to all who supported the Berry Fund. We trust that at this moment John is having himself a real ball in New York and environs.

Just above is a Do-It-Yourself Interlineation, another friendly CRY service.





# CRY OF THE READERS

THE OILY BOYD

Hi,

9 Glenvalley Dr.

Toronto 15, Ontario, Canada

Toskey saying "his fast-switch while we weren't looking was just good clean fun because after all it's just a hobby" is an excellent demonstration of the weird Toskey thought processes. I bet he still can't understand why you were peeved.

Fandom Harvest, while not TCarr's shining best, is amusing speculation. I hope Cox does try his hand sometime at The Demolished Tiger, Burning Bright. Berry was very good this round, although again the ending was a bit of a let-down. Adams' Crudcon failed to hold my attention, so I just read through it quite quickly, but it left me with the feeling that all the way through there were underlying Dirty Cracks which I wasn't quite getting.

With respect to the fannish allusions in Charlie Phan at the Detention, I suspect that the allusion to Tucker's Nolacon Report will not be detected by most of the readers.

Terry Carr did a pretty good job on Eustace Plunkett. I wonder whether we'll hear any more from that quarter.

The Minutes were very good this time.

I was interested to note the general enthusiasm for The Shooting of Fan McGhu. This item I didn't comment on last time, although I found it even less to my liking than Goonga Faan...possibly I didn't care for the fannish versions because of my extreme lack of enthusiasm for the originals.

Congratulations to Es Adams for his phrase "creeping G&Sism." Yes, Es, by all means let us work against this phenomenon. To back up your efforts, I offer another Bo Diddler-ody:

I gotta go down  
To Detroit soon  
To see John Berry  
The one they call The Goon  
'Cause I'm a fan  
Spelled F A N  
Faaaaan  
AAOH AAAAoh  
AAOH AAAAoh

And to continue the good work, here is a Fabianody:



Fanac, Fanac, gay and bright  
Take care that you're always right  
Or Sanderson will rant and cry  
That you're full of inaccuracy.

I guess one could say that that is an oblaque (no typo) Fabianody.

Fighting down an impulse to write next a Chuck Berryody which has just occurred to me, I'll go on to Rich Brown. Rich, Root Beer may be for squirrels, but it certainly isn't for me. I don't like root beer. I don't know how the root beer that Ellick drinks tastes, but the local root beer tastes of wintergreen. When I commented to this effect, Steward made disparaging remarks about my sense of taste (he and Kidder dig root beer the most) but it is because my taste is so sensitive that I was able to detect the wintergreen in the stuff. I once croggled the hostess at a non-fan party by being able to tell her, when she served me a sort of blog, that one of its many ingredients was domestic vermouthe, although up to that time I had never tasted domestic vermouthe. ((Does John Campbell know about this?)) But don't get the idea, Rich, that I'm on your side either. I don't particularly care for Pepsi, or Coke either, for that matter. In fact, I am fairly indifferent to most soft drinks.

On the other hand, my Sense of Pornography Detection must be pretty weak, for I haven't noticed any pornography in F&SF. Of course, it could be that Joy Clarke and I have different ideas of what constitutes pornography. Joy, you say you pay 18/- a pound for Gestetner ink. 18/- is U.S. \$2.32, which is lower than the Seattle prices, so whence your idea that Gestetner ink is cheaper in the U. S.?

Ted White's letter was very good, on the whole, but I, with you, Elinor, wonder why there should be "repercussions anent TAFF" should Ford win it. Gad, I'd forgotten all about Vorzimer's mythical Parker Shaeffer.

Leslie Gerber says of Levant that "...he can get people madder than hell in less time than most people." Not quite, Les. He can get stupid or stuffy people madder than hell.. You missed out the necessary qualifying adjectives, Les.

Rick Sneary. Your qualifications are accepted. Peace.

That was a terrific caption you gave to the Adkins drawing on Page 44. I wonder how Dan will react though.

Most amused by Pelz continuation of the school lesson. Very funny, Bruce, and rather penetrating.

Bob Smith. If most Australians shoot dingoes, and Bert Weaver were kind to dingoes, that would make him really kind, wouldn't it? Phoo. "buckaroo" is so too an Australian word. I have been told that it is sort of affectionate term meaning very young cowboy... i.e. a child. (And don't tell me you don't have cowboys, or I shall laugh in your face and cite The Overlanders and all like that). As proof of my contention, I submit a record call I've (got)(bought) a (pony)(bronco) For My Little Buckaroo. This is an Australian record made by Smilin' Billy Blinkhorn and issued on the Regal-Zonophone label. Possibly you have never heard of Smilin' Billy Blinkhorn, but that proves nothing. You might not have heard of Slim Dusty ("When th' railins tumble deeown in Jiliy") either, but that doesn't make Dusty any less an Australian.

Quite right, Elinor, Weaver didn't need to defend himself, as there was nothing for him to defend himself about. It was Gerber alone who dreamt up all these imagined slights which he thought required refuting.

Regards,  
Boyd Raeburn

((I haven't read Tucker's Nolacon Report. Was "silping a nuclear fizz" an allusion there-to? That's a well-known phrase I don't know the origin of. --Thought they were supposed to be silped in the insurgent manner, however. #Egad, you can't enjoy a parody unless you not only were familiar with the original but LIKED it. Pooh. I dug Goonga Faan IMMENSELY and Fan McGhu quite a lot. #What you got against wintergreen? Did it fright you as a tad? --I love root beer. #Dan'l has never objected to any captions so far. I wouldn't have used the caption in 130 if I thought he was a member of N3F. I hope I'm not wrong.))



TCARR FOR TAFF

(tgc)

70, Liberty St., #5

Cheers:

San Francisco 10, Calif.

CRY came a coupla days ago, and between hosting Ronel and Trina Castillo and a few other local fans (and before Andy Main, a youngfan from Goleta, California gets here visiting today) I have read it and am determined to write you a letter of comment on it for once. Of course, I'll no doubt end up in the WEALSOHEARDFROM Dept., since I realize that to get into the lettercol proper one must read CRY within a halfhour of its receipt and send comment immediately, airmail special delivery, so as to get ahead of the rush.

The cover was sort of a clever idea on Franson's part, but though I think I'm as au fait with fannish esotericisms as most fans, I simply don't get most of it. I mean, I dig that Alan Dodd's lack of footprints is supposed to denote that he doesn't exist, and the monster footprints for Forry are obvious, the misspelling of Asimov's name is noted, and the Atom crittur-type footprints, and the piano-roll marks for Burbee, and I guess Ted White's footprints are supposed to be framed or something--but most of the rest I just don't get. Why are Elinor's footprints larger than Buz's? Why is Tucker's footprint space all cracked? None of Tucker's deaths were from falling out of a tenth-story window.

And, in particular, neither Ronel nor I could figure out why there are only one set of foot-and hand- prints for us. Is this supposed to mean that one of us doesn't exist? I can assure Franson that I'm only 80% of Ron Ellik, who is in turn 67% of Elwood Haselpont--who doesn't exist anyway, come to think of it. Franson confuses me. ((He drives someone crazy.))

I'm glad you told us that Tosk's note under the farsighted slogan on the cover (for which thanks!) wasn't in dead earnest--because, should I win TAFF, I'd hate to think that it had caused ole Toskey's demise. But then again, maybe I should consider this to mean that Tosk is willing to lay down his life in order that I might win. The thought is touching.

A shame that you're dropping all the reviews. I'll miss Buz's column, and I've been of the opinion that the fmz-reviews were an invaluable asset to a monthly fanzine. Of course, cutting them will allow you to cut your circulation a bit, but I think it may have adverse effects too. Tsk.

Berry manages to get sort of a new slant on an old theme. I enjoyed it, tho it didn't impress me as anything classic.

Rich Brown: Tucker wouldn't have served very well as a fannish parallel to Jesus for the purposes of "Purple Pastures"--the structural purpose of Jesus in Bradford's play was as Redeemer, not just He Who Arises. The concluding scene is on Calvary, and the emphasis is on Christ's suffering to redeem mankind. Tucker may have suffered in fandom, but mostly from Bloch, I think--which, seeing as how Bloch was cast as Satan in "Purple Pastures," would have made a good part for Tucker as Job, had I been able to work it in. But Job had nothing to do with the thing, and if I was going to drag in characters by their heels I might just as well have picked ~~anybody~~--er, that is, Gilgamesh.

Anyhow, Tucker was used in "PP" as Noah, so I couldn't have used him again.

Es Adams is vaguely amusing for most of his contribution and excellent in the gentle TAFF-spoofing at the end. Cheers.

Nirenberg's story and comic strip make it obvious that he is currently the leading candidate for Best New Fan of the Year on this upcoming FANAC poll.

