

Eventually, it had to be **CRY 118**, the August, 1958, issue. Yes.

"CRY of the Nameless" comes forth from Box 92, 920 3rd Ave, Seattle 4, Wash. Each and every month it appears (except for August, 1955, when it didn't; anyhow, this marks 36 consecutive monthly appearances since anybody goofed) to spread good cheer and fertilizor far and wide. CRY subs for 25¢/each, 5 for a buck, or \$2/yr, with free issues going to contributors (including the lettercol) and faneds whose zines are reviewed herein. Mainly, you get it if Toskey remembers your address.

The CRY is a FenDen Publication, this issue being produced by the Hard Core of the FenDen Gang: Wally Weber, Burnett Toskey, and F.M. & Elinor Busby. Wally is the High Man on this totem pole-- it's mostly his money. So be warned, you who so lightly contemplate Taking Over the CRY: can you a-f-f-o-r-d it?

This one runs to 50 pages, including the blank to your left, so it is only simple kindness to list the

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People and fans keep sending artwork and we keep using it. Where will it all end? This month, it's: Adams 26, 37; Adkins 31, 35, 44; Anderson 5; ATom 33, 47; Barnes 29, 45; Brown 39; Cameron 30, 34, 40, 44, 46, HIKE! Donahue 32, 43; (whew); Garcone 13, 14, 15; Kane 37, 38, 41; Reiss 36, 42, 48, 49; Stiles 30. Whimpor.

The pagecount came out wrong, so I have ^{full page} a/after this one, in which to pull a John Campbell or Straighten Out Fandom or just ramble on and on. Hmmm.....

I wonder if it has occurred to the SoLaCon committee that it's possible for them to resign from the WSFS, Inc, and stage their own blast after the Old Fashion. The chartering of a New York corporation for the purpose of sponsoring science-fiction fan conventions, is hardly binding on a California convention committee when the acceptance or retention of such sponsorship becomes a liability. What with the space-time lag, I doubt that we'll ever know just how right or wrong each of the conflicting parties may be, but one thing is for sure: the evidence shows that New York fandom has been unable to get along with itself for more than twenty years now, without a lot of feuds and throat-cutting. Certainly, no one could object to this while it was their own business-- but I thoroughly object to the New York coup of making their feuds everybody's business, and Big Business at that. For a time, it was just good free entertainment, of a sort, but if this brannigan threatens to foul up the WorldCon, I'm in favor of a rival corporation being set up in a less turbulent area (if incorporation is indeed considered advantageous), by people who can work together and are interested in doing a job rather than in doing each other. OK, new York-- prove me wrong and you'll make me happy.

And on the next page we will talk about other things entirely.....

page 4, as you might have expected##

Today's (July 27th) figures on Explorer IV (110-minute orbit, high and low points 1,368 and 178 miles respectively) check out quite well, giving an elliptical orbit that measures about 9,460 miles the long way, 9,390 miles across, and with its center displaced about 590 miles from the center of the earth. The satellite is swinging around out there with about 58% of escape-energy, more than previous Explorers but a couple of percent less than the Vanguard satellite. Comfy??

Lars Bourne's report of his visit to a Nameless meeting doesn't seem to have made much of a hit with the club. Well, he wrote it near the end of his National Guard Summer Encampment, and those deals really do bring out one's bitter side. For the record, this was Lars' 4th N.G. camp (at least), which would make him about two decades of age if he enlisted with the usual amount of under-age.

The Nameless have never been what you'd call receptive or responsive to criticism, any more than anyone else is, including you and me and Harry Truman. But if the meeting Lars attended was similar to those I ceased attending a number of months ago, his report is probably pretty accurate. I do not say this to be attacking anyone; people who are interesting, individually and elsewhere, arrive at a Nameless meeting and very shortly lapse into a sort of "Nameless Syndrome" in which the level of conversation is inane only until it gets worse. Possibly a couple of people are exempt from this, but I can't think of any at the moment: I'm sure I'm just as bad as the next! Wally escapes it by not saying anything.

Somehow a pattern has developed over the years in which a group of otherwise interesting people assemble and produce boredom. I'm not sure just how it came to pass, and I don't know how to break it up. New blood might help, but in the latter days of my attendance, the club consistently vetoed all suggestions for rounding up new members.

The club won't agree with these remarks, but it's not necessary to take my word-- just look around, next meeting, at the empty space where 30 or 40 past attendees would be standing, if they didn't agree with me.

And that will be about enough of this "local-interest" kick, except that it is only fair to reassure wavering supporters of a Seattle WesterCon in '59, and/or a WorldCon, that a convention is not a Nameless meeting, and as far as I have seen does not trigger the "Nameless Syndrome" in its victims. It'll be OK, I'm sure.

I don't care how your badge reads-- get that tape-recorder out of my closet!

A letter from Chas Burbee says that it was lung cancer (which takes them fast) rather than the slow, painful bone cancer, that killed F. Townor Laney on June 8th. Anyone who has ever read any of Laney's work knows what a terrific talent is gone.

Oh, yeh-- one more local-interest bit-- I guess it's decided that if the Nameless don't want to put in a bid for the '59 WesterCon, the FonDen Gang will do so, but for a programless MidWestCon-type deal. Elinor says we should put in a bid anyway, in competition with the Nameless-- is it possible for a girl to be too faaannish?? When the heck is a WesterCon usually scheduled-for, anyhow?

We had an enjoyable surprise visit with Poul, Karen, and Astrid Anderson a few days ago, as they stopped by on their way home from a Canadian camping trip. Somehow we never did get around to produce the near-obligatory one-shot for such happy occasions, but somewhat after midnight one evening, we brought Karen face-to-face with a stencil, as you can see on the opposite page. A lot of fun it was, meeting these folks, and gives additional pleasure to anticipating the SoLaCon.

Our li'l hearts were broken when the Goon Hissself lost out on TAPP, but we have laid in a goodly supply of starch for upper-lip stiffening, and carry on...

I'll bet Toskey didn't think I'd get this page done in time, but I have.

--F. M. Busby

YOHO AND A BOTTLE OF RUM

"The Hudson's Bay Company is thirty degrees underproof; was that what you wanted? Sign here, please."

I duly attested that I was over twenty-one years of age, and explained apologetically that I didn't have a local address, since I was camping in the next province.

The clerk wrote "American visitor" under my California address, and I was allowed to take away my bottle of rum.

Although I was buying the rum at the Chateau Lake Louise, the management wasn't selling liquor. It was the government. And the manufacturer of the rum was the real, genuine, chartered in 1670, Hudson's Bay Company! You know, that was the best rum I ever drank.

Chateau Lake Louise, of course, is located in Alberta; and the camp where we were is in British Columbia. Its name, and the reason for the rum in the first place, is Yoho National Park. We, by the way, were the entire Anderson clan --- Poul's mother and brother had joined us from Minnesota. We spent three weeks together all over the Canadian Rockies. We had a lovely time; the rum, for instance, lasted the four adults of us (and another family of campers) almost no time.

Oops --- almost forgot --- somebody's bound to want to know. "Thirty degrees underproof" means 70 proof. And when beer is "eight percent of proof" that's eight proof, or four percent absolute.

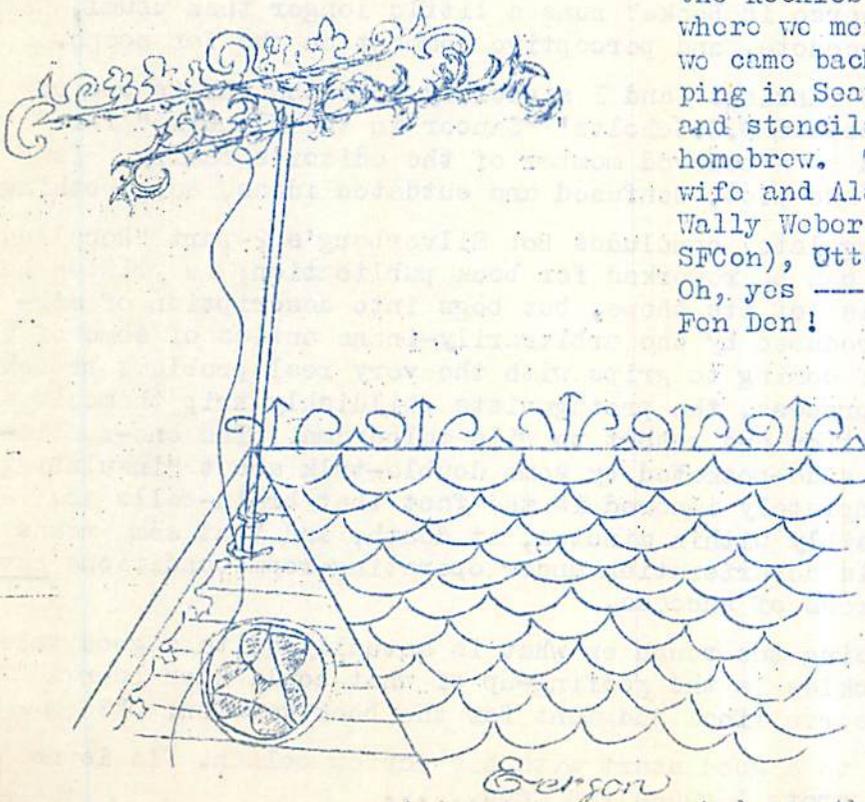
This writing results from the vacation trip in that although we flew to the Rockies (with a stop at Calgary, where we met Georgiana Ellis of FAPA) we came back by train and are now stopping in Seattle, using the Busbys' typer and stencils, and drinking the Busbys' homebrew. Tonight we met Jack Spear & wife and Alan Nourse & wife; last night, Wally Weber again (first met him at the SFCon), Otto Pfeifer, and Burnett Toskey. Oh, yes --- and last night we saw the Fon Den!

But Bommy Busby said not a word. Not one.

-- Karen &erson

((Karen says I really did take a thorough cortical-thalamic pause yesterday when she announced herself on the phone, but you know, it was really more like, man, a double-take. "Unexpected" is the adjective, and it modifies "pleasure" in the right direction, to be sure,

And now that everyone's gone home, Bommy is talking his usual chartrouse streak (FMB))



T H E S C I E N C E - F I C T I O N F I E L D P L O W E D U N D E R

by Ronfrow Pemberton, and without benefit of subsidy or parity...

Short haul and a late start this month, with the parade being led off by FANTASTIC UNIVERSE for September. J.F.Bone's "the Sword" begins as a fairly-standard after-the-atom, up-from-savagery saga but varies the routine midway. Not exactly new, but a good thought.

Del Roy's "Collision Orbit" is an article on the problems of "re-entry" in connection with the development of manned space vehicles.

"Golden Age", by Lee Priestley, is a short Ironic with everything on the punchline, which depends too much on prior downright misrepresentation of fact.

In "Man-Made UFO", Sanderson claims that both we and the Russ are building saucers with plans, materials, and personnel provided by the Third Reich at the end of WWII. Naw, Ivan, I agree with editor Santesson that it's been Daddy Warbucks, all along: he's a lot better at keeping secrets than the Air Farce is; look how he's arrested a child's growth and kept a dog alive for forty years, hmm?

damon knight's 50-page "Be My Guest" is 15 years too late for UNKNOWN but otherwise perfectly suitable. Deals with multiple possession by ghosts, awareness of possession produced inadvertently, problems-problems-PROBLEMS, and the hero's two girl friends, one of whom is a psycho.... yep, strictly for UNKNOWN.

Dr. Pondray's article on Goddard claims that the U.S. lost twenty years in the space-race by ignoring Goddard's works until Germany rubbed our noses in it.

"Glossary of Terms" (Jack Lewis) puts the needle to a few bits of overused stfnal jargon and petrified-thinking, but does not exhaust the field.

This month's "Shapes in the Sky" is a rundown (by CSI) of the "expressions" of Chas Fort as related to UFOs, to the conclusion that six out of eight of Fort's main ideas on the subject seem to have been confirmed by later data. Slow stuff.

Editor Santesson's "Universe in Books" runs a little longer than usual, with numerous reviews, a bit of anecdote, and perceptive comment on the fan scene.

I know quite a number of fanzines (and I sincerely hope the CRY is one of them) that would not have accepted C.G.Scholtz' "Saucer in the Klondike" for publication, unless submitted by a beloved member of the editor's family. Is this what has happened here? No plot, confused and outdated ideas, says nothing.

INFINITY (Aug), appearing late, concludes Bob Silverberg's 2-part "Recalled to Life". I hope this story can be reworked for book publication; as printed here, it does not fulfill the promise of its theme, but bogs into description of mob-reaction and complications produced by the arbitrarily-inane antics of some of the major characters-- instead of coming to grips with the very real problems brought about by the revivification process, the protagonists childishly trip themselves up under Senatorial investigation and resort to wild melodrama. The one-zombie-out-of-six-revivals bogey is side-pocketed by some double-talk about "insulating the hormone feed lines"-- completely ignored is the fact that brain-cells are known to deteriorate irreversibly within minutes, at death, and that some means of effectively suspending this deterioration under operating-room conditions have been tried, with varying degrees of success.

You may feel that I'm being too rough on what is actually quite a good tale; what raises the Pemberton hackles is the goofing-up of what could have been a great story. Well, let's reserve final judgment for the book version; OK?

Bob, by the way, is off to a good start with his review column. It is no cinch to move into dknight's spot, I guess you know.....

(Pemberton swings the Plow for another cut at INFINITY)

"Beauty Interrupted" (Fontenay) brings considerable imagination to a somewhat different concept of the Earthman's Burden in helping the Lesser Races along the Path. Rather moving, and self-consistent.

"And Miles To Go Before I Sleep", by William F Nolan, might be considered a short space-age "Gift of the Magi".

Randy Garrett's "Respectfully Mine" is an adventure of future super-crook Leland Hale (how many others have there been-- two, maybe??), light, enjoyable, and carrying a highly ingenious solution.

For a zine supposedly pushing for a Big Three berth, INFINITY is certainly cutting its own throat with those lowest-common-denominator cover blurbs.

SCIENCE FICTION STORIES, Sept: Titles are in a rut this time-- of five, three are "The Destroyers", "The Avengers", and "The Outcasts". Mood music, anyone?

"Destroyers", by Ted Thomas, is a psychophysical problem piece. The "Goks" are killing people like mad, and the hero, the one man capable of counter-action, is conditioned against killing anything, even Goks. Like, man, Ted is really straining to get a good solid tense plot situation here, and he gets it. Doesn't really solve it, though-- just cranks up counter-motivations to match, and boom!

"Avengers" (Scortia) takes another (and more rewarding) look at the enigma posed in Clarke's "The Star"; in fact, you might say that Tom has written the answer that Betsy Curtis muffed in the early days of INFINITY. (I'm speaking of the ideas as they stand-- not whether you or I agree with them.)

Brian Aldiss' "Fourth Factor" postulates a world of small settlements all devoted to "the Treatment": everyone is Doctor, Patient, or both. It's hilarious if a bit heavy-footed in spots. And naturally, a Disturbing Element enters....

"Star Ways", by Joe L Hensley, extrapolates the growing menace of government to successful business. Although applied to space travel, attorney Hensley's theme is equally applicable today. Not much suspense, though.

"Outcasts" (Geo H Smith): well, there's this Flying-Dutchman-type spaceship which can't land anywhere, just like it says in the blurb, see? Well, personally I think it is a very fine idea to put all the warmongers somewhere all by themselves this way, but it'd sure be a lot more helpful if the author could have told just how this was done, instead of presenting us with the accomplished fact and then dramatizing it to an extremely unsurprising ending.

Good departments, as usual: RAWLitorial, Bob Madle's fancolumn, reviews by Knox and Tyler (with whom I disagree here and there, as is right and proper), and SFS' portion of the Lowndeszines' increasingly interesting lettercol.

SUPER-SCIENCE, Oct: Agberg's "Fight With the Gorgon" is a free-wheeling off-the-cuff Action Episode with retractile sting at the end.

"The Painted Ghost" (Richard R Smith), on the other hand, is a Weird Situation Piece with no action whatsoever; in fact, the narrator hasn't even made up his mind what to do about it before he runs out of page.

Well, that's variety for you.

"The Untouchables", by Cal Knox, is a Spy Story with a sort of Hallmyer kicker on it: hero unmasks the Inhumanity of Man and etc, and it hurts his li'l feelings, but with a flip of the stiff upper lip, he Carries On. It's effective.

Fontenay's "Nothing's Impossible" is a bit on the redundant side after you've read the blurb and seen the illo, on top of the title. So who needs oxygen? This was a good story before its untimely demise at the hands of the blurb-writer.

++page 8++

=I don't care what you're working on, Doctor Newton--
you quit knocking apples off my tree! ===

(back to SSF, thou faint of heart)

"Castaways of Space" (Don Malcolm): well, just for once, here is a different story about the Patrolman sent to rescue the kidnapped girl from the villain. By golly, it could be that here is the editor who will buy the story about the Dirty (Scientific) Crook who is not hoist by his own petard. Be alerted.

Wynne Whiteford's "The Great White Gods" is, so help me, a Different Slant on the pitch indicated by the title. Two fast-switches in one issue; hoo boy!

"Invasion" (Chandler), however, dares to be similar to many another tale using the pull-out-the-rug finale.

Ellison's "Blood By Transit" has a new twitch on the teleportation problem, but after the picadors have needled the reader into a good state of suspense, the matador seems to have run out of benzedrine, as the ending does not click.

This zine needs a lettercol or editorials or such, to give some personality.

ASTOUNDING, Aug: Leading off is Part One (of 2) of Poul Anderson's "We Have Fed Our Sea", which appears to be a complex tale with much yet to be revealed. This installment narrows down to the crisis of a small group, but I hope and trust that the scope will expand, that the second and final part will be one of those long issue-dominating deals to which JWC is partial, for conclusions. There's altogether too much being opened up for speculation here, to be tidied up in a hurry: Earth-Colonics conflict, its roots and ramifications, etc. I'm not sure as to the symbolism of the title, unless it's Earth's bread-upon-the-waters.

A very neat physical gimmick is so used here as to chill its use as a more basic part of other stories. I had long considered that slower-than-light ships serviced by crews commuting by teleport would be fine as the solution of a good problem piece, but that one is certainly D*E*A*D now, having been used more as background in this tale. (Knowing people seems to make it difficult to review their material objectively, at first, but I believe the above is about what I had in mind to say before Poul & Karen showed up here in town the other day. I hope.)

"They've Been Working On...", by Anton Lee Baker, combines Murphy's Laws with the ~~time-honored~~ time-honored principle that these now-fangled gadgets will never replace the Old-Timer's Know-How. Actually, it's a lot of fun, and just for a change, this is one that could be happening today (and possibly is).

"Cargo For Colony 6" (Anvil) is a rather Russellesque (well, is he or isn't he??) piece in spots where the Fine Art of Bluffing is emphasized in Earth's little difficulties with the neighbors. There's also some ingenious gadgeteering and an unexpected Whither-type windup. Loose-jointed, but good reading.

Dr. Richardson presents a highly human untechnical article on the trials and tribulations of the astronomer. So read it.

Campbell seems to have Bob Silverberg tied down to writing Stories With A Moral, just now. "Point of Focus" is made all too clear, ahead of time, by the ubiquitous (not to say pernicious) (oh, hell, let's do say it: PERNICIOUS) summarizing blurb. Now here again, we have a well-thought-out story in the current aSF vein-- a story, one might assume, that was designed for Thinking People-- but JWC seems to have lost confidence in his reading public to the extent that he is now impelled to nudge us with his elbow and say "Get it, huh? You get it?" whenever he has a particularly choice Moral to impart via the plot-lines. This business of clubbing good material with these ham-handed blurbs is becoming increasingly obnoxious. Too bad, Bob: you had a nice job here.

Sky Miller's review column goes very well (and a little more of it than is usual, too). This is one of the best aSFs in a long time, even if the blurbs do bug me.

"I'd like you to meet John Booth; he really slays them at Ford's..."

(there was another zine around here someplace-- oh, yes..)

GALAXY, Sept: Thought I had the wrong zine for a minute there: here is Mr. Gold making like Mr. Campbell with thought-provoking editorial comment, and quite well, too. Times change, and so do people's attitudes, and es macht gut to see more editorial interest in stirring up us clotpolls, nicht?

"Lastborn", by Isaac Asimov (if you can't misspell it, type it glissando, the actually 'twas accidental): hmmm-- a Neanderthal child time-grappled to the future for study, emotional involvement of the child's hired companion (a cousin of Susan Calvin's, I swear it)-- this one comes to life. I can't help wondering just what approach Dr.A. would take with an immediate sequel; this fascinates me.

"On The Double" (Lloyd Biggle) tackles the infiltration-by-disguised-aliens motif. I was a little disappointed at the ultramundane solution; after the fine weird complications I'd been led to expect, it was a letdown that one of the invaders didn't betray himself by attempting the conquest of a contemporary sex idol right out on the spaceport in front of Mr. Gold and everybody. It's the breaks.

