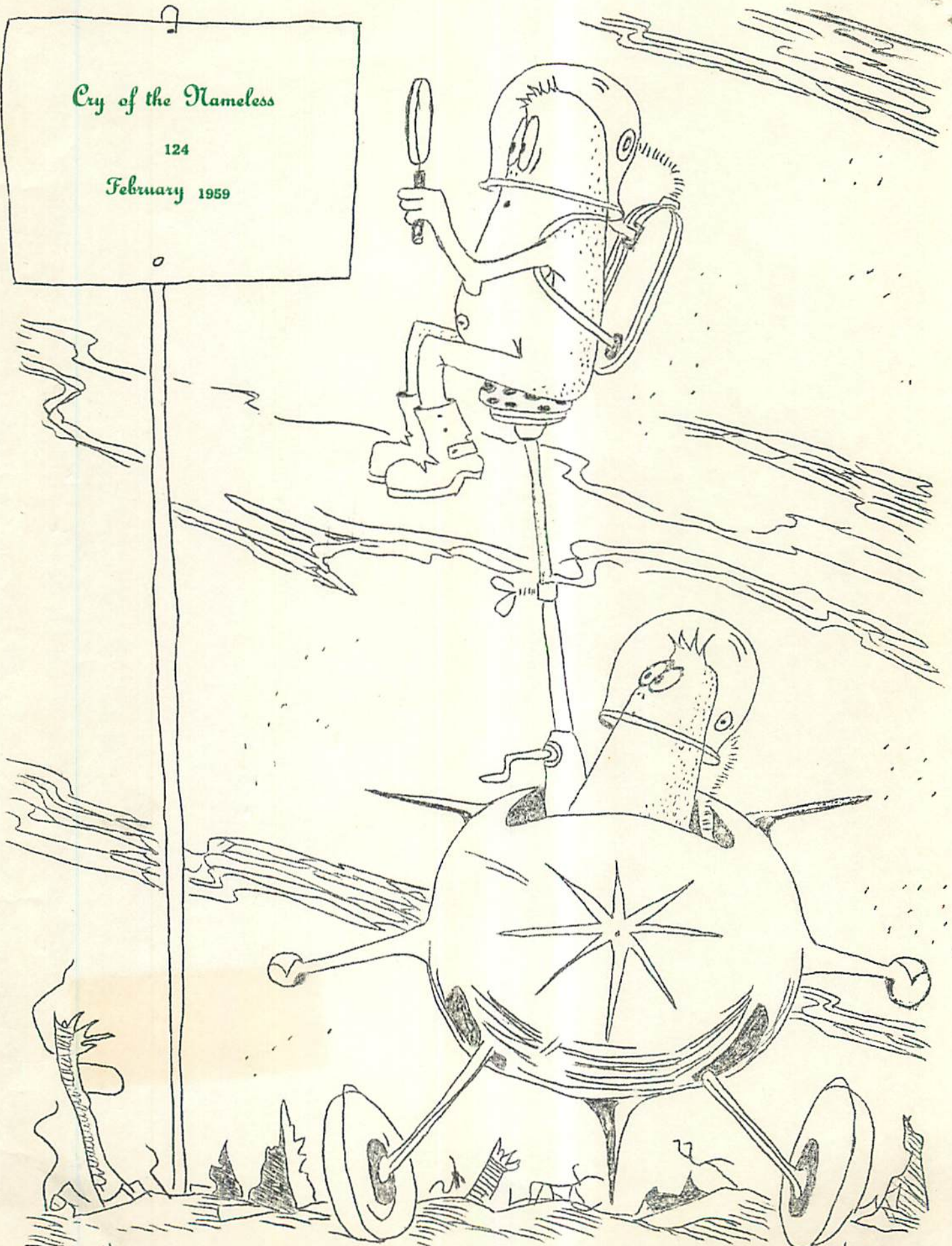


Cry of the Nameless

124

February 1959



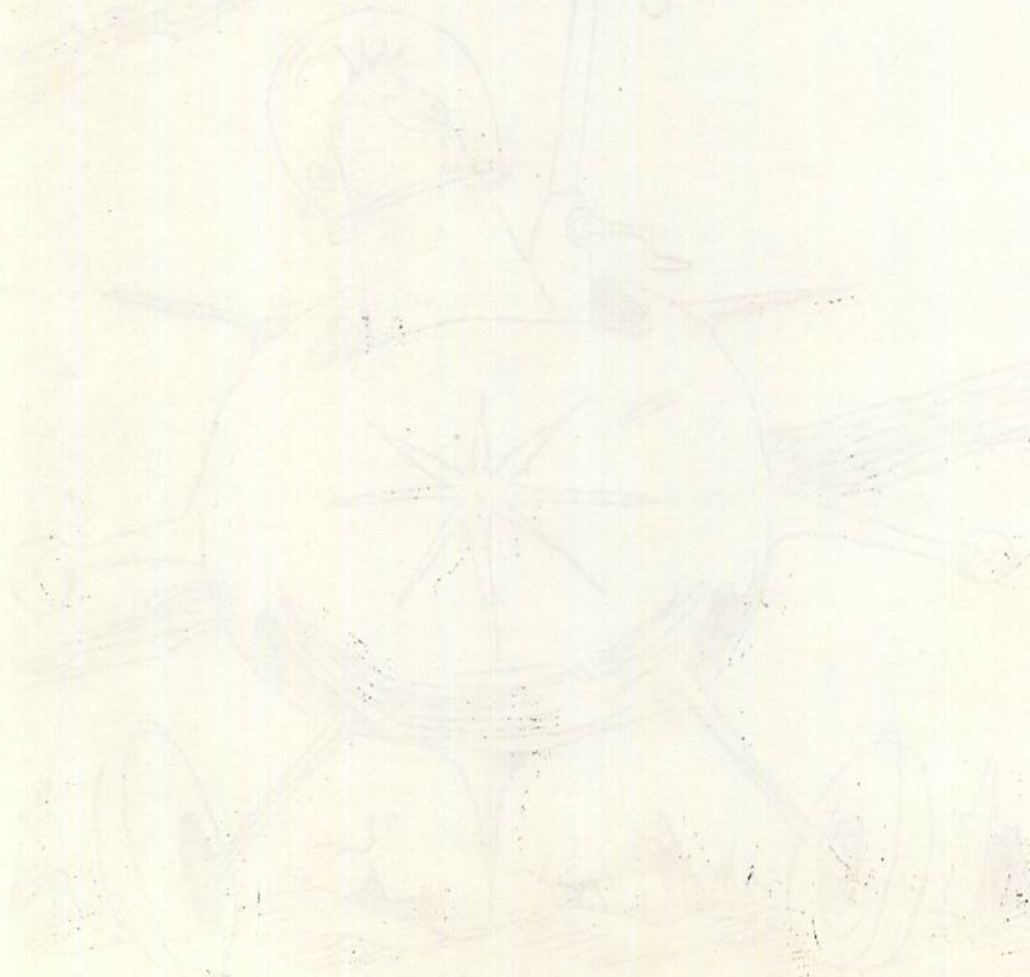
"AMAZING, XPRL, I DO BELIEVE IT'S IN ANCIENT TERRESTIAL SCRIPT!"

Atom

Copy of the Standard

124

February 1888



Well, it really is a problem, trying to figure out just what to call this 124th issue of CRY. It's not exactly CRY of the Nameless any more (was it ever?), and it isn't CRY of Nameless Anonymous either, strictly speaking. Read on.

The club, you see, has incorporated itself-- not as "Nameless, Inc" but under the off-trail, imaginative, jaw-breaking title quoted in the top line. So how can your friendly CRY-pubbers be "Nameless Anonymous" without a Nameless Ones club to be Anonymous from? A pretty sneaky way to scuttle us Insurgents, I must say.

Regardless of the name of this thing, it has a horrendous amount of

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 Art Credits: Adkins 29 34 40, ATom 15 17 26 30, Cameron 37, Kane 33, Moran 23, Me 2
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 ELINOR did 34 stencils this issue, & stencilled all the artwork including cover. WOW!
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 The Man at the Crank is B R Toskey. He is assisted by Wally Weber & Otto Pfeifer.
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Latest entry in the Fanthology Field is John Berry's "The Compleat Faan". Bound in semi-stiff covers hinged by an ingenious Goonvention so that the covers turn back nicely for reading, TCF is impeccably Gestetnered. Between those covers lie 50 pages of Berry at his Best: ten stories (five previously unpublished, & the other 5 from such various sources that you're not likely to have seen them all), John's 9-page title article, Berry Awards for various aspects of faandom, a through-going index of zines & people mentioned in TCF, and an introduction by BoSh. Great stuff.

Copies may be ordered from John Berry, 31 Campbell Park Avenue, Belmont, Belfast Northern Ireland. John has promised us some copies to sell at the Westercon, and no doubt would send some to persons ordering through CRY. He insists upon letting it go at the ridiculous figure of 35 , over my tearful pleas that he should charge at least 50 . All proceeds go to the "Bring Berry to Detroit" Fund, so it's perfectly OK to send bill(s) if you can't find change. Get "The Compleat Faan"; you need it.

= = = = =
 Rich Brown cornered the fanzine-review dep't this month. We like his title so well that we intend to use it (if we may, Rich) above all fmz-revoos printed, by whomever and his brother. And thanks to you others who sent reviews, also. Better luck next time.

Les Gerber must think we're mad at him, but we're not, really. His 2nd group of reviews didn't arrive as yet, and the faan-article is still in the "maybe" stack, aood out because we needed a one-pager rather than a two-pager to make even-pages.

After all I've said, some joker sent material with a note saying "If you don't want it, send it back", and not including return postage. At the time, we didn't quite know what to do about this-- we were all out of matches. So watch it. It's much simpler to keep your own copy of anything you want back if not used, but it is OK to include return postage and hope we don't lose the material; we often don't.

And in spite of all we could do, the CRY busted its 40-page corset again. (FMB).

The Science-Fiction Field Plowed Under

(with Renfrew Your Host leaning back on the handles)

Renewed appearance of British prozines is the major development in the Field, locally. Besides New Worlds, Science-Fantasy, and the no-longer-reprint British SFA, my dealer announces the imminent appearance of Nebula-- now I will finally see Walt Willis' fanzine reviews (a longtime wish). Anyhow, likely it's appropriate to start off with the UKzines this time.

New Worlds: two issues at hand, #78 (Dec) & #79 (Jan). For December, the zine leads off with the first of 3 parts of Lan Wright's "A Man of Destiny" ("..Man Called Destiny", that is), which has appeared here as an Ace pb, has been reviewed by me elsewhere (probably in Bill Meyers' Spectre)-- I'll stand on whatever I said at that time, especially since I haven't reread it in this serial form.

"Signora Porfiria", by John Ashton, is a gentle, cultivated sort of thud-and-blunder piece on time-travel-- a different treatment of an older theme.

Robert Presslie's "Another Word For Man" skirts the edges of "religious stf", but not from the direction that has prevailed in US stf of late-- in this one, the religionist learns something for a change, instead of merely convincing everyone else that he and he alone has been R*I*G*H*T all along. A healthy variation.

"Year 102 A.F." (Roger Critchley) is a short article on Freud and his basic theories as opposed or differentiated from the popular idea of them. Interesting.

"Incentive", by Brian Aldiss, in a story of humanity wavering at joining a Galactic Federation, builds upon the "lemming" analogy but comes up with a most unexpected explanation. This one is on the powerful side, for concepts.

"The Still Waters" (del Rey) is, from our viewpoint, reprint material. It's the one about the elderly couple with the beat-up spaceship, In The Bind; it is not practicable for me to dig out the US appearance, this month (everything is a mess around here)-- I'll just guess that it appeared between one and two years ago.

New Worlds #79 (Jan) continues the Wright serial, and goes on, like: "Insecurity Risk", by Dan Morgan. Here's a "3 Laws of Robotics" story with a murder-by-robot to be solved. There's an added simplifying gimmick: robots can be deactivated, wiping out their memories (this simplifies the plot, not the problem). The answer is what you might expect, but is pretty well handled.

"The Unbeaten Track" (Aldiss) is a Gestalt-piece. Man in here finds a couple of his co-parts, and it goes along, but I'm not sure that I get the ending.

Agberg's "In Gratitude" is the one about the woman who had herself 32 kids from one ovum, brought 'em up according to her own ideas (her very own ideas), and reaped the harvest. Appeared about six months ago, on this side, maybe?

Kenneth Johns' "Outward Bound" is Part 4 of a series of articles. This part deals with the effects of High-G on the human body, and what to do about it.

"The Right Ingredients" (Geo Whitley, or if you like, A Bertram Chandler) is a little what-if that deals with many things. Not the least of these is the hallucinogenic mushroom, which figured in a Chandlertale last month or so, also.

"For the Colour of his Hair", by Arthur Sellings, revives the idea of mutant supermen being preceded by a sort of pre-superman; the superkid has troubles.

Science-Fantasy #32 (Dec): John Brunner's "City of the Tiger" starts off as a most intriguing Unknown-type fantasy; perhaps it is a little more sophisticated than the average UNK leadpiece; you should pardon the heresy. Personally, I was somewhat disappointed at the windup, with its thorough uprooting of built-up story-values, even though the Schmitz "pyramid effect" was worked into it. And the second switch, in the final paragraph, is artistically successful, but depressing. Too deflating.

"Who Steals My Purse.." (Clifford C Reed) gives the perfect solution for the inventor saddled with a greedy promoter-type. No significance: just good sport.

From F&SF, I think, is Silverberg's "The Man Who Never Forgot". I'm not sure, and anyhow, it's time to dig out another stencil. Don't go away.

(more on Science-Fantasy, from the UK)

Bertram Chandler's "The Underside": well, we have some mental time-travel, and racial memories, and a touch of Don Marquis, and it's sort of faannish, actually.

"Beware!" (E C Tubb) is another story that prompts a reference to Unknown, and then the afterthought that here's something a bit sophisticated for that legendary zine. (If I already used "sophisticated", make that "advanced" or something.)

Arthur Sellings' "Limits" leads me to believe that eventually I will have to get off this easy kick of referring to Unknown, every time a good fantasy piece comes up, and start evaluating the things on their own merits. Unfortunately, I've never been much of a fantasy buff, except spottily; this is one of those spots.

Robert Presslie's "Ladies' Man" is one of those offbeat satire-type hunks that got Galaxy off the ground so well in its early days. There are a few lapses in the author's handling of the horseplay, but it's mostly fun.

To clarify: I would rate New Worlds in the upper group of stfzines, along with aSF, F&SF, SFS, Galaxy, and Future (pardon the pooping out of the underlining on the long lists of this sort). Science-Fantasy has no present-day US counterpoint and is not exactly equivalent either to Unknown or to Beyond— I believe it will be a Good Deal for aficionadoes of either of those. Can't compare it with Fantastic, as I haven't read that one for some years, long before Fairman left Z-D. (Don't intend to, either— I'm not getting paid for this, you know.) SFA seems to be something on the order of its US counterpoint, on the evidence of the one issue reviewed last month— toward the top of the second-run zines such as FU, IF (dk's 3 issues have been an improvement, but the trend is not yet, if IF holds up), & Satellite. The bottom row, as I see it, contains SSF, and (as always) Z-Dzines, although the latter have been a lot better since Fairman left, from the 2 or 3 I've seen.

New Worlds is monthly; the other two are bi-monthly. Sub rates are \$5 and \$2.50 per year respectively, from Nova Publications Ltd, Maclaren House, 131 Great Suffolk Street, London S.E. 1, England. These rates are rather high, due to postage, and I won't be subbing as long as my favorite stand sells them for 35¢ per issue.

Satellite, Feb (first large-size issue): several lettercolists wonder why this zine was not reviewed last month; couldn't I find it, they ask? It's this way---

According to the date pencil'd on the contents-page, I purchased the issue on Dec 24th. I listed it on the log-sheet for review in CRY #123, and even read it, somewhere along the line. And here is where the confusion comes in-- due to the new large size, Satellite was not in the to-be-reviewed stack of prozines when it came time to write the latter part of last month's column. It was, I discovered today, in a stack of recently-received fanzines, miscellaneous mundane zines, bills I don't want to pay just yet (I'm only joking; I don't want to pay any of my bills just yet; not just the ones in that stack), etc. And when I finished the stack of prz-for-rvw, I grabbed the logsheet and checked off everything on it, without looking, apparently. I trust that this explanation will suffice. It suffices me well enough.

The zine, itself: J F Bone's "short novel", "Second Chance", puts Boy and Girl in a superduper alien setup with deserted city, robot brain (sort of), amnesia that is slowly relieved thru flashbacks, and Sense of Wonder up to the clavicle. Not bad.

Asimov's "A Statue for Father" is a short time-dredge piece with a good hilarious windup, the sort at which the Good Doctor excels.

Sam Moskowitz discusses the stfnal side of the works of Sir Arthur Conan Doyle.

I don't know why it should bug me so much when an editor tries to make it look as if reprints were a big fat juicy extra bonus-- like, wow. But it does-- calling the reprints "Dep't of Lost Stories" and blowing a large trumpet only seems to stir my hypercritical tendencies to do their worst. In this issue, "Abductor Minimi Digit", by Ralph Milne Farley, is (in spite of the Sturgeon testimonial-blurb) more buildup for less payoff than I have seen in years. Now, being as it's legal to give away the plots of reprints, turn the page and got this:

(Satellite's over-blurped reprint-dep't under the plow)

our hero accidentally learns of a usually(?)-atrophied muscle, called by the title of the story, which will (if in operating condition-- his isn't) will move the little toe out away from the other toes. This changes his entire life. Nothing will do but what he must recapture the mastery of this atrophied muscle; he spends hours at it each day, and logs his progress in his diary. Put your shoes back on, now that you have found whether or not your Abductor Minimi Digit works (mine do; both of them). Anyhow, after he moves his toe (the right one), he suddenly decides that it's not much of a jump to lifting paperweights by mental power. However, when he goes to try it, he goes nuts and scares himself to death. I told you to replace your shoes.

Second reprint is Leiber's "Mr Bauer and the Atoms". This is from 1946, and is one of several that deal with people who are scared of the A-bomb and suddenly come to realize that they themselves are made up of ATOMS. Yeah, he does.

Chad Oliver's "From Little Acorns" is built on the rather illogical premise that it is OK for Man to settle worlds without land-animals (vertebrate), but that Man must move on if the amphibians start crawling out of the water to live Landside. It is very good with the conflict and human interest, but the Drawn Line was too arbitrary, for me, to put the pitch across.

Dal Stivens' "The Chicken-Hearted Ghost" is pretty well summed-up by the title. "The Forsaken Earthman", by William Lindsay Gresham (the "Nightmare Alley" boy), concerns a Marginal Man: an Earthman^{deserter} who marries an amphibious Canal-dwelling Martian girl, fathers children who take after their mother, and is more or less barred from both Earth and Mars cultures. His life is not too happy, as you might expect.

Science Fiction Stories, March: I get the impression, from the austere cover and the schedule-switch to allow bi-monthly publication for the next two issues, that the stf side of Columbia Pubs is in hot water; I hope this is incorrect, as I rate the Lowndeszines rather highly for personal enjoyment, on the long haul.

