

# CRY

of the NAMELESS

number 139



MAY

1960





And the pagecount is out-of-hand again, of course. In fact, Elinor mentioned earlier this evening that perhaps our title should be neither CRY of the Nameless nor just plain CRY, but rather: CRYSIS. It's worth a thought.

Meanwhile though, this is CRY #139, May 1960 issue of a relentlessly monthly zine that sells for 25¢, 5/\$1, 12/\$2 (with equivalent UKstyle tariffs of 1/9, 7/- & 14/- payable to John Berry, 31 Campbell Park Ave, Belmont, Belfast, Northern Ireland)-- make checks payable to Elinor Busby, please, since she is also allowing for a few trades, as well as the free copies to contributors including letterhacks who make it. That's checks, of course. Cheques should be made payable to John Berry. Like, the one handles these things in Seattle and the other in Belfast. All clear now?

CRY exudes from Box 92, 920 3rd Ave, Seattle 4, Wash. The situation is a bit confused because Wally Weber receives his personal fannish mail at Box 267 at that same street-address, though he resides at 10833 24th Ave S, Seattle 88. Ron Bennett has managed to muck things up thoroughly by listing Elinor and me under the CRY's address in his Fan Directory this year, instead of at 2852 14th Ave W, Seattle 99. ...I just thought maybe you'd like to be as confused as we are, is all.

Oh, let's quit stalling and list the C o n t e n t s :

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Illo-credits: Adkins 29, ATom 1 4 17, Nirenberg 22, Pier 51.

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On the duper: Toskey, Weber, & Webbert. Also expected for Assembling: Wally Gonser.

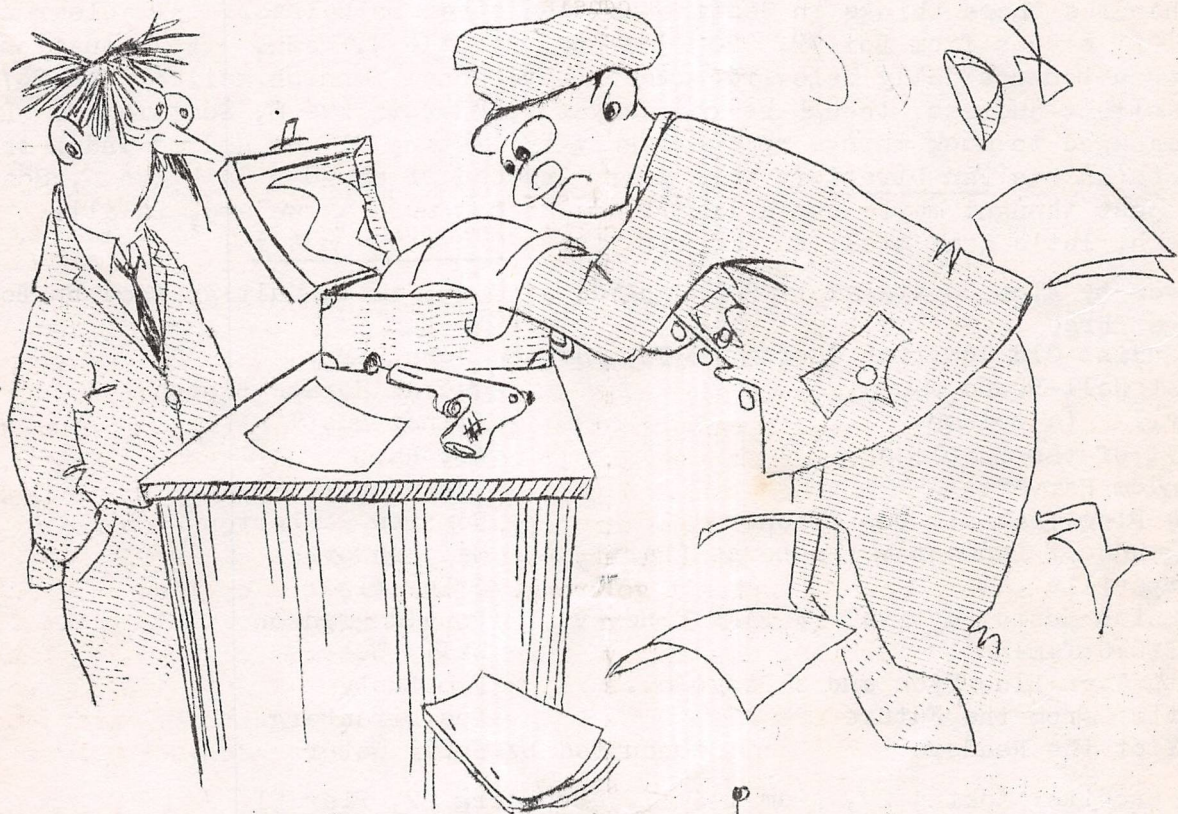
For awhile there, we really thought that by holding down to TGGW, Fandom Harvest, CotR, and 1-or-2-page items for the rest, CRY could be held down to size. Like, this month, with an 8-page TGGW chapter, it seemed safe to put in a couple of 2-page items myself. The result, you see; 1-and-2-page items add up, too. ...and if a few items appear a little unfamiliar, to the contributors thereof, it's because they did not arrive here as 1-or-2-page items, but as 1½-or-2½-page items. Well, everybody knows what happens when things pile up here until so late that I get stuck with cutting the stencils. This is a sort of apology to Rapp, Nirenberg, and Franson (and a warning to TCarr that people who send material last-minute Special Delivery don't go to Heaven). What we need is a micro-elite typer for each member of the CRYstaff...

Next issue <sup>#140</sup> (to be published May 29th) comes the final summarizing chapter of "The Goon Goes West"; maybe we'll have an idea by then of the publication-date, page-count, and price of the book version. Then in #141 for July (to be published June 26th, the week before the WesterCon at Boise) will be Terry Carr's Solacon Report, whether or not Norm Shorrock ever publishes it in Space Diversions.

Note to contributors: Unless you specify otherwise, any material that we can't work (or rather, rework, which is usually the problem) into the first issue or two after its receipt, will be handled thusly: first, Wally&Otto's up-and-coming WRR will have a chance at it; in the event that WRR does not take this chance, we'll be sending occasional bundles to help build Dave Rike's "Fanzine Material Pool". OK? --Buz.



# A Quaint Old



# Scottish Custom

John Berry

It's difficult to express my emotions, as I sat down in the D.C. 70 of British Overseas Airways Corporation.

My American Tour had come to an end. My three weeks had been packed with incident.. and I had gleaned a wealth of experience from the thousands of miles I'd travelled across the vast continent, and from all the many wonderful characters I'd met.

I recall vividly that I looked out of the window of the airliner and gazed at the terminal buildings of Idlewilde International Airport. My last few moments in America, I thought, and would I ever come back again?

And then the engines started to whine at high decibel pitch, and a steward told us to fasten our safety belts.

I must tell you about this particular flight.



The aeroplane could probably have held well over one hundred passengers, and yet I swear there were more stewards than passengers. In front of me was a clergyman. I heard one or two voices way up in front of me, but raising up as much as I could with my safety belt on, I could see very few heads. My seat wasn't too bad. I sat on the extreme right, about half way along the cabin. I could see the wing by looking out normally, but if I screwed my head round behind me, I had a reasonable view. I suppose I could have moved backwards or forwards, but I reasoned that most of the flight would be made during the dark hours, and for all that I would see on the morrow I was prepared to suffer pain. I like to be as consistent as possible, you see, and getting a seat which would have afforded me a perfect view would have been inconsistent!

Once again the aeroplane followed various coloured lights on the tarmac....once again the pilot strained the engines at their highest revs at the end of the runway, and then took his foot off the brakes.

We took off perfectly, circled Idlewild whilst the navigator figured out where East was, and we climbed and settled down. I screwed my head round and looked out of the window, and saw that the exhausts from the engines were belching long blue flames. These flames seemed to lick the nacelles and the wings rather affectionately. A steward told us we could unfasten our safety belts. I clipped mine off, and crossed my row of seats to the left side of the aeroplane and looked out. The other two engines were spurting blue flame, too. I reasoned that the Law of Averages precluded the possibility of four engines burning at the same time, and no one else seemed to bother.

I returned to my seat, and to pass the time I pulled out a cellophane wrapper affixed to the rear of the clergyman's seat. It contained an illustrated diatribe which dealt with the best way to abandon ship. I peeked out of the window again, and saw that if anything the flames were belching more strongly. I wasn't unduly perturbed, I was insured, and B.O.A.C. had a pretty good safety record, and, dammit, the D.C. 7C was an American aeroplane, and QED, it couldn't go wrong. There was a clergyman on board too. I looked at the window, as if it were a mirror, and the blackness outside in fact gave it reflective powers. I saw that the clergyman in front was reading a book. I made a more careful scrutiny, and saw that it was a prayer book. Just at the moment, the gentleman looked out of the window, his eyes widened as he spotted the flaming engines, and he returned to the book and seemed to flip the pages over rather more quickly, as if to get as much on the divine wavelength as he could.

A nice polite English voice came over the loudspeaker and said that everything was just great, and that passengers were not to get alarmed if they saw the flames from the exhausts. This was quite a natural process, and it would eventually die down.

I uncrossed my fingers and peeked at the clergyman again, and saw that he was reading PLAYBOY.

I sat back happily and closed my eyes.

I slept reasonably well. There was plenty of room to stretch out, and as there was no one behind me I could retract my seat at will without fear of causing anyone injury.

The lights were switched off, except for a few small wattage lamps, and although the engine noise was much more pronounced than the Jet-Electra, my ears eventually got used to it.

I woke up with the grey light of dawn struggling to get through the window.

I hadn't shaved since Wednesday in Seattle, and my stubble rasped as I ran a finger round my chin. I had no idea where I'd packed my razor, but it was somewhere in one of my large suitcases which were esconced somewhere in the body of the aeroplane. I wasn't worried about my appearance, anyway. I don't know whether or not you've gathered this fact, but I'm a sort of scruffy individual. If necessary, I can deck myself up like a tailor's dummy, but I am happy to say that such situations don't arise very often. For instance, at the Masquerade Ball at the Detention on Saturday night, when I went as a man, I modestly admit to being really slick. Mrs. DeVore had put such a crease in my trousers that I was frightened to bend my knees in case I scraped my knee caps. My black shoe toecaps were scintillating, and in fact I had to rub dust on them for fear I might blind someone. I'd kept my stiff-collared white shirt especially for the occasion.



But in this DC 7C, sartorial elegance was the farthest thing from my mind. I'd worn the plaid American shirt for days, I hadn't polished my shoes since the Detention, and I'd stumped around in a dust-storm in Blanchard in the interim. My trousers had no crease, my hair was just about long enough to qualify for a ribbon, and, as I said, I had stubble trouble. I didn't care though. I was happy. I was carefree. I was filled with a Sense of Wonder, and I didn't give a damn for the consequences. I didn't care how untidy I looked.....and that, friends, was probably one of the worst mistakes I ever made. You'll read about it soon....

Breakfast was served. Nothing ostentatious, but it was clean and wholesome, and that's the main thing, isn't it? The cutlery was in cellophane wrappers, and the stewards served with deftness and dexterity, with big beaming smiles. They could afford to, because trade was slack and they weren't getting a share of the profits, anyway!

After breakfast, I plastered my eyes on the window to try and see a bit of coastline. Now that I was away from America, and all its many fascinations, I began to think more and more of my family....I wondered what Diane, my wife, would say when she saw the underskirt...and what my small daughter Kathleen would say when she opened the box with the Indian Squaw outfit in it.....and my nine year old son Colin when he got his totem pole and the silver dollar I'd saved for him and the dollar note from Mabel Young and Roger Sims...and when they saw all the other souvenirs I'd garnered...plaster Indian heads....plaster pheasants....a silk headscarf from Montana, etc.....and I wondered if all the airmail postcards I'd sent had arrived regularly....and I just sat back and thought how great it would be to see them again, after three weeks.

I struck up a stilted conversation with the clergyman in front. I noticed he was reading a prayerbook in some obscure language which I guessed to be Latin, but I decided not to show my ignorance and ask him. Actually, I think his reading a prayerbook at all was just affectation. He seemed fairly old, and he should have had it all word perfect.

It got quite light outside. The cloud formations were remarkable. Surely this must be the greatest thrill in flying....to fly above the clouds and see the cottonwool effect below, and, occasionally, watch a few vagrant white tufts rush past. One of the most magnificent feelings I ever had was flying in the bomb-aimers position in a Lancaster heavy bomber when I was an air cadet in 1943 or thereabouts. I lay flat on a sort of couch right at the front of the aeroplane, looking through the perspex. I could see nothing man-made at all.....just me and the clouds and the sun and the patchwork quilt below. I recall I lay there until they dragged me away....

Occasionally the clouds parted, and the Atlantic was revealed below...it looked grey and uninviting...and then, just on the horizon, the clouds parted and I saw the Scottish coastline.

The voice over the loudspeaker told us we would be landing 'in about twenty minutes' and the clergyman looked at me and we smiled knowingly at each other.

The aeroplane sank steadily, and the coastline grew nearer and then we crossed it. Several islands with high hills sweeping down to the surf....then Scotland itself.....soon the hedges were just below us, and the inevitable 'Fasten your Safety Belts'...and we landed smoothly, and taxied to the terminal building, which, when compared with Idlewilde, was pretty drab and undistinguished.

Prestwick.

We climbed stiff-legged out of the aeroplane and followed a hostess into the building. We sat around whilst our passports were given the once-over, and then we were directed to the customs....

Now I would be the last to complain about officialdom. You've got to have Customs Officials...some unscrupulous people would try to smuggle things into the country. But not me. I had the regulation 200 cigarettes, and I didn't care whether they seized them or not. I was happy to go through those Customs. I never felt more co-operative in my life. I had had three glorious weeks, weeks crammed with hospitality such as few fans have undergone before...and in a few hours, loaded with presents for my wife and children, I would be at the front door of 31, Campbell Park Avenue, Belfast, Northern Ireland, hammering on the door like mad to get my feet up over my own fireplace and talk and talk and talk..... that's what I was thinking as I stepped into the Customs Room. I was on



top of the world....everything was one hundred per cent.....

Have you taken an aspirin?

No?

Take two....quick....then read on.....

I waited behind the other travellers at the counter. The counter was about twenty feet long, and there were about five Customs officials behind it. They were kind and courteous to the travellers. With a smile and a joke they opened the odd case, made a tentative safari into the innards, then snapped it shut with a grin. My turn came. I would say there were still another dozen folks waiting to be done.

Hell, I must try not to be too critical. I've already gone to extreme lengths to explain how scruffy I was. Hair parted neatly, I saw to that, but long....definitely stubble.....creaseless trousers....nice loose Harris Tweed jacket, nice and broad-shouldered, as I like them....and perchance I looked tired too.

But one fact soon became obvious.

The Customs official dealing with me took an instant dislike to me.

I don't like to think I have the criminal look....and it never struck me before that I had the look of a dipsomaniac....I can't look all that blatantly dishonest....and surely I don't have the shifty features of a persistent and flagrant liar.....? I'm not trying to kind myself that I'm sorta handsome, but break it to me gently, do I look like a dipso, a crook, a liar, a reprobate and a smuggler all rolled into one?

The nice lady Customs official at Idlewilde three weeks before had been kindness and politeness personified. True, she had taken a crafty nip through my kit, but she told me frankly that I didn't look like the type to be a smuggler.

And, as I've said, I had nothing to hide from this official at Prestwick.

I WAS PROBABLY THE MOST INNOCENT TRAVELLER EVER TO PASS THROUGH PRESTWICK.

But the boyo on the other side of the counter couldn't control the sadistic gleam in his eye when he saw me.

Oh, I'll give him his due: he played his hand well. Not for him the rapid attack and seizure...he had to play it smooth and cool.

He forced a smile.

He passed me a thick card with large writing on it, giving details of what should be declared, and the dire penalties which would ensure if some smart Alec tried to smuggle on regardless.

He looked at me, and he licked his lips.

Look, I want to be fair. He could see before him a tired man. A happy, an elated, a carefree man....but a tired one....and that stubble....would an honest man not have a shave before landing? Would he not appear apprehensive before the mighty British Customs????

"Have you anything to declare?" he asked, his voice silky and knowing.

I gave him what I hoped was an engaging grin.

"I have just two hundred cigarettes," I smiled.

"Oh?" he said, with lifted eyebrows. "Oh, just two hundred cigarettes?"

Then I remembered the small packet which was on the tray of breakfast goodies on the Jet-Electra. I'd stuffed 'em in my breast pocket.

"Well, two hundred and five, actually."

He didn't like that. I'd hit a sensitive spot. I'd told the truth, of course. But he didn't like it. I was shifty. I was too smooth, too confident. Where had I got the hooch and the diamonds.....????

He took a deep breath.

"Open the case, please," he said.

He was polite. Too polite.

I hefted up my stout brown suitcase, undid the strap (I had to have a strap on it; the catches didn't!) and opened the lid.

He looked at me once more, his fingers twitching.

"Have you any whiskey?"

So that was it. I had the dipso look.

I laughed out loud.

I shook my head and grinned.



His fingers sought between my dirty socks and dirty shirts. He burrowed like a mole who'd forgotten to hibernate. And then he got the point. An astute international smuggler like me wouldn't be so green as to have the hooch in a suitcase which he, the Customs man, would obviously look through. He looked at me, and for a second a look of respect flashed across his face. He'd met his match. All his training had attuned him for this one great coup.

But, like I said, he played it with great skill.

He pointed to my camera.

The Ilford Spotsman.

I'm not ashamed to admit I got it on the installment system. (I finish paying for it next month, incidentally). I'd obtained it from a firm in Belfast who'd been prepared to give me extended credit. It had cost 15 pounds with case (about \$43). I'd got it in May, 1959, especially for the trip.

"You've just come from America?" he asked.

"Yes," I said. I looked at him with wide open eyes.

"No," I replied. "I got it in Belfast."

"In Belfast. That's interesting. How much?"

"About fifteen pounds."

"When?"

"Last May."

"Please?"

I passed it to him.

He opened it. He looked at it. He squinted through it.

"And you mean to tell me you got this in Belfast?"

"Yes."

"When."

"Last May."

"How Much?"

"Fifteen pounds."

"You got this in America, didn't you?"

It wasn't really a question. It was a statement.

"No."

I didn't please him by pleading or professing indignation or starting to look frightened. I was nettled deep inside. It takes a lot to annoy me. But I do sometimes get nettled. And I go all cool and icy.

"I put it to you that you got this camera in America."

"No," I said. I clenched my jaws.

He looked at it again. He seemed to like it. Perhaps he was a cameraphile.

"So you got this in Belfast last May and it cost fifteen pounds?"

His smile made my toes curl.

"Yes. I got it in Belfast last May and it cost fifteen pounds...and watch you don't press the release....it's triggered.

I grinned happily. It took a lot, but I grinned. I had to peel my lips back with my fingers afterwards.

Everyone else had been dealt with. I was alone, except for the other officials. They stood about, chatting amongst themselves, but their ears flapped hopefully.

My man looked at the camera again.

Then he gave it back to me. His face said, 'look, you're a bloody liar, but I'll play along for a bit.'

He pointed to a big cardboard box the Ellingtons had given me, to hold the undershirt.

He snapped his fingers and pointed to the counter. I hefted up the box, and it was big, and opened the lid after untying the string.

"The whiskey in here?" he bantered.

"No," I smiled. "A red undershirt, a box containing one miniature Indian Squaw outfit and two hundred cigarettes. The other five are in my breast pocket." I tapped it significantly.



"And no whiskey."

"And no whiskey."

He did everything in that box except curl up and have forty winks in it.

His eyes were glazed with awe. Where the hell was the liquor?

Over my shoulder I had a brown satchel I'd bought in Fond du Lac. I intended it for my son for his school books. It contained a bronze model of the Statue of Liberty, a cute combined ash tray and cigarette box I'd purchased in Washington, an Indian doll, a totem pole, two Indian heads made of plaster, two pheasants with bewildered expressions on their faces (also made of plaster), one plonker gun and three suckers, given to me by Steve Schultheis, assorted postcards showing views of America, four pairs of dirty socks, three dirty vests and one green ticket stub certifying that the purchaser had been to the top of the Empire State Building.

Reluctantly, he admitted defeat after a long scrutiny.