Thanks, Buz, for the plug in the editorial. I think, tho, that you've given me too much credit for the reprinting of Burbee's stuff. It's true that when Isabel suggested a reprint collection I did most of the talking to convince people that we should do it, but as for actual production it was mostly a three-way deal between Ronel, Pete Graham, and me, with Pete and me splitting the stencil-cutting (I think Pete cut more of them than I did, come to think of it), Ronel doing all the mimeoing, and thre three of us (especially Pete and Ronel) doing assembling. Rike did much less than we did, but still, what with stencilling a few pages of typing, his bacover, and most all the headings, he put a good deal of work into it. And we had incidental help from several others, too. But the whole thing was done in ten solid-packed workdays, and we didn't have time to round up much outside help.



Wally is excellent this time round, with some classic lines.

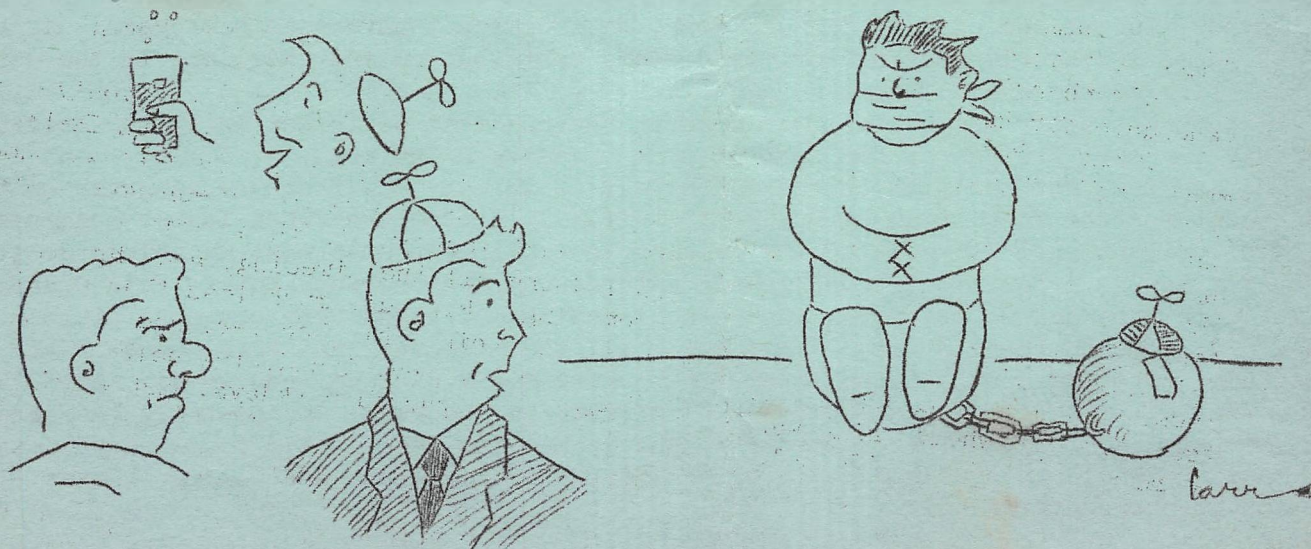
On to the lettercol.

Es Adams: What is "blatant subtleness"? I'd like to try it, but it seems a contradiction in terms. Come to think of it, the odd confusingness of that phrase is no doubt itself an example of blatant subtleness. Whatever that is.

Rich Brown: Should you become Fandom's Focal Point Assessor, as you suggest here, then you yourself would become Fandom's Focal Point. It would be inevitable, what with all fandom flocking around you for egoboo. #Dammit, I've forgotten what MFFYF! means. Lessee... Many Fools Find Yandro Fine? (A fine slogan for a CRYhack, no?) ((No.)) More Fine Fannish Yapping From...(rich brown)....? My Face Feels Yellow Finally? Much Fanac Fun Yet Foolish? Fandom Is Just a Goddam Hobby? Mordor in '64? Bjo for TAFF? What?

Joy Clarke: I was vastly amused to see you complaining of Bruce Pelz's metre. He's a stickler for good metre, and I guess this time he got stuck with his own stickler. #No, EFR isn't Christopher Anvil. Bob Silverberg is. Same story, tho, yes. #Cheers for your warning the CRYeds against using corny old puns as titles on your letters. I hereby make the same warning, people: no A CABLE FROM CARR or such things, please. (How 'bout TCARR for TAFF? ...oh, well, it was just a helpful suggestion.)

Ted White: I'm finding more and more of late that while I agree with you on principle I must take exception to what you say most every time, due to your habit of going a bit overboard. Like, I too am in favor of critical type reviews, but ole Pemby is, after all, more reviewer than critic, and what's wrong with that? #Appreciate your letter extremely much, but some of your points are a bit wrong. Like, I didn't write quite all of "My Fair Femmeffanne"--Pete Graham and I collaborated on the first number, then I did the rest. This is quibbling a bit, I guess (and why should I quibble with somebody who's complimenting me?), but the next part that bothered me is more important. I very definitely did ask Bjo to sign that collection of signatures supporting me at the Solacon, and I wish you wouldn't bug her on it, honest. You're right in that "She was there, (you) approached her, and she said sure." But when you approached her, I, flushed with excitement at all the egoboo, blabbered out, "Yes Yes, Bjo, you of all people I do want to have sign it!" This Put Her On The Spot, sort of, and she couldn't very well have begged off without taking a chance on hurting my feelings maybe. I mean, it was the only polite thing for her to do, and she did. So please drop that part of the subject. (And anyhow, as later discussions have turned up, she was planning to run for TAFF herself later but was confused as to the setup and didn't realize that to run within the next couple of years she'd have to run against me.) #Yeah, I remember Vorzimer's version of Parker Schaeffer. He dreamed it up at a grand and glorious hub meeting of younger California fandom at which most all the SoCal teenage fans congregated at Vorzy's house along with three of us from SanFran. Vorzy got this grand and glorious idea to hoax



"Oh, that's Fredric -- he wants to put out a one-shot."



people and I supplied the penname. #Remember, tho DAG was a Seventh F ndomite, one of his closest correspondents and most frequent publishers was Bob Silverberg, definitely a Sixth Fandomite.

Thank you, Elinor, for doubting that I'd write a vitriolic conreport. I wouldn't, of course. The conreport I wrote on the Solacon still hasn't appeared, dammit (Norman Shorrock is the culprit), and as I didn't make a carbon copy I can't check for sure, but the only vitriolic part I remember in it was the writeup of my encounter with Ed Turner. You remember Ed Turner, don't you? Damn near everybody who's mentioned him to us has done so in unprintable terms.

By the way, I've heard that Ford's supporters were mightily miffed at my TAFF installment of FH too. Wrote to Don and pointed out that I was satirising his opposers as much as him, and he replied that he hadn't read or even heard of the piece but "if any explanations are even needed, I'll accept yours." Ford is a good man, yes.

Yeah, I'm looking forward to Berry's westcoast odyssey too--on account of Miriam and I won't be able to make it to the Detention...personal troubles causing lack of necessary loot. Ronel will appear on the Fanzine Pubbers' Panel in my place.

Well, lookée here, I've written a letteracomment on CRY. Three pages, yet. Don't you hate people like me who make you cut and cut and cut and cut?

Best,

Terry Carr

((Nirenberg is a comer, all right, but in my opinion Franson is still way out ahead. I mean, like, in considering Best New Fan of 1959 'twould be unfannish to hold against him the facts that he is a pro and a Member of First Fandom. #You've convinced me that DAG was an honorary Sixth Fandomite. But Redd Boggs was associated with Grennell and Agberg in the WO3W; was he a Fifth Fandomite, and if so, would that make dag an honorary Fifth&aHalf Fandomite? #Yes, I remember Ed Turner. The most obnoxious fan I've ever met (even if he didn't have Harsh Eyes)--Ed Turner was the boy who kept telling Ron Bennett and Mike Hinge about how he could<sup>15</sup> STAND anybody who wasn't an American.))

#### COVERING THE COVER

6543 Babcock Ave.

Dear intramural intransigents,

North Hollywood, Calif.

Here I am to pour oil on troubled fires. I hope the intra-CRY hard feelings are softened by now, and that you will stop or slow down the TAFF debate before it gets too serious. I'd hate to see CRY, "the happy-go-lucky monthly" (term courtesy of Bob Coulson) turn into a hassle-zine. This is the "downbeat" issue of CRY, I guess. Happier, next time? ((Yep.))

