

URGENT MESSAGE:

BRING
BERRY
ACROSS
!

and remember, vote:

BJO *for* **TAFF**

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ACROSS

!

and remember, vote

B10 TAFE

a fenden publication

I had thought of putting this at the end of Cry so's I could call it an Index instead of the

C O N T E N T S

High CRYteria.....book reviews by Leslie Gerber.....Page 39

Russies went off without telling me who drew the pics in the lettercol. So I'll have to wait till they get back to send out Crys to them, possibly. However, as near as I can figure, the following are the ART DEBITS: Adkins-Pearson: 19, Bourne: 22,31; Bryer: 25. The one on page 28 might be Rich Brown. But who drew the one on page 34? It was Les somebody. Not Gerber, surely?

Now folks, for the first time since Cry #110, I get to say a few words to you people by way of editorializing. As Buz says in his own editorial later, I get these few lines on the contents page by default, since he and Elinor are out of town this weekend.

Peeking forward to the reply Buz made to the Eustace Plunkett item, I want to correct a statement made therein. Buz states that the Cry is solidly supporting Terry Carr for TAFF. Well, it is true that Buz and Ejinor are solidly supporting Terry Carr, but this does not hold with me. As a matter of fact, I haven't made up my mind who to support, though at present I am tending to lean in favor of Bjo Wells (but NOT for any of the reasons implied by the Plunkett article).

The implications of these two points is that the Cry is the product of the Bushbies alone. And, editorially speaking, this is true. They make the editorial policy, select the contributions or reject them, do the editing (except on the few stencils I am allowed to type). Wally and I do a share of the work and pay a share of the costs, in return for which we get lovely meals by Elinor on pubbing days, Wally gets his Minutes printed, and I (of late) get to answer briefly some of the letters. The lettercol is edited wholly by Elinor (who also edits my answers). All in all, it is a workable arrangement -- and I'm only telling you all this so that you contributors will know exactly whom you have been edited by, as I think you have a right to know, being as how our editorial policies have changed hands several times in the past. But this, as I have described it, has been the situation for the past year and a half, and will probably continue on into the foreseeable future.

Doubtless the above makes me look silly or something. But with me it comes natural.

Before any other rash conclusions are to be drawn as to the possible divergence of ideas between Buz and I, I can hereby state emphatically that Every last fan here in Seattle is totally and irrevocably supporting the BERRY FUND. This is the LAST CALL for money. Money arriving too late for the tickets will be used for his tour of the U.S. An account of the trip: THE GOON GOES WEST (by John Berry) will appear serially in Cry. This fannish epic is Necessary to Fandom. Send money NOW to: Nick Falasca, 5612 Warwick Dr. Parma 29, Ohio. BRT

BRI

this being page ==4==, we have

The Science-Fiction Field Plowed Under

by Renfrew Pemberton or another pseudo of the same nym...

(Author's note: the format of this column is the end-result of much arduous goofing)

(Editor's note: you can say that again!)

(Author's note: the format of this column is the end-result of much arduous goofing)

(Editor's note: So OK; so get with it, huh?)

And with a mere five to seven zines due out this month, it seems a good time to dabble in the above-mentioned goofing-off as regards the format.

The June issue of Science-Fantasy (#35) came in ahead of Bill Austin's stop (he'd been subsidizing Nova Pubs onto my favorite stand, but was losing too much loot to continue). I'm undecided as to subbing to this one. The quality is high, but so (unfortunately) are (#1) the sub-rate of 6 for \$2.50, and (#2) the proportion of material that has seen prior US publication: one-third of this issue consists of AC Clarke's novelet "The Songs of Distant Earth" and Leiber's shorter "Space-Time for Springers"-- both well worth reading, but who wants to pay twice to read twice?

Fully half the zine, however, is "200 Years to Christmas", by J T M'Intosh. On the multi-generation space-voyage theme, this one picks a few years out of the middle of the trip, to give a picture that's interesting both in terms of sociology and of the characters involved. I'd be surprised if this one didn't paperback, either by itself or with a sequel. The theme is that an encapsulated society must go through a series of pendulum-like cycles (even more so than usual) because all actions must have their equal-and-opposite reactions locally, instead of dissipating effects into a large surrounding environment. Makes a fascinating story, anyhow.

Brian Aldiss' "Fortune's Fool" is the other short-- a tale of Incredible Happenstance with a well-played ending. ~~///~~ Fellow named Arthur R Weir, D Sc, titles his article "Atlantis-- A New Theory", but oddly enough a lout named Hok was clubbing his way through the pages of pre-war Z-D zines-- he and his author found Atlantis in the west end of the pre-Flood Mediterranean valley, also. Could be, though...

Most pleasant and striking cover (by D McKeown) on the June Nebula: two quite alien but thoroughly believable quadrupeds, one standing and one reclining, both watching rocketlike descending streaks in the sky. Attractive and effective.

Nebula has absolutely cornered the Fan-Column market. Bob Madle's first appearance is largely concerned with presenting the history and aims of TAFF to the s-f reader. For a mere two pages, it's a cogent review-- runs from Forrie Ackerman's 1947-49 Big Pond Fund to the formation of TAFF in '53, then sensibly skips to Ron Bennett's trip. I think Bob is going to have a good series here.

Walt Willis, this time, starts by relating the saga of James White's selling a story in Italy for 11,000 lira, goes on to discuss the merits of differential word-rates for authors "It's obvious that a complicated piece of semantic machinery like 'epiphenomenal' is worth a dozen 'ands' and 'buts', and an author capable of operating it without it falling on him deserves a bonus.", and, well-- you see what I mean; while you're between Hyphens, you could eke out on Nebula.

Nebula has stories, too; I wouldn't want to mislead you, except maybe for money. In this issue, there seems to be a lack of balance, somehow. Let's see....

Bob Presslie's novelet "Suicide Squad" shares the stark-battle-with-alien-planet theme with Ken Bulmer's "Survey Corpse". The latter, and Brian Aldiss' "The Lieutenant", both have Big Spiders in the Opposition. These are straight Situation-Struggle, with only the novelet carrying any vestige of unsuspected gimmick.

Phil High's "Infection" carries two contemporary (with each other, not with us) problems, parallel. One is Straight Action, but the other is so much better with the people than the gimmick deserves, that it's worthy of note. Well, maybe we are a Filtrable Virus, in the Universal Picture, but somehow that moves me less than the personality conflict on the more erudite side of the tale.

Doesn't look as if we'll wind this zine up on this page, does it?

(Nebula, yet) (Pemberton continues on page ==5==, calloused Sense of Wonder, etc)

Bob Silverberg and I do not share a mutually-clear concept of Time Travel; one of us (at least) is confused. The problem arose once before when he put some poor character through a "By His Bootstraps" routine, had him suicide in one of the early cycles, and blithely had the poor guy multiply himself from this misadventure. Now, in "The World He Left Behind Him", Bob stands foursquare with one foot in the future and the other in an alternate world only it turns out to be the future only he says it doesn't, really. Otherwise, it is a damn fine touching story, but I do wish that Bob would spell these things out more clearly to a Simple Head like me. Like, it'd have been easy to make it all the Future, with an accelerating time-rate. But this alternate-world that really isn't, sort of sandbags an otherwise-lovely bit.

Mark Patrick's "The Return" is more important on the people-side than on the idea (or rather, the sf-framework) side. There are a number of stories in this issue that would be really great with a bit more sophistication sfwise, to match the fine treatment of character. Usually, in the Field, it's the other way...

Future, Aug: one more color to the cover, and a single cut this time...

...this time, as it happens, the article tops the stories. Isaac Asimov (the One Doctor Out of Five who doesn't agree with the commercial) writes of ordinarily-unsuspected aspects of A Moon With a View-- solid, and interesting.

Best story is Richard Hardwick's "Anack" -- to my taste, anyhow. This one has a Private Eye ge-tracking Time-travelers from Der Future (well, the action takes place mostly in Deutschland) "%\$% &'()*+--O-- O Hell, that's what I get for trying to make rapid coverage-- that one was last month. OK, "Anack" is not the best story in the issue; it is a verschtunken "I warn you" piece in which the warning is of course ignored (and You-Know-Who Gets Killed). We live and learn. I hope.

Well, let's see. How about Ted Thomas' novelet "New Model Spaceman"? It has a good solid gimmick, but I wish the editor had a budget that would allow him to demand the rewrite needed here. Too much repetition of the General haranguing the Scientist ("It's MURDER, sending an untrained man up in that ship!"); too much recapitulation. But I suppose the main flaw in this tale is that while the Problem and the Solution are both quite valid, the Interim Solution that gives with all the Drama-and-like-that is simply not quite plausible. But this is the best of the fiction in the issue.

Shorts: Brian Aldiss' "Safety Valve" is an uncoordinated "sharpie outsharped" piece, in that the Sharpie appears to be an Innocent Victim up until Doom Is Upon Him-- it reads as if the Squink Blog Handy Plotter has been loosed upon the field.

"Baby" (Tom Harris) is an absolute little horror about the results of feeding Boom-Food to an infant-- very well done, I suppose, but not my stick of pot at all.

Yes, this time the article tops the issue; the novelet "Placing" by default. The lettercol carries Willis Freeman's comprehensive rating-survey of the stories in Future for 1957-58, with RAWL's ratings alongside. This is a Good Deal.

Just keep your hat on, and no one will notice that you're a Focal Point.....

That brings us up to Astounding-- the July issue, which winds up Gordon Dickson's "Dorsai!" in such a way as to indicate that the tale was originally of 4-part length and that it's been chopped down to size with a dull and rusty machete. Heinlein once (in "By His Bootstraps") said "but this is not an account of how Boosterism came to Arcadia"; unfortunately, Part III (Conclusion) of "Dorsai!" is just about that, and hardly anything more, when summarized. We begin this installment with the firm conviction that Donal will W*I*N, because he is Somehow Better. And it so befalls. All the would-be-interesting sidelights are cut short, and the Big Climax is so fore-shortened as to be an almost-ludicrous parody of the upcoming bookjacket blurb.

I don't want to damn this tale so wholeheartedly as might appear. If my hunch is correct, the unabridged version under one set of covers should be quite good reading. Dickson writes well, but this installment is the Reader'didigest version, undercutting (in spite of a number of good passages this time) the good impression made by parts I & II. Oh, well-- let's see how it goes in book form, huh?

((if page ==6== did not exist, it would have been necessary for R.P. to invent it))

(aSF carries on): Garrett's "But, I Don't Think" is the lead novelet. We have had Overthrow-the-Dictator yarns Up To Here. We have also had O-the-D yarns in which it turned out that the Dictator was Right. So now we have what appears to be an O-t-D job, but in which the upcoming Rebel turns out to prefer the Status Quo. This comes under the heading of social commentary, I suppose, but I hope all you Galaxy-haters will note that this is the exact same Lit-tul Pee-pul kick you've been griping about. And our protagonist isn't even as Lit-tul as most; he just feels that way. This tale, by the way, was not helped even a little bit by the heavy-handed blurb which latched onto the title to telegraph the punchline beyond the veriest shadow of a doubt.

The blurb for Ted Thomas' "The Broken Tool" is likely more what Campbell tries to do. In retrospect, it fits the switch-ending perfectly, but it's subtle enough not to kill the story, which is only moderately heavy-handed if at all so. Thomas rashly predicates a future in which (spacewise, at least) a Good Company Man is one to whom the job rates in second place. It'll never catch on, though-- too reasonable.

Algis Budrys' "Straw" is the pocrest-plotted piece I've seen from this writer. He puts up a rather fascinating background and a relatively-standard conflict-deal, and it goes along with some entertaining activity. But I am surprised and quite disappointed to find John W allowing an author to get away with a wholly unclued U S Cavalry finish; in the last half-page, the hero (in a supposedly baaad jam) casually takes the gun away from the opposition as "special agents" (who are brand-new to the reader) come charging in with symbolic buglings. Oh Heelllll, Jawnn....

Chris Anvil's "Leverage" is weak in much the same fashion: a quite good alien-planet deathtrap is solved by One Guy Who Sees Things Straight, but the trouble is that his brilliant insights are no great surprise to anyone-- or at least, they are no great surprise to me. We see that Campbell is lowering the requirements for his super-Cortez heroes. Either that, or else I am the next dictator of the planet.

Don't forget-- you read it first, in CRY. First, I'll legalize polygyny.....

C.C.Beck's "Vanishing Point" is one of those underplayed Doom-bits with the somewhat-humorous presentation. Mercifully lacking in Cortezishness, anyhow.

Doctor Asimov indicates that most "artificial elements" have been around in sparse amounts all along. That man could even make commercials interesting.

S-F Times hath it that (having tried the 50¢ price awhile) Astounding will add 32 pages, make the 50¢ tab universal, and will stay monthly in the process. The 32pp are to be slick paper for articles and pics, same as in the first digest-size aSF issues starting with Nov '43 (and you'll recall what happened to that, and to the total absence of advertising that was supposed to compensate for smaller size).

SFT also hath it that Satellite will revert to bi-monthly status, with the July issue appearing on the stands about 4 weeks ago. Our stand still shows the May issue, so I tend to find it more credible that Belle Dietz was correct when she told us (a Cry or two ago) that the zine had folded, than to think that SFT has later info.

Well, one more New Worlds showed up-- #84, June '59, containing the first I've seen of James White's "Sector General" stories. "Sector General" is Galactic-Sector Hospital, apparently a huge artificial planetoid of some sort, and as multiracial as Doc Smith's Galactic Patrol. Naturally, they have crises there, since this makes for interesting stories. The various aliens are handled somewhat with the GP treatment, but possibly more in the fashion of H.B.Fyfe's "Bureau of Slick Tricks" or some of Gordon Dickson's multispecies whodunits-- pretty darn well, in case you're wondering. Title this time is "Visitor At Large"; it's a novelet; I liked it.

Reprinted is damon knight's "Idiot Stick" (I've given up researching reprints, but I think it was in F&SF).

Campbell would never use E Henley's "Strange Menhir" or F G Rayer's "Sands Our Abode"-- the People Don't Win. In the latter, they escape with a reasonably-whole hide, and in the latter, they enter symbiosis with an apparently-superior lifeform. No, John would not like these, though they are well done, in truth.

Ken Bulmer has a nice piece in "The Gentle Approach", though the title is not especially apt. Here we have humanoid aliens (on their own planet) who appear to be

((Hmm-- column's going four pages after all-- here it is page ==7==))

unpredictable and/or irrational in response to the Earthman's Overtures. The solution is elegant, working out well for the interpersonal plot as well as the overall one, quite credibly and neatly.

Colin Kapp's "Calling Mr Francis" is a moderately humorous Accidental Scientific Miracle bit of the WWII-aSF variety. They end up trying various kinds and amounts of cheese, breadcrumbs, and cigarette butts in the electroplating fluid, trying to Do It Again. That should give you the idea pretty well.

I'm convinced that New Worlds is much better off between serials, as now.

The other zine that under-the-wired it in here today is F & S F for August, with two novelets, six shorter stories, and other goodies.

Jay Williams' novelet, "Operation Ladybird" is perhaps as interesting for the choicely characterized protagonist as for the switcheroo, which concerns the reason why we have a UN expedition on Venus (in the story, leetle Noodnick, not for real). The lead character carries the tale through the Wise Elder Race pitch, and even gets away with a Peghoot punchline at the finale. What more can you ask?

The Asimov article concerns very short intervals of time, and suggests that they be measured by the distance traversed by light during them-- in the way that great distances are measured by the time required for light to traverse them. Like, one light-millimeter would be 3-trillionths of a second. All this has to do with the fantastically short times involved in reactions between sub-atomic particles.

Carol Emshwiller's "Day at the Beach" is illustrated by Mr Emsh's cover, with the bald lady holding the child, and conflict in the background. Post-atomic, of course, and a gruesome if deliberately vague picture (the story, not the cover).

There's a translation from the French: "The Walker-Through-Walls", by Marcel Ayne. Good enough, of the old "so it backfired on him" style.

Poul Anderson's "Brave to Be a King" (the 2nd novelet, here) continues his Time Patrol series, but in more depth than ever. No routine derring-do rescue, here; this one gets right down into the guts, and not through gore and etc, either. Very good, with an unexpected but (retrospectively, to the reader) inevitable way climax.

The damon knight book-reviews are more perceptive than biting, this time, though nips are taken where appropriate.

Kit Reed's "Empty Nest" can't help but telegraph its Impossible Punchline; well-enough written, it is, but basically a flat impossibility for its own sake and with no rationale whatsoever. Oh well-- one of these is OK once in a while....