AND THEN HE SAW THE BLACK CASE WHICH HELD THE TYPER.

His sharp intake of breath made the other officials pause and wonder.

"And what have we here?"

"A typewriter."

"A typewriter...and why did you not declare it, pray?"

Big time. No hooch. No diamonds, no reefers, no opium....but a typewriter which wasn't declared. Disappointing. Not what he'd hoped. But revenge.....sweet..... sweeeeeeet revenge

"It's second hand. I purchased it in New York." I lied, didn't I? But I didn't want to start telling him about fans and Leslie Gerber and CRY letterhacks and George Nims Raybin's impassioned appeal for more typer cash at the con. Not for him the full story of the wonderful generosity of American fans. So I told him I'd purchased it in New York.

"It looks nice and new, doesn't it....hmmmmmm?"

I waited. I had the receipt for it nice and snug in my pocket.....

<p>ERASMUS TYPEWRITER CO., INC.          Bought.Sold.Ranted.Repaired.          2262 Church Avenue          To John Berry          31, Campbell Park Avenue,          Belfast. Ire.          Corona Portable          Used typewriter.....\$40.          Tax paid.....\$1.20          Paid.</p>
--

And I kept it there.

"Very new."

"It's second hand," I ventured. My turn. I gulped visibly, as though I willed him to believe me. He bit.

"Can you prove it," he hissed.

I waited.

Slowly, I opened my wallet and slowly opened the receipt and put it on the counter before him.

He read it.

But he won.

For him the sweetness of success.....for me.....well.....he won anyway.

"So all right. It's second hand. But you must pay duty on it."

I shrugged.

"I'll pay in dollars."

Sure I was bitty, but why not?

Hell, he wasn't so bad, really.

I mean, there was no getting away from it. He'd won. When he knew victory was his,



he mellowed. He became almost friendly.

"It's a nice typewriter," he smiled. "I'd say it was worth about...oh....ten pounds?"

About \$30.

"So you'll have to pay duty on ten pounds...that'll be.....er...two pounds."

Not bad. I think he'd purposely under-valued the typer as some sort of recompense for his ultra-efficiency. I gave him \$6 and he handed back a receipt and a two shilling piece change.

I have the receipt for this duty:

Post of Prestwick on 18.8.59.	No. C 301778
Ship (or aircraft) G-AOIH at New York.	
ARTICLES IMPORTED.	
One typewriter.O.K.Corona. 22 lbs weight. Value ten pounds. Duty two pounds.	

I gathered my luggage together and looked at him. O. K. I gave him the beady eye. Let's be fair, though. It was his job. He took me for a big time smuggler, although I was just a fan returning home. I'm as sure as I can be that if I'd been shaved and tidy my Customs inspection would have been a formality. I hope someone benefits from my experience.

.....

Outside, the small 'bus was waiting for me. Only half'a dozen passengers were in it. Two of them were well dressed Americans who explained to the ticket collector that they were doing a tour of Europe. Sensing an easy buck, he sat in front of them and described the Scottish scenery as we drove along. It was a lovely morning, the grass was green, everyone was happy except me. I was still smarting at the unfortunate customs episode. The ticket collector cum unofficial guide certainly gave those American tourists their money's worth. I don't know much about Scottish history, but from his non-stop travelogue it certainly seemed that the twenty miles between Prestwick and Glasgow had seen some bloody action. The ticket collector wasn't too partial to Englishmen, and he described in gory detail the many battles which had taken place en route, centuries ago. I'd previously always thought that Collodon Moor was in the Highlands, but according to him the battle with the Redcoasts had taken place just over there, just by the sewage disposal plant.

A young woman had a small boy about four, who had a curious interest in my moustache, which was really flamboyant. He edged closer to me for a closer looksee, but his mother gave me a dirty look and pulled him away. Must have thought maybe I'd managed to salvage a bottle from the conflict and had it poised with the cork out to give him a sniff.

I felt my stubble: it was pretty pronounced. I combed my hair again, and straightened my tie and looked inquiringly at the wooded copse from which Bonnie Prince Charlie's rowboat had been made.

The drive to the British European Airways air terminal in Glasgow took about three-quarters of an hour. We trooped out of the 'bus, the American's eyes revolving like roulette wheels, the ticket collector smiling happily. He'd given a pretty good performance.

I checked in at the reception desk, and they told me a 'bus would arrive in a few moments to drive me to Renfrew Airport for the Belfast 'plane. I handed my luggage over, and went into the canteen for a cup of tea. I sat in a corner, and almost fell asleep, and in fact when a loudspeaker gave a message, I only heard the last part of it... "...Flight Number 936 board the 'bus outside."

I drank the cold remains of the tea and staggered outside. I WAS TIRED.

Only half a dozen Belfast-bound passengers were on the 'bus, and in no time at all we were at Renfrew Airport. I went over to a store and purchased a couple of boxes of sweets; the boxes had thistles on them, and said 'A present from Scotland'. Sure, they were made in London, but what the hell.

Our 'plane for Flight 936 was my old friend a Douglas D.C. 3 in its B.E.A. guise as a Pioneer.

A shapely guide (I wasn't that tired) led us to the aeroplane, and I sneaked in first



and got a front seat on the left, giving me a good view.

We took off, and a stewardess came round with sweets. I smiled and took one. She asked me to take another. I must have looked rough.

The engines, old and tired but well preserved, bit the air and dragged us off the ground. I still felt as if it was my first flight, and stuck my face to the window and looked downwards. We weren't flying too high, and every detail below stood out in superb clarity. In ten minutes we crossed the Scottish coastline and were over the sea. We crossed land again at the Isle of Arran, more sea and we skirted the coastline of Campbeltown, a long finger of land jutting from Scotland at the north.

As soon as we crossed the Northern Irish coastline just north of Larne, a minor port, I felt at home again. The sky became cloudy and I couldn't see a thing. When I did catch glimpses of the ground below, it looked dull and dismal.....an expected homecoming.

By some miracle our pilot landed amongst the cloud and drizzle; we bumped a little and and taxied to the terminal building.

We climbed down the steps onto home soil, and we were told that the 'bus would be arriving soon to take us to Belfast.

The long green 'bus of the Ulster Transport Authority screeched to a halt and after making sure that my luggage was aboard I climbed on too.

I'd done the drive quite often, so I closed my eyes and woke up at the BEA building at Glengall Street in the centre of Belfast.

I signalled a taxi and the driver dumped my stuff in the back after he'd used a little decorum and dumped me inside first. I did note, however, that he took a crafty glance at the United Airlines and British Overseas Airways Corporation tags on my luggage. This meant to him that I had cash, although I do shudder to think that perhaps this led him to believe I was a rich America. I make that statement in deference to Americans. I mean, most Americans are neat and tidy and clean-looking, and as I've said so often in this chapter, I looked rough.

I've taken a taxi from the centre of Belfast to my home at 31 Campbell Park Avenue several times, and the fare has always been round about six shillings or six and sixpence (almost one dollar). This time the meter wobbled at the eleven shilling mark. I strongly suspect there is a little clockwork addition to these meters which can be titillated when the driver assumes that he has a sucker or a millionaire aboard. I gave him a mean look to show that I wasn't in the former category, and he handed my string-tied luggage out with a sneer to show me he knew I most certainly wasn't in the latter category.

I gripped my kit and dumped it on my front door step. I kicked the door like mad and Diane opened it. She blinked a couple of times, and then Kathleen rushed forward, her eyes oscillating parcelwards, and she flung her arms round my neck and said, in the sort of soft cuddly voice that little girls use in such circumstances, "Daddy's home."

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((Next month, the concluding chapter: a summing-up in retrospect, John says it'll be))

— — — — —  
The Hellbound Fan by George Horace Blotch

Effey Hackerman was the only fan of the early '70's who couldn't publish a fanzine if he wanted to. His problem was a domineering mother: it wasn't just that she wouldn't let him publish a fanzine; she wouldn't let him do anything. At 25, he began to smoke cigars; his mother caught him at it, and that was the end of that. In the search for another source of pleasure, he began reading Analog Wonder Stories. In this way, he became a fan, and soon graduated from the action-type stories in Analog to the more intellectual material of IF: Worlds of Adult Science-Fiction. Finally, of course, his mother caught him, and burned his entire collection. So he did the only thing a fan in his right mind could do... he committed suicide.

On his grave appears this epitaph:

EFFEY HACKERMAN

His was a Life of Misery:

No IFs; no An's; no butts!

FOR SALE: Famous Fantastic Mystery, complete from V.1, Nr.1 through 1950 with some later issues. Mark Walsted, 3745 University Way, Seattle 5, Wn. Best offer takes.



I didn't have a column last month--and you'll never guess why. It wasn't because I was discouraged at not being able to think of a name. It wasn't because evil ol' Buz wouldn't let me have the room. Nope! It was because I, Elinor Busby, who have filled countless stencils quite readily for the crummy ol' CRY, got the tight collar at the idea of putting a column into the fanzine rated #2 on the FANAC poll. Gad.... I started to first-draft a column. Gee, it was awful. I started to tell you-all about a book I borrowed from Delcie Austin. It's "The Virgin and the Swine," by Evangeline Walton, and is real great fantasy, being the re-telling of an old story (in this case from Mabinogion) and peopling with living characters. Actually, there's hardly any point in telling you about this book. It was published in 1936, and I should imagine it to be very hard to come by. As I say, the review I started to write was rather poor. I did get off one stiff little joke, tho, and I shall repeat it now, so that all fellow Alex King fans can feel sort of haughty and ingroupish.

"Gwydion is the heir of his mother's brother; legally, his heir must be his sister's son. In Lyved, however, inheritance goes from father to son, and it occurs to Gwydion that this must be a very satisfying thing, & he longs for a son of his own. But his heir must be his sister's child. The solution to Gwydion's problem is obvious, although we are not informed as to his feelings toward folk-dancing."

You will note that my column now has a name. It is pronounced 'hooelh', and I found it in a book called "The Book of the Three Dragons" by Kenneth Morris. This is a juvenile, based on another part of the same Welsh story that "The Virgin and the Swine" comes from. Unlike the other book, it's a juvenile; it's a darned good juvenile, tho, & I recommend it highly, too. Although it was published a long long time ago, I do not feel that in telling you about it I am tantalizing you with an unavailable goody. It was distributed through the Junior Literary Guild, and so there are doubtless many copies available in second-hand bookstores. It's illustrated by Ferdinand Huszti Horvath (whoever he may be) and although unfortunately black&white, the illos are romantic and exquisitely detailed, and are very reminiscent of Kay Nielsen's lovely work in "East of the Sun & West of the Moon."

One warning: like so much good fantasy, these two books take a while to get into. The first 4th of "Virgin" and the first 3rd of "Dragons" are actually rather dull. If you are fond of fantasy, and are fortunate enough to get hold of either or both of these books, be prepared to slog it out. I think you'll find it worth your while.

I've asked myself why it is that so much fantasy takes a while to get into. Look at Tolkien. The first part of "The Fellowship of the Ring" is downright dull. This is because it's a rehash of "The Hobbit", but the first part of "The Hobbit" is a bit dull, too, I think. It occurs to me that perhaps fantasy tends to get off the ground slowly because it's so necessary that the background be well laid out and thoroughly understood before the action gets going.

And what is the charm of fantasy--what makes wading thru a slow beginning worthwhile? I suggest that one charm, at least, is that very much fantasy--Tolkien, the two books mentioned above, even Jack Vance's "Dying Earth"--take place on an Earth which is fairly lightly populated. In much fantasy one can see morning sunlight on the dew, hear birdsongs, smell the intensely fresh and lightly fragrant air. The trees in the forests are mossy and ancient, and relationships between animals and man are somehow different from now. I suppose the world in fantasy is a world that never was, but we thought it once was, when we were very young, and perhaps will always be nostalgic for it.

We borrowed two books by E. R. Eddison from Toskey, and I somehow didn't manage to wade thru the dull part. Perhaps it was because "Ourobouros" was set on Mercury & so did not conform to my mental picture of a fantasy world. Perhaps I feel that science fiction can zip about from world to world, but fantasy belongs right here on Planet Earth.

How do you feel about it?



In typical attitudes of dissipation the CRYgang sprawled around their squalid habitat, illuminated only by the intermittent flicker of an improvised wick burning in a saucer of dittofluid.

"Y'should've paid the light bill!" Buz muttered thickly, the bottle of Captain Morgan Black Label trembling in his hand as he tried to tilt it to his lips.

"Aah, quit houndin' the kid," snapped Elinor, muscles tensed with concern over whether or not Buz would leave any Captain Morgan in the bottle for her.

Wally was too benumbed even to notice this defence of his actions. Sprawled on the floor, propped against the shelf-lined wall, he poured the contents of a milk-bottle equally into his mouth and down his chin, then tossed the empty onto the pile of similar flasks which littered the floor around his outstretched legs.

"Objectively," observed Tosk judiciously, "one must realize that failure to reimburse the utility company is reprehensible only in terms of mundane respectability. After all, it's not as if CRY depended on an electric mimeo."

"Why don't you go somewhere and differentiate a variable?" snarled Buz.

"Look here," continued Tosk patiently, "why do all you people start drinking the instant you finish up a CRY? You don't see me behaving in such unseemly fashion after I complete an issue of Flabbergasting, do you?"

"Someday," said Elinor, "you'll do a subzine instead of mere apazines; you'll know why, then!" "Eat, drink, and be merry!" roared Buz, "for tomorrow we gotta start on the next issue!"

"Illogical," replied Tosk. "You complain about the work, but obviously you do prefer the fabulous profits to the <sup>foot</sup>leisure you are sacrificing."

"Fabulous profits my aching back!" cried Buz and Elinor simultaneously, leaving one to conclude that the truth lay somewhere between.

"Shpent light-bill on poshtage," muttered Wally. "Had to, to mail out CRY."

"See?" Buz pointed out indignantly, "Fabulous profits! Why, we can't even run extra copies; a few extra sheets of paper would throw us into the red."

Elinor screamed! "Baby," soothed Buz, "concentrate on pleasant thoughts like Tiper cartoons and Berry articles, and those nasty thoughts of GMCarr will fade away."

"It's not that!" she cried hysterically. "You just reminded me that we forgot to run an extra copy of #138 for Burbee! He's got to have a contributor's copy!"

"Ahem!" said Tosk, "If I might make a suggestion-- remember how you always set Art Rapp's copy aside for a few days before mailing it to him?"

"Hey!" said Buz. "How'd you know that? It's supposed to be a secret!"

"Oh, for goodness sakes," retorted Elinor, "how could he help knowing, the way you melodramatically stash Rapp's copy behind the home-brew crock, muttering about how maybe this time it will really drive him nuts with suspense?"

"This is a solution to our problem?" queried Buz sarcastically. "Look, it may be sheer fannish suicide not to send Burb his contributor's copy-- he's formidable when insulted-- but it's the height of folly to hold out Rapp's subscription copy, because he is fiendishness personified!"

"As Blotto Otto would say," observed Tosk, "it's a dilly of a dilemma." Buz hit him with the rum bottle, having first made sure that it, too, was empty.

"Tosk just doesn't have a subtle fannish mind," said Elinor. "It's simple, really. We merely unstaple Rapp's copy, extract Burb's article, and mail it to Burb; he's not interested in the blatherings of other fans, anyway. And Rapp is too high-minded to even notice the omission, chances are."

"I dunno," Buz said dubiously. "Rapp isn't exactly dumb."

"Oh?" said Elinor, "Then howcome he isn't feuding with G M Carr?"

"Mighod, I never looked it that way," agreed Buz. "OK, let's try it."

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IT WAS A NICE TRY, KIDS, BUT IT DIDN'T WORK -- WHERE THE HELL ARE PAGES 19, 20, 21, and 22 IN MY APRIL CRY? Hell, you forgot that I am a Burbee fan, too!

"Stop it!" CRYd Wrai Ballard, blushing furiously.

---her true sex was discovered in the course of an attempted rape---



Every now and then a fit of hysteria strikes me, and I find myself rereading some of my own stuff. I was doing that just the other night, in fact, going through last year's issues of CRY, and it has given me a topic for discussion this month.

In one of last year's columns, I started off on the subject of the future of fandom; I believe it was something John Berry had written which occasioned that topic. I was bemused and somewhat puzzled when I reread what I'd written on the subject: I'd started off in a casually serious tone, saying that the future of fandom was fascinating to contemplate, and it seemed like I was going to go on and make some serious predictions as to what might happen in fandom in the future--but instead, I made some ridiculous, flighty suggestions like FAPA growing old and dying, and the N3F someday amounting to something, and like that.

I'm sure all sincere fans were disappointed by my frivolity on that occasion, just as I was myself when I reread it, so this month I'd like to return to the topic, and discuss it as intelligently as I can.

The future of fandom really is a fascinating subject, you know; fandom has changed immensely in the past thirty years, and with the accelerating rate of change in the world around us it looks like it will change even more in the next thirty. I'd like to make a few predictions here concerning the state of fannish affairs a few years hence, but I think I'll limit myself to predicting only five years forward; for one thing, it would be foolhardy to try to look much further ahead, and for another, I'm only doing this for the hell of it and I'd like to be able to reread and check on the accuracy of my predictions before my eyesight grows dim from old age and riotous living.

Okay, then--Fandom, 1965:

Let's begin with the broader aspects. It's becoming more and more obvious that science fiction as a major magazine field is a thing of the past; as I write this there are only four publishers active in the U.S. field, with a mere six titles. There isn't a fan-column in a one of them, nor a single lettercolumn that can compare with those of the great days of fan&pro symbiosis, the '40's. It's quite natural, too: when you're fighting for sales, you don't cater to a handful of cynical "experts" who criticize your faults so much that it's hard to realize that instead of being stf-haters they're really such sincere fans that they want the field to be as good as possible.

I don't expect stfmags to climb very far out of the financial troubles they're in now (they're due to a number of outside influences, too many of which seem permanent), and I don't expect stfmags to go back to paying much attention to fandom, so I suspect that fandom will be a bit smaller in 1965 than it is now. But I don't look for the extinction of fandom by that time, because fandom simply isn't completely dependent on the pros for new blood, no matter what cries of doom have been appearing lately. Moreover, fandom seems to have reached the point where it has picked up a fairly large number of non-gafiatory members--those fans who have already proven their willingness and intention to stay around permanently. Fandom simply isn't a group which must replace each departing member with a new convert in order to remain in existence; there's a sizeable hardcore which can be expected to be around five years from now, or ten or fifteen or as long as there's a fandom to be a member of. (I think it was Jim Caughran who recently pointed out to me that the problem of the overlong FAPA waitinglist won't abate much in the future, because FAPA has many members who will probably be permanent, and there are fewer and fewer memberships which will be open to turnover every year; the same situation prevails in general fandom, though of course there's no membership limit.)

1965, then, will see a somewhat smaller fandom than we have now, but still an active one which will be far from the edge of extinction. And, given the prozines' ignoring fandom, I doubt that fandom will be paying too much attention to the pros. Probably there'll still be a fair amount of talk about science fiction, but never again the stf-centeredness that prevailed in the '40's; it's becoming more and more obvious that fandom is not a fangroup, despite that term, but a group of writers, publishers and partiers congregated in a sprawling, anarchic society. That's an important distinction.

Considering this, I imagine the apas will be about as active and important in 1965



fandom as they are now. The only questionmarks are the Cult and the NFFF Apa. The Cult is an unstable group with very little purpose, actually; it fulfills no purpose in fandom that isn't fulfilled elsewhere, and exists only because its members find it enjoyable. As soon as the Cult hits a protracted spell of inactivity and/or loss of interest by most of the membership coincidentally or otherwise, then the Cult will disappear from the fan scene. The N'APA is a different matter, a very intriguing group. I doubt that the N3F itself will be as prominent in 1965 as it is now; after all, the type of fan who is attracted to the N3F is the type who is gradually but surely disappearing from fandom: the collector, the avid reader, the fan who just wants to correspond with other readers of stf. (This type of fan usually lives in an isolated area). The N3F attracts this type of person because it has something worthwhile to offer him--the roundrobin-letter groups, etc.--but if a fan's interests are wider or more compelling than these, he usually moves on to general fandom and gets interested in writing, discussions of a more wide-open nature, and the whole fan social scene. I think the collectors disappeared because of the incredible boom in stf publishing and the people who were burring to discuss stf and stf alone disappeared because stf, for better or worse, began to get literary and commercial and even a bit respected generally, so the feeling of apartness from nonstfreaders became less acute--one could actually discuss with a nonfan an interesting idea that was in a recent stf novel, even if the nonreader had no interest in the novel itself, because suddenly the nonfen were willing maybe to pay attention to a stf-writer's idea, if it was interesting; stf, its writers and its fans were no longer in automatic disgrace. These are the reasons why the N3F type of fan has been slowly disappearing from fandom. And I don't think the situation will be lessened by 1965.

