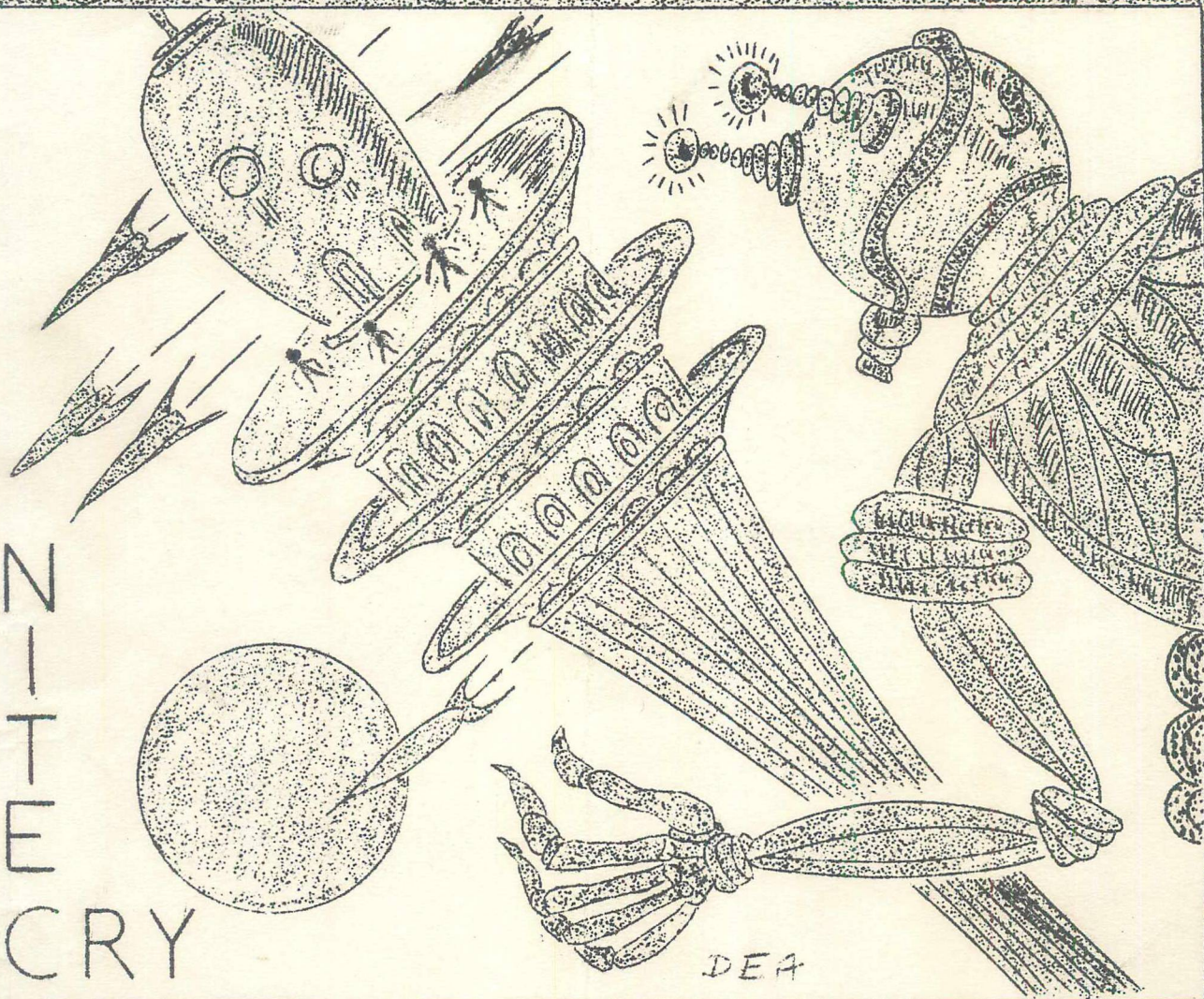
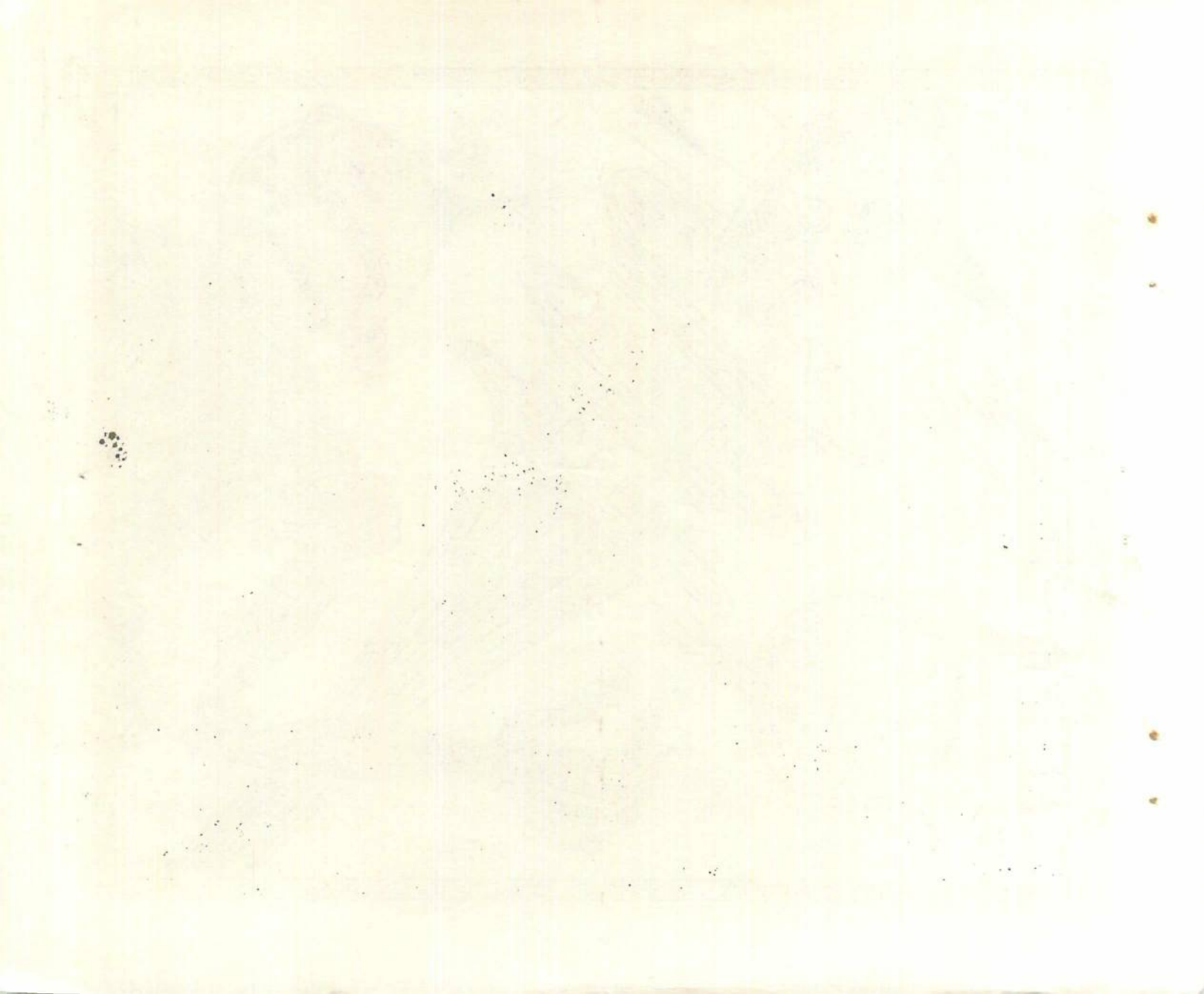