"Obituary", by The Compleat Asimov, depends upon the old "My Name Is Legion" dodge of "duplicating" an object by bringing its future self back to stand beside its present self. However, this story bugs me by ignoring causation-- at the end of a specified period following duplication, the later edition vanishes, whereas any sort of logic would have the earlier version vanish at the point at which it was hauled back timewise. Dr Asimov, meet Mr Silverberg. Wotsa matter you guys, anyhow? This would be a perfectly fine tale if that cold draft weren't blowing in that big hole.

"Pact" (Winston Sanders) is a delightful reversal of all pacts-with-demons stories. A li'l bit overly-cute in spots, but mostly Fine Business.

ShortShortStuff: Ray Russell's "The Rosebud" (he sez function determines structure, but not so dry as that). Peghoot, less tortured than usual in recent times. A short poem ("Me", by Hilbert Schenck, Jr) that makes a gyroscope of Joyce Kilmer.

Let's note, upcoming: a 160+-page 10th Annish, commencing a Heinlein serial; Edgar Pangborn coming up next month; the "combined with Venture" on the contentspage.

Cactus #1: Sture Sedolin, PO Box 403, Vellingby 4, Sweden, & Rcar Ringdahl, P Box 495, Drammen, Norway. 10 issues for \$1. US agent Seth Johnson; UK agent Alan Dodd. Yeh, it's a fanzine, but none of our reviewers covered it, and it's such a novelty getting an all-English zine from Scandinavia, that I'm cheating. TOSKEY! Send one of those boys this issue (let 'em share it, maybe? Unless you or Wally also got a copy, in which case Be Big About It). OK: all kinds material. Fmz-reviews by the editors, a fine photopage, a one-page comic-strip, short lettercol, couple more review-type pages, and some extremely varied fiction. Likable illoes. 28 pages for a dime, though-- what can you lose but your Sense of Wonder? ++ That Did It. ++ R.P.

P O S T H A S T E

by John Berry

The youth was about seventeen years of age. He wore an oddly assorted variety of clothing --- a jacket three sizes too large, striped trousers that had, earlier, graced many a wedding reception, a vividly-checked lumberjack's shirt, and one black and one brown shoe.

The sun was alone in a clear blue sky, but it wasn't really hot -- the youth didn't notice, anyway. He sat on the edge of the clearing, looking across the wide gorge through which the torrent tumbled so fast. It was at least one hundred feet to the green grass on the other side of the gorge -- question -- how to negotiate it?

He looked at the watch on his wrist, a small, exquisitely jewelled ladies watch, with diamonds for the numerals and gold for the hands.

Hmmm.

Then he clicked his fingers and jumped up. He walked across to a tall sapling -- looked at it -- at its uppermost branches, and he climbed a tree a few feet away. He gripped an outer branch with his knees, and lying to his left he managed to tie the end of a coil of rope near the top of the sapling. He dropped the coil of rope to the ground, and climbed down the tree.

Uncoiling the rope, he pulled it round the base of another big tree, retraced his steps towards the sapling, and pulled.

The sapling bent over towards the base of the tree, and when he couldn't pull it any further, the youth tied the rope in a slip knot. He walked to a hut in the wood, and came back with a hatchet. Clumsily, the youth hacked off several small branches, leaving six inch lengths jutting out from the thin trunk. He weaved several of the supple twigs round the stubs, forming a primitive cradle.

Smiling in satisfaction, he went to the clearing, picked up a small parcel, perhaps a foot long and two inches thick, with a large leaf wrapped round it with twine. He dropped this parcel in the centre of the upwards facing cradle, and left it.

Once more he looked at his wrist watch, then picked up another parcel of identical size.

With a wide grin on his brown face, he walked into the wood near his hut, where a large black dog with four ears was tied to a tree.

He knelt down, patted the dog and whispered to it.

"You're going home, boy."

The dog yelped and wagged its tail and pulled at the rope.

The youth, whistling in his utter delight, tied his precious parcel carefully under the dog's throat.

He took a deep breath, half caused by pride, half by final realization, and slipped the noose off the dog's neck, and slapped it hard on the back.

The dog, without any hesitation, bounded northwards and disappeared within seconds into the vegetation, the parcel still firmly attached at its throat.

The youth stood mute for a moment....wondering exactly what would be the reaction when the parcel was untied....and then he snapped his fingers and hurried back to the clearing.

He sorted about in a pile of assorted scrap under the trees, and finally extracted a ragged square of waterproof canvas, charred at the edges. He wrapped the third parcel in it, bound it with twine, and walked across to the edge of the gorge, and threw it into the middle of the torrent. He watched it tumble through the rushing water, until it merged with the swirling foam.

Back in the clearing, he skillfully shaped a long sliver of wood. He split the end of it, and inserted a portion of feather. He tested the balance, seemed satisfied, and placed it with the others by his feet. He reached down to his right, picked up another length, and sliced off the ends of twigs, where they had been broken off. Another arrow began to take shape, when he heard the shout.

The youth, his blood racing, picked up the hatchet, and ran back to the edge of the gorge. He looked across it, to the girl.

She was young and shapely, even through the thick blanket, roughly made into an austere garment, almost hung to her ankles. She waved, and shouted once more.

The youth raised the hatchet, and with all his strength brought the blade down on the rope wrapped round the thick tree trunk.

The sapling shipped upwards, and the parcel shot from its cradle, soared over the gorge, over the girl's head, and landed twenty yards past her. Once more she waved, and she ran back, picked up the parcel, and away into the wood.

The youth walked back to the clearing, picked up the embryo arrow, scraped it for several moments, then threw it down. He lay back in the sun, with his hands behind his head, and a wistful smile creased the corners of his lips.

Was it the first, he wondered?

He had been lucky to find the three-quarter empty ledger.

He had torn the used pages out, and with the stub of a pencil had made three copies of THE GREAT AWAKENING.

Was it the first -- the first fanzine to be published since the Hydrogen War?

He thought maybe it would be a good idea to trek to the remains of the city 50 miles away --- there was a remote chance he might find a piece of carbon paper --- he would need it for his second issue.

For, most definitely, there was going to be a second issue.

MINUTES

by Wally Weber

MINUTES OF THE MAY 31, 1959 MEETING OF THE NAMELESS ONES

It is my fond but feeble hope that this ruse works on Doctor Toskey. He knows that I have a set of minutes written for the May 31 meeting; I made the unusual error of having prepared them before the following meeting, and Toskey will never forget the shock of having me answer the call for minutes by actually reading some. (Up until that time he had not suspected that I could read.)

But that was long ago, and here it is time to publish my biweekly masterpieces, and I am no longer able to find any of the required documents. Ordinarily this would be a minor matter. I could admit to my folly and take my standard punishment, such as being slowly forced through a porous cement wall. But that could only happen when F. M. and Elinor Busby are available to temper the vengeance of Toskey, and that is far from the case this gloomy morning. The Busbies are away and you-know-what is in complete command. I could still admit to my folly, but I would immediately be rendered incapable of admitting to, or even committing, another. To die so horribly before the Westercon is not even thinkable.

Unthinkable though it may be, it still remains extremely likely. My fear-crazed mind has made me type the headings as usual, somehow imagining there is a chance that Burnett will be too involved with publishing the CRY later on today to give any notice to the finer print. I even have flashes of a state far beyond delirium when I glimpse a vision in which he even fails to notice until after the Westercon. No doubt many great men in history have had similar experiences when the end was near.

Perhaps something can be salvaged, however. Certainly Burnett will not deprive the CRY of this page. This page, then, can be my monument. Be gentle with it, for it is all I had to give at the last; do not crush its corners more than is reasonably required to contain the garbage you are throwing out. And those of you who attend the Westercon and see my empty body, crucified on a Buick emblem, please, I beg of you, do not stare unkindly at my Adam's apple, and think twice before you accept any cider from Toskey.

Honorable Secretary,

Wally Weber

F a n d o m H a r v e s t C h a f f e d

(or, The Last Hoohah!) by Eustace S Plunkett

"How," asked Our Hero, who is virtuous, unassuming, witty, deserving, trustworthy, loyal, egotistical, helpful, friendly, courteous, kind, obedient, cheerful, thrifty, brave, clean, and reverent (like a large St Bernard or a small Boy Scout); "how can I run on a TAFF platform of just being v., u., w., d., t., l., e., h., f., c., k., o., c., t., b., c., and r., and beat that dirty old hard-working convention-originating TAFF-organizing Other Candidate?"

"Don't worry about him," shrieked Our Hero's Mad-&-Sexy Wife quietly (inexpertly lighting a cigarette). "We know he can't stop traffic in a bathing suit. Though I can't imagine why anyone would want to do that; do you suppose that's more fannish now than putting out one-shots at conventions?"

Our Hero thoughtfully scratched his brand-new virtuous unassuming moustache and ground out the cigarette which Mad-&-Sexy Wife had left lying on some newly-cut stencils as she went to the mirror to study traffic-stopping possibilities. "Hell," he breathed in his witty, deserving, reverent way, "how could a Dark Horse like that.."

"A veritable neofan..." added Mad-&-Sexy Wife, helpfully.

"...if we ignore her first article in a fanzine in '52..."

"Well, then, she's only about - uh - 7th Fandom," figured Our Hero's Helpmeet. "Why, she's only as new as DAG!"

"She's only been to 3 WorldCons, & 4 li'l WesterCons," studied Our Hero kindly.

"Howcum," helped Mad-&-Sexy Wife, "she rated so high in your virtuous, cheerful, trustworthy fan poll, as cartoonist and artist?"

"Dunno," answered Our Hero thriftily. "But seriously, now: how could anyone in their right fannish mind consider this upstart as even a remote possibility for TAFF?"

"Well," explained M-&-S Wife, "maybe she's got something else to campaign with."

"Like?" queried Our Hero.

"Like, she's a girrull!" exclaimed a Young-and-Repressed Love-Starved Goon who happened by; he wandered off, drooling "35-22-36" to himself.

"Like, I identify myself with this freckle-faced mysterious female," cried a Y-&-R L-S LNF, gazing rapturously at a photo of the Dark Horse in a Saran-wrap dress.

"Like, the qualifications of the Other Candidates are meaningless in view of these facts!" snickered a Y&RLS S.I.C. "and actually she's more of a pinto (or an Appaloosian) than a Dark Horse-- a purely academic point, but important to anyone who really wants to do straight unslanted reporting. Besides, Fandom's Living Legend says that S*X is the finest TAFF campaign he's ever heard of!"

"Great!" shrieked M&S Wife, putting on a bathing suit, "let's use it ourselves."

"What?" asked virtuous unassuming witty Our Hero.

"Use S*X as a TAFF campaign." sexed M&S Wife.

"That won't do," grouched Our Hero. "Dark Horse doesn't even remember kissing me."

"I've never forgotten," consoled Our Hero's Helpmate, unfolding a street map.

"Fine," enthused Our Hero, "but suppose Dark Horse points out, in print, that I'm the only fan she doesn't remember kissing?"

"We can claim she's kissed so many she can't keep track. You know-- loose!"

"No," stated a large bushy-tailed squirrel, "just friendly." He stared reminiscently into space for a moment, cried "Fanac", and disappeared in a blinding flash of Ditto Green, leaving a happy "Happy New Year" hanging in the air.

Mad-&-Sexy Wife glared at Our Hero. "You're going to have to do something about your peculiar friends. That's the second ceiling he's gone through!"

"What are we going to do?" grotched Our Hero, bravely. "There's all kinds of trouble brewing."

Placing her finger on the intersection she had picked as the most likely corner to stop traffic, Our Hero's Wife looked up. "Whatever do you mean?"

"Fandom is Significant; you know that," lectured Our Hero in his best v,u,w,d,t, l,e,h,f,c,k,o,c,t,b,c,&r manner (oh, go back and look it up!).

"Yes!" she screamed adoringly.

"And TAFF, the most Worthwhile Institution in Significant Fandom (not counting my few popular zines like Unassuming, Deserving, Trustworthy, & Loyal) is threatened."

"EEeekk!" eeked M&S Wife. "How melodramatic as all-get-out!"

"I mean," opined Our Hero, "that its very existence is threatened... if fans vote for the Other Candidate, in spite of the Whisper Campaign, in spite of the sensible way some fans...."

"Say 'fen';" suggested M&S Wife fannishly, "it sounds so much more fannish!"

"..some fans opine that he may handle the next TAFF deal. Or if they vote for the Dark Horse, in spite of her being a mere girl..."

"She's all of twenty-five," miffed M&S Wife.

"..in spite of her being not any percent of the Hoax of the Century. What I mean is, if fandom doesn't vote for ME, what will happen to TAFF?"

"Oh golly! Oh pip pip!" shrieked M&S wife. "That's Significant, too," she added.

"So let's get down to business," said Our Hero. Then, as his wife started to take off her bathing suit, "No, no! I mean TAFF business."

"Oh," sexed Our Hero's Helpmate regretfully. "So what can we do? Can't you do whatever she's done in fandom?"

"How can I?" growled Our Hero, pouring himself a mug of mimeo ink (his Own Fanzine said he had mimeo ink in his veins, and what you read in His Fanzines, you could always believe). "How can I plan a fancy opulent intricate thing for a WorldCon? Who'd cooperate?"

"The Dark Horse had fans from all over helping out; she had only a tiny bit of trouble."

"She's a girrrull!" screamed several Young-&-Repressed, Love-Starved fans, "though that doesn't explain why the fem-fans helped out."

Our Hero glowered at them in his friendly cheerful way. "How can I help revive the world's oldest fan-club & bring it back to actifandom? She's already done that."

"We like to identify with her!" Chorused Y&R,LS members of the world's oldest ^{fan}club.

"What I mean is," explained Our Hero, gently taking the city map from his M&S Wife as he closed the front door, "like, it takes a pretty sneaky fan to convince a moribund club that it not only wants to be active, but that it wants to buy a new duper and actually prove that it's active. Now, could I be that sneaky?"

"Of course not!" said M&SWife, resignedly changing out of her bathing suit.

"I mean, like, I've contributed to fandom as a whole! Who else has so constantly kept well-meaning, harmless fanclubs in the limelight as ridiculous and bumbling clods? Who else has so consistently pointed out the differences, the dissensions, the gulfs between convention fans and fanzine fans?"

helpfully:

Our Hero stopped being vuvltlehfkcoctbc&r for a moment, and said, "Huh?"

"That's what I mean!" cried Our Hero triumphantly. "You can see that she isn't so much of a fan at all! Hardly anyone outside her own fanclub even knows of her!"

"What do you mean, Mad-and-Sexy Wife?"

"Good Lord, why?" murmured Our Hero, gazing fondly at the dried laurel wreath/in "Lawrence Welk Plays Jazz" album. "I was almost 100% of the Greatest Hoax of the century--- what more do they want?"

ary- what more do they want?" esp.

Ulcers? Hell, I don't get ulcers; I GIVE 'em!

Editorially speaking, we were of a couple-three minds as to printing Confreere Plunkett's piece, above. It went like this:

Pro: (1)It's a direct takeoff-answer to Terry's piece in the last issue, so for best appreciation it should go to the same readership. (2)It was offered in kindly fashion and good spirit. (3)It's got some damn cute lines in it.

Con: (1)The Cry, while not being against anyone, has been and is strongly in support of one Terry Carr for TAFF. The preceding item's appearance here does not indicate any change in this Our Policy. (2)I don't believe in running contentious material under/obscure pseudonyms. Terry wrote his piece under his own name, and I think he has the right to know who's answering him. Personally, I think Plunkett is composed of several LASFSians rather than being only one person. However, further "Plunkett" in this vein will only appear here when we have the true names of the writers, for our own info, at least. This item arrived too late to query on the point. (3)While Terry stayed whimsical and poked at least as much fun at himself as at anyone else (if not more), "Plunkett", or rather at least one of "Plunkett's" components, gets downright snide in the way of personal attack, in spots. I don't like this, but could not find a way to delete those bits without becoming subject to accusation of killing the argument for partisan reasons; I have edited somewhat, but only in the interests of clearer presentation and space-saving. At any rate, I find some parts of this piece to be in poor taste, which is too bad, since much of it is enjoyable.

Terry's writeup erred in omitting Bjo's LASFS efforts & achievements, which are notable. Eustace errs equally in letting-on that Bjo's '52 fanac makes her a 7-year fan-veteran, by ignoring a gaffiation of several years. It's like saying that I have been an active fan for 9 years because I hit the Portland Con ('50) & had stuff in the local zine in '50-'51 (altho Elinor & I got into CRYPubbing with the Mar'55 issue & joined SAPS in July'56, most fans would date us from the '57 MidWestCon). It's not that all these details have any great bearing on anyone's suitability for TAFF-- it's just that I do love a fact, in preference to a snow-job. On any side of the fence.

