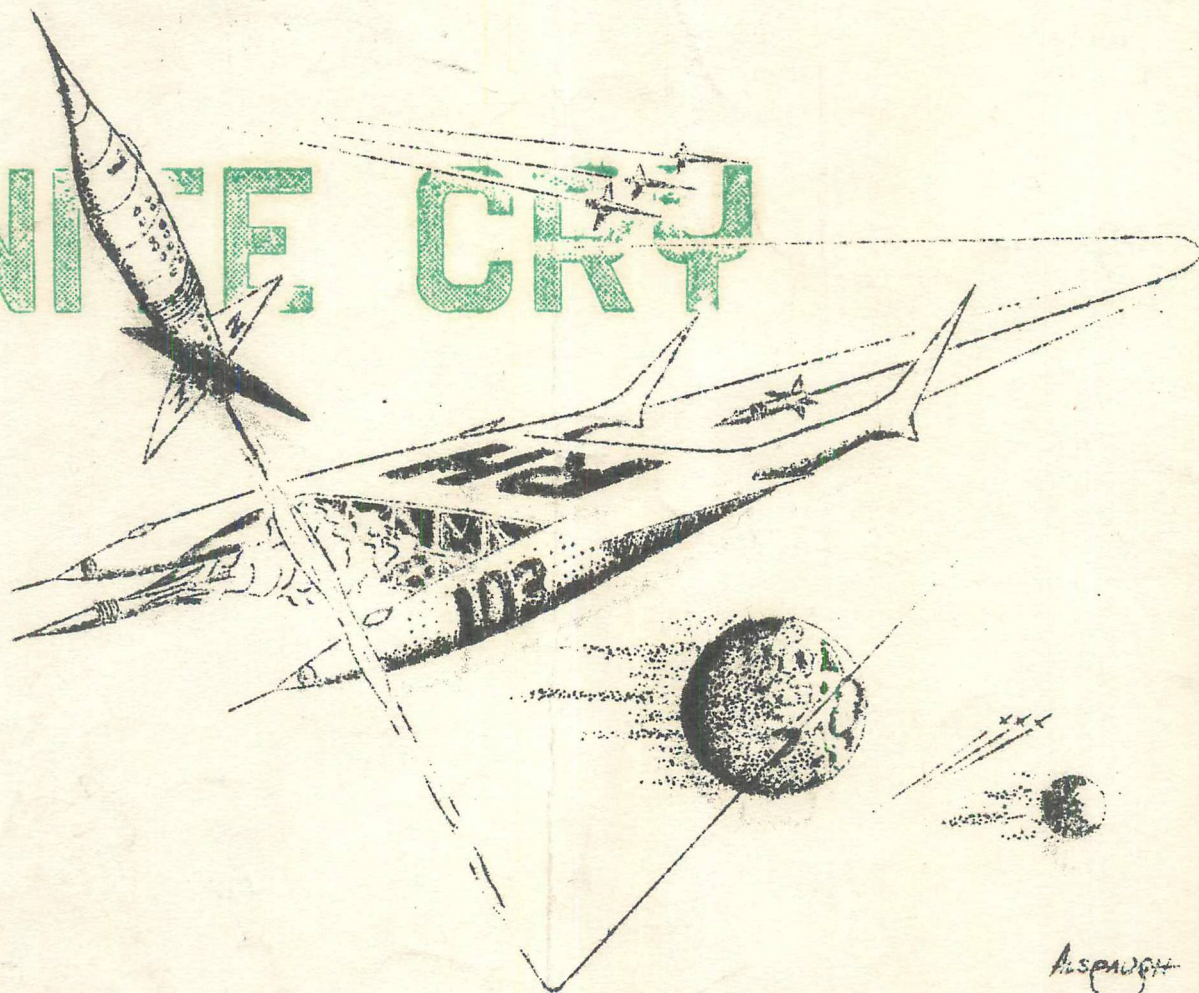


NITE CRY





DON CHAPPELL
editor
publisher

NITE CRY

EVELYN
art editor
co-publisher

OKLACON Issue

Number 10

CONTENTS

FICTION

Gromebody	Harlan Ellison	5
Lethargy	Poem	22
	Aga Yonder	

ARTICLE

The Turbo Encabulator	Report: Revel, Inc.	19
-----------------------	---------------------	----

FEATURES

Editorially Speaking	Don Chappell	2
Smoke Signals	Dan McPhail	13
Claude Rambles On	Claude R. Hall	24
The Fanzine Trail	Ron Ellick	28
Ebb Tide	Letter Column	32

ART

Front Cover
Bob Alspaugh

Back Cover
Bob L. Stewart

Plato Jones Jim Gibson

Don Chappell Walt Bowart Bob Alspaugh Wm. Rotsler

NITE CRY is the Official Publication of the Oklahoma Science Fiction Confederation. Published bi-monthly at 5921 East 4th Place, Tulsa, Oklahoma. Donations will be accepted to offset cost of publication. 10¢ an issue. 50¢ for six. Ads 50¢ a page.



First, to start this issue off right I must apologize to both James Rogers and Dan McPhail for not giving credit on the contents page for the art on page 19 of the last issue. It was drawn by Rogers about twenty years ago for one of Dan McPhail's publications.

For you of the literary mind, I have the following: Said the son upon hearing that his mother was learning to drive, "Oh, Ma, the Dent Maker."

The computer installation where I do most of my work has just obtained a new IBM typer. It has only upper case letters plus a number of special symbols such as Greek letters, equal and plus signs. As I am typing on it now, it is too bad that I can't use it to cut the stencils.

Sitting here in the computing room with the noise of the flashing computer lights and scraping slide rules going on in the back ground I sometimes feel that I work in a world of S-F. The progress that has been made in the fields of Engineering, Mathematics and Computing is almost beyond the imagination. The computer (an IBM Magnetic Drum Data Processing Machine) can do in one day work that would take a man with a hand calculator two years to do working eight hours a day seven days a week.

So often one goes along thinking something is cut and dry and

suddenly awakens to the realization that it isn't so. This was shown to me many years ago in mathematics when it was pointed out that though the decimal system of numbers is the most common it is not the only one used. A system of twelve is used...dozen, quire, gross etc.... Though we designate the numbers with decimal digits.

Computers use a system of their own, the binary. The binary takes various forms such as true binary, bi-quinary and octal. The same basic rules that apply to decimal numbers apply to binary numbers. Rather than bore some of you with a subject that may not be of general interest I leave this subject with a riddle: 10 plus 10 equals? The answer I want in this case is not 20. To make it interesting, the first one (post mark being the deciding factor) to send me the correct answer will receive a pocket book of their choice. If enough interest is shown in this type of thing I will go into it more in the next ish.

"I got plenty of NARDI-ing...."----Gerald Steward.

G. M. Carr's report that she is discontinuing to publish is one of those bits of news that fandom always hates to hear....Another fanzine has dropped along the way. It's like passing the last familiar milestone as you drive down the road, you keep on going ahead but you have left behind something that made you feel a little better with the knowledge that that was the way you had passed before.

Gertrude had a word of encouragement for the new fanzine editor and good advice to offer to help the neo improve his publication. She like many before her, ask herself what the use of it all was and could not come up with a good answer. This perhaps coupled with a need for more time for other activities has brought an end to her fanzine.

Fanzine publishing and editing is a very time and work consuming task, often receiving nothing but blasts from fandom at the results for the neo. Granted, the first results many times were poor but that

quite often is due to inexperience and inability to obtain technical help on the means of reproduction.