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DEA



DON CHAPPELL
editor
publisher

EVELYN
art editor
co-publisher

Volume 2

Number 3

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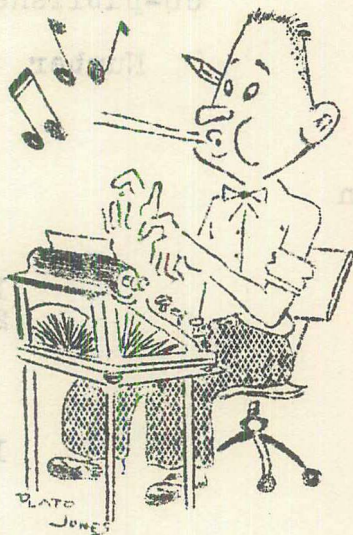
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DEA	DEA

Plato Jones Jim Gibson
Phil Davis

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EDITORIALLY SPEAKING



Vernon McCain, in his column in OOPSLA, #16 takes me to task over my editorial in NITE CRY concerning my statement to the effect that older fans are put former teenager who did not give up fandom as they grew older. The whole argument hinges upon the meaning of S-F fan.

'Fan' is slang, shortened from the word fanatic. Most everyone is familiar with the meaning of 'fanatic' and 'fan' is defined about the same but in not so strong terms, meaning one who is enthusiastic about a sport of activity.

Now perhaps I was partly wrong in saying active fans. I read and collected s-f, wrote to editors, went to all the s-f movies and enjoyed sitting around discussing s-f during my teens but did not get involved with fanzines until after I had passed the quarter-century mark. These things made me a s-f fan, I thought, but from what Vernon writes we seem to differ in our opinions. From what seems to be McCain's viewpoint I fall into the same class as some of the older fans which he mentions that became active fans some time beyond their teens.

Vernon misconstrued a statement of mine by saying: "this illustrates why I question Chappell's view that the teenager is breathing life into fandom". My words were: "The teenage fan is the very foundation of fandom". McCain states that fandom is 80% or more teenagers which means there would not be much of a fandom without them. (There

Continued on Page 33

EDEN

BY VICTOR PAANANEN
& WARREN F. LINK

Mustalainen fed his hungry soul on the most forgotten sights and sounds and smells of life; for now he was once again experiencing the wonders of God and of Nature as he had not done since the long ago and faraway that was native Finland. The sight of the cool, clear, blue lakes and of the blue-green pines; the sound of the chirping birds--as sweet to Mustalainen's sensitive ears as some heavenly music of the gods; the pervading fresh odors of recent rain, of the swaying pine forests, of water and wet grass thrilled him, and these things could only thrill one returned from the dead. And returned from the dead was Mustalainen--for he was back from the black eternal death that was space.....

Deserter, coward, traitor, they would call him! And he would call them FOOLS!! For what man, upon reaching Paradise, chooses to go back to the hell which was his former plodding life? -- The others had so chosen. They had landed in Paradise, filled in a few lines of pertinent information for the United States Space Navigators Atlas. They had coldly, impassively, analyzed Paradise, had meted it with slide rules and complex instruments and then, unaware of all the things their careful scientific attitudes had missed, returned to that Hell of space. There would be wealth and fame for these conquerors of space when they, after an eternity of night, reached the mechanistic world that once was Mother EARTH. Perhaps that was what blinded their eyes so that they were unable to recognize Paradise after they had

stumbled upon it. Of course, Mustalainen would have no wealth and fame, marooned a thousand light-years from Earth. But what value would such mundane goals have in Eden?????.....Yes, he would call it "Eden", Mustalainen decided as he lapsed into sleep on the cool shore of a wide, blue lake, just as once before Man had named a paradise found on a finite sphere.

Mustalainen emerged from sleep--more like a state of contented somnolence--gradually, for the man permitted by the gods to sleep in Paradise dreams wonderful dreams and it took him long sleepy seconds to recognize who it was that had awakened him. But when recognition came, he was not, in the least surprised by Her identity..... It was indeed EVE.... Eve as he had always pictured her when he read the familiar Bible passages.....And, of course, it was Eve; for wasn't this the planet named Eden?

Eve spoke and Mustalainen's entire universe paused in its operation to listen as from her lips came the music sweetest to his ears--his own native tongue. Her voice held the one thing that his soul, in its hungry, had longed for most of all. Her voice held LOVE.....

In the files of the United States Space Navy Corps there are found these two personal records:

Mustalainen, Johannes Lars---Born 1984, Turku Finland. Served on Space Ship A.D. 2009-2013. Deserted while ship was exploring Planet K-789-SN-3. 4/24/13. Dishonorable discharge. No search made.

Halonen, Eve---Born 1988, Helsinki, Finland. Served on Space Ship A.D. 2008-2013. Deserted when ship stopped for minor repairs on uncharted planet. 4/22/13. Dishonorable Discharge. No search made.

THE END



Amazing Stories began 1937 with its usual steady and somewhat staid pace as it launched a new serial, "By Jove", in which its African author, Dr. Walter Rose tells of adventure on Ganymede. Other stories included those by Arthur K. Barnes and Stanton Coblentz. Dr. Sloane editorializes on "Weight and Measures".

Astounding Stories for January concluded the serial by Schachner and began a two-parter, "The Blue Spot" by Jack Williamson, in which the secret of saving earth from another ice age lies on a tiny planet beyond Pluto. Featured was "Metamorphosis" by ace Britisher John Russell Fearn, with other stories by Winterbotham, Callun, Binder and Haggard, plus Campbell's science articles.

The bi-monthly Thrilling Wonder for February had a Brown cover illustrating Fearn's "Brain of Venus". There were three other novell-ettes by Ernest, Long and Williamson and shorts by Jacobi, Campbell, Wandrei and Haggard. Fair to good illos by Marchioni and Jack Binder, Younger brother of the boys who write under Eando (Earl-AND-Otto) Binder. SFLeague news tells of Los Angeles chapter visiting the home of Forrie Ackerman to see his fabulous collection which even then included over 500 Kodaks from Fantasy films! In Philadelphia, that chapter met at the home of John Baltadonis, while in Brooklyn members met at the home of Frederick Pohl. Among letters in this ish was one from Austria which told of the insuance of stamps for rocket mail flights which had begun in 1928! An illustration of one stamp was printed.