The main thing, of course, is for everyone to get that TAFB contribution in...!

With Keen Blue Eyes And A Bicycle

("so I can see a long ways off, and the bicycle so I can get away quick"
--Churchy)

This is a whole page all to myself of sneaky editorial, since we'll be out of town this weekend and Tosk gets the contents-page by default. Let's ramble...

Who started all this Focal Point stuff, anyhow? Buck Coulson had something to say about it, since I recall a lino, like: "Dear Mr Coulson; I have become a Focal Point. What do I do now?" But that was A Focal Point. Now we find characters talking about The Focal Point. This, I contend, is a mistake-- any time fandom gets so rundown and vitamin-deficient as to settle down to just one measly little Focal Point, we might as well give up and join the NBF. I see this whole mildly raucous shindig as a concatenation of unorganized groupings--according-to-interest, overlapping in a random and changing fashion, like the multiple spotlights in some nightclubs. Some people, some zines, and even some clubs will be in a central sort of role for parts of the overall group-- always subject to change, as interests shift with the changing activity of one and another gang. That's my idea of this Focal Point deal, and that's enough (and a plenty, you say?) on the subject.

This is Buz editorializing, by the way, in case I forget to put my name at the end as I did on the comments following the Plunkett article. That article should teach Terry Carr to get his column in on time-- if we'd had "Fandom Harvest" and a couple other expected items on hand, we wouldn't have had room for this Insidious Propaganda. I still can't figure out the constituent components of Plunkett-- parts of it read like Bjo (mostly the parts that are kidding Bjo), and parts of it read like Ted Johnstone, but I can't figure who put in the parts I find a bit off-base. I wish this Westcoast-TAFF bit hadn't become branniganized, but as long as it has (a bit), we might as well have it running in here as anyplace.

Meanwhile, the Berry Fund is shaping up pretty well, and with a good effort at upcoming regional Cons, it will indeed be Detention For the Goon. But we are also working on a good FanTour for John (he has a good sizable vacation), such as getting him out here to the Coast and (sob!) back again, as well as the relatively-easy Eastern safari. So: contributions to Nick Falasca, 5612 Warwick Drive, Parma 29, Ohio. That goes for other people's contributions too, Billy The Kid. Like, get with it.

Fella in the lettercol keeps saying that Cry has nothing to offer "general" fandom, except a monthly schedule. Well, it strikes me that regular-&-frequent publication can't be of help to a zine unless the individual issues strike sparks with the readers, but what's this "general fandom" with Cry on the outdoor side looking in?? Certainly a circulation of 80-100 (our "most comfortable weight") makes no pretense of reaching All of Fandom, but our readership (including the non-writing subscribers) is highly diversified, and cuts across just about any fannish lines of demarcation I can think of. A "limited-interest zine"--- why, sure, and a Good Thing, too--- where would we be if even 50 more fans (a small percentage of the overall group) sent in \$2 subs to Cry? (Down at Pete's Poopdeck drinking beer and digging cool sounds, that's where. After having folded Cry out of sheer copelessness.) Then, "the lettercol.. aimed at a group of fans whose interest lies in Cry"--- well, how and why do you "aim" a lettercol (essentially a self-aiming device) at any other group? I baffle, but not so badly as to sink to explaining in detail once again that the Cry was never a club-produced zine, and hasn't been a club-centered zine for the past 3 or 4 years; Cry is produced by one president and 4 ex-presidents of the Nameless Ones, for anyone interested enough to meet the requirements as usually listed on the contents-page. Ah, what now?

This month has not been for the birds, but against them, around here. A flaw in precaution against paint fumes killed our cheerful little fannish ad-libber of nearly 4½ years standing, Bemmy Busby. Nobby, our elder dachshund, did for Beatnik (Bemmy's successor) today, inexplicably--- no clue as to how the plastic slide came out of the end of cage, to let the little guy out into the clutches of the Mighty Hunter. But we stubbornly refuse to quit: Bird #3 sits impatiently waiting for us to brainstorm-up a name for him. Parakeets are a Way of Life, especially when they can ad-lib for you.

This has been a sneakyPete editorial by F M Busby, who is splitting the scene tomorrow morning until after Cryday and until shortly before the WesterCon. See you.

C R Y i n g O v e r B e n t S t a p l e sI. REVIEWS BY BILL MEYERS

f a n z i n e r e v i e w s

THE BEST OF FANDOM --- 1958, Guy Terwilliger, 1412 Albright St, Boise, Idaho. 124pp. 75¢

One of the most monumental fanzines to come out in a very long while, this obviously represents a tremendous amount of work, planning, and expense. From an artistic standpoint, this is definitely an improvement over last year's anthology in its layout, its colorful appearance, and particularly in its art portfolio which presents the best of fandom's artwork (the worth of this is somewhat questionable, considering the 32 pages these 16 illustrations took up, but I'm not against it). Too, it is well edited and expertly reproduced. Bob Madle's introduction is hardly as good as that of Bloch's last year, but overall, the price jump from 25¢ to 75¢ is well justified.

((Lichtman rates this 10 and Rich Brown rates it 10¹⁶⁷⁴⁹⁰⁶⁴⁷.))

VOID #16¹/₂, Greg Benford, 10521 Allegheny Drive, Dallas 29, Texas; Ted White, 2708 N. Charles Street, Baltimore 18, Maryland. 14 pages. 25¢. ((rated 5 by both Lichtman and Brown))

For the purpose of maintaining the monthly schedule, this is issued in the interim of White's moving to New York. It consists completely of letters, so many that it appears a "1¹/₂" issue would have been necessary anyway. VOID has obviously interested practically everyone fannish, and at this rate should indeed reach its self-appointed goal as the focal-point fmz.

JD-ARGASSY #44, Lynn Hickman, 304 N. 11th, Mt. Vernon, Illinois. 30 pages. 20¢.

This is one of the occasional large issues of JD-A filled with longer contributions in addition to the news, letters, and whatnot. It stands alone as an excellent generalzine.

Jim Harmon begins his projected series of fan profiles with a beautiful dissection of Harlan Ellison's personality -- nothing libelous or anything like that, but merely through the description of several humorous incidents, said personality is laid bare for all to see.

Robert Bloch, in his usual enjoyable manner, tells of his job as a panelist on a local television program. Adkins reviews fanzines, but these do not so much impress me as reviews but rather as extemporaneous grunts and comments on first reading each fanzine -- that is, more like the whole column is a very rough first draft.

Bob Madle contributes the 7th chapter of his TAFF report, this one dealing with his visit with Inchmery Fandom after the London convention. With the exception of some half-slighting remarks toward Walt Willis, which seem to crop up in nearly every installment, it's all very good and interesting, but nothing to reprint in a separate volume for any purpose other than preservation for posterity or some such nonsense.

News items, including a couple of pages of Les Gerber's predictions on the s-f pocket-book scene, abound throughout the issue, along with some editorial ramblings. There's a rebuttal to Ted White concerning the consite in 1960.

JD-A could only stand improvement in the amount of importance it places on letters of comment. But then #45 is promised to be filled with letters.

((Both Brown and Lichtman rate this 7 on their scale.))((Lichtman doesn't agree with Hickman's fan politics; BJO FOR TAFF, gang, he sez.))

II. REVIEWS BY RICH BROWN

SHANGRI-L'AFFAIRES #43, Al Lewis, 2548 W. 12th St, Los Angeles 6, California, 20¢, 35pages. mimeo

Once again we come to Shaggy; and once again the good material is lined up against the bad. Rick Sneary, Ted Johnstone, Djinn Faine, E. Southington Plunkett (good fanzine reviews), Ron Ellik, and a lettercolumn that is starting to be edited provide interesting fare. On the other hand there is a pitiful attempt at faaan-fiction by Norman Metcalf, and a few other pieces of mediocrity that were pretty boring reading. Al Lewis' editorial speaks for a Good Cause, though (the Berry Fund), and the Bjo ((for TAFF, sez Lichtman)) cover and interior illos add sparkle to even the mediocre material. Ah, well. Rating: 5 ((Lichtman rates this 7))

PSI-PHI #3, Bob Lichtman, 6137 S. Croft Ave., Los Angeles 56, Calif. 15¢, 32pp, ditto.

To paraphrase Dan Adkins: the first issue of this was Nothing, the second issue was Something, and now, the third issue is Really Something. No, I don't want you to misunderstand me; this

isn't something to rave about, nor is it a Leader In the Field, or anything like that. What it is, is a nice bit of enjoyable reading that can be a lot of fun. For one thing, the dittoing is done mostly in black, which I like. There's a cover by Bjo, a good parody bit by Jim Caughran, a real Goon story by the inimitable Berry, Bjo's best cartoon strip to date, and an interesting column by Ted Johnstone. There were a few things that didn't impress me, but if Bob continues to improve on his editorial discernment, the next issue should be just peachy.

RATING: 7

((QUIXOTIC #2 $\frac{1}{2}$, Don Durward, 2pp, c/w the above. Interesting))

HOCUS #8, Mike Deckinger, 85 Locust Ave, Millburn, New Jersey. 5¢, 26pp, mimeo.

With few exceptions (the starting of both a fanzine review column and a letter column -- steps forward, I feel), most of this just didn't hit me right. Marvin L. Rivers has a "continued story" (not, the editor says, a serial) yet. "This is to be a column about nothing in particular," says Barry R. Milroad (a neighbor of Deckinger's, it seems), and then proceeds to fill half a page with exactly that. Bob Farnham manages to tell us that chain letters are illegal and dangerous; who would've ever guessed? And Bill Durham, in very stilted style, gripes in a column of the same name about things trivial or already rehearsed. I get the impression that he thinks he's saying something new....

RATING: 3

FANAC #37, Ron Ellik and Terry Carr, #7, 2444 Virginia St. Berkeley, Calif. 4/25¢, 6pp, mimeo.

News and chitterchatter, mostly in a fannish vein. This issue also features the first BSFA con report (by Ron Bennett) along with the regular news. As has been said often enough before to make the Berkeley boys sick of it: FANAC is indevisible (not invisible -- the repro, as a matter of fact, is rather good).

RATING: 9

OOPSLA #26, #27, Gregg Calkins, 1484 E. 17th S., Salt Lake City 5, Utah, 15¢, 25pp, 24pp, mimeo.

Mimeographed in the now delightful shade of blue, we find two OOPSLA's presenting material by Random's Top Names in their Top Form. #26: Gregg's always interesting dans un verre d'eau leads off, followed by Ron Bennett's Part IV Solacon report; both are fine fare. Harry Warner, Jr., comes along about this time to review fanzines in a new and delightfully refreshing manner. Irish Fandom steps in now, John Berry being as delightfully witty in story form as Willis in "The Harp That Once or Twice" here. #27: leads off with Tucker with one of his best pieces of late; Ron Bennett comes back with more Colonial Excursion, this time part VIII; Gpennell gets back on guns, a subject he is most interesting on; Harry Warner, Jr., with more fanzine reviews and remaining just as delightfully refreshing, and concluding with 7pp of well-chosen letters. Both of these are definately worth a RATING: 10. ((Lichtman sez 9))

AMIS #2, John Trimble, 5201 E. Carson St., Long Beach 8, Calif. FAPA&w-1, 14pp, mimeo.

All sorts of interesting things in this, but probably interesting more to the FAPA-minded creature. Trimble doesn't sound forced in what he's trying to say, and generally manages to make himself clear, and occasionally comes up with some true rare gem's of wit. There's also a couple pages of Elmer Perdue which are more comprehensible than the last Perdue I saw, Bjo illos, and a parody of a Walk Kelly song, entitled "A Man He Would A-Slandering Go," and is about our dear friend, Georgie Wetzel.

RATING: 5

III. REVIEWS BY BOB LICHTMAN

YANDRO #76. R&J Coulson, RR#3, Wabash, Indiana. 15¢, 12/\$1.50, monthly, 28pp, mimeo

I thought I'd never see it: a variegated issue of YANDRO. Yes, friends, this YANDRO is printed on three different colors of paper. I wish they'd continue this practice and vary it still more. Materialwise, I didn't care for YANDRO this time. There's the editorials, which are mildly interesting, and an article by George Scithers which lost me completely. The rest of this YANDRO is taken up with the second of a series of YANDRO Literary Supplements, this one entitled "Creatures and Stuff". It's quite obviously a satire on the infamous prozine "Famous Monsters of Filmland" and its many imitations. Despite some exceptionally fine artwork (by Gilbert mostly -- with a multilithed page by Adkins), and some material that was pretty good (by Leman, Bloch, Scithers, Tucker, and Stratton), this section just didn't seem to come off. Four pages of letters finished off the issue. RATING: 5 ((Brown sez it's 6))

VOID #17. Greg Benford & Ted White (address etc above), this 22 pages.

VOID is coming around more regular than clockwork. This is the fifth issue in under three months, and it has maintained a high quality of material all along.

This issue has a photocover of Bill Rickhardt smoking an Oriental Water Pipe; very fancish and all that. Inside, there's the usual editorials by Benford and White, letters (all this is in quite readable micro-elite -- I envy Ted that typer), and interesting material by Larry Stark, Franklin Ford (especially interesting; it's on fanzine reviewing), Art Rapp, and White's fanzine reviews "The Wailing Wall" in which he does a surprisingly fair (in light of previous attempts) review of LASFS' SHANGRI-L'AFFAIRES. Besides this, there's fillers by Dick Wingate, Kent Moomaw, Ted White, and Charles Burbee.

Mighod, White packs a lot into 22 pages!

RATING: 7

JD-ARGASSY #45, Lynn Hickman (address above), This 12 pages, and 10¢.

Mostly letters here. I find it difficult to discern Lynn's comments from the text of the letters because he only uses a single parentheses, and doesn't always initial his comments, but this is a minor point. The letters are fairly interesting, and lively. There was also a small article by Bob Tucker, which brought up an interesting point.

RATING: 4

DISJECTA MEMBRA #3. Ted Pauls, 1448 Meridene Dr. Baltimore 12, Maryland. trade/comment, 24pages.

With its 3rd issue, DM seems to have really found its place: it's now a very pleasant letter-zine, with its own controversies in the letter section, and a developing editorial personality. Other material in the issue is by Ted White and Harry Warner, Jr. These are, respectively, some very unusual fanzine reviews, and an article which poses the question: "Is fandom standing still?" -- a very interesting question, and I look forward to the next issue of DM which should have some interesting answers by the readers. If you're not getting the magazine at present, you should definitely give it a try. 15¢ for sample only.

RATING: 6

UR #6. Ellis Mills, PO Box 244, Carswell AFB, Texas. trade or comment, 22 pages, mimeo.

A pretty interesting zine, this. It seems to be an editorial personality zine, and, if so, Ellis sounds like the sort of fan I'd like to meet. Most of the material herein is written Mills, but for variety there's Bob Leman and Sid Birchby. I recommend this zine, for the humor, and for Mills' inimitable personality.

RATING: 6

GEMZINE 4:23. G.M.Carr, 5319 Ballard Ave, Seattle 19, Wash. trade/comment, 34pp; mimeo.

Another editorial personality zine--and what an editorial personality! Gem's opinions are interesting, if not always correct. This issue contains the usual things: editorial, letter section, FAPA mailing comments, and fanzine reviews. ProFANity got a good review, so I guess it's doomed to extinction. Sorry, Bruce; my condolences. Other material includes a prozine poll by Gem, a few pages by Mr. GMC, and an N3F boosting article by Alan J. Lewis. GEMZINE is certainly an interesting and controversial zine--mostly because of Gem's unusual opinions on various things. If you can possibly get it, I'd recommend it.

RATING: 7

THE BNF OF IZ (by Carl Brandon). Ted White (address above). 35¢, one-shot, 29pages, mimeo.

THE BNF OF IZ has been a long time coming in this handsome bound volume, but now that it's here, it seems worth the extended wait. It is a magnificently brilliant parody on the L. Frank Baum classic, THE WIZARD OF OZ, and, having re-read the original book just previous to this, I can fully appreciate the hard work and ingenuity that has gone into this 15,000 word story. Brandon is, in this case, Terry Carr and Ron Ellick. They are to be commended for creating this work, as is Ted White for his fine illustrations.