I better explain the August cover, to answer all the critical comment that now, on second thought, I see might result due to misunderstandings. Fans are so misunderstanding. For those who fail to see the humor and utter snidelessness of it all; or those who are puzzled by it, here is what I intended to mean (reading from left to right, top to bottom, complete blocks): BOB LEMAN has made such a heavy impression on fandom that he has fallen thru the sidewalk. BOYD RAEURN's is merely tire tracks of a sports car instead of footprints, and does not imply that he is running down anyone. DAN ADKINS artistically shades his block. F. M. & ELINOR BUSBY have merely switched shoes, or signatures. BILL MEYERS takes a running jump and slides into the wet cement with both feet. ALAN DODD does not exist. RICH BROWN is standing on his head, anything for a gag. LES GERBER is not really a bird, but has a sense of humor, so I'm not worried.

JOHN BERRY makes a giant fingerprint, his other occupation being a dactyloscopist. BOB TUCKER is one of the original cement blocks that is cracked with age (still sounds insulting, somehow), like those of the early movie stars at Graman's Chinese. WALLY WEBER doesn't have three feet, it just looks that way, uncross your eyes. BRUCE PELZ is a chemical formula, which, if you don't read CRY, means Brucine. RON ELLIK and TERRY CARR are a team often thought of as one person, or both are hoaxes perpetrated by Carl Brandon. FERRY ACKERMAN is not a monster, but is wearing "monster feet".

ISAAC ASIMOV is only one of millions who misspell his name. JUANITA COULSON is a fan of bare-footism, and I put BUCK in socks to match. TED WHITE does neat lettering and layout, even in cement, and this has no connection with squares, as I just realize might



be inferred. JOHN MAGNUS' efforts to fit fanzine publishing into an apparently hectic schedule result in promising more than he can deliver. But a more frequent VARIOSO would be much preferred to fewer promises. JIM MORAN -- I don't know how he made those footprints. ARTHUR THOMSON? No, that must be one of his creations, with those long feet.

G. M. CARR is everywhere these days, raising heck, but has made her permanent mark on fandom. I like her comments, so will not quote Voltaire on freedom of speech. GUY TERWILLEGGER breaks the twig after writing "Guy", but more is not necessary. ROBERT BLOCH's shoes would be hard to fill, but the neofan can hope. The claws refer to his horror stories, which never scratch anyone.

Around the edges, COLIN CAMERON has a distinctive signature, tho he now seems to have changed it. BJO WELLS, I couldn't think of a joke, but wanted to include all the artists' signatures, to confuse people. RICK SNEARY is identified by the "South Gate in '58" slogan. BURNETT TOSKEY, who should have been in the blank space at the lower left, the letters are supposed to look like they were done on a typer, and the equation, 2 plus 2 equals ?, represents the caution and humility for which mathematicians are famous. CHAS. BURBEE's space indicates a player-piano score. ESMOND ADAMS has six or seven fingers, but only two heads. Miscellaneous initials are unidentified scrawlings of neofans. LEN MOFFATT is in, but no room for a joke. OTTO PFEIFER included as are all CRY staff. DAMON KNIGHT's hobnail boots are self-explanatory. BOB LICHTMAN signs "Psi-Phi" in Greek. WALT WILLIS had a block on the ceiling, which somehow got left off the stencil. ALL THOSE I LEFT OUT, see the sign in the corner, "To BNFs".

So much for the cover. Now to the contents.

Regret to see fanzine reviews and book reviews being dropped, but there are many others in other fanzines. But prozine reviews are unique in CRY. If Renfrew Pemberton can't keep them up, here is a suggestion: I always figured a club could do a good job of reviewing prozines. Now, there is a club in Seattle, by the name of the Nameless. There must be several members who regularly read some prozine or other. Let five or ten of them turn in a review or two each of the magazines they regularly read. Then there could be a review column that covered most of the zines without one fan trying to read and review all of them. ((Nope--we'd still have to stencil, run off, and assemble the reviews.))

Now that Pemberton is giving up his column it's time for a tribute. I always admired his energy, his penetrating but fair comments, and the informal style he put them in (what's the matter with Ted White--I thought the admitted goof of reviewing the wrong story was funny.) Elinor once said that you should not thank reviewers for favorable reviews. Pemby gave me some nice reviews--for which I do not thank him.

You mean you're not sore at RAWL for his editorial? I think he has a valid point, but errs in one respect: the anti-sf faction do not outnumber the sf fans, they're just noisier. Also, a temporary surfeit of sf for a time should not be held against a fan; I've had it, at times, but came back. Now take 1933...

Tho fan columns about fanzines are almost extinct in the prozines (the editor whose middle name is Stefan is going against the trend) there is still a lot of publicity for the conventions, in all magazines.

I don't know whether to pay much attention to JWC's latest "kick" on color photography. I get the impression that he is sponsoring cause after cause, figuring the odds will be that at last one of them will turn out not to be crackpot.

"Fandom Harvest" by Terry Carr is far more entertaining than "Little Eustace's After-School Hour" by Terry Carr. Hitting the high spots only, Es Adams' "Crudcon I: O What Fun" and Leslie Nirenberg's "Charlie Phan at the Detention" were the most enjoyable. Lettercol interesting as always, Moffatt's limerick outstanding.

Delayed reaction to one of your headings some time ago. "YES, BUT NOT THE BAND LEADER" over Raeburn's letter. There is, I see by the papers, another Boyd Raeburn, who is a band leader. I had heard the name on the radio before, but thought it was a trick of the ear --ever notice this distortion of an unfamiliar name into a familiar one?((Yes))

Did your area have GALAXY at 35¢? ((No.)) And "science fiction" on the cover?((No)) This is a test, hints Gold. I didn't buy this for the 15¢ saving, though, but for the Tucker and the lettercol-substitute. Yes, PLANET STORIES had the most fannish lettercol, especially when Paul L. Payne was the editor.



Yours,  
Donald Franson

((I apologize heartily for leaving out Tosk and Walt Willis. I probably overlooked Walt because he was in a different place, and Tosk--well, that was probably a Freudian slip. I was pretty mad at poor Toskey last month. & I did stencil that cover in a terrible last-minute rush. #In reading some old CRYs saw, to my great embarrassment, where I had thanked people for favorable reviews of CRY. Alas!))

## THE DEMOLISHED TOSKEY

(FMB)

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

Dear Buz &amp; Elinor,

With the air of compass and machetes we finally made our way from the front gate of Oblique House to the door, having encountered nothing more fearsome in the jungle of the front garden than the bodies of three bill collectors. I turned the key and pushed confidently, secure in the knowledge that all mail had been forwarded by the Post Office. Had not a postman climbed three miles of mountain road daily to our holiday sheepfarm with our regular quota of soap coupons, incomprehensible European fanzines and letters from F&SF asking "Was it something we said?"

The door had moved only a few inches when I reeled back aghast. My tanned face had gone suddenly all white, like a Benford zine. "That dry slithering sound," I gasped. "Did you hear it? God help me, I know what it is. It's a CRY!"

"I thought you liked CRY," said Madeleine, puzzled. "You told me the last one was smashing."

"Think woman," I cried. "We got that one only three days ago, in Donegal. This one must have come a month ago...and I haven't commented on it."

Madeleine clutched little Bryan to her and looked fearfully about. "Toskey!" we both breathed.



I should get up and do some fanac.



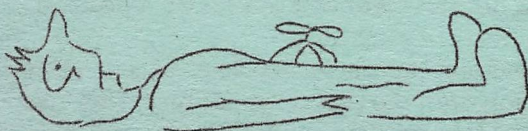
If I don't, I'll be dropped from all the fanzine mailing lists.



Then everyone will say, "That shiftless Herbert is gafiating."



I'll be ridiculed by all the letterhacks, kicked out of FAPA, maybe even sued!



Ghu! Am I glad this is only a hobby. I almost scared myself to death.

*J. Les Piper*



That night I woke up clutching the bedclothes. "Toskey!" I was screaming, "He's going to cut me off!" In vain Madeleine tried to reason with me, but her heart wasn't in it. She too knew what Toskey was like. Fortunately psychiatry was available on the National Health Service (rexine couches) in time to save my reason. Dr. Daniel Ube (Vienna) has explained to me quite clearly that the evil concept of Toskey is merely a dream-symbol of your collective unconscious, performing for your egos a function similar to that of the professional scapegoat in certain large organisations. (When a customer makes a complaint he is summoned, bawled out and fired.) Similarly the figment Toskey has attributed to him all the sadism and wickedness of your collective characters--refusing trades, cutting people off the waiting list, not supporting Terry Carr for TAFF, etc., so that you and Wally may continue to bask in the adoration of fandom as kindly lovable parent-figures. Dr. Ube says you probably believe that Toskey exists and my explaining it all to you will be enough to cure you: if so he says that for his fee he'd like a few back numbers of CRY for his waiting room. He muttered something about the readers' letters showing his patients they weren't all that bad, but I don't know what he means. All I want to do is get out of writing a letter of comment until I get back to work and have a bit of a rest.