Fanwise, the biggest item of the new year was the appearance, in England, of Scientifiction, "The British Fantasy Review", edited by Walter H. Gillings. He had worked over six months to bring this about and it was a beautiful example of the printed art. On fine grade paper stock it numbered 16 pages of news, reviews, and interviews. It appeared bi-monthly, price: sixpence.

International Observer for January (issue 19) was a special science fiction number and contained 40 pages, plus a good cover design. The double contents pages listed contributions by authors Haggard, Palmer, E. E. Smith, Williamson, Manning, Ed. Hamilton, Merritt, plus many prominent fans! DAW reveals that Virginia Kidd may marry Robert Lowndes. However, I believe it turned out that she married fan (now author) Jim Blish. Included with IO, was the first issue of Amateur Science Review, pubbed for amateur scientist. 4 pages, printed.

During the previous year, Dave Kyle of NYC launched a club called Legion for Pseudo-Science. I became interested in it and suggested a name change to Phantasy Legion, which was adopted. I was a member of the Board of Directors when our third issue of Phantasy World appeared. It was 8½ x 11 mimeed with hecto illos, 22 pages. Contained story by Binder and Clay Ferguson, color illos by Kyle and Morrie Dollens.

Wollheims' Phantagraph for February was the 29th and contained its usual fine fare of poetry and prose in capsule form.

Science Fiction Collector for Jan. 21 (it was pubbed every three weeks!) was #10 and had 16 pages of beautiful hecto by Dollens. #11 switched from hand printing to typewriter and for the first time featured a different cover artist; Baltadonis. He also initiates a news column titled "Fantaseer".

Fantasmagoria was another entrant from the Philadelphia stable and the first (March) number contained 20 small pages. Baltadonis had some fine drawings, but the hectoing was very poor in spots. The great H. P. Lovecraft died on March 15th, 1937, and this issue was dedicated to his memory.

Olen Wiggins, out in Denver, Hectoed a 5th issue of his Science Fiction Fan and it numbered 12 pages. Madle has a good collectors article and DAW reveals that famous artist Wesso's full name is Hans Waldermar Wessolowski.

Claire Beck's Science Fiction Critic #8 had 14 pages of fine printing. An interesting article reveals that Clark Askton Smith is an artist of great ability and has been creating a great number of small rock carvings, illustrating strange creatures suggested by mythology or weird fiction. They stood from 3 to 5 inches high and sold for from 40¢ to 75¢ each!

Richard Wilson, Jr. brought out a new bi-monthly fanzine The Atom in March. Size 6x4 $\frac{1}{2}$, printed, 12 pages. Short fiction plus articles.

At this time, the S. F. Advancement Ass'n., was making a great deal of progress as a club headed up by C. Hamilton Bloomer, Jr. of California. (I was member #33) Their monthly Tesseract was a very neat size mimeo job and ran from 10 to 14 pages. Their 1st Anniversary issue featured Haggard, C. A. Smith, Arthur Leo Zagat.

The final fan mag of this period was the 2nd issue of Science-Fantasy Correspondent, edited by Willis Conover, Jr. Printed 6x4 $\frac{1}{2}$, 36 pages, 10¢. Cover design by Finlay and features Bloch, Fearn, Burks, Ackerman.

For a concluding item, I wonder if you wouldn't be interested in "looking backwards" with me to the very early fringes of fandom? In my collection are issues 1 to 6 of The Planet published by the Scienceers of NYC, and dated July, 1930 on the first issue. Mimeod, Large size, no illos, it ran 3 or 4 pages, one side only and stapled in the upper left-hand corner. Very neat and legible, it was edited by Allen Glasser, with Mortimer Weisinger as associate. Many interesting science shorts, poems, s-f items and tests. 1st issue mentions that seating arrangements of the clubroom have been improved by addition of a bench. Issue #3 reveals that Calrton Abernathy of Clearwater, Florida had formed the first branch of the Scienceers. Their publication was named "Planetoid". In #5 we find that there were an estimate ed 30,000 amateur television fans at that early date. #6 prints results of poll on best s-f of 1930. Among winners were "Fighting Man of Mars" from Blue Book and "The Sanke Mother" from Argosy. They also printed jokes: Nat: "What keeps the moon from falling?" Phil: "It must be the beams."

And it must be time for me to put out the fire and go to bed.

THE END



RE:

BY AGA YONDER

Rapping, rapping on the window pane
My mind is lulled by the sound of rain
And I sit here,
Waiting until once again
I die

Hark, listen well and hear them sing
Happy with the death they bring
And I fear not
These Angel Friends on wing
Not I

I bid them welcome, not I that mourn
I've waited longer on many a morn
I want to die
And be freshly born
A baby, I.



BOOK REVIEWS

BY LARRY WALKER

SHADOWS IN THE SUN by Chad Oliver.....Ballantine

With this novel Chad Oliver has come of age as a mature s-f author. I have watched his rise with some pleasure; first from a letter-hack, then on to short stories that improved steadily, and now his first novel.

Williers Gerson, reviewing SHADOWS IN THE SUN, in AMAZING, says that SHADOWS IN THE SUN needs an element of danger, a menace. I wish to state a dis-agreement with Gerson. The element of danger is an ever-present theme in SHADOWS... It concerns an alien invasion of earth through what might be called a fifth column. The danger or menace in the book is not an open, active danger, but a subtle, undercover danger. A danger which becomes ever more of a menace because there is no evidence to convince anyone that it is actually a danger.

The leading character in the novel, hero if you wish, is Paul Ellery, an anthropologist investigating the class structure of a small Texas community, Jefferson Springs.

Mr. Oliver has drawn his characters with full, complete strokes. All of them seem three dimensional, even the walk on parts.

SHADOWS IN THE SUN is one of the few books that you could truthfully say that you would hate to put down until it was finished.

* * * * *

THE FEASTING DEAD by John Metcalfe...Arkham House \$2.50

This slim, beautifully printed volume (typical of Arkham House) is recommended only to those who really like fantasy. To the casual

reader of fantasy the story will be slow-moving, dull and laborious. To be sure the terror and horror is present. But it is inferred and suggested rather than decribed.

Mr. Metcalfe explores the age-old idea of a 'something' inhabiting and directing anothers life. In this case, it is a young boy who is 'possessed' by a 'something' from an ancient French estate. The story is subtle and in its own way highly penetrating. If you are the sort of reader who can appreciate good fantasy, as I am, and subtle outre terror, this book should be very rewarding.

A beautiful jacket design in black and yellow by Frank Upatel.

** ** ** ** **

BYRON CHAPPELL

LOOK BEHIND YOU, by Arthur J. Burks, Shroud, Buffalo. 1954. 73 pp. Illos. \$1.00

This collection of six stories of fantasy and supernatural is brought out by a new publisher who intends to produce off trail, 'tales of science, fantasy, and the macabre'.