RATING: 10

THE STORMY PETREL. Terry Carr, 70 Liberty St, #5. San Francisco 10, California. 25¢, 29pp. one-shot

Mostly this is a one-shot for FAPA, but non-FAPs can (& should) get this too. This is a collection of articles on the late F. Towner Laney. There's articles by Carr, Burbee, Bloch, Warner, and Speer, all exploring parts of the Laney Legend.

RATING: 9

THE ADVERSARIES (by Kent Moomaw). Ted White (address above) 25¢, 16 pages. one-shot

When it first appeared serialized in VOID #15,16, this story received a great deal of acclaim, and was hailed as the best story that Kent wrote in his all-too-short career. I am unable to argue this point, since I haven't seen any of Kent's other stories (which is why I hope someone will issue a Moomaw Memorial Volume), but I am certain that if this is not his best

RATING: 8

[illegible]

by Wally Weber

Most Honorable Secretary, WWbr

The Shooting of Fan McGhu

by Parker Sheaffer (with apologies to Rob't W Service)

A bunch of the fans were whooping it up in the Con-Hotel saloon,
 And one of Burbee's piano-rolls was hitting a rag-time tune;
 Back of the bar, at a ditto machine, was Dangerous Fan McGhu,
 And helping him crank was his light-o'-love, the lady that's known as Boo.

When out of the night and the mundane world, and into the fannish sphere,
 There stumbled a pubber fresh from the press, all inky, and loaded for beer;
 He looked like a neo with gafia in mind, and scarcely the strength for a one-shot,
 Yet he tilted a poke of dimes on the bar, and he called for drinks with a gunshot.

There was none that could place the stranger's face, though we searched our zines
 for his name,

With his face most hair, and the dreary stare of a BNF tired of fame;
 His eyes went rubbering round the room, and he seemed in a kind of daze,
 Till at last, an ancient typer fell in the way of his wand'ring gaze.

The con reporter was having a drink; there was no one at the keys,
 So the stranger stumbles across the room, and flops down at his ease;
 He rolled in a stencil and lined it up, and struck a match to his pipe;
 Then he clutched the keys in his talon hands-- My Ghod! but that man could type!

Were you ever out in the Great Alone, without a fan in sight,
 And the non-fan world had hemmed you, with the TV every night?
 With only the SatEvePost to read, with only chess for friction,
 You're feeling bad, and you've gone clean mad, for that muck called science-fiction?

And hunger not of the reading kind, that feeds on deCamp or Bloch,
 But the gnawing hunger of lonely fen for a letter or friendly knock;
 For a fanclub sane far from cares mundane-- four walls and a roof above,
 But oh! so cram-full of noisy fans, and crowned with a femmefan's love...

Then on a sudden the typing changed, so soft that you scarce could hear;
 But you felt that your life had been looted clean of all it had once held dear:
 That BNFs thought you a fugghead, that their laugh was an evil hate,
 That your guts were gone, and the best for you was to die or to gafiate.

The typing had almost died away... then it burst with a pent-up clatter,
 And the wrongs it told made your blood run cold, and your teeth begin to chatter;
 And it seemed to say, "Repay! Repay! Give me back my quarters and dimes!
 "I'm cancelling all of my subs--- yes, all! ...excepting for S-F Times."

And the lust awoke to kill, to kill... then the typing stopped with a ping,
 And the stranger turned, and his eyes they burned, as the smoke began to sting;
 And "Boys," says he, "You don't know me, and none of you gives a damn,
 "And the reason for that is plain to see-- I've suffered a mortal slam."

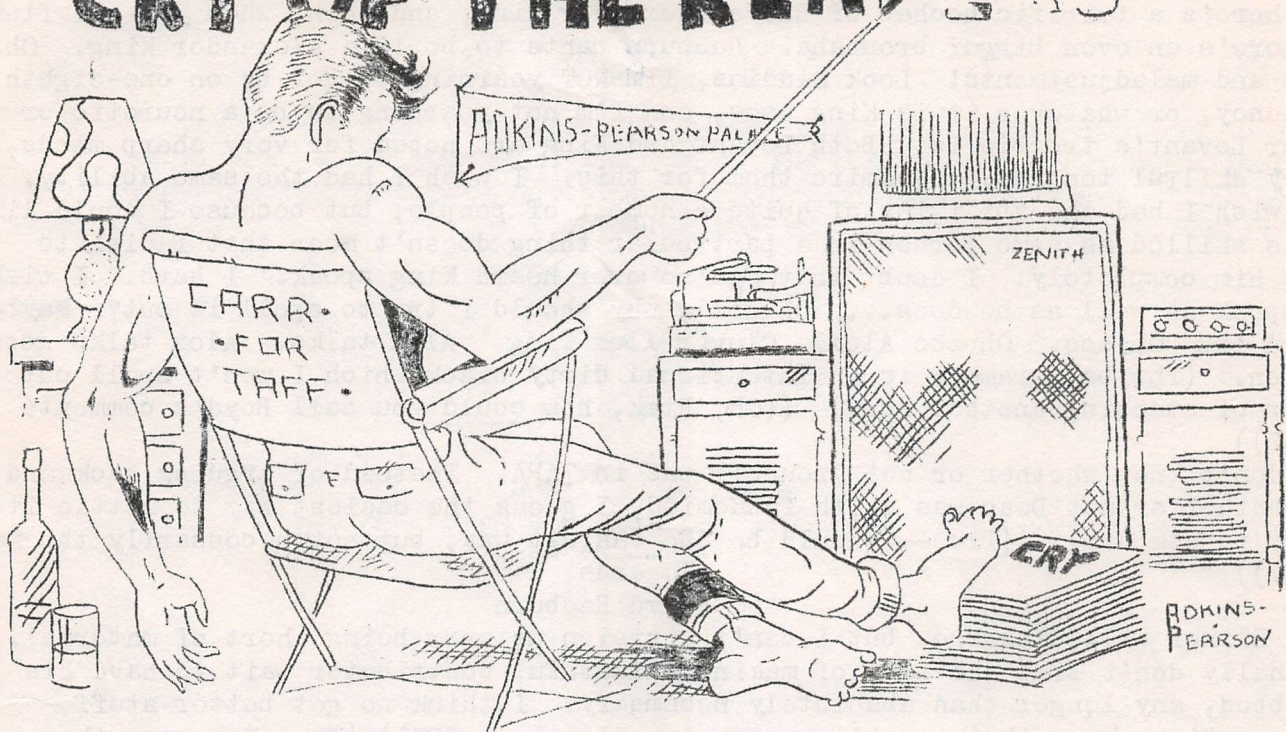
"Someone said I'm a new fan,^{and} not a Trufan, and one of them crudzine pubbers,
 "And the man who said this, with an ad and a kiss, stole my gal and my list of subbers.
 "So I want to state, and my words are straight, and I'll bet my zine they're true,
 "That one of you is a hound of hell... and that one is Fan McGhu!"

Then I ducked my head, and the lights went dead, and two guns blazed in the dark,
 And a woman screamed, and a flashlight beamed, and two men lay stf and stark;
 Slumped over his duper, and plunged in a stupor, was Dangerous Fan McGhu,
 While the stranger lay deep in a coma or sleep, in the arms of the lady named Boo.

The scene was heart-rending, but add happy ending... it seemed that the bullets
 missed them;
 They'd fallen down liquored when the lights had first flickered, but soon sobered up
 when she kissed them;

The fans in the ranks gave Ghuish thanks, but strictly between us two--
 The woman who swapped all the shells for blanks, was the lady named Ego Boo.
 =====

CRY OF THE READERS



KEEP COOL, BOYD

Hi,

9 Glenvalley Dr., Toronto

15, Ontario, Canada

WHY are you rejecting material you like? Are you operating on the idea that you won't accept material unless you can publish it right away? Maybe you are envisioning material coming in all the time at the same rate as at present, and thus figure that you'll have an ever-growing backlog. Maybe so, but if there comes a time when you find yourselves short of material, you might keep your piteous wails to yourselves. ((We will.))

Of the zines you review this issue, Buz, I have read only the F&SF, and the Star SF #5. As I have mentioned before, I often don't remember a story by its title, and many of the stories you mention I am unable to identify by your one and two line comments. Do you really think there is much point in this bitsy type of reviewing? O.K., so you're short of space--the only other thing to do is to review fewer zines, at more length.

The Grennell article was interesting, and informative, and I'm interested to note that Grennell's definition(s) of "croggle" are the ones I've been using all along. Another vindication for Racburn! ((Nonsense! For Bob Lichtman & Elinor Busby!))

Fandom Harvest is the plainest speaking I've seen yet in TAFF politicking. Maybe there'll be protests from some over this--not gentlemanly and all that, you know--but you know who started the open politicking in TAFF, and seeing it is now sort of unofficially sanctioned, the candidates may as well go all the way.

The Minutes were much better than some of the recent Mminutes.

Spacchounds of the E.P.I.C. was really fine. I hope it's a while before Ed runs out of plot cliches.

I was a little surprised at Sncary's "anyone knowing Boyd's usual caustic comment on things..." as I didn't know that Sncary was aware of my existence. He obviously does know of me, but probably only by rumor, for his later remark "...the Ellison, Racburn, White school of writing..." shows either that he has read little or nothing by me, or is remarkably lacking in perspicacity. (Please note the restraint I'm using at the moment.)

Sheesh! Gerber in some letter calls me "the Oscar Levant of fandom". I take it as a compliment (although I know damn well it was not intended that way) and remark lightly that my cup will runneth over if I become known also as "the Alex King of

fandom." You know, light merry quips and all like that...but it seems that CRY readers (and editors) are not accustomed to light merry quips and laughing asides. First there's a terrific hoo-haw of Who's Alexander King, and then, when you-all find out, there's an even bigger brouhaha. Raeburn wants to be like Alexander King. Oh woe woe and maladjustments! Look kiddies, I'm NOT yearning to get by on one-eighth of a kidney, or whatever it is King uses, and I'm not yearning to be a neurotic or whatever Levant's trouble is. Both Levant and King are noted for very sharp minds, and very skilful tongues. I admire them for this. I wish I had the same ability. I also wish I had the abilities of quite a number of people, but because I would like to be as skilled as some person in a particular thing doesn't mean that I wish to emulate him completely. I doubt that you've ever heard King speak. I have. I wish could speak as well as he does... Oh hell, why should I try to spell it out? Maybe I should try "Oh see. Oh see Alex. Clever Alex King." Alex talks. Alex talks good.. and so on. (The bad grammar is an intentional dirty crack which I won't spell out for fear of starting another row.) ((Oh, Rick, how could you call Boyd's comments caustic?))

I don't know whether or not Grennoll was in 7APA. Instead of arguing back and forth whether or not Dean was a 7th fandomite, I guess the easiest way to settle it would be to ask him. ((True--it would be the easiest way, but not necessarily the most amusing.))

Regards,

Boyd Raeburn

((Mebbe Elinor will disagree, but I can't envision us ever being short of material. I personally don't like the idea of making a faithful contributor wait to have his work pubbed, any longer than absolutely necessary. I think we get better stuff when the writers know that it will appear immediately...BRT))((When Buz says that we are rejecting material we like, I think he's exaggerating just a tiny bit. We are not--definitely not, rejecting material that we like very much--just material that we would not sneer at in other zines, material that would have been printed gladly a year or so ago. ##I agree completely--Buz would be more interesting reviewing fewer things at greater length. ##WHO started the open politicking? No, we don't know. ##Re Oscar Levant & Alexander King, what makes you assume we didn't know what you meant? What makes you assume that we were obligated to look at your statement in the same light you did? You pulled slight switch on Gerber's original remark--were we really naughty naughty naughty to do same to you? Oh, fie.))

SNEARYBIRIBIN

Dear Elinor,

2962 Santa Ana St.,
South Gate, California

The fanzine review department isn't to bad. The two reviewers don't present a problem...neather are to great.. Some of the comments are interesting, but others just list contents.. I, personally, approve the brief review of HYPHEN, and the longer ones for the new commers, but don't the listing of HORIZONS and FLABERGASTING.. The whole thing is sort of dashed-offish.

It is not easy to review fanzines, and meet a monthly deadline.. So, I have some admeration for anyone trying.. I'm agreeing that your current-fandom fans should be doing the reviews. I like some of Rich's stuff, and think Bob is comming along great.. But I wish to hell they were doing better.. I'm not sure I see how you can get them to write tighter, more meaty reviews.. But if you can edit good Moffatt tell it reads like good Berry, you should know more about making Brown sound like Warner than I do..

I am pleased to see you are not (for a while) going bi-monthly. But BRT speaks truth, when he sayth you will all go gafia if you don't do something.. And while in fandom, there being no taxes, the only sure thing is gafia, it can be delayed at times. Maybe you should try doing a little every day..

I have a long night ahead of me--and as I was planning to spend it sleeping, I had best get at it.. I realize I might save money by writing something more you might print, but I'm 80% through the issue, and don't see much more to say. Cox and Berry were not as up as last time.. But this only means they were down to average.. Tell

Pem to lard his column more. Maybe we can get into a fat argument.

Yours,

Rick Sneary

((We printed review of HORIZONS so Toskey would send Harry Warner another CRY. We were hoping to get him hooked, but were unsuccessful. Our printing the review of FLABBERGASTING was admittedly indefensible. #I certainly agree that reviewing fanzines is a most difficult chore. I'll never do it again.))

MEMO FROM THE COEXISTENCE CANDY STORE

1217 Weston Road

To: Elinor Busby c/o CRY

Toronto 15, Ontario, Canada

Re: "But I Won't Sell Vargo Statten."

I could spot them a mile away. Somehow I knew they were different, by the way they talked amongst themselves, by the way they walked, but mostly by the way they sneered. Then the fateful day came. I actually talked to one of them.

I was standing behind the counter in my shop, The Coexistence Candy Store, quietly reading the latest copy of Uncensored, when suddenly the one called Boyd came over.

"Gimme a pack of Philip Morris," he sneered gruffly, digging into the pocket of his bestudded black leather jacket.

"Yes sir," I gulped, handing him his smokes. Slowly, he turned around, and glancing at the magazine rack, barked "Why haven't you got Galaxy or Astounding?"

"They don't sell too good around here," I explained nervously, rising slowly from beneath the counter where I had been hiding. "I guess there are no science fiction fans in this district."

Suddenly, jumping to tip-toes he screamed, "I'll educate this fuggheaded community, and you, as the local distributor of reading material, will be first on my list of brain-washings," and quickly stalked out.

It started with A BAS which I read after he threatened to run me down with a sports car some dark night.

To my surprise I liked it. My mother had always warned me "Forbidden fruit is sweet," and I fell for my first fanzine. Then came CRY OF THE NAMELESS, PSI PHI, and THE BEST OF FANDOM (a mainliner), resulting in my becoming completely and unmercifully hooked. I now had a BEM on my back.

Every evening the Toronto Chapter of FAPA arrives for my lesson in Fanac. For this they have arranged an easy payment plan, namely six bottles of Hire's Root Beer per week, to which all fans appear to be insatiably addicted. Under a cloud of thick black pipe smoke, they tell of the Great Con in the Sky, to which all good fans are bound, the great secret cult and their illicit meetings to be held in Detroit and Puget Sound, and the Great White Father in Weyauwega.

With mouth agape and arms akimbo, I listen enraptured to these weird and awesome tales which are unfolded.

Soon I will become one of them, and be able to take part in all the fun. I will stock my magazine rack with Science Fiction magazines, slowly replacing Playboys, Dudes, and Gents with Astoundings, Galaxys and Nebulas and maybe some GRUEs and HYPHENs.

My magazine sales will fall to nothing, but the rack will sure look fannish.

Leslie Nirenberg

((Oh what a thing it is, to be a neofan in Toronto! You won't sell VARGO STATTEN--already you're sneering! I guess they didn't tell you that neofans are supposed to be all sort of dewy-eyed and goshwowboyoboy. But you do seem to have the right attitude toward fanzines, and of course that's the most important thing.))

HELP! MERCER! POLICE!

(TP)

434/4, Newark Road, North

Hykeham, LINCOLN, Eng.

Hearken to me whilst I take a running jump through CRY the 127th. If I don't happen to mention any given regular column, you can take it as Approved. But I WANT BLACK INK. Can't you do just MY copy in black ink?

Can't say I cared for "Fandom Denied." It doesn't seem to get anywhere. Pity -- John seems to have spent a hell of a lot of trouble over it, too.

It should be remembered that Sturgeon's VENTURE reviews were always started with an

"On Hand" book dealt with in full. As it is, I think that Les'd do better to give a bit more space to each item.