I suppose I could mention though that in C128 I specially enjoyed DAG's column, Goonga Faan (a very well deserved tribute to John), the last line of Bob Lichtman's review of Flabbergasting, Terry Carr's nerve, and those wonderful Minutes. In 129 the Minutes again, Nirenberg's letter, Archie Mercer's modest request and lots of other things too humorous to mention.

I suppose you'll have heard by now that Nebula is folding. I have, strangely enough, not had a cable yet from JWC about the Fanorama column. Seriously, it's sad about Nebula isn't it. ((Yes, it really is.))

I called on John before I went away on holiday and found nobody home. A neighbour told me they had been away for a month's holiday and I was afraid the Fund had fallen through. However I called again next day to make sure and Di was home again and told me John had only been a week with them, staying home the rest of the time and saving his leave. Furthermore that just that morning John had got word that the Trip was on. I didn't have time to see John again before we left but I called when we got back and had a long talk. He's thrilled to bits about the trip and can still hardly believe it. I hope he has as wonderful a time as I had and brings back memories as vivid and happy.

Best,  
Walt Willis

((I might be willing to admit being merely a figment of several people's imaginations, but if you had vegetated too much longer before writing, you might have discovered that a figment of the imagination can be rather quick about cutting you off our mailing list. Actually, though, it's ME who is real, and all of you who are but figments of MY imagination. Don't ask stupid questions, now, just take my word for it. Or John's, when he comes back from the trip.-----BRT)))((Oh, Walt! Just look at what that figment will type when our backs are turned! --We all enjoyed your letter immensely, even Toskey Himself)

ESpecially BJO  
Hi, CRY!

980-1/2 White Knoll Dr.  
Los Angeles 12, Calif.

First, there are two Eustace Plunketts. The one who writes very good fanzine reviews for Shangri-L'Affaires is John Trimble, who had nothing to do with the CRY story, and who will use his own name henceforth. The ESP who wrote "Fandom Harvest Chaffed" was Bjo, who used the name for several reasons.

An obvious pseudonym was used for Shaggy's reviews because at the time, we weren't sure just who was going to write them. When the job was foisted on John, the name became useless to us; but, since it was such an obvious pseudonym, it would do for the story I wrote, as we were going to reveal who ESP was, anyway. Besides wishing to avoid the "personality" bit in getting the very first reactions to the story, I felt that in not knowing who had written it Terry Carr would have free rein to answer back as he saw fit. He would be unhampered by the consideration that I am a girl and he is a gentleman.

It was, to my mind, about time that someone answered Carr's snide (Don Franson's definition) remarks in CRY and other fanzines. Seemed to me that I should be the one to



do so, if any answering be done. I will admit that the answering was not polished; I'm no F. T. Laney or T. Carr. I simply followed the example I had before me, and if you'll read Fandom Harvest and Fandom Harvest Chaffed one right after the other, you'll see that I almost "traced" the pattern.

As someone once said, "If it's interesting and funny, it's worth printing!" and I left that up to the judgment of the CRY editors. Perhaps I limned the youth and flightiness of Miriam a bit too clearly, but I was certainly more gentle than a close friend of Terry Carr's, whose slanderous remarks were not only condoned by him, but were given assistance so that Lighthouse #1 was published. I suppose that was interesting and funny....

The only thing I have accomplished is to prove that anyone can write caustic stuff of allusion and near-fact that will amuse some, anger some, and possibly hurt a few. This I don't like; this off-hand usage of someone to make a joke. I've tried it this once, but I hope never to have to do so again. I am not a sweet, Pollyanna-type critter, but I do not like to start fights that end in nothing but hurting. If I have to fight, I will.

Actually, the whole thing has developed into such a comedy of errors that it's an impossible situation. I had no notion that in the same issue my story appeared, Toskey would fall prey to a whim and arrange such a shocking cover. Then, what with Alan Lewis' letter, the auto accident, and assorted other ills, it put poor Terry in the position of picking on someone who was down. There you see the pay-off for using a pseudonym; it was ESP he was answering, who has no worries other than being a nonentity. Now, suppose I answer a guy who's got problems, too; lots of them that have stacked up in the past couple of months...

No, I can't see where a feud of any kind would get either of us anywhere. Not that I'm afraid of anyone (immature kids will always think that it's cowardice and not reluctance to hurt anyone that makes one unwilling to fight).

I know, as Buz has stated, that Terry Carr is a friendly young man, and he most likely feels as I do that the situation is foolish. We both know that this sort of thing is not good for CRY, and I, for one, refuse to continue the hassle in its pages. This was thrust upon you folks with no warning, and I feel that it was unfair. As long as Terry has had the last word...

The only thing that puzzles me is why Terry looks upon my little story as dead serious, while explaining that he is not serious, and that his work was a JOKE?

Boyd Raeburn seems to be the only one who realized that the listings of accomplishments and such were (yes, sir, Mr. Carr, sir) a JOKE and that there were sneaky bits in there for Terry Carr for TAFF. But, Boyd, did you have to say "lumpy"?

Well, enuff! Now you know my deep dark secret (well, one of them, anyway) and how I stand right now.

So, as ESP sinks slowly below the horizon, we wave farewell to the friendly (and unfriendly) fans; wistfully recalling the happy, carefree days of tossing Es Adams to lonely fem-fannes (their reward for voting for him for TAFF, since he wouldn't write a con-report, anyway), and those balmy days under the shade of the Giant Gestetner (just before it erupted) trying to find out how Leslie Nirenberg knew about the paper-bird folding business... but enuff of dream-stuff! I must return to the Real World, where a blank Shaggy stencil stares at me balefully.

And so, having no unutterable gall with which to sign my name, I use plain ink.

Bjo Wells

((Bjo also states in a ps that she "really liked the Charlie Phan bit." #By "as long as Terry has had the last word" I think you mean "as long as Terry has said all he's going to on this matter" -- right? #CRY doesn't mind controversy at all, if the end result can be that understanding and rapport are improved. We particularly hope that such may be the result in this instance.))

PARKER'S PROMULGATION (on #129)  
Dear CRYbabies,

(EP)

151, Canturbery Road,  
West Kilburn, London.N.W.6

Congratulations are overdue to your learned colleague BRT on gaining his Doctorate. Omission repaired, congrats herewith. I hope he doesn't expect--or receive preferential



treatment as a result of his achievement?

CRY 129 to hand and greeted with a glad CRY (adv. t.); I gather 128 was not after all available Buz? ((I don't know--we're monsters of inefficiency.)) I can always borrow/filch Arthur's. On consideration and after having read all those bacnumbers loaned me, that I mentioned earlier, I think I derive as much pleasure from the contents and credits page...including Buz's editorial, as from the rest of the mag. What else can you do but have a good time when the mood is set right from the first page...all right then, the 3rd. Half the fun in subbing to your Giant lies in the waiting between issues and trying to imagine in advance just what you are going to come up with next in your description of the various contributors. Good clean fun.

Usually I don't go for reviews of the pro-mags to be found in pmz.

Pemb's I can't afford to miss, one never knows what he will have to say in the form of an aside. I see Tosk got loose again along the top of those pages. (('Twas Pemby.)) Chuckleworthy.

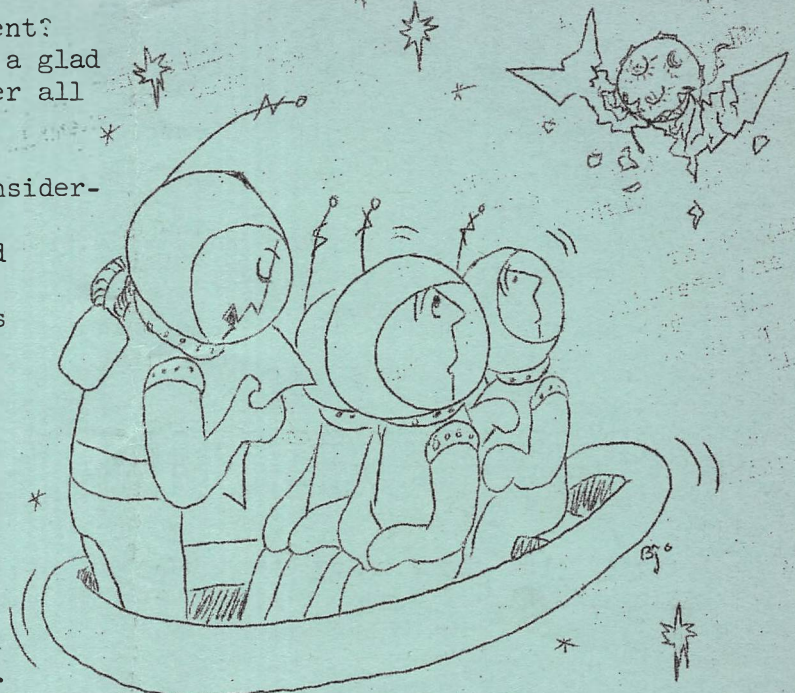
Berry reminded me very strongly of a tale I read years ago of Jack London's, can't remember what it was called, but it was about an England of the future after some dire catastrophe. Folk had gone back to the woods to live in tribal communities, and this one tribe had an old man who could remember the world of civilisation. He could actually recall what money was and its uses! It would be nice to think that fandom could survive what John has implied went before his tale opened. (("Red Death": "Scarlet Plague"? Mayhap Archie or Bruce'll know. --Reminded me, too.))