Willy Ley discusses the moa and why we don't know more about that Good Bird.

Clarke's "The Stroke of the Sun" strikes me as quickie-written, or at least as a story on which rewriting was skilfully evaded. Good gimmick but goes nowhere.

"From an Unseen Censor" (Rosel George Brown) is a lot of fun-type horseplay that doesn't hold together too well if you stop to look. It's on the order of the "Uncle Whats-his-name's Legacy" stories that used to pop up now and then; in this case it's whimsical uncle Isadore except late on the proofreader's shift when it comes up uncle Algernon on the last page. These things happen, but you'll never convince me that it's in the public interest.

What I like is an editor with G*U*T*S, and by printing one of his own stories under his own name, Horace Gold proves that he has 'em, because this is the sort of thing that gives irresponsible reviewers (like me) an unprotected target. As it happens, however, H.L.Gold's "Personnel Problem" would go very well in any zine in the field, under any by-line. Actually, it's really more the sort of thing for John Campbell, but maybe Mr. Gold didn't want to share the glory. It floors me that a writer/editorial type like Gold should have so perfectly captured the sets of attitudes that (from my own experience) hamstring the engineer/technician field of operation. Mr. Gold, sir, have you been reading my mind?? This is GOOD. (No, I don't mean that it's good because HLG read my mind-- I mean it's good because it is altogether too true to life.)

"Thing of Beauty" (demon knight) is another of those thoroughly frustrating stories in which the morally turpitudinous protagonist inevitably shafts himself. It is well-written, because knight always writes well, but I am on record for the outlawing of this basic plot for the next fifty years.

Gale's reviews are perking up, as they should after all this practice.

= = = = = "Pass the salt, please, huh, Lot?" = = = = =

(oops, it is late)

Ron to the fen: Explorer IV up today, to investigate on the recently-discovered heavy-radiation zone a few hundred miles up. The 112-minute orbital period would indicate a major axis (for the elliptical orbit) of about 9,570 miles. Well, let's say that the high and low altitudes, if they ever bother to publish them, should add up to about 1,650 miles or so, depending upon the accuracy of the 112-minute data. I find the slackness of reporting somewhat disgusting, but what can you expect from a TV-oriented culture? That thinks they use real words in commercials? The real secret ingredient, in case you were wondering, is Sturgeon's Discovery; the New Universal Ingredient: "90% Crud". Well, I'm glad you know better. --R. Pemberton

amelia pemberton

Sorry, fellas, this month it giffs capsule comments -- composed on stencil, yet. CRY comes out tomorrow and I'm just this moment starting my column. I haven't even read all the zines yet, and worst of all it's a beautiful day & I'm afflicted with a passionate desire to dash out to the back yard & pull weeds. Things have been happening like mad around here lately. We've been on a trip; our elder dog turned canine delinquent & started killing cats; the Andersons were in town & we hooked 'em for a CRY sub (Hi, Karen! Hi, Poul!); and enough of this prattle and to horse:

THE INNAVIGABLE MOUTH #4. Annie Linard, 24 rue Petit, VESOUL, Haute-Saone, France.

This is Annie's "first fanzine by me quite alone (no help)." It's only four pages but is made very pleasant -- not just by her amusingly mangled English-- even more by her charmingly feminine personality. She says that Jean's health is improving, and that he will be able to fan again by next winter. Very good news!

TWIG #9. July, 1958. Guy E. Terwilleger, 1412 Albright St., Boise, Idaho. 2/25¢, trade, contribution, published letter of comment.

Wonderful ATom cover, magnificent Berry tale, and a live editorial by ol' Twig. Other items? Gary Deindorfer rewrites Tenn's "Betelgeuse Bridge" & goofs it; John Trimble has a short article I couldn't bring myself to read; the lettercolumn is pretty good; & Dan Adkins reviews three fanzines and my! how his tastes & mine do differ! He didn't like TRIODE & he didn't like the CRY, and he was downright goshwow about MIMSY, which I thought a typical first ish.

I think my ferocity about the last TWIG paid off; this one is certainly very much better.

VARIOSO #16. July 1958. John Magnus, 6 S. Franklinton Road, Baltimore 23, Md. 25¢, 6/\$1.

Beautiful duplication, fairly good lettercolumn, highbrow but not uninteresting editorial, and articles by Ted White & Harlan Ellison. Ted's article, about ideas in stf -- sense of wonder -- & like that, was readable enough. Harlan's article was rather funny, tho perhaps not intentionally so. Sample quote: "I know a ... girl who thinks fun is smashing the headlights on people's cars. And I also know a young man who considers fun the ability to keep a string of esoteric pun-references going for a half hour. Each, I suppose, is fun in its own way. But which is healthier? Which is more substantial and lastingly satisfying?" There's no doubt in my mind as to the correct answer, but one must bear in mind that smashing headlights is, after all, against the law.

I very much dislike the use of the varityper within articles and find the layouts (whatever that word means) annoyingly fancy.

Unrelentingly sercon.

BRILLIG #12. Lars Bourne, 2436½ Portland St., Eugene, Oregon. 15¢.

Lars, I particularly liked your stuff, especially that fragment about sketching the barn. & I found Geis' column exceedingly interesting & a bit alarming. Egad! The TV repairman is today's robber baron! And to think that we were seriously considering the possibility of thinking about getting TV!

FANAC (Ron Ellik & Terry Carr, 2315 Dwight Way, Berkeley 4, Calif. -- 6/25¢) and RUMBLE (John Magnus Jr., 6 S. Franklinton Rd., Baltimore 23, Md. -- no price listed) keep a'coming, and have reached numbers 20 & 15, respectively. Both are worth getting. FANAC in particular is indispensable to the well-informed fan.

IMPASSE #1. John Champion, 249 S. Catalina, Apt. 1, Pasadena, California. 10¢ or trade.

This is a 24 pp zine of which precisely 1/3rd is John Berry's "Belfastcon, or The States Harpside". This is one of John's finest efforts -- I thoroughly enjoyed it. There's also fairly interesting pieces by Archie Mercer & Ron Bennett and some fanzine reviews & editorializing by ol' Champion. The latter is mostly about how busy he is and how if anybody doesn't like IMPASSE it's just too bad. I d'know. He says IMP #2 will be out in late September, or a couple months later. If IMP #2 ever appears I'll be astonished; and if the quality of his material holds up, and if he can manage to sound a little less George Spencerish I'll be very pleasantly astonished.

GET this -- mostly for the Berry report.

TRIODE #14. Summer 1958. Eric Bentcliffe, 47, Alldis St., Great Moor, Stockport, Ches., and Terry Jeeves, 58 Sharrard Grove, Intake, Sheffield, 12, Yorks., both England. 6/\$1 -- U.S. Rep. Dale R. Smith, 3001 Kyle Ave., Minneapolis 22, Minn.

In his fanzine reviews Eric says that the C&Y is one of the best fms currently being published; I'm afraid that if I gave my frank & candid opinion of TRIODE you'd think this some sort of Mutual Admiration Society, so I'll exercise firm self-control and not mention that this is a strictly top-grade British zine.

The cover, by Eddie Jones, is really lovely -- reminiscent of Virgil Finlay. I liked his illos for "Beloved Is Our Destiny", too. "Beloved", I am sorry to say, ends in this issue. 'Twas most amusing, and should be pubbed as a separate zine, complete with illos. Wish I knew who wrote it!

Herein's also editorializing by both editors, debate, lettercol, and con report (Kettering) by Sid Birchby.

YANDRO #66. July 1958. R & J Coulson, 105 Stitt St., Wabash, Indiana. 15¢, 12/\$1.50.

This is the best YANDRO for a long time -- in fact, if my memory serves me rightly, it's the best YANDRO to date.

Everything herein is readable, and everything with the exception of Bill Pearson's story is well above par. Dan Adkins' and Marion Bradley's columns continue interesting; Donald Franson's "con report" and the DeWeese's "Glossary of Sartorial Terms" are real cute; and here I want to start a brand new sentence. Joe L. Hensley, assisted by Bob Tucker, tells "How to Get Along With F-A-A-A-N-S". This is the start of a series, future titles of which will be: "How to Argue With Ray Palmer And Win," "How to Read the Letter Column in Astounding," "Paper Clips and Their Uses," & "How to Stop Arguing With Ray Palmer and Still Win."

Best thing, however, is the lettercolumn, which contains excellent letters by Bob Tucker, Don Ford (Bob & Don both deal with the WSFS -- I mean their letters do), Bob Lemm (Stuefloten is Out of His Depth), Dave Jenrette, and good letters by Boyd Raeburn, G. M. Carr, etc. Boyd Raeburn: "I once saw in a communist magazine the phrase "heroic steelworkers" ... I asked Dick Ellington why a steelworker should be considered heroic, and his answer was that communists have so little to do with work that to them anybody who works is heroic."

VAMPIRE TRADER #6. Stony Barnes, Rt. 1, Box 1102, Grants Pass, Oregon. 10¢.

It seems to me that month after month Stony keeps writing in to ask why I don't review VAMPIRE TRADER. The answer's quite simple. I received VT #4; I reviewed VT #4. & that's the only previous issue of VAMPIRE TRADER I've seen! I stand on my rights. If people won't send me zines and I don't have any opportunity to read them, why, I simply shan't review them.

Review: this is very neatly mimeoed and very neatly typed, with double columns yet. There's 5 pp of ads. If you have any use for a tradezine why, here it is.

MIMSY #2. Steve Tolliver, 733 N. Findlay, Montebello, California. 15¢.

Contains fannish chatter, happenings, comic strip, story and so forth.

Best thing -- what I liked best -- about this zine is that it's illoed by Bjo. I think she's a real good li'l artist. Wish she'd send us some stuff --

LETS GET DOWN TO FACTS is a one-shot carbonzine from Peter Francis Skeberdis, who is indignant about being quoted out of context by Jerry DeMuth in OBGIS #2. I sympathize with his indignation, and also with his feeling that some of DeMuth's remarks in OBGIS #1 were a bit offensive.

DETROIT in '59!

SON OF FANDOM'S BURDEN (FB #2). Nick & Noreen Falasca, 5612 Warwick Dr., Parma 29, Ohio. Free on request.

I keep reading this thing and reading it, and while I'm reading it it all seems clear as a bell, and when I stop reading it I don't quite know what it's all about. I think what they're saying is that the WSFS is not being run in accordance with its by-laws, that the by-laws are ambiguous, that it is not being run in accordance with the laws of the state in which it is incorporated, that it is possible that the laws of the state of New York are not as well suited to the WSFS as some other state's incorporation laws might be. The main thing they seem to be after is an amendment making each member of a con committee a director of the society. This seems reasonable enough, if one is dead set on having a corporation.

Don Ford, in YANBRO, points out that before the incorporation the cons that he happened to know about all made a little profit, which they used for various fannish projects &/or passed on to the succeeding cons. & it's well-known that both cons subsequent to the incorporation have lost money. & the whole point of incorporation was to protect us all financially, but according to the current FANAC H. P. Sanderson is billing the Solacon Committee for the losses of the London convention. If I were on the Solacon Committee I don't think I'd feel protected; I think I'd feel harassed.

Well -- fellas -- FB#2 is very well duplicated, and it's got lots & lots of facts, and a lively lettercol, and a lively appendix. & it's free. & I think that all of us who will be at the Solacon should read up on the WSFS & consider what should be done with it.

BELL THE CAT. David A. Kyle, Radio Station WPD, Potsdam, N. Y.

There's a lot more in this than can be summarized at the bottom of a page at 12:30 at night. So send for it. I'm awfully encouraged about Kyle's communicativeness, because I received this quite soon after I first heard of it & by first class mail. This zine is Kyle's explanation of the events surrounding the law suits he is involved in. Sallient points: "The purpose of the Society was to protect you and me from outsiders. Its purpose was not to forge a weapon so that we could attack each other." ... "I did not institute court action first. ... I have been 'forced' to take action --and it is upon their ground: the courts."

Apparently Kyle really doesn't know whether he owes the WSFS money or not. Most of his vouchers are in the possession of Dietz or Raybin; he has never seen the completed financial report, and feels that he cannot vouch for the accuracy of the report. The report pubbed in London's final official journal shows Kyle owing \$60; "now Mr. Raybin claims a new and substantially higher figure, with no corrected report making such a change having been submitted to me nor, to my knowledge, ... anyone else." I gather Kyle is willing to pay if he can be convinced.

This gives a lot of fascinating details about official & unofficial Dietz snottiness -- it's all real interesting. Wish I had more space so I could quote some. ----- Capsule comments? Hah! & so good night.

JUST A LITTLE HOCUS

By
BLOTTO
OTTO
PFEIFER



THE ALIEN LEADER

(ILLUSTRATED BY L. GARRONE)

Joe Amasto sat on the little porch of his little lakeside cabin and watched the sunset. He heaved a great sigh and wondered why life couldn't always be as beautiful as this. It wasn't that life wasn't beautiful; just some people who banded together to make his miserable.

"Damn critics," Joe cursed to himself. "The best act ever to hit Broadway, and they pan it."

Joe probably had a right to curse. He undoubtedly was a good magician. After all, he had spent 8 long years in the forbidden and secret hills of Tibet learning his trade. Maybe that was the trouble; he was a real magician, not a sleight of hand artist. The critics just couldn't grasp this idea.

"Well hell, I'll show them," Joe muttered. Tarzan, his Great Dane, came over to him and

laid his huge head in Joe's lap; understanding shone in his eyes.

The sun had at last disappeared behind a distant peak. The orange and blue colors of the sky were reflected in the mirror smooth surface of the lake. It was that time of evening when silence prevailed as if all the creatures of the woods meditated on the glories of the universe.

Joe lit a cigarette and rubbed one hand over Tarzan's head and ears. Joe loved this time of day and this place. He was almost contented. He took a deep drag on his cigarette; all around him the night noises of the woods were starting up. He sighed again and put out his cigarette.

"Well, Tarzan, old boy, time to hit the sack."

Tarzan wagged his whip of a tail in answer. Joe stood up and headed for the door; as he reached it, he stopped. Tarzan began to growl. Through the chirping of crickets and croaking of frogs, there came a high pitched whine, then a throbbing, humming noise. Joe turned and ran towards the lake, Tarzan following close behind. Reaching the lake shore, he looked up. At first he couldn't see anything; then suddenly a strange object appeared.

"Oh fine, on top of everything else, now I'm seeing UFO's," he thought.

The UFO halted in its forward movement, hovered for a few minutes, then proceeded to land. Joe saw that it wasn't a flying saucer exactly, but he couldn't describe its correct shape. It seemed to be based on some geometrical design that he had never heard of.

He waited to see what would happen next; he wasn't a truly brave man, but he was insatiably curious. Tarzan was still growling, his stiff brindle-colored hair was standing up straight; he crouched ready to spring.

From somewhere inside the ship a whirring noise started; a little port located at the base of the ship began to open.

Joe tensed; he wanted to run, but he cursed his curiosity which held him rooted to the spot. Slowly, ever so slowly, the port opened; finally it was completely open. After what seemed an intolerable length of time a small figure appeared in the opening. It started out, followed by several other figures. Tarzan sprang; the lead figure raised a strange weapon, but before he could fire Joe made a motion with his right hand. Tarzan disappeared in the middle of his leap and re-appeared a little distance behind Joe. He didn't try to attack again.

The beings began to talk among themselves; Joe couldn't understand them but he knew that they were excited.

They stopped talking and the leader once more proceeded towards Joe. Joe finally got a good look at him. He was about a foot and a half tall, green furred, three-eyed, small pointed ears. Though the being walked upright, Joe could see that its limbs were formed something like animals, complete with paws.

In fact it looked a trifle feline. No wonder Tarzan acted the way he did. The creature

started to speak. "Greetings, Earthman, you have the honor to be the first Earthling to behold your new masters." The creature's voice sounded a trifle artificial. The other beings came up behind their leader. Joe could see that there were only about six of them.

"We have had your planet under observation for quite a while and we have come to the conclusion that we are superior to you in every respect. Smarter, too. Therefore, after relaying our report to our home planet, we have had instructions to take over this planet and prepare it for the main occupation party."

Joe thought this over, then asked, "What about the people on Earth?"

"If you behave yourselves we will treat you kindly. Of course, we will have to send some specimens back home for experimental purposes," the alien leader explained.

"Don't you think that we will have something to say about this?" Joe asked, interestedly. He was surprised at his own calmness.

"Not when you see a sample of our power," was the answer. The alien leader paused, then asked, "What do they call you, Earthman?"

"My name is Joe Amasto. That is Tarzan, my constant companion." Joe pointed to Tarzan.

"Unhappy to meet you," Tarzan growled.

The alien didn't notice anything unusual. "I am Krilz, leader of the Agploian Exploratory Expedition." He introduced the others. Joe discovered that they were more scientific than military, Krilz being the only military being among them.

The air started to get a little chilly. Joe suggested that they enter his cabin. Krilz consented and followed Joe in. The rest of the aliens followed Krilz. Tarzan brought up the rear, suspiciously sniffing the last alien.

Once inside the cabin, the aliens found places to sit. Joe sat in his favorite chair with Tarzan at his feet. He lit a cigarette and studied the aliens, his mind working furiously trying to think of a way to discourage the alien's plan of conquest.

"How is it that you manage to speak English?" he asked.

Krilz swelled up. "It is due to one of our superior scientific discoveries. We each wear a little disc. It is a language interpreter. I won't go into its working principles because you would never be able to comprehend the terms."

Joe moved his hand a trifle. The chair that one of the aliens was sitting in did a quick flip-flop, the alien landing on his head.

"Amazing! What caused that?" Krilz asked.

"Oh, that's just one of the little quirks of our planet," Joe explained, expertly managing to keep a straight face.

"I see there is still quite a bit that we have to learn. You see we have never landed ----" Krilz stopped, his three eyes popping. The table in the center of the room had decided it could fly, and was proving the point. It flew up to the ceiling, then dove towards Krilz. Krilz promptly jumped out of his chair and hid under it. The chair promptly jumped into the air and landed on top of him. The other aliens chattered to each other and hastened to help the slightly flattened leader.

Krilz gasped for breath. He soon recovered his composure. "How do you natives manage to stand it?"

"Oh, these little things aren't too bad," Joe told him.

"Little things?"

"Yeah. You should be here when things really get bad." Joe was having trouble controlling himself.

As if by signal, the whole house shivered and shook. It took a sudden jerk, then settled down. Slowly it began to fill with water. When it was about half full, the dorsal fins of a couple sharks appeared. The aliens watched the fins circle with fascination. All of a sudden one of the sharks made a quick motion and there were only five aliens.

"Quick, get out of their way," Krilz called to his remaining companions. The aliens jumped to places out of the shark's reach. The water began to recede; the sharks disappeared.



THE HERO

"Horrible. We shall have to notify Erklz's relatives," Krilz lamented. A screech filled the air. One of the aliens had hidden up the chimney and now a fire had mysteriously started in the fireplace. There were now four aliens.

Suspicion flared in the three eyes of Krilz. He looked at Joe. "I don't believe that this is the work of the planet at all," he accused. He pulled out his weapon and pointed it at Joe. Slowly he pulled the trigger; the weapon exploded into a bouquet of roses. Krilz dropped his weapon.

"Get him," he ordered the remaining aliens. They jumped at Joe; Joe disappeared and they landed on Tarzan. Tarzan grew to five times his size and rolled over. One of the aliens didn't get out of the way on time, and then there were three.



THE AUTHOR

The floor of the cabin disappeared and the aliens tumbled into a pit whose floor was covered with snakes. Krilz and his companions fought each other to get out of the pit. The walls of the pit then turned to ice and it began to snow. The snow turned into a blizzard. The Aliens huddled together to keep warm. The snow flakes then turned into little balls of fire. The aliens then tried to dig holes to escape the fire. All of a sudden it ceased. The cabin floor re-appeared and the three aliens lay on the floor exhausted. Krilz slowly raised his head. Jow was sitting in his chair. Tarzan was back to his regular size.

"Do all of your people have this power?" he asked, not sounding at all like a conquerer.

"More so. I am considered a poor example," Joe confessed.

"If they have more power than you do, then your people are really our superiors. You are our masters," Krilz sobbed.

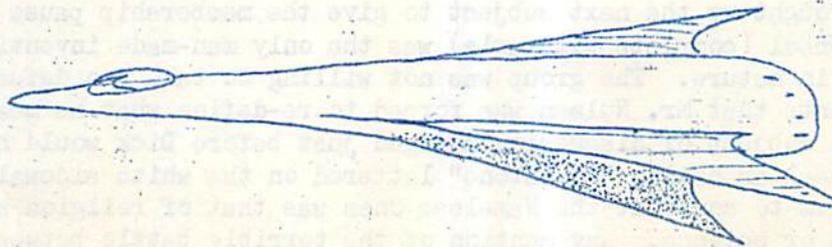
"I'll tell you what. Go to your ship and leave for your home planet. Tell them all the report was mistaken. Don't any of your ships come here again with the idea of conquest, otherwise my people may get tough and take over your planet."