In my case, I had a forty year old mimeo which when received was not in workable condition and I had no knowledge of the 'art' of mimeographing. Other editors that were not too busy blasting away offered suggestions which not only helped with the mimeoing but aided in improving layout, art and others of the things that go into publishing. Criticize yes but not without offering suggestions for improvement.... Don't just blast away to destroy.

Older editors that have families and other responsibilities have a big job to try and keep publishing. Riddle is now on sea duty which will present him with real problems to keep going. Carr has raised grandchildren while publishing and others have married, had children, added to their families and moved all over the world both in and out of the service. I have gone off to school in St. Louis and New York leaving half of one ish of NITE CRY and all of another ish for Evelyn to put out.

Also to be given credit are the guys in service who have published by various means....carrying mimeos in the back end of the car, cutting stencils and mailing them to someone to run off and mail, writing in longhand and sending the copy for some one to put out, traveling home or to a relatives house every weekend and probably a lot of ways that I have not heard of.

Speaking of children, which I mentioned above, you have never enjoyed S-F until you have heard it as I have, read by my oldest daughter out loud from ASF skipping the read difficult words. These three kids of mine are already real dyed in the wool S-F fans. They are on to the jargon of bems and fanzines and have each owned a giant beanie hat with a 12 inch prop on it.

Be seeing you in the mail box....

Don

GNOMEBOY

BY HARLAN
ELLISON

Did you ever feel your nose running and you wanted to wipe it, but you couldn't? Most people do, sometime or other, but I'm different. I let it run.

They call me square. They say, "Smitty, You are a real drag. You are so square, you got corners!" This, they mean, indicates I am an oddball and had better shape up or ship out. So all right, so I'm a goof-off as far as they think. Maybe I do get a little sore at things that don't matter, but if Underfeld hadn't layed into me that day in the gym at school, nothing would have happened. The trouble is, I get aggravated so easy about little things, like not making the track team, that I'm no good at studies. This makes the teachers not dig me even a little. Besides, I won't take their guff. But that thing with track. It broke me up really good.

There I was standing in the gym, wearing these dirty white gym shorts with a black stripe down the side. And old Underfeld, that's the track coach, he comes up and says, "whaddaya doin', Smitty?"

Well, anyone with 10-40 eyesight could'a seen what I was doing. I was doing push-ups. "I'm doing push-ups," I said, "Whaddaya think I'm doing? Raising artichokes?"

That was most certainly not the time to wise off to old Underfeld. I could see the steam pressure rising in the jerk's manner, and next thing he blows up all over the joint: "Listen, you little punk! Don't get so mouthy with me. In fact, I'm gonna tell you now, 'cause I don't want ya hangin' around the gym or track no more: You just ain't good enough. In a short sqrint you got maybe a little guts, but when it comes to a long drag, fifty guys in this school who'd give

their right arms to be on the team beat you to the tape. Iyamsorry.
Get out!"

He's sorry. Like hell!

He is no more sorry than I am as I say, "Ta hell with you, you chowderhead, you got no more brains than these ignorant sprinters what will fall dead before they get to the tape."

Underfeld looks at me like I had stuck him in the seat of his sweat pants with a fistful of pins and kind of gives a grasp, "What did you say?" he inquires, breathless like.

"I don't mumble, do I?" I snapped.

Get out of here! Get outta here! Geddouddaere!"

He was making quite a fuss as I kicked my way out the door to the dressing rooms.

As I got dressed I gave the whole thing a good think. I was pretty sure that a couple of those stinkin' teachers I had guffed had put egghead Underfeld up to it. But what can a guy do? I'm just a kid, so says they. They got the cards stacked six ways from Culbertson, and that's it.

I was pretty damned sore as I kicked out the front door. I decided to head for the woods and try to get it off my mind. That I was cutting school did not bother me. My mother, maybe. But me? NO. It was the woods for me for the rest of the afternoon.



Those woods. Something funny about them. D'ja ever notice, some times right in the middle of a big populated section they got a little stand of woods, real deep and shadowy, you can't see too far into them? You try to figure out why someone hasn't bought up the plot and put a house on it, or why they haven't made it into a playground. Well, that's what my woods were.

They faced back on a street full of those cracker-box houses constructed by the government, the factory workers shouldn't sleep on the curbs. On the other side, completely boxing them in, was a highway, running straight through to the big town. It isn't really big, but it makes the small town seem not so small.

I used to cut school and go there to read. In the center is a place where everything has that sort of filter light that seeps down between the tree branches, where there's a big old tree that is strictly one all alone.

What I mean is that tree is great. Big things, stretches and's lost in the branches of the other trees, it's so big. And the roots look like they were forced up out of the ground under pressure, so all's you can see are these sweeping arcs of thick roots, all shiny and risen right out, forming a little bowl under the tree.

Reason I like it so much there, is that it's quieter than anything, and you can feel it. The kind of quiet a library would like to have, but doesn't. To cap all this, the rift in the branches is just big enough so sunlight streams right through and makes a great reading light. And when the sun moves out of that rift, I know it's time to run for home. I make it in just enough time so that Mom doesn't know I'm cutting, and thinks I was in school all day.

So last week---I'd been going to the woods off, on, for about two months---I tagged over there, after that creep Underfeld told me I was

his last possible choice for the track team. I had a copy of something or other, I don't remember now, I was going to read.

I settled down with my rump stuck into that bowl in the roots, and my feet propped against some smaller rootlings. With that little scrubby plant growth that springs up around the bases of trees, it was pretty comfortable, so I started reading.

Next, you are not going to believe.

I'm sitting there reading, and suddenly I feel this pressure against the seat of my jeans. Next thing I know, I am tumbled over on my head and a trapdoor is opening up out of the ground. Yeah, a trap door disguised as solid earth.

Next, you will really not believe.

Up out of this hole comes---may I be struck by green lightning if I'm a liar---a gnome! Or maybe he was a elf or a sprite, or some such thing. All I know is that this gnome character is wearing a pair of pegged charcoal slacks, a spread-collar turquoise shirt, green suede loafers, a pork-pie hat with a circumference of maybe three feet, a long, clinky keychain ((What the hell kinda keys could a gnome have?)), repulsive loud tie and sun glasses.

Now maybe you would be too stoned to move, or not believe your eyes, and let a thing like that rock you permanently. But I got a good habit of believing what I see---especially when it's in Technicolor---and besides, more out of reflex than anything else, I grabs.

I'd read some Grimm-type fairy tales, and I knew the fable about how if you grab a gnome or a elf, he'll give you what you want, so like I said, I grabs.

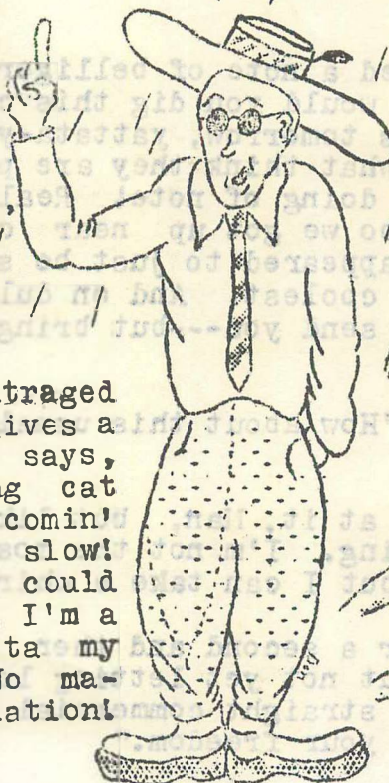
I snatch this little character, right around his turquoise collar.