What happened to Wally's H when my back was turned? Who else but Wally could be so entertaining over the loss of his precious papers. It beats me how he is able to make a stodgy thing like the recital of Minutes so amusing.

Comments from me on the TAFF candidates would be out of place, I'm not too familiar with any of them. I do wonder at the almost complete silence on the part of Ford's supporters. One would almost be led to believe there are only two in the running. ((You would hear more about Ford in midwestern fanzines.))

I wonder at Tosk not seeing through the ploy Buz worked on him. Tosk! You have been had. Buz got tired of squeezing what he had to say into a mere 1/2 page, so he waited 'til you had filled it, and now look what he's done. Pinched a full page all to himself. He needs watching. I was delighted when I heard John had made it to the Detention. I would ask you to remember he is only on loan to you, we are going to want him back. I hate to think that an enlarged sub-list would result in CRY folding "out of sheer copelessness"; can't you dragoon some more help if the need should arise? I feel especially guilty on reading that remark, because in writing to newfen over here I am apt to recommend your zine to them in glowing terms when they ask which fmz I think they would like. From now on I clam up. What would we do without CRY?? CRY! What do you have to offer general fandom other than a monthly schedule? Well, there's humour in abundance, points for discussion, sparked off by letters and/or the articles you run, food for thought.... shall I go on?? I hope that provides Ted Pauls with part of the answer at least.

I was sorry to hear of your bad luck with the Budgies. I've got a particularly good looking specimen of the species. I call him Handsome for the most obvious reason, and doesn't he know it! Every time I sit down to his monster, he kicks up the most terrible racket, I can't quite decide whether it's meant as direct competition with the clacking,



"UNFORTUNATE.... HOWEVER, THE ORDERS OF  
THE DAY ARE...."



or even if it's meant to denote pleasure or scorn.

Now I've reached the BLACK part of the mag. I don't mean that it is black either in mood or content, but how come the rest of CRY is printed in blue and the letter section in black? ((Ran out of blue ink)).

In all the numbers of CRY I've so far read (including the borrowed ones), I don't think I've read a letter of Boyd's yet when he hasn't been sounding off about something or other. He seems to me to have an outsize in chips on his shoulder. There is credit due to him of course insofar as his letters do seem to provoke others to write to you and argue with him. But personally I'd prefer a jocular argument to an acrimonious one any day, and Boyd does manage to sound bitter nearly all the time. I hope he takes notice of your admonition to stay cool.

I see there is still some discussion going on re the fanzine for trade or review question. I'd like to say to Tosk that since editing O I've always worked it thus, and I believe the majority of faneds do the same. Trade copies go to the editors. I don't know why it has never occurred to me to send one to you, BRT; it may be that I figured you saw the copy sent to Buz & Elinor. If you would like to add another zine to your collection, let me know and I'll send you future issues.

A word in your ear, Elinor, on your reply to Jim Moran. I guess you were jesting when you mentioned taking a poll or vote on who should edit the lettercol. If it were held however my vote would have to go to Tosk, and for this reason. When he was allowed to run loose in the letter section various of the lads knew it was to Tosk they were writing and that it would be he who would answer them. Consequently if one of the lads felt like saying Tosk! You're a bum! They did so, knowing he wouldn't take offence and would reply in kind. Elinor, can you imagine any of them saying anything like that now, knowing as they do, it is you who edits them? Consequently there is a loss of spontaneity, a lack of zest in the letters, which was so very apparent earlier. In fact they have become almost 'gentlemanly'!

That just about winds it up for this time (stand up that fan who said thank ghod!), except to thank you all for a good issue. Just one final suggestion. It would be helpful, to your Anglo readers especially, if Buz could find room at the foot of his editorials to insert just one line mentioning the date letters should reach you for publication in the following issue. If he did this every time, it would help a lot. This is probably too late. No matter. I've had the chance to say hello, thanks for CRY, and I like the sound of all of you.

WE'VE LOANED YOU BERRY!

Regards to all of you.

Sincerely,

Ella Parker

still

((The current Busby parakeet has recently learned to bark. #The fellows/do occasionally write rather fiercely, but really fierce remarks, unless I have some reason (good or bad) for printing them, are apt to be excised. Last fall's Deek-Raeburn controversy was started by a paragraph in a letter from Kent Moomaw--a paragraph that I would certainly have cut as being irrelevant and gratuitously rude. The fight was good clean fun, but we haven't heard from Deek since then, and I always enjoyed his letters. However, he had left us and returned before, so perhaps he'll be back again some day. #Letters from overseas readers are almost never current--but they're generally interesting, which is more important to us. You're right tho, the cut-off date should be published.))

RAWLOWNDES--SUFFERN  
Fabulous Fantods:

(FMB)

15 Haverstraw Road  
Suffern, New York

All things, good, bad, and indifferent, must end, and so the Pemberton reviews (always and unfailingly a good thing) had to end at some time. But, alas, the announcement in issue Number 130 is the saddest of the year for me, so far. For something over two years I've marvelled monthly, shaken my dazzled head and muttered, "How does he do it?" each time an eagerly-awaited CRY arrived, and I turned to the Pertinacious Plowman's perspicacious peregrinations. Their disappearance will be a disaster of the first order.

Not that I don't understand and sympathize with the yearning to be free from such



bondage, Buz. Yet ... sob ... can you really do it? The first month or so ... ah, liberty! But can the beloved firehorse browse peacefully when the alarm bell rings?

Take a furlough. Take two. You've been at it too long without a let-up. Relax and roll over when those new issues come out, and Cryday approaches for the nonce.

We wait.

But come back to us, Buz, when freedom palls.

Sorrowfully, yet Hopefully,

Robert A. W. Lowndes

((I don't really know yet-- I'm having a lot more fun with this month's column than I've had for a long time, and I think it's because the column is now a fixed-term deal, rather than an indefinite one. But I do feel warmly appreciative of comments such as yours, and rather wish the routine hadn't become too much of a good thing, to continue. --FMB))

GREEN GROW THE LICHTMAN

6137 S. Croft Ave.

Dear SaCRYligious Ones:

Los Angeles 56, Calif.

You had all this nice green paper. So why didn't you use it on the part of the zine John Berry's story was in? I mean, Irish Green, shamrocks (plug, Es), and all that. Anyway, I gather that this green paper is the result of a Good Buy; why else would you use it?

Cover very nice; indeed. Franson is shaping up as an artist; a cartoonist, anyway. And I spy the Greek letters for PSI-PHI up there in the corner.

I had a suspicion that this issue of CRY would be in black. Stick with it, gang, it does wonders in eliminating off-set. Don't grotch and change back if people complain; CRY is CRY, no matter what color it is (& wouldn't this be bait for a perfect fannish parody on the race problem?).

I don't mind your dropping fanzine reviews at all, since I've gotten other commitments in this line now, and I'll bet that Rich isn't at all adverse to it, either, since he's up and joined the Air Force (say hello to Unka Sammy, for me, bhoy). Don't mind book reviews, either. And prozine reviews, too (down, Pemby!). If it'll all help you to Keep Down The Size Of CRY, I'm all for it. Another suggestion that might help: stop printing out-of-date letters of comment from states-side fans. It's okay, up to a limit, from overseas fen, but it seems a bit out-of-place when you relegate up-to-date letters to the WE ALSO Dept., and print letters of comment on #127 and 128. This is not intended to be a sort of grotch because you didn't print my letter this time (you did a fine job of taking out the best points), but you just can't be too non-current in such matters. Dig?

Yes, don't worry about "losing a lovely pair of titles", Buz; CRY of the Nameless is the loveliest title of all of them, and we wouldn't want to lose it just because you couldn't bear to let the other two go. I'm glad to hear that you're dropping the no-back-log policy, but don't let it get the best of you. I figure that you'll work this out for yourselves, but I would recommend not holding onto something if you don't intend to print it in the next three issues after receipt. That would seem to be a good enough margin, wot? I can appreciate your and Elinor's feelings about that cover; but it was just a prank. Hope it's all clear, now. ((Yes.))