Krilz capitulated. He and his remaining companions gave their word that their home planet will never bother Earth again. They then dashed out the door to their ship. Joe went to the door of the cabin and pointed his finger at the ship. When the aliens arrived at the ship, it moved a few feet to the right. They changed their course and the ship moved to the edge of the lake. They dashed at it and the ship rose a few feet into the air. The aliens wound up in the lake. Remembering the sharks, the aliens scampered out of the water and managed to board their ship. Within a few moments the ship took off, never more to return.

Joe watched the flare of the ship until it was out of sight. He looked at the peaceful surface of the lake and sighed.

"Come on Tarzan, time for bed. Tomorrow will be a busy day. I've got to work up an act that will please those damn critics."

THE END



a true-life adventure

M U N I T E S

lived and related by Wally Weber

The date was July 13, 1958. According to the daily Pogo paper, Friday the 13th had once again missed the mark, this time landing on a Sunday. The mundane population of Seattle seemed not to realize that it was time for the Nameless Ones to meet again.

It has been rumored that Burnett Toskey has calculated the meeting number, but nobody else knows just how many meetings the Nameless Ones have held. The important fact remains -- the July 13, 1958 meeting was ready to take place.

The place of the meeting was the Wymans' apartment where a new rug had been installed for the special occasion. (Wally Gonser usually sleeps on the floor.) Ed Wyman was host, Geneva Wyman was hostess, and Linda Wyman was hostessette.

Kathleen Swearingen had a broken arm to celebrate, and it is not believed to be true that her condition was the result of John Swearingen twisting her arm to make her attend the meeting. John twisted her arm just because he enjoys doing muscle-building exercises with his hands.

Mr. Swearingen's enthusiastic practice had evidently put him in fine shape, for he retained his Indian-wrestling championship over challengers Nulsen and Noone.

The members of the club exhibited keen interest in the minutes of the previous meeting, which had been written up by Lars Bourne and published in the last CRY OF THE NAMELESS. The trend of the discussion of Mr. Bourne's minutes would have caused an uninformed listener to believe the club members had not appreciated those minutes. The uninformed listener would have been perfectly correct, of course.

Several of the members were shocked to learn that Lars was more than ten or fifteen years old. They thought it remarkable that his physical age had outdistanced his mental age by so great a margin. Flora Jones mentioned a letter she had written to the CRY in regards to the author of the minutes, and the letter received comments of approval by those members who read it. There was some thought on the plan of electing Lars as Chairman of Nameless Meetings, but the plan was discarded as being too cruel to use on one so young.

Ed Wyman displayed a copy of the July 1958 Fantastic, which contained material about the Shaver Mystery. The Shaver Mystery, as you might remember, was the most world-shaking revelation ever made to mankind; and its initial appearance in Amazing was responsible for that magazine's unique position, which it still holds to this day.

Earth's first satellite, Luna, was lucky enough to come into the discussion. After a certain amount of confusion between the dark side of the Moon and the far side of the Moon, it was decided that the dark side was not to be trusted due to its shifty nature.

John Swearingen, always the trouble-maker, made an outrageous pun involving symmetry and cemetery. This caused a motion for a vote of censure, which was quickly seconded and passed by an overwhelming majority.

Flora Jones disturbed the membership by relating the information that the only two-dimensional, visible phenomenon she had ever witnessed was a shadow. Various feeble arguments were offered, some of which tried to suggest other two-dimensional objects that were visible while others attempted to attribute three dimensions to shadows, but the subject had come upon the group so unexpectedly that nobody had a good opposing argument to offer.

Dick Nulsen brought up the next subject to give the membership pause to think. He insisted that the wheel (complete with axle) was the only man-made invention that did not have a counterpart in nature. The group was not willing to take two defeats in a row, and put up such arguments that Mr. Nulsen was forced to re-define what he meant by "wheel" several times. The subject of discussion changed just before Dick would have been forced to re-define his wheel as having "Firestone" lettered on the white sidewall.

The next problem to confront the Nameless Ones was that of religion and science as opposed to religion or science. Any mention of the terrible battle between Wally Gonser and Linda Wyman which took place during this discussion is not permitted in these minutes due to the shy retiring nature of the two participants. Censorship, that's what it is!

Refreshments -- a full-course dinner, really -- were served in great quantities by Mrs. Wyman. Rose Stark requested that these minutes advertise the fact that no crumpets were served.

The well-fed and contented group decided to plan another step in the direction of a 1961 world convention. The idea of holding a picnic as a method of raising funds for the convention was generally approved as long as the women did all the work. It was decided that a picnic should be held in the very near future. More definite plans were left to the females in the organization.

Wally Weber announced that Seattle was going to bid for the 1959 Westercon, and he wanted to know whether the Nameless Ones would care to sponsor the convention. The alternative would be to leave the Westercon to Fabulous Seattle Fandom, who would be in favor of a programless Midwescon type of convention. The members gave the matter considerable thought, and asked what a Midwescon type of convention was like. When informed that such a convention would probably be held at a motel, the imagination of one of the members became overworked. His identity will be protected; but he saw fit to wonder if an isolated, distant motel could not be called a remotel! After that the morale of the group was quite low, and it was decided to table further discussion of the Westercon until next meeting.

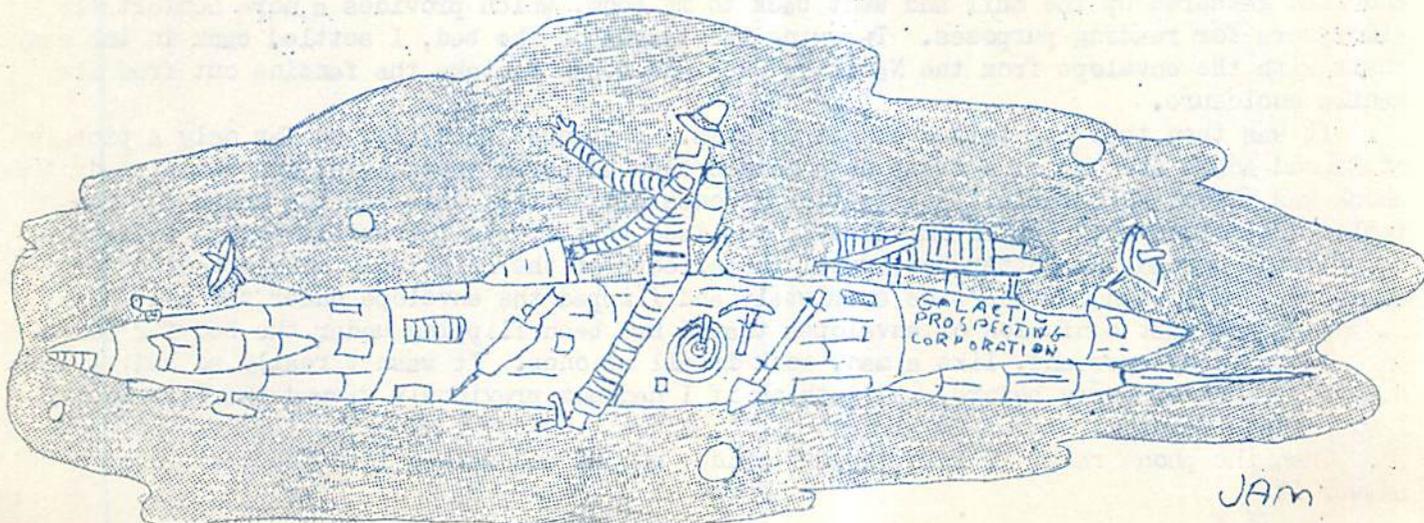
Some surprise was expressed over the fact that Fabulous Seattle Fandom was in favor of a programless, social-type convention when it was believed that the primary reason that group objected to the Nameless Ones was because Nameless meetings were programless and of a social nature.

Wally Gonser explained that he was annoyed with the way so many of the Nameless Ones objected to having the club referred to as a, "Tea and Crumpet Society." He explained, but it did him very little good. Within ten minutes the obnoxious term was mentioned again.

Wally Weber invited the club to meet next time at his place of residence, known and loved as "Swamphouse." The dreadful silence of the suddenly pale members was taken to mean the invitation was accepted. Shortly after this announcement, the meeting disintegrated.

LATE FLASH!! Burnett Toskey, famous mathematician and letter-butcherer, revealed the fact that the meeting described above was the 211th meeting of the Nameless Ones. He also pointed out that he had printed the proper meeting number on Lars Bourne's minutes in the last issue of the CRY, so there was no reason for anyone not knowing what meeting it was, not even...

your Honorable and Most Alert Secretary, Wally Weber



JAM

ORIGIN OF THE ANALYSIS

by
Bill Meyers

I looked over at the clock on the desk and saw it was 11:30 A.M. which meant it was almost time to fix lunch. Besides this, the mail had probably come, so I yawned once, picked my nose for a few minutes and then got out of bed. I put on a pair of jeans that hadn't been washed in a couple of months and made my way to the front door, wondering what rare goodies might be found in the old mailbox today. Just a few days before, under similar circumstances, I had strutted out the front door only to trip over a huge box of old pulps and fanzines that had been delivered while I was still sleeping. Wary of huge boxes from that time hence, I glanced around the porch through the screen door, and seeing nothing but the usual pot of geraniums I sniffed disdainfully and walked out. It was Monday and Monday is usually the day when more mail than usual is delivered, due to the weekend accumulation, so I was not surprised to see the mailbox packed full of significant manila envelopes and mysterious items that were folded and stapled.

Throwing the stack of mail on the breakfast table I proceeded to prepare my breakfast, a cup of tea and a piece of toast. While the tea boiled I casually thumbed through the items that appeared to be of greater interest, and discovered that among them was a copy of the July CRY. I had forgotten that it was time for the current CRY to be delivered. Over previous months I had anxiously awaited it from the first of the month on up to the date of delivery, somewhere between the 10th and the 15th, but that, however, was when I was contributing rather prolifically and I was eager to see my material in print. For the past few months I had been quite displeased with the way in which my column took on a different and inevitably a more unpopular outlook with each installment. Ever since I had quit reading the crudzines, the column had been so much useless rambling, so that now I wasn't exactly anxious to view my meager efforts. Therefore, then, the air of expectancy that had once prevailed was now all but lost.

Naturally, then, the arrival of the CRY necessitated the neglect of breakfast for that particular morning. I took the boiling water off the stove and poured it into the sink, and then gathered up the mail and went back to my room, which provides a more comfortable atmosphere for reading purposes. Throwing the trivia on the bed, I settled back in the easy chair with the envelope from the Nameless Ones and began to take the fanzine out from its manila enclosure.

It was then that the fotocover met my eyes. I cringed back, for so far only a picture of Esmond Adams and one of a creep on a motorcycle had shown themselves, and yet already the shock was almost unbearable. Realization at once hit me that this was the month for the fabled CRY fotocover. I also immediately realized that it was impossible for me to discard the fanzine unread, no matter how brutal the effects of the relatively unimportant cover might be., so I withdrew the zine completely and flipped the envelope under the bed where it joined the vast confusion of envelopes that I had been flipping under the bed for years.

I opened my eyes and, like a man, took it all at once. It wasn't really so bad; I had seen a picture of Berry before, and I think if I had not previously viewed the Pelz Entity I would have fainted.

Then the phone rang. I laid the CRY aside, got up and walked into the next room to answer it.

"Hello."

"Fondest greetings, cherub. I didn't want to disturb you in your humble repose but I couldn't resist telling you of this great opportunity. Lynette has gone to see her grandmother, so I thought with nobody around here to run you out of the house, you might be able

to come over here for a change. I'm weary of trudging up to your house all the time."

It was Ken Seagle, world-rekowned for his famous interlineos (appearing exclusively in Meyers fanzines) and accurate spot psychoanalyses. Lynette, of whom friend Ken mentioned, is his sister. She is a shrew for whom both Ken and I have a fond mutual distaste.

"Well, I don't know. I was thinking about finally getting to work on my zine today."

"The folly of mankind. Man, the lowest and most wretched being of all, undeniably proved to be the dung of a cosmic idiot, taking such pitiful pride in one of his most useless and foolish creations...the fanzine. How can you pass up a glorious chance like this? Are you a buffoon, sir?"

"All right. I'll be down. You have a persuasive argument."

"Goodbye, then."

So I hung up and woefully went back to my room and made the bed. In preparation for making the trip I noticed the CRY again, and then the idea hit me. Seagle with his spot analyses. Of course! I'd see how well he'd do with the analyses of the pictures on the CRY cover. I scopped it up, put on a pair of shoes and began the journey.

It's a little over a mile to his house and it was a hot day so I was relieved to see someone I knew stop and pick me up. Her name was Mary Jo, a ghastly name, but it didn't matter, considering that she had a car. She was a typical teenager, liked rock 'n roll and TV, disliked books and me. Apparently, however, she did not warily shun me as do most girls her age, as she had been nice enough to pick me up.

We chatted for a few minutes and she then asked, "Where are you going?"

"To a friend's."

"Who's that?"

"Kenneth Seagle."

"Seagle...Seagle...oh no! Surely not the one I'm thinking of! Are you going to see that nasty bhoj that's known throughout the world for his fanatical search of the ill-reputed book, the "Khama Sutra" by Vish Lamaga, the Ding Dong Daddy of Delhi? Surely not!?"

"Yes, I'm afraid so."

"Oh, it can't be. Not the bhoj who is feared throughout the city for his sudden attacks on fat women walking alone at night?"

"Yes."

"No, no, not the bhoj who arranged bi-weekly orgies for all his friends on monthly installment plans?!"

"That, too, is true."

"And you're going to see him?"

"Yes, I am."

"You're going to see the bhoj who writes the answers to questions on bathroom walls?"

"I'm afraid so."

"I think I'd better let you out here."

She pulled the car to the side of the road, and as soon as I had climbed out, roared away in a cloud of dust and gravel, then promising herself that she would make an effort to avoid Bill Meyers from that time hence.

I walked the rest of the way, of course. When I got within a block of his house, I began to hear music emanating from the abode. It was his piano, the weird musical instrument possessing the curious acoustic qualities that enable it to be heard throughout the neighborhood. It has always remained a wonder to me that his neighbors did not go mad.

Since there was nobody there but him, I opened his door without knocking, kicked the barking chihuahua across the room and strolled in. Seagle was pounding away oblivious to it all, so I took a seat to wait until he had finished the piece he was playing. After a crashing finale in which his hands blurriedly pounded up and down the keyboard, he turned around and greeted me.

"You've arrived," he accutely observed.

Then noticing the CRY I held, he cringed back a bit, and mumbled, "What's that?"

"A fanzine, naturally."

"Oh ghod, no! Wouldx that I should never lay eyes upon the face of a fanzine again! How torturous your sadistic wiles are as to thrust a fanzine on me every time I am in your presence. I laughed at that letter you read from a fanzine to me the other day (Note: F.M.

Esby's letter in HYPHEN #20), I humor you when you drag out fanzines for me to read. But enough is entirely enough, I say."

"Ah, but you forget the shame you brought upon yourself when you refused to read beyond the first page of The Harp Stateside. Woe be to you from that time on, as I knew you had not been swayed to the cause thoroughly enough." I leaned back, smiled, and went on, "Besides, you don't have to read anything in this one. All I ask is for you to tell me what you think of the people on the cover. When I got this in the mail, today, I remembered the time you thumbed through my high-school yearbook and how accurately you related the obvious characters of some of the people whose pictures were printed there. I was amazed at your ability of so perfectly describing in detail the personalities of persons whom you had never seen and yet whose mere facial features were enough to give you sufficient information. Won't you do the same with this fanzine? I'd like to see you analyze the more complex psyches of fans."

He finally consented and we began comparing opinion on the pictures!

He glanced over the page, and then his eyes widened, "Good Lord, here's that guy from Florida who was up here to visit you last winter. I see he's growing a beard. This combined with the fact that he sits in that snug little corner surrounded by books, etc. is obviously another point which proves my original contention. That he has a fear of the world at large, is self-conscious, and has a desire to return to the womb. This spelunking bit cinches it!"

"Well, Bruce doesn't seem to have that appearance in his writings, tho these signs are indeed suspicious. We'll have to investigate Pelz at once; he may be a menace to our society."

Seagle went on, "This Adams is a normal-looking kat."

"Is that all?"

"Well, tho his appearance is mediocre I gather from what I have read in his letters that he is far from a state of normality in personality."

"He's supposed to be a wheel at school, president of the senior class or something."

"That's not what I mean; he appears to be the type who would indulge in weird habits."

"I see."

"This Stony Brook Barnes I wouldn't care to meet in the dark. This picture does not actually tell enough about him as he obviously is very complex. Could be that he, like Pelz, is insecure and sends in pictures of himself on a motorcycle and in a leather jacket in order to impress us with his brutality. The picture isn't reproduced very well but from what I can make out he has a weird look, completely unintelligent, actually rather maniacal. How does he write?"

"Not that way at all from what I've read by him. He seems to be rather typical of most neofans."

"How's that?"

"Oh, his tendency to become excited over unimportant things, and so on."

"I'd imagine that he is of the exciteable type, probably hating to be laughed at, and no doubt the possessor of a violent temper."

"Hmmm."

"Lar' Stone has the appearance of possessing these characteristic also, tho his nature does not appear to be as intense. He's obviously stuck on himself, as evident by the loud shirt, the way he combs his hair, how he doesn't smile but gives you a half-sneering look that is probably supposed to completely melt all girls within a radius of 25 feet. He's probably secure of himself in every way, tho paradoxically this could be a sign of real insecurity."

"Like Barnes, his style of writing does not impress me in this manner at all. Too, he has a great deal of talent in satirical writing. However, he shows signs of conformity."

"Hmm, possibly to maintain his popularity status."

"Could be."

"Joe Lee Sanders is the type people would immediately like on first appearance. But I, personally, think he's weird. He looks nice and clean-cut on the outside, but probably on the inside he has a rotten mind."

"I haven't read enough by him to have a definite opinion, tho he does indeed have a likeable appearance."

"Dainis Bisenieks -- or however you pronounce it -- looks intelligent, tho maybe a bit dull. Probably not intelligent enough to have any neuroses; just a normal guy. Horrible."

"I've read a few articles by him, in most of which he tries to say something but can't decide what he's trying to say. Odd."

"The moustache tells me little about Berry, I'm afraid, if, as you say, he lives in Ireland, because that's a common thing there. He looks quite sharp, has a noticeable glint of humor in his eyes. He probably grows the moustache to keep from smirking at the world. Him I like."

"He's certainly known for his humorous articles, since he sees the humor in things that an ordinary person would not. Most of the time he conveys it fairly well."

"Rich Brown smirks more than any of them and yet this is not an actual smirk, but a front. No doubt he tries to make people think he's laughing at them and at what they say about him, when actually he's very serious and takes criticism very sensitively."

"Odd that you mention his sensitivity, as one of the editors of this zine was telling me about how he had the most sensitive face of all of them. I think I agree."

"Jim Moran I like. He impresses me as the typical Joe College intelligent young Harvard man; but he's probably devoid of a sense of humor."

"You're wrong there; from what I've read by him, he has an enviable sense of humor and has the quality of conveying this humor in the most effective words. As far as being intelligent, his way with words proves that point."

Seagle went on. "Les Gerber looks intelligent for his age. How old is he?"

"Thirteen or fourteen, I think."

"I like his pride of appearance and yet his lack of sensitivity about it. He seems to be a laughable type and very straightforward. I don't know, tho. I can't tell too much about him."

"I can't either. Odd that there are no decisive points about his picture."

"Skeberdis...hmmm, the picture isn't too good. How old is he supposed to be?"

"I don't know; but I think he's in college."

"He looks intelligent and conversational."

"He writes weird letters. I don't quite know what to make of him, myself. There's something about him I don't care for, tho I can't quite put my finger on it."

"Well, thank god, that finishes that. What was your purpose in all this, anyway?"

"I thought I'd write an article about it, our opinions judging from the pictures alone. I figured the people who had their pictures printed would be interested."

"No doubt. They'll probably want to kill us."

"That's nothing new. Most people around here would like to be rid of us, too."

"And you know why, of course. We psychoanalyze other people like we're doing now, and yet we're the weirdest of all."

With that to ponder, I walked slowly home to write an article with no ending.

THE END

+++++



The Shortest Fan Story In The World (with a psychological plot yet too)

by
P F Skeberdis



The last fan in the world sat alone reading a fmz. Then he thought, WHAT FOR?

end

BLASTING THE BOOKSby Leslie Gerber

"The Skylark of Space" by Edward E. Smith, 159 pp., Pyramid Books, 35¢.