Lehrody --fair enough. (I mean fehrrer nough). But what, then, is the typical Pelz-type Gilbertian parody? The best I can think of is "Gilbertire", which isn't nearly as satisfactory a word. Incidentally, another group of verses crying out for fannish treatment are the songs from Chesterton's "The Flying Inn." Just a suggestion to throw to the wolves, like.

M. H. Permount V -- this is a pity, like the Berry item aforementioned. Only here I can be slightly more specific. For one thing, the story bears a strong resemblance to the original "Bickerstaff" story by Vinç Clarke, that appeared in some fanzine or other several years ago now. Then why the protagonist should become more and more of an unsympathetic type as the story goes on, I wouldn't know. I don't like unsympathetic protagonists. To my mind, the story should have run as follows: he failed to become a trufan, went permanently gafia and married the girl next door. Then he fathered one of the next generation's BNFs.

Points system - but first, we need an Assessor, to scrutinize all fanac and allocate points as they arise. Any offers? ((I nominate Donald Franson.))

This Burney Tartoski character will have me just HATING him if he goes on like this. Can such a being really exist? I know one thing - if I found him living in one of MY boots, I'd go and buy another pair of shoes.

Oh yes, there's the question of the Future of the CRY. Well, just so long as there still IS a CRY, I don't care whether you make it weekly or daily -- just so long as I still get it. (I like it, you may have gathered.)

Merc as ever,

Archie Mercer

((Whaffor you wanta hate me, huh?...BRT))(("Flying Inn"--yes, the songs would lend themselves perfectly. "The folk that live in black Belfast, their hearts are in their mouths", "Goodness only knows, the noselessness of man", the thing about water & wine--they're certainly perfect for fannish parody. Except for one thing--fans who (like one Archie Mercer) require familiarity with the original to enjoy a parody. Archie, I don't think any fen except you and me have read "Flying Inn", & it's not apt to become popular now. A fantasy about the future long after it's become the past & didn't happen that way at all & now never will is of essentially limited appeal.))

FROM A CROFTY PEAK (TP)

6137 S. Croft Ave.

Dear Wester-Commen:

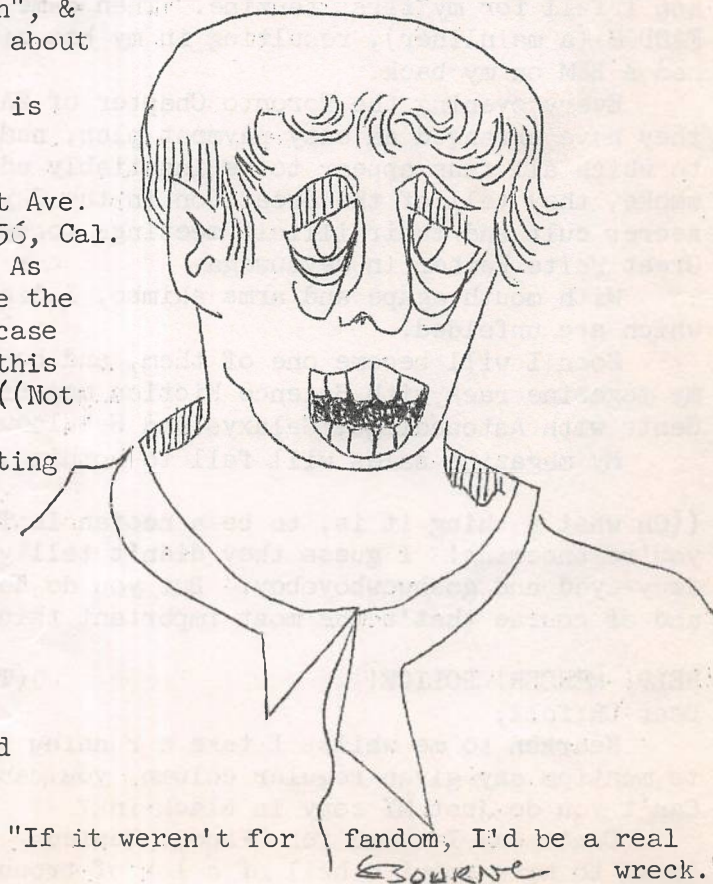
Los Angeles 56, Cal.

This is a very striking cover this time! As much as I stress keeping the fannish ads inside the zine, I think I can make an exception in this case (see, I weaken before impressive covers). Is this stenofax process very expensive, by the way? ((Not bad--around \$2.))

No one ever mentions Buz' illo-credit listing in the letters; I get a kick out of his gag last-credit every month--this month's was especially good.

Gee, with all those Britizines disappearing from the Seattle newsstands, Pemby's column is going to be short indeed. You should be able to hold down the size of CRY a few more pages, gang, with the field shrivelled up as it is. ##As usual, I loo-oved your column, PemBuz, even if I don't read the prozines any more.

Hah, people, I was right after all! This DAG article shows very clearly that



"If it weren't for fandom, I'd be a real wreck."

ESOURNE

"croggle" can mean "to make one laugh". See, Bruce Pelz! And the rest of you scoffers! Elinor, you were right when, back in CRY 123 you said: "in my opinion, "croggle" is a word that means what you want it to mean. Although a verb, it is, I believe, a weak-willed verb." We was right! ((Bully for us!)) ##And, while I'm on the subject, this article of Grennell's was great. 'Twas just like reading from Grue, with the blue ink and all. ##To think I caused all this (with BEP's help, of course)!

Would 'Parker Sheaffer' be Bob Leman, mayhap? ((No.)) Sounds like his work, it does. Need I say that this is a quite good parody (or whathaveyou), despite who wrote it.

I did not like Terry Carr's column this time. Small advertisements for "TCarr for TAFF" are okay, but two pages of it, and by TCarr himself, seems in bad taste.

I think Wally's minutes this time were the best in the past three months, at least. Could it be me, or because there's no h in minutes this time? If you cut out this feature in your drive to keep down CRY's size, I'll scream my head off.

Science Fiction Forever! was pretty good this time; not as good as the first installment, but better than last month's episode, doncha think? ((Yes.)) Sure hope this continues forever. "Ed Cox Forever"!, even if he has moved back to Maine.

Berry's yarn this time had a few flaws, otherwise excellent, as usual. First, this is all too idyllic; it could never happen. And under that, school children would not do a good job at compiling a fanzine--they are too prone to disorder and pranks. ((True.))

Loved the heading illo for the letters this time; all personalized, and like that.

Does the '(MDC)' by the title of my letter mean that it was thought up by Miriam Carr? ((I stole a title of her's.)) I come up with, as of 11 June, 1959, 42 points. A lot of this is 'letters published in a fanzine' (about a dozen points), and 'black (purple in my case) hand' (about 10 points--I have had more, but...). I guess you could get 100 points, if you appeared in fandom long enough. Someday, perhaps...

Have come across a number of faanish names in Mundane since last letter. A TV show recently had a character name of Bob Shaw on it, and...and...and I forgot the other one, is all. If I remember, I'll tell you next time.

Rich Brown: Heck, Rich, I liked those old CRYs too, the ones I read, anyway. When Don is through with them, would you send me some, or bring them over when/if you visit? I'd like to see the ones from #115 on back. #Bighod, that pome should get Es to write. Print him, too, Elinor, in full--even if it means cutting out my letter (nononononotthat!).

Ted Pauls: Poo to you, when you say that "CRY has almost nothing to offer the fan except a monthly schedule". Cox's stuff is great, Berry is always readable, and besides, CRY has the best letter section this side of the moon. #And CRY of the Readers most definitely can't be cut; without that CRY would lose its personality. We must have at least a dozen pages, just to fit the best stuff in.

I glee at a letter from Alma Hill; her letters in the Lowndeszines have always thrilled me. Glad to hear, Alma, that you're sending for SPHERE; sub, why doncha? Mainly because they've got half a dozen of my serious stories which they are going to start printing with the next issue. I sent these things in to SPHERE last fall, when I was fairly new to fandom. They have but one distinction: all of them (save a Shakespearian space-opera takeoff) have been rejected by the prozines.

With a snarl and a song,

Bob Lichtman

((I really don't think that the TCarr column was in bad taste at all. I feel that he was entirely justified in comparing the qualifications of the three candidates, and that he did so with great fairness, spiced with humor & charm.))

MEMBER OF THE LETTERCOL

Dear Purple and Blue CRYolas (a "normal" letter of comment

follows),

5543 Babcock Ave.

North Hollywood, Calif.

I was just about to gafiate for a few days when CRY 128 landed with all that pleasant friendliness in it. Everything excellent this time; a Dean Grennell article even! Terry Carr's is great. As for the other stuff I liked, see the contents page.

Notice how everyone cooperates and sends helpful suggestions about the CRY publishing problem? But remember, FenDen gang, these are only suggestions, not votes or orders or anything. You do whatever you want to do yourself, short of folding CRY. THAT is not

allowed.

Pemberton: The reason for the missing verse in F&SF is that it was titled "Snip, Snip," and somebody cut it out.

Parker Sheaffer sounds like a pen name.

Thanks to Rich Brown, I have read CRY 99 to 115. Naturally, I read the reviews and noticed that Pemby picked up my reference to Eldon Everett. You may not believe this, but this was strictly unintentional. I thought I had made up the name, unusual as it is, until I saw his story in FANTASTIC UNIVERSE. I found out later the name was in an old prozine I had read. From now on, names come from the phone book (suitably shuffled), not the sub-conscious.

Bob Lichtman's recent comments that the old CRYs were not as good as they are now, is not the half of it. Going back to #99, the CRY descends to the level of an ordinary fanzine. Only half a dozen letters, even. "Minutes" were not as good as they are now. Everything slips, retrogressively. An exception is Renfrew Pemberton's column, which must have reached this high plateau of quality further back than #99. The con reports and photo covers were fine. There was a nice article by Flora Jones on Astrology in #101. I don't believe in astrology, because Charles Fort says there are no stars. Besides, I don't like being a Scorpion (Nov. 11). Then there were dull histories of early CRYs. If there's one thing I can't stand, it's dull histories of early CRYs. So don't nobody go me one better and talk about CRY #98 on back.

In these meanderings I came upon the long-awaited solution to the identity of Crs. Croggle, of Wine Oak, N.J. Seems that Oak Drive, Brandywine, Md. is the address of Chick Derry. ((Hmmm.)) Slow but sure, like the goon. Next case.

I finally went to a LASFS meeting, and met fans too numerous to list here, including CRYhacks Len Moffatt, Rick Sneary, John Trimble and Jim Caughran.

Yes, Bjo for TAFF. Er.....Terry Carr, too. And Don Ford. Anyway, I voted for all of them. In what order, I won't say. (Hehheh). ((Man! You picked a winner!))

No, Toskey, I'm not ashamed of that old Astounding letter. As I recall, I said that Galileo was wrong, because his proof that heavy objects do not fall faster than light ones (by dropping both from the Tower of Pisa) did not take into account the weight or mass of the Earth in addition to that of each of the objects, and that there was only a small difference between the masses of Earth-plus-heavy-object and Earth-plus-light-object. Therefore if one did fall faster than the other it would be by an undetectable amount, and so his proof was no proof at all. I figured that since Aristotle had been wrong all those years, yet nobody questioned him, why not Galileo? Sounds convincing so far, what?

But one flaw is that I should have multiplied instead of adding the masses, as attraction is based on the pull of each particle on every other particle. Then there is the point that larger inertia of the heavy object counteracts its larger pull, and so prevents it from accelerating faster, in the same gravity.

But, in one way, I'm still right. In the quoted case, the Earth stands still, but if the Earth jumped up a little toward the heavy object (suppose it were as large as the moon?) the combined speeds of heavy object and Earth would make the fall faster, wouldn't it?

Oh, how esoteric! "Teddybear Town" means "Sims"bury. (And looks like a picture of Sims on page 30, holding a Detroit balloon.) Bet few understood that one. I wouldn't have either if I hadn't been studying these SAPSazines Rich Brown lent me. These, plus a FAPA-zine sent by John Trimble, will give me plenty of material for my article, "Should the Apas be Abolished?"

Joe Kennedy hasn't gafiated. His name is listed in the Detention booklet--or it's some other Joe Kennedy with the same name.

Bob Smith from Up Over (well, he must be tired of being Down Under all the time) writes a good letter. That's CRY all over.

Ted Pauls: Repeat 100 times, "Goshwowboyoboy! The CRY is GREAT!" and bow each time toward the Northwest.

How can anyone say CRY is not becoming a focal point when fans keep converging from the four corners of fandom? This month it's Alma Hill. Next month, Redd Boggs.

Happy WesterCon,
Donald Franson

Member LASFS, First Fandom, Detention,
also CRY letterhack and SPECTRE subscriber.

((Being a mathematician by profession, I categorically claim that any statement uttered by a physicist is false. But my point about your old letter was that you were about 300 years too late with your "disproof" of Galileo's claim....BRT))

FROM THE PEN OF LEN 10202 Belcher
Dear Cryfen, Downey, Calif.

Oh, the Problems of Publishing a Popular Fanzine! To stay monthly and cut down by rejecting more and more material? To go bi-monthly and risk the road to gafia? So you don't see the merit of my Plan, which to be workable would have to follow the line Rick suggested. That is, spread the stencil cutting out over a longer period of time instead of doing them all at the last minute.

Of course I realise that Pemby's column and the lettercol necessarily have to be done last, just before deadline, but the fanzine reviews, articles, stories, etc. could be put on stencil ahead of time.

There is no truth to the rumor that my Plan was designed to sneakily get More out of you all, and anyway...you caught on...

Pemby excellent as usual. Only way he could improve the column would be to deliberately ignore the worthless stories and use more space on the fair to excellent ones. Or: review in more detail the Best and the Worst and ignore the inbetweens. Or: review all of them in more detail and more pages. ((I like your second suggestion best.))

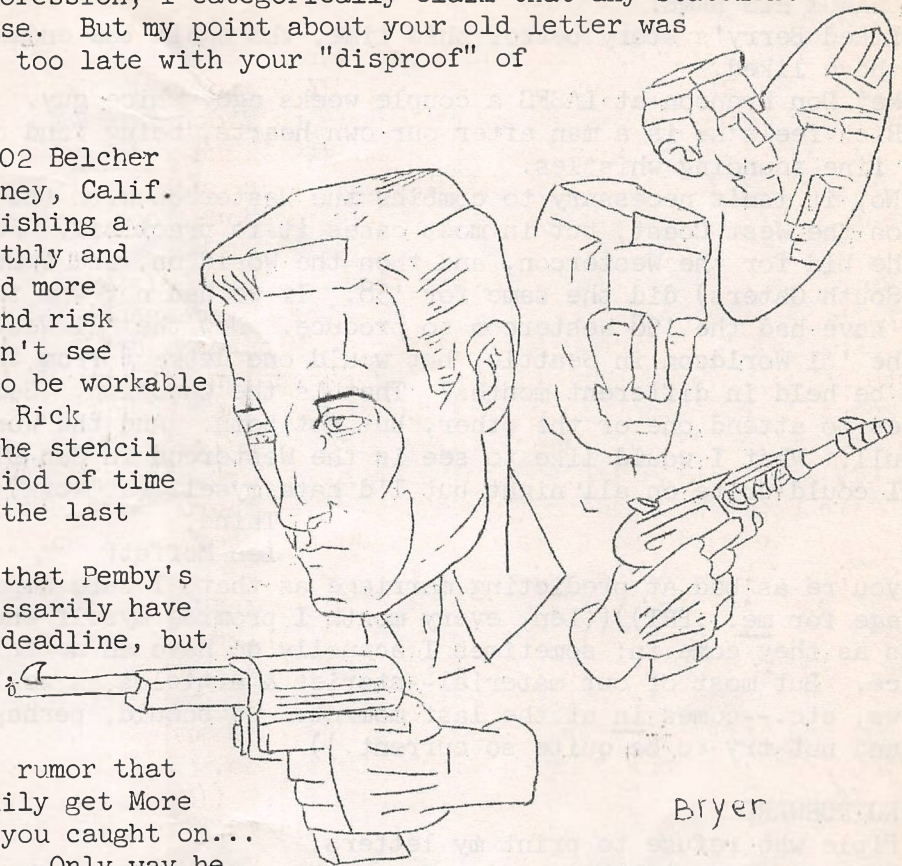
Grennell's learned discussion of croggle, etc. seems to cover the subject(s) quite thoroughly. Give him an A plus, and let's have more from him. ((If only he will.))

The timely (and amusing) Goonga Faan was beautifully done. Parker Shaeffer is a pen name for whom? Pelz? ((No.)) Franson? (()) Mercer? ((No.))