Tch, that "hit-the-High-Points-&Low-Points, mostly-ignore-the-middle" system just doesn't work out. I notice, Ren, that you sort of Reverted to your Original Style later on. ##Now, Pemby, I'm not too lazy to read the stuff, and I'm not too sophisticated to admit that I do read it, but I just haven't much time to squeeze much of it in between fanning. Maybe Speed-Reading is the answer, but I read pretty fast, and I still haven't time. RAWL, as an ex-fan of sorts, should know that fan-columns are not only intended to boost interest in the magazine, but to help get new blood for us fannish vampires. I know that from a perfunctory glance at most of our fanzines nowadays, you'd think we were a bunch of cultists, I suspect that most of us do read that, er, Buck Rogers stuff.

Bjo did a fine set of illustrations for Fandom Harvest this time, though a bit inhibited from her usual style because of the lack of shading plates. She did do these when up in Seattle, didn't she? ((Yes.)) ##As for the column, I wonder just how accurately this symbolizes the real situation on Cryday. Any clues, Elinor? ((Perhaps one of these days someone will write an article on the subject.))



Berry was at his absolute best in his story this time. This is, I think, the best thing he's ever done in this line, surpassing even "All the Way" and "Fandom Denied".  
 ##"Underman...the top ranking BNFs"...wonder what Arv thought of that? ##I wonder if if this postal regulation exists? Or some variation of it with the same loophole. Will someone investigate?

By golly, ol' Es is doing a fine-dandy job of confusing me with this "convention report". A lot of this has basis in fact, such as Bruce Pelz and Alex Bratmon being there. But the rest of this???? I don't get it.

Fine reading though. At least Es is back in the Fold again.

I do not believe in Leslie Nirenberg. ((Does Leslie Nirenberg believe in you?)) I, like the young fool that I am, believed in him when Raeburn first mentioned him in a letter to me. I became dubious when I saw that fabulous faanish letter of his in CRY 129, which is why I asked him to write me and I'd send him a fanzine (I hoped to get a sample of his typing, like). I have been positive that he's a hoax since he had that article in Miri Carr's SYZYGY, and this article in CRY strengthens it, along with that mention of him in FANAC #41.

As for the thing here itself, it's entirely too good, even though it is on that "Carl Brandon Still Lives" theme, the best possibilities of which have been exhausted now for quite some time. No neo turns out such faaaanish material after having been in fandom for such a short time, not even under the tutelage of one or more of the Toronto crowd. I suspect that "Les Nirenberg" is a composite character composed of at least two of the following: Boyd Raeburn, Gerald Steward, Ron Kidder, P. Howard Lyons. Confess, ye worthies!

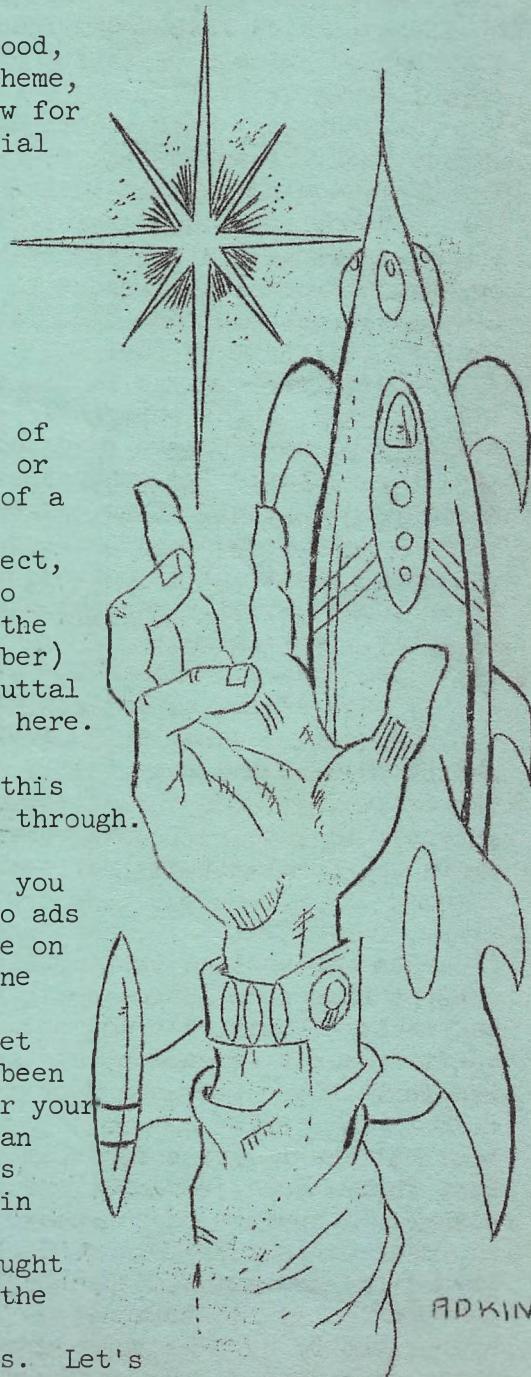
The little Peanuts takeoff is pretty good, too. I wonder which one of the bhoys worked arduously tracing the various expressions out of the comic strip of the Toronto paper? 'Twould be an epitome of something or other to see Boyd Raeburn hunched over the comic page of a newspaper, methinks.

"Little Eustace's After-School Hour" will, I suspect, not be the Last Word on this current battle between two TAffactions. This was useful in pointing up a lot of the things that many people (I am including myself, Les Gerber) didn't perhaps know about Terry Carr. I await any rebuttal by "Plunkett" in the next issue. Terry did a fine job here. As usual.

What in the World happened to Wally's typewriter this time? Still, Wally's inimitable touch of humour shone through. A fine set of minutes, honest and true honourable one.

Donald Franson: If Elinor had printed my letter, you would have noted that I have retracted my opposition to ads on fanzine covers, especially when they're like the one on CRY 130. I don't even grotch at the one below your fine coverillo this time, taking it in the sense of Equal Space. But after thissue... ##Yes, sometimes you do get a letter of comment from a faned whose brainchild has been reviewed, though such is not often the case. Look over your past three or so CRYs and you'll see what I mean. I can only find three instances where this occurred in issues 127-129. ##Yes, quite so, I do wish that the letters in the WE ALSO Dept. could be printed, only that would necessitate at least a 40 page lettercol, and as it caught on, even more. Elinor does a good job of picking out the most interesting stuff to print.

Es Adams: Your r&r parody bits have possibilities. Let's ignore the sneers of the snobs, and try a few more, like these:



ADKINS-



## EBOBOO SWEETER THAN WINE

When I was a youngfan and never published,  
 I got to thinking it over how much I had missed,  
 So I got me a ditto and pubbed once and then and then,  
 Oh Roscoe, I published again...because:  
 (chorus:) I got egoboo sweeter than wine,  
 I got--uh-huh--egoboo sweeter than wine,  
 (Sweeter than wine)...

(Let's skip up to the last verse, hey?)

Well, now that I'm old and I'm ready to go,  
 I start to thinking about what happened a long time ago,  
 Had a lot of deadlines, a lot of slipsheeting and pain,  
 But, oh Roscoe, I'd do it all again, because: (chorus)

Bigholly, that should stop this nonsense. Shows what sort of atrocities can be perpetrated when one is too lazy to first-draft. ##Yes, indeedy, Es, we should tell nonSAPS fandom about that weird FLABBERGASTING. Like tell them that the latest issue was 81 pages long, slipsheeted, with a photolith cover by L. Garcone. Tosk should print up extras and sell them for 50¢ the copy.

Rich Brown: Hear you'll be at Carswell along with Ellis Mills. I wonder if this'll impede your CRYhacking activities. Ghu, if the Grand Old Man of CRYhack-dom leaves, the End of Fandom-As-We-Know-It is here. ##CFFYF, indeed!

Len Moffatt: Good grief. Toskey for TAFF? What do you have against Good Ol' Burnett?

Joy Clarke (Mother Hen, 4-Square): If you can get Gestetner ink at 18/- a pound, you needn't bother to import it from America. 18/- is approximately \$2.50, if you haven't figured it out yet, and 8/6d is only \$1.20 (approx.). You have a good deal with that latter, if it's good ink.

Ted White: Oh, so that's who Vorzy was referring to when he said "Park really bungled the heck out of this issue" and went on from there. Parker Shaeffer, no less. Franson couldn't be expected to know about that one, though, since he wasn't in fandom then.

Les Gerber: Two other Leslie's in fandom? You, "Nirenberg", and who else?...Oh, Les Norris. How stupid of me, since he visited me the other weekend. Nice fellow, but he's holding down a couple jobs at once, which leaves him little time for fanning.

Bruce Pelz: I'll echo your question about "What is this General Fandom?" I've never found a really general fanzine; all of them cater to some audience, no matter how slightly. Any comments?