Reading Doc Smith's thirty-year-old book has proved to be an unexpected pleasure. I had expected the Skylark to be rusty and creaky. It creaks in places, notably the theory behind the spaceship, but even that is not as ridiculously impossible as the gimmicks found in some modern novels, outstandingly the ending of "The 27th Day". The novel itself is over-dramatic, but if you're willing to forgive that, you have a rip-roaring high-voltage space opera. It's easy to see how this book, serialized in Amazing thirty years ago, gave inspiration to so many young boys who became the science-fiction writers of today. "The Skylark of Space" is still worthy of the attention of any reader of science fiction who has not yet read it. Pyramid has done us a true service by reissuing it.

"The War With the Gizmos" by Murray Leinster, 159 pp, Gold Medal, 35¢.

This book, still not Leinster at his best, is a far shot better than the disappointing two Leinster releases which preceeded it, "City on the Moon" and "Out of this World". Only slightly expanded from this year's "The Strange Invasion" in Satellite, this is, as Pemberton commented, a blown-up novelette, but what wonderful blowing-up! I suppose I could read an obituary column if Leinster handled it, but that's just because I'm prejudiced in favor of his work. I enjoyed this book very much. It's not a Novel of Lasting Significance, but it's a few hours' honest enjoyment and complete relaxation, something which is a rare commodity in these days of high pressure living. There have been many science-fiction-suspense books, but this is one of the best. Read it. You owe it to yourself.

"Earthman Come Home" by James Blish (abridged). 192 pp, Avon Books, 35¢.

"VOR" by James Blish, 159 pp. Avon Books, 35¢.

"A Case of Conscience" by James Blish, 188 pp, Ballantine Books, 35¢.

With three books, Blish leads this month's list of budget-breakers. These three books represent him at his most varied, in theme, style, and quality.

"Earthman Come Home" is missing 30,000 words of its original 100,000, most of them from the beginning of the book. If you are willing to miss 30,000 words of a book, you should buy and read this. If you aren't, try pumping the Science Fiction Book Club for a copy, or hunt around the book stores. In whatever form you find it, you must read this. Even Damon Knight praised it. Knight devoted four pages to an evaluation of the book, so you can tell that it's an impossible task for me to evaluate it (and an unnecessary one) but I can recommend it, and I do. This is a different kind of space opera, and a much better kind.

"VOR", on the other hand, is the old kind of space opera. This is the story of the first alien "invasion" and our troubles with the alien. When we finally learn to talk to it, we find that it wants to be destroyed. The scientist in charge finally comes to the conclusion that the indestructible alien is the vanguard of an invasion force, sent here to test our strength. If we destroy it, the alien force will not attack, but if we fail, we are weak and will be invaded. The only trouble is that the alien is indestructible and we can't destroy it. There you have the story; it's just a problem story. But there is a strong counter-plot running through the story of a man's desperate struggle to keep his wife. The trouble is that the counter-plot is too strong; it takes almost half the book and leaves you wondering occasionally what is going on with the alien. I recommend this anyway for a good time, but not too highly. And the poor book is cursed with an imitation Powers cover.

"A Case of Conscience" is easily the best book Blish has written. It may well be the best science-fiction book ever written. I'm positive you won't see a better one this year, unless the same bug bites Blish again. This book has everything! It has a powerful plot, important and real characters, an important message, and the finest writing I've seen from Blish. I just can't praise this highly enough. Go out and buy this book. Go out and buy ten copies of it. Give it to your friends. You couldn't give them a finer gift.

Those who revelled in "They Shall Have Stars" ("Year 2018") and "Earthman Come Home" will be pleased to know that a third book in the series, tentatively titled "The Triumph of Time" is now in the works.

"People Minus X" by Raymond Z. Gallun and "Lest We Forget Thee, Earth" by Calvin M. Knox (Robert Silverberg), 160 + 128 pp, Ace Books, 35¢.

In hard covers, "People Minus X" drew many adverse comments, but one again Gerber Bucks the Critics. I thought this was a fine book. It's about as lively an adventure as you could want, and if you don't want to dig any deeper, you've still got a good book. But Gallun goes deeper than that, expounding a philosophy which left me a bit confused, but only as to whether I agreed or disagreed with him. This is a thought-provoking book and a hot adventure story. I don't know what more you could want.

The flip side of this book is the "Chalice of Death" series from Science Fiction Adventures. If you like a real goshwow space opera, written with the skill which Silverberg possesses, you'll enjoy this. The space battle at the climax of the book, as improbable as it is, is still one of the most exciting scenes I have read in any science fiction. Goshwow!

"Yonder" by Charles Beaumont, 184 pp, Bantam Books, 35¢.

This collection of sixteen short stories and novelettes demonstrates Beaumont at his best, at his worst, and at his most confusing. There is a girly fantasy-or-not from Playboy, there is that most nasty yet deft anti-television story "The Monster Show", and there are lots and lots of things, many of them obscure and confusing. Beaumont is either one of the greatest or one of the most misguided of all science-fiction writers, and for some reason, I am a bit more inclined to believe the latter. There is beauty here, and there is fine writing, but there is too much confusion. There is little variety in the book. The stories are grouped so that similar stories are together instead of being separated as they should have been. Bantam's last collection, "Pilgrimage to Earth" was strong in this respect, but "Yonder" is weak. Yet there are a few stories here, such as "The New Sound" or "The Jungle" which should not be missed. Buy this book if you wish, but when you read it, keep a tight hold on reality. Beaumont doesn't!

"Man of Earth" by Algis Budrys, 144 pp, Ballantine Books, 35¢.

This is very little longer than its first appearance in the first issue of Satellite as "The Man From Earth" but it has been very extensively revised. Gone completely are the aliens who were limiting man's expansion. I'd say that the improvement has been great. But it isn't enough. This would be a great goshwow space opera, if it weren't for the almost incredible stupidity of the hero, Allen Sibley/John L. Sullivan. (He's not a split personality, just sort of a split person.) Sullivan's "buddy", Liencer, is so obviously using him as a dupe that you begin to think that Sullivan is playing along with him for a purpose, but he isn't. He's just stupid. Either Budrys wrote this in his sleep or he wrote it for people who read in their sleep. He goofed, and badly. Aside from this atrocity, "Man of Earth" is a very good adventure book; but, having ruined the plot, Budrys turns on the science and makes it possible for men to live on Pluto without any sort of space suit or heating equipment. How will they breathe? Won't they freeze?

"Satellites, Rockets and Outer Space" by Willy Ley, 128 pp + 4 color plates, Signet Key, 35¢.

This is a good introduction for the layman to the new field of outer space research. Ley tells of current developments in the field of space research, gives a short history of the the development of rocketry, discusses different fields, prophesies future developments, and even discusses flying saucers. Much of the material here is slanted toward the science-fiction reader. Some of the material is from his Galaxy column, and much of it was written with us in mind. The book is highly readable and informative, and is also as up-to-date as possible, with information on everything in the satellite field before Sputnik III. There are also four color plates showing rocket take-offs and the launching platform at White Sands. They are beautiful. How can you resist?

Part VII: 1944

Only four issues of this magazine, dated February, April, June, October, were printed during 1944, but, unlike Amazing Stories, the general quality of the shorter stories was fairly high and included several excellent stories --- only two stories from Amazing were worth commenting on at all. Outstanding for 1944 in the entire field, and an outstanding story from any time-sense point of view, is Wilcox's extravaganza of fantasy "Cats of Kadenza." Bloch's Lefty Feep stories were growing fewer and farther between, with only two stories in this series appearing this year.

The April and October covers were magnificent St. Johns, the June cover was by Robert Gibson Jones, and was okay; the February cover wasn't so hot.

The only recognizable names to appear in the lettercol were Bea Mahaffey and Chad Oliver, both of whom appeared in the April issue.

And now, since I have remarked that the STORIES are the highlight of this year, I shall, without further ado, embark on my reviews of same.

NOVEL LENGTH STORIES (in order of preference)

"Cats of Kadenza" by Don Wilcox (rating: A,1.3), complete in October. Here is one of Wilcox's very greatest stories. It is fantasy in its wildest state, yet so skillful is Wilcox, that you are transported to the fantastic kingdom of Kadenza where the cats leap upon you in order to get rid of their headaches -- and it seems small consolation that they prefer to leap upon an empty skull. The skulls exude a red vapor, and if you have a specially made mirror, you can read strange things in the smoke! There are glorious girls, and dastardly villains and a host of colorful characters, including the King, whose greatest ambition is to become a famous hollywood actor. The prime minister is the prime villain, of course, who grows in power because he feeds the cats. I have read this story four times, and enjoyed it throughly each time.

"The Strange Mission of Arthur Pendran" by John X Pollard (Rating: B,2.4), complete in June. (I suspect that Leroy Yerxa wrote this). An interesting and nicely written sequel to the Holy Grail quests laid against the background of German-occupied France during World War II. For some reason the fabulous cup had several uses during the course of the story, and both the cup and the sword Excalibur proved to possess powers not known to the Arthurians, --- which was most fortunate for the hero of this story.

"B" Stories (In order of preference)

"The Man Who Lost His Shadow" by Thorne Lee, June. (On first reading this story rated an "A" with me -- but I remembered too much of it). Here is one of the most terrifying stories in the English language, ranking right along with Lytton's "House and the Brain" in that respect. One reader writes, in the lettercol: "It jelled me in broad daylight" -- and that's about how it affected me on first reading.

"Man from the Magic River" by Don Wilcox, June. A Wilcox fantasy of fantasies in shorter form, yet a fantasy so wild as to stagger the imagination; yet the characterizations and setting are so real that you seem to be an integral part of the story as you read. Herein is a villain whose villainy transcends villainy itself. It is the story of magical forces in the air, of a man who has lived with them all his life, of the heroine, beautiful within and without, and of scientific political reform sweeping national politics. Only a Wilcox could have combined these elements into a single short story with such unerring skill and precision.

"The Return of Jongor" by Robert Moore Williams, April. This is a long novelette in which Williams captures the Burroughs style with almost the skill of the old master himself. It is the sequel to a 1940 story, but much better done. The scene of the story is Lost Land, where dinosaurs, centaurs, and other more alien types all fight their primitive battles and, as you might suspect, Jongor is the Tarzan-like hero.

"Lefty Feep Does Time" by Robert Bloch, April. This story appeals strangely to my

black little heart, for it tells of a future civilization in which the ancient science fiction magazines are known as "Books of Wisdom", and the whole civilization is built around the sacred works of the old masters (i.e. Burroughs, Hamilton, Cummings, etc.). It is truly a hilarious story -- one of the very best of the Lefty Feep series. It has everything: Martians who do nothing but criticise, Robots on the verge of revolt, gorillas with human brains, and a mad scientist (not insane, just angry all the time), and the whole place is ruled by three Great Brains.

"The Place is Familiar" by David Wright O'Brien, February. A rather quaint ghost story. The Baggett boys, topped only by the James boys in the daring of their exploits, were finally surrounded in an old farmhouse and besieged --- but when the besiegers closed in, there was no trace of the Boys. Several hundred years later a man beset by marital problems lives in this same house trying to "get away from it all" -- and informs the grateful ghosts that the seige has been lifted. Very enjoyable reading.

"C" stories (in order of publication):

February: "Outlaw Queen of Venus" by Wallace West

"The Musketers in Paris" by William P. McGivern

"Appointment with the Past" by Lee Francis (Leroy Yerxa)

"Lefty Feep's Arabian Nightmare" by Robert Bloch

April: "Homer and the Herring" by Berkeley Livingston

"Time on your Hands" by John York Cabot (David Wright O'Brien)

"A Horse on Thornyke" by William P. McGivern

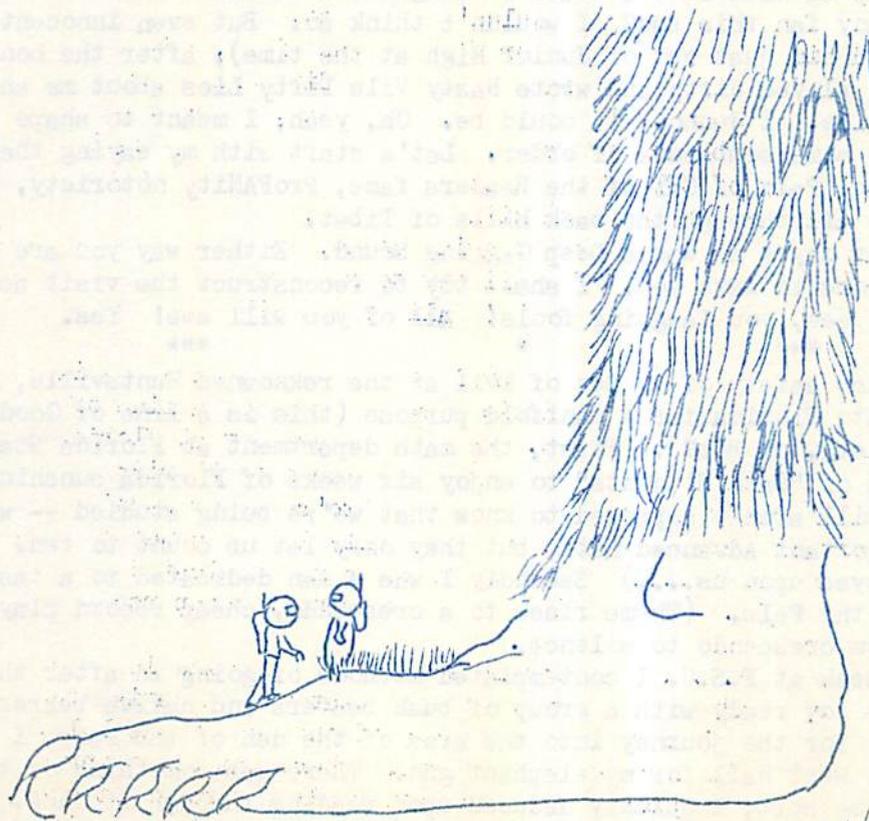
June: "Bury me Deep" by Leroy Yerxa

October: "The Martian and the Milkmaid" by Frances Deegan

"Fair Exchange" by Miles Shelton (Don Wilcox)

"Martian Adventure" by Robert Moore Williams

I might mention another Wallace West story ("D") "Tanner of Kiev", October, which found a lot of favor with the readers. William Lawrence Hamling also had a "D" story in the October ish --- If I remember rightly, Hamling had some exceptionally fine stories in later years, but he certainly didn't start out very well.



"we might encounter natives, so keep your pistol handy" JAM

Confused Report on a Half-Goon

by:

Wunnerful Es Adams



Whew. Well, it's done and I might as well write it up...I just hope that a week is long enough for me to begin to have gotten over it. Thinking back into the terrible, terrible details could drop me back into a state of frightened shock.

Is meeting just any fan this bad? I wouldn't think so. But even innocent-looking little Bill Meyers (and him just out of Junior High at the time), after the honor of a visit from Gool Ol Es, played dirty and wrote Nasty Vile Dirty Lies about me and good ol Part Time Fan Jim Orville. I dunno. It could be. Oh, yeah, I meant to shape this mass of chaotic fright into some semblance of order. Let's start with my saying that it concerns a visit paid me by Bruce Pelz of CRY of the Readers fame, ProFANity notoriety, and terrified-whisperings' fame all through the back hills of Tibet.

Oh, you laugh. Ar maybe it was a Deep Gagging Sound. Either way you are taking me too lightly. I have come to save you. I shall try to reconstruct the visit as accurately as possible. You will see, you laughing fools! All of you will see! Yes.

*

I had come from the safety of my Den of Evil at the reknowned Huntsville, Alabama, address, to venture into Florida for a manifold purpose (this is a line of Good Writing of the Set Thy Scene variety, eh Buz?). First, the math department at Florida State University had lured a group of "Math Students" to enjoy six weeks of Florida sunshine while being studied. (We still aren't supposed to know that we're being studied -- we were told that we're working Important Advanced Math, but they only let us count to ten. And always there's a feeling of eyes upon us....) Secondly I was a man dedicated to a task brought out in CRY 116, Quest for the Pelz. (Theme rises to a crescendo, cheap record player breaks, music drags slowly from crescendo to silence.)

During my first week at F.S.U. I contemplated methods of going in after the Pelz. By Friday I had my native boy ready with a group of bush beaters and native bearers. Upon getting these lined up for the journey into the area of the den of the Pelz, I headed back to my room in palatial West Hall for my elephant gun. There was something on the door of my room. A note of some sort, I quickly deduced upon reading through it once. Upon re-reading, I found that the note was for me. Delighted, I read again ... with this and suc-

ceeding readings, my delight began to fade as the words came into my mind: "Ezmond Adams: Es - If you somehow or other got by me, I'm in the main lobby. Ed Manyoya." Ed Manyoya? He writes poetry for Pelz, doesn't he? And that "If you somehow or other got by me..." I hadn't even given my usual furtive-back-against-wall glance around the room as I had come in, so great had been my excitement over the pending venture. (This measure often evokes strange looks from foolishly overconfident others who with carefree abandon don't so much as look around for tigers before blundering through a door; ridiculous.) In the back of my mind had long been the idea that Pelz was indeed Manyoya, and I think he had admitted this to me only shortly before, which of course then convinced me that they were two separate piddle.

But back to adventure: More cautiously now, I headed back to see where the beast was hiding, after shouting back a warning to my room-mate to the effect, get back you fool before it's too late. Suddenly a little man jumped out at me from behind a bush and in a quite dramatic fashion said, "Indeed it is. I am Manyoya. I am also Pelz." This was particularly notable in that there was no bush growing in the hall there. Then I observed that the bush had leapt out with him.

With but a moment of panic, I regained my composure. First I re-affirmed my earlier decision that Manyoya and Pelz were really two entities apart. This shaggy Manyoya fellow had probably done in clean-shaven Bruce "Joe College" Pelz, and had come to do the same with me, I next realized. For quite some time I worked from this assumption. Later I told Manyoya that his game had been discovered as the above. Wincing at the term "Joe College", he admitted it was all true. Easy it was, then, too, to see that Pelz and Manyoya were one and the same; we henceforth shall therefore do away with this "Manyoya" foolishness and refer to the creature as Pelz.

Off Again We Go On A Sidetrack Dept.: At this point it would be best to explain another part of the situation, F.S.U.'s recreation system. Upon reaching the place, each and every Young-Mathematician was given a list of ten rules. The Pleasant Pasttime became the breaking of these. By the time of the events which I've here been explaining in Devastating Detail, my roommate and I had succeeded in breaking nine; the tenth was rough: "No overnight guests may be entertained at any time." Here we have the makings of a soap-opera sub-plot: Will Es be blinded by this chance at successful conquest of the rules and throw away caution? Will evil enjoyment win out over fear?

The temptation was too great -- this was probably our only chance to get this rule off the books. And my roommate (poor fool), not knowing the Terror This Pelz Could Wreak, thought only of the wonderful goal that was so near -- we could be first in the group to finish the ten. Pelz was offered a place to stay the night. (My roommate even in his folly was Truly a Dedicated Man: He had run out screaming the first time I brought Bruce in, and each time after that he laid eyes on him, a perceptible shudder would rack his frame.)

Appearance of the Pelz. (Another Department of a Story): I still fear thinking back into how best to describe the beast, but you surely can't appreciate the Tru Horror I've gone through For Fandom if I don't force myself to mention it. First, Pelz has a fuzzy face. The photocover should convey some of the terror inherent with this attribute. Perhaps if he had been dressed in an Admiral's uniform or something in that line he could have been accepted as understudy of the good Commander Whitehead or the like -- a sort of walking example of The Rejected New Yorker Whiskey Ad. Or maybe you get the idea without the wit. Anyway, no such. He was wearing coveralls in which he presumably had traveled extensively through the Caverns of the South on his belly. Later I was informed that he had earlier looked much better -- before I fell into his trap, he had been wandering around West Hall wearing trousers sans seatum (which probably isn't foreign language at all, but which looks good underlined).

And now we rejoin the battle. (Couldn't Pemby have a ball with the construction of this monstrosity?) After agreeing to let him stay, I made sure to take care, sparring lightly, looking for a weakness. I had misjudged the man. It was terrifying; utterly, completely, and uncompromisingly terrifying. He hit me from every side; first he dove into the subject of caving. In this I found that his visit was but a side-trip of a caving expedition. Some were chicken, and didn't dig deep, so they dropped him off in Tally on the

way back to Gainesville. Braver members of the group went on into the cave's danker recesses. In the event that they were ever to be seen again, these were to come by for Bruce Sunday morning, there to put his leash and collar back on him, and to lead him back.

As the night of terror in which he was to be around progressed, things got worse. I foolishly admitted my morbid fascination for the Thatched Undergrowth, and asked whence had it come. It was part of the costuming for an operetta in which the Pelz has a part, I found. It seems likely that the plot and lyrics of this light-hearted musical event must have come from Sam Katzman; who writes music to these things?