The title story, Look Behind You, is more than a fourth of the book. I personally liked the first story, All the Lights Were Green, best. The Kindness of Maracate is probably as unusual a story of macabre as I can remember reading. Several of the stories are concerned with Brazel where the author has spent many years.

It is worthy of note that the cover artist and illustrator is fan doms own DEA who has favored almost every fanzine editor with her art. The dozen or so drawings, most of which are full page, are DEA at her best.

For those of you that have been reading the tales of Arthur J.

Burks since the 1930's when his stories appeared in Strange Tales and Marvel Stories I need not say more. To those to whom the author is new, if you enjoy this type of literature don't miss getting a copy.

EARTHMAN COME HOME, By James Blish. G. P. Putman's Sons, New York, 1955, 239 pp. \$3.50

It is good to read of the spin dizzy machines again. When I first read in the April 1950 Astounding Science Fiction the science-fantasy story "Okie", I was intrigued with the idea of whole cities hurtling thru space.

The cities of earth, had in centuries before launched themselves into space after exhausting Earth's resources. Spin dizzies made this possible by neutralizing gravity according to the Blackett-Diroc hypothesis. Wandering thru the galaxies, the cities exploited the under-developed planets, while searching for fresh supplies of the Anti-aga-thic drugs which were able to extend human life span to thousands of years.

While dodging the Earth police, an aging, almost crippled city lead by John Amalf and Mark Hazelton saves the Earth from the outlaw cities which were attempting to remove the one threat to their existence.

How the city and its people finally gain their home makes a highly imaginative story.

James Blish has woven an unusual story which though it lags a little in some of the later chapters finishes strong. Very enjoyable reading.

IF, edited by James L. Quinn. Quinn, Kingston, N. Y. April, May, June, 1955. 120 pp. \$.35.

I like several other faneds have received copies of IF to review.

There was an improvement in the stories when Quinn took over editing with the Nov. 1952 issue and the quality had been even better with the latest issues. The short novel 'Shill' in the April issue is one of the finest sf stories of the last year or so, an original well written piece of fiction.

The May IF had no really outstanding story but the quality as a whole was high. The lead story in the June issue, 'The Strangers' by Algis Budrys, is good fantasy that starts out strong with plenty of potential but ends rather weakly preventing it from being the top bit that it might have been. The rest of the issue was good without a poor story in it.

One of the things that helped to improve IF has been the change in the cover lay out at the time (March 1953 issue) Ed Valigursky was made art editor (under the various titles of art director, staff artist and art editor). Making the 'If' smaller and less gaudy, changing the box around the 'If' and removing the left boarder were apart of these changes.

Steadily the quality of IF has improved until today it is about par with GALAXY. By the time this sees print the June issue should be on the news stands. If you have not read a copy lately, pick up the latest issue and notice the improvement.

THE END

I am interested in obtaining indexes to science fiction covering the period from 1950 through 1953. If anyone has them to sell, please write me giving the asking price.

N B C has a new sf radio show on the air Sunday evenings. Titled X Minus One. Give it a listen. Also one of the TV stations has a SF Theater on Monday nights. It is on film so don't know if it is on the CBS network or local.

THE FOSSIL

BY SHIRLEY RAY

It moved. Finus Z. Jackson, professor of paleontology, stared in stark disbelief. He squeezed his eyes shut, shook a shower of sweat from his forehead, and looked again. At a spot near the edge of the tar pool he sat down and tried to think. Despite his shaking, he managed to light a cigarette, using a two-handed technique on his balky lighter.

Blurp! Another bubble of tar had burst. Remembering the danger of fire around tar pits, Jackson stood up and ground the cigarette into the soil with his heel. Then he looked back at the thing, glistening with warm tar. It was too large for him to move it from the pit; he had tried that. Tar clung to his hip boots up past his knees. Beside him lay the femur and jawbone of a ground sloth.

Why was this Thing lying with the mangled remains of a gaint ground sloth? The ground sloth had its place in a tar pit. Perfectly ordinary. But next to it in the petroleum ooze, this! This thing which had not decayed and fossilized. This misshapen humanoid monster, headless and partly immersed in the tar. This thing that moved.

It was trying to rise, but with slow, inching movements in the sticky tar. Jackson regarded it with horrified fascination. What in the world---not in this world. Nothing on Earth ever looked like that. Flying saucer stories flashed through Jackson's mind. But all indications showed that the thing had been in the tar for ages---- as long as the prehistoric ground sloth, certainly. Still, if flying saucers were real, were they necessarily recent?

Jackson regretted his habit of operating alone. His temperament was such that he preferred solitude, and he seldom needed help. But now.....

The alien thing had finally risen to its feet. It had the appearance of a guillotined gorilla, and stood dripping tar. Then it began plodding laboriously toward the pool's edge---and Jackson.

For a moment the paleontologist hesitated; but the creature's extremely slow motions as it was rising had given some measure of confidence. He had failed to notice that the thing's movements were more easily executed now than at first. Jackson's curiosity was almost a tangible thing as he stepped to the edge of the pool. There were so many questions to be answered. What did the creature live on? Did it derive nourishment from the tar? Had it come from another world, and if so, why?

They were standing quite close to each other, their images distortedly mirrored in the shiny tar. The professor's curiosity had nearly overpowered his fear, when the thing moved again.

And it was not a slow movement.

Two great sticky arms were about Jackson's waist, and two of his questions were answered. A head was lacking because the thing was not a humanoid as he had thought. Its mouth had opened -- a mouth from shoulder to shoulder. The creature's diet: not tar, but flesh. The sloth had been flesh. Again it was feeding time.

The immensely powerful arms pushed Jackson closer to the gaping cavern-mouth. The gaint sloth had been larger, stronger, and definite more accustomed to combat than Jackson. The sloth had ended its battle as a mangled, broken body. Jackson had no weapons, and his right arm was pinned against him in the tarry thing's crushing grip. In desperation, he caught at the lighter in his pocket with his free hand.

His head and right shoulder were forced into the great mouth. He was nearly choked by its foul, hot, hydrocarbon odor, but he held on to the lighter, pulled it out, and flicked it frantically.

Flick! No light. For some time he had intended to get a new lighter.

Flick! Flick! Hot tar dripped from the roof of the mouth and ran down the side of Jackson's face. Something hard and sharp was grating at the back of his neck.

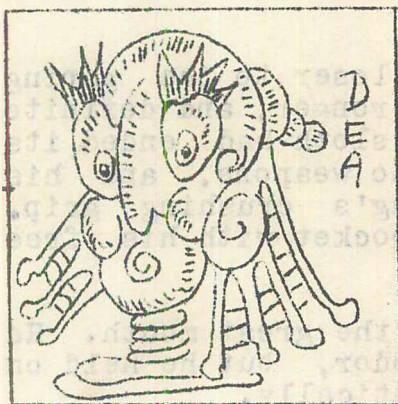
Flick! Flick! The pressure on his chest and abdomen increased.