FRACTURED

"Hold, man!" says the gnome, "What kinda bit is this? I don't dig this thing atall! Unhand me, Daddy-O!"

"No chance," I answer, kind of in a daze, still not quite sure this is hap pening to me, "I want a bag of gold or something."

The gnome looks outraged for a second, then he gives a kind of a half laugh and says, "Ho, Diz, you got the wrong cat for this caper. You're comin' on this a bit too far and slow! Maybe a fourthyear gnome could dig this gold bit, but me, I'm a party-boy. Flunked outta my Alma Mammy first year. No ma- triculation----no magiculation! Readin' me, laddy-buck?"



"Uh, yeah, I guess," I ventured, slowly. "You mean you can't give me a bag or gold like in the fairy tale?"

"Fairy tale, schmerry tale. Maybe one ersatz Korean peso, Max, but that is definitely it. That is where magic and I parts company. In short, nein, man."

"Hmmm." I hummed, tightening my grip a little, he shouldn't get ideas I was letting him get away.

I thought a big think for a minute then I said, "How come you flunked out of school?"

I thought I detected a note of belligerence in the gnome's voice when he answered, "How would you dig this class stuff, man? Go to class today, go to class tomorrow, yattata-yattata-yat from all these squared-up old codgers what think they are professors? Man, there is so much more else to be doing of note! Real nervous-type stuff like playin' with a jazz combo we got up near campus. You ain't never heard such music!" He appeared to just be starting, "We got a guy on the sackbut what is the coolest. And on dulcimer there is a little trool what can not only send you---but bring you back. And on topa' all this..."

I cut him short, "How about this usual three wishes business?? Anything to that?"

I can take a swing at it, Man, but like I says, I'm no where when it comes to magicking. I'm not the most, if that's the least. Might be a bit sloppy, but I can take a whirl, Earl."

I thought again for a second and then nodded: "Okay," setting him down on the turf, but not yet letting loose his collar, but no funny business. Just a straight commercial proposition. Three wishes with no strings, for your freedom."

"Three?" he was incredulous. "Man, one is about all this power pack can stand at this late date. No, it would seem that one is my limit, cat. Be taking it or leaving it."

"All right, then, one. But no legal loopholes. Let's do it all honest and above-board magic. Deal?"

"Deal," says he, and races off into the woods somewhere when I let loose.

I figured he was gone for good, and while I'm waiting, I start to think back on the events of the last few minutes. This is something woulda made Ripley go outta business. The gnome, I figure, is overdue, and so I begin wondering why he didn't come back and finally arrived at the conclusion that there is no honor among gnomes. Besides, he had a shifty look to him when he said there would be no tricks in the magic.

But he comes back in a minute, his keychain damn near tripping him up, he's so loaded down with stuff and paraphernalia. Real weird lookin' items, too.

"Copped 'em from the lab over at the U.," He explains, waving a hand at the untidy pile of stuff. "Well, here goes. Remember, there may be more of a mess than is usual with an experienced practitioner, but I'm strictly a goony-bird in this biz, Jack."

"Hey, wait a minute with this magic stuff..." I began, but he waved me off impatiently, and began manipulating his implements.

So he starts drawing a star-like thing on the ground, pouring some stinkin' stuff into a cauldron, mixing it up, muttering some gibberish that I could swear had "Oo-Bop-shebam" and "Oo-shooby-dooby" in there somewhere, and a lot of other.

Pretty soon he comes over, sprinkles some powder on me, and I

sneeze, almost blowing him over.

"Gesundheit," he mutters, staring at me nastily.

He sprinkles some more powder on me, mutters somethings that sounded like, "By the sacred ring-finger of The Great God Broo-Beck, man, dig this kid what he craveth. Go, go, go, man!"

"Now," he inquires, swinging around a bag in which he is rattling what sounds like bones, "shaddaya want?"

I had been thinking it out, in between incantations, and I had decided what I wanted: "Make me so's I can run faster than anyone in the school, willya." I figured then Underfield would have to take me on the team.

The little gnome nods as if he understands, and starts runnin' around and around outside this star-like thing, in ever-decreasing circles, faster n' faster, till I can hardly make him out.

Then he slows down and stops, puffing away like crazy, mumbling something about, "Gotta lay off them clover stems," and so saying throws this pink powder on me, yelling as loud as he can, "Fractured!" Up goes a puff of pink smoke and what looks like a side-show magician's magnesium flare, and the next thing I know, he and the stuff is gone, and I'm all alone in the woods.

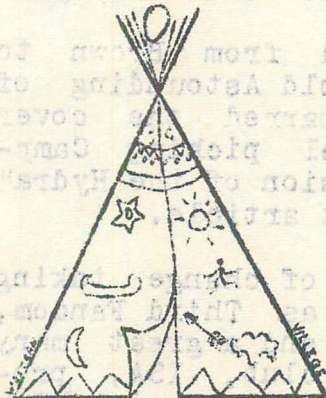
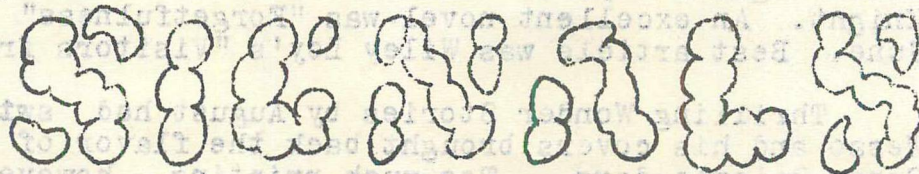
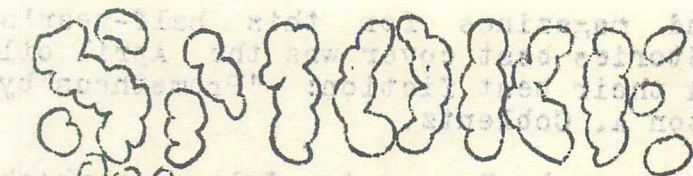
* * * *

So that's the yarn.

Hmmm? What's that? Did he make me so I could run faster than anyone else in the school? Oh, yeah, sure.

You know anybody wants to hire a sixteen-year old centaur?

THE END



FROM OKLAHOMA'S SCIENCE FICTION PAST

BY DAN McPHAIL
OSFC 'CHIEF'

This time our smoke signals are directed towards Tulsa, as we send "Greetings" to fans gathered from the four corners of this Land of the Red Man for a great regional science fiction convention.

For those of you who may be reading your first issue of NITE CRY, let me point out that, each issue, "Smoke Signals" takes you through time to an earlier era, back to First and Second Fandom, the very beginnings of the "fan" movement!....and tells you what the professional magazines of that day contained, reviews of the fan magazines, and gives news and 'gossip' of personalities with particular reference to Oklanomans.

So, let us clear away the smoke of time and become an average fan in the summer of 1937!

A review of the three newstand magazines for this half-year's coverage would show that Amazing Stories best cover was the April oil by Morey, while February contained their best fiction: "Prometheus" by A. K. Barnes and "Dentro" by Stanton A. Coblenz.

Astounding's best cover to date was by Brown in July, in which issue began a 2-part serial, "Frontiers of the Unknown" by Norman Knight. An excellent novel was "Forgetfulness" by Don A. Stewart in June. Best article was Wiley Ley's "Visitors from the Void" in May.