Kate Wilhelm's "Project Starlight" leads off: title, blurb, and opening sequences make it clear that here is another way for the Enlightened to trick the Fugghead Politicians into space-travel, whether they will, or no. It's ingenious enough.

"Spaceman's Delight" (Bertram Chandler) is an inconclusive story, dealing with the keepers of beacons in the asteroids, their needs for hobbies, the problems of married couples on such duty, etc-- good punchline, but leaves the story amidships.

Editor RAWL wants opinions on covers in general and this one in particular. Well, I like it OK, as a cover; I'm just worried, as above, about the implications.

Joseph Ferrell's "Time Bomb" is a fast-action suspense-shortie on Overthrowing the Alien Overlords, with a nicely-chosen gimmick.

"The Smoke of Last Rites" (Geo W Maki) observes how the primitive natives bow to the arrogant Earthmen-- like, they duck at the right time.

In Part 3 of "Caducous Wild", the action is tempered by considerable soul-searching (is killing ever justified?) by the beleaguered protagonist, and by one of the most effective episodes in the story to date: at the mercy of the Mercifuls (euthanasiacs who kill anyone in pain or emotional turmoil, to put an end to suffering), our little group of refugees parries words with an implacable old bitch who killed her own husband and who would kill a child rather than let him go to an orphanage-- the i.o.b. has the gun, naturally. This story would be the better for more of this background-expansion, and a helluva lot less Chase.

Good issue of SFS; it would pay to buy these Lowndeszines and help keep them going-- their folding would be a great loss to the stf field at large.

Astounding, Feb: Begins, a 3-parter: "The Pirates of Ersatz", by Leinster. It starts off with a li'l bit of a "Citizen of the Galaxy" routine-- that is, we have views of 3 separate cultures in Part One, plus a vaguely-beneficent Interstellar Diplomatic Service, which appears to be devoted to encouraging rebels to give all kinds of hell to governments. Well, it certainly does march, to date.

"The Soker and the Stars" (John A Sentry) makes its point so implicitly that here's a case where the "lookie, lookie" blurb is justified. Good piece, here.

(more on aSF, Feb)

"Hi Diddle Diddle!", by Cal Knox, uses a Space Station (oops, make that a Lunar Base) for the setting of the perennial crisis of the potentially-fruitful Researchers (of the most pure) under the imminent axe of the crass politicians. On the surface, this tale is one of the better of its ilk, but py damn I doubt some of the ways that the characters let this situation come to a head at the author's whim. Fun, tho.

"Accidental Death" (Peter Baily): told by the sole survivor of a first stellar trip, this tale of possibly alien-induced misfortune has a stinger at the end.

Frank Herbert presents "Missing Link", a satisfactorily suspenseful bit on how to cope with the more haughty-&-hostile type of aliens, to best mutual advantage.

If you've seen Leonard Lockhart's previous story-articles on Patent Law, I won't have to spread it all out to describe his current "The Professional Touch". If you haven't seen them, I can only say that one of Lockhart's earlier jobs "described" the way the Patent Office would react to an application with regard to the artificial creation of human infants, and will mention that there is never a dull moment.

Sky Miller has more space than usual, for book reviews, and makes good use of it.

Fantastic Universe, Mar: "The Number of My Days", by John Brunner, pivots a tale of rugged interplanetary-beach-heading upon the gimmick of an actuarial system so advanced that the number of deaths from a planetary-engineering job can be computed in advance. The gimmick is weaker than the story it supports.

Bob Silverberg's "His Brother's Wooper" is one of the low-keyed stories that some people gripe about in Galaxy: guy is missing due to matter-transmitter foulup; his brother goes to wind up the deceased's affairs but instead gets wound up in them. Force-fields give way to farce-fields; ending is inconsequential but who cares?

Lester del Rey says we're stupid to be going to the moon. So who's going?

Dean McLaughlin presents "Interview With An Open Mind", proving that Santesson can take a ribbing on Saucers and even pay to print it. Good men, the both of them.

Evelyn E Smith's "The People Upstairs" goes along with an alien-agent tale for most of the wordage, but suddenly bangs us up against the conformist fetich with a bit of a wrench. There's more to it-- this is a very good item.

"Derelict", by Stuart Palmer, has the Alien Invaders lose through misunderstanding, once again. The Aliens are heavily overdrawn; maybe this guy is kidding, huh?

"Plan S for Conquest" is credited to an "Erthro Eljons" and is concerned with an overall Galactic Empire or reasonable substitute, all out to conquer Everybody. It seems that humanoid females elsewhere in the Galaxy are sexually approachable only at rare but regular intervals; Galactic males are geared to this, so Earth is a somewhat strenuous Paradise. (No, I'm not giving away the plot-- there is none.) The ending doesn't matter much either, unless you're a Galactic.

"Cocktails at Eight", credited to a pseudo called Beth Elliot, is less a story than a futuristic Mars-side women's-magazine inspirational article. No condemnation is implied; this one is simply not a story with a plot and all that.

Editor Santesson's "Universe in Books" is becoming more and more an editorial-substitute, and this is good; ol' Hans has a nice touch. Reprinted is a letter from Harry Harrison (he says that fandom is D-E-A-D because faans didn't discuss stf at Philly last fall). Also, there are announcements of just about all the big and little Cons yet committed to announcements-in-print, and a perceptive "How come?" on the Moomaw suicide. I'd like to see more editorializing by this editor.

Robert J Shea's "Requiem for a Dryad" brings that mythos into logging country, adding romance but nothing much for the upbeatnik.

"Trap for the Bleeder", by John J McGuire, is as routine a murder-on-Mars piece as the title would lead you to believe.

I wish to hell there would be enough longer stuff in FU to knock the contents-page down by at least three or four items. (continued on next page)

You can't make a Berry pie in Detroit without d-o-u-g-h: send your loose loot to Nick'n'Noreen (2N) Palasca, 5612 Warwick Drive, Parma 29, Ohio; be representative!

Super-Science, Apr: billed as the "Special Monster Issue!", this zine, lacking any editorial word whatsoever, looks pretty damn sad; actually, it isn't even a solid Monsterpiece. Cover notwithstanding, inspirational as it is.

Dan Malcolm's "Mournful Monster" is about 80% jungle-struggle, and reads as if the sympathetic monster had been editorially inserted. This particular concept has quite a lot of emotional whammy, properly handled-- I hate to see it loused up.

"The Abominable Creature", by F X Fallon, features an amoeboid mimic (carnivorous, of course), and comes up with a predictable awful-awful.

"Vampires From Outer Space" (now bi ghod there's a thoughty title for you), by Richard F Watson, is actually one of those interstellar murder mysteries, and only included in the All-Monster series by way of desperation.

"The Hugo and Hideous Beasts" (who is the under/sung genius who thinks up those titles?), by James Rosenquest, has whole paragraphs of literate prose all strung together to give the impression of science-fiction in the modern mode, but it never does come off-- the windup is stolen from so far back, you wouldn't believe me.

"A Cry for Help" (Eric Rodman) has a very thin gimmick: aliens leave a robot on board some c-t planet, to catch explorers (ccccch: explorers) and send them home, only hypnotized so's they can't tell what happened and all. Think it up!: can you think of anything less efficient? Apparently the author couldn't.

As you may have guessed, I don't care much for this zine. I am even more bugged at the backcover-ad. To wit: these bastards are selling a "genuine duplicate" US Army "exploding hand grenade" for one dollar. "Really scatters the gang when you throw this baby in their midst"-- that's a solid word-for-word quote. "It's completely harmless", they say-- I challenge that statement. The knucklehead who scatters the gang I'm with, with one of these \$1 bargains, had better leave town. I've seen this crap pulled with deactivated for-real grenades, a few years back, and I will assure you all that the results are by no means funny-- especially when they come home to roost: like, if you throw one and don't get away before the gang re-gathers. By me, anyone who places or runs this ad is scatophagous all the way; any wise questions? I don't ordinarily get this badly steamed-up, but any scathehead who buys or sells phony hand-grenades for practical-joking purposes, deserves whatever stomping he may get. And I'll be glad to help, if asked and available.

Galaxy, Apr: Contents-page shows a 49-page novella, 2 novelets (22 & 30 pp), five shorts totalling 58 pp, 16 pp by Ley, and 4 by Gale; oops, 5 pp of editorial, in which more opinions are wanted and in which Bruce Pelz is quoted by name. Yes, I'd say we have 50¢ worth of stf here. Now let's look at it.

Dan Galouye's novella, "City of Force", concerns aliens who wipe out our cities, build their own from mentally-controlled "force-stuff", will not communicate with us, but allow us to infest their cities in a status similar to that of rats or cockroaches in ours. Like, they see you, they step on you. Nevertheless, many humans live in the City of Force, because it's the Soft Life if you're fast on your feet. So enter our hero, from the Woods Tribes into the City. His mission: to try to communicate with the aliens and prove to them that we are Intelligent Beings. The treatment of his adventures is imaginative and interesting, save for what is to me an excessive amount of description concerning the colors and motions of "force-stuff"-- this sort of things abounds in early stf (Morritt, for instance), and does not go over with me because I cannot visualize it from the author's words and follow the plot at the same time. Actually, Dan'l doesn't go overboard on this kick as badly as some have. Well, as mentioned, this one goes along and is of interest, and it has a good windup, too, except for the coincidental singularity of the hero's achievement on such short notice (don't jump to conclusions, here; I'm not either giving away the tagline).

"Security Plan", by Joseph Ferrell, is a for-fun time travel piece, a shortie.

Willy Ley's article on the Atlantic Missile Range (Canaveral) is the usual good lively Ley treatment-- informative but never, never dull.

"The Bitterest Pill" (Fred Pohl) is also strictly for fun and also short, but is concerned with supermanship via Total Recall Pills & a newly-rich bereaved nephew.

(about halfway thru the 2nd 196-page Galaxy)

"Kingslayer", novelet by J T McIntosh: here's a good version of the Earthman in trouble on an alien planet due to differing laws & conditions-- it's for-keeps but with the light touch. Unless you're all hopped-up on Significance, it should suit you.

Avram Davidson collaborates with Laura Goforth on "Love Called This Thing", an all-out whimsey about an amorphous asteroidal intelligence who receives Earth TV and becomes eager to join us here. Materializing as a human at a TV quiz show, he moves right into life-as-an-Earthman. But all his ideas stem from the teevy, remember? You may think you can imagine what this does to his behavior, but better read it...

"The Sweeper of Lgray" (Finn O'Donovan) is another of these deals in which the Earthmen outsmart the Simple Natives just once too often. This one is done nicely.

Somebody is pressuring Floyd C Gale to shape up, and about time. This month, slightly over half of his column is devoted to adult stf, though some is nominal.

Like Avram Davidson, Cordwainer Smith is sort of "averaging-out" into the Field. His "When the People Fell" has echoes of the wild mutancy of "Scanners Live in Vain", and carries a current sensation (the unbelievable callousness of the Chinese Communist regime) believably into the future, but it is not up to his top items: "Scanners", "Rat and Dragon", and the recent item about the space-captain's wife. However, it would be considered quite acceptable from anyone who had not written the items named; I am only sorry to see brilliance descend to mere excellence.

"The Man in the Mailbag" (novelet by Gordon R Dickson): here we have the super-human human up against the supersuperhuman alien, more or less-- what does a good Earthly athlete do against an alien duellist who outweighs him four to one and is by no means slow on his feet? Good answer, and lots of good sidelights, in here.

As mentioned, unless you're hipped on Significance, this zine has fun for you.

Satellite, March (this one didn't have time to be buried in The Stack): well, loading off is a "short novel", John Christopher's "A World of Slaves"-- it seems that Our Friend the Lobotomy Case is writing titles for Editor Margulies, as well as for others in the Field-- this title is wholly inaccurate, as well as being trite-sounding and ^{unfairly} indicative of a potboiler to follow. The human race, as it happens here-- in, are not slaves at all, but rather are tolerated as game-animals and experimental specimens running wild, by an overgrown computer (home-overgrown, by the way). From there, it goes about as you might expect, except that Christopher is more literate.

This large size is for the birds-- it's very difficult to keep on a small table along with a throbbing typer-- keeps falling off. Curse you, Leo Margulies, sir.

Der Moskowitz discourses this time upon one Cyrano de Bergerac, an individual whose life and proboscis (probocsis?)(NOSE, dammit) inspired a play by the same name. It seems that the guy was quite a stfnist in his own right, and a fannish character like unto Harlan Ellison's daydreams. Somebody beat his head in at an early age.

Stanley Mullan's "At Your Own Risk" varies the "Analogue (conscience)" idea with surgically-imbedded conscience-buttons that can pain and even kill if the wearer goofs off. Hero has one, and amnesia also, to top it off. Of course, there's a gimmick-- isn't there always? This one does not quite make par for the motif.

The Big-Deal Reprint Dep't has Sturgeon's "Cellmate" (Weird '46) and Bradbury's "The Handler" with the same copyright notice. Sturgeon deals with a really creepy mutant (or possibly alien-- in fantasy, you don't gotta say), while Bradbury tells of the comeuppance of a sadistic undertaker-- with a rationale that's weak even for fantasy-- the corpses come out & tear him up, just - like - that. Both of these tales are good enough to see an original appearance at this time. I guess I'm griped at all the horn-blowing for Weird reprints, from the guy who owns all the reprint rights. And I'll admit that this is silly; it is perfectly OK to reprint economically. I just wish the editor would tone down his horn a bit; it would all go down more easily.

Cordwainer Smith's "The Nancy Routine" (the man is becoming prolific): this one deals with how-to-keep-the-lonely-spaceman-on-the-rails, and is a right-angled variation to Sturgeon's "Bulkhead". Yeh, Smith is Averaging-Out, unfortunately.

"They Live Forever" (Lloyd Biggle, Jr) deals with immortality and such, and is the best (and last) item in the zine. This one, you really should read, ol' buddy.

F & S F, March: I have always considered Heinlein's "By His Bootstraps" to be the definitive Time-paradox story; now, I'm not so sure, with the same author's "All You Zombies", in this issue of F&SF. Mainly I am not so sure because I simply do not dig all the implications of this story just yet: it is somewhat on the order of Fontenay's "Z", but more specific on the details and more cryptic on the Significance.

Isaac Asimov (who outvotes any five Leading New York Doctors, in my book) discusses vacua under the title of "Nothing". If you undig exponential notation, learn it.

"The Shoreline at Sunset" (Bradbury) is very explicit as to the exact happenings in the story, but is pretty fuzzy as to (1) rationale, and (2) all this here deep meaning that is all-over hinted-at but never dredged up for scrutiny. Like, I don't see why Joe Prohann has to make a mermaid plausible, while Ray Bradbury can simply dump one in our laps, and be applauded for it. Also, I miss the Deep Point of why Tom and Chico are doomed to live down on the beach by themselves forever (no, Tom brings girls down there every year). I would appreciate anyone's giving me the Big Pitch on this story, but until I get it, I am not convinced that Bradbury has done an honest job.

Zonna Henderson winds up the "People" series with "Jordan", here. I think the popularity of this series is a good answer to "whither the Sense of Wonder?"-- each of these stories has been solely concerned with the conflict between the ordinary and the extraordinary-- there has been absolutely no attempt to explore the possibilities of the miracle-side, beyond that necessary to establish its fictional existence. As in this story: the Home is characterized as a Dull Utopia, and we are off into a cloud of conflict between that and good ol' unpredictable Earth. The Utopia being a straw-man of the most inflammable, there is a sort of ho-hum on the hero's decision. Utopia makes no points on its own; it has the hero's sex-object and that's all. Pfoo.

"Of Time and Cats", by Howard Fast, utilizes the theme of "My Name is Legion" (I've looked that one up once this year, and that's plenty, especially with no light and/or heat in the Fend on just now), but flubs it by assuming that one of the loop-backs can cancel the further effect by independent action. Now look, Howard, you good old investigator whatever-you-turned-out-to-be, keep your gimmicks straight, please. Author has a good touch if he'd only think his gimmick out all the way.

Algis Budrys' "The Distant Sound of Engines" is strictly for poignant-- there is the major promise, and then there is the narrator as a doomed hospital case playing the counterpoint to the effect that it doesn't make any difference what you have to say-- you gotta say it.

Avram Davidson's "The Certificate" is a commentary on the Ultimate State. Yeh, go ahead, you yahoos-- vote some more for Bigger Benefits.

"3-Dimensional Valentine" (Stuart Palmer) is corny. The gimmick is good, but the misdirection is strictly paattycake. The plot is too fragile to subject to our usual Mixmaster treatment. Over-anthropomorphism, is one of the words. In other words, in spite of its good points, this one is just too damn cute.

Poul Anderson's novelet, "The Sky People", is a fine blend of Action and Ideas. After lining-out a strange and fascinating post-atomic world background, Poul gives us action by the bucketsful, but saves a meaty concept for the punchline. Sehr gut.

"Will You Wait?" (Alfred Bester) is a short-snorter on selling one's soul to a Devil who has gone Madison Avenue. Maybe the New York business world is Hell.....

Despite some of the slams, this was mostly a good-reading issue: on the rapid scan for comments, the boo-boo's stick out more, is all.

The column seems to have expanded itself this month-- more zines, of course (11), but also more tendency to ramble than there's been for several months. It takes very little loose chatter to build up the pages-per-zine average from, say, $\frac{1}{2}$ -page to more like $\frac{2}{3}$ or even a full page (this time: 11 zines, 7 pages). If the other dep'ts all turn up, and we have some good contributions, and a stack of good letters, it becomes very difficult for our poor editors to hold the CRY down to a manageable size. So I will try to watch it in future, more. Some days, though, comments just won't boil down to size very well. And as the Plow sinks slowly into a swampy patch, we take our leave.

SHAKESPEARE ATTENDS THE SOLACON

"Mercy o' me, what a multitude are here."

HENRY VIII, Act V, Scene 4, Line 71

"Such a noise..."

HENRY VIII, Act IV, Scene 1, Line 71

"The little foolery that wise men have makes a great show."

AS YOU LIKE IT, Act I, Scene 2, Line 97

"I was never so bethump't with words"

KING JOHN, Act II, Scene 1, Line 466

"Happy are they that hear their detractions, and can put them to mending."

MUCH ADO ABOUT NOTHING, Act II, Scene 3, Line 248

"It is the disease of not listening, the malady of not marking that I am troubled withal."

HENRY IV, PART II, Act I, Scene 2, Line 139

"Let's fight with gentle words."

KING RICHARD II, Act III, Scene 3, Line 131

"Mark now, how a plain tale shall put you down."

HENRY IV, PART I, Act II, Scene 4, Line 285

"This is fery fantastical humorous."

MERRY WIVES OF WINDSOR, Act III, Scene 3, Line 181

(He missed most of the official program):

"I leave out ceremony."

THE WINTER'S TALE, Act IV, Scene 4, Line 526

"It is a custom more honored in the breach than the observance."

HAMLET, Act I, Scene 4, Line 15

(Yet he attended the masquerade....):

"Here come a pair of very strange beasts."

AS YOU LIKE IT, Act V, Scene 4, Line 36

"It is the green-eyed monster."

OTHELLO, Act III, Scene 3, Line 165

"I have mark'd a thousand...apparitions"

MUCH ADO ABOUT NOTHING, Act IV, Scene 1, Line 160

(...and the auction...):

"I can get no remedy against this consumption of the purse."