Because even though there won't be many stfmags coming out in 1965, there'll be so many back issues to collect that anyone who might be considering collecting seriously will give it up as an impossible task; and though stf won't have a huge readership then, still it won't be sneered at either (I don't think stf will ever be widely sneered at again), and that will mean that the burning desire to seek one's kind which characterizes the fan-correspondent of the N3F type will be disappearing too. And that's why I say that the N3F will be on the wane by 1965.

But that doesn't necessarily mean that N'APA will be floundering. APA's are in for a good future, as I've already said, and all indications are that N'APA has a good future too, as long as it doesn't continue to be too dependent on the NFFF. APA memberships are in demand now and will continue to be in demand, so I suspect that N'APA will be inundated with general-fandomites with little or no interest in the parent organization, and eventually N'APA will split away from the NFFF. And the APA will flourish while the NFFF itself draws in upon itself a circle of hardcore members and a few newcomers each year.

I've been writing so far with an eye primarily to U.S. fandom, but while I'm on the subject of APA's I suppose I should take up OMPA and, by extension, British fandom in general. I think the stf drought in England is going to hit fandom fairly hard there; stf seems to be more a subject of discussion and interest in British fandom than it is over here, and we may suppose therefore that the health of the British stf field is more important to the health of British fandom, both as regards new fans coming into the fold and established fans maintaining interest. Of course, it's possible that the NSFA will do a lot to avert the consequences of the stf drought over there, but even the most optimistic estimate I can give to its effects still leaves British fandom in a much less healthy situation by 1965 than it enjoys now. And consequently I expect OMPA to see quite a few changes. The group has already been feeling the effects of apathy and fast turnover, and though it's pulling out of it now I suspect that this current revival is mostly a by-his-bootstraps situation with the members determined to get the APA back on its feet. Such a situation cannot be expected to last forever, and I imagine it will be long past by 1965, and that in the meantime OMPA will have undergone another decline, a lot of English fans will have dropped out, and their places on the roster will have been filled by fans on this side of the Atlantic. And so by 1965 I expect OMPA to be primarily a U.S. APA, like the rest of them.

I don't think there'll be quite as many fanzines published in 1965 as there are now,



but that's only because (as I've already said) I think there will be fewer fans. The general fanpublishing scene will be much the same as it is now--a fair amount of material about stf, but most of it concerning itself with things of just as diverse natures as jazz, sportscars, peyote, and A-bomb tests.

Perhaps I should expand on that. It seems to me that there is a trend in evidence today, and that it will continue and be quite noticeable by '65: the trend to material connected neither with stf nor "fannishness"; but simply to subjects of interest. Mundane subjects today are covered mostly in mailing comments and lettercolumns, rather than as articles and fiction and such--but I've already said above that fandom is becoming primarily a social and journalistic group, and in five years this will probably be quite apparent. The social side will be covered by parties, conreports and the conventions themselves (oh, by the way--the '65 worldcon will be held in Cincinnati), and the journalistic side will be characterized by articles and stories on all subjects imaginable--including, of course, science fiction, because in a journalistic society the field of writing will always be at the center of interest, and science fiction will no doubt still be the favorite form of writing of fans and therefore the field most likely to be written about. But there will be articles about archaeology, cultural trends, politics, music, history in general, personal experiences of all types, personal philosophies, and the whole gamut of what man can find of interest. Fanzines will be well on the road to becoming the prime repositories of that literary form which is waning more and more in Mundane these days, the personal essay.

And that seems to cover the highpoints. Let's take a few particulars--like, what fans will be prominent in 1965, what fanzines, what local fanclubs? In this instance I'm afraid I'll have to be completely intuitive in my predictions, so I won't bore and/or confuse you with the dubious methods with which I arrive at my conclusions.

Of the prime fancenters today, I'd say that only New York, London, Los Angeles, and San Francisco are very likely to be prominent five years hence. Such current centers as Chicago, Cambridge, Detroit, and (yes, alas) Seattle will probably have only two or three fans each who will be at all prominent by then. Earl Kemp will still be around, active in SAPS but nowhere else; Jean Young may well be the only truly active fan left in Cambridge by then; Howard DeVore will be the only fan in Detroit who will be at all active above the minimum page-requirements of some APA; and while the Busbies, G.M. Carr, and Wally Weber will no doubt still be around in '65 Seattle I doubt that there'll be a CRY OF THE NAMELESS or an active Nameless Ones or much of a group spirit at all.

Even the fancenters which will still be active will be largely unrecognizable by '65, probably. In New York, Ted White will be confining himself to the APAs and Sylvia will be almost totally inactive, Bob Silverberg will be out of FAPA and thus will have severed his last continuing link with active fandom except for parties and such, and the bulk of the activity will be carried on by Belle Dietz and Les Gerber, who will be two of the top fans of that period. In London, Sandy Sanderson will have been gone from Inchmerry for a goodly length of time and both he and Vin/ Clarke will be pretty inactive; while Joy Clarke will be fairly active, probably issuing an irregular genzine in addition to her OMPazine; Arthur Thomson will be drawing only for local fanzines and a few others; George Locke will be completely out of fandom; Mal Ashworth will be quite active in both FAPA and OMPA but will be quitting most of his writing in genzines about that time. (The London Circle will be healthy and flourishing, but largely unheard of by fans on this side of the Big Pond, and any other clubs in the area will have merged with it before then.) In Los Angeles, Bjo and John Trimble will be hyperactive in the APA's, but the only genzine activity from them will be cartoons by Bjo here and there; Ted Johnstone will be quite active in SAPS and general fandom, as will Bruce Pelz; Ron Ellik will be hyperactive in FAPA; the rest of LA fandom will probably be minimum-activities in apas or off the scene altogether except for LASFS meeting and some attendance at conventions. In the S.F. Bay area, Ron Ellik will have been back in LA for several yerrs; the New York immigrants like Curran, the Ellingtons, the Castillos, etc. will have moved to other parts of California or back to New York; Miriam and I will be less active than now, though far from gafiated; and Bill Donaho will probably be the most prominent fan around here, being the fan who will carry the Publishing Jiant torch.

Top fanzines of today which will still be around in 1965 will be HYPHEN, COPSIA!,



YANDRO, A BAS, and maybe SHANGRI-L'AFFAIRES; most of these will be quite irregular. Dick Eney will still be around, and Forry Ackerman of course, and Bloch and Tucker and Warner and Grennell and Leman and Rotsler and a whole lot of other fans of today. But it must be obvious by now that I've been listing all sorts of people going into semi-gafia or retiring into the APA's or disappearing, and so maybe you're wondering where all the activity that I was talking about will be coming from. Well, always quick with a comeback, I reply: there will be new fans.

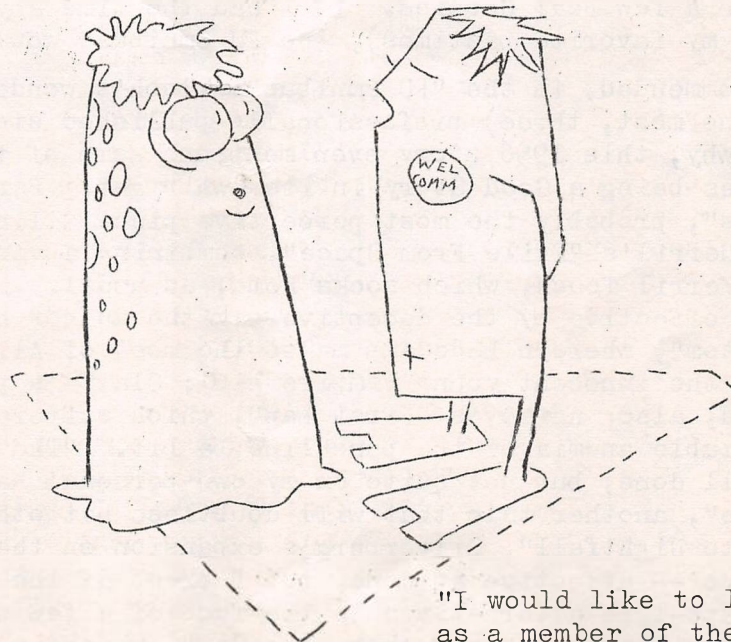
Yes, Virginia, there'll be new fans, even after the stfmags are almost completely ignoring fandom, even after stf itself has lapsed back into being a comparatively little-read form of fiction. There'll be new fans because fandom will be less cliquish and esoteric to outsiders (as explained above), because fans always have a tendency to try to drag their friends into fandom (an enjoyable pastime is almost always more enjoyable when shared, after all), and because even if the stfmags completely ignored fandom we'd still get new fans thru the local clubs and especially the conventions. I seldom pay much attention to those who cry Doom and Woe and prophesy such things as the second coming of Degler, and in the case of those who say that fandom will wither and atrophy simply because the fan-columns in the prozmes have faded away, I say Balderdash! (I say this for several reasons, not the least being that it's a lovely word to say. Try it sometime.)

Naturally, I can't tell you the names of these new-fans to come, nor the names of their fanzines, nor the articles they'll write, the cartoons and drawings they'll do, the feuds they'll wage, nor most of all the numbers of the fandoms they'll found and lead. I can only say that they'll come into fandom, even as you and I, and that they'll have fun here--which isn't such a startlingly daring prediction, I suppose; Nostradamus would be ashamed of me.

Come to think of it, though, there is one prediction I can make about these fans who will enter fandom between now and 1965: inevitably, some of them are going to get ahold of this issue of CRY, and read this column, and laugh out loud.

I guess this has been the easiest bit of humor I've ever written.

--Terry Carr



"I would like to let you know that as a member of the WelCommittee I greet you... but personally, I hate your guts."



## The Plow That All Too Often . . .

by Renfrew Pemberton

Wally Weber brought a book over here yesterday: "The Fantastic Universe Omnibus", edited by Hans Stefan Santesson, it was. It had a slip in it, saying "Prepublication Copy" and "For Review".

"That's fine," I said, veiling my envy. "Are you going to do a review for CRY, or for WRR?"

"I thought you would review it," he said.

"No," I answered, "it's your review copy, so you have to review it. If I get a copy, I'll review that one." So he retired to the dining-room and typed several stencils for the lettercol, but after he left, I found that he had failed to take his book with him.

So today I received a similar copy, which I have read and which is to be covered here in a little while. And I can't wait to see Wally's reaction when he comes over here tomorrow night to cut some more stencils for the lettercol and I tell him that he still has to review his copy, himself.

"The Fantastic Universe Omnibus" is published by Prentice-Hall, Inc. Other vital statistics are the price of \$3.95, the content of 19 stories in 270 pages, and my own assurance that it's editor Santesson who so kindly arranged for these review copies; he would, you know... a fine fannish-minded guy.

This anthology is composed of stories that appeared in FU in the 1956-59 period. Now considering that for most of this time FU was a monthly zine carrying at least ten stories per issue, in an overcrowded field that was hard up for material more often than not-- and also considering that several markets could top FU's word-rates -- well, frankly, my overall recall of Fantastic Universe 1956-59 was that of a zine that sometimes nudged the upper limit of the second-rankers, but which never seriously threatened the top-ranking zines. On this basis, I really didn't expect much from an anthology of FU stories.

I'm happy to say that I couldn't have been less correct. Although it was not possible for editor Santesson to publish ten-to-fourteen items of deathless prose, month-in-and-month-out, the book at hand is a cogent reminder that he did consistently manage to obtain a few Real Goodies. If I had the time any more for rereading (which was once one of my favorite pastimes), the FU Omnibus" would've been less of a surprise.

Highly recommended, in the "FU Omnibus": Bloch's wonderful "A Way of Life", one of two (or at the most, three) professionally-published stories which dwell on Fandom in any detail; why, this 1956 story even mentions some of the readers of this column, by name-- besides being a Good Story in its own right. Bertram Chandler's Fegspoof. "In Lonely Lands", probably the most perceptive piece Ellison has contributed to the field. Judith Merrill's "Exile From Space", combining a very well-thought-out viewpoint with the Merrill Touch, which socks home, as usual. Avram Davidson's "The Bounty Hunter", mainly effective by the deceptive way the author hits you with the punchline. "A Thing of Custom", wherein LSdeCamp makes the most of Alien Divergencies, for fun. Tenn's piece on the innocent young vampire girl; Clarke's pacifistic computer. Yes!

Recommended, also: Asimov's "First Law", which suffers from what should have been an easily-remediable anemia of the punchline, a bit. "The Muted Horn" (Dorothy S Davis); very well done, but not quite on my own personal half-shell. Myrle Benedict's "Sit By the Fire", another tale that will doubtless hit others more strongly than it hit me. "Road to Nightfall", Silverberg's expansion on the rejected finale of "The Long Loud Silence"-- effective as done, but I creeb at the protagonist's failure to explore the escape-type alternatives in the face of a few warning generalizations by the author. Henry Slesar's "My Father, the Cat", which is too slight for the writing. David Knight's "The Amazing Mrs Mimms", which is recommended for a somewhat-different presentation of "Time Patrol" activities, but which sort of busts a gut in the frantic hunt for a happy ending.

Not especially recommended: Sam Moskowitz' "The Golden Pyramid", because Sam has assembled components from all over, and the seams show, I'm afraid.



Now I'll grant you that the Race Problem is a big deal these days, but it still strikes me as disproportionate that 4 out of 19 stories should be based on it. Larry Harris' "Mex" is a straight race-prejudice bit in which for no logical-plotting reason, but simply because the author wants it that way, the oppressed minority turns out to have magical means of revenge. The other three stories in this category each and all substitute android-robots for minority groups and go on from there. Harry Harrison's "The Velvet Glove" has the most to it, of the three: it's a straight conflict piece, well worked out. Felix Boyd's "The Robot Who Wanted to Know" is weak on background-&-motivation, and is obviously pointed for effect regardless of cause. McCauley's "Title Fight" is the weakest story in the entire anthology, in my opinion; possibly this is because I don't care for attempts at fitting a supposed future situation onto a minor facet of today's pattern in one-to-one correspondence. Robot-vs-human for the middleweight championship, when the whole damn boxing game is in such utter disrepute? "Timely" science-fiction is never any good in the long run, I'd say. Consider, for instance, the "timely" war-stories in Astounding during WWII-- they are Utterly Dead with regard to postwar anthologizing, for the most part.

You know, I never have any idea as to just how any given review is going to read, until it has actually and literally boiled off the top of my head and imbedded itself into the appropriate stencil, as now. I started this particular writeup in sheer wonder that the "FU Omnibus" had been such a delight to read, mostly-- I end up by spending more space on the gripes than on the plugs, from force of habit.

At any rate, if you buy hard-cover S-F at all, and if you do not have a complete file of Fantastic Universe at hand, indexed, I can wholeheartedly recommend the "FU Omnibus" to you, for your reading pleasure. (Hey, Wally; when's WRR coming out?)

Letters and fanzines have mentioned that the April Future, May SFStories, and June New Worlds are the last of their respective lines. I could wish that for once the harbingers of doom would turn out to be wrong-- Lowndes and Santesson have both tended to perform miracles by producing eminently-readable zines on a shoestring, and I purely hate to see them frozen out of the field-- but my hopes are not high.

This leaves us with a probable roster of 4 monthly zines (Astounding, F & S F, Amazing, and Fantastic) and a pair of bimonthlies (Galaxy and If). UKside there's the monthly New Worlds and the bimonthly Science-Fantasy (we subscribe) and SFA.

Someone or other said quite recently that it's not that good science-fiction isn't appearing any more; there's plenty of that-- it's just that little or no really memorable S-F is coming out in recent years. Now, with the field shrunk back to more of a garden-patch, we might logically expect that the Formula Stuff would be crowded out of the declining market, so that only the top-drawer stories would appear. But I wonder if this will actually be the case. I wonder if the editors, and through them the writers, have become so habituated to a high Formula Content (and to the myth of attracting and holding the General Reader) that we'll be stuck with the situation that has been blamed on an Oversized Market, all this time?

So what else is new? Well, Campbell seems overboard for cops of various sorts, as "heroes" (protagonists) lately... and not 5 years ago, Authority was always wrong, in aSF. // Pohl's serial in Galaxy appears promising, despite overtones of "Gunner Cade". // F&SF seems more monochrome lately, in spite of (or possibly because of) the influx of Big Name Writers from the Mainstream. // Ziff-Davis seems to have retreated more or less into mediocrity since "Transient"; too many juvenile bleats from young and old? // Philip Jose Farmer has a fixation on concentric-cylinders...

Like, it took the Beacon sponsorship of what used to be Galaxy Novels to find a market for Farmer's story "Flesh". This one deals with a returned (after 800 years) spaceman. The Current Culture (then) plants all-too-symbolic erectile antlers on his noggin, which feed him hormones so's he can (and does) fertilize all the nubile maids on the Eastern seaboard (tho it's not stated, how they synchronized to ovulate all on schedule). (Funny, how this feature never figures in fictionalized impregnations.)

Anyhow, the sex in this book is laid on heavily and indeed unmercifully; there's something there for every type of psychopath; from the run-of-the-mill sadi-masochist thru the Homo and rapist to the would-be castrate; like, it's Representative. --RP.



## Part One: The Reluctant Birdcage

Lancaster is a pleasant enough spot, a stone-built town which stands on the banks of the tidal river Lune, amid green countryside. From a dome-topped museum, which shows sea-shells and soil, in a park on a high hill, one can see Morecambe Bay, five miles away, and the sweep of the coast and sea. Nearly 2,000 years ago the Romans had a military fortress on the spot, and more recently Ken and Irene Potter lived there.

They came, they lived their brief span, and they went, as is the way of all mortals. This is not to say that they are dead, but they have moved to London now. In Lancaster the herons still stand on one leg in the muddy river bed at low tide, the old town still stands solidly as before (these Romans really knew how to build), and the twenty-odd thousand inhabitants go about their business as peacefully as ever--let us be truthful, more peacefully than ever--little realising that an era has come to an end. Only we few, we very few, who were privileged to watch the unfolding of this drama of life from the inside, know the true story. That is why, before the mists of time further obscure what is already pretty hazy (and was at the time it was happening), I want to try and set down for future ages some few reminiscences of the days when Lancaster fandom lived in Lancaster.

I have no hope, I realise, of putting things down in any sort of consecutive order, from my first contacts with Lancaster fandom onwards, but at least, before I start to flit hither and thither, I should perhaps introduce Ken and Irene, for anyone who does not already know them. Ken, in his time, has been many things--police cadet, guardian of the British Empire (a conscripted soldier, that is), insurance salesman, furniture salesman, vacuum cleaner salesman, unemployed salesman, and bus conductor. This is only a very cursory list and takes no account of his many sidelines such as truefan, would-be poet, and drunken slob. He is also an admirer of Monstrous Cacophony, or Modern Jazz as he calls it, which he plays with shattering incessance on his record-player; he avers that he likes Traditional Jazz too, but since he never listens to it I affect to doubt his claim, and we have reached a snarling sort of compromise on the subject--we both do our utmost to ignore each other's style of jazz. Every time Sheila and I visit them life is one long fight for survival in which we struggle to put on one of the two decent records Ken possesses (Big Bill Broonzy, or Lionel Hampton's 'Apollo Hall Concert', which may be Modern but manages to rise above this infirmity) before he puts on something far less bearable. He is a gourmet (or maybe a gourmand) of sorts, smokes vile cigars, viler cigarettes, and vilest tobacco, and reads Dostoyevsky, Joyce, Henry Miller and William Saroyan; every few years he writes a fan article or publishes a fanzine--or else he satisfies his creative urge by telling a Shaggy Dog story. That is Ken Potter; or bits of him.