Thrilling Wonder Stories by August had switched from Brown to Wesso and his covers brought back the flavor of the old Astounding of Super Science days. Too much printing, however, marred the cover scene. August was a banner issue, with one fan pannel picking Campbell's "Double Mind" a best novel, Gordon Giles "Vision of the Hydra" as best short and P. E. Cleator's "Spaceward" as best article.

Among amateur magazines, there was a great deal of change taking place. This was nearing the end of the period known as Third Fandom, which saw the demise of the great Fantasy Magazine, and a great many fanzines had hopes of taking its place. The pioneer club, ISA, produced a final number of their mimeoed International Observer in which it was explained that the ISA was designed for the science-hobbyist, yet a vote showed members favoring science fiction 27 to 13, hence it was being discontinued. Cover showed a hand reaching down from clouds and writing "Finis" in a ISA book. Gold on black background.

The S. F. Advancement Ass'n had the usual excellent features in Tesseract, its 14 pages monthly mimeo journal. Its April number was dedicated to the memory of H. P. Lovecraft, and contained short fiction, articles and club news. Bloomer, the editor, included a copy of NAPA printed mag, The Bloodstone with the May number. He also sold mags. For example, you could pick up a May, 1926 Amazing, minus cover, for 50¢, or one of the rare Amazings Annuals, in top condition, for \$1.

In May, Morris Dollens produced his 1st Anniversary Issue of S. F.

Collector. It was changed to large size and numbered 20 pages.. Morrie excelled in his fine lay-out ability and his color hectographing was tops. The editor had a story, plus a short by Moskowitz, and start of a series on myths by Claire Beck. The back cover contained a dirge, titled "Mars", written and illustrated by Oklahoma's James Rogers, that I had mailed the editor, after my own publication was discontinued.

The 13th issue, dated June, was a farewell number for founder Dollens who said that due to "certain unreasonable reasons" he was forced to discontinue publication. Your writer had some art work inside as well as a column, "Fantasy Film Flashes" by 'Lawrence Paschall'. The name of the new editor was to be announced at a later date.

The July issue revealed that John V. Baltadonis of Philadelphia had taken over SFC, under his "Comet" label. Still large size, completely typed (Morrie hand-printed much of his hecto), even margins, new artwork and a variety of new contributors: Moskowitz, Madle, Train, Rothman, Chapman, and Lowndes.

Two interesting items appeared during this time from Comet Publications: a 32 (small size) hectoed booklet, contained two stories by Oswald Train with good illos by Baltadonis. The other was the appearance of Science Adventure Stories, which had long been a dream of Dollens. He turned his material and its name over to JVB and he brought out the 1st issue, containing 62 pages, price: 15¢. Headed by a Wesso-like cover, it contained top-flight talent: L.A. Esbach, Oliver Sari, John Chapman and Ralph M. Farley. Inside color illos by JVB and Rothman, including a double-page spread.

S. F. Fan for May had 12 hectoed pages. Illoed by Dollens. Not much real copy except Wollheim's interesting "Fanfarade", which revealed details of H. P. Lovecraft's will. He bequeathed his large collection of fan magazines to the Franklin Museum Library of Amateur Journalism in Philadelphia; To R. H. Barlow (The Literary Executor) went

the cream of his books and his complete file of Weird Tales. 30 or 40 other friends were given a choice of the remainder. The June issue was 16 pages with a good Dollens cover. R. A. Madle launched an excellent series of "Hints on Collection SF". Remainder of issue contained DAW, promag forecasts and ads.

The printed, no illos S. F. Critic for May was 14 pages of interesting essays and articles, such as Moskowitz asking "Was Weinbaum Great?" and Don Brazier began a review of material in non-sf mags. The 10th issue (July) was 16 pages, not counting covers. The type and paper used in Critic was the same as was used in my own Sf News and made excellent readability. D. W. F. Mayer gives a review of British s-f, Brazier is back, editor Beck tells why he will not consider Thrilling Wonder a s-f mag and Peter Duncan tells how philosopher Schopenhauer classified all authors as fixed stars, planets or meteors, according to their impression on the public. In the s-f world, Duncan picked the following "Planets" (Their positions are constant): Well, Verne; Haggard, Poe, J. W. Campbell, E. E. Smith, McClary ("Rebirth" author), Coblenz, S. P. Wright, Taine and Anthony Gilmore, author of the famed Hawk Carse series. Gilmore's real name was never revealed, despite intense sleuthing by early-day fans.

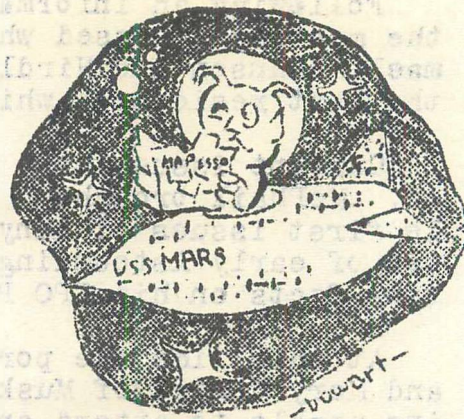
Imaginative Fiction had its 3rd hectoed issue out-dated June- with a fine cover and illos by Baltadonis. 12 pages with short-short by Moskowitz, Madle tells how the death of Homer Eon Flint became a great mystery, George Hahn provides a science review and the editor gossips on fandom.

In Flushing, N. Y., a young fan, James V. Taurasi launched a publishing career that continues to this day with his excellent Fantasy-Times newspaper. But in the Summer of 1937 he produced #1 Cosmic Tales Quarterly, hectoed on 22 large size pages. Stories by Dave Kyle, Richard Wilson, the editor and one "E. E. Schmidt!

At about this time, the most enduring organization in the colorful history of fandom was coming into being. I refer to the Fantasy

Amateur Press Association and next column I plan to devote considerable space to its birth and early struggles, including an unusual story of how I discovered that Don Wollheim and I were developing rival amateur press clubs at the same time.

In as much as you should be reading this about the time of OKLACON III, I feel it is fitting to give you a review of the very first gathering of Sonnerland fans. Many fans are not aware of this event, which lacks only two weeks of being exactly 16 years ago from present convention date! But it did occur, as it is reported in the following news release, reprinted from Fantasy News, (Vol. 3, No. 1, June 25, 1939:



Which way to the Oklacon?

OSA HOLDS ITS ANNUAL POW-WOW

A Directors Meeting of the Oklahoma Scientifiction Ass'n. was held Sunday, June 18th, at the Hudson Hotel in Oklahoma City. The meeting was called to order at 1:30 PM by Dan McPhail, president. Walter Sullivan, late of New York, and now of Bristow; and Jack Speer, of Commache and Washington. answered present. It was reported to the Chair that Injun Joe was under the bed, conducting a more or less scientific analysis of a jug of firewater, and a rumor was advanced that the Invisible Man was present. What was thought to be a delegation of vampire bats from Weird Tales proved nothing more eerie than a flock of sparrows. A maid (Colored) also showed great interest in the proceedings, including the notice on the door.

Following an informal talk by Sullivan on eastern fans, the meeting recessed while Oklahoma City members Jones, Ishmael, Johnson and Hirdler were called. None answered but the last residence, which reported Ed still at college.

Current issues were reviewed and collectors items examined. McPhail brought a large number of fan mags, and valuable first issues of many magazines; Sullivan had a bound set of early Astounding Stories and Speer presented interesting facts on his IPO Poll.