Off on this More-or-Less Music Subject, as he was, the Creature began to chant various sorts of half-forgotten heathen prayer-songs to the gods of the shadow world, dancing a circle about my typer in accompaniment to the strange sounds, leaping over chairs, desk, pile of rotting fanzines, etc., as they came into the forbidden path of his circle; all the while seemingly out of nowhere came savage throbbing rhythms, the electricity had mysteriously failed, the burning incense emitted the only light, casting weird shadows. He got wilder. Gilbert and Sullivan began to flow out. And more. On came songs which seemed connected somehow with the mating cycle of South Sea Tribesmen, filled with varying degrees of filth and subtlety. Here I emerged from my refuge under the mattress to listen in hopes of hearing perhaps a chorus of something which wasn't already in my vast collection of such material. None. And with the prospect dim that any would come, I decided to pull out my last resort for stopping the Pelz: in the mails just prior to this dread day had come the last two pages of ProFAN #2, torn bodily from the main of the zine. I grabbed the shredded sheets and shoved them before him just as he came out of a gyration that would have made Presley retch.

The throbbing stopped. The lights flickered once, twice, then also came back on. The creature stood suddenly less the master of all he surveyed..he was in check. He stared glassily for several moments, shoulders bent, eyes bulged, tongue lolling at its full length, the forked end giving my floor some well-needed mopping as it swung slowly back and forth. With a convulsive shake he fell to the ground sobbing mightily. It was a messy sight to see one reduced so in such a flickering instant in the Line of Time.

After a bit of this sobbing, he suddenly leapt for his trusty Weber Machine, the loaded flash camera which he had before kept in the background. As I rushed across the room to stop him, he, an evil leer enveloping his face, pushed the button. Things once more had changed, but this time they were merely leveling out. I for the moment was defeated, blinded; Pelz, however, realized that the slightest sight of those two final pages, corners ripped to bits where Staples Shining Once Had Shown, could once again put me on top. It was an impasse.

And so, I suppose, it stayed. He appeased ("Bribe" is a dirty word.) me with a fabulous little metal plaque which blandly proclaims itself to all the world to be "University of Florida Building No. 16." I in turn generously gave up a section of my floor to him while I myself had to sleep in the discomfort of a nasty old feather bed. (The danger of this situation was circumnavigated by my dual precautions of having the Mangled Pages under my pillow, and as a lesser defense, having a record player close at hand, with it also a good supply of beautiful music by such as Jerry Lee and Elvis.)

*

The Brave Explorers fortunately made it back out of the cave, and carried away their creature after apologizing to me that it had escaped in the first place. So we have reached the end of the Saga Proper.

Summation time seems to be here. But I'll have to leave it hanging. This is the first time I've done any investigating. As has been hinted before, it was done for Goon Hissself, though not through any request, nay, say even desire, on his part. But it was needed. Pelz is ambitious. Is he suited for the job of Southern GDA Op? My personal opinion? No, I would say. This visit turned up many things against him. But with a personal interest beyond the usual in this matter, my judgement could be bad. Pelz isn't fit. Though it's possible that I could enter a plea of extemporating circumstances, the fact lingers that I did accept that plaque from him. But I'm here not to judge, but to report fairly and accurately.

Who's left? The thought frogtens me very, very much. Why? Well, in the middle South there's a big town called Chattanooga, and in it is another ambitious young fan....

SUPERFAAN

by Arnold S. Sebastian

Odd visitor from another world. Sent to us by his scientist father, Tor-oh, and mother, Mor-oh, (they called him Zor-oh) in a flying saucer to save him from the doomed planet Xenon.

The saucer landed in a small town named Bergville where he was rescued by the childless Kent couple who raised him as their own son and never revealed the truth about their son Clerk.

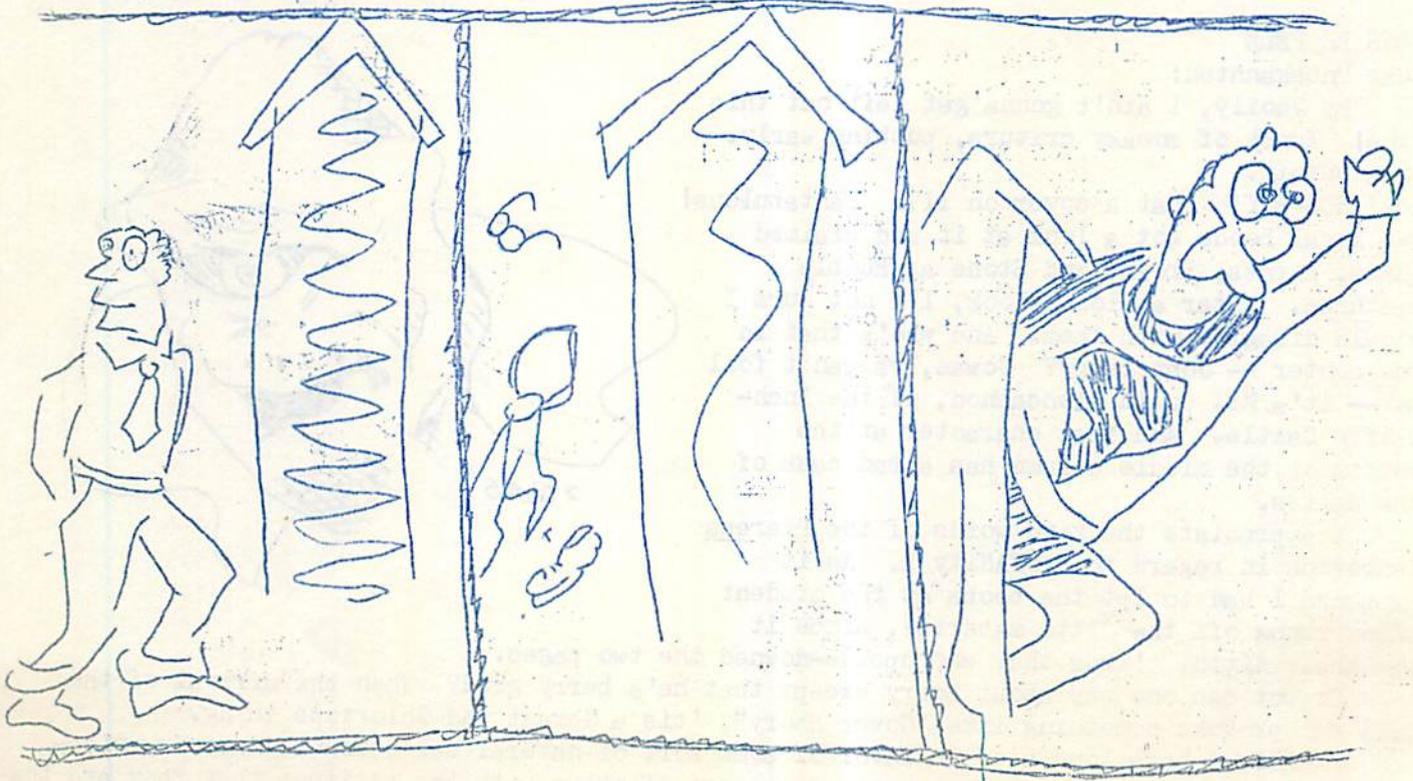
As a youth, Clerk Kent was like a normal red-blooded American boy...dull and dim witted. He played games such as "spin the locomotive turnstile" or "boulders" (as opposed to marbles). He even played a few childish pranks like the time he took the crown jewels or the time when he "projected" some of his thoughts into the brain of some Pennsylvanian. Some fantasy about Deros and Mech if he remembered correctly.

He matured rapidly when he started reading AMAZING STORIES in late '29. After reading a thought-provoking letter by some neo named 4sj Ackerman in the July '30 AMAZING STORIES he decided then and there to become a trufaan.

Yes, this is SUPERFAAN --- Faster than a speeding Sputnik, Stronger than a charging Gestetner, Able to leap tall fmz stacks in a siggle bound. LOOK! Up In The Sky! It's a Bird --- It's a Plane --- SPLAT! --- it's a bird. NO, look again, it's SUPERFAAN!!!

Clerk Kent, mild-mannered reporter, sat at his desk at the Daily Astroid idly drooling at the sight of Lois White, girl reporter, who was several desks down talking to Perri Lane, editor in chief. Little did Lois or Perru know that meek, mild-mannered Clerk Kent was in reality SUPERFAAN (as far as that goes they wouldn't give a damn even if they knew, as they are both nonfen). Yes, Clerk Kent, the faaan with 256 secret aliases, writer of thousands of letters a day, author of most science fiction, editor of most prozines. Such "fen" as Willis, Berry, etc, and even such scragly neos such as Cameron, Barnes, Bloch, etc. In fact, Clerk Kent is most all fen (except YOU, dear CRY reader and a few selected others).

He quit staring at Lois for a moment and went into silent meditation: If he has 99% of faandom, then he's been wasting a lot of time corresponding with himself and reading all his own fmz, he thought. Being a person of superior intellect he stopped this faan business the next day. And that was how the death of Faandom came about. end



Cry of the Readers

conducted by BURNETT R. TOSKEY

SUCH A SAD THING!



CAMERON -

Is there anything more amusing and at the same time pathetic than to see a little 10 yr old boy in uniform who struts with self importance-- you know-- when they think they know it all!

Never was this so obvious than at our last meeting when we had a visitor who was -- oh so bored. Of course we adults know it is a case of a bursting little ego who felt stifled thru lack of attention, tho he did his best to get it by strumming on Wally's instrument while we were trying to discuss some business. But then, little boys don't appreciate the necessity of business which is beyond their ken. For little feller; we must never let that happen again.

And his reference to the majority being elderly--- Don't little kids always look up at a 30 yr old as being elderly and above that age ancient? Until they get there themselves. Poor Campbell, Asimov, Boucher, Forry, Willy and Co-- what old fogeys. Well, when such incidents take place, mature people know just what is taking place and can brush aside such things as a minor annoyance-- just a little mosquito who wasn't able to quite make the bite...

Did I miss a constructive suggestion or opinion from little Lars?

I especially liked Dainis Biseniek's article -- wish there were more like it in the CRY. Pemberton's review as usual appreciated...why didn't you comment on J.C.'s editorial in July's ASF, or don't you ever do them?

Thanks guys and dolls for your kind offer to help push SEaCon for 61 thru mention in Cry.

Best wishes from your ELDERLY friend

Flora Jones
210 Terry Ave.
Seattle, Washington

(((This letter is printed as a rejoinder to Bourne's "Minutes" in the preceding Cry. We wonder what Mssr. Bourne will have to say about this?....BRT)))

LETS BE PELZ

Dear Unbekannten:

Py Gholly, I ain't gonna get left out this time! Bunch of sneaky criturs, pubbing early. It's unfair.

HOO-BOY! What a cover on 117. Fantabulous! The local hoods got a look at it and claimed Adams, Barnes, Brown, and Stone as Rumble Brethren. After a closer look, I'm not sure I should disagree with them. And who's that in the center -- John Berry? Gowan, ya can't fool me -- it's Mr. Colin Glencannon, of the Inchcliffe Castle. And that character at the bottom of the middle column has a bad case of the uglies.

I appreciate the kind words of the Pieress Pemberton in regard to ProFANity 2. As it happened I had to let the boobs at the student union runnæ off the ditto material, since it was their ditto. 'Twas they who upside-downed the two pages.

So wot can one say about Berry except that he's berry good? When the arrival of the mail can provoke something like "Cover Story", 'tis a Ghreat and Ghlorious thing.

HARRIS: I have long been in favor of some sort of natural selection in most organizational difficulties. There is usually some sort of group with the attitude that they are the



stiles

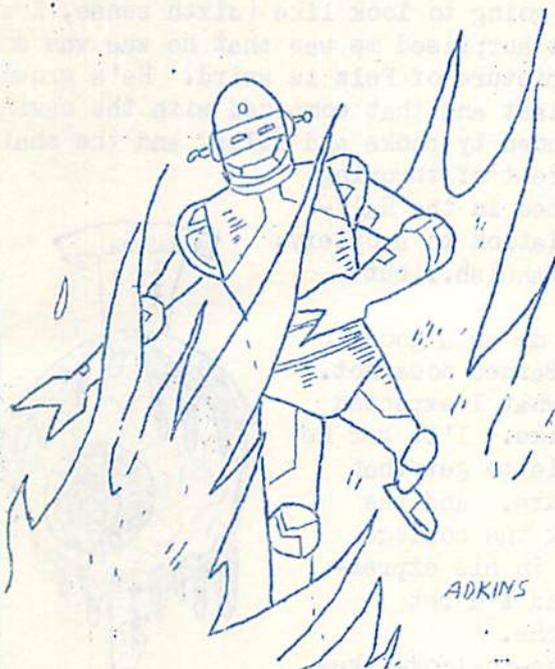
only true members of the organization, and all others should go jump. If this group is a majority, such an attitude may indeed undermine the organization as a whole, but in this case, it probably deserves demolition. But if the group is a minority, its influence is nowhere near large enough to bring about the demise of the organization. I think that this holds true for such disorganizations as fandom, too. And I don't believe even you would say that the group against which you rail are a majority in fandom. Another point of contention is your use of the word "fannish". I realize that you clearly define the type about which you are speaking -- those who "sneer at science fiction, insult new fans", etc. But this is not the usual definition of "fannish" fans -- it is more the definition of the "faaaans". As I see it, the "fannish" fans are those who simply prefer to discuss other interests which they have in common instead of discussing science fiction. This includes the fanzines they put out. But they do not engage in the above destructive practices or others you mention. I believe a definite line should be drawn between the two types, else you may tar too large a group with the same brush.

LEN MOFFATT: Shorten the CRY of the Readers to 9½ pages?!! You must be sane!

Rich Brown: I've got several good biblios -- which would you like: "The Last****",

"The Man Who****", "The Cosmic****". Bibliograph, huh? Remind me to throw the book at you. Much as I thought Es Adams' question about the Paths of Trufandom was well-deserved, your reply is much better. Score one. Concerning Raeburn, et al., I am in particular agreement with the remarks from The Toskey, which in my words boils down to a very derogatory attitude towards self-styled highbrows who continually attack anyone outside their own clique.

A.J.REISS: Just what do you like in CRY besides Berry and Willis, and perhaps Wally's Minutes? According to you, you don't like: Pemby's reviews, Amelia's reviews (unless she praises your zine), Meyers' reviews, Toskey's reviews. You find nothing to comment about in the lettercol. One of these months there'll be a CRY ish without Berry or Willis (Perish the thought) and you won't have anything you like. Terrible, huh? Or are you just on an "Everything is crummy" kick?



DONALD FRANSON: Well, Toskey threw you at us, I might as well start the charge. First of all, I'd like to get your definition of "Screwy Letters". From your general tone, I gather that you consider most of the letters in CRY to be screwy. Assuming that you mean something like "off-beat humorous", I may go ahead and agree with you. But I would do so only to push on and declare that such letters are a much better way to convey information, and to put forth one's ideas and opinions than any other form. A sense of humor is the best weapon a writer has. A straight-forward, no-nonsense type letter published in a lettercol may be read hurriedly, and somewhat carelessly. But if the writer is able to inject some humor into his letter, it adds greatly to the attention-getting possibilities of the letter. And even when the writer is not trying to get some idea across, humor is still a better ingredient for a letter than staidness. Staidness in articles -- fine; but not for letters. But don't get the wrong idea about the CRY -- Tosk will print any letter on its merits, not on whether it is screwy or not. So get at your typer and argue with me, if you don't agree -- argue straight up-and-down if you want to. I don't guarantee to play according to the rules of parliamentary debate on the subject, though.

As a whole, CRYERS, #117 was a round success (to steal a line). Not too many illos this time. I liked the ATOMillos, Bryer's skeleton, the Adkins illos, and Moran's tree-climbing snake.

And I hope you sneaky people remind up poor letterhacks that the next ish gets pubbed

Aug. 24th. I'm likely to forget.

The Loud and the ProFANE.

Bruce Pelz, $C_{23}H_{26}N_2O_4$

(((Okay, all you poor letterhacks, I am hereby reminding you that the next Cry will be published Sunday, August 24, so that it will come out before everybody leaves Seattle for Southgate. Note that we have no Berry or Willis in this (unless a letter comes by the late mail); but reports have it that a Berry story is on its way to us, so will probably appear in the next ish. I thought your replies to Harris and Franson were particularly searching $\frac{1}{2}$ - and thanks for agreeing with me. No connection between the two, of course...BRT)))

SIGNING THE MEYERS BILL

Dear Namelesses Anonymouses,

The feared CRY fotocover has at last seen reproduction, I see. To say the least, it's horrifying to glimpse a small part of the awful truth, of the stark reality of it all, an experience I usually fall victim to when viewing any fotos of fans I have never seen before.

Adams, as well as Pelz, of course, was not too shocking. Even when I first beheld his sterling countenance I had some inkling of what he was going to look like (sixth sense, I suppose) and the only thing that surprised me was that he was somewhat of a big brute. This picture of Pelz is weird. He's grown a beard since he was up last and that combined with the caving outfit, the corner surrounded by books and files, and the small table covered with an assortment of throwing knives which he described in the Half-Goon report is a stimulation to apoplexy. At least the foto was fannish...but the shock...

Sanders impresses me as a good egg, all-round, while Barnes does not. This was anything but what I expected Brooky Stone to look like. I'll bet he went to a lot of trouble to get that motorcycle in the picture. And the

leather jacket. Ech. Bisenieks and Moran both look the college type, tho Moran has more of a sense of humor if not in his expression, in his eyes. Berry has a glint in his orbs and I'd bet there's a smirk hiding somewhere behind that moustache.

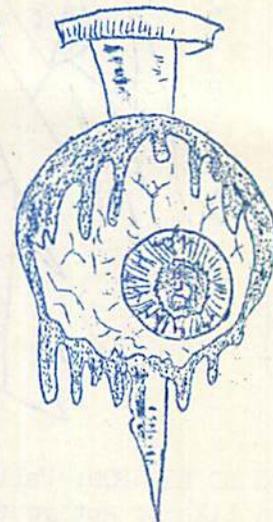
Stone looks like the typical teenager-that-tries-to-look-like-a-hood (and fails-miserably) that of which abounds so profusely in these parts. Gads, a real pity. Gerber, like Sanders, looks like a good egg tho it's quite possible there may be seething things lurking behind that innocent forehead. I don't quite know what to make of Skeberdis; he looks like a fairly intelligent fellow here and all that but, ghod, his letters.

And so we come to Rich Brown. I was most interested in seeing what Poor Richard looked like and now I know. Oh yes, indeed I know! A half-pint Bela Lugosi!

I read the GMC plug for Seattle in RUMBLE (no..GAFIA) and I'm afraid I lean toward Ted White's viewpoint in that if the Seattle Con is held during the World's Fair deal the prices would be enough to permanently gafiate everybody. Listing the Fair as a Great Big Bonus, etc. reminds me of the Trip Around the Harbor or whatever it was during the New York convention in '56. Most fans are night people types who wouldn't care anything about the current chamber of commerce propoganda. I like the idea of having the Con in Seattle, tho, but I'm afraid I'm never too fond of huge prices.

Amelia Pemberton is doing well these days with more reviews and more wordage to each review. Tho I think she's a bit too prolific with reviews of such dull zines as GROUND ZERO, and those devoted to the WSFS, its times and troubles.

Sorry to see Renfrew of the Mounted like Sturgeon's piece in the August Galaxy. It disgusted me. The abounding sex repressions were bad enough but Sturgeon's obvious self-cons-



obscureness as to whether his readers and reviewers are going to still think him mature has ruined him to the extent that his writing is generally quite immature. Sturgeon is well with his words, of course, and is potentially the best sf writer we now have, style-wise, but bighod, I wish he'd start trying to live up to his early fantasy and not to his good reviews.

And there wasn't anuf hoo-rah in the review of the aSF Vance story as I thot there should have been. Tho this is probably just my opinion; I generally become quite enthusiastic over border-line fantasies such as that.

Be it subdivided into 3 parts or no, let's face it, Pemby, "Close to Critical" was horribly dull.

And I'm glad you finally understood Bob Mills' "The Last Shall Be First"; now explain it to me.

I wasn't surprised to see Tosk voice a dislike for Bradbury. Anyone who would go wild over the old Amazings as he does is bound to be left unaffected by one so fabulous as Bradbury.

Let's face it -- Berry can write an enjoyable story about anything.

I am left with the impression, after reading "A Night on Bald Mountain" that Jim Moran has been running across the cover of Incredible Science Fiction #30 more times than has been healthful, and just had to write a story about it. I'm afraid the subject matter allowed no room for Jim's wit.

No comment on Arnold Sebastian. Just put this in a time machine and send it back to #95 or thereabouts.

I fail to realize the cosmic significance of the illo on page 24.

Enjoyed Wally's minutes more than Lars', maybe because I don't want to be told that the nameless meetings are not what they're cracked up to be. If my first impression is spoiled I may not detour through Seattle in my many travels. I have already decided that once I graduate from college, I will steal a few thousand dollars and buy one-way passage to Polynesia and there drink coconut milk and write fabulous fiction that I will always keep to myself and never bare to the outside world, and laugh and laugh. But I thot I might come through Seattle on the way out, you see.