Irene is a different kettle of fish, which is perhaps as well, and has been described as a 'sweet young English rose', but this was before she married Ken. She drinks whiskey, studies Buddhism, cooks Ken's meals and is one of the finest humorous writers in fandom. The reason for this is simple--she is one of the finest humorous personalities in fandom; life around Irene is one long laugh. No small part of this laugh comes from her stories about her relations; right through from Uncle George, who Embezzled Some Money, to her father who insists that Irene has three grandmothers, they seem to be the most marvellous and entertaining set of relatives anyone ever had. And they are all the more miraculous to me as I wouldn't know any of my own relatives if--as the saying goes--they came up and bit me in the leg. Among other things written on Irene's Eternal Scoresheet is the fact that she burnt our frying pan on the day Sheila and I got married; I dare say she will do penance for it when the time comes. One of her many accomplishments is a naive talent for completely disarming people. As an instance of this there is the occasion when we were dragged on a death march around Heysham Head. Heysham is a little village a few miles from Lancaster (here there be Roy ooth, another local fan, whom we will deal with in due course), and Heysham Head is an outcrop of delightful but rugged countryside jutting into the sea. On this occasion, the party, which had started at Ken and Irene's in Lancaster, had transferred itself to



Roy's place at Heysham. (These parties always lasted three or four days and were anything but static). After some hours of inactivity someone had rashly suggested a walk and the result was this enforced battle practice over a course teeming with insurmountable obstacles. One of these was five feet of barbed wire, squarely facing our intrepid little party and completely barring any further progress. On the far side of this barbed wire, at some distance, sat a youth in a brown suede jacket, bird-watching, or drawing, or daydreaming or some other such innocuous activity. Irene looked at the wire and at the youth. "Hey," she called. He looked round. "Are you coming over here?" called Irene. Open-mouthed, he shook his head. "Well, come and pull me over then," said Irene. Obediently, he walked up close to the barbed wire and peered through it at Irene. Irene stood on a handy piece of rock, grabbed his hands over the top of the wire and scrambled over resourcefully. The boy's services didn't quite end there, though. For the rest of our nightmare journey (Sheila was wearing high heels and a tight skirt, and I had on my best suit; we should have known better) he was always there, helping to manhandle someone over a dangerous chasm, or down into a gully, pulling someone up a rock-face, or piggy-backing someone over a patch of marshy ground. When we reached the comparative civilisation of Heysham village we left him sitting on a step, shaking his head slowly. "Did you know him?" I asked Irene. "Never seen him before," she said.

The intervening years have drawn a veil over this odyssey in my memory, so that I forgot to mention that it took place at night, mostly in pitch darkness.

While breathing a sigh of relief in Heysham village, let us spare a thought for the Oldest Slot Machine In The World. We came upon this wondrous creation in a shop doorway during another walk through this Olde Worlde place. (There is also a small zoo at Heysham with an old brown bear that smells like an old brown bear and a monkey that stole my school cap many long years ago, but we won't go into that now.) In essence it was a birdcage on a wooden stand. In the cage were two small, brightly colored, stuffed birds. They were dead. A sign on the wooden base said "Insert One Penny." Always madly adventurous, we did as instructed; the whole group--about seven of us--stood round breathlessly, peering at the thing, nor daring to surmise what might happen. Nothing did. We stood and stared and the little stuffed birds sat nonchalantly on their perches, as before, and stoically ignored us. Determined not to be outdone by a couple of moth-eaten little balls of fluff, we stared on. Still nothing happened. Then, all at once, there was a flurry within the shop and a woman rushed out clutching a key. She inserted this into a hole in the base of the birdcage and twisted vigorously several times. The two little birds immediately burst into furious activity. They wagged their heads energetically from side to side and tweeted as though they had a lifetime's tweeting to cram into their short reincarnation. We stood and watched and listened, and they wagged and tweeted wildly. After ten minutes of this we decided that we had had our money's worth, even if we had been kept waiting, and we walked off up the village street. As we reached the end of the street and turned a corner to go down to the beach we could still hear a frantic tweeting behind us.

Ken and Irene had a ground floor flat in a large house; the flat was quite a roomy place and furnished, if not sumptuously, at least adequately, except at Christmas when the landlady came to borrow her table back. It was a matter of some speculation amongst us what she ate off the rest of the year, but our curiosity was never satisfied. The house was also blessed with cellars rather akin to the catacombs of ancient Rome, and after every party a human chain was formed to transfer the empty bottles to these murky depths; I suspect that the gradual filling up of this apparently unfillable storehouse may have had something to do with Ken and Irene moving to London.

In the flat above Ken and Irene lived a scoutmaster, a hale and hearty, boisterous, outdoor, healthy clean-living ~~bastard~~ fellow, who disapproved of drinking, nightlife, and jazz that rocked the foundations of the house at four o'clock in the morning. Forewarned of their coming parties, he usually went out camping for the weekend (the first of these affairs we attended--Ken's 21st birthday party--was in February, and a particularly wet and soggy February it was too. The sixty-five miles of countryside between Bradford and Lancaster was inundated and dripping; but the scoutmaster went out camping); later, however, he must have started on a course of Mouse-Into-Man pills, or hitched his wagon to the Charles Atlas star, because he started staying home and Facing It Out. This was a rash thing to do, to say the least of it, as he doubtless realised when hanging over the



bannister at three a.m., waving his fist at some woozy wanderer who had innocently mistaken his bedroom for the toilet. He seemed to have no spirit of Fair Play and complained bitterly to the landlady about being disturbed himself, while uncaringly waking us at the unearthly hour of eleven o'clock in the morning by clumping around the house in his hiking boots.

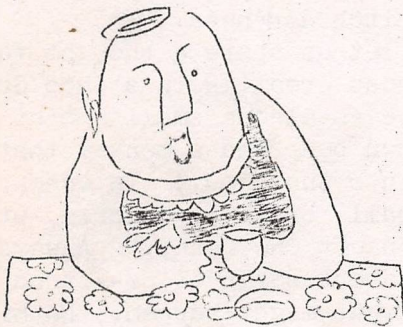
He opened the door to Sheila and I one Saturday morning when we arrived. "Is Mr. Potter in?" I asked. "He's well and truly in," he chirped, loftily. "He's still in bed." This turned out to be a malicious slander; it was Irene who was still in bed. Ken had gone to meet us; he had gone at the wrong time and to the wrong station, but that is an indivisible part of the Potter routine, and quite beside the point; the fact remains, he was not in bed. All in all it was the most precarious state of co-existence I ever have seen.

Next instalment: The Peasant Girl and The Eye In The Chocolate Box.

LOOK! I WASN'T WRONG  
IN BLASTING THEM.

WHO DO THEY THINK I DON'T WANT YOU TO  
THEY ARE, GETTING THINK I'M BITTER, BUT  
ALL THAT EGOBOO? IT WAS A CLUB

ZINE.



O.K., SO NOBODY ELSE  
WANTED THE JOB, THAT  
STILL DOESN'T MEAN...

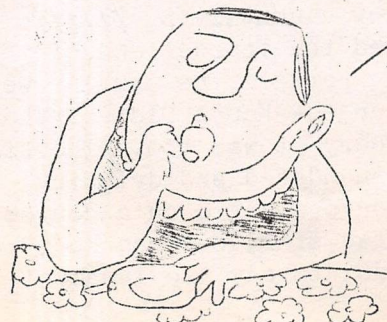
WELL, EVEN IF  
THEY DID BUILD CIRC-  
ULATION & IMPROVE IT...

LOOK, THEY COULD  
HAVE ASKED MY ADVICE  
ONCE IN A WHILE



AFTER ALL, I'M AN  
OLDER AND MORE  
EXPERIENCED FAN.  
I WOULD HAVE  
TAKEN TIME OUT  
FROM MY BUSY  
SCHEDULE ONCE  
IN A WHILE.

LOOK, LET'S FACE IT I SHOULD NEVER  
HAVE GIVEN THE ZINE TO  
THE CLUB IN THE FIRST  
PLACE.



J. Les Piper



F\*A\*N\*N\*I\*S\*H I\*U\*S\*I\*C F\*E\*S\*T\*I\*V\*A\*L

For the benefit of TAFF

April 31, 1960

At Joe's Place, across from C\*A\*R\*N\*E\*G\*I\*E H\*A\*L\*L

PROGRAM

Opening Selections.....Seattle Symphony Orchestra, directed by Burnett R Toskey  
 Variations on a Theme (Dodd) Fantasia-Impromptu (Berry)  
 Unfinished Symphony (Fields) Pictures at an Exhibition (Wells)  
 Nutcracker Suite (Ellik)  
 Vocal.....Don Ford "Sentimental Journey"  
 "Lost in a Fog" "Show Me the Way to Go Home"  
 Duet.....Bjo Wells & TCarr "Am I Blue?"  
 "Biding My Time" "There'll Always Be an England"  
 One-Man Band.....John W Campbell "There'll Be Some Changes Made"  
 "They Didn't Believe Me" "What's the Reason I'm Not Pleasin' You?"  
 Barbershop Harmony.....The Shaggy Wolfhounds (John Trimble, Bruce Pelz, Ernie  
 Wheatley, Ted Johnstone)(from the album "Music to Shoot  
 Plonkers By") "Praise the Lord and Pass the Ammunition"  
 "Pistol-Packin' Mama" "Oh, How I Miss You Tonight"  
 Violin Solo.....G.M.Carr "How Come You Do Me Like You Do-Do-Do?"

I N T E R M I S S I O Nb-u-y-p-o-p-c-o-r-n

Music in the Lombardo Manner.....Boyd Raeburn and his Royal Canadians (Les Nirenburg,  
 Drums; Ger Steward, Bongos; Lar Stone, TomToms; Otto Pfeifer, Jug; with Boyd at  
 the Austin-Healey) (Hits from the Musical Comedy "New Fanzine Blues")  
 "Everything's Been Done Before" "Brother, Can You Spare a Dime?"  
 "I Guess I'll Have To Change My Plan" "The Best Things In Life Are Free"  
 "I Can't Get Started" "Soon"  
 "Some Of These Days" "It's Been a Long, Long Time"  
 "Don't Blame Me" "It Could Happen To You"  
 Trio.....Eric Bentcliffe, Sandy Sanderson, Mal Ashworth  
 "All For One and One For All" "September Song"  
 "The Pennsylvania Polka"  
 Highlights from the Film "Knead In the Groin".....Harlan Ellison  
 "Imagination" "You're Nothin' But a Houn' Dog"  
 "From Rags to Riches" "Money, Marbles, and Chalk"  
 Buck Coulson Plays Western...Guitar Solo  
 "Back Home in Indiana" "Wabash Blues"  
 "Can't Get Indiana Off My Mind" "ConGo Blues"  
 Harpischord Solo.....The Inchmerry Trio  
 "Why Don't You Do Right?" "Cigareets and Whiskey and WildWild Women"  
 Music To Simmer Down By....Dirce Archer and the PittCon Ensemble  
 "Please, Please, Don't Eat the Daisies"  
 Songs of Morass and Pitfall..by the Ensemble  
 "They Say" "I Walk Alone"  
 "Who?" "Nobody Knows the Trouble I've Seen"  
 Grand Finale.....Ashworth, Bentcliffe, Sanderson, and entire chorus  
 "Why Don't We Do This More Often?" "Because We're Young"

Now that you have read the program, don't wait until April 31st. It will then  
 be too late to prevent it. Contribute to TAFF now, so that this benefit performance  
 need not be held. Save the good name of fandom. Send TAFF donations, and votes, to  
 Bob Madle, 672 Ripley Street, Brookville, Alexandria, Virginia, or to Ron Bennett,  
 7 Southway, Arthurs Avenue, Harrogate, Yorkshire, England.

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## M I N U T E S

## MINUTES OF THE APRIL 10, 1960 MEETING OF THE NAMELESS ONES:

Tired old President, F. M. Busby, feebly called the meeting to order at 8:35 p.m., and for some reason the subject of a quorum came up. Jerry Frahm and Wally Weber pooled their knowledge of Nameless history and remembered that a quorum at Nameless meetings consisted of two-thirds of the members attending the meeting. A careful count of attending members revealed that a quorum was present.

During all this, a complicated financial transaction was taking place between F. M. Busby, Elinor Busby, and the Nameless Treasurer. Involved was the reimbursement of the Busby's for one club ad in the Pittcon Progress Report and two five-inch reels of recording tape. Eventually a check for \$9.44 was presented to F. M. Busby, which satisfied everyone except Elinor Busby who was left with the problem of getting her cut of this graft-ridden transaction.

As a reward for having made the check payable to F. M. Busby, the Sec-Treas was permitted to get off without reading the minutes.

The President called for Old Business, and got more than he bargained for. To be precise, he got Jim Webbert's Official Bem Report.

After the furniture was put right-side-up again, and the dust from falling plaster had settled, the President congratulated Jim Webber on having survived his term of office (so far).

The President next tried his luck at asking for New Business. Fortunately this brought about nothing more or less gory than election of officers. F. M. Busby opened nominations for President a trifle too eagerly and was rewarded with the instantaneous nomination of Jim Webbert. Jim Webbert had already been nominated for President at the March 27 meeting, but that time he had been nominated by F. M. Busby whereas this time Elinor did the honors. Jim Webbert evened the score by renominating F. M. for re-election. The two candidates then delivered masterful campaign speeches for each other, after which ballots were collected and counted. Jim Webbert was proclaimed the loser, since his candidate lost. F. M. Busby was all for presenting the gavel to the new President in the traditional manner, but decided to wait and give the squeamish a chance to leave the room.

Instead, he opened nominations for Vice President. When it appeared that Flora Jones was to be the sole nominee, it was decided that Flora should be elected by a unanimous vote of the entire club, including those members not in attendance as well as those who were in attendance. The members in attendance voted unanimously in favor of this, so Flora became the first officer of the club to ever be elected by a unanimous vote of the membership.

The Sec-Treas was re-elected by the usual stampede.

While the Sec-Treas was dusting the hoof prints from his clothes, Elinor brought up the subject of appointing Wally Gonser to the post of Official Coffee Maker, in recognition of the duties he has been performing for the club throughout the last several years. It was pointed out that Wally had been appointed permanent social chairman many years ago, and that the duties of the permanent social chairman consisted primarily of seeing that the coffee got made, and that Wally's term of office still had quite a ways to run before it expired. Elinor relented to the point where she only moved that Wally Gonser be re-appointed official coffee maker. The rousing enthusiasm with which this motion was passed was testimony to the fine coffee-making ability of Wally Gonser, who never drinks the stuff himself.

As usual, the most important club officer was chosen last. Jerry Frahm was elected to the office of Official Bem by a unanimous vote, despite Jerry's vote against the motion.

As a fitting climax to the elections, the weak, retiring, ex-President, F. M. Busby, gathered strength from an unknown source and presented the club gavel to robust, healthy, in-coming President, Jim Webbert, in the traditional manner. Jim removed the gavel from the freshly formed indentation in his skull and wiped off the blood like a seasoned veteran. He was no longer robust and healthy; he was President of the Nameless.



The new President's first official action was to ask for Old Business. He asked in the typical addled manner peculiar to Nameless Presidents who allow the gavel presentation to go to their heads. But the members did their best to give Jim the Old Business. Wally Gonser left the room to construct the coffee, somebody asked whether the Pittcon ad had been placed, and a typical Nameless conversation and discussion period began. Mentioned in the conversation were Toskey's newly acquired convertible, the measurements "36-24-36", Rog Phillip's job as a night watchman in a casket factory, morgues, and the weather satellite, Tiros. Jerry Frahm, Wally Gonser, and Bud Willis reported on their Sunday visit to the University of Washington Engineering Open House, which had been handicapped only slightly by the fact that the UoWEOH had closed down on Saturday. Some discussion of the Westercon at Boise and a club-sponsored party at same led to some wild plans, the plaster busts of Beethoven and Bach were each knocked over at least once, and the meeting was adjourned at 9:16 p.m.

SEC-Treas      Wally Weber

#### MINUTES OF THE APRIL 24, 1960 MEETING OF THE NAMELESS ONES:

President Jim Webbert brought the meeting to order at 8:29 p.m., thoughtfully using a buffer under the gavel to prevent the desk from splintering. Varda Murrell immediately caused a scene by trying to object to the minutes that would be read at the next meeting even before they were written. One could see that this new member, Varda Murrell, was going to be every bit as impossible as was Varda Pelter, a girl who used to show up at Nameless meeting whenever she broke a leg.

Jim Webbert finally asked for the minutes of the previous meeting. These minutes were then partially read and partially described by the SEC-Treas, who had not finished writing them at the time. This dereliction of duty so enraged the President that he pleaded for somebody to move that the SEC-Treas be dismembered. Varda could not keep her mind on the subject, however, and loudly worried that if the busts of Beethoven and Bach had been disfigured at the previous meeting, plaster surgery might have to be done on them.

The President then asked for New Business and was completely ignored. Instead, the conversation was taken over by Varda, who had no real competition so far as talking was concerned because she was the only female present.

It seems that Varda had recently married Charles Murrell, who was also present at the meeting in a quiet, baffled sort of way, and she explained how the marriage had taken place in far-off Los Angeles. She and Charles together went over a number of unforgettable things, such as the doctor who sold jewelry, the lady playing basketball with 20¢ at a toll bridge, and the man who had made an interesting trip of their elevator ride.

As an added attraction, Varda reported on her imaginary Los Angeles ghod, Elmer Perdue. From the frantic hand waving that went with the description of Elmer's home, it was determined that Elmer's house is built on a roller coaster about two inches below Varda's wrist. She also described the stag party she had attended when Charles had been unable to make the scene, and how Elmer knows that a nook is equal to one or two fardles, and that yak butter turns blue at 16,000 feet. (About this time Ed Wyman mentioned that Varda was just yakking, which only goes to show things weren't as bad as they could have been after all.)

By the time Varda finished describing the New Jersey flying saucer meeting at which she had met Hans Stefan Santesson, her spring was pretty much run down, and others began to change the conversation to, of all things, what was killing science fiction. Jim Webbert had started the subject by mentioning the symposium concerning the problem, published by Earl Kemp. Wally Gonser believed too many mundane authors and publishers got into the field, Jim Webbert felt poor distribution was the big factor, and Varda Murrell thought science fiction just wasn't off beat enough any more.

Having got her second wind, Varda went on to voice her approval of John W. Campbell Jr., and to discuss Dr. Raymond Bernard, who figures the world to end in 1965 and wants a select group to survive the event by hiding out in Dero caves which he has discovered in South America. This got us to 9:20 p.m. when the meeting was adjourned so that we could get at the cookies Elinor Busby had sent with Jim.

SEC-Treas      Wally Weber



## With Keen Blue Eyes and a Bicycle...

by F M Busby

Department of Soul-Searching: it looks as if maybe fandom is overdue to take a good look at its morals, ethics, and general behavior, once again. Inchmery fandom, while hardly a "still, small voice", is otherwise making noises like a conscience. Upon consideration, it strikes me that they have a point there. Let's kick it around...

It seems to me that the fannish ethos has always contained the unwritten tenet that a person can be virtuous without religion, that he can possess personal integrity without conforming to conventional morality. As the big fat Wave of the Future, fandom could hardly take any other attitude. And the idea is perfectly true, as far as it goes. An irreligious scoffer at morality can have virtue and integrity oozing out his ears and spotting his collar, and quite often does, especially among the higher-IQ types who have voluntarily abdicated their childhood beliefs for intellectual reasons but who still carry the flavor of 'em. But on the average, let's face it-- the guy who lacks conventional ethics lacks Ethics, period. We recognize this well enough in Mundane, but somehow, when dealing with Faaans, we become a bit naive at times, I think.

I don't go All The Way with Inchmery. Though I feel that Sandy and Vinz and Joy are much more correct than they are generally given credit for being, I do not lump peyote and flippant reporting in the same category with theft, embezzlement, and forgery (and I'll pass comment, from lack of info, on reports of marijuana-growing on fannish premises, and upon all repercussive hangovers from the WussFuss).

But let's look at it. There are some pretty lousy reports going around lately. Unless several of my best friends and most valued correspondents are out-and-out liars (they aren't; that's hyperbole back there, son), fans and/or fringe-fans known to you by name have: (1)hocked a friend's belongings and run out with the loot; (2) made a living out of smalltime shoplifting; (3)decamped with funds from a fannish fund-drive; (4)habitually "charged" small items giving fraudulent names-and-addresses, and (5)indulged in a check-forging spree with a stolen checkbook. Pretty picture,huh?