At this time the porter brought up a telegram from James and Mary Rogers of Muskogee, expressing their regrets at being unable to attend and wishing the Pow-Wow all success.

The World Science Fiction Convention was discussed, and a message of good wishes to it was drafted to be sent at a later date.

Due to the fact that all present had to meet early bus connections, the meeting adjourned, at 3:30. Speers returns to Washington. Next week he and Sullivan will go to the Convention.

* * * *

In conclusion, let me say a word about the Pow-Wow: Jack Speer rented a room at the Hudson and as pictures I have of the event show, we had quite a lot of fun, disussing things and stuff. The Injun Joe was mentioned in the write-up because he was a character I used for alleged humorous tale in a Bob Tucker mag. It is my understanding Walter Sullivan lost his life in the service of his country. He was a very fine person and a loyal fan. Jack Speer, Oklahoma's great gift to the amateur science fiction world, is now a lawyer in the Washington.

END

TO:

FROM: Revel, Inc.
Research Dept.

SUBJECT: The Turbo Encabulator

DATE 27, May 1955

For a number of years now work has been proceeding in order to bring perfection to the crudely conceived idea of a machine that would not only supply inverse reactive current for use in unilateral phase detractors, but would also be capable of automatically synchronizing cardinal trammeters.

Such a machine is the "Turbo Encabulator".

Basically the only new principle involved is that instead of power being generated by the relative motion of conductors and fluxes, it is produced by the modial interaction of magnetoreluctance and capacities directance.

The original machine had a base plate of pre-fabulated amulite, surmounted by a malleable logarithmic casing in such a way that the two spurving hearings were in a direct line with the pentametric fan.



The latter consisted simply of six hydroscoptic marzelvanes, so fitted to the ambifacient lunar waneshaft that side fumbling was effectively prevented.

The winding was of the normal lotus-o-delta type placed in pan-endermic semi-boloid slots in the stator, every seventh conductor being connected by a non-reversible tramie pipe to the differential girdlespring on the "up" end of the grammeters.

Forty-one manestically spaced grouting brushes were arranged to feed into the rotor sli-stream a mixture of high S-value phenylhydrobensamine and 5% reminative tetryliodohehexsmine. Both of these liquids have specific pericocities given by $P. \text{ squared } 2.5 C. n6.7$ where N is the diathetical evolute of retrograde temperature phase disposition and C is Cholmondeley's annular grillage coefficient.

Initially, N was measured with the aid of a metapolar refractive pilfrometer (for a description of this ingenious instrument, see L. E. Rumpelverstein in "Zeitschrift fur Electrotechistatistichs - Donnerblitz" vol. vil), but up to the present date nothing has been found to equal the transcendental hopper dadascope, (See "Proceedings of the Peruvian Academy of Skatalogical Sciences", June 1914).

Electrical engineers will appreciate the difficulty of nubing together a regurgitative purwell and a spuramitive wennelsprocket.

Indeed, this proved to be a stumbling block to further development until, in 1942, it was found that the use of anydrous nangling pins enabling a kruptonastic boiling shim to be tankered.

The early attempts to construct a sufficiently robust spiral de-computator failed largely because of a lack of appreciation of the large quasipliant stresses in the gremlin studs; the latter were specially designed to hold the roffit bars to the spamshaft.

When, however, it was discovered that wending could be prevented

by a simple addition to the living sockets, almost perfect running was secured.

The operating point is maintained as near as possible to the h.f. rem peak by constantly fromaging the bitumogeneous spandrels.

This is a distinct advance on the standard nevelsheave in that no dramcock oil is required after the phase detractors have remissed.

Undoubtedly, the turbo-encabulator has not reached a very high level of technical development, but it has been successfully used for operating nofer trunnions.

FINIS

////////////////////////////////////

Do you have drawings for a space ship that can fly? Or a new type missile? Or an idea for a metal that can withstand temperatures at which ordinary metals turn to liquid?

This time it's the Air Research and Development Command who's appealing to all inventors to come forward and let their ideas be known.

The man in charge, Lt. Col. M. W. Beardsley, Assistant for Innovations, can be reached at RDTE HDCTS. ARDC, Box 1395, Baltimore 3, Maryland. (Aero Digest, May, 1955)

LETHARGY

BY AGA YONDER

To be so dumb
With mind so mumb
And not perceive the end
Of man and kind
And creatures blind
And those that they befriend

To sit so still
And never fill
Thy soul with insight rare
Instead to gaze
Down timeless ways
And give not a damn nor care

For monument
Or stark repent
Before thy end thy days
When this sad world
Shall burn and curl
In atomic matter craze