HENRY IV, PART II, Act I, Scene 2, Line 265

"What prodigal portion have I spent that I should come to such penury?"

AS YOU LIKE IT, Act I, Scene 1, Line 41

(... and concluded:

"This day deserv'd...that it in golden letters should be set."

KING JOHN, Act III, Scene 1, Line 84

Bruce Pelz

FANDOM HARVEST

BY TERRY CARR

As I pointed out last month, there have been quite a few fan-projects in publishing lately, ranging from THE INCOMPLEAT BURBEE to a forthcoming volume on the late E. E. Evans (which will not be under the aegis of Forry Ackerman, as erroneously stated last month, by the way: it's a genuine Walter J. Daugherty project). Most of these publishing projects are strictly fannish in nature, and it leads me to think that the shift lately toward fannishness in fandom (a comparison of today's fanzines with those of five years ago would surprise most of you) may well lead to some very worthwhile work in the field.

Fannish fandom, after all, is a wide-open subject for conscientious writers. There have been some awfully fine things written in the fannish vein--THE ENCHANTED DUPLICATOR immediately springs to mind--but for the main part the genre of fannish fiction is still unexplored.

By fannish fiction I mean, of course, fiction about fans. The stories must be about situations and problems encountered only in fandom, much in the same way that a science fiction story can't be a transplanted western, but beyond that there are no limitations: the story can be serious, humorous, tragic, whimsical, or whatever you.

As I say, there have been some very fine things done already in the genre. Burbee has done "Big Name Fan" and "I Was the Captain of a Spaceship," Boggs has done "The Craters of the Moon," Vince Clarke has written several Gus Bickerstaff stories, and Art Rapp has created the character of Morgan Botts. But in all of these, the resources of the narrator's art have been delved into only superficially. Morgan Botts, for instance, stands out as the only memorable characterization of the lot.

Larry Stark has written a good deal of what he terms "serconfanfiction," and Ted White and John Champion are currently working on a long fan-piece. I've tried working in this genre myself quite a bit recently, with such Carl Brandon stories as "The Cacher of the Rye," and with stories under my own name, such as "The Fan Who Hated Quotecards." But these are only the beginning steps toward The Great Fannish Story. Someday we may be reading a piece of fannish fiction with fans as real as you and I and Carl Brandon, with real narrative interest, meaningful problems, and all the humor and pathos of real life.

I'm looking forward to it.

A couple of months ago, at Forry Ackerman's birthday party, I was talking with Rick Sneary. A crowd milled through Forry's house eyetracking prozines, original paintings, and Trina Castillo, and Rick stood to one side watching them.

"You know, Terry," he said, "I've just realized that I've become a member of the Old Guard."

I stared at him, awestruck. Ever since I've been in fandom, Rick Sneary has been a name to conjure with to me, and to have him say right out of a clear blue sky that he was just realizing his venerable position croggled me.

"Why, ten years ago," said Rick, "I was the president of a fangroup called Young Fandom. Now there's a collection of my fan-writings in print, South Gate in '58 has come true, and new members of LASFS wonder who I am when I make it to a meeting."

"That's fantastic, Rick," I said, and fell to wondering when that horrible feeling would come to me, when I would suddenly realize that I, too, was a member of fandom's Old Guard. After all, I entered fandom at the age of twelve, and here I am married and turning twenty-two about the time you read this.

We never finished our conversation, though, because just then somebody came by and wanted to know who Earle Bergey was.

John Berry's piece in the last CRY sets me to thinking. Now, fannish fiction about the future offers many amusing possibilities, and Berry is doing a good job with them. But quite aside from the humor of the situation, it's rather fascinating to contemplate seriously the future of fandom.

Fandom has changed greatly over the years, from the International Scientific Association and the Science Fiction League to FAPA, SAPS, OMPA, and the Cult. Fifteen years ago, Tucker was considered something of a roué because he poked fun at fandom and science fiction in LE ZOMBIE—today Sam Moskowitz seems terribly old-fashioned with his methodical articles on science fiction and its fandom.

It seems certain that fandom will continue to change as the years go by. Space flight is coming in, the science fiction field is changing, and fans' tastes in fanzines and conventions too are changing.

The trend seems to be toward fannishness more and more, but this trend could change direction or even reverse at any time. Fan history, like all history, is difficult to prophesy, but it's just as interesting.

Will FAPA grow old and die? Will the N3F ever amount to anything? Will SCIENCE FICTION TIMES ever fold? Will G. M. Carr turn atheist in her old age and plunge all fandom into war? Will Leslie Gerber become book reviewer for Astounding?

What do you think?

I continue to think of Burbee's article two issues ago in CRY. Not just because it was about me, mind you—it had Ron Ellik's name in it more than it had mine (three times more, to be exact). I am becoming cynical about Burbee's assertion that I control 90% of fandom.

You know, maybe it's Burb who controls 90% of fandom. For instance, he certainly seems to control me—I even write like him sometimes. (Burb recently said to me, "Terry, I really like to read your material, because I always like my own stuff, and you write just like me. And I don't have to write it myself, which makes it doubly enjoyable.")

On the other hand, I don't write as well as he does, so maybe he's got a faulty connection in that god-circuit of his.

Yes, that must be it. When Miriam and I were in Los Angeles over the holidays, Burb said he was giving up on me because since my engagement I hadn't been giving the proper fannish responses.

He said, "You know, you're getting married just before the FAPA deadline." And I said, "Why, that's right—I'd forgotten when the FAPA deadline was."

"Everyone knows when the FAPA deadline is!" he snorted at me. "Which is more important to you, anyway—your wedding date or the FAPA deadline?"

"My wedding date," I said.

And he shook his head sadly and said I wasn't the same any more. "There's no excuse for it," he said. "After all, I'm engaged to Miriam too, you know, and I don't act the way you do!"

Burb has a faulty god-circuit, I say. It's the only explanation I can think of.

We're taking a poll of fandom now in FANAC, asking people what they thought were the best fanzines of 1958, the best fan writers, the best new fans, and so forth.

The other day we got Don Ford's votes. He voted for Ron Ellik and me as the best new fans of the year.

"It's not too surprising," said Ron. "After all, Ford is mostly a convention-fan, and we're mostly fanzine-fans. Maybe he's never heard of us before. After all, some wit once remarked that Don Ford wouldn't know a fanzine if it bit him in the leg, and he probably wouldn't know a fanzine-fan either."

"Well," I said, "do you want to take off for Cincinnati and bite him in the leg?"

"No," said Ron. "But I'll tell you what--we could put on a skit at the Detention. No dialogue--Don Ford would walk on stage, and we'd follow him and each bite one of his calves.

"I can see the title in the program booklet now," he said. "A skit, by Ron Ellik and Terry Carr. Cooperation by Don Ford. Bandages by Band-Aid."

I suppose many of you know that I'm standing for TAFF this year. As I write this column I don't know who all else is standing, except a gal down Los Angeles way called Bjo.

Now this is somewhat of a strange situation, because Bjo and I are good friends and I can't bring myself to write anything about her which would sabotage her campaign, as logic demands. How could I write, for instance, that Bjo is an overbearing, tyrannical slavedriver? I couldn't say a thing like that about her, even if it is true. (Why, I was just reading some LASFS minutes written shortly after Bjo took over as Director of the club, and Acting Secretary Alex Bratmon referred to Bjo as "...our new Director--or Dictator, as she pronounces it...") Nor could I tell about her nasty temper, of how she infuriatingly turns the other cheek and smiles whenever I insult her.

No, I couldn't write nasty things about Bjo; I like her too much for that. Why, whenever we see each other we're constantly talking over campaign slogans for each other, for ghodsake.

For instance, Ron Ellik and I went down to L.A. awhile back to go to Forry Ackerman's birthday party, where Bjo was acting as a hostess. The day before the party we were all talking about campaign slogans while Bjo tried to get over a bout with the flu so she'd be okay for hostessing.

"Our slogan," said Ron, "is going to be, 'Vote for Terry Carr---He's a Good Man.' Let's see you make that statement!"

"Hmmm," said Bjo, pursing her lips. "How about, 'Vote for Bjo---She's a Bad Woman'?"

"Omighod, she's got us beat, Carr," said Ron.

"Unfair!" I said. "No fair using sex!"

Well, Bjo's health improved sufficiently that she was able to make it to Forry's party, where she ran around ~~bossing everybody~~ overseeing matters and carrying on a friendly feud with Bill Rotsler, one of my chief seconds. Bjo and Bill were drawing cartoons on a lo-o-o-o-o-oong strip of paper which when finished was strung along the wall all around Forry's front room. The rivalry between Bjo and me being a subject of conversation there (Forry is one of Bjo's nominators), several of the cartoons dealt with that.

Rotsler started it with a cartoon of J. Everett Osborne holding a sign saying, "Vote for Bjo, She's Been Sick."

Then a little later he drew Miriam holding a sign saying, "I'm voting for Terry Carr for TAFF".

Bjo drew herself stalking away from Miriam, muttering, "Hmph! She would!"

Bill countered by drawing an open manhole under Bjo's outstretched striding foot, and a sign nearby: "Caution, Fen Working".

This sort of thing went on intermittently all night. Rotsler, who loves to draw cartoons on exposed skin-area of females, wrote TERRY CARR FOR TAFF on the back of one of the female guests. She spent the next half-hour asking who in the world Terry Carr was, until we were finally introduced. "I just like to know whose name is written on my back," she muttered.

Al Lewis, who was taking photos of the party, took a picture of Bjo sitting on my lap. "This'll be great publicity for both of you," he said.

"Yes," I said, "this is the way I like to campaign. It's certainly better than kissing babies."

"But I'm afraid if Miriam ever sees it you've lost her vote," said Bjo. That stopped me.

Well, the weekend went on, and just before we left, Bjo said to Ron and me, "By the way, Robbie Gibson gave me the perfect campaign slogan."

We looked at her warily. "What is it?" we asked.

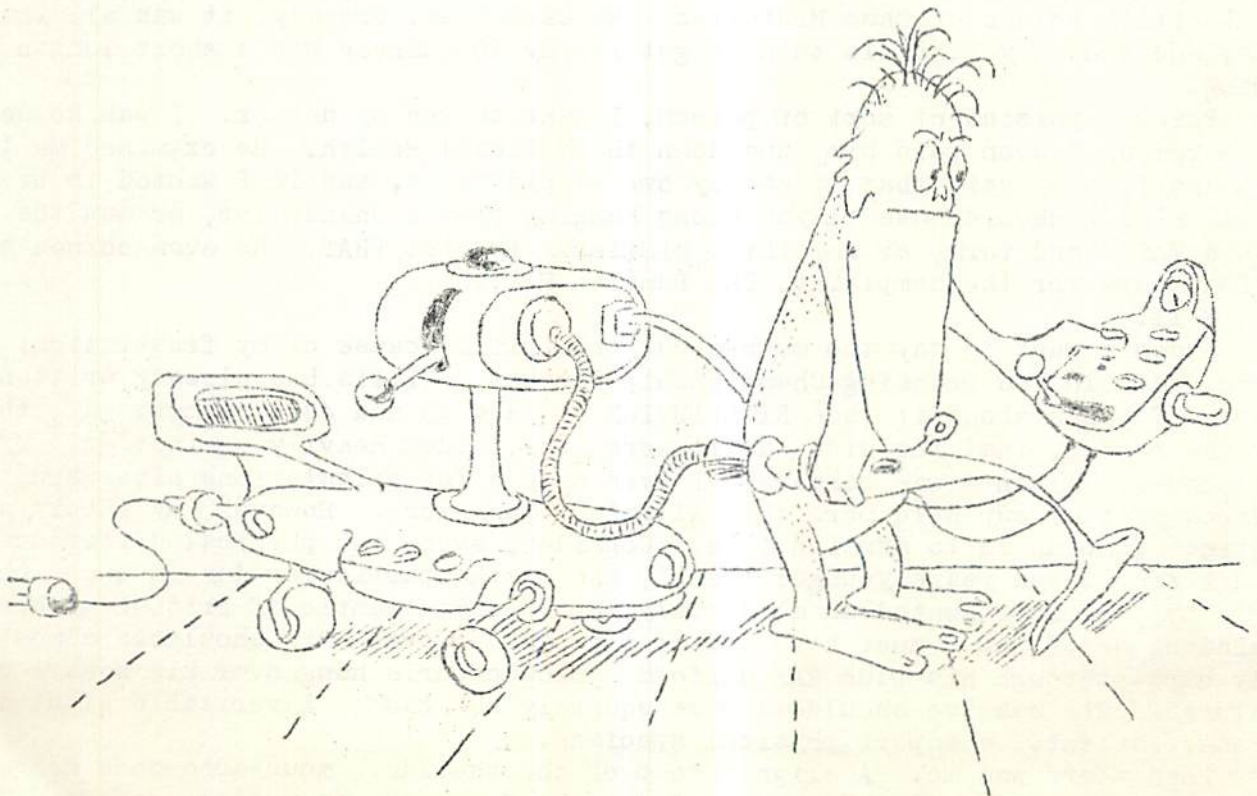
"I Dreamed I Went to England In My Maidenform Bra," said Bjo.

I looked at Ron. He looked at me. "Oh Ghod, Carr, you're dead," Ron said.

So I have been driven to the wall. Unable to beat Bjo fairly, I'm going to have to write nasty things about her. Mean, low-down, insulting things.

And I will. Just as soon as I can think of some. Watch this space.

--Terry Carr



CHAIN REACTION

JOHN BERRY

I wake up without fail every morning at 3:37 AM, and think about Don Allen.

In case any potential Laney (R.I.P.) should peruse that opening sentence, let me plead with him not to sniff disgustedly and pass on to the other goodies in this fabulous issue of CRY, but to continue reading this factual narrative. Particularly, I want the men in my office to read this.

It is my belated explanation.

Heck. It all started so simply. One of the chaps in my office said he suffered from insomnia, and spent all his time thinking about Marilyn Monroe. Another connoisseur said he frequently awoke during the night and thought about Jayne Mansfield. Not to be outdone, I burst out excitedly, "Huh, that's nothing. For the past year I've woken up at almost exactly 3:37 AM every night, and thought about a young chap in the R.A.F. named Don Allen."

This shook my co-workers. There was a deathly silence. I immediately saw I had blundered, and started to stammer and stutter an explanation, but, as one, everyone in the office nodded their heads up and down understandingly, and tiptoed out, muttering something about... 'I wonder what section that comes under...'

In order to vindicate myself, therefore, and as Allen is undoubtedly to blame, I claim space in this issue to put the matter squarely before my critics.

Because I admit it. Every night, I do think of Don Allen at the time stated. Every night. Every single night. Every single blasted night. Sometimes, when the strain is too much, I even scream out the name 'Don Allen' at the top of my voice, and the decibels fight their way out of the house and into the street and the cold pre-dawn air gives them a chance to really let themselves GO. I shouldn't doubt that some men in the neighbourhood who carry on such occupations as milk-roundsmen or newspaper deliverers actually wait for the agonising cry of 'Don Allen' before they yawn and streeetch and get out of bed to prepare for another early start.

Naturally, I sought advice from my psychiatrist. He seemed most interested in my story, and, although I don't want to boast about this, I am on pages 307 to 491 in his fifth volume of Case Histories. He said that, frankly, it was all in the mind, and the only tangible thing I got for my 20 guineas was a short length of string.

Being a persistent sort of person, I went to see my doctor. I was so desperate for a remedy I even paid him, and damn the National Health. He examined me thoroughly, and finally said that it was my own stupid fault, and if I wanted to be an exhibitionist I should have played chess hanging from a chandelier, or dug the garden with a knife and fork, or something similar. But not THAT. He even coined a new medical term for the complaint, The Dunalan Flit.

Hell.

I don't want to say too much about the initial cause of my frustration. It was during a World Tea Drinking Championship Contest. Willis has already written up a couple of pages about it (see RETRIBUTION 6, page 43 and 44). I must say, though, for the record, that the dice, as it were, was loaded heavily against me. My cup was convex. Allen's was concave. I even made a few calculations afterwards and discovered that my cup held more than Allen's...much more. However, my inborn sporting instinct forbids me to mention this. Consider, even, the physical difference between us. Allen is ten years younger than I, and on the particular day in question, in early '57, he represented an absolutely magnificent example of British manhood... reminding me of how I must have looked a decade before. His shoulders almost literally burst through his blue RAF uniform. Blonde curls hung over his square cut features. His massive shoulders were squarely set back. A veritable giant of a man. Strong...silent...a superb physical specimen.

Then there was me. A slight stoop of the shoulder, moustache-ends hanging over the lapels of my jacket, hair receding at the forehead, my muscles soft and flabby.

It was fantastic to see Allen holding a delicate Dresden cup in his ham fist, quite in contrast to my great effort in attempting to hold the mug in both hands.

Madeleine Willis poured the tea in our cups with monotonous regularity. Allen had merely to quaff his minute drop of liquid, whereas I was forced to pour gallon after gallon of Willis Home Brew down my gullet. Allen, as Willis rightly pointed out in his report, had been training for the tea drinking contest on NAAFI tea. This gave him a terrific advantage.

After two hours of mental and extreme physical torture, I reached to 20th cup, and, even surprising myself, drank three more to make an unbeatable world record. So I thought.

Allen calmly directed Madeleine to squirt the tea in the general direction of his cup, and with no visible effort at all, drank the 24th and ultimate cup as though it were a mere thimbleful.

The human body is surprisingly strong. It can withstand many rigours and strains. But it is bound to crack when a really murderous stress is inflicted on it..and on this Sabbath, my bladder reached its maximum powers of endurance.

AND IT'S NEVER BEEN THE SAME SINCE.

At 3:37 AM every morning, or maybe a few moments before or afterwards, I wake up. I throw the sheets back, and muttering under my breath stumble along the corridor. To give vent to my feelings, I scream 'DON ALLEN' just once. Never more. Just once. I stagger back to my bed, my eyes glazed, and ponder at my lack of control. And it's the same every night. In the dead of winter, when it is so cold I have to send the children downstairs to collect the mail from the hallway every morning, I still follow the beaten track along the corridor to the toilet for my nocturnal visit. My knees knock together like castanets, but I have no recourse but to perform my nightly perambulations. In the summer, when it's really HOT, so hot, even as to dehydrate, my journey is really necessary.

The Dunalan Flit.