Flick! He felt ribs collapsing like snapped sticks, and screamed.

A curtain of hot tar closed his eyes, and merciful darkness enfolded him, his fingers pressing the lighter for the last time. And it lighted. Lighted, to fall from a limp hand into the glossy tar. The flame grew surprisingly fast. Engulfing creature and victim, the fire intensified. No longer yellow and smoky, it was white hot, like burning magnesium.

Nothing but ashes. The sloth's bones were gone. The lighter and its owner were gone. A great thing of spongy grey stone lay sprawled in the ashes. At last it had become a fossil.

THE END



VOILA

LARRY WALKER

EDITOR

2645 EAST 7TH. ST. APT. 11

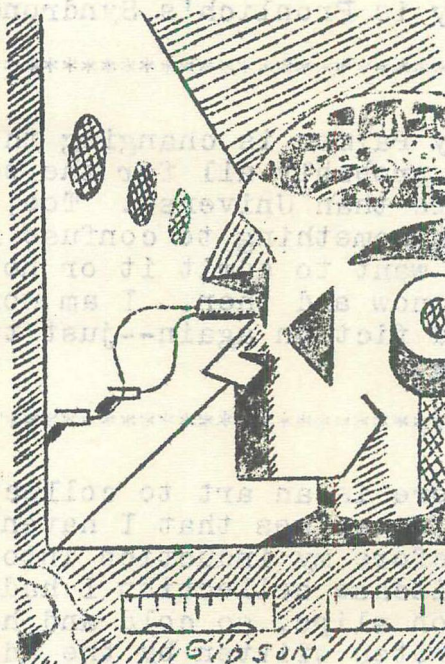
TULSA, OKLAHOMA

CLAUDE RAMBLES ON... AND ON.....AND ON AND ON.....

BY CLAUDE R. HALL

Within any standard dictionary it's possible to find a treasure of unknown facts and often, wanting food for thought, I attempt to increase my meager vocabulary by committing to memory such items as:

FROLICH'S SYNDROME --Retards aging, giving one the appearance of permanent youth. But shortens the life span acutely.



Now this evidently is a disease that needs studying! Of course, I have no technical knowledge of this disease and, at present, I have no medical dictionary to look the word up in, but I wonder by what length of time the life span is shortened. I wonder how many women as old as fifty or sixty years would have gladly sacrificed as much as twenty-five years of their life to enjoy the beauty of their youth? Why can't scientists find a way to inoculate people with this disease and then retard the effect so that a person would stay at the age of 25 or so until he's fifty or sixty and then die gracefully of old age? The average life span is only sixty-five or sixty-seven years anyway! Why can't they find out what shortens the life span in Frolich's Syndrome and eliminate that undesired function?

Why is Frolich's Syndrome labeled a disease?

Ray Palmer is changing the title of Universe back to Other Worlds. This is probably all for the better. Other Worlds is a better sounding title than Universe. Too, all of this name changing--and calling--will be something to confuse future historians of sfdom. And, whether you want to admit it or not, Other Worlds did feature some good fiction now and then. I am wondering if Palmer is going to start using good fiction again--just to be different with the trend he set in Universe.

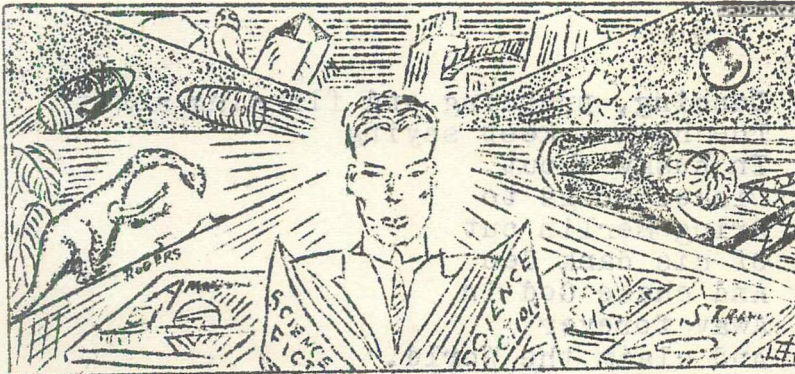
There is an art to collecting rejection slips from professional fiction magazines that I haven't learned yet. I remember the period right before my induction into the service when I was proud of a certain suitcase collection I had. In that acquisition, I had printed rejection slips, so cold and harsh; printed rejection slips with short bitter notes written by the editor, one from Sam Mines saying that, if I was going to preach, I should disguise my parables; and even a short letter from Bea Mahaffey claiming that the plot I had used was

second hand in a story I had sent her. Ach! Sad fate. To console my self, I would rant a while, pacing up and down in front of my typing desk, decrying these mercenary editors that wrote all of their own magazines and kept us future professional freelancers at bay with rejection slips.

Now, however, it seems that I have matured somewhat. Why, just the other day when the mailman handed me a returned story from IMAGINATION with an enclosed rejection slip, I took out my brainchild and laid it tenderly on a very high shelf to be studied for flaws at a later date. Then, I took Hamling's rejection slip in my two hands and with my muscles straining, ripped it piece by piece into shreds, noticing all the while that in two years, Hamling had graduated from green rejection slips to pink ones. I wonder if my stories during those two years had improved from green to pink?

Since I haven't mastered the art of collecting rejecting slips even yet, I'll try again. Maybe, someday, those rejection slips of Hamling's will be printed on white paper! That's the day I long for.

the end



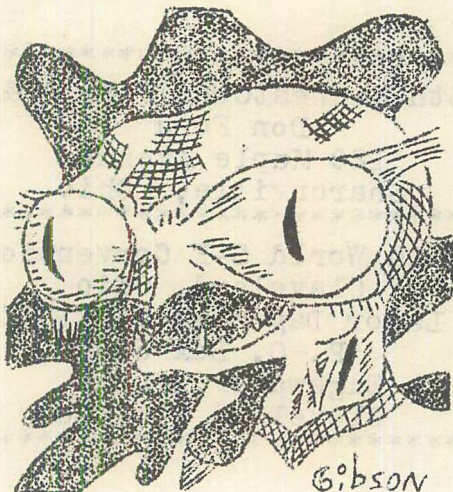
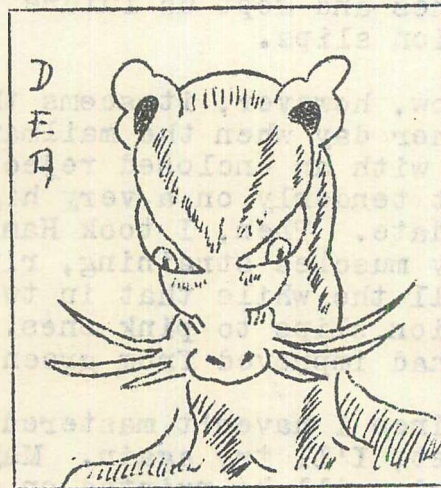
6th MidWestCon, June 4 & 5
* Don Ford *
* 129 Maple Avenue *
* Sharonville, Ohio *

*13th World S-F Convention *
* Cleveland, Ohio *
* Labor Day Weekend, 1955 *
* P. O. Box 508 *
* Edgewater Branch *
* Cleveland 7, Ohio *

HOOKAS, #1

BY AGA YONDER

Yumping, humping and bumping without
The Hookas are praying
That clan devout
To the black God,
The Devil's scout
And ways so grave
To bond the slave
Of man and woman
And beast alike....