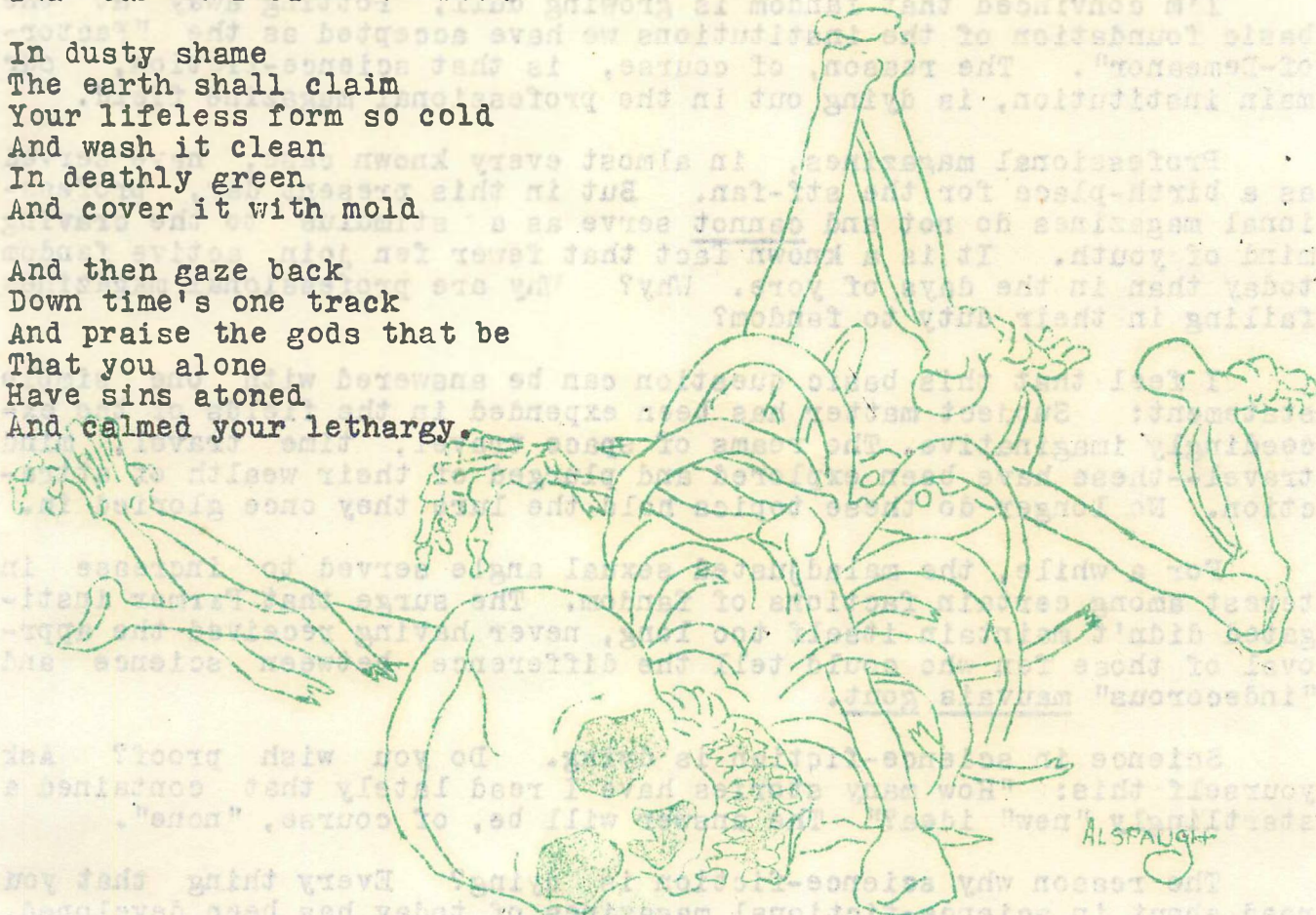


ALSFALIGHT

if you'd but rise
Beyond these skies
To a much higher goal
Where matters not
The filth and rot
That cannot follow the soul

In dusty shame
The earth shall claim
Your lifeless form so cold
And wash it clean
In deathly green
And cover it with mold

And then gaze back
Down time's one track
And praise the gods that be
That you alone
Have sins atoned
And calmed your lethargy.



ALSPAUGH

CLAUDE RAMBLES ON...

I'm convinced that fandom is growing dull; rotting away at the basic foundation of the institutions we have accepted as the "Factor-of-Demeanor". The reason, of course, is that science-fiction, our main institution, is dying out in the professional magazine field.

Professional magazines, in almost every known case, have served as a birth-place for the stf-fan. But in this present day, professional magazines do not and cannot serve as a stimulus to the craving mind of youth. It is a known fact that fewer fen join active fandom today than in the days of yore. Why? Why are professional magazines failing in their duty to fandom?

I feel that this basic question can be answered with one simple statement: Subject matter has been expended in the fields of the exceedingly imaginative. The realms of space travel, time travel, mind travel--these have been explored and plucked of their wealth of attraction. No longer do these topics hold the lure they once gloried in.

For a while, the maladjusted sexual angle served to increase interest among certain factions of fandom. The surge that Farmer instigated didn't maintain itself too long, never having received the approval of those fen who could tell the difference between science and "indecorous" mauvais gout.

Science in science-fiction is dying. Do you wish proof? Ask yourself this: "How many stories have I read lately that contained a startlingly "new" idea?" The answer will be, of course, "none".

The reason why science-fiction is dying? Every thing that you read about in science-fictional magazines of today has been developed,

some items are even in use. I might name television, radar, atomic power.....to mention a very few. What youth could possibly find excitement for his imagination in a science-fiction magazine in this hectic day when he has had rocketships thrown literally at him from every angle.....newspapers, radio, breakfast cereals, comic books..... And too, what's exciting about things which preoccupy your everyday life? Nothing at all, unless you're a historian. But sf-fans are not historians. Definitely not! We, if I maybe bold enough to include myself among that choice group, seek our promise (Whatever it may hold) in the future.

And that leads to a serious problem. What can regain interest in science-fiction if not some problem, device, or occurrence of the future? The future has been overworked as a source of new ideas, but surely there's something that has been untouched. Maybe the channels of "If" should be further developed. Maybe another dimension should be discovered.

Possibly a great asset toward saving science-fictional professional magazines would be to put a crazy lunatic at the editorial helm of some magazine. An off-tract person could surely bring something new into science-fiction. This might save this great institution. And saving the science-fictional magazines from decayance or destruction, might serve to save fandom.

Another great institution of fandom is the "old guard" otherwise known as BEES. ----I mean----BNFs..... These BNFs have generally been around so long in fandom that it gives a person cause to wonder if all of fandom is not some idle whim of theirs, a hobby more or less.

Have you ever thought that fandom might be a hoax? It's an interesting theory.

Actually though, the "old guard" were generally supposed to have set the regulations of the institution we know as fandom. These fen, extraordinary as they are, serve to hold down things, to keep an elem-

ent going when everyone else has gafia'd off on some tangent--maybe trying to sublimate their urges in other manners. I doubt that these "Old guards" shall ever decay. One always thinks of Tucker, Ackerman, Boggs, etc. as being around forever, though everyone knows Tucker is merely risen from the dead.

Another faction of fandom is the fanzine. What can I say about this? Fanzines have increased at a steady rate through the years, until now it seems as if every fan has his own fanzine. The APA's are full and their waiting lists flow over. But does a multitude of fanzines indicate an amount of quality? No, I'm afraid not. Something that has definitely hurt fandom, and as a result -- the professional magazines -- is that few fanzines feature fiction. The fan-author now has no territory nor ream in which to perfect his talent. The Bradbury of yesterday shall not be the Bradbury of tomorrow.

To be truthful, very few fen of today will admit to liking fan-fiction. Why, I can't understand. In this period of stf, most of the fiction in fanzines either equal or surpass that I've read in professional magazines. This statement refers to fanzines of proven status, by that I mean--fanzines with editors that can tell the good fiction from the bad. Because fandom certainly has their portion of "bad" fiction. Necessarily, it is up to the editor in question to improve upon the bad in his own fashion. It is up to him to develop the talent at his disposal. In other words, he should be looking forward to bringing out new talent, because it is reasonable to suppose this his present staff of writers will sooner or later graduate into the professional field.

And what's wrong? With fanzines condoning fan-fiction, there is no breeding ground for new writers. As you can see easily, by picking up any standard professional magazine, the science-fictional element has suffered much.

I have always enjoyed a good article or column concerning fandom and/or many of its different aspects. But recent article and column

writers have about expended all the many topics worth writing about concerning fandom.

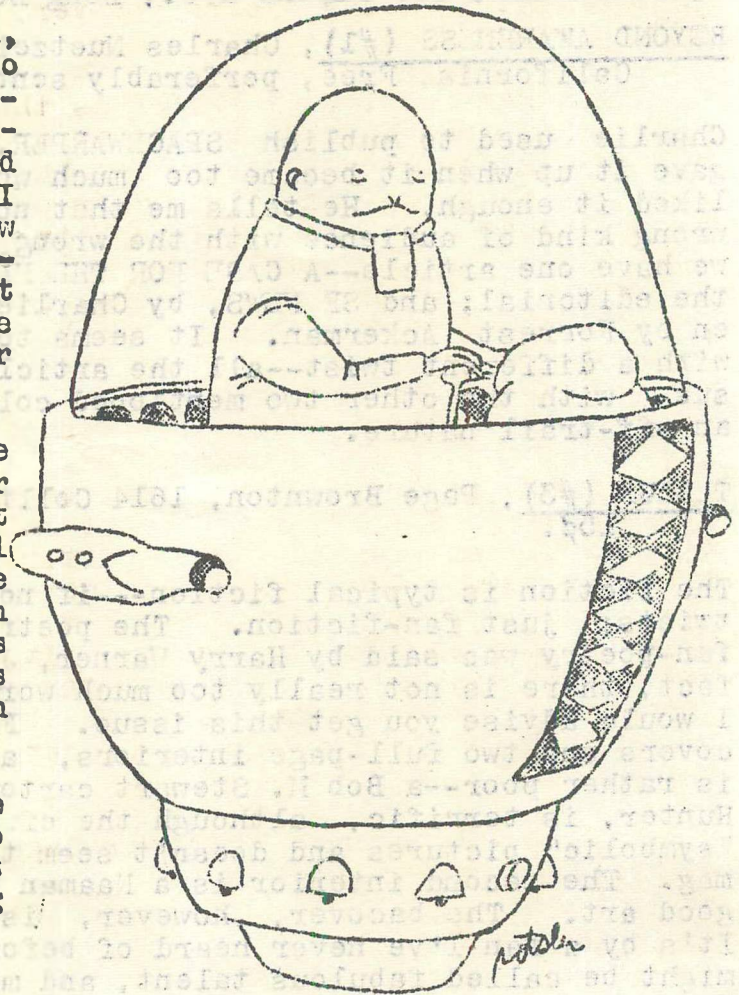
Fanzines, without fan-fiction, are growing dull, rotting away.