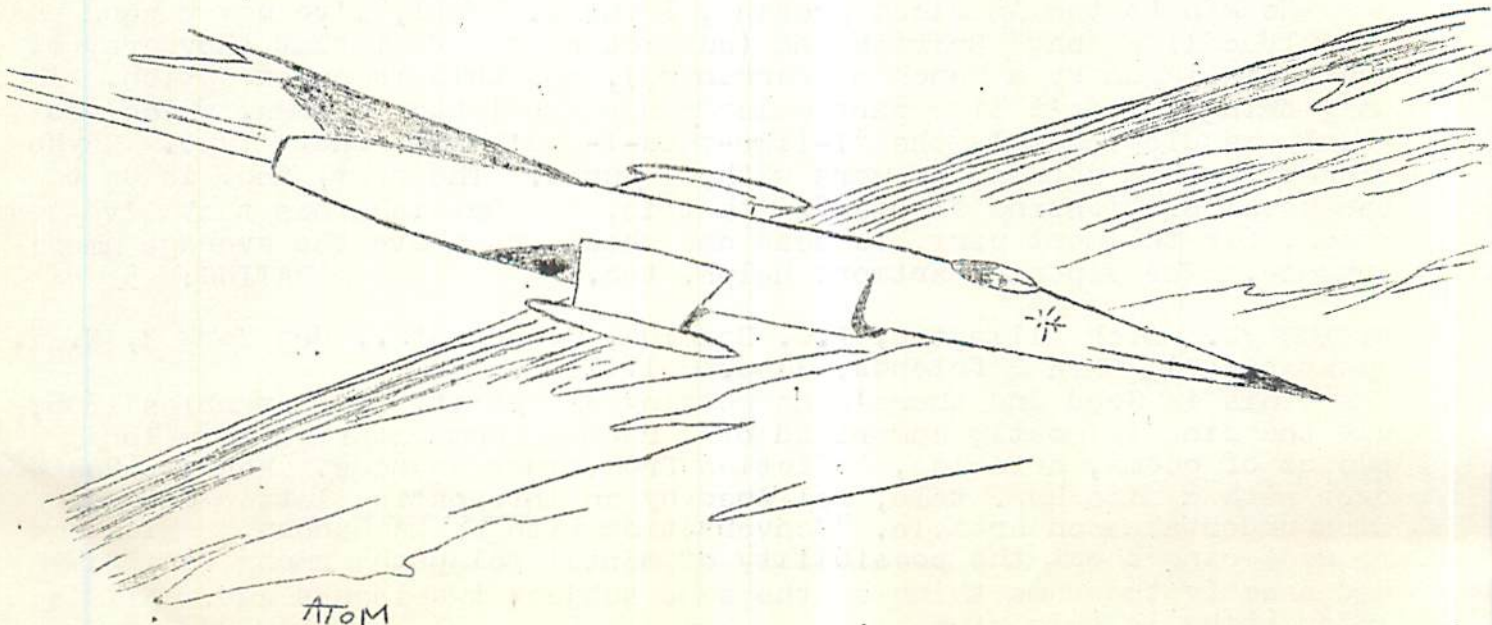
I feel proud and not a little humble at having done a little to assist the world of medicine. I feel that...oh, damn.

It's not only at 3:37 AM I'm affected, you know.

Suffering catfish.

"DON ALLEEEEN."

.....



ATOM

CRYING OVER BENT STAPLES

RICH BROWN

VARIOSO #17, John Magnus, 2712 N. Charles, Baltimore 18, Md. 25¢ or 6/31, Six-weekly(?), 24pp, mimeo, 8 1/2 x 11.

This isn't worth 1¢ a page. I don't think any zine is. But VARIOSO, (previously VAMP, previously SF) is one of the few serious zines that is well worth reading. Magnus, for instance, writes a 4 1/2 page editorial that is interesting for 4 1/2 pages. Completely free of the I-have-a-story-by-so-and-so-and-I'll-have-one-by-you-know-who-in-the-next, and yet nothing is stretched beyond its worth, either. "Harmony," Jim Harmon's column of some ten years (starting in PEON back in '49) is continually interesting. A mediocre (for VARIOSO) column by Marian C. Oaks (Marian Cox) and two other articles (on SPACE JOURNAL and SPACEFLIGHT, respectively), of which I think at least one was supposed to be funny, end up the ish. All in all, a damnably fine mag.

But not for 1¢ a page.

RATING: 7

1959 FAN CALENDAR, "Inchmory," 236 Queens Rd., London S.E. 14, England. Yearly, I guess, no price listed, 14pp., mimeo.

I think I get it because I'm in OMPA, but it doesn't say, so I'm not sure. ((Ours came with H. P. Sanderson's APE 6. EB)) However, if it is obtainable, then get it before the supply runs short. It's put together imaginatively (with little metal rings thruholes that are punched in the paper, rather than staples); mimeographed in a thoroughly beautiful shade of blue; and illustrated as only ATOM can illustrate. (Now, Art, how about those illos I asked you for?) One thing, tho: in the SPECIAL DATES section, it mentions when OMPA (the British APA) was founded, but left out SAPS, FAPA and The Cult, the American APAs. Bah, prejudice, tha's wot it is.

RATING: 6

SATELLITE, Don Allen, 314a Cumberland St., Gateshead 8, Co. Durham, England. Quarterly (?), letter-of-comment, 30pp, mimeo.

No kin to the American prozine, I guess. Well, I've never seen what I would call a "bad" Britishzine (outside of the fact that they are, of course, all run by a bunch of furriners), and this is no exception. The only thing I didn't like particularly was the letter column, which was poorly handled; mostly the "I-like-this-I-don't-like-that" type. Maybe the editor had nothing to work with, I dunno. The rest, tho, is up to the usual Britishzine standards (that is, the Britishzines that I've seen), which, for the most part, is head and shoulders above the average American one. The superior artwork helps, too.

RATING: 5

FIJAGH #2. Dick Ellington, P.O. Box 104, Cooper Stn., New York 3, N. Y. Quarterly(?), OMPA & friends, 34pp, multilith.

This is Good and there's no getting around it. Dick rambles 15pp, but the zine is mostly comprised of a running commentary & many long quotes of poems, articles, & fiction from other sources. Berry takes over with a nice 4pp. tale, followed by an interesting letter column. Dick undertakes an article, "Conversation with Nello Sanban," which set me wondering about the possibility of mental telepathy among fens; Busy did exactly the same thing on the same subject two issues ago. All is interesting in this zine.

RATING: 8

GAMBIT #25, #26, #27, #28, Ted White, 2712 N. Charles St., Balto, Md. Fairly frequent, free, 26pp, 2pp, 4pp, 10pp, mimeo, mimeo, ditto, ditto.

GAMBIT #25 is a general-sized zine, with the same old Impeccable Ted White repro, the same old mediocre Ted White writings (tho the bits on Thelonious Monk might be of interest to jazz fans), the same goodish lettercol (in the same microscopic eye-tearing type). Oh, and Ron Parker (please, Ron, if you'd fork over the \$5 I wouldn't mention it anymore) has a fairly interesting article, too. Anyway, the zine's free, and worth it. GAMBITS #26, #27, and #28 are the usual thing, written all by Ted White. Now, here's the thing that bugs me: Ted White says he is tired of being a Fabulous Burbee-like Character and that he isn't going to strain himself and write any more Fabulous Burbee-like Material. At this I wonder, "What Fabulous Burbee-like Material?" It's possible that he might mean those stupid, inane conversations, the over-emphasis, those boring little vignettes...could it be? And laying aside the fact that I don't think writing those...those...things...would be any strain to even an idiot, I'd like to ask, "Just who thinks Ted White is a Fabulous Burbee-like Character?" Outside of Ted White, I mean. Yes, Ted White, you're really doing papa Harlan proud.

RATINGS (in order): 4,3,2,3

PROFANITY #4, Bruce Pelz, 4010 Leona St., Tampa, Fla. Irregular, 15¢, 32pp, ditto.

This is still not a Really Good Zine, but it's constantly improved since the first issue. Bruce is a talented editor, and with maybe a little more to edit, he might come forth with a really good zine. At long last, it seems that the material is starting to catch up to Bruce's fillers in quality; columns (two) by Alan Dodd, fmz reviews by Bob Coulson (who is among the best in fandom), book reviews by Al Andrews, another biblio compiled by Bruce (this time of Fletcher Pratt); and a humorous science fiction story by The Goon. The repro is a little spotty, but, like the rest of the zine, constantly improving.

RATING: 4

THE SICK ELEPHANT #4, #5, #6, George Wells, Box 486, Riverhead, N.Y. Fairly regular, 10¢, 10pp, 12pp, 20pp, ditto.

And this certainly isn't worth a cent a page, either. There's really not much to say about these: poor reproduction, and occasionally something worth reading. The editor wants subscriptions or trades, and won't give free issues for letters. In fact, he states that he doesn't want comments. Hmmp. Though I don't agree with his policies, I must admire him (most neos are so afraid to do anything that no other fans seem to be doing). Unfortunately, that's all I can do for him, admire him.

RATING: 2

PSYCHOTIC #25. Dick Geis, Apt. 7, 19 Wave Crest Ave., Venice, Calif. Irregular, free, I guess, 2pp, ditto.

Now, don't get excited. This is subtitled "A letter from Geis," and that, basically, is what it is. Geis isn't interested in science fiction or fandom anymore, and he wants to depart, taking along fans of his or their own pornography. That's all this is, a call to pornography. Way back in my neofannish days (which wasn't too far back, admittedly), I heard about the PAPA and thot, boy, if I ever get a chance to join that, I really will, by George, and publish fanzines with all sorts of MANA-type quotes and MANA-type words that Will Shock Everyone. Well, I'm still the type who uses, if not MANA-type words, the type of words that Will Shock Everyone...but I'm not interested. If you are, well, write Geis and maybe you'll have fun together with this glorified sexual substitution. Bah--fandom for fans.

RATING: 3

ATAVISTA #1, Curtis D. Janke, 1612 S. 7th St., Sheboygan, Wisc. Irreg(?), FAPA and w/1, 9pp., mimeo.

This is mostly wild, FAPA-type chatter, produced entirely (as far as I can see) by the editor. This isn't just mailing comments; it's just nice, easy words put together in a nice, easy way; one which, I think, nearly everyone would be able to enjoy. RATING: 4

NEFFAN NEWS SERVICE, Stan Woolston, 12832 Westlake St., Garden Grove, Calif. Nothing on schedule or price, 2pp., mimeo.

The idea is, I think, that news items are sent to Stan immediately and he will run them off and send them to fan-editors, so they can use them in their zines. Somehow, I don't know why the news shouldn't be sent straight to the fan editors who need it, like FANAC...but otherwise, it's a good idea. And unless it comes out regularly, it won't beat FANAC anyway. Despite the title, there's little about N3F in this.

RATING: 3

TWIG #13, Guy Terwilloger, 1412 Albright St., Boise, Idaho. Monthly, 15¢, 40pp., ditto.

This issue features, mostly, two long pieces of fiction; by Ric Adams and Guy Terwilloger (7pp and 8pp respectively); both are a bit style-conscious, Adams' piece suffering a bit thereby, the cause being that the style fogs up the idea. There's a cute article by Don Franson (reviewing "MacBeth" as tho it were science fiction) and a fine article by Dick Lupoff. Belle Dietz has an Open Letter To Fanac. I didn't read it. I don't give a damn about the WSFS either way; only one thing has really angered me (Walt Cole's asking fans to tell the solacon committee to back the WSFS in the suit) in this thing, but I won't go into that. Well, anyway, I kind of like TWIG; also like the way different things are tied in with the title (Branches, Shavings, Leaves--fmz revocs by Dan Adkins whom I definitely don't agree with, Scaled Bark, Sawdust, Foliage, Seeds, etc.); a mite corny, perhaps...but I like it.

RATING: 5

SCIENCE FICTION PARADE #8, Len Moffatt, 10202 Belcher, Downey, Calif. Stan Woolston will edit the next issue: address above. Quarterly(?), Price(?), 8pp, mimeo.

Mighod. Compared with the beautiful diagraphy that was used in SFP's hey-day a year ago, this is turrible. Hell, I know I shouldn't talk, considering the abominations I've sent out via the damnable zotz! press, but if you publish again, Len (and I kind of hope you do), clean up that mimeograph! (And keep smiling.) Anyway, this is mostly Len's solacon report, and it hits a nice average as far as solacon reports thus seen go. There's also a short listing of fanzines that have had con-reports up to that time. Somehow, I kind of hope SFP becomes its old self again. The CRY was my first fanzine; SFP followed closely.

RATING: 4

SHANGRI-L'AFFAIRES #39, Charles Burbee & Djinn Faine, 2518 West 12th St., Los Angeles 6, Calif. Irregular, 15¢, mimeo & ditto.

It's nice to have Burbee again, even if it is in name only and extends no farther than his page. Rumor (i.e. FANAC) has it that Djinn Faine is gafiating and no longer editor of Shaggy. If I were a harsh critic of FANAC (which I am not), I would prob'ly say something like, it's a big fat lie and why don't they check their facts? Of course, I know that Djinn was feeling that way at one time (shortly before that FANAC came out, in fact), but it's up to editors Carr and Ellik to be intuitive

enuff to know that women are known to change their minds. Anyway, Shaggy, the T-r-u-e Shaggy, is back. Burbee's page is a fabulous one; Djinn's editorial came out rather good, even. "Untitled as Yet", a story by Dale Hart, didn't quite have the Hart to come off. Bob Bloch comes up with a real goody on how fandom should, could, would, and prob'ly will take over the Beat Generation. Al Lewis has a fine article on the downfall of ASTOUNDING's popularity in fannish fame. Unfortunately, Al draws the conclusion that this must also reflect the feelings of the enthusiasts (those not knowing the great & many wondrous ways of trufandom, etc., etc., to the uninformed), which is faulty reasoning, to say the least. Ron Ellik does a lpp account of the 24th birthday of the LASFS and the party held in its honor, following by Ted Johnstone's LASFS minutes, and a few other minute accounts of the goings on at the party. And, from place to place, there are bits of poetry; some good, some not so good.

RATING: 7

THE PHANTOM, Ted Pauls, 148 Meridene Drive, Baltimore 12, Md. Irreg.(?), 54, 18pp, mimeo.

The repro on this is like the repro I used to get on zotz! press -- poor. The material: The story by George Horace Wells could have been better with a bit of re-writing. The plot is between horrible and cute; but, it seems, one is necessary for the other. Ted pens a fairly cute fan-play; but maybe I'm prejudiced because I'm in it. Then Pauls rambles on for a few pages; W. J. Greenfeld (whoever he is) then takes on a subject ol' Tedric had decided just a page before was too hot for him. This is followed by several pages of letters, most of which could have used some editing, mine included (tho I note that one of my points is butchered up by the editor's not continuing the thot). Whether this is up and coming or down and going, only the next few issues and a lot of work with his mimeo will tell.

RATING: 3

UNEVEN, Goojie Publication No. 3, Miriam Dyches, 882 Florida St., San Francisco, Calif. Irreg.(?), 154, 33pp, mimeo.

This Miriam! Her fanzines have improved, issue for issue, and even (or even uneven) the first Goojie Pub was damnably good. This'n has Miriam doing a better job of editorializing than last time (where, I think, she stretched a few things), Bob Loman writing a very cute fannish ploy (play), Terry ("Carl Brandon") Carr with original faan-fiction in the finest of tradition ("The Fan Who Hated Quote Cards")(Is Honey Wood, no?), Guy Torwilleger penning, "The Nude And I," with an excellent little stinger in the tail that caught me completely by surprise, Dikini's Philcon report, Howard DeVore's Falascacon Report, and a fine letter column. Keep your eyes peeled toward the mail-box for this one.

RATING: 7

HOCUS #4, Mike Dockinger, 85 Locust Ave., Millburn, N.J. Irregular, free, 12pp, mimeo.

There isn't really much I can say about this. The only really good thing in this ("Affair Wrist Stow Ray" by Marvin L. Rivers, sub-titled "Hour Ladle Rat Ridden Hoot") I've read before, in SHANGRI-LA (tho there's no credit given here). There's a whole page taken up with five letters (gosh, wow, boy, oh, boy!) which might have well not been printed at all. There's two "serials" which I didn't read. I mean, it's bad enuff to read good serials in professional magazines that are regularly published. There is also the erroneous mention that Hannes Bok died. But, this zine is free, there's a small amount of promising material, and my copy, at least, is readable.

RATING: 2

SIX AGAINST ETERNITY

or, How's The Old Sense of Wonder?

BOB LEMAN

SYNOPSIS OF PRECEDING INSTALLMENTS:

By means of a clever ruse, SCHUYLER van RENSSALAER, an earthman, has entered the castle of HRRKRL, Overlord of Jupiter, disguised as KETHAV, the Overlord's seneschal, who is in reality URLUU, secret agent of the Bootes Combine. van Rennsalaer, affectionately known as "Snooks" to the other members of "The Jolly Six", a super-secret cabal devoted to saving Earth, is seeking THE PRINCESS PHANAPHTHA, whom he believes to have been kidnapped by SMITH, a many-tentacled native of Deneb XI, who has gained power over the Overlord through his possession of The Star of Stars, a jewel of great size, which gives its owner hypnotic powers.

Meanwhile, LEROY WEBSTER, the aesthete member of "The Jolly Six", has discovered, in a secret cave deep under an abandoned city on Aldebaran IV, a jewel which makes its owner twice as hypnotic as The Star of Stars, called The Star of Stars of Stars. But in attempting to return through the tunnels to his Hyperspace-Warp Double-Forcefield Interstellar Cruiser, he is attacked and captured by pale underground creatures who are the remote descendants of the once-great race which built the abandoned city. They carry him to their queen, who is a throwback to the ancient race and a creature of hypnotic beauty. Webster falls under her spell, and she sends him on a quest to Bootes VII, where he is to effect the return of the Great Thinking Machine of her race, which was stolen by Urluu, who is now on Jupiter in the guise of Kethav, and who does not realize that "Snooks" van Rennsalaer is also disguised as Kethav, and is now in the castle. Webster learns that Urluu is on Jupiter, and disguises himself as Urluu as a ruse to gain access to the machine. The Overlord of Bootes VII sees him, and, believing him to be Urluu, berates him because he is not on Jupiter disguised as Kethav. The Overlord forces him into the disguise and ships him off through hyperspace to Jupiter.

Webster, in the guise of Urluu disguised as Kethav, is captured by a HYPERSPACE DRAGON, which establishes mental control over him and reveals that it plans to rule the universe by means of The Nova of Novas, a jewel with such immense hypnotic powers that you wouldn't hardly believe it. The secret of the jewel's location is buried deep in the subconscious mind of the last survivor of an unthinkable old race. The dragon sends Webster to kidnap this survivor, who is known as Schuyler van Rennsalaer!

Contrary to what "Snooks" believes, the Princess Phanaptha was not abducted by Smith, the many-tentacled native of Deneb XI. The fact is that octopus is a delicacy on her native planet, and she had made Smith into a nourishing stew and eaten him at a sitting. Not realizing that "Snooks" thinks she was kidnapped, and that he has gone to the castle to rescue her, she believes that Kethav has captured "Snooks" and will force him to fight as a gladiator in the Overlord's games. In an attempt to rescue him she disguises herself as Smith and, by a clever ruse, gains entrance to the castle. She does not realize that in eating Smith she has absorbed his unthinkable alien molecules, and that now she has become a cell in the hive-mind of Deneb XI.

Meanwhile, Hrrkrl, Overlord of Jupiter, has been released from Smith's spell, by reason of the fact that Smith has been eaten. He hastily purloins an Ultra-Phionic Disintegrator and prowls the corridors in search of Smith. Suddenly he spots Smith's figure, and, not realizing that it is the princess in disguise, draws his disintegrator. "Up with your tentacles!" he sneers.

NOW GO ON WITH THE STORY:

CHAPTER XIII

The cabin of the little cruiser was growing hotter by the minute. All metal parts glowed red, and the instrument panel was melting.

"I say, old chap," ejaculated handsome Chauncey Featherstonehaugh, the English member of "The Jolly Six." "I say, you know. Something appears to have gone crackers. Rawthaw!" he said in his English accent.