But I'm not so much concerned with the offenses themselves. The thing I don't like is the way fannish popular-opinion appears to tolerate the people involved, as if these were only childish pranks, and actually the guy is a helluva lot of fun at a party, and like that. Like, Someplace Maybe We Should Draw The Line.

It's a tough line to draw. Not on the 5 offenses listed above, mind you-- I'm quite clear on those-- not only will I not allow the persons involved in my house, but I'd make a point of advising friends to bar 'em, also. But where is the line?

The pseudo-"beat" morality appears to acknowledge no obligations whatsoever to anyone who has anything the pseudo-beat may happen to desire. These jokers go to the supermarket in baggy garments with big pockets, and supposedly it's none of our damn business if they steal from the store. Except that it is; the store sets its prices to take care of the "lossage", so I am stuck to pay the deadBeat's grocery bill, in part. And why the hell should I? The nogoodnik pouts at our admittedly-faulty culture and complains that he shouldn't have to work for a living. I bitch at the culture just as much as he does, but maintain that it's bad enough having to work for my own living; no reason why I should stand still for supporting him, too.

I think I know where to draw the line between "fannish pranks" and downright criminal activity. Not a fine line, but a broad band. Elinor and I have kicked this around, and it comes to pass that there's an Old Fannish Custom that appears to straddle this faunched-for Line, 100%. We have the situation where fans traditionally try to free-load on a Con-hotel by sleeping unpaidfor people in a room. This is highly illegal, but it is difficult to show who, if anyone, is injured by the practice. So on this case, where there are multiple arguments on both sides from several viewpoints, I find myself in a sort of ethical No-Man's-Land, where it's merely a question of how straitlaced I want to be. So I draw the line right across the middle, here, since I can't find a better place to do the trick. The room-jamming technique is a form of defraudment that does not (if undetected) saddle anyone with anyone else's obligations, so I guess this is the Neutral Point between Pranks and Offenses. OK?



Now I trust that you will all keep in mind that I am grotching about the acts of a minority of fans, and mainly of fringe-fans at that. Don't be looking askance at your fannish buddies; the odds are that if you know the jokers who have committed the offenses noted on the previous page, you've been hooked yourself, already. It might be well to mention here that not only are most of the fans we know well above-par for being Good People, but that about 95% of 'em are Strictly The Best.

So what's the Big Bitch? (you ask) Well, I don't especially like the Creeping-ness of it all. Mighod, I know fans who are veritable Pillars of Integrity. They wouldn't stoop to peeling an accidentally-uncancelled stamp off a zine or letter for re-use, for CRYsakes. Yet these Good People continue to tolerate the Utter Cruds I've listed on the previous page; they would not do this in Mundane, I'm sure, so why put up with such undesirables in fandom, which is supposed to be For Fun?

My point: if we put up with sheer predatory criminal behavior for "fannish" reasons, how can we have any pride or enjoyment in this good ol' microcosm? It was not always thus; when Degler made his well-reported way across the country, he was heartily condemned and mostly resisted. Like, whatever happened to the good old fannish Backbone, hey?

Sorry to be assigning blame without naming names; it's against my own principles, but since truth is no defense against libel suits, I want to pick my own grounds for nailing a couple of these jokers by name, and it would have warped this column all out of shape to do so at this time; like, it just didn't signify that much.

Department of Listening Instead of Talking: Joy Clarke says "Don Ford as you know is over here at the moment. Without his magnificent 35mm colour slides I should say that the first day's programme would have been one godalmighty flop. You may have heard that the hotel cancelled two days before the Con... a complete 1957 all over again ((no details, dammit-- sorry)). (Don) gave the show the first night and had taken stuff right up to the time he got into London. The comment was, "Don, have you got a slide of you standing in front of the screen telling us about them?" and honestly, one almost expected it. I can't recommend them enough." So says Joy, and it reads as if Don Ford pulled the recent Briticon out of a bad hole. Kudos to all concerned.

Department of Apologies: Last month I mentioned about how Jean Bogert on July 4th, 1959, gave me a \$2.75 check for her banquet ticket for the 1959 WesterCon here. And how when (I assume) the bank goofed and bounced the check, I returned it to her with a letter of Aug 12th, 1959, and followed this up with a postcard on March 6, 1960. And then mentioned the deal on stencil around April 1st, 1960. Well, I got a letter from Jean, postmarked April 15th:

Dear "Buz": Your little "aside" with latest CRY (which was probably read by every reader!) was my first inkling that you had not received my check dated March 10th. I am enclosing a money order to the value of \$3.25 to make up for the bank charge of \$.50 I believe you mentioned in your first missive to me, as well as the amount I owe. I greatly regret that you've had all this trouble- I also regret that you saw fit to act in malice- you made it sound as though I had deliberately attempted to cheat you, though such was emphatically NOT the case. If I get a job soon, I shall be able to attend the Westercon at Boise- in any event, I shall be at the PittCon. Again, I am very sorry about the whole thing, including my supposed trying to "make a sucker" out of you. Maybe some fans would, and have done so, but this money order, I trust, will prove that I am not one of their number.

--Jean Bryant Bogert

So, my apologies to Jean, and my thanks, especially since I had forgotten all about that extra four-bit bank charge, by this time. If that March-10th check ever arrives here, I'll naturally destroy it, so you can write it off your check-stubs, Jean. OK?? So, my apologies, again.

Department of Plugs: TAFF needs money (send it to Bob Madle). The BoyCon needs money (to Guy Terwilleger). PittCon needs money (Dirce Archer). I need money (oops, I'm not a Worthy Cause, excepting only to me and maybe Elinor). Fidel Castro needs a hole in the head, so that both sides will match up. Mal Ashworth for TAFF! -- MIB.



April 13, 3560

My dear old friends, Buz, Elinor, Wally, Tosk, This letter may come as a surprise after so many years: 1600, to be exact, since I last saw you. Remember that wonderful day at the PittCon when we sat in the bar sipping our wintergreen-flavoured root-bheers while Boyd Raeburn mumbled obscenities? The memory stands like a misty apparition from another age, yet bright and shiny as a newly-minted Galactic credit.

You will doubtless wonder at this letter after what may seem a long period of gafia. It's approximately 300 years since I last commented on CRY. Not a long time considering the great lifespans granted to we Elder Ghods of Fandom by the Administration, but since I have only 400-odd years left, perhaps I should begin comment on the backlog that has piled up in the past 2 or 3 centuries. So I am dictating this to my priceless robot Mechana XVI, or "Susy", who has been indispensable to me ever since we old fans were placed in our Preservatanks (but of course, your own robots must be equally helpful to you, or CRY would never have reached its 1,610th Annish).

I am writing because recently while spending a quiet evening watching old fan-zines on Channel 84, I was surprised to see in CRY #138, old George Locke's "The Confessions of a Faanithologist". Somehow in reading the original dupered CRY I had missed George's mention of his visit to the old Candy Store. So even though I know it's silly to comment at this late date, I couldn't contain myself so here it is. George will probably flip his intravenous flowmeter when he sees this, and comment in return: before you can say "Big Brother Is Watching You", he too will be back into print, and things will be as damp and tearful as a Harry Warner article on 1stFandom.

Since my recent memory-ray treatments, my recall is as sharp as a Willis quip; George's visit stands out clearly. Contrary to what he himself may say, I recognized him the minute he entered the Coexistence Candy Store (which, I notice, he forgot to capitalize). Despite his great knowledge of disguises, he had failed miserably at that one: he was dressed in a parka, mukluks, and snowshoes, with a bit of whale-blubber clenched between his teeth. His "cleverly-concealed taper" wasn't quite out of sight, with its 3 Telefunken mike-booms, Scully Lathe, and Grampion Feedback Cutter heads resting on a 12-foot, Husky-drawn sledge.

When I nonchalantly countered his "Hi, Les" with "Waddya want, George", he was taken completely aback; the obvious affront to his disguise-skills made his jaw drop in disbelief. He stumbled backward, sputtering in shocked amazement.

At that moment Boyd Raeburn entered, resplendent in the chrome-studded black leather jacket he had just purchased at Robert Hall's in Buffalo. He stalked toward George, rubbing his eyes in amazement at the sight of this be-furred bundle in the middle of July. Dazed and astonished, he walked headlong into the fluid barrage of George's sputtering. This, of course, made Boyd quite angry, since only a week previously he had paid \$8.88 for his new jacket, and now Locke was rusting the studs. He grabbed poor George by the throat, and I feared that violence would ensue.

Luckily, though, he was interrupted at that moment by the intervention of Dean Grennell, brandishing a 500-shot Daisy Pump Gun. Had Grennell not happened along just then, Locke might never have lived to write his account of the visit.

(Ironically, Grennell was arrested at the border and charged with illegal-entry and arms-smuggling, but these charges were later dismissed by Her Majesty as a special gesture of celebration on the occasion of the signing of the Great North American Treaty in which the United States was annexed as the eleventh province of Canada-- the same Treaty which eventually resulted in the Administration, the robots, the Preservatanks, and this 1600-year-old Letter of Comment.)

So there you have the true story of George Locke's monumental visit to the Coexistence Candy Store. Let George say what he will, Truth will always triumph.

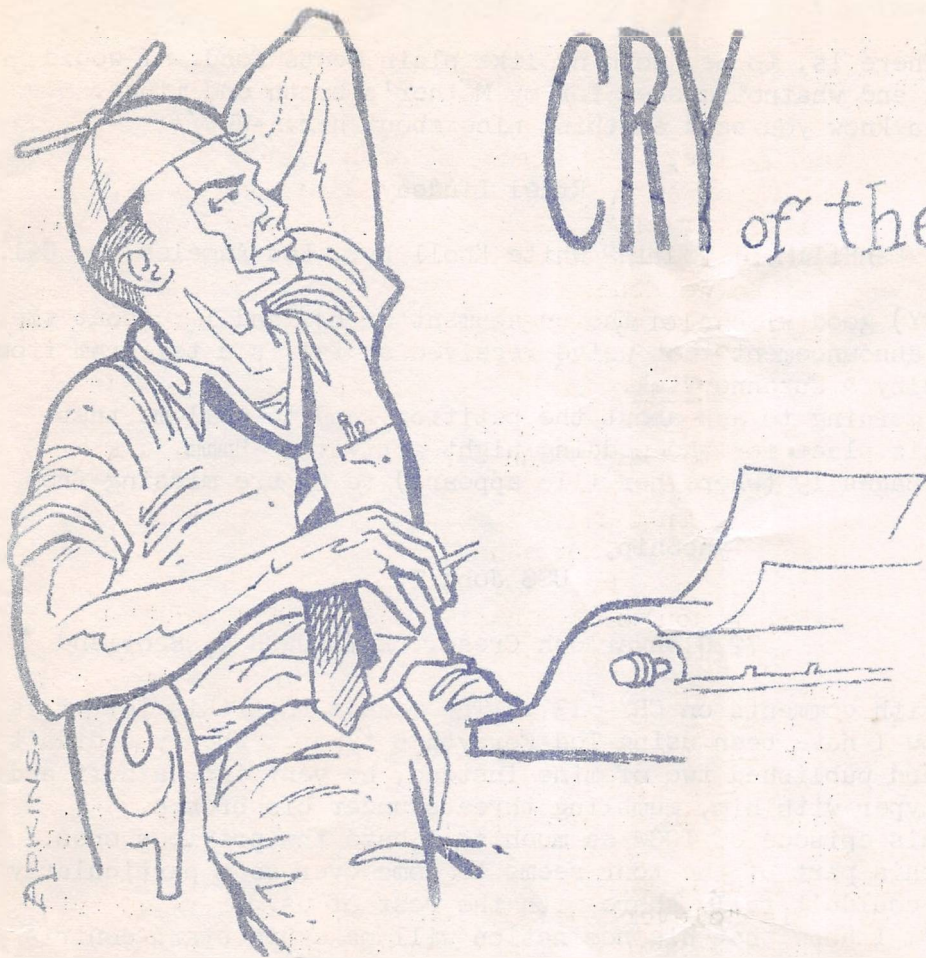


Leslie Nirenberg

LN:mXVI"S"

P.S. I also have a small bone to grind with George in regard to the souvenirs his Huskies left behind, which I did not discover until he and they had departed.





# CRY of the readers

JEALOUS ETHEL LINDSAY

Dear Nameless Ones,

Courage House, 6, Langley Avenue  
Surbiton. Surrey. England

Many, many thanks for Cry 137. This is a wonderful issue, and started by one of the best Atomillos I have seen.

The Goon Goes West is absolutely superb. This is a fine detailed description of Seattle fandom; no praise could be too high.

It was nice to see Mal in print again. This was very chuckleworthy.

Was interested in Carl Marks' tirade against the faneds who keep you manuscript, and of course, heartily agree with him. Of course there is the faned who is too timid to write back and tell you that he does not want to use your article, but he has never figured out that the truth is less hurtful than a blank silence.

I think that Terry Carr on the subject of Jim Caughran's name dropping habits is extremely funny, and his story of Al Ashley was very giggle worthy, too.

Elinor wants a title ... I suppose you would all be actively sick if I suggested Ellerknows? Well I would be sick if anyone suggested it to me! //Ethel, I am now suggesting Ellerknows to you. Ahh, revenge! -WWW// Elinor has a genius for descriptions. She manages to do it in such a way as to conjure up a mental picture in the reader's mind.

LEs Piper's takeoffs of Pfeiffer are clever, but then I said that the last time, didn't I? //And you were right last time, too. But you've misspelled Otto's name again, Ethel. -WWW//

All this whooping after Ella Parker was making me feel fair jealous, so naturally I thought it had a good ending. Do you know that she is Scots, too? She also has too much of what the cat licks its fur with; I can't get a word in edgeways. She has just talked me into getting an electric duper, and also talked the salesman into giving me a real bargain. If Wally is now going to indulge in wordy warfare with her, frankly I don't think he stands an earthly. Still I will be rooting for him! //You'll have to root down about six feet to find me, I'm afraid. -WWW//

For goodness sake don't let her know I said anything nice about her, but when I went up to visit her last week, she gave me the best meal I have tasted for ages. She had Ted, another Scots fan staying with her, and he had brought with him a Scots food called White Puddings. It is simple fare really, oatmeal mixed with onion, and she served it with



chips. Oh, but I did enjoy it. There is, to me, nothing like plain Scots food. I would swop all their Chinese and Indian and whatnot dishes for my Mother's broth and mince. //I wouldn't think of letting Ella know you said anything nice about her. -WWW//  
 an' thats a' luv,

Ethel Lindsay

JOHN TRIMBLE REPORTS

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

Dear CRYfolk:

Thanx for the public (ie, CRY) good wishes on the engagement of Bjo and I. About the most spectacular response to the announcement that we've received so far is a telegram from Rich Brown, Norm Metcalf, and Shelby & Suzanne Vick.

Elmer Perdue called me this morning to ask about the petition, and to tell me that Varda Pelter got hitched, using his place for the wedding night activity. Hmmm.

Thot I'd mention, too, that pages 19 (where her illo appears) to 23 are missing from Bjo's copy of CRY 138. Sigh!

yhoShip,

USS John T.

J. P. PATRIZIO SANS TYPER

72 Glenvarloch Cresc. EDINBURGH 9, Scotland

Dear Wally,

Here I am again, this time with comments on CRY #137. The reason that this letter is handwritten is because up till now I have been using Ted Forsyth's typer. When you didn't publish his letter in CRY #137, and published two of mine instead, he went into a huff and emigrated to London, taking his typer with him, mumbling threats under his breath.

I'm afraid I didn't enjoy this episode of TGGW as much as I have the previous ones. It was good, but it's just that this part of the tour seems to come over as a particularly personal thing for John which he couldn't fully share with the rest of us.

Whether or not Mal wins TAFF, I hope that his nomination will make him start contributing again to gen-zines. The little I have seen of his has made me want to see more. I'll bet that most of your readers have thot about what they would do in the "Take me to your Leader" position, and if they're like me, they haven't reached a conclusion yet. At the next World-Con, a committee of BNFs should be elected to look into the question, and draw up rules, so that the next time an alien asks us to take him to our Leader, we'll know what to do. //No committee of BNFs would be able to decide which one of them would be the leader. Your idea is good, but you need a more impartial committee. -WWW//

Les Nirenberg developed that story of his beautifully, but I was disappointed at the ending he gave us. I'm sure he could have done better than that.

"Fandom Harvest"? Great -- is all.

I haven't seen anything written by Elinor before, and after reading her nameless column, I have reached the conclusion that this is a sorry state of affairs. I go for the way she just rambles about -- how's about giving her some more space?

J. Les Piper was tops again, but is being rapidly overhauled by Reiss.

You might as well rature now, Ally -- you've lost your reputation as the world's number one letter column axe-man. After the way you've been chopping up letters, to go and print two of mine in one issue; well! What will people think of you now? //Ha, you haven't seen last issues column where you get left out and Ted is in twice. I'm done!WWW//

Best,

Joe

EXCITED BOB LICHTMAN

6137 S. Croft Ave., Los Angeles 56, Calif.

Dear Buz:

The new CRY #138 showed up a few minutes ago and after a preptory battle with the staples I managed to get it open, only to discover that pages are missing!! Like, could you rush down either another whole CRY #138 or the following pages: 19-20, 21-22.

Excitedly,

Bob



KEN HEDBERG: EITHER POTTED AGAIN OR PLOTTED AGAINST Rt. 1, Box 1185, Florin, Calif.  
Dear Warped Wally:

Late Friday night, as I staggered thru the door from a drunken party we'd thrown at work, I perceived a pile of mail laying on the table. "Oh, Ghod! Oh, Ghod, not that!" I slurred. Even in the dim light from the kerosine lamp and my drunken condition, I could ~~not~~ tell there was a CRY #138 on the table. What to do? In my condition, I could neither drive nor walk away from the house. It's not that I don't like CRY. I do. It's just that you have to be in the proper mood. If you're not, the results could be fatal. Ah, it must be another damned hallucination, like the time I saw those purple snakes. Yes, that's it. I'll march over there confidently and it will vanish. (Did you ever try to march confidently when you were drunk?) Gru, the thing is real! Now I had to stay up the rest of the night reading and commenting on all 52 pages. REVENGE! Just wait till 1961, Nameless Ones.

Now to remove the staples. Umph! Now to remove the staples. UMPH! After only three hours of struggling, squirming, and sweating, I had the staples off. Anyway, I was sober now..

The cover: Must be a photograph of a Nameless meeting. So that's what GMCarr looks like.

Page 3: Poor Ken Hedberg. Must be some sort of plot. His letter gets lost. Terry Carr sends mail to Florid, Calif. Ken's sub to NEW FRONTIERS goes everywhere but to Norm Metcalf. He writes for a SHANGRI-L'AFFAIRES and never gets a reply. A fannish plot!

White Fury or The Seduction of the Mysterious Miss Wong: I really enjoyed TGGW. I wish I had read the first four chapters. //Send for our expensive booklet. -WWW//

Confessions: Lored, protect us from faanithologists. Alas, Joe Phann, I knew him well. I know who Les Nirenberg is. Obviously, he is me.

Night Laney Blushed: Whatzis? No page 19. No page 20. No page 21. No page 22. I'll never know why Laney blushed. A fannish plot, that's wot.

Sorry to hear that Otto is leaving us fanbachelors. I tried to read one of the books in the Trilogy, but I was bored to death. I'll probably be mordored.

Elaboration: Let's have more of this. Tremendous! Kennedy in '60.

After You've Gone: Also good. I like Piper's cartoons, too.

Minutes: Flora Jones, lead on. Neofans are worth more than 20¢.

CotR: I, too, am a tall, dashing, heroic type. Can I edit a letter column? //Ghod yes! When can you get here? -WWW// Yours cruelly,

THE LORED'S UNLUCKY 3rd PROFIT

BRUCE PELZ FOR MORDOR IN '64

980 Figueroa Terrace, Los Angeles 12, Calif.

Dear Buz,

You've got to stop letting Squink Blogg help collate CRY OF THE NAMELESS. My copy of #138 is missing four pages: 19-22. Can't supply them? Please? Like, 'tis the Burbee article, and all...

It's still M\*O\*R\*D\*O\*R IN '64 as the rallying cry. The Alexandria didn't mind being part of South Gate, why should it mind being part of Mordor? //I give up. Why? -WWW//

Will answer your points on The Fellowship when I comment on CRY...a complete CRY? Please?