Of course, the only solution, in my estimation, is to return to the style set by Fan-Fare, a fanzine of the Quandry era. If I return correctly, Paul Ganley used mostly fiction in his zine. And I was good fiction. Often review columns would wonder why the stories that Ganley featured were not sold to the pro market. To the best of my knowledge, Ganley never gave an answer.

I know not whether any of the writers featured in Fan-Fare ever made the professional grade, but Paul Ganley's fanzine serves well as an example of a breeding place for future writers...writers with a craving of knowledge...writers with a secret wonder....writers with ideas to increase interest in science-fiction.

It is indeed sad that more fanzines of this day and age do not have more fan-fiction. It would save fandom from rotting away

THE END



THE FANZINE TRAIL

by Ron Ellik, 277 Pomona Ave., Long Beach 3, Calif.

BEYOND AWARENESS (#1), Charles Nuetzel, 16452 Moorpark Street, Encino, California, Free, perferably sent in bulk to clubs.

Charlie used to publish SPACEWARTER, about a year or more ago, but gave it up when it became too much work and didn't think the readers liked it enough. He tells me that now he thinks he was aiming at the wrong kind of audience with the wrong kind of material. Here, in BA, we have one article--A CASE FOR THE FLYING SAUCERS, by Max B. Miller; the editorial; and SF NEWS, by Charlie. Next issue SFN will be written by Forrest Ackerman. It seems to me that BA is just SPACEWARTER with a different twist--all the articles (one lead article to the issue, with the other two mentioned columns. as seen above) will be of an off-trail nature.

TELLUS (#3), Page Brownton, 1614 Collingwood Avenue, San Jose, Calif.
15¢.

The fiction is typical fiction---if not wdrse. No new plots, no new twists; just fan-fiction. The poetry - well, what can be said about fan-poetry was said by Harry Warner, Jr., in FAPA 70. As a matter of fact, there is not really too much worth reading in TELLUS. Even so, I would advise you get this issue. Four pieces of artwork, the two covers and two full-page interiors, are photoffset. The front cover is rather poor--a Bob M. Stewart cartoon. The first interior, by Alan Hunter, is terrific, although the effect is lost as it's one of those "symbolic" pictures and doesn't seem to "connect" with the rest of the mag. The second interior is a Naaman robot, impressive but not very good art. The bacover, however, is the reason I would buy the mag. It's by a fan I've never heard of before--Dwight Boyce. It shows what might be called fabulous talent, and maybe the beginnings of another Finley.

EPITOME (#4), Mike May, 9428 Hobart Street, Dallas, Texas (18). 5¢.

Well, you open this issue up and you find my name staring out at you. But just because it accepts articles by Ellick doesn't mean PIT is any worse than any other up-and-coming new fanzine. As a matter of fact, besides the Ellick article this issue is pretty darned good. It has a book review column by Noah McLeod, which presents McLeod's mule-headed but usually right opinions on current hard-covers and pbs. Then there's the letter column, LITIGATIONS (why right in the middle of the zine?), with promise of some interesting letters in the future--it seems to be the beginning of an interesting feature. A LITTLE BLUE CARD, by Don Wegars, is a rather warped, but highly laughable report on two or three minor but memorable incidents at San Francisco this year. The other items in PIT are just filler; as soon as Mike has a steady line of contributors, he won't need material like this.

OOPSLA! (#16), Gregg Clakins, 2817 Eleventh Street, Santa Monica, California. 15¢, 2/25¢. Overseas fan get anish for a letter.

Rather strange cover arrangement here--the format cover is just the title, two interlineations and a cute lil' posy drawn in the center.. then you open it up, and the first thing you see is a nice white sheet of paper with a purty DEA illio multilithed on it. The paper is about $\frac{1}{2}$ " short all around of $8\frac{1}{2} \times 11$ --about $8 \times 10\frac{1}{2}$. Gregg writes, "I got the cover done on base for nothing. I intended to use it for a cover, but the boys goofed and put it on smaller than $8\frac{1}{2} \times 11$ stock and on pretty light stuff, so I used it inside." The editorial is no editorial but OOPSLA's history told in verse. Very good, pithy, and not at all as bad as most fan-poetry because it has a story to tell. The column by McCain is the usual down-with-teen-agers thing. I see his point--it's the mature mind that writes the interesting fan chatter. But I don't think he's going to get anywhere in it. He should realize that one man isn't going to make fandom more mature. The best part of each ish of OOPSLA! is the Grennell column.

FANTASTIC WORLDS (#7), Sam J. Sackett, 411 W. Sixth St., Hays, Kan. 30¢.

FW is one of the ten or so top-notch zines because it gets good publicity. Sam makes sure it gets good publicity. He talks it up big, tells everyone that he will have a really terrific issue next time--then comes up with an issue better than he said it would be. But the mag does not rest on its merits alone. No, it's not because of faultless typing, expert litching, tremendous artwork and eye-appealing format that FW is a zine everybody reads. It's also because Sam is proud of what he publishes, and let's everybody know about it. But don't get me wrong--I'm not ranking him for it. Just send for a copy of this, and you'll see that he has a right to be proud.

HARK (#3), Randy Brown, 6619 Anita Street, Dallas 24, Texas. 10¢

The lead article, REBUTTAL FROM SOUTHERN CALIFORNIA, by V. Paul Nowell, is really a "must" for these fans that have been ranking us SoCalifien just because we live in the SoCalif area. Nowell is one of these men who sits on the side-lines, watches things happen, then straightens everybody out by telling all the facts... Boyd Racburn told me that there were several things in it that he hadn't known, and that he was grateful for reading it. Other than that, this of HARK contains some rather readable magazine comments by Noah McLeod, Henry Moscovitz's column, and a disgustingly inane fanzine review column. HARK is still poorly typed, but that will disappear within the next dozen issues or so--Randy is going to learn how to type with all ten fingers in the fall semester.

YOBBER (#2), Andy and Jean Young, 229 W. College St., Oberlin, Ohio. 5¢

These two people write a mighty interesting fanzine. It's all gossip, and just as interesting as GRUE or the old LE ZOMBIES. Certainly much more entertaining than the majority of "one-man" zines coming out today. Jean is a high-school general science teacher; Andy appears to have something to do with some school or other, but it's rather vague.

Jean's gossip is about geology, chemistry etc., and Andy writes a general-interest item on how easy it would be to rob somebody. General-interest? Oh, well..... I wish I'd seen YOBBER #1. The mimeography here is real nice. The artwork is all cartooning, and there isn't much format to speak of. It sort of resembles a very long letter to a very close friend when both the writer and reader have a terrific sense of humor.