"Yes, and I know the explanation," coolly replied "Tex" Greenbaum, cowboy member of "The Jolly Six." "We are out of control and are constantly accelerating. Our speed is now sheerly, starkly huge. It is, I calculate, 10^6 times the speed of light. The heat is caused by the friction of hyperspace against the skin of our frail vessel."

"By Jove," husked Chauncey. "By Jove, you know. How much longer can we last?"

"Not more than three minutes, old friend, unless we can produce a scientific miracle."

Chauncey's brain began to work like lightning. "I say, by Jove," he exclaimed. "Perhaps we made a mistake in undertaking this voyage."

"But what else could we do?" coolly inquired "Tex". "When we received that message from Max Schmeling, the scientist member of "The Jolly Six," in which we were advised that the Bootes Combine has positioned a fleet of 10^4 ships about the solar system, evidently preparing to unleash sheerly, starkly tremendous destructive rays, we had no choice but to speed to the rescue."

"Yes," agreed Chauncey, "Even though it meant that we had to leave Harold Jefferson, the boy member of "The Jolly Six", to cope single-handed with the mad scientist Harry Truman, who has, we have reason to believe, perfected a device which will reverse entropy, thus destroying the universe. By Jove."

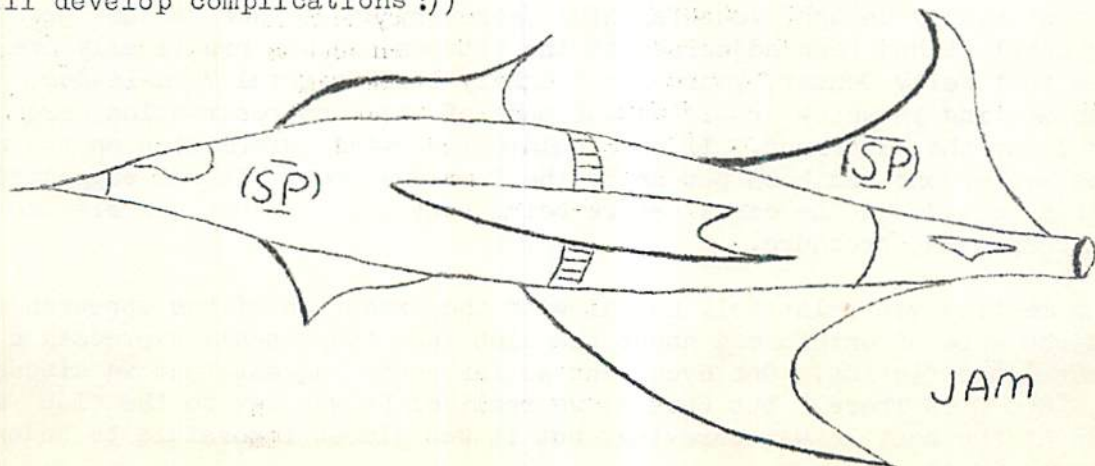
Suddenly both men went crashing into the bulkhead! The ship had suddenly come to a dead stop! Since it had been traveling at 10^6 times the speed of light, the inertia of the men had caused them to slam into the wall when it abruptly halted.

The groggily picked themselves off the floor. "By Jove!" cried Chauncey in a surprised tone. "We're saved!"

"I'm afraid not," replied "Tex" coolly. "I think it is a case of 'Out of the frying pan and into the fire.' We have been captured by a Hyperspace Dragon!"

TO BE CONTINUED

((Don't miss our next issue! In next month's installment of "Six Against Eternity" the plotline will develop complications!))



S H E C O N D S

by Wallace (Whally) Wheber (Weber)

221st Meeting of the Nameless Ones (November 30, 1958):

Your beloved Secretary was not present at this meeting. Ordinarily this unusual circumstance would mean that the meeting would not be covered in this section of the CRY. After all, a report fabricated from even such an exceptional imagination as that possessed by your admired Secretary could only be drab when compared with the unbelievably strange events that take place at an ordinary meeting of the Nameless Ones. However, this 221st meeting of our club amounts to such a millstone -- excuse me, I mean milestone -- in the history of Seattle Science Fiction Fandom that at least one important fact about the meeting must be recorded where foreign fans may see and gasp with awe.

At their 221st meeting (held on a Sunday, you will notice), the Seattle Nameless Ones began regular meetings in a church!

This odd situation was touched upon in our report of the 219th meeting, but the precise conditions under which the club was allowed to use the church as a meeting place were not clearly explained. They may never be explained. We are fairly certain that it involves Geneva Wyman's club-sponsored membership in an organization known as THALIA, and that in three months at least three other club members will be required to assume membership in THALIA. For this, we are entitled to use a room one-half floor above the second floor of the Pilgrim Congregational Church. Because Wally Gonser knows the Janitor, we also are entitled to use the kitchen. At some future date this arrangement might bear a more thorough investigation, but at the moment things are working out so well that we feel any additional probing for facts could only prove detrimental.

Although the new meeting room is almost impossible to locate, those Nameless Ones who took the effort and had the good fortune to find their way to it were well rewarded. Among other things, the room contains a grand piano, a Gestetner mimeoscope, a phonograph, ample room, and a small bust of Beethoven such as is shown on Schroeder's piano in the "Peanuts" comic strip.

If a business meeting was held or not is unknown to your Secretary, but then any sort of meeting held without the presence of the Secretary could hardly be of interest anyway.

222nd Meeting of the Nameless Ones (December 14, 1958):

Astonishingly enough, your faithful Secretary and Leader was not present at this meeting until it had been adjourned to the kitchen and was practically over. It is believed that Wally Gonser, your only slightly-less faithful Vice-Leader, presided over a business meeting in which criticism was made of the room reservation cards printed up by the hotel for the Westercon. If one could believe the information on the cards, all previous Westercons had been put on by the Nameless Ones. It was suggested that a correction be made on the cards before being sent out, or that the mistake be explained in an accompanying brochure.

The meeting was relatively normal with the exception of the appearance of two new members who were so uninformed about the club that they openly expressed a desire to discuss science fiction. One even went so far as to suggest that we discuss a story called, "Who Goes There," but because we realized he was new to the club we were kind. I looked at the book he was carrying, but it was almost impossible to understand, having no pictures in it.

223rd Meeting of the Nameless Ones (December 28, 1958):

This meeting was delayed slightly by the fact that, after following the rather intricate series of stairways and corridors to the meeting room, the club discovered the door to be closed and padlocked. Wally Gonser eventually arrived and located the friendly janitor, who even more eventually unlocked the door and allowed us to enter.

Len Moffatt's letter concerning the holding of Westercons in prestige hotels was read to the membership, and created the biggest stir since Wally Gonser, who was dressed most convincingly as a woman at a Nameless Ones' costume party, was discovered in the Men's room by Alderson Fry. Fear struck deep in the black little hearts of the Nameless as they realized millions of California fans might shun the Westercon because the bar next door required male customers to wear a coat and tie (among other things). Your clever leader pointed out, however, that another million California fans might shun the Westercon if it were held any place other than next door to Trader Vic's Outrigger, and that a poll of potential Westercon attendees should be taken before a change in hotels was consummated. Thoroughly shaken, the members adjourned to the kitchen, leaving the bottleneaking of the Westercon to your capable Leader.

224th Meeting of the Nameless Ones (January 11, 1959):

The Nameless Ones started off the new year with a great commotion. The Leader opened the meeting at 8:30 by making more noise than the rest of the members, and He announced that in his sweaty little hands he held the Articles of Incorporation for the Seattle Science Fiction Club. These Articles were truly a great fannish document, for they had been personally drafted by that fabulous fan, Jack Speer. Jack was not present at the meeting due to his recent election victory which committed him to an Olympia mental institution known as the Washington State Capital, not to mention the fact that he wouldn't be caught dead at a meeting of the Nameless Ones. After everyone took turns arguing Flora Jones down, the Articles of Incorporation were railroaded through. Since Geneva Wyman, Wally Gonser, and lovable ol' Wally Weber were designated as being the originators and members of the board of directors of the newly formed corporation, and the Articles insisted that the board of directors consist of five persons, Rose Stark and Jerry Frahm were soon railroaded into the two vacant positions.

Wally Gonser typed up a new set of Articles of Incorporation having the complete list of board members included in it, the board members all signed with great dignity, and the precious document was stuffed into an envelope and entrusted to the U.S.Mails. Only then did the realization dawn that instead of calling the organization Seattle Science Fiction Club, we could have called it Washington Science Fiction Society and taken over the well-known initials of WSFS. What an opportunity to be so shamefully lost!

225th Meeting of the Nameless Ones (January 25, 1959):

Your tireless Secretary once again missed a good portion of the meeting by being absent, but was present for the better portion of the meeting when Helen Radach Hiss showed color slides of Sitka, Alaska, where she has been gainfully employed in a school for nurses these past many months. Despite a mild amount of sabotage by Ed Wyman and faultless Wally Weber, who managed to load a couple of the slides with the wrong side up in the projector magazine, the films were very good. Wally Gonser, who was volunteered as projectionist, suffered only minor burns from having to hold the projector upside down part of the time. In addition to the fine program, Helen later provided the members with cookies. And I must add that even though John Swearingen won the wrestling match (my foot must have slipped), he still had to pay the 25 cent meeting charge! -wally weber

SNEARY I (Comment on 122)

Dear Elinor,

I wasn't planning to write, even though I could easily acquire the CRY habit. But, you asked a direct question, as to what I would have done with the letter from Lonesome George. Well, of course I don't know if that was the whole letter -- I rather expect it was -- but there isn't much you can do. This sort of personality has always blown me agast. Their not limited to fandom, but that is regretablely where I see them. I don't know what they think this tough, egoistic, ill mannered approach will get them. With me the result is to compleetly disscredit any and all of their opinions (even the right ones) and chuck the whole thing into the waste basket.

As a criticism of your zinc, you were in away forced to print it though, or suffer the personal guilt fealing that you were censoring critical remarks. (Not that most of Georges remarks were sound enough to be even flateringly called "criticis"). Your handeling of his letter was all you could do, and better done than I could do it... He pretty well damns himself with his own words, so there is little need to do anything.

I've seen this same sort of thing in "-", and it clottled me there too.. But basicly there are two things wrong with the approach -- well, no, three. Firstly, telling someone that he is doing something all wrong, in non-friendly terms, never makes them do what you want. Saying "You stupid jerk, you don't pound sand into a boot like that" only couses the sand-pounded to have a erge to hit the advise giver over the head with the boot. Where as, were he to say something like "Say friend, I've had some experience with boots, and I think you might have better results if you did such and such"

Secondly, it's foolish to gripe about some one not doing something for you. He gives the impression that it is your duty to review his fanzine (and it better be favorable, or just you look out.) People in general, and fans in particular, don't react this way.. They'll do something for you becouse they like you, or hate you, not becouse they have a duty.. And one gets a lot more done for them by trying to make people like them, and not merely expecting them too. (I'm not making Lonesome like me, but it adds spice to living to have a few people you can lay into and dislike.)

And the third error is his or anyones expecting you to remake a fanzine to suit them. Now I devoted most of my last letter to making suggestions of what I thought might help CRY. But I tryed to make it clear that they were only my opinions, and was only suggesting them to see if you liked them. As long as you have a large happy following you would be more than foolish to make any changes that you did not want to on your own. (Just as you would be foolish to keep on with anything you no longer cared about.) An example of a fanzine that I don't agree with or subscribe to is YANDRO. But dag nab it, they have a big readership, and they like their policy, so who am I to say they are wrong? I don't have to read everything... in fact I can't read as much as I get now.

THE REST OF THE ISSUE IN BRIEF: Buz's takeoff/answer on/to Sanderson was much enjoyed in this location.. As stated before, we admire your cool, middle of the road stand on this, and the general cry for reason. The Moffatt's and I, who saw about as much of both sides of the affair as anyone, go along with you that there were two sides to the story.. Both parties goofed things up, and acted stubborn at the wrong times. But, with the limited damn that they along with most fans like to try and run things, I think they all ment well and acted with what they thought were good motives. (Or, Kyle, sort of didn't, act, for the same reason.) It was all a sad mess, as we found we liked them all.. And, possably, if it hadn't been for the suits, we could have worked something out. But raticals like Sanderson didn't do anything to help anyone.

Glad to see the little piece by this fellow Burbee that you met at the Solacon.. He writes almost like Bloch, and quite clever.. I believe he is right about Ellik.. While it is a 10 to 12 hour drive (normal through driving that is) from Berkley to

here, he shows up at every party given down here.. Holloween, Torry's Birthday, Christmas, New Years, etc... He comes down here offener than I go over to Hollywood.

Rest of the issue fine too... Maybe next time I'll tell you why it is going to be so hard for some of us to be for Terry Carr. (I've said I'd vote for him, but flesh and blood can stand only so much... And I'm pretty weak.) ((TSK!))

Best wishes for a CRYfull New Year,

Yours,

Rick Sneary

2962 Santa Ana St.

South Gate, Calif.

SOUTH GATE AGAIN IN 2010 !

((Thanks for writing, Rick. We don't print all the criticism of our zine, nor all the praise. I think our choices are pretty representative in this respect. I'm trying to follow your advice, and only print letters that are either funny or interesting. I really thought Lonesome George's letter fell into both categories.))

SNEARY II

Dear Elinor,

CRY #123 just here, and only half read. I do not complain at the size, and would rather have 35pp than cry bi-monthly. I've no real comment on what I've read, but I do have something to say that you might think of general interest. At any rate it might spark some interest in the TAFF race that seems pretty flat as far as fanzines go.. (Torry for TAFF, of course, so, so what?)

This is really going to be a year of decision for SoWestCoast fans as far as TAFF goes. In years past it has been easy to pick who you'd like to go over, and work out reasons for feeling this way.. But while it may seem that way again this year to others...we here know better. Because around these parts we have to chose between Terry Carr, a good looking publishing giant, and Bjo who is a pretty little pixy.

Now as a man of integrity (I've got lots of it left over from the Shaver War, when it was all the rage) I figured to vote for Terry. He is one of the best known of this generation of fans (no, I don't know what Fandom this is eather), and well liked by just about everyone.. On the whole, he is about as fine a representative as we could have... On the whole..... But then again.....

I began wondering who I'd rather meet.. Terry who is rather quiet and soft spoken, intelagent and charming... Or Bjo who is full of sparkol and life, bulbing over with fun and warmth.. Both are equally nice people but with different personalities.. Terry radiates, Bjo projects.

My doubts were born at the LASFS New Years party. It was very gay, and everyone was kissing everyone.. And I was happily kissing Bjo, when she asked me if I was going to vote for Terry. And a thought flashed into the back of my mind (as is its want) that I didn't think it would be much fun to kiss Terry. I don't even think the British fans would be so glad to see Terry that they would want to kiss him. (Well, at least the male British fans wouldn't.) And I'm sure that even George Charters wouldn't mind kissing Bjo...Not in the least.. In fact, I rather suspect the sneaky old man would claim it was an old No. Irish custom.

Yes, that is the problem.. What would the Anglo-fans preferr. To talk to Terry about Carl Brandon and towers to the Moon. Or whatever the Anglo-fans do when they meet a pretty young American girl... For me, all I know is that I wouldn't want Terry Carr to kiss me, even if I did vote for him.

Yours,

Old Rick Sneary (address above)

((Tsk, ol' Rick. TSK T*S*K! You said you'd vote for TCarr and here you are wavering! For shame! Look at Ellik -- he's still supporting TCarr, and you know it isn't Torry Ackerman's charm and beauty that lures him to southern California so often. --British fon, please write in and explain that you are not importing a TAFF representative for osculatory purposes. Please! In the meanwhile, we're for

TCARR for TAFF!!!

SHORTLEN BREAD

Hi Cry & Co.!

Thank you all for #123, and congrats on your Ninth Anniversary. Let's have 999 more like it. At least.

Atom's back and Cry has got him! Wonderful.

Pemby continues to plough an interesting furrow thru the stfield. Am wondering if the authors upon whom he piles either praise or criticism read his stuff. Be a shame if they didn't. Do you send copies of Cry to all the promag editors at least? I used to send SFP to all of 'em, to give them the opportunity to reply to the promag comments in the mag, if they wished. Of course they didn't--at least not to any great degree; not enough to enlarge the lettercol, but one never knows...

Mercer shows no mercy, does he? We are Tom Lehrer fans here (who isn't???), and on the day Cry 123 arrived Anna had to phone me at work and chant the piece to me. It is pretty rough on the people it pans but at least it does attempt to include all the participants in the hassle, and does not seem to favor any one of them in particular.

"Age Shall Not Weary Them" is one of Berry's Best. Glad to see it is the first of a series.

Terry Carr sums up the Fannish '58 nicely in two pages. A most impressive, as well as depressive, year indeed. This is the sort of article one can go back to in years hence, and by re-reading be immediately reminded of all the scenes, sad and happy, of a most memorable year. My personal thanks to Terry for writing it and to Cry for publishing it.

This lad Franson is a real comer. Never heard of him until sometime last year when he dropped me a note, asking for SFP. But he must have been around the field (if not active in fandom itself) for a long time, for he knows whereof he writes. Excellent article, and am really looking forward to a rebuttal from Campbell. And certainly want to see more of Franson. He may have gotten a late start, as he says in the lettercol, but for him it is no handicap.

Nice to see something by Jack Speer, even if it was less than a page. Never did find out if he won the election, but he must have ((Yup!)) Hope so, anyway. Good man. ((Yup!))

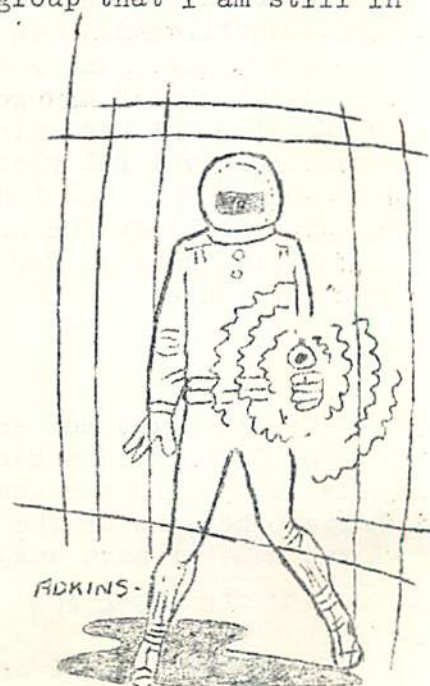
The Nameless Ones seem to be the travelingest fan club in existence. Our old Outlander Society used to meet "once a month, in each other's homes", so we covered a lot of the area outside of LA. But we never took a ferry to an island for a meeting. The Nameless sounds like such a happy, informal group that I am still in wonderment at their choice of a Westercon site. Oh well, I've said all I can say on the subject. Still don't know if I'm going to have enough money to travel anyplace anytime this year. I don't know about the rest of the country, but the recession (or, at least, a recession) is still plaguing the Moffatt House.