Rick Sneary: Thanks for affirming Don's and my existence. And you should affirm Arv's, too, since you met him at LASFS in mid-July, if you'll remember.

Ed Cox: You may have never run across Les Norris' FANToccini because, as e told me and it says in the zine itself, it has a hectographed circulation of 40-50 zine during all its existence (with the exception of 21 & 22, which were mimeoed, but still limited circulation). I gather, from Les, that it was somewhat of a letter-substitute. Which may explain why it didn't get reviewed.

MFFYF (oh yeah! Yeah!)

Bob Lichtman

((Why do you believe in Leslie Norris and not in Leslie Nirenberg, just because you've met the former and haven't met the latter? Did you actually see Leslie Norris engaging in fanac? If not, how do you know that the person who introduced himself as "Leslie Norris" wasn't someone altogether mundane, with "Leslie Norris, fan" being a pseudonym for Len Moffatt or Rick Sneary or somebody? Bob, you are being too trusting, too naive.

The only fans whose existence one can reasonably believe in are those whom one has actually caught in the act--FANac! I believe in Buz, Wally, Tosk, GMCarr (tho her I'd prefer not to), Nan Gerding, Boyd Raeburn, Wrai Ballard (I haven't seen him actually FANNING, but still, circumstantial evidence would seem to indicate that Wrai is really Wrai), Lynn Hickman, Bjo Wells, Al Lewis, Terry Carr & Chas. Burbee (on the grounds that they both talk as they write, which would seem to indicate that they're really them), and I at least suspect that Rich Brown and Bob Leman are just who they claim to be. Bob Lichtman? Oh! heavens! How far-fetched--to suppose that there's any such person! --But perhaps it would be nice if there were.))



THE BITTER BIT

(TEW)

107 Christopher St.

Dear Cry People (and who reads these letters first as a  
rule?): ((Buz.))

New York 14, N. Y.

CRY 130 arrived yesterday, forwarded up from Balto with SYZYGY, APE, and a couple of others, all in one neat bundle. I see where this must be gotten in soon to make your dead line, but the bug has got me; I am now a CRY fan. Gads.

Actually it is surprising, but I'd say CRY is faunched for these days. I know I had to wrestle with my sane and sexy wife for it, and almost forgot the object of our tussle. Anyway, in NYC, nearly every fan reads CRY.

I am mildly impressed with the fashion in which my name is becoming a household word in CRY, but I wish it weren't so often in reference to focal points or something of that sort.

I was rather struck by the forcefulness of Buz' editorial, and the large conflued sections. "Boy, I'll bet he had a change of heart and cleaned it up plenty," I said to Sylvia. "Wonder what he first said." I approve of second-thoughts, though. No sense widening whatever rift may already exist in the ranks of CRY's staff.

I look considerably in askance at the dropping of fmz reviews. Presumably Toskey will still object to trades, which may very well cut you-all off completely from other fanzines. I think it is silly. The reviews don't seem to take up more than two, or at the most three, pages, which is not so bad. On the other hand, I don't feel too great a loss at the death of the prozine reviews, which have sort of gotten lazy lately. I don't think Buz' heart is in 'em any more.

Terry's FANDOM HARVEST is sort of light this time, but his other contribution makes up for it nicely. In answer to the last line, my above address is our new, permanent (two-year lease) one, and is good for all letters, fanzines, and visitors.

Berry was much better this time; the usual implied inferiority complex of the narrator was missing, a welcome relief. A note of caution, though: the FBI can prosecute any unauthorized use of its name which might be conceived to in any way reflect upon said Bureau, and they've been known to go to some lengths. I'm sure that in the normal course of events no one would ever know, or care, but don't forget that the US Government happens to have a large file on fandom, plus a good collection of fanzines "borrowed" from various west coast fans and from John Quagliano. There is good reason to believe that fandom is being investigated, probably as a matter of routine, by various gov't. agencies. In the future, this of CRY might be in a group of "borrowed" fanzines.

Fmz reviews good; I was gratified at the ratings VOID earned, as I'm sure Greg was too--you are sending him CRY, aren't you? ((I think so--ask Tosk.)) Greg deserves to read the egoboo VOID earns too. ((Especially since he has a sub.))

Adams' "Crudcon" was fine stuff; about the best I've seen by him, excepting his two 'games' in the last SPECTRE. I really got a kick out of his parenthetical insertion that "(those of you who read what's inside parentheses should be pretty well lost by now)". The lad has, when he works at it, a fine sense of timing.

By ghod, "Charlie Phan at the Detention" bloody well proves that Leslie Nirenberg is a hoax. No recently-initiated-to-fandom fan could have written all these allusions, this terrific piece of humor. The references to Don Ford's apple-crates, and the fanzines which bit him in the leg (a phrase which originated with Raeburn), Eney's reputed clean-mindedness, an inference from something I said in FAPA, references to Detroit Iron, The Adversaries (available from me at 25¢-plug), the tangential reference to BIRD LIVES--they all spell out a considerable knowledge of fandom and attitudes peculiar to Boyd Raeburn or someone who knows him extremely well. I find it hard to believe that Leslie picked this all up from Boyd. I think he is Boyd, or maybe Kidder or Steward or all three.

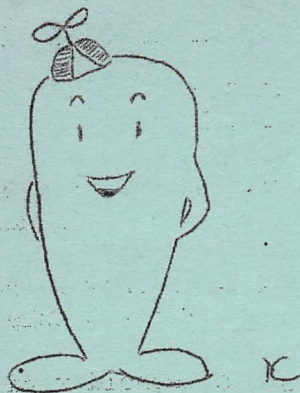
The Peanuts strip at the bottom of the page was truly fabulous.

Carr's rebuttal to FHC suffers I think from over-elaboration. I think Terry was justified, and I know how he feels, but I think he could have pared it down a bit and made his primary points better; that is, that the attack on Miriam was in extremely bad taste, and irrelevant to anything Terry might have said.

I liked Weber's Minutes. By golly, it sounds like the WSFA at times.

I wish someone would tell Es Adms that I didn't "appoint(myself) as a focal point".





"I'm going to publish a monthly fanzine, just as soon as I can get my license from Ted White!"

when most fans didn't, I'm flattered. But I'm not sure I should be.

A fine issue, people. Here's hoping for many more, and none any more emasculated than can be helped.

This is becoming a sore point with me. Sanderson evidently thought it would be a clever ploy to pretend that I did this, and now he has everyone believing it. Good ghod.

I see that Rich Brown and I share a love for Pepsis. Now, when I'm running fandom (said he, in jest, PURELY in jest), we'll serve only Pepsis at convention parties and people will actually be sober enough to understand what they're saying to each other... ((What! No root beer?))

Bill Meyers a "potential gafiate"? My ghod. After just putting out a Cultzine and SPECTRE 5? Or are you basing this on the fact that he quit SAPS?

In a vague way I am flattered at Sneary's lumping me with Boyd and Ellison, though maybe it isn't mutual. As a member in good standing of the "I Like Boyd Raeburn" club, and someone who liked Harlan

yhos,

"Bitter" Ol' Ted White

((A most amiable letter--better than bitter. //I called Bill Meyers a potential gafiate before SPECTRE 5, and quite a long, long time after SPECTRE 4. But he dropped CRY and dropped SAPS, and when a fan drops the part of fandom that is most interesting to oneself, one is tempted to think that he is on the verge of dropping fandom altogether.))

ARCH AS EVER TOO

Dear CRY.

434/4, Newark Road,  
North Hykeham, Lincoln, Eng.

And a fine CRYhack I've turned out to be, I know. Two issues and not a peep out of me. (See what happens when you let us sub proper-like--it goes to our heads). Anyway, I decided next CRY I really MUST get down and write. Next CRY being 130, here I am. (Hiya).

Cover--on the whole, highly approvable, though some of the items tend to defeat me. ((See Franson's letter.))

I noted with considerable regret the news that book and fanzine reviews are to be no more. But at least, I thought, there'll still be the Pemberton field. Then I saw the news about THAT, too, and nearly did me' nut as the saying says. ((IT DOES?)) THIS is cruelty. Pemberton's and Weber's columns, plus the letters, are the heart and soul of CRY. Anything else, however good, is simply stuffing. Killing Pemberton's column is like killing a pet dog. Admittedly I don't read everything published, but those I do read I like to compare my conclusions with Pemby's. Now cruel fate threatens to deprive me of even this one innocent little pleasure. Boo-hoo.

Terry has an attractive word-picture of you fabulous lot in sesh. "Crudcon I" should have for best effect come immediately AFTER the next item, rather than before. Still, it's fun. Minutes still croggle me, in any sense you care to think of. I think the best gimmick was when he signed them "Hon. Sec. Wal. Web." which ought to become the standard formula, but they're still of the best.