REVIEW (#12), Vernon L. McCain, Box 458, Payette, Idaho. Trade, Letters.

Eric Bentcliffe reviews British prozines... Definitely, this is the minor item in the issue. The fanzine reviews and the letter column take up most of the space, and personally I'd like to see the whole issue dedicated to these features alone. Prozine reviews get dull after a time. Vern did make one mistake, tho-- he showed in his review of BRENNSCHLUSS that he hadn't read all of it. Not that we expect him to read every word of every zine that comes in.....but he really ought to learn to cover it up better. He calls me a bore later on, but really Vern I think you're a nice guy. If it means anything to you.

if

This August issue of If has a lead story, FRANCHISE, by Asimov which though not his best, is good. BIRTHRIGHT by April Smith starts strong but finishes weak--children doing as they wish would not work in our society.

Winston Marks' BLEEDBACK and Phillip Dick's THE MOLD OF YANCY are good, BLEEDBACK being the better of the two. THE ETHICATORS and ECOLOGY ON ROLLINS ISLAND by Willard Marsh and Varley Long respectively are 'also rans'.

The sleeper this issue is Charles Fontenay's PATRIOT, a stirring, well written story.

Good quality S-F, well worth your investing 35¢.

DAC

EBB TIDE

JACK O'CLUBS

This is my first letter to a fanzine. As a matter of fact I've been hanging on the outskirts of fandom for awhile now but have jumped in with both feet before. Howsoever something has struck me which I feel requires saying.....It concerns the fiction you publish in NITE CRY. Most of it is terrible!.....Ah! But now we come to the only person who has written fiction for you who can write. Such imagery. Such masterly command of the English language. Such vivid detail and startling story lines. Such sustained suspense and... well it's just too much. I'm speaking, of course, of Larry Walker. Here is a man who will be America's outstanding writer someday. In later years the issues of NITE CRY he appears in should bring hundreds of dollars. Well I really don't need to go on. LETS HAVE MORE OF LARRY WALKER!

Permanent Bridge Game, Student Union, U of Tulsa.

This guy is a real card. In the latest ish of Planet Stories he is baiting Walker and here he is praising him. What a joker!

GERALD A STEWARD

NITE CRY, received, and you might say, appreciated. I didn't read the fan fiction because your opinion of fiction and mine differ greatly. I don't like fan fiction written by pro-aspiring fans. The only fan fiction I like is fictitious stories about fans. Such as Hyphen and Grue occasionally feature..... I did enjoy, to some extent, Claude Hall's column, and Ellik's reviews. The reviews in NC V. 2, #3 are the best you've ever had. (I wish you'd put a whole number on the zine, it is much easier to handle than V?#?).....I got a chuckle at

Ellik's remark that "It seems to be the Canadian fen who get the interesting letters..... The publisher's in Toronto all bemoan the fact that they don't get interesting letters, and all the BNF'S write to crud zines, etc..... I suspect that the Chesley Donovan group named their club thusly so that their Civil Defense uniforms and ensigns could be passed off as club equipment..... Chortled over your joke about Abstract magnifying glasses. 166 McRoberts Ave. Toronto, Canada.

We are planning to start using a whole number on our zine as you and others have suggested. I have had a hard time keeping the V & # straight..... More on this Chesley Donovan business next ish, when we will have a letter from them and a reply from Ron Ellik in an expanded letter column.

HARLAN ELLISON

Enclosed find the last available thing (Gromebody) I have for fanzines, at least for a good long while. The only reason this yarn is at hand is that PSYCHOTIC took it, along with two others, and then Dick decided no more fiction in the new SCIENCE FICTION REVIEW, so he reluctantly sent it back. It is, I feel, a rather good piece of work. It is one of Geis' favorites, and one of Algis Budry's favorites, as well as one of mine.....I live next door to RON SMITH, editor of INSIDE and his wife, Cindy, is adding to out layout format. Bob Silverburg, lives upstairs. All the really BNF live here. (Gad! what an egotistical remark that was!)..... I hope I see you in Cleveland. 611 West 114th, Apt. #3d -309, New York 25, New York.

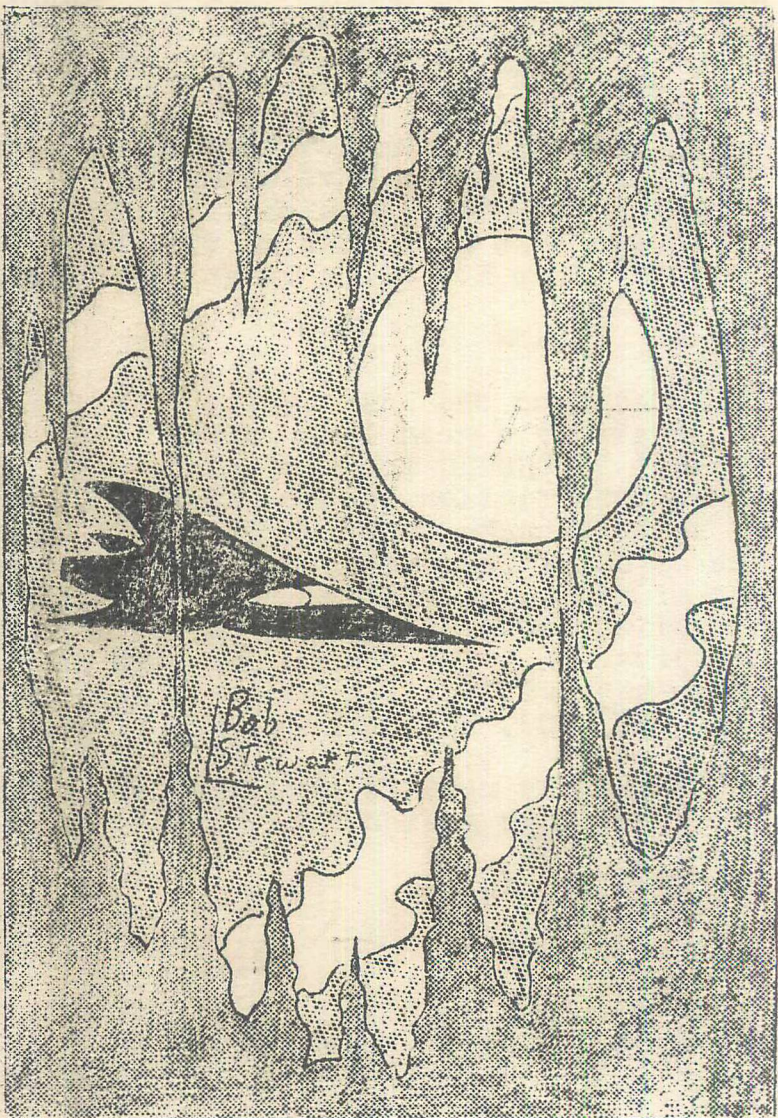
Hope the readers have read and enjoyed Gromebody by the time they have gotten back here to the letter column.

NEW ADDRESSES:

Charles Lee Riddle
PNCA, USN
P. O. Box 611
New London, Conn.

Richard E. Geis
1525 N. E. Ainsworth
Portland 11, Oregon

Claude R. Hall
100 E. 20th
Austin, Texas



NITE CRY
5921 E. 4TH PL.
TULSA, OKLA.

Forwarding Postage Guaranteed
Minimograpd matter only

To



G. M. Carr
5319 Ballard Ave.
Seattle, Wash.