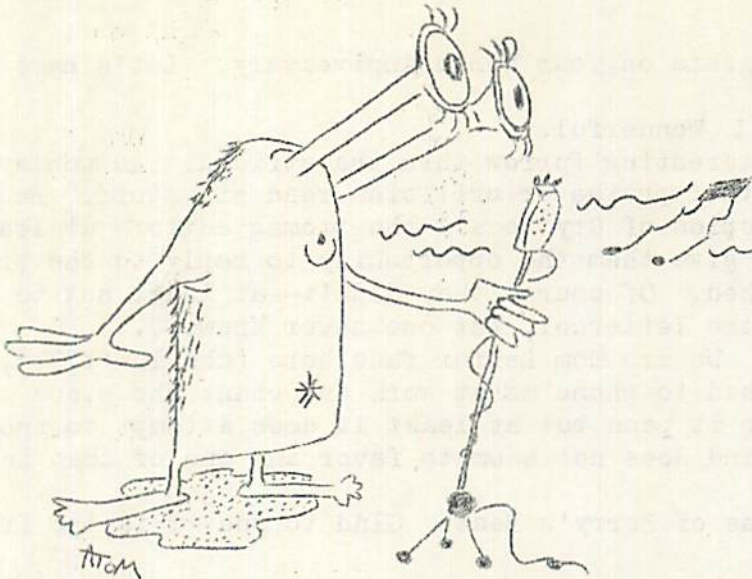
Great Foo. ljm damn near fills up two pages of the lettercol. Still too much for one man. This time I will keep it to one page, I will.

Will be looking forward to reading Rich's series of SOLACON INCIDENTS, which I assume will be appearing in CRY. ((Hope so.)) I too hope he labels them "fiction", "fact" (or whatever). Otherwise I'll never know, as I missed a lot of things that went on at the convention.

Got a kick out of Leman's "letter from distraught mother" bit. This guy Leman is funnier than a rubber crotch. Woops. Crutch. ((Watch that stuff, boy.))

This typer, which still needs to be fixed,





is driving me to distraction (little town just outside of downey). I don't wanna go there so, goom by til nextime.

Keep smiling...
 Len Moffatt
 10202 Belcher
 Downey, Calif.

((Poor ol' Campbell will never see Franson's article unless some New York fan Takes Pity upon him and shows it to him. Some New York fan that gets CRY that is. Most of 'em don't. --No, Toskey doesn't send CRY to prozine editors &/or pros, except for the few who subscribe. Logically, since he sends CRY to faneds whose zines are reviewed therein, he should send CRY to prozine editors also.

But The Toskey -- bless him -- is not bound by logic. A year or so ago the possibility of sending sample copies to all prozine editors and pros whose addresses could be got, ^{was discussed} but Toskey, who would have had to do all the work, looked glumly upon the project. Who can blame him? Not me! Another thing-- although cash subs really are welcome, despite what Toskey may say, the CRY readers we enjoy most are the ones who respond. Pros very seldom do. Two reasons. The average pro does very little amateur writing. (Bloch, Tucker, and Eric Frank Russell, say you? Okay! Name three more!) But even more important -- there's less egoboo to be derived from having a letter pubbed in a zine that prints the majority of letters rec'd than in a zine like HYPHEN, for example, that prints only portions of a portion of its letters. Pros are human. They like egoboo. Love makes the world go 'round, you know, and quite a bit of it's self-love.))

WANSHEL'S WANSWEL DREAM

Dear Nameless ones,

Last night, I got on the subject of cons, and at night had a very amusing dream. Somehow, I got to the Westercon, and had a disappointing opening because as I stepped in the hotel, I found Terry Carr and Ron Bennett stone-drunk in the bar. After settling down in my room, I started to look around for other fans. I saw these two guys, and I was positive they were Buz and Bob Pavlat. After a while I found out that I had goofed. And I again fumbled with somebody who I mistook for Roger Sims. I had a lousy time, but I was looking forward to the banquet and Isaac Asimov & Bob Bloch, who were to speak. The rest of the dream was a jumble, with something like I had to deliver beer to another con in New York and I missed it or something. Oh well.

Till the time for reading and writing to Cry comes again, I hope to remain an ordinary dope,

Jeff Wanshel
 6 Beverly Pl.
 Larchmont, N. Y.

((Jeff, I'm glad Buz and I aren't the only people who dream about fans. In my dreams Wrai Ballard has moved to North Bend, Belle Dietz has come for dinner, and only last night (or possibly very early this morning) I advised Terry Carr and Miriam that one or the other should join N3F to campaign for TAFF therein. Man! I would never have suggested that awake! I'd never even think of such a thing awake!))

REGRETS OLD STONE AGE

vootie

Hm. Ninth Anniversary issue. Well, there can be no denying that the CRY has

changed a great deal in the past year, and for the better. But I share Rich Brown's feelings that this change has not been accomplished without some loss: the bad fiction, godawful art and wild lettercol of the old CRY had a certain atmosphere, a feeling, more, that cannot be replaced with any amount of material by Berry, Burbee, Carr and their ilk. ((True!))

One of the most vital elements now missing is the Toskey. Elinor, I believe you are letting your Discrimination and your sense of humor guide you too much in editing the lettercol. Take, for instance, that thing from George Wells (and it was funny). But Tosk would have printed it with blue-eyed innocence, there would have been some discussion in the following ish, with catcalls and jeering; and then Lonesome George would have been welcomed to the fold. Such was Cry-neofandom, with Toskey the Master as a leading influence. But those days are passed. Wail woe.

That's a powerful good ATom cover, and as-always amusing Contents page. I miss the blue ink, but who am I to stand in the way of Progress? I have doubts as to whether your new Fanzine Review idea will work out satisfactorily, but it's a good thought natheless. Well, mebbe not, when there's a danger of getting reviews like this:

PAUCITY #3-4. Leery Slone, c/o White Rock Underground.

Magnificent! This brilliantly conceived, stunningly reproduced effort restores my faith in humanity. The featured article, "Why BNF's Hate Us Neofans," makes many compelling points, but is memorable mainly for the excellent notes of the editor, such as "I agree with this point," and "You're absolutely right!" The editorial discusses Mr. Slone's other fannish hobby of raising fishworms for fun and profit, with such witty statements as, "You got to kill them with your hands before you sell them, to see if they're green inside." The entire lettercolumn is turned over to one George Wells, who seems to have a great deal of inside knowledge of the workings of a certain fanzine which caters to an exclusive, esoteric "in" group. The illustrations are enhanced by the expert hektographing, which gives them a surrealistic appearance. The editor has big blue eyes.

(submitted by Plain Anonymous)

And this matter of Gerber objecting to have his work edited puts the boy definitely in the wrong. Anyone submitting material to any publication should do so assuming that the editor will edit the material to suit his own requirements. When Julian Reid did book-reviews for Paucity #1 I cut over half of the material out, including a detailed analysis of Sturgeon's Postulate. I later regretted that, but you probably have better judgment than I. And Reid, stout fellow, did not object to my cutting, tho possibly because his reviews were well-received.

Renfrew's reviews were good, but he's done better. By that I mean more amusing. Guess I actually don't mean "better" at all. ((Oh yes you do.)) Fine, fine Berry tale. His contributions are actually the backbone of CRY these days, and I'm for that. And "Fandom Harvest" is good. Carr seems to have no doubts about his own importance in fandom, but that can't be called conceit, now can it? And Wally's Mminutes were...(pause for trip to thesaurus to look up "excellent.")

Some very good points in Franson's article. It's a much more pointed attack on psi than was deCamp's "Pfui on Psi," and shows a great deal of respect for Campbell. I've come to regard him as a fanatic as wild-eyed as Palmer, tho in more respectable garb. However...

Jack Spoor's column caused me some thought. Y'know, I think our Provincial parliament would do much better without having Evangelist Ministers in high positions. Lettercol. Well now, I've been away so long, I have nothing to say to those people. Few old-timers here. Hi, old Meyers, senile Brown, decrepit Pelz, ancient Gerber. Hi. And before I go, here's an innocent plug, Miz Busby, for you to dull your blue pencil on. Paucity #3-4 will be mailed soon, with apologies for the delay, caused by mountains of schoolwork. And I'm folding it this issue. Really, I am. But then, I've always folded it. Envelopes are damn expensive. Ho.

Yawns truly,

Larry Stone, 1614 10th Ave., New Westminster, B.C., Canada

((Glad to hear from you again, Larry. You are a gentleman of discernment -- we agree with you heartily about the improvement/deterioration of the CRY.))

HAMGERBER

Dear Box 92 (has that been used before?), !

I know now how John Berry must have felt when he saw the "Give the Goon the Gate" bacover. Me, Leslie Gerber (I really am Leslie Gerber, you know. The Harold Everyman bit is only for puns.), on a CRY cover. And the cover is "self-explanatory"...say, does that mean that you fellows want me out of the way? ((Nope!)) Never mind; it was a beautiful gesture, and made up in full for the months of panning I have endured. And the cover was by ATom, no less. Say, fellows, if you have any extra copies of that cover, can you mail them to me inside the next CRY? I'll include a dime inside this to cover any extra postage.

All this tends quite naturally to make me feel happy, so maybe the following won't be as angry-sounding as it should be, but...I mean it, fellows, don't you ever read the letters you print, even the printed parts? I did not demand that you not cut the reviews. I pleaded for complete presentation of a review (pleaded, mind you, not demanded), and I said that if the column was too long, you could cut out whole reviews. So what happened? You threw out the whole column.

You throw away a column on which I spent a lot of time, effort and money. Yes, I said throw away and I meant it. I'm sending another column this month, and unless you want to give me almost as much space as the Cry of the Readers (and half of it on reviews of books at least two months old), you can't possibly print last month's column, and I'd not very happy about the whole thing. In fact, if I didn't love you so much, I'd hate you. Well, I'll try again. I'm sending this month's column, and I'm doing a more careful job on it so there won't be anything which I think is not essential or interesting. You can cut it, mangle it, shred it, do anything you want to it. If I feel that you're injuring whatever quality the column has, I'll just stop writing it and get my free CRYs for letters. I won't mind a bit.

And I have another gripe. CRY #121 reached me so late that, even though I got my letter off less than a week after I got it, I missed CRY #122 and I never received a copy. This irks me. What do you want me to do, subscribe? I would subscribe if I could, but I just plain can't afford it.

And Buz, before I forgot, I do not use two-inch margins on my material, and I don't use a pica typewriter. And I did not say "No cutting!", at least not that emphatically. I do a lot of editing myself on the things I publish, but I go carefully and, whenever possible, I try to get the writer to approve the edited version. Of course, I guess that's impossible on a monthly fanzine...((Right!))

News for Pomberton: that issue of If you just reviewed was the last issue. And Anthony Boucher is gone for good from F&SF.

I wish those three British 'zines would come out in Brooklyn. I've seen Nebula at two New York newsstands, but never in Brooklyn, and I haven't seen New Worlds or Science-Fantasy at all. The newsstand will be looking mighty empty in the next couple of months before some ~~lucky~~ benefactor of fandom brings out a couple of new 'zines. And the next issue of Infinity, which was supposed to come out as a dying gasp, won't be out.

Say, Pomberton, why no review of Satellite? Can't you find it in Seattle? ((Pomby goofed.))

Previously, I had just heard of Archie Mercer as the British agent for FANAC and once as a suspected hoax, but never as a writer of anything. Still, although I'm strongly on one side of the fence and Mercer is against both sides, I laughed harder at "I Want to Go Back to WESFES" than anything in the issue, even including "Age Shall Not Weary Them." When something gets more of a laugh out of me than a vintage Berry piece, it must be good. Too bad this was the first 1959 issue of CRY so you can't send it to Terwilliger for this year's BoF; I hope Mercer does.

As I said, "Age Shall Not Weary Them" is vintage Berry. While I laughed harder at Wesfos, I laughed longer here.

I have long since given up reading Campbell's editorials, but after reading Donald Franson's rebuttal, I think I'm going to start reading them again. I love Ray Palmer's editorials; I find them more entertaining than any but the best science-fiction. Some of them are almost as funny as the Gallagher stories. Mr. Franson summed up my own opinion most beautifully and completely. In other words, I agree with everything he said. EXCEPT: "I don't believe the law of reason is all of a sudden obsolete just because some joker says "it works!" and Campbell prints his letter." Mr. Franson, if you know T. H. (Tom) Milton, you would never have said that. You don't know the lengths to which this guy Milton will go to get a laugh. And he sure got one out of me. ((This isn't clear, Les. If Campbell bit on a phony letter, surely this is data substantiating Franson's argument? Surely the phony letter-writer was a joker?))

So now the Minutes have an h and are "imagined" by "Whally Whober." Wally, I didn't mean that suggestion about the h's that serious. And the Minutes are "imagined" now? I liked "accurately distorted" better, but I guess this is closer to the truth.

The letter titles were all terrible this month, with the possible exception of the "Catcher of the CRY." ((Some times one's hot, and some times not.)) If you can't think up any better ones, Elinor, why don't you just forget all about it? ((I won't!)) It's not necessary, you know. ((Oh yes it is.)) ONCE TO EVERYMAN bah! GERBERING IDIOT was much better.

I've heard that there will be a letter column in GALAXY if the letters Gold receives in reply to his editorial ask for it. Since Gold is a good enough editor to be able to print only the good letters, I voted for one. Which reminds me of something important: Gold has said that GALAXY NOVELS will come out monthly if he can find enough books. I sent a list of fifty or so books which I think should be reprinted but haven't been yet, and I'd like other people to do the same. Come on, everyone. Send in a list of books you think GALAXY NOVELS should reprint, bearing in mind the quality and general nature of the previous books and previous reprints. (As far as I know, no books which have been previously reprinted in any paperback edition at all are being considered.) If fifty or five hundred people ask Gold to reprint "The Long Tomorrow", for example, there's a good chance that we might see it.

Boyd Raeburn is the Oscar Levant of fandom. I have never seen anybody who could make so many nasty remarks in as short a span as he can, and most of them make me mad as hell. That bit about Bert Weaver possibly being "one of those Australians who have written to me saying "Please send me your fanzine and in exchange I will send you some copies of Vargo Statton." was not only offensive but probably wasn't true. I challenge Raeburn to show me even one letter that said that.

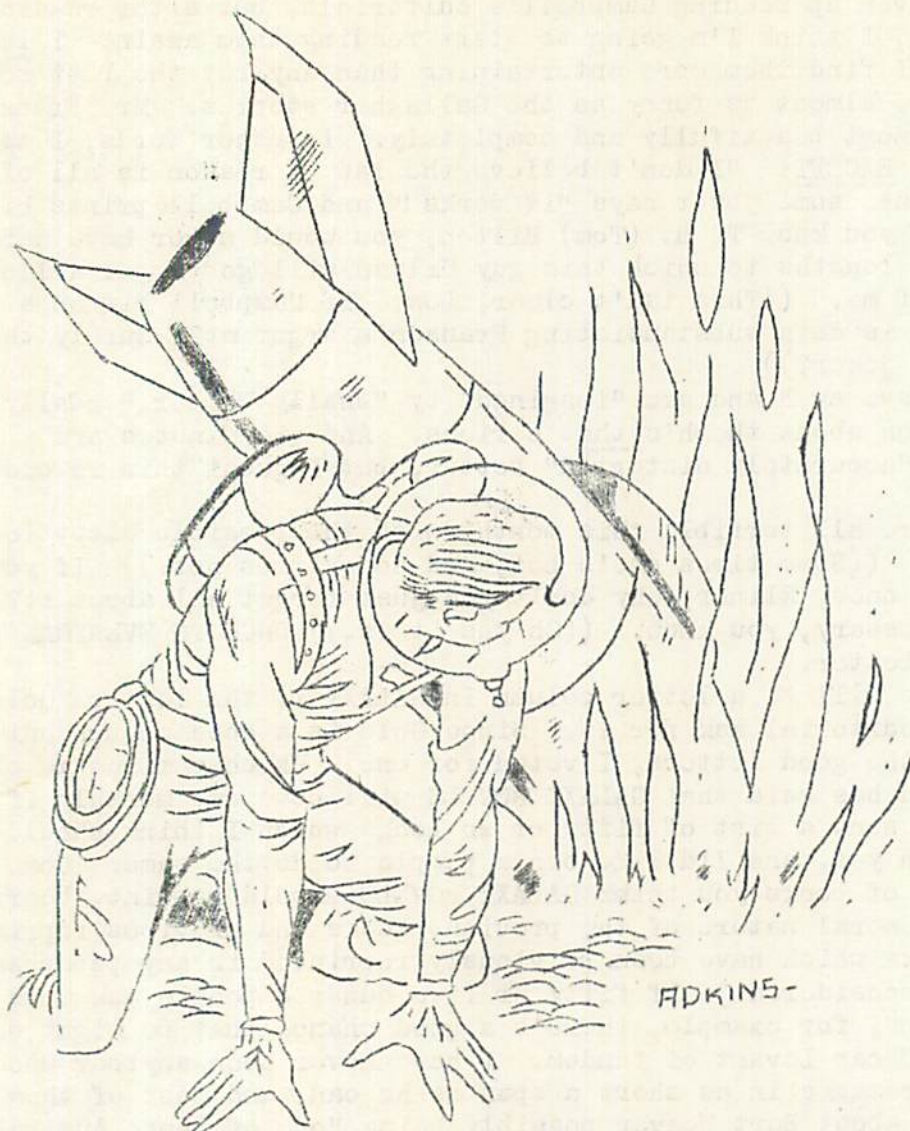
Boy, talk about cutting -- what you did to that letter! Do you mean that in two or three pages of letter that was all you found that was good enough to print? ((Yes. This letter is much more interesting.))

You know why people are leaving the CRY? Because you cut the hell out of their letters, that's why. The more junk you print, no matter what it says, the better the CRY is. That's the way I feel, and if it isn't the way you or Terry Carr feel, bully for you. I like junk, even Rich Brown's junk, and the more the better.

Say, I noticed a couple of times places where there were just open parentheses without the close parentheses. Who is ~~opening~~ opening up?

I found Mr. Brown's paragraph on George Wells extremely offensive, and not because I'm a prude, either. A guy has a right to have a dissenting opinion without being called some sort of psychotic. ((Rich Brown did not say or imply that George Wells was psychotic or in any way mentally or emotionally disturbed. He hinted that George was a bit fuggheaded, and made a





little joke that I thought funny and harmless.))

I write letters five hundred times better than Meyers with my hands tied behind my back. (Maybe that will get Bill to write a decent sized letter to disprove it.) Actually, I see no reason for comparing the relative merits of the CRY letterhacks. If someone wants to say that I'm better than Meyers, I thank him very much, but it doesn't make a hell of a lot of difference to me, or, for that matter, to Meyers. At least, I don't think it makes any difference to him. If someone said that Rich Brown writes better letters than I do, I'm sure I wouldn't mind. ((He does.))

But remember, Rich, the plans called for Gerber to be panned until the middle of January. It is now past the middle of January. Lay off!

Loman's letter was funnier than the Mervil Culvorgast one, or anyway, as funny. Please print all of Loman's stuff; got him to

send you everything he writes, even letters of comment on other zines. You'll save me the trouble of writing to the editors of various fanzines when I hear that Loman material has appeared in them and scrounging a copy.

Yah, Meyers writes good letters. But so short? Whassamatter, lazy? Or has Elinor gone berserk with a pair of shears? ((Meyers was lazy.))

If you want to give free copies of the CRY for bitty pieces of letters like Ted Pauls', it's all right with me, but don't you think you ought to get as much as you can for your money? ((No.))

I am sending money to bring Berry over. That's enough said. You CRYfon know how tight I am. ((Good for you!))