Once again Brown & Lichtman do a bang up job of covering the fanzines, tho I think their rating system is a bit out of focus. Sneary is one of the few fans who has used this 10-tops to 1-aagh! system with accuracy. When he gave a mag a 7 rating he made it sound (in his review) like it was a 7 mag. And it was. But both Staple Benders do well with the column.

No doubt Terry's cheek was full of tongue when he wrote Fandom Harvest for this ish. It was a neat way of presenting his views, and no doubt will be called "unseemly" by some. Thus far in the campaign I have seen quite a bit of propaganda for both Bjo and Terry, and very little for Don. Guess I don't get all of the fanzines, tho, and maybe the Ford supporters figure that the West Coast fans are bound to vote for a West Coast candidate so why try to persuade them otherwise. Actually, I think Don is as deserving as any fan, especially because he did work for TAFF (the fact that his work wasn't universally popular the first time doesn't necessarily mean that he will do it the same way again, given another chance) and he does his share in promoting fannish get-to-gethers. And of course Terry and Bjo are deserving for the umpteen reasons we've heard. As for the fanzine fan/convention fan bit, I think the line of demarcation is growing thinner. After all, fanzine fans attend conventions and convention fans publish fanzines.

E. Mycroft Cox can go on with SF Forever forever, and seems perfectly capable of doing it. E. Mencken Cox is a Good Man. E. Marquand Cox is a credit to Cry, and to all fandom. E. Milani Cox is the world's greatest cookie-putter. Seven or so years ago I predicted that E. Manfred Cox would be married within five years, and he proved me a poor prophet. So now I gaze into my crystal ball again (the one of the left) and predict that E. Middle-



Bryer

ton Cox will be married within the next two years. If he proves me a liar again, I'll...
I'll CHANGE HIS NAME!

Liked Berry's story better this time, tho again the ending wasn't as climactic as I would have liked.

Met Don Franson at LASFS a couple weeks ago. Nice guy. Quiet, unpretentious. Am sure Rick feels he is a man after our own hearts, being fond of old steam locomotives with their fine sounding whistles.

No, it isn't necessary to combine the Westercon with the Worldcon when the latter is held on the West Coast, but in most cases it is practical. Few years back San Francisco won the bid for the Westercon, and then the Worldcon, and combined them that year. We (the South Gaters) did the same for '58. If we had not won the '58 Worldcon bid we would still have had the '58 Westercon to produce. Now the '61 Westercon could be in San Diego and the '61 Worldcon in Seattle, but would one detract from the other, even though they would be held in different months? That is the Question. Some fans would save their pennies to attend one or the other, but not both. And the Worldcon would have the strongest pull. What I would like to see is the Westercon in San Diego in '60.

I could write on all night but I'd hate myself (at work) in the AM.

Thine,
Len Moffatt

((If you're as bad at predicting marriage as that, I sure hope you don't go predicting marriage for me...BRT))((Len, every month I promise myself that next month I'll stencil things as they come in; sometimes I actually do have an article or so stencilled well in advance. But most of our material--stories & articles as well as fanzine reviews, prozine reviews, etc.--comes in at the last moment. We should, perhaps, have an earlier cut-off date and not try to be quite so current.))

GETTING DURWARD

6033 Garth Ave.

Dear Piple who refuse to print my letters,

Los Angeles 56, California

The cover was GREATly good. Is the Stenofax going to be permanent on the Crycovers of the future? I hope so. I can't gripe too much about the ad on the cover this time, mainly because I am behind that campaign 100% and besides the ad was placed in an inconspicuous and great caption.

Whasis, Grennell? He comes in at the ideal time to explain Croggle, or did he explain it? It seems to me that all he got over was that Croggle is a fairly old word and that it could mean just about anything you wanted it to mean. Now, isn't this just about where we started? I'm pretty croggled over the entire mess. Why can't Croggle mean Croggle? ((But Don! It does!))

Ah, Hail Goonga Faan! Very nice tribute to Berry methinks, ~~Scripto~~ Lindy er ~~Paper~~ Mate nononono ~~Ever Sharp~~ -- well anyway Buz it was a very very fine art you displayed here. ((Try F'er Sharp -- 'twasn't Buz.))

CRYing over bent staples is becoming a main feature of CRY. The two personalities, tho they are very nearly the same, put a new type of spice into the column. It gives me great joy to read this column.

And then came Fandom Harvest by Terry Carr. I must say this was very good, even tho I support Bjo for TAFF.

HonSecWalWeb has minutes which have improved muchly over the last few issues. Is it the lost H that did it?

Quixotically,
Don Durward, AHF

((I foxed you, didn't I, Don? You're not AHF this month! Too bad--it's a noble title. I omitted your praise of Ed Cox and John Berry, but those gentlemen may assure themselves that Don Durward appreciates 'em.))

PASS A DENA

Slan-shack, letterhack, and away we go!

127 Roberts St.

Pasadena, Calif.

Yes, sit back now; it is time once again to listen to the profound and witty opinions of rich brown, Errol Flynn Cuban Freedom Fighter.

Stynafax looks good, and the ATom cartoon good despite what others say. Advertisements on the inside -- bah! Sound like a lot of radicals to me.

OK, feel free to cut me to ribbons. I'll just write longer letters anyway. No, seriously, I've noticed a bit of cutting, on my stuff and my letters; but whathell, it's always done with a fine and delicate hand.

Does Ted Carnell edit NEW WORLDS? ((Yes.)) Main reason I'm asking is because Carnell is an Elder Fan, and since New Worlds and Science-Fantasy have been appearing on the stands here, have been wondering if the whole thing could be because of some league of Elder Fen, possibly Ackerman in this area. Interesting idea, anyway.

Perhaps you're like me, Renfrew; you like the thing you've read most recently, unless it's downright crud. It always seems to me, with few exceptions, that I like each succeeding story better -- but that's good, I feel. 'Twould be horrible if it were the other way around. ((Lucky you--you still have your Sense of Wonder.))

Dean Grennell simply fascinating, as is often true of Grennell, I've found. This bit fairly crottled me...

Gee, it wasn't too long ago that I was complaining about the lack of fan-poetry, and even if "Goonga Faan" is a parody, it's something rather special.

Lichtman's reviews depressingly good. Second his bit about sending zines to both of us--why not?

Now we come to Terry Carr's Fandom Harvest. Hmm, I say, denoting a long period of thought. I'm not sure what to say. I mean, here's how it looks to me: Terry wrote the piece tongue-in-cheek, with the idea of humor in mind. One of the oldest formulas for humor is telling the truth with a slightly different slant. But for me it didn't quite come off. I mean, I saw humor in it, but it just didn't come out right. No doubt there will be several who will think this is a Low Blow dealt by Carr to the other TAFF candidates (even tho I'm reasonably sure he didn't mean it that way) and a poor attempt at being subtle. I don't think that, mind you; like I say, it appears to me to be one of those things that just didn't come off the way it was probably intended.

Honsecwalweb does a nice job on "Minutes" but not as good as Wally Weber did last time. ((Are you trying to drive him back to "H"?))

How long can Ed Cox keep this up? As long as he can find plot-types to spoof, I guess; I hope they last a long time. All of these are priceless.

Berry back to standard again; even better. No flaws, and good writing.

Don Franson: Gee, whiz, what egoboo. I mean, having a letter on the back of "Skylark of Valeron." Wow.

Rick Sneary: I think I agree with most of what you say here on cutting down the CRY, except possibly about the poems. I do like them. However, on things like the one-page jokes I couldn't agree with you more. They should have been incinerated, maybe, to begin with. #JoKe was always one of my favorites. After his bit appeared in VAMPIRE #3, I wrote him, asking him if he felt like coming back to the paths of trufandom, but aside from the fact that he'll probably be going to the DETENTION, he said he didn't care too much about coming back and only wrote the bit for Stony because he had all sorts of sentimental attachment to the name of the zine.

Six years is a "short period of time", Elinor? I'll gladly show you copies of Ellison's DIMENSIONSs with Bjo cartoons in them.

Bob Lichtman: What you say about CRY letterhacking is Known Fact, but still good to see in print. The reason I don't write this way to other fanzines is because I only consider one fanzine worthy of such shenanigans -- CRY, naturally. Of course, the reason I originally started it was because the CRY was my first fanzine. I'd read and enjoyed the letter columns of PLANET, and used the same style employed there. I tried the same thing with INFINITY, but nobody wanted to argue, I guess, so it went floop and I dropped writing to prozines.

Tosk: Like I said, "The CRY goes on FOREVER!" However, that doesn't necessarily mean monthly -- I just hoped you'd take it that way. Heck, if it comes right down to it, yes, I'd rather have a bi-monthly CRY than none at all.

Bob Smith: Dunno what it is, but your last line ("My, my, fans bruise easy, don't they?") has a certain timelessness about it.

Lar' Stone: Good to see that my deCRYing did some good. Good to see you back. #Yes,



"I thought you said it was FAMOUS
MOBSTERS."

But maybe I'd better not say that. I mean, I said the same thing about myself when I appeared alone in the spot.

Peter Kane is a Good Man. He even went so far as to send me the FU with the Bloch story in it. Though how it (the story) ever got in a prozine, I'll never know...

MFFYF!

Rich Brown

((QUANDRY had a regular column by Walt Willis that CRY doesn't have, and also QUANDRY had a conspicuous lack of serious competitors in the field. Lotsa fanzines of today are better than QUANDRY was...BRT))((Yes, Rich, Bjo has been an active fan for a rather short period of time. Of course I know that she went to the Chicon, and the SFCon, and had a little material in fanzines of that era. But from early in 1955, when I became--or started to become--active in fandom, up until April of 1958, I saw the name Bjo Wells in one (1) fanzine. Mary Young, in her SAPSzine, mentioned that she & Geo. had rec'd a Christmas card from Bjo Wells, then Bjo McCarthy, who had gone completely gafia since her marriage. Look, Rich, I don't mean to be putting down Bjo. I think she's a nice girl, and a fan of terrific potential. But to claim that she's an actifan of six or seven years' standing is rather too much. I don't believe Bjo makes that claim.))

A VOICE FROM WOODLAWN

Dear Elinor, Buz, Tosk and Wally,

477 Woodlawn, Apt. C
Springfield, Ohio

...Just for the record, the only issues of CRY that I still lack are 1-6, 14-15, 32-1/2 (if there was such an issue), 36, one leaf of the first issue 37 if it did indeed have two leaves as Austin's checklist asserts, 40, 52, 52-1/2 (if there was such an issue), 72-74, 73-1/2 (if there was such an issue, 69 (though Roscoe only knows which 69), and 82. The challenge of collecting this rare ~~treasure~~ treasure is in my blood and, if any of your far-flung readership has any of these that they might be willing to part with, I am willing to part with real cash money for same.

I know you're trying to hold down the lettercol, but if this last paragraph could be crammed in somewhere, the missing issues just might turn up somewhere, and this would be appreciated mucho.

...Returning again to the days of yesteryear, we find the November 1958 CRY still waiting to be commented upon. Opening its aged covers, we find the Hon. W. Weber applying his astute secretarial insight to the Solacon, to produce a report which shares first honors in the issue with the great Pierpont Holocaust, who is at his superb best with "SIC, SIC, SIC..." The report was too short, Wally, but every golden paragraph was enjoyed. I

whatever happened to the Good Old Days when the neoCRYhacks were greeted by a grinning portrait of themselves as depicted by L. Garcone? What's wrong with fandom these days, anyway? Hey? Howcum the neos get it so easy, huh? You think they're a bunch of softies? At one time I'd have given anything to get L. Garcone out of CRY; now I have grown from the gooky neo of old to the gooky fiendish neo of today -- and if I had to live thru it, why should these neoCRYhacks get it any easier?

Ted Pauls: Well, it was nice knowing you...

Belle Dietz: As I've said often enough before, the criticism-for-the-sake-of-showing-how-great-a-critic you are school of fanzine reviewing Bugs me. I want something that fans can agree with, but something the neo can use to choose wisely and get good fanzines with. Maybe I'm not doing it, but I think I do better than the above-mentioned types.

George Nims Raybin: CRYing Over Bent Staples was open to anybody who wanted to contribute. Looks as though Lichtman and I have the thing wrapped up.

especially treasure the paragraph on Pershing Square and the evangelist-baiter in the pro-peller beanie.

The December 1958 issue leads off with that deservably highly praised cover by Ric West, which prepares the reader for an exceptionally high level of contents--even for CRY. John's "All the Way" was one of his best stories, but I really thought that your "Little Jophan's Story Hour," Buz, ought to be a classic. It's just about the last word on that subject. I'm glad, as I think we all are, that the discussion has finally ground to an almost complete halt. Burbee's "Young King Carr" helped establish the Carr legend. Of course, ol' Renfrew's reviews and the Hon. Sec.'s minutes are always enjoyed. That Dec. issue was really one to remember.

Looking at the new year, we find the Jan. ish graced by a good "SIC, SIC, SIC.." which was not up to the original, however. The high point of the issue was "I Want to go Back to Wesfess," which, parody of a parody or not (Lehrody--uh!), was a wonderful piece of work. The new year also saw the beginning of Terry's excellent "Fandom Harvest" column which, also, is always enjoyed. Alas! that all hope seems to have fled for a fanzine review column by Carl--though Brown and Lichtman seem to be carrying on very well now.

The Feb. issue contained the usual high class contents, along with a few above average-illos, especially the two by Adkins, including the saaaaxy one on page 40. Adkins been taking lessons from Rotsler?

The March issue saw the return of blue ink, which I heartily approve. Don't ask me why. Deciding just which of the articles was the high point of the issue is rather difficult, but I guess that Walt, as usual, stands out above all, with "The Sterling Fanzine." Gerber's "The Authentic Replica" was a sleeper. The subtle building up to the punch-line endeared the piece to me. Bjo's squirrel illo on page 40 is in her best line. Virginia and I sho do love that cute, happy-go-lucky, mixed-up little squirrel she draws. The "Unbiased Fanzine Reviews" in the issue were up to Hon. Wally's usual standard of calm, factual journalism.

So the parodists finally got back to Gilbert and Sullivan, eh? "Paving the Road to Hell" was good, though not up to "Goonga Faan" or the superlative "I Want to go Back to Wessfess," but it was especially interesting to us, being G&S.

ATom's cover on the April issue takes first place for your best for the first half of the year, as far as idea is concerned. The June cover, of course, is the best for drawing and reproduction. I never have decided if the Adkins illo on page 41 of the April issue is right side up or not.

High point among the contents of the May issue, and for the first half of the CRY year, is John's "Fandom Denied." Many of John's stories of late have been becoming more and more serious, basically, without losing any of their fine humor. "Fandom Denied" seems to me to be one of the best things I've ever read by him. As I wrote to Doc Barrett recently, this story, if it were not for the esoteric references, would not be at all out of place in the best of the mundane magazines. It looks very much to me as if John has brought his fan fiction to the point where it might be called literature.

The June issue, in addition to its excellent cover, is also notable for "The Way of All Flesh", which is all too true to fan life--or maybe I should say dream-life--anyway, I think you get what I mean. Ah, if only... The information on croggled greeps was very welcome--I'd always thought it was crottled greeps. Live and learn. ((Read that article again.)) "Spacehounds of the E.P.I.C." may not have been the best of the series, but it certainly has the best punch-line. Loverly. "Science-Fiction Forever" has been an excellent series. Hell, all of CRY is always excellent! I wish I had a wider variety of superlatives at my command. Super-doooper, maybe? This was a ginger-peachy issue.

Whew! That brings me up to date, if somewhat sketchily so, as far as CRY is concerned. Hereafter, I won't let myself fall so far behind--3/4 of a year, like--I WON'T, I WON'T, I WON'T (I hope)!

Our very best wishes to you all,
Stephen F. Schultheis

((('Twas a real pleasure hearing from you, ol' Steve (Mr. Schultheis sir), and I hope you write again soon.))

AN ERRATIC PELZ

(TP)

4010 Leona Street

Dear Garcone, Inc.:

Tampa 9, Fla.

The decision to stay monthly for a while is received in this locale with great glee, even though the 'get tough' rider is on the decision. And I see that CRYlight Saving Time is going into effect again this summer, to get ahead of the publishing schedule before the convention. I assume this means you are intending to be at the convention. That's what it ought to mean, anyway.

I expect several readers may suggest which half of Carl Brandon Terry is more than, but I trust you will edit the comments, and remind them CRY is a family fanzine. (Of course, there are some families...)