Bruce

ELLIS MILLS IS MOVED TO WRITE US

P.O. Box 244, Carswell AFB, Texas

Dear Wally, you louse,

It's a pretty sneaky way to get a letter; to not put a number after my name on the address label, thus leading me to believe that I'm mentioned somewhere within, then to send me a copy with pages 19-20 & 21-22 missing. Since I haven't written in some time and do not therefore appear in the lettercol, and I rarely submit material to other fanzines, if I am mentioned in CRY #138 it must be on the missing pages.

I didn't much care for the cover; I much prefer Garcone if you must use covers supplied by BRT. I still like TGGW and was not disappointed with White Fury. George Locke was well represented as was M'lashworth, the writer, not the character.



I rather agree with Buz, re Mordor; in fact I was more surprised than the LA group to receive thanks for the plug in UR #6. Until several weeks after publication of UR #6 I had not heard the slogan "Mordor In 64" used in conjunction with any valid group bidding for a con. At the time I did the "Ring Of Power" ad I thought of it as just a gag, fitting to the theme of the ad. Of course you all know I'm serious about "Gay Paree in 63" so that may have misled some people into thinking I was supporting "Mordor" as seriously. I feel that "Gondor in 64" in the same spirit I started with, without offending those chaps.

Do you mean to sit there and say that you let Gerber intimidate you and put a stop to those punny headings! //Yes! -WWW// You better watch out, or I'll get Dave Kyle to tell you you can't sit there; then you'll have to go back to those good old nauseating puns. //Yeah? I think I'd STAND UP and let Gerber intimidate me. -WWW//

a sever,

Ellis

JIM CAUGHRAN - FAN IN SUSPENSE

1909 Francisco Street, Berkeley 9, California

Dear Cry,

GROUSE! Which is to say, pp 19-22 of my Cry (138) are missing! "A Burbee article," I say to myself, looking at the contents. I turn to the supposed article -- nothing! Please don't keep me in suspense. Tnx.

Jim

LES NIRENBERG, THE COEXISTENT CANADIAN

1217 Weston Rd., Toronto 15, Ontario, Canada

Dear ~~if possible we are both~~ Pipple,

Good ol' CRY is now here, all big and fat and rosy. Wat happened to pages 19 to 22 inclusive? I was doubly disappointed when I saw that was a Burby story you ommitted from my ish. Explanations are in order, no?

Ghod! Another LESLIE in fandom. Her cover was very good. I'd thot for a minute that I'd sent it to you while sleep-walking or something. But I should have known. I haven't got the talent for such stuff. Plagiarism is more my meat.

Berry's account of his plane ride reminds me of the plane ride I took to Mexico (here we go again). If they did put instructions on the back of the seats they'd probably be in Italian, Chinese and Hebrew anyway. He's right about how the toilet doors are always banging open and closed when you're up in the air. It makes you wonder why these people couldn't go when they were on the ground. Or maybe they're just trying to get their money's worth out of the flight. //In the toilet?? -WWW// It's alot of fun watching the people who are on board with you. Right across the aisle from us sat a couple, who looked to be newly weds. They were German immigrants, and all through the flight, they lay there, taking up three seats, in this terrific clinch. The girl (who was a knockout) always seemed to have her dress up around her hips. Man! I was a nervous wreck by the time we landed.

On the flight back, I managed to catch a few hours of sleep. I needed it after the big bash we had before we left for home. About 6 a.m. Tony gave me an elbow in the ribs. "Hey!!" he shouted in my ear. "Lookit the beautiful sunrise." I sputtered an obscenity at him and turned over again. "Hey, you nut!" he yelled, "Don't you want to photograph the sunrise?" I wasn't in any mood to photograph any damn sunrise, but I managed to wrestle my weary body out of the seat. "The sun's rising on the other side of the plane," said Tony. "You better go into the can and shoot it out the window." So I grabbed my exposure meter and movie camera and made my way through the prostrate bodies of the passengers to the toilet. When I got there I took a reading. Shoot at 3.5 it said. I twisted the dial and rolled it. Then I went back and crawled into my seat. When I got home I found that the last sequence hadn't turned out. In my stupor I had neglected to look at the f-stop dial, and instead of giving it 3.5 I'd stopped down to f16. All that work for nothing. Dammit! //That's what you get for trying to get your money's worth in the toilet! -WWW//

I couldn't help but laugh when John wrote that bit about picking up his luggage and making that phone call where he dropped "a ten-cents piece into the aperture". This



seems to be one of the big problems of English (and also others) who come over to this side of the pond. They have a heckuva time figuring out what we mean by 2 bits, a quarter, a buck, a dime, nickel, and the rest of the slang terms for money that we use. A recently arrived Briton may come into the store and buy something and I'll tell them it's a dime. They'll look at me sorta funny. "Oh, pardon me," I usually say, "I meant 10 cents." Or they'll say something like this, "Can you change this twenty-five cents piece into two ten cents pieces and one five cents piece?" Just the same we shouldn't laugh too hard, because their money is ten times worse.

Looks like Nick Falasca is turning into another Shelley Berman. His "Elaboration On A Stolen Idea" was a riot. "Arf, Arf!" said Sandy. And "arf, arf and so And "arf, arf and so-long" say I.

Later.....

Les

redhealeyisboydraeburnpastthepressboxandthepitsbrrrrrrrrrrrrrpprrrrpprrrrtherehegoes

TERRY CARR, SAD COLUMNIST  
Dear Elinor--

1818 Grove St., Berkeley 9, Calif.

Just got home from work & saw CRY 138. Geewhiz, I'm real sorry I didn't get a column to you this month (haven't had time to catch up at all on already overdue fanac since starting work a few weeks ago) but did you have to do this to me? Our copy is lacking pgs 19 to 22, which according to the contents page contain a B\*U\*R\*B\*E\*E article. Please send us a complete one --?

Frustratedly,

Terry

OPEN LETTER FROM BRUCE HENSTELL  
Dear Fen--

815 Tigertail Rd., Los Angeles 49, Calif.

To all who have sent material to me, I wish to write and thank you all, but I'm too busy. In my position as a 9th grader I can't afford to drop one minute of study time for extra activities. Also, my parents are keeping an eye open for a short-comings in grades. So dear friends; I am unable to answer you all. But to those who have sent me 'zines-- keep 'em coming. I am keeping record and will sent my zine when it comes (in summer). ESOTERIQUE is it's name.

May I also appeal to those who have material. I would gladly take and it will all see print.

But most important, I want to thank all who sent me material, including John Berry, Rich Brown, Leslie Nores, Don Franson. But most of all, two wonderful people, Ruth Berman and Mike Deckinger. Thanks.

A note on the 'zine. It will be pubbed on an electric Ges., brand new. It will have not only material from top names but from a lot of talent from my school. One of my school mates is a budding cartoonist with a "Feiffer" sence of humer. Another boy will write on his hobby -- folk music.

So dear fen -- keep tuned. And to reassure you (my contributors) I'm not Gafiating.

To all of fandom, THANKS FROM A NEO.

Bruce Henstell

SANDY CUTRELL SENDS GREETINGS  
Greetings all.

3154 S. E. Salmon St., Portland 15, Oregon

CRY 138 came minus pp 19-22. Appreciate your sending same.

ys

Sandy Cutrell

//Good grief, I've gone and ended this too near the bottom of the page to have room for starting another letter. Now I haven't any excuse for keeping Bob Lichtman's stencil out of the letter column. Oh, misery! --WWW//



## TAKING OVER THE CRY: STEP ONE

6137 S Croft Ave, Los Angeles 56, Calif

## Greetings:

This is Lichtman at a thrilling green Gestencil which belonged to Shaggy before I started punching holes in it. This month for a change I think I'll surprise the Seattle crowd and help Wally out or in to a mess. Basic equipment for taking over the CRY:

- 1 Gestencil (or more--before I'm through)
- 1 carbon sheet (non Gestetner)
- 1 typing plate (beat)
- 1 stencil film (lovingly fashioned from Saran-Wrap)
- 1 cantankerous Remington Noiseless typer which may or may not cut a good Gestencil
- 1 warped mind

And here I am. Already the errors pile up, waiting only for the end of the stencil and the bottle of corflu (old--hope still good).

CRY #138 showed up about a week ago, minus several sheets. Unfortunately, these weren't from some inconspicuous place, like the lettercol, where they'd not be missed. No, the missing pages were the ones on which the Burbee article is supposed to be, plus the lead page of Buz's editorial. Checking with Don Durward in hopes of reading his copy of the article, I discovered that he, too, was missing those pages. Strange things are indeed afoot in Seattle. Whole pages are missing from CRY. I wonder: was Toskey at the printing session? Better see if Garcone ate the pages in question. Some people (people? Garcone?) will do anything to get some Burbee material.

The issue is 51 pages this time: total for the year of 263. Do you still think you'll hold it below 600 pages?

Cover this time round is very nice, indeed. Toskey told me it was scheduled to appear and as I've been a fan of Leslie Walston artwork since THRILLING GREEN SF appeared in SAPS several mailings ago, I was expecting a fine cover. Suffice to say that I wasn't disappointed.

"Page Three" is it? OK. It's Mal Ashworth for ~~TAFF~~ OMPA President (how's that for esoterica?) people. Just to celebrate the occasion I decided that I'd put Mal on the Psi-Phi (plug) mailing list. Even now an enveloped copy of the Annish sits behind the typer, awaiting stamps. Maybe this way I can get a copy of the new ROT, which should be a top fanzine. --Surprising how many people there are in fandom of whom I'm only vaguely aware. Mal is just one of the people who I knew of, all right, but never quite got up the energy to contact. Dunno why not--just happens to be that way...

Berry is going along fine. I'm going to be rather sorry to see this end but Buz says it'll finish up in the June CRY. \*\*\*sigh\*\*\* Hope you-all have some sort of price established for the book edition of TGGW by next CRY--I want to get my order in and get a low-numbered copy. (You are going to number them, aren't you??)

Sorry to report I didn't particularly care for this Locke story --George has done much better in the past and will likely do even better in the future. Guess everything in CRY can't be good--or maybe I'm just looking at it from the wrong angle.

So now we skip the missing Burbee epic to the second page of the Buz editorial, where I note that Otto is engaged and all. Wonder if this is why WRR #5 is late? --Buz, if you'll bring up this business of a name ofr (for, too) that Tolkien-fan group next month, I'll be in a position to assist. Currently am about 1/3 of my way through the books in a mad-dash attempt to read them before they come due at the library again. It's fast enough reading, but there's so little time these days.

Falasca had some nice lines, but overall the story struck me a bit incoherent. Could be the editing, but I rather doubt it. By far the best part was the giant interlineation concerning the attempt to contact the President.

Ashworth was magnificent!

Nirenberg was, too.

Ella Parler gives proof positive that femmefans are in fandom for sex sublimation. I quote from her letter on page 45: "I've sneaked off to bed with CRY..."

But for this month I'm through. Now I'll leave you to figure out how to get a letter to end up evenly on the page bottom before this starts. MFFYF!

Bob Lichtman

"I wanted to be an obstetrician but my fingers were too short."

--Arv Underman



SID COLEMAN AND HIS PRETTY ASK

Bridge Lab, Cal Tech, Pasadena, California

Do I have to send extra subscription money to Burbee to get pp. 19-22 of Cry 138, or can I get them from you if I ask pretty? I'm asking pretty.

S

DONALD FRANSON AND THE BEAT-UP CRY

6543 Babcock Ave., North Hollywood, Calif.

Dear Messes,

I've never seen such a beat-up CRY as the one that just arrived. Fooey on the post office. I don't blame them for everything, though.

For example, the cover. Let's be objective about the cover. Let's not consider that it may have been done by Toskey's girl friend, who is only three years old. Let's not say that at least it's promising. It's not. It's threatening. Perhaps I could say that worse ones have been hung in museums and acclaimed by "art critics", but this is no defense. Let's be objective, shall we? The cover is lousy.

Now on to the next gripe. Pages 19, 20, 21 and 22 are missing in my copy. It wasn't possible for the P.O. to rip the Burbee item out of the CRY without disturbing the staples, so Somebody Up Ther doesn't like me, and he or she expurgated my CRY. Besides three pages of Burbee, they took one of Buz, so I don't know what he's talking about at the top of page 23.

I don't go for political arguments in fanzines. While issues can be discussed in an intelligent manner, mundane-type cliches and slogans are out of place. This is not directed at Nick's piece, which was funny enough. As long as I am a Guest in CRY's Wastebasket, I won't bring up the subject. I might as well admit though, that I'm a Coolidge Republican, and most fans seem to be Democrats, so I won't want to start anything where I'm outnumbered. I hate debates, and I don't want to be a pseudo-GMCarr. That is, on unfannish subjects. But on sf and fandom, I'll debate at length and without rancor.

Buz, your rules for TAFF will not help, as they are fanzine fans' rules, and will not be acceptable to con fans. Holding back until we see who wins is only natural where one has been disappointed before, but if everyone does it, TAFF will not go over for anyone. If you really want a fanzine fans' candidate, a primary election in the fanzines is called for, which we should start thinking about now. Why not a discussion in advance as to who should be the fanzine fan's candidate (I hate the word "Trufan" -- it sounds bigoted) so that there can be a "united front?" There's no time after nominations; why not plan a year in advance? Now tell me what is wrong with the idea.

The demise of FANTASTIC UNIVERSE makes me wonder what can be done to make an SF mag succeed? Of course, FU did a number of wrong things. Coming out monthly, with such poor distribution, was suicide. Not varying the colors on the covers, and odd size, and so on -- but what is the right thing? Suggest some mag try quarterly again, and get some decent distribution, some new method. Build up a regular clientele, by a steady policy, house authors, etc. Have each consecutive issue a different color so they can remain on the stands for three months and stand a chance of being picked up. Any size that gets display. All publishing suffers from the same fault -- no enterprise.

DEPARTMENT OF TAKING OVER THE CRY: If anyone didn't get their CRY Letterhack card yet (I sent yours a bit later, Rich; didn't know your Florida address) -- assuming they want one and are entitled to one -- there may be one of four reasons: 1. I don't have a recent or believable address to send it to. 2. I'm not sure you even exist (expecially you, Lindsay Doyle). 3. P.O. goofed. 4. I goofed. Send all complaints to me, not to the CRY. Incidentally, Wally, don't let any more people into the lettercol. This is the Exclusive Club of Cheerful CRY Hacks. Thanks to all who sent me pactsarcds and letters, with sentiments ranging from "bless you" to "so what?". Eva Firestone denied having a letter in the CRY. I don't want to tell a lady she is wrong. On the other hand, I don't want to tell Toskey he is wrong. What to do? All the names were taken from the January Index, and subsequent issues. Am I responsible for CRY's mistakes? //Certainly!-WWW//

George Locke's story was sort of Willis-ish. Buz rambles interestingly for the last three pages. Burbee -- what can I say about Burbee? Words fail me. You'll never hear the last of this, I'll warrant you. Ashworth is hilarious. "Piper" is losing his grip.



My own bitching does sound serious, but it isn't. Consite politics should not be bitter anyway. Mordor in '64, and damn the torpedoes.

It does seem unfair that local residents, who have no trouble making it to a con, and con-goer-types, who make it to every con regardless, are the only ones who have any say as to where the next con is to be; while those who can't make it to a distant con have nothing to say about bringing it closer. It's a good thing there is a Rotation Plan. The last campaign pretty well proves that fanzines are unable to influence the voting.

I have confidential information that your adversary, Ron Bennett, is the perpetrator of the fraudulent fanzine, PANAC, which I will release if it will help your case against him. //Okay, but don't blab it around or it will lose its suprise value. -- WWW//

Original illos to Ted White, George Locke, and Wally Weber. Hmm -- seems there are two rich browns.

Yours,

Donald Franson

SMILING LEN MOFFATT

10202 Belcher, Downey, California

Dear CRYfolk,

Tsk. Tsk. A fine thing! I sub to CRY and the first ish I receive after I've sub'd (i.e. No.138) is missing pages 19, 20, 21 and 22! In other words I'm missing the Burbee article and part of Buz's column.. Could you possibly supply the missing pages by return post or whatever we are using in lieu of good mail service these days?

Hmmm...it occurs to me that the missing pages bit just might be a sneaky trick to get me to write to CRY. Anyway, you have my money and my affection -- so keep smiling!

Len

MIKE DECKINGER INTRIGUED BY COVER

85 Locust Ave., Millburn, N.J.

Dear Admirable CRY-tons,

Immediately after page 18, no page 19 or 20 follows, but instead I'm confronted with an uncompleted sentence on page 23. Shucks, and all along I thought the CRY staff was infallible. Anyway, enclosed you'll find a red tinged picture of Abe Lincoln, and I wonder if you could possibly send me back those missing pages. Thank 'ee kindly.

Now on to CRY #138, with without a doubt the most unusual and intriguing cover I've seen in a long while. This is not what I'd call a cartoon and not what I'd strictly call an illustration either, but it's more of an abstract. The only interpretation I can give it is that the character in the center is a mutation, not in the sense of a radiation mutation, but in a sense that it does not fit into the norm of the others. The other 4 figures in this drawing are white while this one is tarnished with black, indicating that it differentiate from the others in exterior design only. Is this the idea Leslie Walston had behind it, pray tell, or did she give it another interpretation?

I take it that chapter 7 means the end of the Berry extravaganza as he heads back to Ireland. Has anyone computed the total wordage of it? //Hold on, eager beaver. We haven't seen the last installment yet. -- WWW// In my opinion the best chapter was that of the DETENTION, because Berry wrote it in the style of a puzzled newcomer, who's never been to a U.S. con before, and this is the way I'd view it, too.

Locke's piece had some good moments, but I became bored with it by the time I reached the ending. Its chief fault was being stretched out too far. And I don't like the way he harps on the fact that Les Nirenberg is real, when any faan knows that he's a pseudo. Say, I just thought of something. Maybe Nirenberg is not a pen name for Raeburn; maybe Raeburn is a pen name for Nirenberg. Anyone care to investigate? //no. www//

I'd advise you to stifle your praise for NEW WORLDS, because it is no longer with us. Belle said it's folded, and so there may be one installment of her column and that's it. Hans told me that the Brown serial, which had one chapter in FU before it folded, will be reprinted in its entirety in a Bantam edition in the fall, so at least we'll see that.

By the way, Ken Hedberg's idea of housebreaking his dog with copies of ANALOG is marvelous. I'll have to try that on my younger brother.



J. Les Piper has got to learn that too much of one thing isn't very good, and this is precisely what he's doing with all the "Sick" cartoons he's been giving. What's a matter, can't he be original, or aren't hoaxes supposed to be original?

Bob Smith: Sorry, but Mr. Magoo leaves me cold. How anyone could stand his plodding dull antics is beyond me.

Don Franson: "It's Crackers to slip a Rozzer the Dropsy in Snide" is a cockney expression which was explained to me by Arthur Sellings. It means something about slipping a policeman information, or something like that.

Bob Lichtman: No, I don't think the bank failures of the '30s were totally unrelated to the prozine subs. When the readership is around 100,000 each, the country goes along pretty well. And with the way the market is today, I advise you to take all your money out of the bank, and head out on a slow boat to China.

It seems to me that the over all quality of this CRY surpassed many of the past issues, even if this episode of TGGW wasn't as good as others were.

SIN cerely,

Mike Deckinger

CHARLES DE VET ENJOYS CRY  
Dear Buzz:

768 W. Nebraska Ave., St. Paul 17, Minnesota

Pages 19-20, 21-22 were missing from my CRY #138. Which is a pretty sneaky way to make me write and admit that I'm still enjoying CRY as much as ever, and don't want to miss any of it.

If you still have those sheets on hand, will you inclose them with my next?

Best,

Charles De Vet

STEVE STILES -- ROACH INSTRUCTOR  
Dryers Awake! Retrebuton cometh!!

1809 Second Ave., New York 28, N.Y.

You've done it; yes you've done it, you left out pages 19-23 in my issue, Burbee pages, yet!! I beat my hairy chest in dire ire!

The first thing to stupify (that's croggle) me, besides the above, was Adkins' (Mr. Adkins', excuse me, sir... Mr. Adkins) red illo. Ignoring the evial political implication, I think the idea of printing Mr. Adkins' illos in color is a ghoud one.

I'm sorry to see TGGW come to an end. //Dammit, I keep telling you, there's more yet! --WWW// I think the funniest thing in it was the little girl telling John the story about carving initials with a knife into somebody's arm. Isn't that hilarious...ha,ha..h..um... Well, I did mention in Twig that my humor was warped.