Too lazy to make a pun,
Leslie Steven Gerber I, Inc.
201 Linden Blvd.
Brooklyn 26, New York

((Sorry to say there weren't any extra covers, Les. So we'll send you ATom's original drawing, which should make your little heart sing. ##We didn't throw the column away. Send us postage & we'll mail it back to you. ##I've tol' you and I've tol' you that to be sure of getting your letter of comment in, comment on CRY the day you receive it. ##Boyd Raeburn the Oscar Levant of fandom? I think not. At Southgate I heard Boyd described as "Dennis the Menace grown up!" If you'd ever met ol' Raeburn I'd ask you to try that one on, but I don't believe you have. ##Sure people are leaving the CRY--it's always been that way. Some stay, some leave, others take

their places. That's life -- that's CRYfanac, at least. The more junk the better? Not for the typist! I'm not about to spend all my time typing up quire after quire of other people's crud! Let 'em put out their own zines! ##Perhaps we shan't stop panning you entirely, Leslie. The fierce panning you got last month seems to have revealed some gold in your character -- "cut it, mangle it, shred it...". Right? & you'll remember that Rich Brown was panned for a long time -- I think all that panning is what has kept him so flavorful and fresh. If Bill Meyers had received more null-ogoboo he'd probably still be writing us lovely long letters. Oh, sorrow. ##Loman claims that he is not Mervil Culvergast. Apparently ol' Merv is relatively real. ##Les, your this month's column didn't arrive.))

RICH AND FLAVORFUL

THINK: (The Horrible, Incredible Nameless Krectures)

Ok, You Have Asked For It -- inclosed are several pages too many of fanzine reviews. Do with them as you wish. Use them, destroy them, mutilate them, change them, deport them. Stretch them, shrink them, ban them, obliterate them. Print them, mimeograph them, hokto them. In fact, you can use them to wipe your feet, or to clean out your .357 magnum. You can cut it ragged and saw Courtney's Boat (or roll it into a telescope and saw it that way). You can use it as a shield against an attack by a herd of wild wolverines. Use it for a doormat, a shoe sole, a bottle stop, pillow, powder puff, foot stool. You can eat them. Or make paper air-planes out of them.

Just don't send them back...

Cover this time is better than most, more clique-ish and in-groupish. Good For Us.

Uh..in Mercer's OMPazine, there were apologies to others than Tom Lehrer... mainly, those involved, being an all-in-fun sort of thing. ((True. We apologize.))

I'm afraid Berry's piece wasn't bitter enough for me. His previous piece of this general type came off so well because it got this feeling across, whereas this comes off not so good, for the simple reason that the subject matter (which should be, as I've said, bitter and deep, for this type of thing) is treated lightly, in the older Berry style. ((Why should it be bitter? The feeling in "Ago" is funny & tender -- why should it be bitter? You're trying to read something into it that I don't think is there.))

T. Carr column is ok; expect longer and better (and on less, let us hope, dreary subjects) in the future.

Franson article ok.

Thots on New Years Eve is..(good lord)..ok.

Whathell is wrong with me?

Weber's minutes are excellent. There, I said something. Admittedly, it wasn't original. I've said it before. But I mean it.

Phew. Here we are to CRY OF THE READERS.

Don Franson: Hurrah for your little poem! Personally, I'd like to shout it from the house-tops (except the people around here are liable to think I'm nuts, and besides, they'd all prob'ly interrupt with things like, "What's fugghead?" "What's Brass Tacks?" "What's CRY?" I tell you, people around here are virtually uninformed.) ##Ages? Who has been giving ages? Don't tell me that I've missed something, something of great importance? Anyway, I'm 16. So. ##I think we're in 9th Fandom. 7th Fandom (which was Ellison, Vorzimer, etc.) is definitely over. 8th was what was in between; you know..Moomaw, Fleischman, Meyers, me and others. 9th is now coming in, methinks, with Gerber, Barnes and others at the head. ((Lock the door!)) Tho that's just my opinion. Actually, it's rather stupid to hazard a guess as to what fandom it is; like, could you imagine John W. Campbell looking up from his desk in '39-'44 and saying, "This is science fiction's golden ago"? Same thing.

Elinor/Amelia: Say, don't you think Burboo looks kinna like Vic Mature..in the face..short-cropped hair? ((No.)) Oh well.

Leslie Gerber: Well, if Reiss is leaving fandom entirely, I guess it is ok

that I send my reviews to CRY. I just hope your report is accurate. Not that I like to see fans go, but I've always wanted to do fanzine reviews for CRY, yet I wouldn't feel quite fair doing them for both CRY and Reiss. Yes, everyone, I am Ben Kenneth. (Everyone screams, falls over in a faint at this sterling revelation.)

Bill Meyers: So you're not talking with anyone, eh. Well, I can play that game, too. Come to think of it, I really can't.

Bruce Pelz: You're right, of course. "Sleepy Time Gal," "Thots," and several of the other things were definitely CRY-slanted, tho I think Meyers' bit could have gone into BOF without any trouble. Hey, Nameless pippie, whatever became of that "The Best of CRY" that wuz being talked about not too long ago? I'm In Favor. Include plenny mminutes, etc. ((Too much work! Common sense prevailed.))

Jim Caughran: I think you missed the point on Stony's captions on the photo-cover. Maybe you and Burbee would never think of saying anything like that, but that's what it looks like you're saying to Stony, anyway.

Belle Dietz: Just who is this fan of whom you speak? (I ask because Pete Graham is supposedly in New York, and I'm wondering if it is him you speak of, and if so, I suggest you throw him out. He'll take all the hospitality you give him and then when he gets back to Berkeley he'll write you a long-distance letter to help you improve yourself (and since his typeribbon doesn't work, he'll cut it on stencil and put it in INNUENDO), telling you about all the bad points of your personality -- and it makes no difference, really, what kind of hospitality you give him, since the end result is the same.) It sounds like the sort of thing Pete Graham would do.

George Raybin: I refuse to even speak to you, unless you, like Belle, can converse reasonably on things other than WSFS. I am sick, sick, sick of this ghoddam WSFS discussion.

Ted Pauls: Getting into the "inner circle" is not as easy as it sounds. But it's not as hard as nearly ATW George makes it, either. You gotta get in there and P*I*T*C*H for the old CRY, yessir, and you gotta be accepted. And then maybe; just maybe; you get in the clique.

And that, friends, is that.

De Ploribus Gookum,
Rich Brown
127 Roberts St.
Pasadena 3, Calif.

((I think it's horrid to say Chas. Burbee looks like Victor Mature. Victor Mature isn't even a faan, for CRYsake! Burb looks like an interesting mixture of Frankenstein's Monster, Bob Tucker, and Cantinflas -- all most admirable people. ##I think that material slanted for specific zines would be ideal choices for BoF. 'Twould give people unfamiliar with those zines a better idea of what they might be like than material which would be publishable in almost any zine.' ##I doubt very much whether the fan Belle spoke of was Pete Graham -- I think he regrets "Clayfeet Country" and is going to be a really and truly perfect guest henceforth. I think Belle should reveal the identity of the fan, to protect fannish visitors to New York who might be unjustly suspected.))

C. C. SEÑOR (title: CC)

Anons and Others:

After a short (1 issue), welcome absence from the pages of the C*R*Y, I again return to infest you all with my brain-rotting techniques and mind-warping personality. So!..you have been warned!!

A rather unusual situation (unusual for me, at least) has arisen: yes amigos, I have TWO CRYs here to acknowledge receipt for. So, I'll include in this letter my opinions and reactions to material in both 122 and 123.

The excellently executed cover by Ric West is several thousand percentages better than his previous Detroit-ad drawing of several issues back, and causes me to refrain from excellently executing him. I wonder---does litho take 'wash' style? I've been doing a little of it lately, as a sideline, and if it does, the effects

might be quite unusual. Of course, if Pilgrim just won't do wash, I'll have to have it done at another place. .never could stand starch in my shirts anyway...But that's a horse of a different collar...((And that's an outmoded joke!))

"Young King Carr" is not as good as Burbee can do---in fact, it's not as good as most he has done. ((Read it a couple more times---I think you'll find it improves with re-reading.))

"All The Way" is a completely new facet of Berry's writing style --- for me, at least --- and an unusually good one too.

Ho ho! The Cameron Construction Company, eh?? I deny any relationship between these Seattle Camerons and the Sandy Ego Camerons, as it is well known that the Camerons have never done anything constructive.

CRY 123:

In the past, Renfrew Pemberton has plowed an ever-deepening furrow---on the horizon his crops grow tall and straight. keep up the good work, ol' Renny!

"I Want to Go B ck To Wesfos" was quite good. This is frankly the first poem by Mercer that I've seen, and an excellent one it is.

"Age Shall Not Weary Them" is one of the finest Berry satires I have seen, and believe me, I've seen quite a few. I would personally pick this as one of the most outstanding things CRY has published in many an issue, and deserves some sort of recognition, such as in the Terwilleger BoF series. Too bad it didn't come out sooner, as it could be included perhaps in Guy's collection. John Berry has the ability to create a humorous situation, add ridiculous characters, and mix thoroughly with belly-bustin' dialogue---net product: pure, sometimes adulterated H*U*M*O*R!!

Franson's excellent rebuttal to Campbell's idiotorial was convincing. I myself believe in telepathy and telekinesis, but not clairvoyance or precognition. My palm is not raised to those hand-me-down professions.

The best illos in 122&123 were those of West, Atom, Donahue, and Lee (if he'll/she'll get off the old-style Adkins jag)..

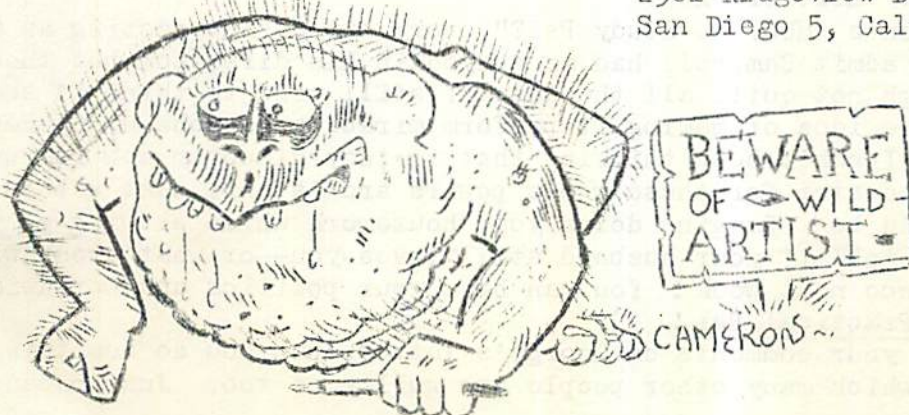
FRANSON: What shall we call it then?...CRY TACKS?? BRASS READERS?? CRASS TACKS??

Glad to see Meyers and Pelz back---after all, it is rather unusual to have anyone be Pelz with a Meyer(s). ((Hey! Let's try to remember this is a Family Magazine)

Namelesses, you seem to be ignoring two of my most important questions. 1) The Pucon is to be a World Science Fiction convention, am I correct? Therefore, why are you cutting out my Sandy Ego in 61's which advertise our Westercon bid? Or did you plan on combining the two? ((I believe the Westercon always has been combined with the WorldCon when the worldcon is on the west coast; however they're also cut as not being of general interest.))((With respect to your other question, ask Wally. I don't know the answer)).

Ah well, it's been a hard day for me, so I might as well pack my grips and head That Way, amid cheers of "HASTY LAVISTI !" and "POISON BERRY IN DETROIT"--- ((no no, not that!))---fond farewell---fair fondwell....

Colin Cameron
2561 Ridgeview Drive
San Diego 5, Calif.



THREE STRIKES & YOU'RE IN (title:FMB)

CRY:

Two things struck me as I read CRY #123. One was Terry Carr's statement that I re-entered general fandom in 1958. I didn't know I'd been gone. I don't know exactly what he means. If he means the publishing of that huge mag THE INCOMPLETE BURBEE marks my re-entry, then it is simply another Carr maneuver. And since Carr is by his own admission 90 per cent of fandom anything he does or says is all right.

The second thing to strike me was Belle Dietz' cry about the ingratitude of visiting fans, accepting all her hospitality as a due and hollering for more. I think we've all had something of this problem, those of us who have established places of residence. Especially if we live close to the metropolitan area.

I've got two solutions to her problem. First off, she can write a scathing article which scalds the skins of those who have sinned. Those she should call by name and tell them in print they are not welcome. I think Lancy did something like this in an article titled I'M AFRAID THEY MIGHT COME TO MY HOUSE. It worked for him. It should for Belle.

The second solution is to live in the suburbs, remote from public transportation routes. This is my situation, though I did not move here to escape fans. Visiting fans now find it sensible to call me first to see if I am receiving. Actually they are not so much being polite as they are saving themselves a 30-mile round trip in case I am at the other end of the county looking for ragtime player piano rolls.

I guess three things struck me. The third is CRY itself. It keeps coming out every month! I am amazed that the system you use actually is working. Either you are astonishing people or else-----OR ELSE, HELL, YOU ARE ASTONISHING PEOPLE.

burb (Chas. E. Burbee)

7628 S. Pioneer Blvd.

Whittier, Calif.

((I'm glad you agree, burb, that Belle should pub the name of the offending fan. I think we would, if such a situation came up. So far we've been very lucky---visited only by very nice fans. But Seattle's a bit out of the way. ##The CRY astonishes us, too. How did we ever let this Old Man of the Sea get such a grip on us? I feel like Leslie Gerber: if I didn't love CRY so much, I'd hate it too.))

THE UNFINAL BELLE (title:BCD) or (afterthot), A SIGH FOR PSI

Hi!

Issue #123 to hand. As usual, I liked Pomby's proviews and also, as usual, found them too darned short. But the field is shrinking --- can't you give him a little more room? And no Gerber's bookviews or Brandon's fanziviws? Gad!

The poem by Mercer was as funny to me as it was to George and I have an answer in rhyme, also set to someone else's music. I want to publish it in my February OMPazine first, but then, if you like, I'll send it to you. I call it, "Let's Not Go Back to the Wesfcs!" ((Thanks---we'd like to see it.))

I found Berry's parody on "This Is Your Life" a scream. That's quite something because I normally cannot stomach the sticky sentimentality of the original program. But I howled at Berry's "Life of WAW".

I found Don Franson's "MUST We Study Psi?" every bit as interesting as Campbell's original editorial. I admit Campbell had me swayed in his direction but then Franson swayed me back, although not quite all the way. I still tend to think it should be studied but not with the idea of making it perform miracles as John W. seems to think it will. Still, I can't help thinking that if they discover how Psi works and make some sort of booster for those whose powers are latent, what a boon to the married woman that would be! Imagine doing your housework while sitting on your tail---or being able to tell if your husband still loves you---or what dress will be marked down for clearance next week! You can have your politics and worldwide machinations---give me Practical Psi!

With reference to your comments on George's letter, Buz you do something that bugs me but good---but which many other people are guilty of too. Just because some-

one reads a line from somewhere or someone makes a declaration that so-and-so are the only directors doesn't make it true--it isn't a pronouncement from heaven, you know. You can't take an abstract line from a book full of law--you've got to read the whole damned book and be able to understand the entire pictures. Furthermore, George, being an attorney, has said that the six Directors were not illegal and that there isn't any reason why the WSFS' meetings couldn't be held out of the country. If your opinion differs--YOU prove it! The onus is on those who would disprove a contention, not upon the one who drew the papers to prove himself wrong. You see what I mean? It's a rather silly position to put someone in, isn't it? So far, all we've heard are fans Making Pronouncements with nothing backing them up and when I, or Frank, or George, or Sandy Sanderson, for that matter, say we don't agree, we're told we Don't Think. Well, I'll be darned if I'll change my position on the strength of someone's unsupported statement! It's like those individuals who claim to have made contact with aliens from Flying Saucers. Well, maybe they're telling the truth, but please, how about a little solid proof?

And I'll tell you something else. This is the first time I've been able to have an intelligent, non-malicious discussion with people who obviously hold the opposite view. It's quite a relief. And I'm delighted to engage in such a public discussion which may well end up straightening some of the mess and bad feelings out.

My compliments--Cryfen--you not only try to be fair, what's more important--you succeed.

The Loudly Ringing Belle of Dietz
Belle C. Dietz
1721 Grand Avenue
Bronx 53, N. Y.

((E-a-s-y, gal; I'm only trying to sift out "just the facts" from among the welter of counter-claims. I was quoting George (CRY #121) & Sandy (Ape #5) to the effect that if the 1956 NY elections were illegal, the original directors were still in office, along with (possibly) London electees, except for resignations. In 1956, the Cert. of Inc. said "three directors"; by-laws were adopted that said "six directors" (nobody has ever told me how this mistake occurred); the appropriate article of NY corporation law states that by-laws must be "not inconsistent with law or with its certificate of incorporation" (Article 3, P 8301, Sec. 20, as printed in one of last summer's hasslezines). Since ex post facto laws are generally outlawed, I don't see how a 1957 action could possibly legalize an illegal 1956 action, on the basis of the pertinent documents. I'm buying George's word that the legality of an election can't be part-way, remember. Heck, I'm not asking him to "prove himself wrong": I assume he's just as interested in locating this misplaced quasi-quotation of mine (re London) as I am, in order to settle the facts one way or the other.

I too am very pleased that we are communicating so well across the chasms of diverging views, and join you in hoping that this discussion will help straighten things out. --FMB)))

((I imagine telekinetic housework would be somewhat more laborious than the ordinary kind, even with a booster of some sort. Doesn't psi use quite a lot of energy? Actually, I don't think the world is ready for psi. If we were ready for psi we'd have it. --I guess you can see I'm basically a True Believer--one of Campbell's Flock, like, except I'm willing to wait until someone else gets the bugs out.))

ALL NIMSY WERE THE BOROGOVES

Dear Busbies, et al:

I am re-reading your note (on my letter in Cry #123) for the fourth time and I am still confused. Just to check myself, I went back to the Membership Corporation Law of New York State and nowhere could I find any indication that a meeting may not be held outside the United States. I am enclosing a photo copy of the pertinent section of the law which, as you can see, simply states that meetings can be held outside the State of New York.



As far as New York State is concerned (and this view is usually held by each state) any place outside the State of New York is a "foreign" jurisdiction.

As far as the dissolution, I agree with you that it should be accomplished as simply as possible. I do not consider that I am a Director because it is my belief that the legal Board of Directors at the time of the Solacon consisted of Kyle, Evans, Taurasi, Boll, Newman and Ackerman (all of whom resigned except Kyle & Newman to the best of my knowledge). Logically they would be the ones to designate an officer to collect dues and send out the necessary meeting notice.

However, just to help in whatever way I can, I wish to officially agree at this point to sign a statement (under any residual authority I may have as one of the original Directors) authorizing James V. Taurasi, Dick Ellington or Frank Dietz to be designated as such an officer, contingent upon Dave Kyle designating one of them. I will go along with any one of the three that Dave Kyle wishes. The only difficulty I can foresee is the fact that Dave Kyle has not answered any of my letters for about two years now, so there isn't much point in my communicating this to him. If you think you would have better luck than I've had, you can have a go at it.