I guess Grennell's article should settle the Great Croggle Controversy to everyone's satisfaction, seeing as almost everyone's definition seems to fit. As for crottled greeps, we may find out more about them sooner than one would think. I understand from the Florida Chamber of Commerce that Fimbulwinter is coming this next year: Florida may get temperatures of 45, in the Northern part.

So who's hiding behind 'Parker Shaeffer'? Whoever 'tis did an excellent job on the Kipling parody! And what's he goona do next?

You CRYers want to be able to cut down on the zine? Why not cut out the fanzine review column completely? I really don't see the point of giving out copies for fanzines that Brown and Lichtman received, rather than ones you got, and even if you got all the ones reviewed, you could try to coerce Toskey into giving trades rather than reviewee copies. This would cut four more pages out of CRY, at least. Of course, if you insist on keeping the present scheme of things, you might at least cut out APAzine reviews. ((Yes sir! We will!))

"Minutes-without-the-usual-H" were much better than "Mminutes." I wondered what Garcone was fed on, but didn't guess it would be notes on Nameless meetings.

With SOPS FABLE #4, John Berry comes closer to AEsop than anytime previous. And although I expect each reader will interpret the story in a different way, I think there is something there for quite a few faneds to think about.

Aargh! Franson chopped up his ASF collection? He ought to be ostrichized--like go stick your head in the ground, maybe. A couple years ago there was a fabulous collection of ASTOUNDING in one of the old magazine shops here in Tampa--and every last one of them had the article cut out! If I ever catch the guy who did it....

Len Moffatt: I presume that the tiger that went with the three cheers (for which many thanks) was 'lashing of his tail'? I must be slipping; it took me a second reading to stop thinking of the limerick and start thinking of MIKADO.

John Trimble: Please stop trying to get Gerber to be mature; I can think of nothing in all this fannish world more obnoxious than a well-adjusted Leslie Gerber.

The Gilbert&Sullivan trend is gaining: even Elinor is beginning to sound G&S-ish, as in comments to Bob Lichtman: "If I can't insult my best friends, who can I insult?" Sounds like Sir Ruthven Murgatroyd trying to prove he's been committing a crime a day: "If I can't forge my own will, whose will can I forge?" ((I was brought up not on G&S but on stories therefrom; when I wrote that line I thought it had a vaguely familiar ring, and even guessed G&S, but didn't know precisely what I was paraphrasing until now.))

Rich Brown: I've been trying to decide which is worse: letting you think I don't have a copy of SCIENCE FICTION FIVE YEARLY, which should be in any good fanzine collection, or admitting I have both 1951 and 1956 issues, and haven't read more than half of either. Is a puzzlement.

In the art department this time, CRYers, seeing that there is really a paucity (free plug, Lar') of it, only the ATomcover and the Adkins heading for the lettercol were in the 'very good' class. But I guess that economizing on space necessitates minimum artwork.

Erratically,

Bruce Pelz

((We'll be at the convention for sure, since it's being held in Seattle--the Westercon, of course, which is the main cause of upping our pubbing schedule. #CRY cannot exist without fanzine reviews...BRT))((Pooh!))

THE LAMBECK OF WINDSOR (but only 'til Aug. 9).
Shplendiferoush shalutationsh!

Summer Science Program
The Loomis School
Windsor, Connecticut

No, man, I be not inebriated, I be merely drunk...on happiness. School has but two days to go.

That cover is good. Like the broad lines of the drawing, and the violet color of the lettering. It croggled me. (I note that Grennell's article gave *3* (count 'em) *3* meanings for croggle. So...you figure out what I meant.) ((Probably very little.))

Terry Carr sounds like he's got the making of a real satire, there. Those stereotyped characters he's suggested croggle me, tho. They're so unbelievable.

What's this "Brucine, Bob Lambeck" in Franson's letter? I don't get it. Or am I supposed to? ((Certainly. It's the answer to the question you asked your chemistry teacher.))

BRT: On the contrary, fanzines do get forwarded. That's how I started my collection of postage due stamps. To get fanzines (& postage due stamps) you leave a card with the post office stating that you will pay forwarding postage on anything, and they slap on a few postage due stamps and send it on to your new address.

Rich Brown's letter reminds me of some guy that stopped me while I was on my way to the St. Petersburg Public Library. This guy stopped me and started talking. All about how he was the only P*U*R*E G*E*R*M*A*N A*R*Y*A*N left in the world, and his skin was so tender he couldn't shave (he looked it). He kept singing snatches of some old song (off key). Something about taking two dozen roses and sending them to the one he loved. (He had in his hand a few roses, starting to wilt). He also asked my opinion on whether he should have a hernia operation. Said he'd been stopping people on the street all day asking them. He'd had a friend who hadn't had an operation when he needed it, and is worse off...much worse. But he was scared that the knife would slip or they'd do the wrong operation or experiment once they got him under the anesthetic. He finally wandered off down the street.

Yours,

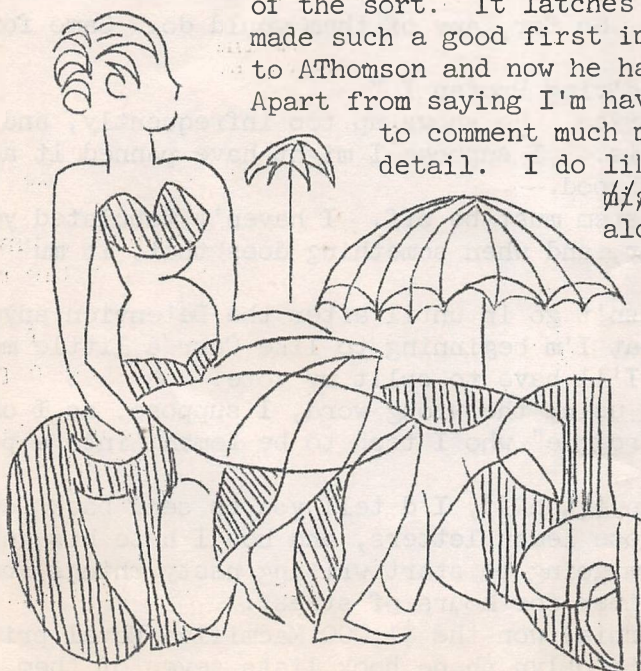
Bob Lambeck

((Bob, I'll bet if you were the only Pure German Aryan left in the world, your skin would be too tender to shave too. I wonder what a Pure German Aryan is, anyhow?))

PARK 'ER HERE
Hi Gang,

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

I must place on record my disagreement with HPSanderson in AP# #11. In his mention of CRY he states "the zine may be difficult to get into, but it grows on you" -- nothing of the sort. It latches onto you at once. I've never seen a mag that made such a good first impression on me, so much so I was raving about it to AThomson and now he has loaned me all the bacnumbers for the past year. Apart from saying I'm having myself a good time with them, I don't want to comment much more than that 'til I've had time to read them in detail. I do like this Toskey character, especially the way he ~~h~~handles the lettercol. The CRIES of despair along each pagetop really crease me. There is just one thing tho on which I would like to pass comment. I know it's old hat as far as your mag goes but it is relevant.



Bourne

Dating from when you decided to increase the pricetag on CRY I see it mentioned more than once that the main reason for so doing was to discourage 'deadwood'. You want interesting and provocative letters rather than filthy lucre. Now take me...go on, force yourself. I can't for the life of me write an interesting letter, I find it impossible even to be funny when writing. I can appreciate the humour of your other letterhacks even if I can never hope to emulate them. Because I find it impossible to match the zaniness of your other correspondents surely shouldn't debar me from being able to enjoy their ravings and your (at times) acid

rejoinders.

Anyway. I WANT CRY. Even if I have to pay for every darned copy I get. More power to your elbows.

Yours,
Ella Parker

((It's very clear to me that you have the makings of an excellent CRYletterhack. Stay with it. #About deadwood--well, CRY used to be 21 copies for \$1. At that time it was so cheap that people could sub to it without the slightest intention in the world of ever actually reading a copy. They did, too, especially Nameless Ones. Of course we are terribly hooked on letters, and prefer 'em to money, but I personally do not consider anyone who enjoys CRY enough to pay huge quantities of money for a sub to it deadwood, even if they don't write in. I always madly dug Tosk's cries of despair along the page tops, too. I can't do that sort of thing. Alas.))

GERBERING ON #127

201 Linden Blvd.

Dear, dear, dear,

Brooklyn 25, New York

My opinion, since you so foolishly asked for it, is that the CRY should be cut rather than put on a bi-monthly schedule. The trouble is that you get so damn much good material. Take this #127, for example, probably the best CRY I've ever seen. There are three pieces of fiction, all superb. There is Pemberton (who takes up more space than anything except the lettercol and is more than worth it; in fact, Pemberton is indispensable) and the fanzine reviews, there are the Mhinutes which have recovered from a slump and are now their own fabulous selves, there is a very funny whatever-you-feel-like-calling-it by Bruce Pelz, there's a riot by "F. Sharp" (Buz?)(No)) and there are even some half-decent book reviews. And the lettercol is too short; the more you cut letters, the more good ones come in. So what can you cut? My own personal opinion is that the fanzine reviews should go first; the book reviews should go next. In fact, they may go first; I enjoy writing the column, but so far I've had no indication that anyone enjoys reading it.

As far as trades go: what I had in mind was a trade copy of the CRY for each fanzine received. It shouldn't be too hard to keep track of the fanzines you receive. ((oog...))

"Fandom Denied" will always have to rank as one of the 10 best Berryarns. Infact, these A Sops Fables have all been masterpieces.

Brown's number system is still a joke, but so is Lichtman's. MAMMON a 3? VAMPIRE a 5? #Lichtman's knowledge of past fanzines is too much for me to believe. By now I'm convinced that he and Durward are just a big LASFS hoax, possibly conceived to support Bjo. ((hmmmm...))

One of Cox's items must go in the next BoF. So far, any of them would do. Same for A Sops.

Pelz has inspired me; I'm working on "A Wand'ring Profan I."

Len Moffatt's piece is a very pleasant surprise. He shows up too infrequently, and when he does show up, it's a masterpiece like this. #I suppose I might have panned it as a derivative piece of work if it weren't so damn good.

Like "What's the Point," but the scoring system must be off. I haven't tabulated yet, but I'll bet it would make me a BNF within a year, and when something does that, it mu be off.

Have almost undecided for Bjo. My vote doesn't go in until after the Detention anyway. It's not that Bjo has done anything wrong but that I'm beginning to like Carr a little more. I hope to meet both at the Detention, and maybe I'll have to split my vote.

When I thanked you for ruining Leman, I was using the wrong word, I suppose, as I often do, but I meant that you had maneuvered "Marie Croggle" who I took to be Leman, into a position where "she" had to write back or be lost.

If it wouldn't make you another Boyd Raeburn ((huh?)), I'd tell you to send back Leman's money and make him write letters. How I love those Leman letters, and how I hate his guts for not writing them. #In a few months, Bob, I'm going to start writing nasty things about you. Better write before you lose your tranquilizer for hours of stress.

Another John Berry (from Long Beach, California) won the \$1,000 Macmillan Novel prize last month. They're popping out all over. The Brooklyn phone book lists seven of them.

Silverberg lies. Truth is that Mrs. Silverberg obtained my autograph to offer it for auction at the Lunacon, and when the auction closed early, she must have given it to him.

And again, if Leman is D. B. Whittier, you have ruined him. Or whoever she is; what a beautiful answer! Thanks, Elinor. ((No, no! 'Twas a beautiful answer, but not mine. EGG= Ella G. Gray = Buz.))

Leslie Gerber

((The reason we don't trade for fanzines is that lazy ole me has found it much too easy to make out the addresses from the fmz review column. Anyhow, there are three or four of us up here, and to whom would the tradezines go? We also feel that fanzine reviews are too vital a part of any fanzine to ever dream of not using them, if suitable ones come in as they have of late....BRT))((I'd rather trade than have fanzine reviews--but I am but one voice of several. Oh well.))

TEXAS HEXES

Dear Criers,

P.O. Box 244

Carswell AFB, Texas

Sorry, but I'm late. (I know, I'm probably not only late, but out of the next issue entirely. Ah well...) I am not sure what you meant by your crack in the letter column, but I was beginning to fear that my Dorcas Bagby (Whittier) was plagued by a violent irrational hatred of men named Mills. However, since I sent her copies of UR #6 I have not heard from her and must assume that she is mollified by my apparent contrition. I hesitate to imagine what her reaction would be were she to receive a copy of CRY 127. Unless she is, of course, a hoax, in which case she'll be powerless to act. Never fear, I shall not betray you. Should she, if she does exist, obtain a copy of CRY 127, it will not be through my action.

Some people are scheduled to receive UR #6 that have not as yet gotten it. Their names I shall keep to myself until I get sufficient funds to post the copies. If any of your readers have reason to suspect that they might be among those thus favoured, and I must admit there are a few amongst that number, I wish to warn them that imprecations and importunities shall not stay the dread ministers of the Postmaster-General in the timely and efficient delivery of my contribution to the general insanity. Wally Weber may take a perverse pride in the knowledge that his reply bore the earliest postmark and beat out G.M. Carr by 32 hours and thirty minutes and was preceded only by Eva Firestone's comment in an order for mimeo service. Wally was indeed the first to return the coupon and shall as threatened thereon receive the next issue of UR whenever it appears. I may even dedicate the lettercolumn to him, if I have one.

CRY 127 was in general appreciated and shows that you are indeed growing in grace in the eyes of everyone save those unfortunate letterhacks who were perforce relegated (as I was) to the relative obscurity of the awahf.

If any of your readers are foolish enough to wish a copy of UR and fear that they are not already slated for one, a letter or card might bring them one on trial.

Yours till the next curfew,

Ellis Mills

((Ellis, I don't think we remembered to return the coupon--but please don't take us off your mailing list!))

THE BEAR TEDDY

Dear Elinor:

1448 Meridene Dr.

Baltimore 12, Md.

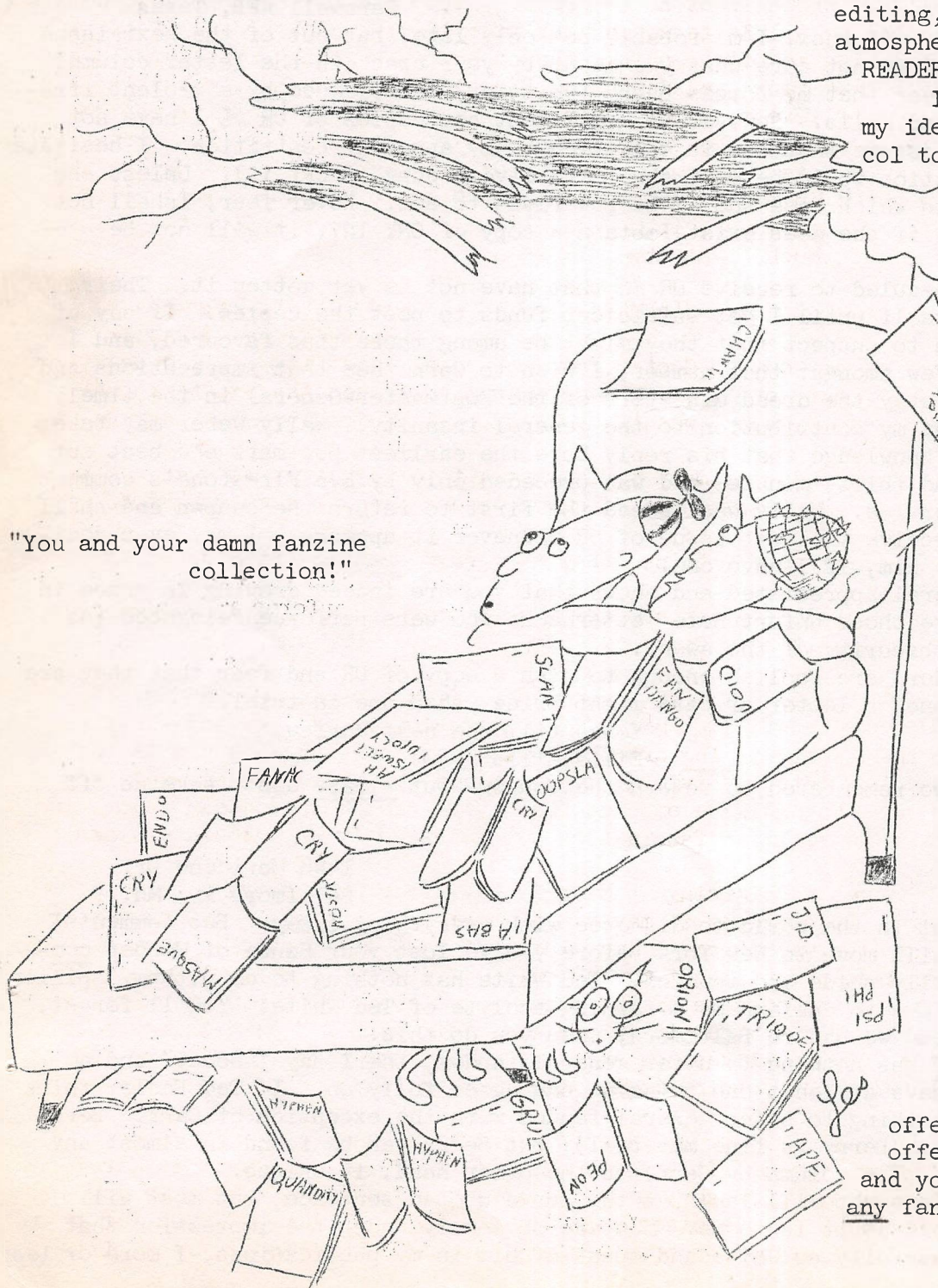
You have every right in the world to disagree with everything I say. But comments like "I hope Ted White will move to New York before you've lost your Sense of Wonder completely." are unnecessarily snide and feudish. Ted White has nothing to do with my opinion of CRY. Next you will take to calling me a fawning acolyte of Ted White. You'll forget, of course, the almost-feud we had re Baltimore, when you do this.