Dancing, prancing and flinging about
The hookas keep saying
In husky shout
Wicked songs to
Bring Merlin out
Of his dank den
And chase God in
Away forever
And claim the World.

THE FANZINE TRAIL

BY RON ELLIK

INSIDE (#7), Ron Smith, 111 S. Howard, Tampa, 6, Florida. 20¢

With the combination of INSIDE, SCIENCE-FICTION ADVERTISER, and STAR* LIGHT, California has built itself a BNFanzine. SFA was always a top adzine. INSIDE had, for the first five issues, climbed amazingly high. STARLIGHT was never good--but being photoffset it had a large circulation. Ron Smith has combined these three tremendous circulations and now can honestly offer an undisputed claim of the largest circulation in fandom. In INSIDE now you get fiction by pros and big name fan authors; articles by pros and big name fan authors; columns by pros and etc.; top reproduction, ads of interest to fans, and low rates for advertisers. It offers the best reproduction in fandom. It always has terrific format design. Ron's only trouble now is his artwork. He isn't using enough good art. Too much by Mrs. Smith, too.

VOILA (#1), Val Walker, 2645 E. 7th Street, Apt. #11, Tulsa, Oklahoma. No price given.

Another first issue. Ghaaa. So many of them! This is mimeographed on the same little monster which turns out NITE CRY, but it's obviously not the same person operating it. VOILA is unevenly-linked, splotchy in places and unreadable in others. The material is low-grade, solely fiction and poetry. Val tells me it was thrown together in a hurry to make FAPA #70. In my opinion it should have waited until 71, and they should have done a better job of it. Surely they could have put out a much better fanzine that this if they'd taken their time. The funniest thing in the ish is where Val misspells the name of the zine at the end of the editorial. As it stands now it isn't worth getting.

OBLIQUE (#1), Clifford Gould, 1559 Cable Avenue, San Diego, 7, Calif.,
15¢ !!!!

Oh, fifteen cents isn't really that outrageous for a first issue. Nor is it so bad for a poorly dittod mag. Nor for a sloppily layed-out zine. Nor for some stinking material. But when you combine them all, fifteen cents is practically laughable. Of course, I'm in the happy position of not having to buy fanzines. But if I were you..I wouldn't OBLIQUE is not even as good as the usual first issue. It's mags like this that give ?Canadians the idea that none of us down here know from beans about fandom. OBLIQUE contains nothing but material by the editor under a bank of pennames, save one article by Littul Peter concerning BNF's who refuse to help noes by contributing to their mags. VORZ seems to think he is one BNF who does help out noes. That is..mainly; he seems to think that he is an BNF. Oh, don't let me discourage you, Cliff. You might go places. But not this way. You need material by other people and you can't get that merely by asking them for it. You need to show them that it's worth it to them--that they will benefit, too. Contribute to their mags, and then sit around a while. If they are decent fellows they'll do the same; You need artwork, too. Actually, what any neo needs and what all neos lack are contacts in activfandom. Cliff's just another example of an over-eager noe--rushing into publishing before he has enough material. Forced into writing it himself. As I say--I wouldn't buy it.

EPITOME (#3), Mike May, 9428 Hobart St., Dallas 18, Texas. 3¢

Here is "Eighth Fandom's" attempt at BOO!, and a darn sight better than BOO! ever was. PIT is another five sent fanzine, aimed at the hyberfan, perfectly reproduced (something BOO! could never claim) with material by fans who are not BNF's but at the same time are quite well known. Don Wegars, Boob Stewart, Sam Johnson, (whisper) me, Ray Thompson, and the rest of 'em....Material is almost always readable, always fannish, nicely layed-out, and neatly illioed. Cover by Rotsler, interiors by Rotsler, Rike, and DLA. PIT is a zine that takes fandom but not itself seriously, and is on it's way to becoming a very popular magazine.

WENDIGO (#1), Georgina Ellis, 1428 - 15th St. E., Calgary, Alberta, CANADA. Letter of comment, trade, review, contribution. Otherwise absolutely priceless.

WENDY is a continuation, sort of like, of MIMI, Dutch's three-issue attempt at jazzed-up humor which didn't quite hit off well with anybody--even her. WENDY is a sort of hybrid imitation of SPIRAL, personality plus zine, and REVIEW. She does it well, though, with better mimeographing than either Moreen or McCain, and a fresh sort of attitude that is, to say the least, relieving after so much of the same type of writing from so many fans. I said she was imitating Lee Hoffman, but that was a first-glance-type-of-comment. ~~It did seem that way.~~ However, it's obvious she has her own style, here in WENDY. What she needs now is to discipline the style, and make it into something really interesting. More artwork to break up the steady, monotonous pages of type would be appreciated, and a letter-section. It's seem to be the Canadian fan who get the most interesting letters. They oughta print em.

A BAS (#?), Boyd Raeburn, 9 Gelnvalley Dr., Toronto 9, Ont., CANADA.
PAR.

The question mark after the number means that I'm still uncertain about the number...Boyd say definitely that it's number five, but there has been a hoax created about this zine in that field, and the Canfan still haven't given out with the full dope. The PAR means that it is sent out free upon request, and once read you are to send in whatever you think it's worth. Ray After Reading. A BAS is a magazine devoted to the snide remark, satire, and knife in the back. They always do it subtly, and it's always funny. The main feature of the mag is DERELICTI DEROGATIONS, a not-play which uses fan's names and quotes from fan-mags to point out humorously to individuals just why the editors think that they're making fools out of themselves. A BAS has as an editorial staff three of the most cynical fans I've ever met--Ger Steward, Ron Kidder and Boyd Raeburn. I don't want to miss an issue--I've had too many laughs from it.

MAGNITUDE (#1) Ralph Stapenhorst Jr., 409 W. Lexington, Glendale 3,
California. 10¢

This is the publication of a bunch of high-school students in Glendale, Burbank, and other Valley-area cities. These fellows get together about--oh, say a year and a half ago.... They formed the CHESLEY DONOVAN SCIENCE-FANTASY FOUNDATION, named after C. Bonestell and W. H. Donovan, the character in the movie DONOVAN'S BRAIN. They explained it to me as being that Bonestell was their idol (they're all artists) and the movie was their unanimous opinion of not only the best sf movie ever, but just about the best movie. So here they are with their third attempt at a fanzine. Maggy is fotofset and a bit of an imitation of INSIDE. Far from the usual impeccability of litho repro, this is impossible to read in places because of some fault in the mechanism or something. Printing is splotchy, and looks like unevenly-linked mimeo. The fiction is the usual weakly written underplotted fan type stuff. The only article is by Forry Ackerman. All of the stuff in this issue is written by member of CD. Format and headings save the mag from being the usual first issue--the headings are magnificent, almost professional in spots. Much hope here, but they need material from outsiders.