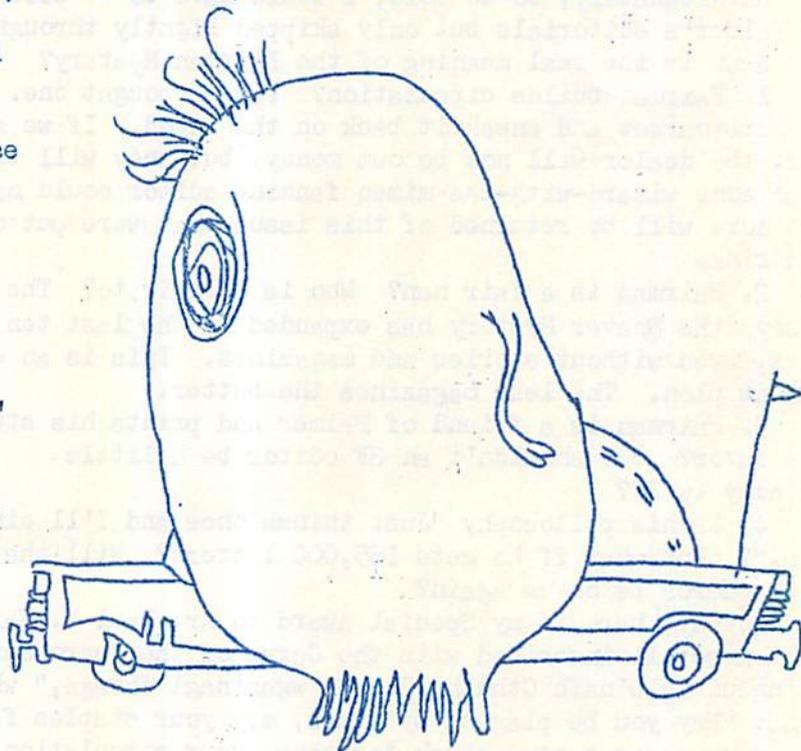
I wish Harris would take his bloated oedipus complex and go somewhere besides CRY to cry.

I will agree with Dainis Bisenieks that the sense of wonder is found more commonly in children who have yet to discover new things, who get thrills out of rummaging around old bureau drawers in the attic. However, this is not to say that current science fiction is just as good as it ever was. It's not. It's disgusting, moreso than it ever has been. People can look back on the old pulps of the '20's and '30's and scream and laugh and roll on the floor and vomit, but all the same the fiction of those pulps that seems so ghastly today was good sf then, enjoyable reading, enough to recruit people who wanted to publish fanzines about it. But present science fiction is already ridiculous to the extent that as soon as one finishes the prozine, he tears it to shreds, screams, laughs, rolls on the floor, and vomits.

Reiss's mother wears old boxer shorts.

Esoterically,

Bill Meyers
4301 Shawnee Circle
Chattanooga 11, Tenn.



(((Bradbury has written some half-way decent stuff, but most of what he writes I just don't dig. That's a shrewd point you have about prices being high here during the Fair; I myself thought the main objection to that time would be the crowded hotels and congested traffic etc. We'll no doubt discuss this at the next meeting, and come up with an answer. There's always 1964, I guess, but that's a long way off....BRT)))

DONALD, DUCK

Dear Cry Editors,

I would like to sneak into the book review dept of Cry with a complete and unbiased review of "The Fairman Mystery Issue" of Fantastic, with the deliberate intention of telling readers the whole contents of the issue, giving away the plot, purpose and entire cast, so that no one will have to buy it, even for curiosity and the issue will go over like a lead balloon, Fairman will repent his crime, and Science Fiction will be saved.

Unfortunately, to do this, I would have to ---eccch--- read it thoroly. I read Fairman's and Palmer's editorials but only skipped lightly through the rest.

What is the real meaning of the Fairman Mystery?

1. Fairman builds circulation? Yes, I bought one. But as soon as I can I'll go back to the supermarket and sneak it back on the stand. If we all do this when we are thru with the crud, the dealer will not be out money, but they will think there are a lot of returns. Better idea: some wizard-with-the-mimeo fanzine editor could make up a lot of fake Fantastic's, so that more will be returned of this issue than were put out. That will be a Mystery worth pondering.

2. Fairman is a fair man? Who is he fair to? The deros? He says the Shaver Mystery has expanded in the last ten years, even without stories and magazines. This is an excellent plan. The less magazines the better.

3. Fairman is a friend of Palmer and prints his stuff as a favor? But shouldn't an SF editor be a little friendly to SF?

4. Is his philosophy "Just thisxxx once and I'll sin no more."? But what if he gets 185,000 letters? Will the grip of the deros be on us again?

Anyway, here is my Special Award to Mr. Paul W. Fairman: A scroll inscribed with the Curse of the Necronomicon: "Ph'nglui mglw'nafh Cthulhu R'l'yeh wgah'nagl fhtagn," which means: "May you be plagued by typos, may your staples fall out, your pages become stuck together, your circulation drop to less than zero, and may you Misspell 'book-length' on the cover."

The curse remitted if you put back the Shaver Mystery where you found it.

Anyway, I gather from Fairman's editorial that he is on Our Side. And it seems probable that this one is the last of the fanatic Fantastic's.

Yours,
Donald Franson
6543 Babcock Ave
N.Hollywood, Calif.

((((I'm afraid that plan #1 wouldn't work; a prozine's circulation is only very small percentage of stfans and consists mostly of just casual reader. But don't you think you are a bit harsh in your condemnation after not even having read the issue? From the reports I have been getting, anything would have been an improvement for Fantastic, even Shaver. I myself read the issue, and, I might add, I enjoyed it.....BRT)))

DAINIS THE MAINIS

Dere den fen

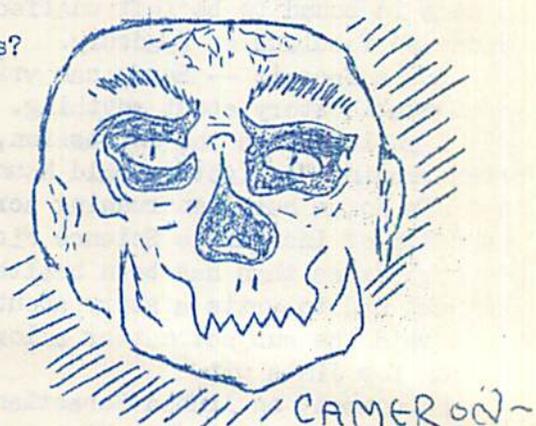
I won't bother you with an account of what led up to my pulling the July CRY out of its envelope. Anyway, there, staring into my face were all those people on the cover. Pity, no femme fen, though. And I am glad to note you spelled my name correctly...

...just as you did on the table of contents. Proceeding from there to the fanzine reviews: ghod, the reams of paper devoted to that controversy! It's no clearer to me than before, though I have some of the zines mentioned. Stacks of them were in evidence at the Midwescon, accompanied by the principæ's of the case.

I also note that my name appears, spelled correctly, three times. Gee, egoboo.

phan phiction phairly phunny

That meeting seems only faintly unreal. Who ever heard of opening a meeting of the Misfits? It sort of starts and then peters out in the end...far into the night. Well, that's



one meeting I missed... Actually, the meetings have many points of resemblance to those of the Nameless.

"Fandom and Momism" seems to have a by-and-for-neofan slant; would anyone seriously identify vW as the author of THE MIND CAGE as an explanation of "slan"? To the subject of the article: I take issue with "well-deserved rest-days", with "obvious purpose" of a fanzine... Hey! What in the name of the quiet neogan is #Cannishness"? I have a feeling this article will help...in undermining fandom.

I note you spelled my name correctly...but made a few ghastly mistakes in the editing. I arrive at the last page....gaaaah...you misspelled my name! Oh, Dr. A...you think you got troubles?

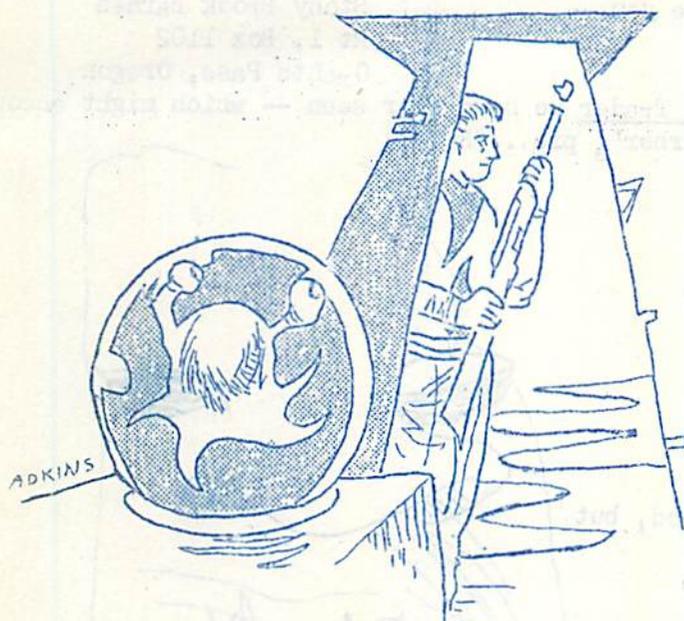
Dainis Biseniekse
506 S Fifth Ave
Ann Arbor, Michigan

(((The misspellings were strictly typos in #117, but the above misspelling of your name is strictly intentional and is done just to show you that you can't push me around. I believe the report on the Michigan meeting was fictional, being that the writer was not present at the meeting he reported.....BRT))))

STACKED DEECK

Fat Cryers:

The little fellow on the cover of #116 gives rise to many snorts. ATOM must have been in Wash., D.C., at the height of the tourist season. He depicted the average sightseer we get in these parts superbly. Only difference is that our sightseers oggle historic buildings.



Can't pick on the Penultimate this time (shame), but I can comment sneeringly that I read Clement's Close to Critical with all three installments at hand, and it read rather well that way. As Toskey, I believe it was, commented once, novels are not meant to be read in serial form.

The "Minutes" by Messrs. Willis and Weber were thoroughly enjoyable, and both did much to fortify my resolution to avoid all fannish propinquity.

Meyers was good up until the point he started going "back, back..." His last sentence, especially, sent me quickly to the nearest pub, where I could find surcease from sorrow in oblivion.

I shall magnanimously refrain from commenting on the endeavors of Messrs. Brown and Pylka.

Kent Moomaw, whom I used to think was an intelligent type, intimated in his letter that I quit fandom "in a huff" after the

NewYorCon and after being recipient of, as Moomaw so naively puts it, "that tremendous blast by Boyd Raeburn." Unfortunately, Mr. Moomaw has become slightly addled with increasing age and succumbs to faulty interpretation. I did leave fandom about the time of Raeburn's "blast" -- which was, in substance, a combination of personal attack and quotes out of context; and that, along with Mr. Raeburn's absolute horror of "Big Words", made for an exceedingly humorous, but singularly unedifying, article that may have titillated A Bas' readers, but certainly wouldn't bother the person attacked -- but I left for personal reasons that shall be nameless.

Also, Kent, old thing, my reasons for commenting on the idiocy of fans are moot. Your simple explanation -- that I am mad because of nonrecognition -- I neither affirm nor deny, primarily because I feel it has nothing to do with whether or not fans are idiots. I shall continue to go merrily on making forays hither and yon against fans, and I shall blithely disregard that I may be attacking because my subconscious feels I am not getting the adulation

I deserve. Fans are idiots, you know. Irretrievably mine,

Wm. Deeck
8400 Potomac
College Pk, Maryland

(((No difference? Are the tourists you are referring to, then, such giants that the historic buildings are THAT small in proportion? If Raeburn "blasted" you, you have found a home here in Cry...Raeburn doesn't like us either. But I'm glad you cleared up the point in question; an interesting viewpoint on fandom you have....BRT)))

THE BROOK TRICKLES

FIENDS---

You have produced another collectors item-- Congratulations.

This glorious cover: Adams looks like a bricklayer, Bisenieks like "Mr Peepers", Stone like a girl, Gerber like "Alfred E. Neuman", Sanders like a normal non-fan person, Berry like a bartender, Pelz like a mad scientist, Barnes like a were-wolf, Moran like an Adkins illustration, Brown like a schnook, and Skeberdis like a turkey. So there.

Why is it that Pemberton did not review Vampire Trader #5 in her col??? It was the best issue so far! Who is covering up!?

Got a big kick out of Pete Skeberdis' letter in Readers Cry. Colin C Cameron sounds fannish. Is it a she, he, or it?

Ahhh, such egoboo.(note page 36). Makes me feel like somebody, and I don't mind what the local pipple say when I'm on my motor scooter. They usually say, "Quick, warn the neighbors, call the cops, and hide your virginal daughters! That science fiction guy is here again!"

Ahh,well, there lies a bunch of lousy non-fans.

Hey, I've thought of the ultimate "shortest horror story" : KA-BLOOY!

I leave you --

Stony Brook Barnes
Rt 1, Box 1102
Grants Pass, Oregon

(((Just last week we got the first Vampire Trader we have ever seen -- which might account for why it wasn't reviewed. We all agree on Gerber's pic...BRT)))

ADAMS EVE

Hey you Mack,

Yeh you. Cummere I wanna tawk wi ya.

Ha! By gholly now you're on the defensive from the start. I betcha you won't even have the guts to reject my latest masterpiece after that opening.

Cover was good, but it's five 'til twelve the night before I have to get this letter off the day after that night or something that has just collapsed so let's go again. Cover was good, but but it's five 'til twelve on the night before the day that's one week after the day I have to get this letter in the mail. Anyway, all this means that I'm not going to komment heavily on the cover. This here right here paragraph will therefore consist of only the three words, "Cover was good." Let others give Atom egoboo. I wanna hurry up and get to the lettercol so I can give myself some.

Willis was fabulous. He should be drafted into the Namelesses, so each issue of the CRY could have two separate and wholly different versions of goings-on. And they could both go to lossa conventions and things, since they can write them up well, too. Yes, Willis and Weber just could become pretty good.

I liked Willy's review of the old AMAZING. It seemed rather foolish, though, now that



I think back to it, so I guess Meyers will have to be put away.

"Tendengo" was good, too, as it seems Berry without exception is. I can't see how this man is so prolific, too, though.

Rich Brown wasn't bad, but wasn't at his best by any manner of spikkin. Pylka wasn't so hot. How did this one miss getting the Fabulous Rejection Slip?

I did it. I read some of Tosk's reviews. Thrill, oh thrill, oh thrill, oh thrill. That first story he talked about with the five men and all and one being a liar and another a coward and another Wunderbar and all like that, with lossa fantasy and all sounded too wonderful to be true. 'Tis doubtful that I'll ever run into the story, though, unless I can talk somebody around here out of a copy of the zine. Right now I feel I would like to start collecting old pulps and screaming for the good ol days to return.

Non-Atom art this time was terrible. Even mine. Gheh.

This business of re-naming you cleverly should end quickly. How about CRY after some editing does away with most of the contributions, cuts the lettercol to only two or three an issue, these discussing the merits of aspects of science and/or sf. Then would the mag be a sort of CRY Of The Inaneless? With the price up, maybe CRY no longer will be Gainless, but it probably will. With Berry and Atom and Willis and Adams appearing, you shouldn't long be Fameless. As a converse of the first mentioned, how about turning the mag completely into a let-col, in which case it would be Tameless. These lines make me feel not so good inside. Let's not go farther with them, eh gang?

The first paragraph of Willis' letter again fractured me. I'm getting to liking this kid's work, as has been said. And that terror from Denver still has me rolling. Oh, jolly good and more power to the letter-writers, say I.

I guess I might as well admit it.

I'm really Leslie Gerber.

Best

Esmond Adams
432 Locust St
Huntsville, Alabama



(((Sorry for goofing up your first paragraph here, but you had me so scared I couldn't pay close attention to what I was doing. We gave Pylka a chance, because it was his first piece. Some day, dig out YOUR first piece and compare; you, of course, have gone on to greater things. Whether Pylka will or not remains to be seen. Yes, CRY continues to lose money; we only really hope that the high price will eventually cut down our deadwood...BRT)))

SINISTER KANE

Dear things SANS NOMS,

It seems I just got in under the wire with my sub, and I always that I was unlucky. Luv the way that glaring red title grinds itself into your eyeballs.

Considering the size of the lettercol, he who controls the lettercol controls Cry an' guess who controls the lettercol? (((Me, thass who!..BRT)))

The cover was good of cuss; when ATOM does what can be considered a bad cover, then will the fen take notice.

I enjoy Pemberton's column most when he is criticising. There are a limited number of ways you can say you like something; your imagination comes into play, however, when you are saying why you don't like something.

Somehow I get the idea that you folks have a preference for Detroit.

Could be I'm wrong; it's just a hunch.

Amelia seems to like all the fmz (or does she just review those she likes?). Hardly a complaining word anywhere.



Does Meyers just berate Amazing on general principles? I suppose it's easier to gripe generally than to go through each ish and gripe about particulars. If you keep on saying the same thing, no matter how you vary the form, it becomes uninteresting. Outside of his brief and disgusted glances through Madge and Amz, Meyers column is well done.

Rich Brown (sounds as phony as John Smith) must be a pen-name for several conspiring fen; how else could "he" turn out so much. So long,

Peter Kane
241 12th St
West Babylon, N.Y.

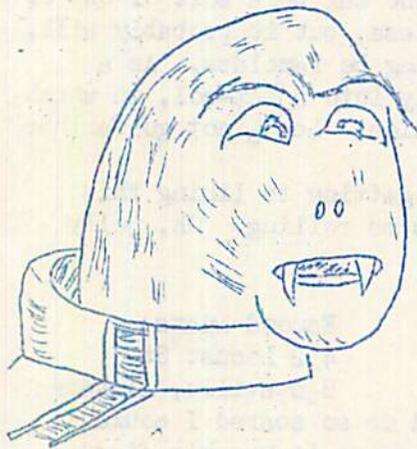
((((Yes, we are in favor of Detroit for the '59 Con.....BRT))))

THE LIVING AND THE BROWN

Dear FSF;

I see that you have insured the success of your magazine by having my picture on the cover -- oh no, that's Tucker's line, isn't it?

Es Adams looks like a guy I had a fight with last year, at the end of school. I had been play-fighting with a friend of mine, and I got hurt --- it made me mad, but I knew he didn't mean it. So when school got out, I started to walk home, gritting my teeth, when this guy that looks like Es came walking by and hit me in the back of the head. At this particular instance, it just made me madder. So I slugged the guy twice. And the next thing I knew I was minus a tooth. I don't think I like Es.



Stony Barnes looks the same now (except that he has a duck-tail hair-cut kindof like mine) as he did when he came down to see me last year.

Old coke-guzzler Sanders looks like the guy who sold me my mimeo. I don't think I like Joe, either.

Dainis Bisenieks is a striking resemblance to Steve Tolliver, MIMSEY's editor, possible exception being that Steve is older.

Gee. Jim Moran looks like people. Not at all what his letters and stuff would make you think.

John Berry looks just exactly like I thot he would. Maybe you haven't noticed it, but if you're in a dark room, and you can't see very well anyway, and if I had a handle-

bar moustache and different clothes and my hair combed differently, I would look exactly like John Berry. Wow.

Lar' Stone completely surprised me. I imagine if I did any speculation at all, I figured he'd look like a Stony Barnes illustration. But, man, he will be a faaan some day -- he has a sensitive fannish face.

We shall ignore that fellow with the black silk jacket and motor-cycle face and continue onward. Skeberdis..hmm, looks like his letterhead. I more or less expected that. Unfortunately. Bruce Pelz looks different in this picture than the one I've seen previously. I guess it's the surroundings. Here he looks like "Morbis" out of Forbidden Planet.

Leslie Gerber...(((several pages of gurgling laughs censored here...BRT)))

Oh, I guess that's enough. Ok, now we turn the pages.

The only thing that I can say about this issue's "Digging the Fanzines" is "Well, everybody is entitled to their own opinion, I guess." Oh, and I have 10 out of 16 this time. I seem to be losing ground.

Like, man, have I ever told you that I like "The Science Fiction Field Plowed Under"? Well, I do. Also enjoyed the little dig at Meyers at the end. Great.

Meyers seems to be slipping; at least he isn't as prolific as he has been. But his points, generally, are well taken.

Was taken rather aback to see William P. McGivern's stories rated "C" as, tho I haven't read the stories in question, most of his stuff is excellent, as witness his "I Love Lucifer" in Amazing a few years back.