Talking about the WSFS, I enjoyed Archie Mercer's parody very much. His style is extremely sharp, cutting everyone and sundry. Of course it hurts a little when the cuts come in my direction, but it is funny nonetheless.

Best regards,

Sincerely,
George Nims Raybin
1326 Grand Concourse
New York, New York

((Thanks, George, for sending the photostat; definitely my quasi-quote isn't from that section. So I'm stumped. Certainly I had a cursory look at a sheet of paper, someone read from it to the effect that the WSFS (or, a certain type of corporation) was "authorized to transact business...within the US", and it convinced a roomful of people, plus (later) Ackerman and Evans, that London had been illegal as a business meeting. Until someone produces that piece of paper or a more eidetic recall than mine of its text and title, the London question remains open, to me. It was always a side-issue at best, and unfortunate, considering the dubious legality of the 1956 NY elections; I think I agree that those had to be totally accepted or rejected, rather than taking the "top 3" or whatever. And, as I note to Belle, the evidence indicates to me that rejection is in order, because of the dubious validity of after-the-fact legalization of illegalities.

I appreciate your forwarding of pertinent facts (even when, as now, they leave me rather at a loss as to where to look next, for the quasi-quotation). We are glad to publicize your suggestions and offers to help expedite matters.

Well, the thing about Archie: he had a well-sharpened needle for everybody, and he never did get really mean with it, to anybody. --FMB)))

CRY'S MAD-LIKE CHARACTER (title:FMB)

Dear Patrons of the Arts,

Thanks for including my clude clud in CLY. Up the Hard Way, from the Dept. of Unprinted Letters. Now there's nothing to look forward to...except arguments (I hope).

Is there any other place in the SF publishing world, professional or amateur, where a critical article can come out while the magazine criticized is still on the stands? I hope everyone ran out and bought ASTOUNDING, even Jim Caughran.

Thanks also to whoever hurriedly typed up this article to beat the deadline (Toskey? Typo with the low letter "A") and made only one typo, a harmless repeat of a few words in the early part of the article. ((Yup--'twas Tosk.))

Also to peerless Garcone (oh, let's not get sickening! I didn't go much for Garcone's scrapings at the bottom -- can't decide whether he is Toskey or a monster.)

Rest of the zine good, as usual. Weber's "minutes" give CRY its MAD-like character. The theme of Berry's story, "Walt Willis, this is your life", especially funny. Mass fanzine-reviewing may bring out some fine reviewers. What happened to the blue ink? I liked it.

Rich Brown writes better than Salinger. I know this doesn't sound like praise, but I mean it as such.

Bruce Pelz: "Croggled" means--well, you know what "croggled greeps" are? Suggest you put out a fan dictionary (never done too often.)

Belle Dietz wants more discussion on prozines? See, Elinor, there are still some sercon fans. We'll serconize the CRY yet.

I don't like Bob Lichtman's suggestion to rip CRY in a straight line down the center. Doesn't he have a confetti machine?

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

((I expect twenty people will write in and say you mean 'crottled greeps' not 'croggled greeps'--but I know, Donald, that 'croggled greeps' is intended as a joke. & I'm sure that greeps are ever so much more tasty that way.))

CAUGHRAN POURIN'

Dear Busbies,

Berry thing is wonderful. I might actually contribute to the Berry fund. ((You do that, ol' Jim.))

Fanzines with my name strewn through them are the best kind. Terry is good, and would be even had he not mentioned me. CARR FOR TAFF, like. ((Right!))

As to Franson--I have had a few experiences with precognition, tho it's not consistent enough to do anything with. Way, way, back, back when I was a neofan (I say, stroking my long white beard), Thom Perry and I were doing experiments with playing cards. On one run, Perry had the cards stacked red-black-red, etc., and, he not having done this before, I was much surprised to have the correct sequence pop into my head as he turned them. So surprised that about half way throo, I said to myself, "This is ridiculous," and went against the signal which popped into my head. From there on out, and always since when I've tried anything with cards, I've done no better than a random sample.

But occasionally I get the feeling I've seen a certain situation before--sometimes to horrible degrees. Once, while doing math, I realized that I'd seen the same problem, and knew what my reaction would be. I says to myself, "another of those goddam ridiculous deja-vu things! I remember that I'd had the premonition that I'd be sitting here, thinking how ridiculous all of this is, then try an approximation to the problem, by dividing by 25 -- like, 325 (or whatever the number was) over 25 is 13 --yoah, that checks. Dammit, I just did that very thing!"

I'm forced to believe in precognition, tho if I hadn't had things like this happening alla time, I'd think it ridiculous. I would know about clairvoyance or telepathy, but telekinesis defies the law of conservation of matter & energy, and, until it is proven otherwise to me, I will disbelieve in this.

What fandom is it now, Franson? I remember a cartoon in Psychotic, by Wells -- "What time is it?" "12:03" "Isn't it about time for 11th fandom to be coming in?" This, of course, was in the time of the Phony Seventh and the Unlikely Eighth.

Speer is the authority, busbies.

Is that cartoon next to my letter supposed to represent me hitchhiking? That fellow will never get anywhere like that! Tho sometimes I have gotten rides with nothing stuck out into the road, but that's rare.

If you want to send Cry out without envelopes, you might try not folding it at all, just stapling the right corners of the thing and chucking it into the mailbox-- PO hates it, tho, on account of getting letters lost inside the things. But the magazines get there in good shape.

Jim Caughran
2315 Dwight Way
Berkeley 4, Calif.

((Did you buy a copy of ASTOUNDING, Jim? ##The experiment with cards might have been clairvoyancy rather than precog. Typical, I imagine, that as soon as you Doubted your powers failed. ESPowers, like fairies, need to be believed in. --My reference is to "Peter Pan", not "Ah, Sweet Idiocy". ##The illo next your last-ish's letter was intended by me to represent you hitching, but not by Adkins. ##We're looking forward to seeing the article mentioned in part of your letter we didn't print.))

BRUCE WANTS TRUCE

Dear Nanonymous:

It was difficult, recognizing the CRY this time, what with its being folded and in black ink. I don't mind the folding, but how about going back to the blue ink? Too expensive? Black is far too drab -- or, for those who saw "Auntie Mame", "too bleak."

I'm glad the British zines are sold in Seattle -- with the U.S. mags dropping dead like irradiated flies, the Pomberton column needs more grist for the plow. ("For sale: First-Class Metaphor Mixer! Guaranteed to garble any and all epigrams.")

If there is ever a Hall of Parody Fame, Archie Mercer's "Wesfes" bit belongs there, in company with some of Brandon's material. I'm surprised that Tom Lehrer's songs haven't been parodied before this; next to Gilbert and Sullivan, he's a prime target for fan-parody.

Ha, more excellent Berry material. "Time heals all wounds," John? Or "Yesterday this day's madness did prepare"? I shall await future installments of the series.

I am inclined to agree with Herr Dirty-Pro Franson: raus mit der WSFS mess and der Deock-Racburn mess. The one seems to be a hopeless case, and the other is water over the dammitall. They are getting a bit out of hand--remember A. Merritt and Co.?

Cheer up, ol' Rich -- you don't get rid of us that easily! I think there is more of a depressed feeling about #123 than #122. From the tone of the writings, one would think fandom were going to hell in a handcart. I'm sure it isn't, but I wish fans wouldn't write as if it were. I'll only start believing such an idea when Rich Brown doesn't have a letter in CRY. Rich, you ought to take your part of the LASFS gestetner to Seattle with you, and make the LASFS sell the whole thing.

Bill Meyers--since you and most everybody else says Fandom As We Know It is dead, does that mean we're entering 9th Fandom?

Hmmm. Very definitely, ATomillos are better in blue ink.

Erratically,
Bruce Pelz
C23H26N2O4
4010 Leona St.
Tampa 9, Fla.

((I guess Buz and I are the only people who like the black ink! Perhaps in two or three months we'll change back to blue, or buy another color-change kit (oh no! not that! That costs money.) ##Maybe we're just entering 7th Fandom--or 7B Fandom.))

THE PERIPATETIC ADKINS MOVES AGAIN!

Dear Old buddies,

Would you print my latest address in CRY? I'll keep this one awhile I think.

Dan L. Adkins, P.O.Box 203, Madison Square Station, New York 10, New York. Thanks ^{cry}_{crs.}

THE PAULS THAT REFRESHES

Oh most beautiful one, etc.

I can't help but feel that I am undeserving of CRY. I mean, like, I don't do anything for it except that lousy buck I sent, and money ain't (as The Sage would say) importen. I'm not a BNF, or a pro reviewer, so why should I get CRY.

I ain't a gonna comment on the contents because I've a mere 20 minutes before I gotta go, so I'm skipping everything else (you know I love it all without my telling you), to go on to the letters.

LESLIE STEVEN GERBER-Reiss is leaving, too? Ghod, young-fandom will be no more. Oh well, there's still Rich Brown (the poor man's Walt Willis).

RICH BROWN-Perhaps the reason I made that remark about Gerber's letters was because I hadn't seen a Meyers letter for so long, I'd forgotten what they were like.

TED PAULS-I realize that I haven't been printed intact, but next ish I'll make my letter so interesting and original, you'll be forced to print it. Just wait and see.

Possible headings for Pauls letters (assuming that you find any worth printing, which I hope you do): FIT TO BE TED FEELING HIS PAULS FROM THE PRIME MERIDENE THE ONLY TRUE BALTIMORON A PAULS (pause) THEN HE SAID... PHSYCO-PATRICK (me middle name's Patrick) A PAT ON THE BOTTOM (ooh, this middle name has possibilities, huh?) THE THEODORE FOUGHT THE BULL (threw the bull?)

Anyway, you got the idea. ((Thanks.)) And you're quite welcome. Please forgive the sloppiness, and goombye.

Ted Pauls
1448 Meridene Drive
Baltimore 12, Md.

((Nonsense! Of course you deserve the CRY. Anybody who reads CRY, month after month, deserves it; and the people who write letters to it, month after month, deserve it twice! It's true that people don't always get what they deserve--sometimes they carelessly let their sub run out, sometimes the PO goofs, and I suppose it's theoretically possible that the Dependable Toskey might slip up, tho I don't really believe it. //Your suggested headings are most inspiring.))

A BOBBED BOB

Dear Nine-Year-Olds:-

I notice that you seem to have followed my suggestion of last letter and the CRY arrived folded long-ways today. But you forgot to add the extra 8 more pages; in fact, you didn't even come up to your usual 40 sides.

And lo! you have invested in a color-change, for CRY is now black, instead of old relaxing blue. I appreciate that you must have spent a goodly sum to change over, but please go back. You won't? Oh well, I was just suggesting...

The cover this time is good enough, but I fail to see any humor in the caption. Please explain to poor me. ((Read the last CRY but one, & see if you get any clues. It's not especially esoteric.))

Mercer: Hooahaa. I have heard the Tom Lehrer of what he writes, so it is extra funny and good for me.

Mighod, another one of these new-type John Berry stories. He's going to leave Willis in the dust if he keeps writing 'em like this'un. Jolly good show, ~~ph~~ Goon.

And now we come to the letters. Elinor, you really outdid yourself this time. Imagine -- 3/7 of the issue letters, over 40%. Keep it up and maybe in a few more issues you can go over 50%. ((In the Toskey regime the letters were over 50% at least once.))

I along with Don Franson, want to know what fandom it is now, or, more specifically, I want to know what fandom it was last May, which was when I sent for my First Fanzine.

Gee, I wasn't born in October, only on the 27th day of August, some 16 years ago. Any fen besides me born in August, huh? ((Only one I know of is Jack Speer--but that's August 9, a different Sign.))

Bruce Pelz: I am pretty sure that it is you who is confused as to the use of "croggle". I draw my usage from this quote from Grue 29: "There is a full-page cartoon sequence by Jenrette that still croggles me every time I look at it." I think if DAG can use it in that way, so can I. And Elinor, your insert at that point should clear both Bruce and I up for good. At least me---for already I am using it.

The headings you've been using at the head of my letters are way off. My name is not pronounced 'Light-man' as you seem to believe, but is pronounced 'Lick-man'. ((I thought it was pronounced 'Lickt-man', and was being a bit Scottish, like. Grrr---darn if I'd have a 't' I didn't pronounce...))

Happy Birthday from:
Bob Lichtman
6137 S. Croft Ave.
Los Angeles 56, Calif.

HE MADE IT!

Dear Cry gang,

This will probably be one of your first reviews, but it is of Cry 123. Therefore it will, at best, go into the lettercol, if I get out of the "We also heard from" space.

Onward, my motto. CRY #123 interested me immensely or greatly or muchly, oh well, I liked it. The cover was good, but is LosG. really an ape, or is he just wearing fur cloths? Ach, no fanzine reviews, no book reviews---what is this, is Cry falling apart?

Onward, and as the pages turn (you see I did study Psi) I run into Archie Mercer, who sang to me what I termed to be a pretty gooot little composition. Well, after Arch finished, I ran into a con that was happening in 1998 (hey, this Psi works pretty good), and my first view was that of an old decrepit figger on the stage. His life brought me almost to tears, so I traveled on... What's this? a shocking story by TC. It tell me that fandom as I know it is ending, horrors. Psi-ing on I ran into Don Franson; I may never Psi again.

Onward through the letter column I find me at the end again. Life must go on I suspect.

QUIXOTIC Vol. I, No. 1. 10¢

Quixotically,
Don Durward
6033 Garth Avenue
Los Angeles 56, Calif.

AND WE ALSO HEARD FROM:

JOHN MONING, who comments on #122, and says it's the best CRY he's ever seen. (Thanks). Also says that since Sanderson rarely prints letters intact in his 'Inchmory Fan Diary' why should he make an exception for Buz? (Very true). DAINIS BISENIEKS says he never realized before how sloppy the CRY is. "On second thought, let's correct that adj.: informal." (Phoo to you, Dainis, if you mean 'informal' why didn't you x out 'sloppy'? Why did you leave it there to offend our eyes?) Also says the illos "were remarkably crude, even for the CRY". (Double phoo!) After having buttered us up, he asks us to pub a mention of the zines he has for sale (hah!). But just to show I'm a sport I'll mention that his new address is 601 Miller, Ann Arbor, Mich.

VIC RYAN comments on #122---liked Pemby and Berry---and encloses \$2. PETER KANE sends some very nice illos; but unfortunately only one of them, the one on the 8th page of the lettercol, is large enough to be used. I'm abjuring small illos --- they just look spotty on the page. Peter also comments on 122: liked Donahue's cartoon, was amused by the "Mminutes" and by Stony's captions, and wants to know who controls Terry Carr. (Terry, I hope, tho it's true he got married yesterday.) IAN R. MCAULAY was introduced to CRY by Walt Willis (How d'ya do, Ian) and, tho a newcomer, found he could enjoy it. So he sent \$2, and plans to write when he becomes "a bit more au fait with fandom." Good! STEPHEN STILES subs. (Steve! Your illos are too big!) ROBERT N. LAMBECK subs. ARV UNDERMAN is indignant with Bob Leman. "that despicable garbage collector shouldn't read CRY on taxpayers' time. To your garbage contemptable one!" And, fellas, I think that winds it up for this month! Elinor

GOLDFISH

By George Wells (Ethop Looney)

Eyes looked upon the sunken ship. These were friendly eyes. Charlie was friendly.

He ventured closer to the ship. It was rotten; barnacles hung to its side. He wondered if he dared look closer.

The sun, through the water, struck glass and reflected in Charlie's eyes. A porthole!

Charlie moved toward it. He looked into it. Staring back at him he saw a hideous face. An hysterical smile was on it.

"Come on in!" he heard it say. "It is not often I get a visitor."

The man looked trustworthy enough.

"How do I get in there?"

The man pointed upward. Charlie swam to the deck of the ship. A trap door slowly opened.

"Come on in!"

Charlie came on in.

"Don't let any water in!"

Somewhat, when Charlie came below, he left the water above.

"Water-repellent air," said the man. "My latest invention."

The man was three feet high. He had bright red skin. He wore a pure white shirt, green pants held up by purple suspenders.

He had really fixed up the sunken ship. He had built new walls behind the old; these new ones being waterproof and rot-proof. In one corner was a neatly made bed. In another was a bookcase with brightly colored magazines.

"I have ASTOUNDING complete up to '85," said the man.

In still another corner stood scientific equipment.

"What is this?"

"This is my pad. I'm Humphery.. Glad to know you!"

"I'm Charlie!"

"I'm an inventor. I have to keep myself protected against the Uranians. We talk to each other only at Christmas. You're an Earthling, aren't you?"

"Well! Of course! You mean that you're from outer space?"

"Yessir! I'm a Martian myself. Have a seat?"

"Thanks."

"The Uranians are nice guys but we Martians are wonderful. The Uranians are jealous of our popularity. You know, eighty per cent of all outer space creatures in science fiction are Martian? Well, that might be an exaggeration. Have a seat?"

"Thanks."

"Tell me about yourself."

"Well, I'm....."

"Fine! I had an uncle who was once. Where's your tail?"

"Uh, well, I left it home."

"Fine! You know, one day I was....."

He talked on and on, few times making sense. After two years of talk, Charlie was practically insane. Then someone knocked on the door.

"It's probably those Uranians. Don't get too close to them, they have B.O."

The Uranians came in; they looked just as the Martian did.

After two more years of talk, Charlie said he must go home. He waved good-bye from the surface, and after a return wave, got into his boat and motored home.

The next decade, Charlie came back but the wrecked ship was gone. A bottle was floating on the surface. Inside it was a note.

"Dear Charlie,

Enclosed are some tablets. Don't you know that talking under water, water-repellent air, purple suspenders, having all the ASTOUNDINGS up to '85 which hasn't come yet, talking straight for two years at a time, and some of the other things we did last night are impossible? Take these pills to that Ethop Looney feller who wrote this; then in a few days he should be sober. Keep the chicken fat from him; he gets

drunk on it sometimes and writes the damndest crud.

Your pal,
Humphery."

Charlie tore the note and smashed the bottle.

"Ridiculous!" he said, "I know those things we did were extra-ordinary, but getting drunk on chicken fat.....bhooy! Now that is impossible!"

Charlie started the motor and slammed away. As he disappeared in the west, a body floated by where he had just been. It was Humphery! Bubbles were coming out of his ears, his tongue hung from his mouth, his eyes were crossed. He was obviously drunk. Pinned to his jacket was this note:

"Dear Reader:

Should I tell him??????? ???

Yours,
Humphery."

= = = = =

Special Bulletin -

Berry Fund H.Q. MOVES!

With Bill Rickhardt leaving for New York and a new job, all contributions and communications for the "BRING BERRY TO DETROIT" FUND are being funnelled into Parma, Ohio, where 2N Falasca can coordinate things more easily. Send money, kind words, the family jewels, etc, to Nick&Noreen Falasca, 5612 Warwick Drive, Parma 29, Ohio. 2N says: "The Fund is building nicely, but we've a long way to go yet."

DETENTION FOR THE GOON!

= = = = =

And for the rest of us, also: Detention Chairman (oops, I mean Treasurer) James Broderick is now awaiting your two-spots for Detention Memberships at a new address: 12011 Kilbourne Avenue, Detroit 13, Michigan.

DetroitIsFineFor'59 MakeBerryComeAcross WashingtonIn'60 TCarrForTAFPPuConIn'61 DNQ

= = = = =

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