KAYMARTRADER (#94) Gary Labowitz, 7234 Baltimore, Kansas City, 14, Mo.
10¢, 3/25¢

K-T is the INSIDE of mimeographed fandom. It has one of the two or three largest mimeoed circulations in sf fandom, and carries ads more of interest to the fan than does INSIDE. K. Martin Carlsen built this fanzine up from a very poorly reproduced eager little adzine in forty-eight to what it is today--a very poorly reproduced, very famous adzine. With this issue, though, Kaymar Carlsen drops out--Gary Labowitz, a younger fan, is now at the helm. He has started off already by using a better looking cover than Kaymar ever used, better reproduction (altho it's still hard to read at times), and better first-page format. K-T should very soon be a much better fanzine, and increase its popularity ten fold. It's already a must for collectors.

CONFAB (#'s 8 & 9), Rboert Peatrowsky, Box 634, Norfolk, Nebr. Free.

CONFAB is a letterzine. It presents controversy and commentary on any and all subjects of interest to fandom. There's usually a steady set of contributors, which can be seen by looking over the entire file and comparing names, but it varies quite a bit more than enough from ish to ish to make for interest. The comments vary, too. It's hard to let an issue or two go by--you pick up one after a while and find your self lost. It's a never-behind-the-times fanzine, always 'up' to date with the latest comments by the biggest name fen about the most interesting subjects. I personally had doubts about it's continueing very long, when I got the first issue after Bob folded NOTE, his former zine. Letterzines, sez I, are not long for this 'world. Fans Don't get up enough interest. I don't know why, but everybody seems to be interested in CONFAB.

HARK (#2), Randy Brown, 6619 Anita St., Dallas 14, Texas 5¢.

HARK is a good try, I must say. It just doesn't measure up. Unlike Mike May, Randy just can't seem to get much material. Compared to the artwork by Rotsler and DEA in PIT, we have here Warren Dennis and Ross Storey -- "me good buddies", says Randy. Compared to Vegars, Stewart and Thompson, material here is by Jan Sadler, Noah McLeod and Warren Dennis. Is it fair to compare the mags. From what I know of them, the two boys are in the same year in high school, live near each other, started out in fandom the same way--through EC comics--and know about the same people. You would assume from that, that Dallas would be put ting out two top-notch zines, battling each other for first place. In stead PIT wins hands-down. HARK could become better, but only with better material. You can't publish a superior fanzine using material by your good buddies. Ask anybody who's tried it.

The end of the trail is in sight so we'll say so long.....

Send your fanzines to Ron Ellik

277 Pomona Ave.

Long Beach 3, Calif., to be reviewed in NITE CRY.

EBB TIDE

DAN McPHAIL

For January, a fine cover by Don!! 2nd best illio page 9.....Art Rapp did a very good article, but always hate to read one of these "quitting fandom" things like Hall had....I enjoy Kirk's tales and hope he will be with us again this CON.....Ebb Tide had some pretty hot material and I admire your tact and good taste in answering them.
1806 Dearborn, Lawton, Oklahoma

Had a visit from Dan a while back, got together with a few other Tulsa fans. Sam Martinez, Larry Walker, Wanda Weickel, Don and yours truly spent a few fannish hours together. Our discussions centered mostly on the coming OKLACON. Dan had some snapshots taken at an early World Con and some early day fanzines that he had brought along to show us.....I hope that Kirk will attend the OKLACON again, too...

MIKE MAY

Enjoyed the last issue of NITE CRY though I don't think I got around to commenting on it. A very pleasing bit of publishing, that. Just answer me one question frankly? Why don't you go full size?
9428 Hobart St. Dallas, 18, Texas.

This bit was part of a postal card from Mike, for the most part the card concerned the OKLACON. Glad you like NITE CRY, Mike but sorry to say we'll never go full size to suit you. You see, we like it like it is for numerous reason. Which wouldn't change your mind if I mention them so why bother!!!!

WALT BOWART

After reading NITE CRY I am Honored to think that I was once cured of a hangover by such a genius.....NITE CRY was great.....The mimeoing was perfect, and I understand that it was done on a mimeo that Don rebuilt! If he's ever down or up in Enid I want him to look at my multileth!.....Evelyn, you need to be complimented on the neatest looking fanzine I have seen, mimeo or otherwise. Those dummied edges got me right here. I guess I'll have to get me a wife like you if thats what it takes to have a slick fanzine.....The new name of my zine is TYPO, full size 8½ x 11. Kent and Lynn are my co-editors..... About Kent. He is really snowed under with school work. He is active in speech debate etc. and doesn't have much time for Alice. But he doesn't want to drop out of fandom entirely so he's consented to throw his material my way. 306 E. Hickory, Enid, Oklahoma

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It doesn't take a genius to cure a hangover but some good common sense could prevent it.....The mimeoing wasn't as good as it has been but then I don't have the time to take with it ye ole editor does. But he's back now so he can take over for now, until another time..... I wouldn't rush into getting a wife just to print a neat fanzine. Besides its pretty hard to find one who would!!! Will Kent revive Alice this summer or has Alice folded completely???

////////////////////////////////////
WAYNE STRICKLAND

I received NITE CRY a few days ago and feel like commenting on it..... The color cover was really great. You should try to feature more like them. A welcome relief getting away from that stencil bearing the familiar NITE CRY. The new lettering for NITE CRY is good. I'm hoping you will keep it.....The contents were the usual NITE CRY. I mean neither exception or neither bad. But in all readable.....The letter column was much too short this time. Two pages is hardly enough for any fanzine.....NITE CRY was a little short this time compared to the 40 pages of the last issue.....Incidentally Evelyn,

you write a very nice editorial and I don't see why you had to get McPhail to do it for you. McPhail's editorial is the usual praising of the local fan club. While I don't consider this readable I must confess to doing it myself.....I didn't care too much for Art Rapp's article. It seemed to me that it is a rehash of what has already been said before.....Your columns were all readable. I especially liked SMOKE SIGNALS. My interest never seems to fail when reading something about Science Fiction's past. Elrik is doing quite well in the fmz review column. And Claude's bit proved interesting also. Which leaves only the piece of fiction left. I don't like fiction in fanzines and Kirks piece didn't alter my opinion any.....But on a whole I like NITE CRY. Apt. C, Bld. 113, U.S. Naval Base, New Orleans 14, La.