Pelz--"Gilbertravesty" is even clumsier than "Gilbertire" unfortunately. "Sullivan-anity" is better, but not strictly accurate--it's Gilbert (the wordsmith) who's being parodied, travestied, satired or etc., not Sullivan who merely set him to music. However, what interests me is where Bruce says he's going to try and hunt up the Flying Inn. Could I have started something? The man who introduces Pelz to Chesterton might be compared to the man who introduces Pelz to Chesterton might be compared to the man who introduced Gilbert to Sullivan. With bated breath I await to see what happens.

Merc as ever,  
Archie Mercer



MOFFATT

Hi Cryfolk!

10202 Belcher

Downey, Calif.

Issue #130 is the subject for discussion, with no doubt some tangents sideways, forward and backward, up, down and around...

Franson's cover cartoon was hilarious. He's a real triple-threat fan genius.

Gee whiz. No more fanzine & book reviews after this? Well, same can be found in several other fanzines so the loss isn't as bad as losing the regular Pemby col. Still, I would like to have seen Rich, Bob, and Les carry on with their cols, trusting they would improve as time went by... But I guess they can also do it in some other mag.

But no more Pemby after ish after next? No more up to the minute look-sees at current promags? But he do hint he might be doing articles re s-f, do he not? So if he has an analytical, constructively critical article re the s-f field in each ish, good-o! Still, will miss the monthly plowings, tho. But if ol' Renfrew is tiring from the pace, Foo knows he deserves a little rest.

Carr's takeoff on a Cry pubbing session was a wonderful 2 pages. And Bjo illos too! That's what I like to see. The TAFF candidates working together to create entertainment for fandom, each showing his or her talents with decrying the qualities of the other.

Fantastic & funny Berry this time. Fantastic because it could never happen the way he tells it, but funny because it does mirror fannish attitudes, and I suppose, because it is fantastic.

Es Adams' attempt to do a takeoff on a Worldcon report in the telling of 2 fans paying him a visit was mildly amusing. Could have been funnier with more development but that would have taken more pages... Am a bit puzzled at the reference to the "chairman" Basil R S Adams. ((The Adams paterfamilias, mayhap?)) But a nice attempt at fan humor, none the less, and certainly more interesting than if he had reported the visit straight.

WHO is Leslie Nirenberg? As someone else has said, he knows too much about fans and fandom to be a neo. ((Who is Leslie, what is he, that all the fans misdoubt him?))

Minutes were Great, but sorry to see no Westercon Report in them or in the mag itself. FANAC's report was all too brief. Surely something must have happened at the Westercon... incidents...conversations and things... ((See Wally's report in the next SHAGGY.))

Keep smiling!

Len Moffatt

#### &WEALSOHEARD FROM DEPT:

LESLIE GERBER wrote us a three-pager rec'd just a little while ago, with the lettercol almost finished. Liked the cover, met Ted White and says he is a Nice Guy, in person, at least. Thinks Busbys took Tosk's BJO FOR TAFF cover much too seriously (I think you're right, there, Les). Says FU will feature a fanzine review column by Bell Dietz, starting two issues from current one. Congratulations, Belle! (Santesson too, of course.) Gale's book reviews are tailored to HLGold's specifications--"Gold deplores the knight style of reviewing; says the tough reviews hurt the field by driving away writers." Liked Fandom Harvest. "And ghod! Those Bjo illos!" Liked Berry, and wants to sub to LOOPHOLE. Liked Adams piece. Says "Nirenberg is an anagram of Gerbernin, whatever that may be." "WHO ARE YOU, NIRENBERG, DAMMIT?!" Liked story and cartoon. "Better no Shaver at all, I says, but better Lowndes than never." Says:

Es Adams, Es Adams, don' ya reelize

(Ba-da-dum-ba-da-da-da-da-(umph)-ba-da-dum)

One of-a you-a lines wuzza wrong size

(Dum-diddy-diddy-diddy-(umph)-di-dah-dah)

Es Adams, Es Adams, don'-a ya know

(Ba-da-dum-ba-diddy-diddy-(umph)-ba-da-dah)

Yer last line a syllable ought-a ta grow

(Diddy-dum-bah-diddy-diddy-(umph)-da-da-dumph)

Tell Rich Brown he wasn't impressed by Bill Meyers, and that it's not just the writeup Bill did in the latest SPECTRE. Prefers root beer to Pepsis, but had a Pepsi at White's pad and lived through it. Regards Sylvia White with wild enthusiasm. Says Gold says Anvil is a pseudo, but not for EFR or any other known writer. Says some fans don't regard money as legal tender when it's for fanzines. Says we shouldn't print his letter--should print some



one else's instead. Okay, Les. We heard from: Dan Adkins, Bob Lambeck, Joe Sanders (who sent \$2), Frank R. Prieto (ditto), and Arv Underman, but I don't know whether it was this month or last. We heard from: Jeff Wanshel, Bill Donaho (who sent \$1), Bill Mallardi (who sent \$2), Jim Caughran (who sent \$1), and Gregg Trend, who sent some illos which are exceedingly cute, but are done in pencil. One in fountain pen ink. I guess I'd better send 'em back, and get (ask, that is) Gregg to india ink 'em--or put them on stencil himself. I certainly couldn't stencil them as they are now. Maybe I'll get around to it some day. Sending them back, that is. INDIA INK, EVERYBODY! REMEMBER THAT, NOW....please? STEVE STILES (who knows about india ink) enjoyed Fandom Harvest, but not Little Eustace After-School Hour, but doesn't blame Carr for the latter because Eustace did knock Miriam. Says the Berry piece seemed to assume the USA had adopted the Tucker plan of regime mentioned in PLOY #14, and was good, good! Liked Nirenberg's story and peanuts strip. Thought Minutes more lively. Is glad Al Lewis explained about Bjo, as next to Fearless Fosdick she's his ideel almost. But he has confused Al Lewis of Santa Monica with Alan J. Lewis of New Jersey. They're two different people, Steve. Says Jim Moran visited New York a few eeks ago, and that he looks like Archie. (Does he have red hair and freckles? Does he have an Archie-type personality? In the pic we pubbed of him he looked very sensitive and sincere.) Says Gerber was naughty at a Metrofen meeting, and that in their midterms Gerber got 96 and he only got a piddling 94. (Congratulations to the both of you, tho.) PETER FRANCIS SKEBERDIS enjoyed Leslie Nirenberg's story and strip, but thought the cartoon fairly enept, whatever that may mean. Likes Berry, thinks Bruce sicker than usual, liked Stiles illo on page 40, and is not properly settled into his new home. "It's not that I'm too lazy to straighten up the mess but I do have to keep up on things. Little Orphan Anny NEEDS to be read, at this, her most trying moment." Is not going to the Con. "...it isn't worth \$50 to meet a lot of people that'll only throw stones anyways." (Only if you throw them first, Peter.) JOHN TRIMBLE is sorry that reviews will be dropped, enjoyed Fandom Harvest and the Berry story, would have liked Charlie Phan to be half again as long, regards Wally's Minutes as indispensable (and so do we), and is still for Bjo for TAFF. DON DURWARD says he knows I want him to write longer paragraphs on each subject, but that he can't do it (that was an oversimplification, anyhow, Don--we didn't have much chance to chat when you were here, did we? I'm very sorry...). Says Three hooaws for Toskey "(oops there I went, silping down into the you-know-what column.)" Liked Fandom Harvest, and Bjo illos therefor. Liked Berry story, and is very, very happy about the Berry Fund making it. Liked Charlie Phan best in the issue. NORMAN METCALF thought the cover engrossing. Wants to know the word on the trashcan above NFFF. (Courtesy). Says "For some more sources of Joanna Russ's "Nor Custom Stale" try the dream sequence in William Hope Hodgson's The House on the Borderland, Tenn's "House Dutiful" & John R. Pierce's "Invariant". Enjoyed Carr's Fandom Harvest, John Berry story, and liked the Adams piece but thought it needed re-writing. Neither likes nor dislikes Nirenberg story, but thought the cartoon excellently ridiculous. Says Lowndes is sensible, bravo for Al Lewis, another good Nirenberg cartoon (hmm, must have been the Peanuts strip mentioned above), YAY, BERRY MADE IT, and informs Ted White that Dean Grennell is a dirty pro (see May 54 UNIVERSE). (Heck, Norm, Grennell was published in INFINITY, too, dinja know?) ROBERT N. LAMBECK is sorry we're dropping review columns--oog--got to chop it off-- We heard from BILL ELLERN (hi, Bill), and JOE LEE SANDERS, who's resubbing. We love the unpubbed folk as much as the pubbed--damn near, anyway.

Adiey Elinor

C\*R\*Y

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