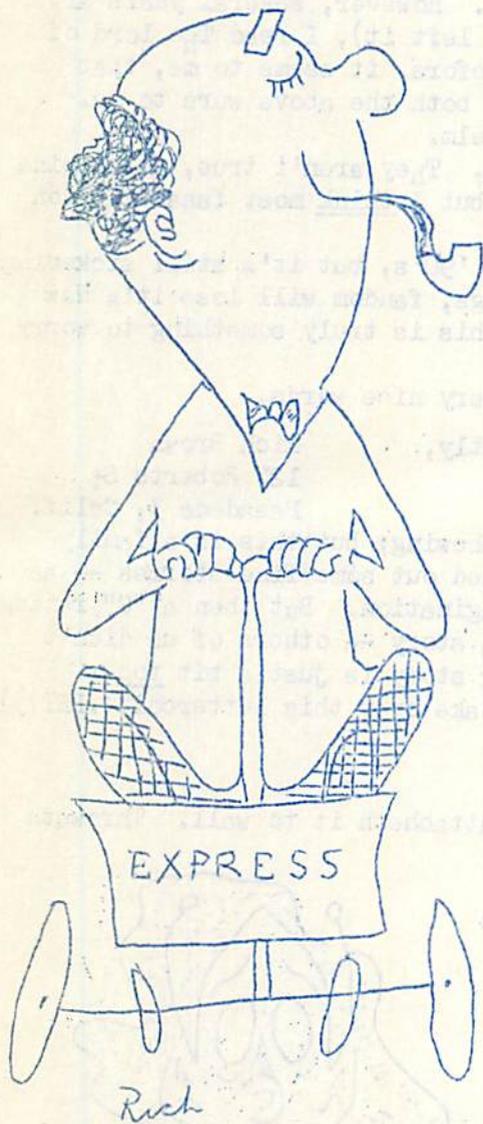
Jim Moran, you are wonderful. At least, as far as the writing on "A Night on Bald Mountain" is concerned. I like this; I want more.

"The Lone Spacaer" has some good parody points --- the forward and the Heinleinian "New Blaggh" are good. The ending point has been done before, but this adds a new twist to even that. The paragraph taking up why Tunto called him Kemo Sahbee was fairly useless; not even funny. Tho maybe its esoteric. Nonetheless, I like. (Don't I always?)

And if Jenkins can do more like "A Matter of Policy," the have him do so.

Weber's Minutes continue to best most everything in CRY, even some of my stuff.

Bourne's account of the Nameless meetings is rather interesting. It sounds, at times, like the first half of some LASFS meetings. There is one lady who comes to almost every meeting and manages to either hog the conversation with double-talk or stop all discussion on something that is providing anything lively or worthwhile. Once she brought a dog, unleashed, who had no..ah..house manners. Somebody passed a card around saying "Tonight, I saw an ugly dog, and a woman. I might want to see the dog again!"



Now comes "Fandom and Momism" by Norman Sanfield Harris. Say, haven't I heard that name before? Yes. Well, firstly, Harris has made one of the funniest statements of the year when he says "Fans, so goes the saying, are 'slans' (referring to an early story by A.E. Van Vogt, author of 'The Mind Cage')." A stf fan isn't hardly considered a stf fan if he hasn't read vV's "Slan". "The Mind Cage", on the other hand, is useless wish/wash. ... I agree that mothers should be loved -- but I don't agree that it has some connection with fandom because some fans are anti-social. Why picks on Momism? Why not Fandom and Antisocialism? And once you get to know these "fannish" fans, they are nice people. Oh yeah, sure, they sneer at the serious fan. Why? Because every third-rate neo who went wild over the latest IMAGINATION or OTHER WORLDS spouts off their big fat mouth because these "fannish" types are having fun pubbing their zines instead of discussing The Great Science Fiction Literature, that said neo wants to read about. Because SrrCon Joe is the real "Slan" because he can't see why anyone would discuss human things rather than S*c*i*e*n*c*e F*i*c*t*i*o*n. Well listen here, Norman Sanfield Harris, you can rave the merits of Science Fiction in serious fanzines until you're blue in the face, and I'm not going to listen to you -- and I'm not considered a "fannish" type at that. If you're so much for a serious fanzine, why don't you put one out yourself? But don't tell everyone else how to run their fanzines -- if they wanted your advice, they would have asked for it. And when you put your stencils on backwards, and you forget to slipsheet, and when Malicious Mike tells you that your fanzine stinks you'll find that if you can't laugh at yourself, the second issue of your fanzine has gone to pot. There are sercon zines that I

enjoy: INSIDE, SKYHOOK, and to quite some extent, the CRY. But I like them because Ron Smith writes and sometimes uses humor, because Boggs can write a letter with some amount of wit, and because Toskey, the Busby's, Weber, and Pfeiffer can turn around and put out fine SAPzines; I am sick every time somebody says that fannish fandom is throwing a strain on poor, sercon Joe. Man, why can't we have both SKYHOOK and HYPHEN? And just how is fannish fandom "undermining the whole structure"????? Nobody says you have to read fannish zines if you don't want to. So what's bugging you? Don't get me wrong -- I like science fiction; very much, in fact. I would even say that some of it is Literature. But I find just as much enjoyment, if not more, in reading Burbee on Al Ashley, Lee Hoffman on FOGO, and Bob Leman on the fine art of sleeping with Bulldogs. Many fans consider stf a fine subject, whether they admit it or

not; but not enough to read in their own fanzine. Surely there is some merit in writing seriously; many pros take INSIDE, SKYHOOK and The CRY because of the reviews therein. But that isn't the "purpose" of fandom. Fandom has no real purpose; it's a group of wandering minstrels playing tunes to themselves. The thing that makes it so damnable is that if some of them hit an interesting chord, there is always the jerk in the back who says that it's going to ruin everything that went before.

The third article I have seen by him, the first of which I agree with -- "Of Search, In Wonder". Of course, there are minor disagreements that I can bring up, but as a whole I find myself in agreement with it. The first stf I ever read in a magazine was "Starman Come Home" by Edmond Hamilton. It was in a UNIVERSE and it was labelled "A Novel You'll Never Forget". I never have. That novel contained the Sense of Wonder, to me. However, several years after the Sense of Wonder had left me (or more properly, after I had left it), I read The Lord of the Rings trilogy. That, also, had the Sense of Wonder. Therefore, it seems to me, that the Sense of Wonder could be a synonym for "something new", as both the above were to me.

Cry of the Readers now, with "battle-axe" Toskey at the helm.

Ccllin Cameron: Berry's piece, and mine, are faaan-fiction. They aren't true, altho mine was based on something that actually happened. I'm not sure, but I think most faaan-fiction is based on a little bit of fact and a lot of make-up.

Pete Skeberdis: You do better than I did, back in the CRY '90's, but it's still sickening.

RAWLOWndes: It's up to you now, boy. If you lose your mags, fandom will lose it's New Blood supply (slurp!), and sooner or later, fandom is Dead. This is truly something to worry about; is this the beginning of the end?

Me: Ghodd Ghod. And thank you sincerely, BRT, for your very nice words.

Stony Barnes: I wouldn't admit being Leslie Gerber! Beastly,

Rich Brown
127 Roberts St
Pasadena 3, Calif.

(((Sorry for having to edit out so much of your Harris-chewing; but this is a family magazine, you know. You're in solid, man. Yes, McGivern turned out some fine stories -- as I remarked, he was skilled at writing, but lacked stf-type imagination. But then a "C" rating is a respectable rating, with me. I agree with you on Moran's story -- others of us didn't and I had to fight to get it pubbed. Your appended shaggy dog story is just a bit too ancient, so we won't use it. When are you coming up here to take over this lettercol?..BRT)))

DEECK THE HALLS...

Fat Anonymous Ones:

Cometh 117 with photocover. Rippeth off photocover and attacheth it to wall. Throweth darts at it. Berry scores ten points. Is good.

Addled Norman Harris returns to provide some amusement. I had thought Mr. Harris was serious in his first article, but his second, in the same vein, convinces me that I've wronged him. Such downright idiocy couldn't have been a mistake; it must be deliberate.

First of all, Mr. Harris begins his article with the comment that fans think of themselves as "slans", though few are of the opinion that fans are mutations. Where Mr. Harris gets his information puzzles me; I have never heard of that particular tendency of fans, but I don't get around much, I guess! However, it seems rather unlikely, in view of this nonpartisan observer, that fans could say they are "slans", which were mutations, and then say they aren't mutations. But maybe Mr. Harris thinks fans are even more idiotic that I would have thought.

Anyhow, the "slans" -- that's us, remember: me, you, and the fellow retching in the corner -- "stoutly maintain" that they have a "dynamic interest" in mankind and all that mankind does and will do. Rather magnanimous of them, I'd say, especially since the original slans' idea was, as I recall, to maintain a "dynamic interest" in avoiding mankind whenever possible because mankind had it in for them. So Mr. Harris postulates "slans" who not only are not



CAMERON~

mutations but who are interested in helping mankind. Under that specious reasoning I'm a horse.

Luckily for me, Mr. Harris, in the field of edification, is second to none -- namely, no one's below him. In a burst of spirited knowledge sharing, Mr. Harris explains Wylie's Momism for me, and I certainly am glad because I had an entirely erroneous impression from that particular chapter in Generation of Vipers. Mr. Harris contends that Wylie's against the idea that mothers should be loved and honored. Unfortunately for Mr. Harris, I happen to have at hand the twentieth edition of Wylie's book. Wylie comments in a footnote on the paragraph dealing with Moms: "...I respect motherhood whenever and wherever it is worthy of respect..." Ostensibly, Harris knows more about what Wylie thinks than Wylie does.

Harris also tells us that people who come from broken homes and who sneer at "mother-love" can perhaps be pitied, but that we shouldn't emulate them. The warning, I feel, wasn't necessary. Unlike Mr. Harris, I don't try to imitate people I pity.

People, Mr. Harris would like to have us know, who don't like a fanzine's fulfilling its purpose (that is, Mr. Harris' purpose: discussing science fiction) are antisocial. Ostensibly, Mr. Harris feels that not liking

something -- especially something that Mr. Harris likes -- constitutes antisocial behavior. And what does that make Mr. Harris?

Mr. Harris is really warmed up now. He tells us that most juvenile authorities (Mr. Harris included, I imagine) attribute broken homes to be the main cause of juvenile delinquency. He then tells us that young "pseudo-intellectuals" turn away from their families, thus, one would think, causing broken homes. I shall here summarize, and attempt to clarify -- after much prayer and consulting with authorities -- Mr. Harris' contentions in regard to juvenile delinquency: Wylie doesn't like mothers; therefore, pseudo-intellectuals turn away from their families, thus breaking up homes; then the pseudo-intellectual turns around, sees the broken home, and becomes a juvenile delinquent. This is clarity, by Ghod! Broken homes cause juvenile delinquency and juvenile delinquency causes broken homes.

There are other things on which I could comment, but I have written at great length already. Let it suffice that Mr. Harris equates Momism/anti-Momism (Mr. Harris uses those terms as being interchangeable for some reason not apparent to me; he also, because he didn't understand Wylie's position on the question, feels that Momism is good and anti-Momism is bad, when it is exactly the converse) with "fannishness" and antisocial behavior, and all this is brought about because Wylie doesn't love mothers and Harris ain't getting what he wants.

Mr. Harris distorts facts, reasons speciously, writes vapidly. He needs straightening out. Maybe this letter will help.

How come, I'd like to inquire, no females on the cover. You got dislikes for pinups?

Sincerely liking pinups,

Wm. Deeck
8400 Potomac Ave
College Park, Md.

(((Man, you fixed Harris, but good; even better than you usually fix people, and this is an extravagant statement. We solicited some femmefans pics, but no did get...BRT)))

LONG TIME, NO STONE

Dear Namelessnesses and others out there in Fanzine Land;

Monsters, I salute you! For this photocover, y'know? Only thing, now that we really know what everybody looks like, it spoils the fun of imagining what they may look like... For instance, now that I've seen the pictures, I know that Jim Moran isn't really a cannibal, and Stony isn't a COMPISCATED MACHINE, unless he has wheels; and John Berry isn't a pseudonym of Leslie Gerber. All the same, chaps, Good Bloody Show and all like that.

Bruce Pelz, you ought to live in B.C. They're having a Centennial beard-growing contest here.

Will it be "Northgate in '61"

I have absolutely no opinion re the New York mess, but AP's attitude sounds sensible.

Fanzine reviews were quite interesting, particularly (to me anyway) the comment on Pauc #2.

Prozine reviews were perceptive and, by golly, funny. That bit about the Grandma arguing with the aliens on the WhiteHouseLawn was a screamer, and true, true taroo.

It's difficult to read Meyers column of late; he seems to be using anything handy as an excuse to make vitriolic comments and to denounce the Ignorance of the Common Man. His comments on Hamling's "Space Travel" crud are justified, but just because RAWL sticks a new subtitle on FUTURE in an attempt to snag a few new readers doesn't mean science fiction has Gone To Pot. If Meyers wants to chew someone out for catering to the Loathesome Masses, why not pick on Shaw, with his "Magazine of Tomorrowness" and the cover blurbs designed to appeal to rock'n'rollers and sex...ummm..enthusiasts. Now LTS has taken the Science Fiction label off the mag altogether. Like, you're shooting your arrows at the wrong apple, man.



Toskey's col was faintly interesting. I'm anxious to see this month's installment, and to find out what he has to say about Shaver and all. Hoo, I can imagine it. "The true imaginative genius of Richard S. Shaver will never be fully appreciated." Well?

Berry's story was good. Hmmm, knew I had got that "I salute you" from somewhere. A NIGHT ON BALD MOUNTAIN was fairly amusing, but not as good as most of the stuff you've been running lately. THE LONE SPACER was inept, ridiculous, and funny...like a rubber crutch. This is more than made up for by A MATTER OF POLICY. Cute idea, and well written too.

Weber's minutes were as usual good, and good for laughs. But Bourne's...I can't figure out why he didn't have a good time. I would have.

Don't know why you publish this Norman Sanfield Harris. He not only doesn't know what Momism is, he doesn't know what fandom is.

At least his other piece said something, even if it was "back to stf!" This, well... Momism is, of course, not "respect for one's mother." And he says that juvenile delinquency has increased since Wylie's book was published. So have traffic accidents: so what? I have a copy of "Generation of Vipers". I also know several kats who would be classed as Juvenile delinquents. None of them have read it; none of them want to. I won't waste precious space raving about this further. Harris is obviously a clotpoll. The Bisenieks article made sense, and the fact that I didn't agree with it made no difference. It was...like refreshing.

The too-short lettercol thish makes it a below-average CRY, despite other good material. Why didn't you print all of the letters, instead of just the fragments at the end? After all, it's your money, not mine. Some nice art here this time; hope you can get more from Adkins. Bryer seems obsessed with drawing skeletons--which is okay if you like that sort of thing. Best illo is ATom's on p.35. And while I realize it is thoroughly derivative in idea, I liked Reiss's on p.37. And forthwith we now conclude, punch punch!

Larry Stone
891 Lee St
White Rock, B.C., Canada

(((You'll have to wait till next month for the Shaver discussion. I print just exactly as much of a letter as I feel is of interest. When the deadwood outweighs the interesting material, what is left is sometimes fragmentary. But then you can't tell me how to run my business, because here I am the Master! Sometimes I cut letters to bits just so's you'll know I'm tough, and there isn't a thing you can do about it...BRT))))((heh, heh...BRT))))

GERBERING IDIOT

Dear Brainless, (or should that read Undear Brainless?)

Look, if you want book-length letters, I'll write book-length letters. I was trying to spare you the trouble of reading all that, but you asked for it, and by gosh, you're going to

get it.

The cover was only fair ATom; the bem was lovely but the fem was awful.

As for the price change, I think you're going too far. I do rightfully condemn this 250% inflationary price-raise as outrageous. I still think that a raise to 15¢ would be enough.

I liked the blast at Morris Jessup. These flying saucer guys make me sick to my stomach, if they don't make me split my sides laughing. Santesson told me that he prints the flying saucer baloney for circulation. He can have it!

I'll bet we are outnumbered by Shaverites; I'll bet we are also outnumbered by murderers.

About the over-blurbing on Campbell's part with "Heir Reluctant", I've noticed that JWC has quite a tendency to do this. I listened to the "Exploring Tomorrow" program on radio a few months ago and gave it up because the stories were very bad and Campbell inserted about five blurbs into each story. Sickening!

I have a suggestion for the reviews too. Cut out the reviews and just print those one-line things. They're much more faaaanish, and much funnier too.

I'm for Detroit in '59 because it's the closest bidding city to New York.

Gawrsh, now we have minutes of two groups running. Yarhoo! Ha-ha-ha! Take Wally and squish his "head" until longer Minutes start running out. Throw out the lettercol and make Wally fill it. Yarhoo! It would serve him right!

In "Cultivating the Current Crop" Meyers devotes over half his space to a cultivation of a thirty-two-year-old crop. It's time to change the title again, Bill.

Rich Brown reads Playboy or Readers' Digest. His "The Inside Dope" was so horribly stolen from the Playboy story (reprinted in Readers Digest) that I start to wonder how much he pays you to print his idiotic tripe. (Toskey, if you cut any of this paragraph, I'll murder you!) Brown has probably never had an original thought in his life, although I will admit that he can plagiarize better than anyone else I know. Most probably, when he wrote "I feel a Carl Brandon coming on." he meant that he felt like stealing something of Brandon's.

Toskey goes unappreciated. I think Toskey would be doing more good if he wrote a column or something of greater general interest, eh, Toskey?

For some reason I find myself agreeing with everything Meyers said. Confound it, I like to be able to argue with everybody!

Loved Willis. Wunnerful guy. I'll have to reprint that "...a desperate hack" comment, or maybe I'll recommend it to Bob Leman.

And to the art-complainers: Try the Bryer on P.32.

Didn't like Deek's shooting-off about the Aldiss story. Too much space for such un-fannish stuff. What the heck are you trying to do, introduce s-f to Cry?

Mighod, Skeberdis on the photocover? No, no, no! Stop the pressed quick. Take it out, take it out, take it out! You wouldn't do something like that to us, would you?

Don't be silly. The Mervil Culvergast letter was much too intelligent to be Leman.

I think you ought to cut out the letter titles. They have been terrible lately.

Let's murder Len Moffatt, eh? 30-page-Cry? It wouldn't be Cry!

Garcone's "portrait" of me was terribly unfunny; I do not have tendrils. And that safety pin is big enough to use for a spear, or to maybe spit Garcone on and fry him.

Poor Toskey! He has delusions of grandeur. "...I really control things around here. I Am The Master!" Hawhahawhaw! I laughed myself sick over that one.

This is a rather short book, but I've seen shorter. Here I am, in all my glory. Revel in me, you fools! Deploribus omnibus,

Leslie Gerber
201 Linden Blvd
Brooklyn 26, N.Y.

(((Another Cry exclusive! A special condensation of the new book-length letter by Gerber! Well, bhoy, I cut out half of that paragraph on RBrown. So murder me...BRT))))



COLIN A BUCKET

Cavorting Beasities:

I noted with disapproval the fact that you had somehow let my poetry slip past your stern gaze and dribble onto the pages. Anyway, it gave me a thrill. My poem inspired me to do this poem (poem?! What's a poem??!!):

I wrote a poem for CRY,
With hopes of fandom impressing,
But re-reading with tear in eye,
I find it distressingly depressing!

Pemberton's fanzine reviewing column was, as usual, highly entertaining. Renfrew's revocs were mighty fine too.

But I still don't like Meyers' column. The style is too tight for me. It may be quite factual, but not very entertaining, which is the main purpose of a fanzine. If Bill would loosen up a bit, I think his column would be as enjoyable as the two preceding ones.

Liked Berry's bit of humor very much, especially the part about the humming bra string (and don't ask me why!).

The rest of the material didn't impress me very much. Moran's story sounds something

like light Kornbluth fantasy. Would like to see more of Kemo Sahbee, even though this attempt wasn't too impressing. I nearly flipped when I saw A MOP(hmmm). "Ghod! Now how did they get that fellow to write for them. Ghod! Good old Will J. Jeh... oh Oh! Hmm.

Wally Weber was up to his usual good job of meeting reporting.

Couldn't help but notice the Speer illo on page 24. This The Jack Speer?

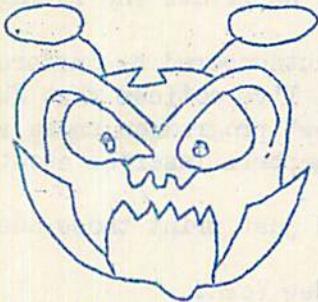
Harris's article on fandom and momism I found completely uninteresting. Furthermore, I think his explanation of the connection between the two was rather garbled and contrived and very unsatisfactory. Harris can write competently enough, but his choice of subject seems to be rather poor.

Dainis I like. Am looking forward to more from him and/or articles of the same factual type to appear in C*R*Y.

The only department, an important one at that, which CRY seems to lack, is a book reviewing department, THIS IS A HINT!! (that means: do it!)

Naturally, the first thing that caught my attention when this copy of CRY met my glaring stare, was the cover. Simply bootiful! The first thing about the cover that caught my attention was that big pic of His Majesty John Berry, what with being in the center of the page and the only one with nice big red letters. Hee looks almost exactly like what I imagined him to look like. He looks an awful lot like a figure out of the past.

The next personality to register in my mind was Bruce Pelz. Tho the neat filing cabinet



CAMERON~



looks quite out of place, I couldn't help but say: "What a tremendously fannish looking character!!!"