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Explain please, something. In ABSTRACT'S CON reports it states you are a tender 12. Then what happens, you turn up with a Naval Base address. Now don't tell me the Navy has stooped so low as to take 12 year olds. I'm confused to say the least.....NITE CRY was a little short last issue, just as its a little late this ish. There is a number of reasons for it. Ah, well, in time we should be back in full swing.....Since you're in the deep south why not come up and see us at the OKLACON??????

////////////////////////////////////
CLAUDE R. HALL

Notice the new address! I'll be here awhile, more or less permanently. I've enrolled at the University of Texas, majoring in Journalism. The November issue of NITE CRY arrived just two days before the Janish and since it's old stuff now, I won't make any other comments except to say it was an excellent issue and the censure from the World Con gave me a laugh. How silly can people get!.....To the January issue..... Three color colver..err, cover, was darn good. NITE CRY has risen in to the class of the elite, it appears. Three color cover, and an article by Art-Rapp--many a zine would be proud to claim these two feats. Art brings out some good points and I suppose he's right but I wonder what he would comment if the British fan started calling their Con the

World Con and decried the American Con. Actually, the American Con's have had very few fen attending from other countries. Would be better to call it, The Stateside Con.....E. R. Kirk write well, but about nothing. He just doesn't write a story! No suspense! No conflict!... ..SMOKE SIGNALS was the outstanding item of this issue, as it has been in the past. Harry Warner, Jr., in the old days of FV and OFUS, received recognition for his column in that zine. I think that Dan McPhail's column is equally as good and if he keeps putting forth such readable material, an honor spot in the memory of fen everywhere should be accorded him.....The letter column was interesting and had enough facts to argue over, only I don't feel like arguing with the gentlemen presented.....Eve/Don, this issue was really tops. All of the artwork was clear and the printing was excellent. The layout and format has improved to a very high standard, better than a lot of the zines that appear now, certainly better than my own.

105 West 20th, Austin, Texas.

Seems to me that a better name for the World Con would be the NATIONAL CON since the smaller zones are termed as regional!!!! Either that or AMERICAN CON or as you suggested, STATESIDE CON. It is certainly far from a World Con since all the countries in the world are not represented there.....Would be something if the British did call theirs the World Con and CENSURE the US CON.....What a laugh!!!!..... Hope you can make it to the OKLACON the 3rd and 4th of July.....

We come the bottom of the letter stack and therefore must bring this issue's EBB TIDE to a close. Let us hear from you, your ideas, suggestions and what you think of NITE CRY.

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WANTED

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probably would be little s-f in any form without these younger fans.) As Vernon writes, what the teenager fan lacks in quality he makes up in quantity. (of course I don't know what I have added to the quality side myself) It is this mass which makes most of fandom's activities possible.

Everyone has the right to their opinions and Vernon McCain writes one of the finest columns in fandom and whether you agree with what he says or not it is always interesting reading. The column under discussion goes into some detail on the subject of the contributions of the two age groups to fandom and should not have been missed. (Anyone not getting OOPSLA---Do it today!)

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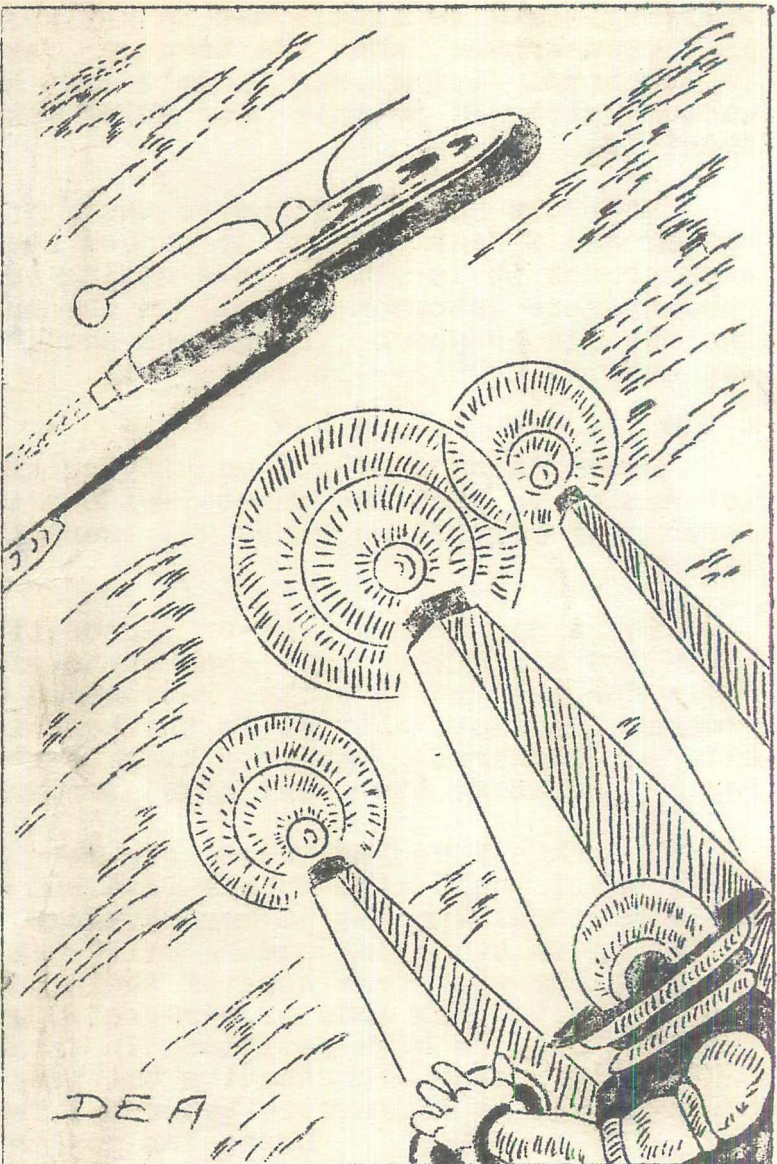
Received my ABSTRACT magnifying glass today. It sure makes it a lot easier to read the quarter-size print. If you readers have not ordered your magnifying glass yet, send 10¢ to Pete while the supply lasts.

There has been a loss of personality to me in both ABSTRACT and PSYCHOTIC since they have gone photo-offset. It is sort of an intangible for the art is better reproduced and the material is as good as always. In fact, Abby #9 is the best issue yet from the standpoint of material and art. (My only kick is at the size of the reproduction.) Psy #18 is up to its usual high standards but something is not there.

Not that I would like to see Pete go back to anything like HA! (RIP) but I would like to see Pete and Dick go back to ditto where their personalities were in more evident. Perhaps I am climbing out on a limb again by making such a wild statement but I believe that both Psy and Abby will lose some of their popularity in the photo-offset format due to this loss of personality. This does not mean that they will not receive high positions in fanzine polls for they have high contents and good reproduction but they have lost the common touch which makes the difference between a fanzine and a semi-prozine.

Be seeing you in the mail box,

Don



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