If White thinks CRY has nothing to offer general fandom, then I say "hooray" and am happy that White and I have at least one thing we can agree fully on. I, Ted Pauls, think that CRY has little or nothing to offer general fandom with the exception of Carr. Berry is usually good ("average" Berry is fine material), but Berry can be found in almost any fanzine being published. The column by Carr, on the other hand, is unique.

There may be some fans who will laugh at the above quoted sentence, but most will probably find it as stupid as it is to me. You are obviously under the impression that because I live in the same city as White and speak of him in my publications, I more or less

editing, but it has lost the atmosphere that was CRY OF THE READERS before.

offer; you have everything to offer. But go bi-monthly and you have nothing to offer any fandom.



I'm fairly sure you won't take any advice you might dredge from these pages, but that be your fate. Further, I am equally sure you won't print this; it would give the CRYhacks the look at both sides of the story, and possibly even disillusion some poor soul...

Still friendly and Teddybearish,
Ted Pauls

((I was not accusing you of worshipping Ted White. And I do not know Ted White's opinion of CRY. What I meant was this: a few months ago you were, or seemed to be, a cheerful, happy-go-lucky, friendly young neofan. You met Ted White. In fanzines, Ted White is very often fierce and hypercritical. We get a fierce hypercritical letter from you. We assumed that your attitudes were influenced to some extent by White's, as the attitudes of all neofans are influenced to some extent by those of the established fans whom they chance to know and like. #We admit CRY is a limited-interest zine. All fanzines are, with the single exception of S.F.TIMES, which is of no interest. #You like our lettercol so well that for your money CRY could be all letters, and our material (or much of it) is of high quality, and yet we have nothing to offer general fandom except a monthly schedule? #How do you define 'general fandom'? Your statement that CRY is aimed at fans whose interest lies in CRY implies that you believe that CRY's readers have little or no other contact with fandom. I don't believe this is the case. I think CRY's readers comprise virtually a cross-section of fandom. We have readers on every level of fanactivity and fanexperience, of every kind. We have readers in five countries, and in all age groups. We're very proud of the heterogeneity of our readership. #Ted, I shall save your letter for a while. If you want it back, to see how much I cut it, I'll send it to you.))

LITTLE ALGAE

((AJL&FMB))

129 Jewett-Holmwood
East Aurora, New York

Dear People,

...I didn't get a lot of joy out of Goonga Faan. Sure, I liked it, but I'd have to read over Kipling's version first, or later, and compare them to get the exact rhythm pattern or something. I liked it, but I wasn't croggled by it. But then, neither was I greeped.

Fandom Harvest and Spacehounds are duly noted, but not particularly enjoyed. I have a feeling I would have enjoyed Spacehounds if Ed had gone about it in a more SERIOUS manner. ((Egad!))

I chuckled at Way of All Flesh. I think Berry's improved muchly since dropping Buffoon, or Goon, or whatever it was.

You know, I wonder if Rick Sneary has something about the fanmag review column bringing in crys only from wounded editors. Come now, Rick. Others MUST write in. Ain't that so, Elinor? ((Yes.))

I too have had contact with both 'magic' fandom and 'little magazine' fandom. The 2nd I dropped as hurriedly as I could, but magic fandom fascinates me. My god--do you realize that some people make their living off their fanzines? Or maybe they'd be the pros of the fandom. There's no strict dividing line between the professional magicians and the amateurs. Every pro was once one of these amateurs--though that doesn't work in reverse, unfortunately. It is really a fascinating subject--and I wish I could explore it more thoroughly.

About Bjo for TAFF. I was considering it myself, but after what someone told me, she's out and gone forever. It seems as if maybe the Fashion Show wasn't her baby after all. I heard that someone else whose name I immediately forgot did most of the work--sewing and so on, and Bjo didn't really get moving on it 'til about 2 weeks before the con. However, this femme-fan wanted some of the credit--but Bjo didn't want to give her any, so Bjo and she had a big fight about it in the midst of which Bjo said things such as "You're not wanted here. Nobody likes you anyway." This came as a shock to me, as everybody says Bjo did it all, but I think it is more than probable. What have you heard about it?

Alan J. Lewis

((This rumor is completely new to us. It's very possible that your informant is merely disaffected with Bjo for some other reason, possibly having nothing to do with fandom and reflecting no discredit on her. On the other hand, if the rumor is true, I doubt if it's all that serious. On behalf of either or both women it should be pointed out that it's

virtually impossible to assess the proportion of work one has contributed to a project. One knows in every muscle how much work oneself has put in, but does not have that information about one's co-workers. I believe one or more people were given considerable credit for helping with the fashion show. If Bjo did blow up as you describe, I can only say that even the placidest tempers will fray under the strain of putting on a convention, and Bjo has rather frankly admitted possessing the redhead's traditional temper. (Well, heck, Al, the Moffatts and Rick Sneary know Bjo well, and would not be as fond of her as they are if she were not a thoroughly likable girl.))

A COUNTRY FELLA

304 North 11th St.

Dear Elinor,

Mt. Vernon, Ill.

Enjoyed CRY #128, and hope you will stay monthly. #Grennell's column mildly amusing, but no comments to make on it. #How is the Berry Fund coming? Hope he makes it. ((We're quite sure he will.)) #Didn't think much of Carr's Fandom Harvest in this issue. Thought he had better taste. Oh well, one bad article can't take away from the really good stuff Carr's done. I was just surprised, is all. #Other columns and/or articles of interest but don't provoke much comment. #I feel for you on this monthly schedule when issuing such a large zine. My feeling is that it would be nice if you could stay on the monthly schedule and cut the size down to 25 or 30 pages. It shouldn't be too hard to do. Perhaps you'd have to run a few less letters, or edit them a little more.

Yo's,

Lynn Hickman

((Nice hearing from you, Lynn. #I don't agree with you about the Carr column. I guess you thought I had better taste, too!))

CRITICAL, MASS.

208 Sladen Street

Dear Hearts,

Dracut, Mass.

Ah, so! You're going to tighten the thumbscrews on the letterhacks, eh? I suppose it was inevitable, but intensified editing is going to be about as easy to swallow as quinine. Already, the column has lost the gay razzle-dazzle that it could boast back in the 90's and early 100's, and chopping will probably make it staidier than it is now. True, sharper editing will cause some fans to think more carefully about what they wish to say, but I fear that others will become discouraged at seeing their treasured missives dismembered and disemboweled, and will either cut down on the frequency of reply or chuck the whole thing.

Personally, I fail to see anything wrong with going bi-monthly. This scheme would give East Coast fans more time to construct really good letters, for I imagine that there are not a few procrastinators like myself who receive the CRY after a two or three week delay, do not feel like writing the day the mag arrives, and thus are forced to squander their lucre on Airmail Specials when the commenting mood finally is upon them.

I can't agree with Rick Sneary in regard to the possibility of your sliding from bi-monthly to quarterly. The mere fact that this is issue #128 argues against such a hypothetical loss of interest in pubbing on your part. You people seem to have the tenacity of a tetanus-riddled bulldog as far as adhering to a schedule is concerned. Going bi-monthly might be the first step toward oblivion for some, but surely not for the CRY cabala.

Needless to say, pubbing six times a year will give you a chance to exercise a little more care in the setup of the mag. Perchance Tosk would multigraph the story and article titles. (The CRY could stand a little interior color, you know.) ((WE'LL GET A HECTO!)) Then too, you'll have a greater selection of material to choose from, resulting in a happy tightening of the literary standards.

As things stand now, the fact that you cram CRYpubbing into one weekend suggests that you are all dog-tired from the strain of monthly appearances and are continuing to further enervate yourselves only for the sake of Tradition. Why not switch to a schedule which will afford more time to the pubbers, letterhacks, and contributors, a schedule which will detract not a jot nor a tittle from the prestige of the CRY. Its place in fandom has been assured for a long time now. Alone with Belle, Boyd, and Bruce, allow me to throw my

Pilgrim hat into the ring and espouse the movement to Get the Cry to go Bi-Monthly!

Best regards,

Jim Moran

((Yes--perhaps you're right, Jim, about editing discouraging CRYhacks. It's quite possible that it was my editing and/or rejecting his letters that changed Ted Pauls' attitude--as much or more than his friendship with Bitter Ol' Ted White. But--I edit according to my nature, as Tosk edited according to his. It's clear that you prefer the Toskey lettercols--perhaps we should conduct a poll, or take a vote, or like that. We decided against going bi-monthly (at least for the present) because we felt that as our present troubles are caused by our habit of leaving too much of the work until the last minute, a bi-monthly schedule might well result in an even more exhausting burst of last-minute activity-- But next month I really am going to follow Rick's advice and work on CRY every day.

Once more the 'maybe's (worthy folk all) have turned into 'no's. & so now we come to the

& WE ALSO HEARD FROM DEPT.

JIM CAUGHRAN says Grennell is superb, thought Goonga Faan good, but would be better if he were more acquainted with Kipling (Jim, not Parker Shaeffer), and tells Franson: "Indian trains still have the high whistles... Half the time, tho, I'm convinced they were screams of discomfort--they're not at all as comfortable as English trains..." GEORGE NIMS RAYBIN liked Goonga Faan best of all, rates #28 as 6, says he can quite understand why Terry Carr thinks Terry Carr the best TAFF candidate. "However, since I don't have the vast insight that Terry has, I haven't quite made up my mind for which one to vote as yet (except that I think all three candidates are worthy of election)." & he likes Vally's minutes with or without H. ELLIS MILLS takes exception to Jim Caughran's statement of disbelief in Texas. He swears upon his honor as an ex-NFTPer that Texas does so exist. Says Mrs. Whittier told him that she "intends to keep an eye on the fmz field for a time to ensure that no further actionable statements are made." NORM METCALF liked the cover, says we can sub to SCIENCE-FANTASY thru J. Ben Stark (we'll remember that--we'll be seeing ol' Ben in less than a week), likes the fanzine reviews, in connection with which he states that damon knight cannot see the forest for the trees (only he uses a more elegant metaphor), enjoyed Carr's piece but wonders if he thinks it will help his cause, and he says (oh joy!) that this is the last handwritten epistle we'll receive from him--he's going to get his typer. STEVE STILES says the only sign of me in the lettercol was my traditional "pooh". I think you'll agree, Steve, there's rather more than enough of me this time! Says, "Go! Go bi-monthly with my blessings, but something tells me there'll be the same last minute rush to put the CRY together." He wants to know why he should sleek his signature, "is this a call to conform?" (Well, er--I thought you'd like to be more Stilesish.) Says Fandom Harvest had "a definite feeling about it; all snorly." Likes Minutes, Ed Cox, says "Boo for Bob Lichtman and his suggestion to do away with the "wealsoheardfroms"! This is unfair, not all are as talented in letterwriting as you, presumably, are." This was a very good letter, Steve. I'm sorry I didn't print it. VIC RYAN liked Pemby, Grennell, Shaeffer, and "almost died laughing over the Ed Cox story". Thinks the Berry story did not have a real point, wants a biography of Garcone, and is astonished that Grennell does not date back as far as early Sixth Fandom, at least. LES NIRENBERG got a big kick out of Fandom Harvest, says "Ed Cox's Spacehounds of E.P.I.C. had me gutbusted..." (brand new word, huh?), found Berry's story informative, and "got all croggled up in Grennell's piece, but managed to glean a few goodies from it." STAN WIRTH liked the ATom cover, feels he knows how to use the word "croggle", found "Goonga Faan" and the Berry story the high points of the issue, found the Ed Cox story equally good, and liked the lettercol best of all! JEFF VANSHIEL comments on #127: thought "Fandom Denied" Berry at his best, liked Gerber's reviews, and likes Tosh's comments in the lettercol. P.F.SKUBERDIS thinks F. Sharp might be Meyers or Gerber, and has 57½ points. ARCHIE MERCER comments on 124 & 126. Says "The Minutes in 126 had me just hating this Weber character, until I happened to notice who'd written the things anyway." BILL MALLARDI sends 25¢. & MURGATROYD D. CABBAGE sends what is, I think, a burlesque of CRY letter. Handwritten. Grr. Ol' Murg. has access to typer. Baaad Murg

by Leslie Gerber

BOOK: "Starkhaven" by Ivar Jorgenson (Bob Silverberg) and "The Sun Smashers" by Edmond Hamilton, 146/110pp; Ace, 35¢. COMMENTS: Two fairly good space operas, but they sound like re-writes of the same idea. BUY IT--read one half, wait six months, and read the other half.

BOOK: "The Plot Against Earth" by Calvin Knox (Silverberg) and "Recruit for Andromeda" by Milton Lesser, 138/117pp, Ace; 35¢. COMMENTS: "The Plot Against Earth" is a good s-f mystery. "recruit for Andromeda" is a dismal flop; it has the material for a great novel in it, but sloppily written as it is, it makes me very sad. BUY IT--for Silverberg.

BOOK: "The Macabre Reader" edited by Donald A. Wollheim, Ace, 223pp, 35¢. A narrow selecting ground hasn't hurt this much. BUY IT--if you liked Weird Tales.

BOOK: "The Hidden Planet" edited by Donald A. Wollheim, 190pp; Ace, 35¢. COMMENTS: "Field Expedient" by Chad Oliver is sketchy and undeveloped. "Venus Mission" by J T McIntosh is surprisingly good, reminiscent of E F Russell, but some unnecessary sex at the end spoiled it a bit. "The Luck of Ignatz" by Lester del Rey is cute but contrived. "The Lotus Eaters" by Stanley G Weinbaum shows its age in plot and concept, but not in the excellent writing. And "Terror Out of Space" is sloppy and confusing, but the punchline is great if you haven't guessed it. BUY IT--for 7¢ a novelette, why not?

BOOK: "The Haunted Strangler" by John C Cooper, 190pp Ace, 35¢. COMMENTS: a novelization of a horror movie, and showing it, but with surprisingly effective writing in spots and what seems to be authentic background of 1880 London. On the whole, though, BUY IT--for a prop.

BOOK: "Odd John" by Olaf Stapledon, Galaxy Novels, 191pp, 35¢. COMMENTS: One of the classics of science fiction in one of the worst formats of all time. BUY IT--and rip the cover off.

BOOK: "Earth is Room Enough" by Isaac Asimov, 166pp, Bantam, 35¢. COMMENTS: not necessary. BUY IT--!

BOOK: "The Mouse that Roared" by Leonard Wibberly, 152pp, Bantam, 35¢. COMMENTS: The Saturday review said it well enough: "Fantastic, uproarious farce" BUY IT--joyfully.

BOOK: "Point Ultimate" by Jerry Sohl, 151pp. Bantam, 35¢. COMMENTS: This was obscured by Kornbluth's similar but superior "Not This August". I enjoyed it. BUY IT--if you can forget the Kornbluth.

BOOK: "So Love Returns" by Robert Nathan, 222pp, Knopf, \$3.50. COMMENTS: A borderline fantasy, but a genuine one. Exceedingly beautiful and moving. BUY IT-- if genuine sentiment can move you.

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