Looking around, my gaze shifting from one juvenile delinquent to another, I noted with satisfaction that Leslie Gerber is indeed a girl. Then I re-studied the page, making sure I hadn't missed one picture, looking for micropics. Then, who should I see but Rich Brown, Bhoj Juvenile Delinquent & Sadist (sadist looking feller I've ever seen...).

Poor Brown: I'm all for believing that C*R*Y was taken over by you long ago.

I'd like you to mention that Sandy Ago was the first city to bid for the Westercon this year, and that we have every intention of winning. Why, we've even got the support of the Maidenform Company!

Thankee,

Colin Cameron
2561 Ridgeview Drive
San Diego 5, Calif.

(((Jack Speer, the one and only, is a member of FAPA, and lives in North Bend, Washington, which is only about 30 miles from Seattle. I'm afraid Gerber beat you to the book-reviewing idea....BRT)))

SKEBIRDIS ON THE WING

Great Ghu! still more inane blubberings from fandom's idiot boy.

Dear sen0 aaelemaN,

CRY arrive fairly good on time this. Early too! This was a nice ish...so thin too... 38 pages must be a low record for you this year?

Stony Barnes is full of..no, he not telling truth. You see I be Reiss and Barnes. Gerber + Me only real ones...We plot to take over trufaandom real soon. Maybe next week or day after that? If we fail we start Incorporated Organization + sue everybody..lotsa fun!!!! Lotsa monies too, if played right. Someday I be rich + inunfamous.. who care, monie most important thing anyways.

I have deecided to start nature back to people organization. (Did you know that Gllop spelled backwards is Pollg?). Here be plans. First off in order to be close to nature one must be poor! And I poor. But I am willing to sacrifice meself for the good of trufaandom. Fan in order to be member must give me all his monies + then they poor + back to true living habit of honourable forefathers. It no good to live in crowded city...one must live in cave or tree to appreciate better thing in life. Repent yea now + send me all your materialistic monies which I use for unmaterialistic purchase. I buy GETSTNER and blue ink + put out fmz with all this filthy lugre. I give it original title...call it "Whine of the Brainless" + make millions of dollar!

Best part in CRY was BERRY article..he write good. Someday he become faan. That same Berry on cover? He part time bartender? I never see fan with mustatch before..look untrufaanish! Well, he learn that + stop being neo. Minute he shave off stach he become faan!

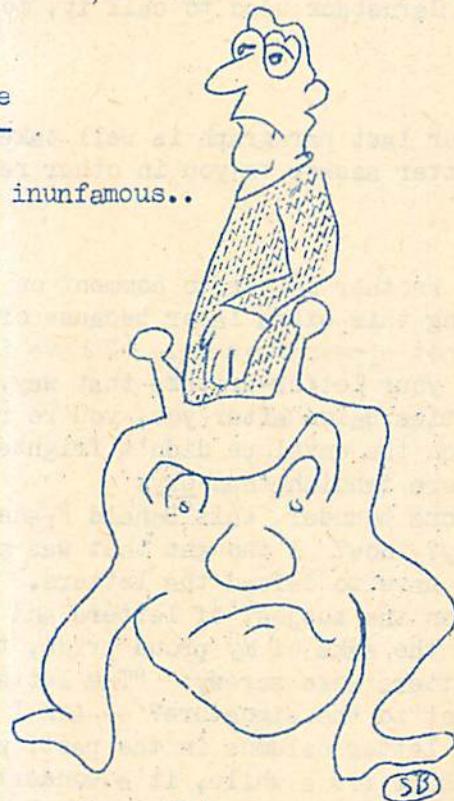
Dainis Bisenieks look not like I thot..look younger than I thot. All fen look young on cover maybe I oldest in group 'cept for Berry + Pelz???? Gerber look happy...ain't he ugly for a girl tho..this show what immature thot can do if carried to extreme.

-Note that again I have taken AP's advice -- note new box number address!

Mature thots to you --

P F Skeberdis
Box 155, Imlay City,
Michigan

(((You heard what I said to LStone. I'm tough. Not good to eat at all....BRT)))



HOLDING FOR FRANSON

Dear Letter Cutters,

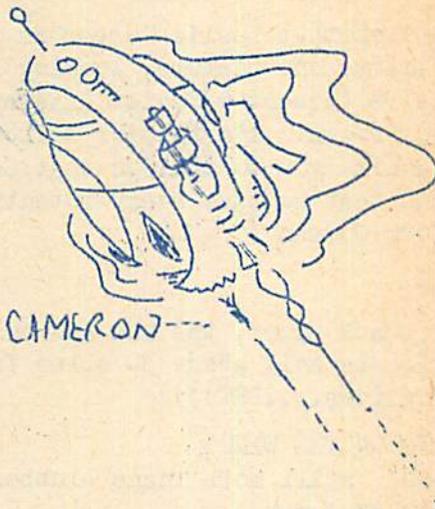
You cut so much out of my letter you make it sound like I am against letterhacks, when I am a letterhack. My reaction to the lettercol was not distaste, but surprise. I enjoy reading them, even the ones I don't understand. Looks like fanzines will be the only place to find letters, if all the prozines cut them out.

How did Pemberton get hold of an August 1939 Marvel with stories in it reprinted from the August 1938 Marvel? This is indeed a Marvel.

I always liked Bill Meyers' articles, letters and fanzine, but sorry to hear him repeat that fugghead phrase, "science has caught up with science fiction." We still haven't touched the moon yet, so science is almost one hundred years behind science fiction at this moment. So trips to Mars are old hat? I heard that said many years ago too, before Weinbaum made them fresh and new. I agree that space travel articles have no place in SF mags, especially since they are obtainable elsewhere, but don't say there should be no interplanetary fiction any more, just "greater concepts". Remember "thought-variant"? What do you want, just John Russell Fearn type stories? Doesn't Heinlein at his best appeal to you? Space Travel stories don't have to be space opera. I prefer good "adventures of future science" as Gernsback used to call it, to "A Day At The Psychiatrist's" and such stuff.

yours,

Donald Franson
6543 Babcock Avenue
North Hollywood, Calif.



(((Your last paragraph is well taken, I think. The following letter, by Mr. Deeck, is a far better answer to you in other respects than I ever could make...BRT))))

KING WM III

Fat Ones:

Cometh another letter to comment on some of the things I neglected in my earlier one. I am performing this extra labor because of your churlish policy of charging for issues in which letters do not appear from me. (I have it on semi-trustworthy authority that you don't treat the rest of your letter-writers that way. And if you think I haven't already gotten the Civil Liberties Union after you, you're right.) Anyhow, that cute little "l" you put beside my address on the envelope didn't frighten me a bit. I can always read "National Review"; it's much more fannish than Cry.

An obvious boulder, this Donald Franson. How come he to talk about the letters in Cry being screwy? How? I thought that was my personal peeve. Looks now like I might -- horrid thought! -- have to defend the letters. I'm not going to be rushed, though.

While on the subject of letters and this Franson abomination, I think it would be appropriate, for the sake of my proud pride, to swat him lightly. He commented, to prove his point that the letters were screwy: "The letter of Wm. Deeck, [that's me -- or couldn't you tell until you got to the signature? -- and I think I'd been forgotten for the wonderful things I'd done to letter columns in the past; well, fame may be fleeting, but if you're fast and can keep up with it for a while, it's wonderful.] which was usually the nuttiest one in THRILLING WONDER STORIES, looks sensible here..."

Fatuous Franson's comment can be attacked in two ways:

Primo: I wrote letters to SS and TWS in 1954. Since then approximately four years have passed. Four happy years -- the service, college, girls, beer, an addled science fiction convention...But I digress. In that time there is good chance that I may have matured a bit. (Comments on this from people who know me are biased, and therefore shall be disregarded.) Thus, my letter may have been sensible, rather than, as Franson would have it, just "looking" sensible. Franson, unable to think I've matured, may not himself be matured. How then is he to judge the quality of the letters (especially since that judging is my field)? Hell, he

can't even realize the passage of time.

Secundo: Go back and read Franson's comment once more. You will immediately understand what he was trying to say. But what did he actually say? (Okay, will someone kindly give up so I can explain? Ah, it's too much for Brown, poor fellow.) Only that my letter which appeared in Cry 116 was "usually the nuttiest one in THRILLING WONDER STORIES." I wrote that letter to Sam Mines in 1954 and he published it a number of times (people wanted clippings and extra copies); and then I write it, or copy it, for Cry, because of its timeless quality. And next month you'll see it again, but you won't hear from Franson, because he can't write screwy letters that are always interesting.

By the way, does Franson know Harris?

Meyers said something I didn't like, but I'm growing weary and can't continue. Indeed, a lot of people said things I didn't like, which made this a most enjoyable issue.

Still sincerely liking pinups,

Wm Deeck
(address already
noted)

(((((AHA!! Your secret is out! You might just as well tell us about your time machine -- the one that enabled you to write a letter of comment on the June 1958 Infinity to a 1954 TWS...and on a parallel world where they printed the names of their competitors in their lettercol at that.....BRT))))))

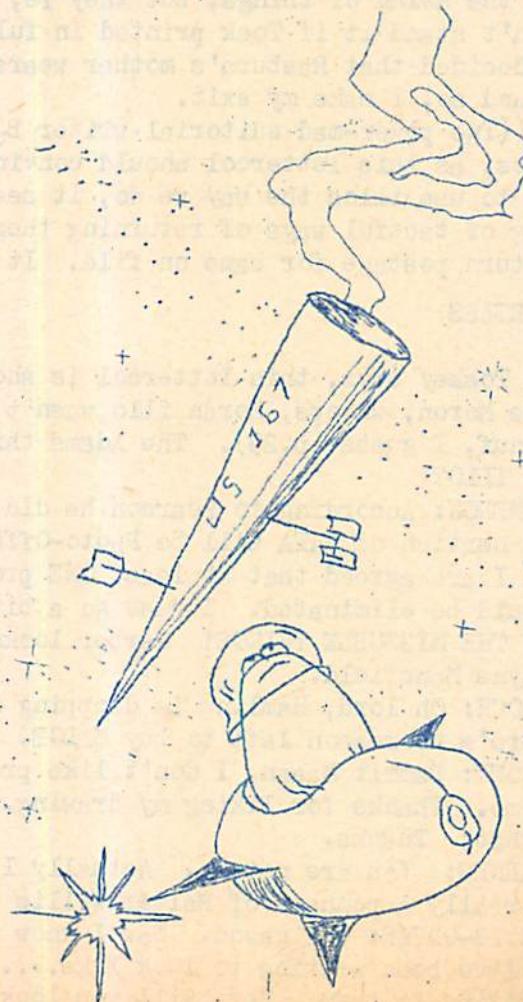
MEYERED

Dear Science Fiction Organization that chooses to remain Nameless:

This is indeed one of CRY's best issue to date; Willis Weber, and Berry is a spectacular combination on any man's table of contents.

If Toskey is on the verge of drastically cutting the letter column, as you so depict him, I would say this is an unwise method of at the same time cutting the page count. Now that the Cultivating column is no more, Toskey should at least be satisfied for a little while but if he persists in his maniacal notions, it would seem to me that the rejection of all this atrocious artwork would be much more effective. I'm not an advocate of the current No Art in Fanzines movement but still, it distresses me to see a great amount of blue-penciling formulate in order to run some half-hearted scribbles that sometimes take up half a page. These "artists" appear in the lettercol practically every issue (with the exception of Bryer, whose illos are worth printing in the first place) so their "art" is not helping them secure free issues of CRY. In fact, their art doesn't do much of anything except sap you of cash, and inspire Toskey to begin wielding his blue pencil.

To the Pemberton: Trust you were as disappointed as I after finishing the last installment of deCamp's serial. Seems the Tower, itself, had a minimum of effect on our protagonist, after all. Thinking deCamp was an expert at this sort of science-fantasy, I was reasonably dismayed upon completion of the novel, and was surprised to see Jack Vance outdo deCamp in every possible way in his excellent "The Miracle Workers" from the current aSF. Prediction of the day: the



Vence tale is bound to be anthologized. - Am also happy to note your reaction to Barr's Galaxy novelet and F&SF short story. At least I'm not the only one convinced that Barr's mother wears old boxer shorts.

I'm exhausted of superlatives for Wally's minutes, and see that the WAW minutes make commenting on such relatively uncommendable material as doubly difficult as before. Let's hope they're both set as monthly propositions. Chu...the realization of it all. A monthly Willis column. Or is it?

After reading John Berry's enjoyable piece, I can't keep from thinking to myself: Am I weird? Am I an outsider? For my den of fannish iniquities is a picture of neatness. Even the vault wherein my collection is stored is methodically kept so that everything's in its proper place. Fanzines, correspondence, mimeo supplies, everything kept orderly. No mimeo ink stains, no staples imbedded in cracks in the floor, nothing on the wall but a simple painting and a Finlay illo. Am I different? Am I unlike other fans? Am I unfannish -- SERCON? Oh, the horror of it.

This letter from Moomaw is fantastic. No blasts; even a compliment for Bill Meyers. Maybe his mother doesn't wear old boxer shorts, after all.

Raeburn's letter is also fantastic. The CRY letters strike me as being very similar in general atmosphere and format to S&P's mlg comments, particularly those of Toskey(s. Maybe thass why Toskx likes them so well. I suppose the reason for all the informality, gab, etc. is the realization as one writes his CRY letter of comment that all or at least most of it will be printed. People who write in to fanzines who only print choice excerpts usually try to make with the Profound Thots, and in the case of neos especially, they turn out a very uninteresting letter. Most of these letters, I must admit, are probably quite tiresome unless one is "in" the swing of things, but they're, to me, a great improvement over the usual comments. I couldn't stand it if Tosk printed in full a column of that kind of letters. But at any rate I have decided that Raeburn's mother wears old boxer shorts. Esoterically, Bill Meyers (address cit.)

And so, I make my exit.

(((The power-mad editorial writer Busby exaggerates a bit about my blue-penciling practices, as this lettercol should convince you. While I will admit that it's an added expense to use illos the way we do, it seems easier to do this than to go to the trouble of thinking of tactful ways of returning them to the "artists", especially when none of them have return postage for same on file. It seems to be some sort of an obligation...BRT))))

BOILED REISS

Hullo,

As Toskey says, this lettercol is short. Too short.

The Moron, whoops, Moran illo wasn't very ghood, but ghood enuf, I guess (p.29). The Adams thing...well, is that an ILLO?

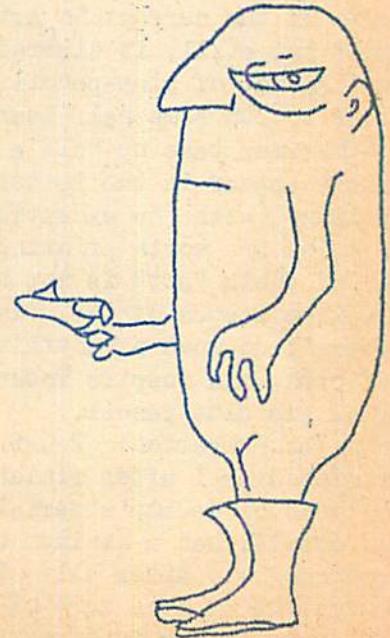
CAMERON: According to Pearson he did sell his ditto, and the nextish of SATA will be Photo-Offset. I see that you and I are agreed that at least ONE prozine review column should be eliminated. I just go a bit further. CAN BOTH OF THE MIZZUBLE THINGS! Gerber looks nothing at all like Jayne Mansfield.

BLOCH: Oh lord, Hamling is dropping fnz reviews? GOOD. Now there's no reason left to buy MADGE.

BPOWN: Dammit Maaan, I don't like prozine reviews. So sue me. Thanks for liking my drawing. I really appreciate that. Thanks.

BARNES: You are not me. Actually I am Skeberdis, who is really a penname of Walter Willis wha is...

PHOTO-COVER: was ghood. Now I know what some of the pipple I've been writing to look like.... I think I'll stop writing to them. Hey, will you look at that mustache on John Berry (snicker). ((Don't want you to think that I'M being prejudiced, it's just that I've never seen a mustache like that one. *Pear*



Pear

AMELIA: Her fmz reviews were interesting. I just can't agree with her on the business of the WSFS and Kyle.

Renfrew: Meyers: Don't like prozine reviews.

TOSKEY: Shows his ignorance in saying he does not like Bradbury. Gad. I enjoyed this, tho.

MORAN: eh SEBASTIAN: ditto CAMERON: cute, but what is a quiet Neegan?

MINUTES: Fun and Games. The Jenkins piece was pure egoboo for hisself, tho.

BISENIEKS: So what?

Well, Brainless ones, thassall,

Andrew Joel Reiss
741 Westminster Rd
Brooklyn 30, New York

(((((So you don't like prozine reviews --- so who says you gotta read them?...BRT))))))

GETTING BRUCED UP

The table of contents is impressive -- Willis, Berry, Weber...Weber? Oh, well, it's still impressive. With the publication of "The Minutes of The Wheels of IF", Wally's minutes have found serious competition. Don't know who'd win this competition, but it would be highly enjoyable to sit back and watch the contention. At any rate, more "Wheels" minutes should be demanded from the Hon. Secretary.

I think that a "Get Bloch a Better Sponsor" campaign would be an excellent idea. Besides the Bloch campaign, another must be waged: one for the return of the GDAHQ. All Goon ops and others kindly disposed should send immediately all kinds of building equipment for the construction of a new H.Q. If you can't send equipment, well -- I suppose money is still being used in Belfast. Rally Round the Flag of the GDA, Bhoys! Something Must Be Done.

Attention WALT (Ghod) WILLIS: Rich Brown is not responsible for Stinkwater J Goldfish, but only for Finkwater J. Goldfinch. I wrote the Stinkwater one, and I am not responsible at all!

Rich Brown's jokes are improving.

Bill Meyers: Py gholly, I never even considered the idea that you might be influencing the weather! Just goes to show the extent some people will go in order to prevent my neighborly visits. But as for being able to blackball me from the GDA, the only time that can be done is when an op gets smarter than the chief, and you know no one's smarter than the Goon!

Jim Moran: Serves you right for disbelieving in my Calf-2 zap. But you'll notice I didn't fire at your arms, so you can still write letters to the CRY. Because without your letters, I would probably have to read Deek's. Horrible That.

So that's what Kent Moomaw looks like. Without Garcone we'd never have a chance to see what sterling fellows some of these fen are. And in the light of that statement, maybe we should do away with Garcone at that.

Joe Sanders: In re: C.S.Lewis and his trilogy, I suppose that the matter of his being better than certain authors is purely a matter of opinion, but as for having live characters I'd like to know which characters you think are really "live". The protagonist and the antagonist both in PERELANDRA seem to be too stultified. And as for his having a sense of wonder, I should rather call it a sense of Thunder, since the trilogy is pure theological preaching with a sort of semi-SF framework. For the record, I think both

Merritt and Lovecraft are better than Lewis, and I haven't read any Wilcox.

Boyd Raeburn: I think Buz already took care of your remarks anent the CRY lettercol. What he didn't say, Toskey did. Ver' well, too.

Rich Brown: I have an idea that Meyers probably resented your being a pen-name of him, too.



And Es Adams' letter in 116 verifies that he writes prozine letters. I hadn't considered that the ending could be a parody of inconsequential mainstream fiction endings, so I thank you --- it's just the excuse I needed. Making Deeck mad shouldn't be too hard -- or do you mean angry? If you still mean mad he's already got quite a head-start, as indicated by writing to the CRY in the first place. If you mean angry, well,...ARE you Laney?

Leslie Gerber: Flattery will get you almost anywhere. If, as is suspected, you are a female, then it will get you anywhere.

Es Adams: You should know by now that it is impossible to lure me out into the open, particularly out of the bush country.

BEWARE, CRYERS: The Deep South Triangle has been completed. Adams to Meyers, Meyers to Pelz, and now Pelz to Adams. Being in personal contact just for a short time has established a rapport which should enable us to take over without any outside help. Though, of course, we would not be so unkind as to exclude anyone else who has worked so diligently toward the ultimate goal. (Are you still there, Rich?)

As to the art-work in this, pipples, your ATom covers are going to make any other covers you may decide to use look actually sick. Of course, there's a solution: use only ATom covers. Sort of a program of Art (Thomson) for CRY's sake. The interilloes were mostly Blooglies, which are to be rated as either Eccchhh or (Shrug.) The exceptions were the ATomillos (uv cuss), the Garcone portrait of Moomaw, and Bryer's contribution. But the best one was the Holocaust on page 4.

All in all, a most enjoyable ish, was CRY 116.

The Loud and ProFANE

Bruce Pelz C₂₃H₂₆N₂O₄
Box 3255 Univ. Sta.
Gainesville, Florida

(((Between you and a few others, Raeburn sure got told. Thanks for the nice letter. Sob. We have only one more ATom cover in our files, andx only a few more interior pics left. Hey ole ATom, we needs more ATomillos....BRT))))

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