Succumbing to the belief that there's a roach in every pot in N.Y., I've been trying to teach some of the bigger ones to type. Not having a typer, this isn't easy.

Recently N.Y. Fandom threw a con. I was surprised to discover that about 40% of the CRYhacks were in attendance: Les' Gerber, Jeff Wanshel, Mike Deckinger, Marty Fleischman, Ted White, Andy Reiss, Walter Breen, George Wells, and some nut called Stan Styles or Smiles or something equally ridiculous.

As long as Betty Kujawa insists that you're a chipmonk I've decided to back her up; you sirrah, are a chipmonk!!!

Not only that, but I'm sending you fluffy squirrel fuzz (N.Y. has no chipmonks) to glue on your "little cheeks." I hope you appreciate it; the squirrels put up quite a fuss when I used the butter knife. One kept shouting, "No, no, you fool, I'm Ron Ell.."

Retribution hath comethed and gonethed,

Woodly (ha! a plug!)

Steve Stiles

//Thank you for your exceptionally penetrating analysis of CRY #138. -- WWW//

EMILE GREENLEAF AND THE UN-WHOLESOME CRY  
Dear Wally,

1309 Mystery St., New Orleans 19, La.

Somebody goofed! My copy of CRY #138 had page 23 following page 18. Pages 19 thru 22 were missing. Blush-in embarrassment. //Blush. -- WWW// How can I write a letter of comment unless I read the whole zine?

Emile Greenleaf



BILL DONAHO, BEST NEW FAN OF '52 - '60

1441 Eighth St., Berkeley 10, Calif.

Dear CRY people,

I don't see how John manages to keep up the excellence and sustained interest of The Goon Goes West. Every chapter I pick up I keep expecting the inevitable let-down and being most happily pleased to find out I am wrong. Truly a magnificent effort.

As for Buz's plot to vote for me for "Best New Fan of the Year"... It seems a definite violation of the scope of the award. I have been a convention fan since 1952 when I attended the Chicon II. I've attended every Worldcon since except San Francisco and London and many many regional cons. I've been appearing in fanzines since the last of '56, although of course not on any scale until 1958. Just because I have suddenly become hyper-active does not I think qualify me for a new fan.

This question bears some resemblance to that of what era of fandom you classify fans in. As Noreen once said, "I entered fandom around 1950, but that doesn't make me a Sixth Fandomite. I wasn't active for a long time and no one heard of me until years later." And of course, we all know that Dean Grennell is a member of 7th Fandom!

Nick's article was very good indeed. It was better than Mal's original one which is a plane very difficult to attain. Mal's piece this time was also tremendous. The best thing this year (except TGGW).

M A L A S H W O R T H f o r T A F F ! ! !

George Locke's article was also very fine. In most fanzines it would have been by far the best thing in the issue.

At last something bad to say! I didn't think Les's strip was up to his usual standards. Good and amusing, but not side-splitting. CRY must be slipping or something.

About all I have left to say is: Mal Ashworth for TAFF!

Regards,

Bill Donaho

WALTER BREEN, ANOTHER PUBLISHING GIANT ROACH

311 East 72 St., NYC 21, N.Y.

Dear Cryhacks,

I can't do a letteracomment on CRY 138, mainly because you left out what might have been the four best pages in the copy you sent me. I refer to pp. 19-20-21-22. You would have to goof and leave out, of all things imaginable to leave out, the Burbee and Buz contributions.

Thanx, Wally, for mentioning TESSERACT 2. It will be mailed out in a few days; would have been sooner but we ran out of paper. A total of slightly over 16 reams needed. Ah, the troubles of being a Pubbing Jiant... //Ye ghods, sixteen reams??? Is that 2 copies of an 8,000 page 'zine, or 8,000 copies of a 2 page 'zine? -- WWW//

Bot no thanx for leaving the signature off my letter. I don't think I goofed and left it off?? //But I think you left it off, and as long as I am running this letter column, my judgement is much more objective than yours. -- WWW//

Please---

VOTE FOR SUMMERFIELD

HE'S SICK

Walter Breen

SPEECHLESS STEPHEN F. SCHULTHEIS

477 Woodlawn - Apt C, Springfield, Ohio

Amigos,

The extended silence from this address has been the result of sheer speechlessness at the overwhelming bundles of excellent material that have been dumped into our mailbox at such frequent intervals -- yclept CRY. I'll just give a summation here of my feelings concerning the last four issues: Goshwowboyoboyoboy!

As a conreportophile from way back, I'd like to give my reactions to Bruce's proposed survey in the letter col of #137. I like cons. I also like con reports. Like any type of fannish writing, a con report can be good, bad, or indifferent. In my opinion, the quality depends on the writer as a fan writer, NOT on how he approaches the subject. That is, I generally like con reports whether they are detailed, impressionistic, or humorous.

Specifically -- Willis's word being law -- (1) when I've been to the con, reports of it give it a new dimension for me. The con reports allow me to live the con in a few more bodies and take in a little more of the scene. Some con reports even give me some inkling of what went on at the program. These, I feel, are not to be sneered at.



(2-3) In the case of cons that I haven't (sob!) been able to attend, con reports mean as much to me as if I had. They lack points of personal recognition and background filled in from memory, but the void they fill is much larger. Well written or slap-dash, they tell me about the fannish events that I missed. The better con reports allow me to live, to some extent, a parallel fannish life (and isn't the aim of all literature -- yeh! -- to expand our broad mental horizons?).

In the case of (4), those poor fen who never wish to attend a con, I have no idea what their reaction to con reports may be. Such a state of mind is so different, so wholly alien, that it denies my poor powers of analysis.

Pliz send me another copy of #138. I might believe that it was with malice of forethought that you decided to do me out of the Burbee article by omitting pages 19-22 from our copy, were it not for the fact that, I'm sure, Buz would never have intentionally allowed a copy to go out with a part of "Keen Blue Eyes..." missing.

Congratulations, by the way, in snagging GALAXY interior type art for the cover. It's revolting, it's true; but such class! Just like the pros. Sorry, but it's the only disagreeable thing I can think of to say about the last issue. //I don't think you are trying. -- WWW//

//In answer to your unpublished Roscoe bless you, every one,  
query; yes, Tosk wants to keep getting GUMBIE. --WWW//

Steve

DAVID B. WILLIAMS SENDS LOVELY MONEY

714 Dale Street, Normal, Illinois

Dear Sir:

Enclosed find \$1.00 for the next five issues of CRY. Just about everything in #138 was good but in the copy that I received pages 19 thru 22 were missing so that I didn't get to find out what night it was that Laney blushed. Grotch.

Sincerely,

David Williams

PFC N. A. BRATMON WITH HIS ACID PERSONALITY  
To Cry's shoulder staff;

Box 1337, Socorro, New Mexico

I warn you sirs, the alkaline nature of the surrounding countryside has no effect on my rather acid personality once I am aroused. However, Mollification is easy if you know the means. Let me explain.

I received Cry numero 138 and was pleased by the appearance in said pages of a bit of Burbeeanna, said being announced beforehand on the very first page, as well it might be, since to sport such is as to rekindle a star in an Ellysian sky, but upon my turning to the benumbered pages I found a want, an absense, and in short, blankness of sheets 19 to 22. They were not there; how can I exclaime on the darkeling blackness that then overtook me so that I felt as if I could if it were then in my power tear your livid and yet palpitating heart from its rootstock of your boosom and yet again flay the skin of your back with a felinous whip.

Needless to say I soon quieted my palsied hands, calmed my benumbed feelings and had recourse to a typer, vis a tergo et all.

Orestes could beg his pardon, so why not I? I hereby do.

I enjoyed the last instalment of The Goon Goes West. It seems inevitable tho that White or Wong, John has an eye for pretty girls. His description of Les Gerber struck me as being pretty near to life too. The last time I saw Les was over a year ago. He very graciously directed me toward the Adkins apartment where I was able to meet Dan. I can see why, as Berry says, he rubs some fans the wrong way, but for the life of me, I can't see why they take it seriously. Since this is rather open, I'm not going to say anymore, except that at least he doesn't poltergeist.

Locke was pretty good, tho I do think that he should do some more Dodding. What is it about these Englefans that at one time or another they do something that sounds like Dodd?

Wups! I just sighted the stencil cutting credits. I know for a fact that Burbee hates like hell to cut stencils, and therefor I conclude that with a title like "The Night Laney Blushed" his article must be a hoax. Shame on you! Here I was really considering



drastic action, and it turns out that it never really was. I shall put a curse on you I shall. Let's see now....er...May all your staples fall out of the next issue and all your stamps stick together!

Oh well, with my ish gutted the way it is, I might as weel stop for now.  
 ..... volcanically,  
 More Window in '64 too\*\*\*! ..... NAB

CRAIG COCHRAN WITH A SMALL REQUEST

467 W. 1st Street, Scottsdale, Arizona

Dear Buz,

Before you mail your fanzine would you make sure that all of the pages are there? In the last issue I received 8 pages were missing.

Thank you.

Sincerely,

Craig Cochran

MARTIN HELGESEN ADAPTS A SLOGAN

11 Lawrence Avenue, Malverne, New York

Dear Everybody,

To adapt the old Alka/Bromo (?) Seltzer slogan: When your CRY's get down to three, it's time to try to get one free.

The prediction Buz made on page three about the Assembly Session was wrong. Therefore, will you please send me pages 19, 20, 21, & 22 of CRY #138? Please. I realize that you're trying to cut the number of pages, but there must be a better way.

I really should comment on CRY in general, so I will. I like CRY in general very much. Okay?

Why not call Elinor's column "Elinor's Column"? Or is that too simple? Or am I?

TLDMDT

Martin Helgesen

A/3c RICHARD W. BROWN WONDERS

Box 935-S, 4756 A&E Sqdn, Tyndall AFB, Fla.

Dear Wal, "El," Buz, and Bur...:

CRY #138 arrived this morning, (I've been waiting for the past week, wondering..) and I intended to write sooner, but, well, you know.

The ATOM Bem was one of his best, and I got a big kick out of the caption.

Buz is most interesting on page three; however, I disagree with him. I'm still against the 1964 NEWYORKON as a world convention. Sure, I guess Jimmy is a nice enough guy, but it doesn't change any of the facts.

And Jesus Ghod Almighty, what happened with Berry? I mean, he was going fine and I was chuckling along with him, and then it hit me...why this vindictive blast at Gerber? I admit it wasn't the fannish thing to do to spend the money taken in for Berry's typer in supporting a revolutionary new cause -- The Society To Lengthen Popsickle Sticks, Inc. -- yet as John pointed out in an earlier chapter, Les is still young and has much to learn. Of course, I appreciate the fact that because of this, John has to write his article out in long-hand, but is that too much to ask?

Still, it's nice to hear that, with this chapter concluded and only six more to go, that John intends to make it a regular column in the CRY.

I'm flabbergasted. Really! Toskey? To be married? This, on top of the news in a recent FANAC that Bjo is marrying Ted Johnstone, leaves me just a little shaken. Mighod.

Burbee's article shouldn't have been printed. I could say a few other things about it, but I won't. The punch-line is revolting.

Falasca's "Take Me To Your Leader" was every bit as funny as Carr's was, just a few months ago. Tremendously good, considering it was parodied from a considerably longer piece ("Take Me To Your Leader," the complete chapter/story in the 2nd part of Fred Brown's serial in the recent FU).

I'm sorry to see the MINUTES go -- finding that Wally hadn't been re-elected as secretary was as much a shock to me as it undoubtedly was to Weber.

But, with a sigh, I tackle the letter column...

Mal Ashworth: Having seen the English editions of New Worlds, I'm afraid I have to agree with Buz -- there were at least two stories that I had read before, and I don't



read near as volumously as does Buz. You prob'ly misinterpreted Buz's remarks as meaning reprinted from previous issues or from other British zines; naturally, this was not the case -- he meant from American Prozines.

Ted White: Nice to see you when you aren't bitching so much. And the way you point it out, I agree: Berry's report is better than Willis' in that respect.

Don Franson: What's this tyranny I hear? Bah. It's not crackers to slip a rozzer the dropsy in snide. Ask damon knight.

Walt Willis: It is nice to see you back in the letter column again...not that I believe your excuse one iota (tho Foo only knows, I ota), but it did make for entertaining reading. # Walt, I'm just too flabbergasted to tell you how glad I am that you're re-living / ...and on a monthly basis, too! Mighod.

Andy Young: Yes, I saw ROCKET INTERSTELLAR, and I thought it was quite good. Mighod man, have you been converted over to the I WAS A GIGANTIC TEEN-AGE LADYBUG WITH THE ATOMIC BRAIN FROM OUTER SPACE THAT CONQUERED THE WORLD IN 80 DAYS type of thing? This was pure science fiction -- the trufan's dream come true. And I certainly can't say I think much of you as a Scientist: you say, "And when the man jumps off the ship into outer space, why doesn't it pass him up? After all, it's going hundreds of thousands of miles per hour..." Well, Andy, the world is moving along at hundreds of thousands of miles per hour, but if you were to jump off the ground, it wouldn't pass you by. Unfortunately.

Bruce Pelz! Look, maybe the other LASFans will give you their share in the Gestetner, but I sure as hell ain't.

Short lettercol this time -- what gives? Hmm? What was that you just said, Wally? //I said, " " --WWW// Eh? //" " " --WWW// Oh. Yeah. Heh. I forgot to ask that before I started my letter -- just what time track were you on, when you read the last CRY?

MFYYF,

Rich Brown

NORM METCALF AND HIS CHECK CASHING SERVICE Box 1360-S, Tyndall AFB, Florida.  
Dear Wally,

On these checks that you have trouble cashing am willing to do you a service. Just endorse them to the order of "Terra House" and send them to me and I'll send you back a check made out to Elinor Busby in the same amount. The state of California has no such restrictions as those regulating checks in other states. //I don't want to sound suspicious, but aren't you living in Florida now? -- WWW//

And to a tale of woe an frustration. Going over at a time carefully calculated to have most of my day's mail in the box I was reqarded by finding a copy of Cry #138. While waiting for the shuttle bus this mighty flowering of the human intellect was started. My train of thought (rather narrow-gauge) was rudely interrupted by a page beginning in the middle of a sentence. Checking back I discovered that, "Burbee is missing!" Oh well, Rich Brown's copy will have pages 19-22. So I met Rich outside the chowhall. He gleefully waved his copy of Cry with glad cries (free adv.). Being in a mean mood I asked him if his copy had pages 19-22. You might well imagine the look on his face when he discovered that "Burbee is Missing!" (as well as Buz). So please, enclosed is a self-addressed and stamped envelope for two sets of pages 19-22.

Mal Ashworth is good but no special comment, except let's see him over here along with Sanderson and Bentcliffe (so I'm entitled to dream once in a while).

Forsyth: Carnell buys only first English serial rights and reprints those stories which appeared in the U.S. of which only their first North American serial rights were sold.

Warner: At the possible risk of incurring someone's wrath I would have to admit that I have no particular leader. And taking the alien to a church wouldn't be much help either. (Merely, as an item of interest, our denominational newspaper serialized an article dealing with man's relations with God in the days to come when space travel would destroy some people's faith. At least, they're aware of the possible problem.)

Forsyth (again): To be slightly pedantic with you there are two American continents. So let's stop chasing each other around and admit that we are all of Earth (or are we?).



Locke: Are you actually paid only 4/- per day? Sture Sedolin mentioned that he is being inducted into the Swedish army at a pay of c. \$15/month. Just figured out my pay to be about 26/6 per day. Perhaps Bob Smith can enlighten us on the pay in Australia.

Weber: Congratulations on being the first person to comment on Cry #138.

Best,

Norm

AND SPEAKING OF BOB SMITH...

I Timor St., Puckapunyal, Victoria. Australia.

Dear CryEds:

Some comments on Cry 137: Atom cover was good, as usual. I prefer him in his more 'playful' moods. "TGCW" still the greatest; but John, surely it shouldn't be too hard to figure out the faults of one Wally Webber - just dip into recent issues of the Cry letter-col! //Goodness gracious, whatever can you mean by that? --FlawlessWalless// Les Gerber's "Lehrody" was quite amusing, and his letter on those frightful name puns was a dilly! A pleasant surprise to find Mal Ashworth in Cry; let's have more. Some good writing by Carl Marks. Terry Carr's "Fandom Harvest" was extra-terrific this ish. Name or no name, don't let Elinor get away now that she's in that column! How about: A DASH OF ELINOR? Piper was magnificent this time; the stunned expression on that female...! Reiss also good.

And now, THE MIND-ROTTING 'OL LETTER COLUMN!:

Art Rapp: having a decent standard of comfort is not necessarily "coddling", Art. I still say that the overall strength of your service would drop some if Ingersoll's suggestion were carried out. My objection is not towards tougher training; just that burning down all the barracks is not the answer. Heinlein's combat troops are "on the bounce" all the time. Okay; but the thirty-year man who considers the service his life, career, etc. would not go for it. He probably does any number of jobs, all of which Heinlein seems to classify as "noncombatant services," and this is the man I'm talking about. Heinlein's war doesn't stay "far-off, brush-fire" for long, does it? How about his destruction of Buenos Aires, San Francisco and San Joaquin Valley? The "franchise for veterans only" idea is great, in the system of Heinlein's novel, but would need extreme modification before it could even hope to succeed in 1960. You know, since that letter of mine in Cry 136 I've read "Starship Soldier" some three times thru, and plot or no plot it is entertaining and fascinating, especially to the man in the army.

Bruce Pelz: what's a kookie newszine? It's probably fairly obvious to all but Smith who doesn't follow the career of that TV oddity so named. Possibly because these days SF TIMES just Byrnes you up? //Say, you want the "puns" back in the letter headings?--WWW// No! Halp! I'm sorry! I didn't mean it...

'till the next Cry,

Bob Smith

MARTIN LEVINE, NEOFAN, REPORTS

40 Crestwood Place, Hillsdale, New Jersey

Dear Mr. Weber:

I have just finished reading Cry 138 -- or what I received of it -- and am mildly disappointed at the amount of gibberish I found therein, especially in the letter column. //You must be referring to Les Gibberish, that roach from New York. -- WWW// It being the first issue I've seen, my opinions may be of some clinical interest.

Aside from the cover, I found the most striking thing about the zine the absence of pages 19 to 22 inclusive in my copy. Like I know fmz are always having trouble with the Post Office Department, but with Cry's staples... Well, I can only assume that someone that someone in Seattle does not want such an impressionable young mind to find out what happened the night that Laney blushed. Please send me the two missing sheets so I might have a complete issue.

Berry, to a newcomer, is pleasant, but I must agree with Ted White that things tend to lose their impact the nth time 'round. I thought the "Stolen Idea" bit was light-weight material, and George Locke's piece only welterweight. I can't really comment objectively on the cartoon by J. Les Piper (ugh) because I didn't dig the joke and because I happen to think that Feiffer himself -- as Gilbert Millstein said in The Voice -- "is the most talented social commentator in cartoon ... known to our generation in the United States."



Buz's Blue Eyes & Bicycle was interesting and amusing, and Bennett's lawyers swing, but the lettercol -- Adkin's illo excepted -- was a drag. Might not more careful editing here cut down size while improving quality?

Yours,

Martin Levine

ARTHUR THOMSON, WHERE HAVE YOU BEEN?? 17 Brockham House, Brockham Drive, London,  
Dear Cry, S.W.2. England

Thank you for issue 137. I'll confess I have felt somewhat guilty in my lack of letters of comment to you. Of course there have been reasons, like Earthquakes, Fire and Floods, and major disasters. No, the Earthquakes etc didn't happen to me, but you know how these things are.

The Berry saga TGGW is a wonderful thing, and I'm glad that such a trip should happen to John. I would like to take this opportunity to apologise to you and to Cry readers for the lack of my illos, and the quality of those that have appeared in the TGGW. Unfortunately things have been rather complicated with illoing this, due as you know to deadlines and distances. John would have to send his monthly mss to Buz and then write and let me know of a few ideas he'd thought might provide illo spots, but most often by the time I got the illos back to him the deadline would be past. Also, I found it very difficult to work this way, from ideas supplied by John. I couldn't really get the feel of the story, and I have always found I did best if I had the choice of placing the illo spots. Thus I never really got going on the thing, much as I would have wished to, and for that, I'm sorry.

Pleased to see that you had something for the second time running by Mal Ashworth. MAL ASHWORTH WRITES GOOD---LIKE A TAFFMAN SHOULD. He also talks good, too! If you people would like to have a mental image of Mal you could do nothing better than imagine a younger edition of Orson Wells, particularly when Wells wears that fake straight nose in films.

Hey hey, I've been robbed...and of two pages of Burbee no less. Pages 19 to 22 are missing from my copy, wha happen?

Good to see Dan Adkins coming back into the fan field. I like his illoing style, even though he does tend to make his people a little stiff and static. Nice also to see so many fen rising to the defence of Ella Parker...though really she doesn't need them, from her own letter getting back at Weber. Look, I know Ella well, and it's about time you people really knew what and how she does look like. F'rinstance, she's a mediumly built, well stacked woman around ..um..thirteightish. Dresses well, and smokes cigarettes as if she'd just heard that they are about to stop making them. She likes Dry Martini for drinks, without lemon. Doesn't mind what she eats..within reason, and as long as it isn't breakfast...and, ghoddam it I just don't know the colour of her eyes though I'd guess a greyblue. //I think the middle one is red, Art. --WWW// She wears slanted spectacles and a quizzical expression on her face. She's outstandingly outspoken, a sort of take me as you find me attitude, and when she wants to, she makes you hear her. Inside she's very quick to take hurt, though she'd rather die than show anybody this. She has a heart of gold, and she hides this, but she'll coddle and help any new or young fan that visits or write to her, and help them as much as she can. I'd say that she's the patron..and figurehead of a goodly group of new younger British fen that have appeared in the last year or so. She's also somebody that can take a good joke and humour, and also a fannish chore such as a convention secretary and carry the job out well and capably without fading or throwing a breakdown. Yeah, for my money, Ella is alright...but don't tell her I told you so or she'll bite my head off for telling you. //Gee, Art, you can trust me not to let on to her. -- WWW//

Guess this is around the end of the paper. Just want to say that the Cry letter column is as wacky and scintillating as ever.

Best,

ATom



HARRY WARNER INCOGNITO

423 Summit Ave., Hagerstown, Maryland

//This letter was written on United States Senate Press Gallery stationary and was mailed in an envelope with the printed return address of the Porter Chemical Company from Hagerstown, Maryland. -- WWW//

Dear Baffled Ones:

You know who is writing this, but I'll bet that the postal inspectors don't. //Yeah the P.O. boys sure are a stupid bunch, aren't they Mr. Chemical Company? --WWW//  
Actually, I'm not as concerned about my mail as I was the last time I wrote. I'm just being melodramatic to prove that I know how to camouflage myself.

"The Night Laney Blushed" has been causing puzzlement, and has produced three hypotheses, which strike me as equally probable: you published on April 1 this time and wanted to have a fine bit of practical joking with all your readers; you really produced the pages containing that article and chickened out at the last minute because of whatever caused Towner to turn red; or you took pity on just me and sent me an expurgated issue, just in case my suppositions about the postal inspectors were correct.

I don't find the lessening appeal that others claim to have detected in Berry's odyssey. This instalment is slightly more unified and complete in itself than the preceding ones, and it benefits from that fact. Any misgivings that I have about it can be traced to the simple fact that I assume there's only one more to come, and nobody of equal literary ability is likely to have a trans-Atlantic trip to report in fandom for the next year or two.

The Locke and Ashworth items were equally wonderful to read. I suppose that Mal's made a trifle more impact on me, because it moves so rapidly and accurately toward its climax and stops when it gets there. George's seems just a trifle padded in comparison, and it's a shame that the comparison occurred, because George has a good, original idea and extracts full value from it. I couldn't enjoy the Falasca item the first time I read it, assuming that it was going to be another terrible pun; I was so relieved at the good punch line that I read it through again and liked it very much the second time. I am not one of those who revel in the variations on a gagline, unfortunately.

You Westerners just don't understand distances. For instance, Don Franson is scandalized because Pittsburgh is only 200 miles from Detroit. That's airline distance, and driving distance is 300 miles, but the further East you go, the more important the smaller distances become. Baltimore and Washington are only 30 miles apart, but Baltimore is in the western division of the National Football League while Washington is in its eastern division. As an added little fillip, Baltimore is 30 miles east of Washington.

I got a pang reading Betty Kujawa's letter. Some people in South Bend bought the newspaper for which I work. Unfortunately, they weren't the Kujawas. Just think what a fanzine we'd be publishing in Hagerstown, if the right South Benders had made that purchase.

Sorry, I didn't like the cover at all. It looks too much like the things that win prizes and bring big prices in art galleries these days.

Yrs., &c.,

Harry

BETTY KUJAWA, INCOMPLETE

2819 Caroline St., South Bend, Indiana

//Betty, your letter arrived with page one missing, and page two started off with, "next morning I was terribly ashamed of myself. Ten months later I changed my name and moved out here. But, geeeee, he was a livin' doll!" For gosh sakes, please send that first page!! -- WWW//

That was an unwrapped mummy on the cover--with friends--having a 'coming out' party?

Gee--does this mean it's the end of the Berry report???? //No!!!! --WWW// I, for one, liked the way it was done--this was no dry factual TAFF winner's report. This was a labor of love---and heartfelt bread-and-butter letter to a mess of ghodd kind souls from a gratefulffan. So there was no 'time' or retrospect involved--I could care less--this had 'heart' wid a capital "H". And I was living every minute of it with him.

Locke was marvelous--Locke always is in my estimation--I hope someday he will be up for TAFF--another fan who could write of the trip in a fine fannish and hularious way.



Speaking of TAFF---I think Maynard Krebs should run some time---there's a fannish type if I ever saw one. Course if he didn't appeal to the male fandom of England there is always Beverly Aadland.....

What I read of Buz's column I enjoyed (sob sob). And he's a moderately staunch Republican?? I KNEW I liked that man!! Tho I wonder what he left out of Nick's piece--it didn't offend ol Republican me, anyhow. In fact it was quite funny. Everybody engaged this springtime---BJO, Otto, Jeeves--who next??? (You???) //Engaged in fanac.--WWW//

J. Les Piper's cartoon was one of his best--wunnerful wunnerful! And then I come to your Minutes--what doings--what a group. And THEN the letter-col--aaaaah! And with me in it yet! (ooops! Forgot to comment on the Ashworth funny----I liked--I liked.) COMIC ART costs \$7.50--and to me it was worth it.

Agree with Harry Warner--Elinor should change her first name--thusly making it easier to think of a column title. So ok--so alright already, you ain't a chipmunk---I KNOW this now---Wrai sent a photo of you, Toskey, the other Wally and Berry. You're not a giraffe either----a fugitive from a mid-western basketball team perhaps, tho. EAT, Wally EAT---heavens!! Such thin ones they have out there on the north west frontier!!!

And I close with one heartfelt wish---ERIC BENTCLIFFE FOR TAFF!!!!!!

//You are confused. In reality, it's

Bye---

M A L A S H W O R T H F O R T A F F ! ! ! ! ! ! ! ! -WWW//

Betty

ELLA PARKER BARELY BEATS THE DEADLINE

151, Canterbury Road, West Kilburn,  
London. N.W.6. England.

Dear Weird Wally;

Hard as I've tried I haven't been able to get down to a letter until now so, if I have to pay for my next copy I'll grimace at you through clenched teeth. //Your letter was postmarked 5:15 PM Monday and it got here Thursday noon. I guess the Post Office didn't feel the world was ready yet for an Ella Parker grimace. --WWW//

As I did receive CRY I suppose I'd better make some comments on same so let's have at it. At first glance that front cover looks a mess. Now, I know sweet damn-all about art work but I know what I like and heavy daubs of black for no good reason don't come under the headings of things I care for! Looking closer and longer at the face of the woman in the foreground it is attractive, in an odd sort of way. The effect is spoiled by what seems to me too thin a neck column and too large an ear set too far back on the head. The more I look at that face the better I like it. Pity those details jar so.

Buz's page three looks almost empty by comparison with past issues, there's at least half an inch gone to waste at the top of the page. Fie on you Buz! I'm inclined to forgive you in return for the delightful word picture you paint of you and Elinor enjoying the sun. You and Rick Sneary both, make me wish for weather like that over here.

John's account of his wait for a taxi outside the air-port building makes me wonder how he'd make out trying for a bus in London's Oxford Street in the middle of a rush hour. People queue in an orderly manner until a bus hoves into sight. Then, what had been a mannerly bunch of humans is transformed into a mass of feet, arms, legs and even teeth in order to get at least a toe hold on the platform. Age, sex or physical condition are not considered in the scrummage. The conductor usually disappears under the feet of the horde never to be seen again until the bus reaches its depot.

I hope that when the book is being prepared you intend to tidy the text up a bit? Certain chapters and episodes were written in such a burst of enthusiasm he hasn't been as careful of the writing as he normally would be and those parts need tightening up. You would be doing him a disservice if these slight faults were to see daylight in the book version. //Ha! We'll be using the same stencils used in the CRY, so that even the few typos will be preserved. Only (and what do I mean, "only"?) an addition of more ATOM, illos, and a few other illustration-type material will be added. --WWW//

So, we have another alien on the loose wanting to meet our leader. Maybe because it followed so closely on the heels of Mal's this one left me cold. //It's just that you aren't a good Democrat, Ella. -WWW// Mal's item sparked off a discussion between Groves, Forsyth and myself. I posed the question: As SF readers and fans were we the more prepared to meet an alien without panic and quite without fear?



a terrific fight. No bones were broken but it could have been serious. Enough of digression and back to our mythical alien. //Ella, what happened to those three missing pages of your letter that had the rest of the digression? Please! -WWW//

Jimmy felt that if the 'thing' was obviously alien in shape his first reaction would be to run like a blue streak in the opposite direction, but he hopes he wouldn't go far before reason asserted itself and he could/would approach cautiously to Make The FIRST Contact. It would be interesting to hear from CRYreaders just what they would consider an alien appearance, discounting the obvious two heads and eye in the middle of the forehead concept. I can't imagine anything more horrible than an octopus. For some reason these things fill me with an unreasoning fear.

Now I'm going to carp at you Wally. Please what happens at Nameless meetings?? More detail, boy, NOW. //You mean you really believe in Nameless meetings? -WWW//

Ghod! CotR already. This is a glad day indeed; Weber has dropped the puns.

Betty Kujawa: I like your description of Wally as a chipmunk but to be fair I think his claim to be a giraffe will have to be allowed. Can't say I can imagine him with cute ears and giraffes do have cute ears; the long inquisitive snout, yes, but not the ears.

Hi rich! I've been sending you copies of ORION for the past year, but you never seem to stay put for longer than two weeks so I still don't know if you've had them. Yes, to be honest, I do miss Tosk. There was a caustic bite to Tosk's humour I very much went for. I don't think anybody else could have handled you in your "taking over the CRY" days as he did. He developed it wonderfully.

All for now. Love to the CRYgang who have done a good job of entertaining us for yet another month.

sinSERELY.

Ella S.C.o a W. (certified).

JAMES GROVES WITH HIS LEAD ORE  
Dear CRYgang

29 Lathom Road, East Ham, London, E.6. England.

I have a complaint. In issue 138 pages 19-22 are missing.

Cover -- hmm. It's a shock seeing a CRY without an Atom cover. I'd like to know more about the artist before commenting so as to avoid dropping any clangers.

George Locke's piece was good but it would probably make an even better tape.

Take me to your Leader indeed! What that poor alien is saying is Take me to your Reader. It's the only phrase he knows and he wants someone to give him an elementary reader so that he can learn more.

I see that George Locke has dragged my activities into the public eye so that I must act quickly to avoid any altruistic intentions being ascribed to me. The reason for that galena was that knowing that the Pen is always hot (you didn't know that Ella lives in a furnace did you?) and that galena contains both lead and sulphur I reckoned that enough sulphur dioxide should be given off to bleach all the ink within the room thus causing a certain amount of confusion and allowing me to cart away all her fanzines as waste paper, treat them to restore the ink and increase my collection at no extra cost.

Seriously though there seems to be growing up a whole mythos around Ella, created for the most part by the neos she has collected and bundled into the CRY lettercol. (We'll soon be calling her Myth Ella Parker).

yours til the next CRY

Jimmy Groves

DONALD W. ANDERSON, MEMBER - NFFF  
Dear Buz,

141 Shady Creek Rd., Rochester 23, New York

Where are pages 19 thru 22 from my issue? Now I'll never know about the night Laney blushed, or what deathless words comprised the first few paragraphs of "Bicycle".

Cover--Well, it is different. Personally I liked it, but my Mother-in-law feels insulted. She says that if you wanted to do a portrait of her for your cover, she had no objection, but the least you could have done was ask for a photo in order to get a perfect likeness. One more thing. With a little effort you could have made the zine name a little smaller. If there is anything I can't stand, it's those glaring titles.



THE WHITE FURY--I don't get the title association, but it matters little, this last bit is as enjoyable as the previous installments. I have a considerable let-down feeling but I think it's just because of knowing that the end has come.

WITH KEEN BLUE EYES AND A BICYCLE--As far as cutting Nick Falasca's piece, I can think of no situation quite as comical as a picture of good ol' Jayedgar with the pants kidded off of him. And I'm a Republican, too. (Y'mean there's another party?)

AN ELABORATION ON A STOLEN IDEA--It was humorous. What we need now is a piece on the Congressional hearings; who tried to bribe the alien; and that sort of thing.

AFTER YOU'VE GONE-- Fine, good, dandy. An entertaining piece of writing. Sandy for TAFF. //After MAL ASHWORTH has been to the Pittcon, of course. --WWW//

THE WELL ADJUST FAN--JOIN N3F, JOIN N'APA, they're all-encompassing. How do I know? Ralph told me so.

THE MINUTES--All I want to know is; if I send a box of cookies and a pound of coffee, can I be an honorary member of the Nameless Ones? //My gosh, that's all the equipment you need to start your own Nameless Ones club. --WWW//

CotR--They say that when you have been bitched at by Ted White, you've really entered fandom. Ted, I still think "it" was crud. If you ever get up my way I'll be glad to ~~discuss it with you over a drink or nine.~~ discuss it with you over a drink or nine.

Having talked the matter over with Big Brother, I am putting in a bid for the Worldcon in Rochester, New York, in 1980. Since I am too cheap to advertise in the local papers, I would like to take this opportunity to ask that any other readers of this zine from Rochester, please contact me, with the object of forming a fan club. With a half-million people in this city, there must be others. I hope.

Almost Sincerely,

don

WALTER BREEN WRITES AGAIN

311 East 72 St., NYC 21, N.Y.

Dear CRYminals,

Berry was Ghreat as usual, but this time he had (I fear) a little less to say than in some earlier installments. The account of the typer presentation ceremony was genuinely moving, though, and Berry did manage to communicate a lot of excitement near the end: "Mr ~~Ted's~~ Ted's Wild Ride" like.

So what if JWCjr did manage to graduate from Duke, Buz? For all you & I know, ~~John W.~~ John W. Campbell might have majored in parapsychology or tobacco auctioneering or something. And the mere fact that someone is dedicated doesn't prevent him from being a fugghead. Like f'rinstance the late senator from Wisconsin.

'Shiremen' sounds like as good a title as any for the Tolien fandom, if Taj ktp decide to agree with you about the need for a change of name. And I will gladly go along with you in "Gondor in 64" whether or not I can get there.

There ought to be a Toilet Roll of people who misspell the name of Donaho's zine, which is Habakkuk and a Ghood Thing.

Franson: I wish mundane were just a goddam hobby. Unfortunately when one has to work one day out of every four for Uncle, the MIJAGH idea gets forgotten pretty quickly. The MAD slogan "It's cracker..." is explained in TESSERACT 2. And if Wally still thinks it's censorable, he's crackers himself. //If it's in TESSERACT, it's censorable!--WWW//

Ella (no longer Cert.SCoaW) Parker: I guess it all depends on what Franson certifies you to be. Now if the certificate read Fully Certified Sex Maniac... (All kidding aside probably some stateside fen don't know that "certified" is British for "declared legally insane".) //What's British for being illegally insane? --WWW//

Raeburn: On the other hand, if Ezekiel Fringefan does win TAFF with the help of the Troetschls and Hartnetts etc., he is shutting out real BNFs who deserve to win and who might otherwise have gotten the benefit of what money the actifans contributed.

FISFF,

Walter Breen



GEORGE LOCKE JUST MAKES DEADLINE

85 Chelsea Gardens, Chelsea Bridge Road,  
London, S.W.1.

Dear CRY,

There is Something in the CRY that I must not see; Something on pages 19-22 inclusive, for they are not there. This means E--a P---r has been getting at me through you.

This is 26-4-60, back at Camp. Also brought CRY along with me, and me and the Corporal are reading it. The Corporal -- he's a case! They called him Corless at birth and the stupid nit never thought to change it. He said, gently, that he wanted to make a few comments. I said that as he wasn't a Donald Franson Certified Cry Letterhack, he could not. "You humble soldier," he snapped, and went into more detail, "I will comment on this CRY while you bull my boots." //That's what you wrote, "bull my boots." --WWW// "But I've got fanac to do," I protested, thinking of this letter. "You're fanac is my boots, tonight," he said. "Let's see," he muttered, and leafed through the zine...

The cover was not very good, the Corporal said. The Goon Goes West is perfect, right down to the last typo. The Confessions of a Faanithologist---You wrote this? Hey, lads, our little genius is a writer! Intellectual with a beard, too. Get a shave this lunch-time, or you'll be on a charge! And get a haircut! The Falasca piece? Quite good though it needed polishing. But who's Daddy Warbucks? //Buz says he's our leader.wv// Mal Ashworth's piece was very good. This is what faan fiction should be. Lettercolumn -- "It's crackers to slip a rozzer the dropsy in snide"? What does that mean?

"It's crackers (stupid) to slip (give surreptitiously) a rozzer (policeman) the dropsy (bribe) in snide (counterfeit money)."

That did it; I've got the letter back at last! Weber's scared we're taking over the CRY? If he knew our plans, he'd tremble. I think I'll detail them. I know sending it to //And at this point there are two important pages missing from the letter, by George! --WWW// and then Ella Parker, using a bottle as a stapler machine, and the decapitated corpses of the mangled former CRY staff as a carpet on which to receive the crudsheets. And if you think that description up there of Ella Parker gloating over the remains of WWWeber flapping in the breeze from a washing-line in West Kilburn is bad, ask Jimmy Groves, who's given up the meat-hook idea for something more subtle. Poor old CRY!

Time to knock off. All the best, TTFN, and Naafiatingly,

George

AND NOW THE WEALSOHEARDFROM GANG. DICK SCHULTZ sends 11 (!) typewritten pages of comment and has to mail it twice because the first time he left off the box number, and ends up here. Congratulations, Dick, on a new, all-time record! BRUCE PELZ writes again to say, "Don't bother with the missing CRY pages. I've persuaded Bjo to give me hers." DICK PHILLIPS, 21 Northwood Dr., St. Catharines, Ontario, Canada wants to find out how to go about contributing to a fanzine, having read about them in an old Imagination. P. F. SKEBIRDIS says CRY is a "compuscated machine" and it should repent. FRANK R. PRIETO, Jr. would like pages 19-22, and thinks CotR is second only to TGGW. ARCHIE MERCER says, "I believe in Andy Reiss," and claims he has been converted to liking the punny letter headings. ANDY REISS wants neater stenciling; how about neater originals, Andy? BILLY JOE PLOTT, JOHN BOSTON, W.M. HANLON (who read about us in New Frontiers), FORRY ACKERMAN, and NANCY THOMPSON send us lovely money. JEAN BOGERT enjoyed everything but pages 19-22, which was missing from her copy, and "Mr. Busby's 'personal' paragraph," which wasn't missing from her copy. DONALD FRANSON forwards a menu from Hal Lynch which advertises Sirloin snake, Fresh Cliches, Mousse Moose, Moose Mousse, and many similar treats. WWW

from: CRY

Box 92

920 3rd Ave.

Seattle 4, Wash. U.S.A.

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RETURN POSTAGE GUARANTEED

An inky number by your name is usually equal to the number of issues left on your sub. Lack of such a number means you got a free one or our pen went dry.

Dedicated to:

Ella Parker  
151, Canterbury Rd.  
West Kilburn  
London. N.W. 6  
England

