

This, as you see above, is the September issue of CRY, Of The Nameless. Explanation will be the last phrase you will see, quoted here.

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This issue continues on, making for 5 years and one month of relentless MONTHLY CRYPUBBING (bigholly): 61 months, 61 issues. Only this one is slightly illegal. What with 3 of your poor-but-extravagant CRY-staff attending the Pittcon, it will be a little short of material. C'est la silly damn life, I think it is. One thing we can do to fill up space is to print OUR CONTENTS:

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Stencils Cut By: Typewriter, all. Daddy, 0, Bil l, Goshwahtwe 8.

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TV STORY FOR BUZ

By John Berry

Hey, Buz, I know you have a sense of humor similar to my own, and I want to tell you a joke I saw on TV last night. I nearly thew up, I laffed so much. I would say it is the best joke I've ever heard on TV or the wireless(or even on the stage, for that matter). Actually, it's a visual joke, but I'll do my best with the written word :-

The story concerns an American boy who always made a mess of everything. His scholistic career was a sucession of faux paus of considerable complexity. World War II came, and he joined the Air Force. His luck didn't change. During training, instead of shooting down the target drone, he shot down the plane carrying it. Finally, when he passed out as pilot, he'd wrecked fifteen training planes, and sent five instructors to the psycho ward. He was posted on an aircraft carrier in the Pacific, and even there proceeded to cause havoc in everything he did. One day, there was a briefing for the pilots, who were to attack a Japanese target. After it was finished, the officer in charge of this man's flight went to the C.O. and said, "Look, whatever you do, send Smith away in the opposite direction. If he goes with us, he's bound to shoot one of us down by mistake." So this was done. All the squadron took off and flew north, and Smith went South.

TV Story For Buz - Cont.

He cruised about for some time, and then six planes were coming towards him. He flew into the sun, and came up behind them. He saw they were Japanese type Zeros. He knew this was his one big chance. He'd made a mess of everything he'd done, and he'd cost his country thousands of dollars more than anyone else in cracked up planes, but here was his chance to redeem himself. The Japanese planes flew on without a care in the world, and Smith shot the lot of them down in one long burst.

This, he knew, was a magnificent show. An all time record. Six enemy planes in one burst. Elated, he landed on the aircraft carrier and rushed up to the first man he saw.

"I've done it," he screamed in triumph, "I've just shot down six Japanese planes."

((At this stage, Buz, the chap telling this joke put his fore fingers up to the corners of his eyes, pulled them upwards and said:-))

"Amelican swine!"

.....
Tell me, Buz, did you laff?

Keen Blue Plow & Bicycle

Renfrew FBM Pemberton

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As you know, we have two beloved and spoiled-rotten dachshunds. We knew that they tend to become attached to their little routines, but we had no idea.... on weekends, we sleep in. Finally, Elinor or I will arise, put on the coffee, let the dogs out for a good healthy ~~et~~ run, and like that. Then, the gimmick is that the one who is up will let the dogs get the other one up-- there is much business of rousing the dogs' enthusiasm so that they rush into the bedroom speaking in tongues and jumping up. Lately, Elinor has taken to dumping Nobby up on the bunk with me. In self-defense I fold the covers back over him and go back to sleep, while Nobby really works at snuggling-- eventually, Elinor has to roust out the both of us, usually. So this morning it was different. I got up to find both dogs gone off with Elinor to buy coffee, which was All Gone in this house. Everybody came home OK, coffee was set up, and suddenly here was Nobby fussing around the bedroom door. He knew damn well that we were both up and around, but by ~~Raid~~/ Kloote he had to be let to bounce into the room, be put up on the bed, and (we humor them) snuggled for a couple minutes, before he had done his bit. That Small Dog knows his duties and obligations and will not be put off his course.

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F*A*N*D*C*M H*A*R*F*E*S*T

by Terry Carr

Elinor Busby speaking of Nancy Mitford's novels as "the utmost limit of cynical that I can enjoy" reminds me of a young woman named Joan Dwyer, who also didn't dig sharp or vicious satire. She and her husband Bob and I were discussing satire one evening, and she said she just couldn't stand vicious satirists. "I like gentle satire," she said, "--like

Fandom Harfest - Cont.

Jonathan Swift!" Bob and I stared at her, dumb-struck.

"Gentle satire? Swift?" Bob exclaimed.

"What about 'A Modest Proposal'? There was some real gentle satire," I said.

"No, I mean like 'Gulliver's Travels'," said Joan

"But that's one of the most vicious satires I've ever read," said Bob.

"Well, I thought it was kind of gentle," Joan muttered.

Bob is one of the most cynical people I know of, and that was one reason all this was striking me so funny. He said, "I'll bet you think 'Peanuts' is gentle satire." "Of course!" said Joan. Bob said, "The other day in 'Peanuts' Lucy came up to Chairlie Brown and one of the others and wanted to play marbles with them. They let her play, and she lost. So she stood up and stomped all their marbles into the ground. That was a perfect satire on women. That's the way they are -- if they can't have things going their way they want to stomp the marbles into the ground." Joan just glared at him and insisted that "Peanuts" was gentle satire.

----Terry Carr

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Because we goofed we find we have some last minutes

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M*H*I*N*U*T*E*S

by Wally Weber

The first July 3, 1960 meeting of the Nameless Ones was called to order by Jim Webbert at 4:20 p.m., Mountain Standard Time, in the Platinum Room of the Penn-Sheraton Hotel, Pittsburgh 30, Penna, USA. By a decree of the President, the minutes of the preceeding meeting were approved as printed in CRY without suffering through the technicallity of having them read. The meeting was adjourned at 4:20:10, Mountain Standard Time.

Sleepy but Honorable Sec, Wally Weber

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HWYLLS

Elinor Busby

En Passant"

Buz came out and asked me if I wanted to go down to skid-road and listen to live jazz and I said yes and we did. We went down to Pete's Poop Deck first, and found the same group playing that were there the night we fell in love with modern jazz. The Bob Winn Quintet, 'tis known as. Bob Winn plays sax, clarinet and flute. Gerald Brashear plays sax and congo drums & bongos. Also have a pianist, bass and drummer. (I know you're not interested, but I am.) Be patient a moment longer. Notes on sounds: flue--sweet, cold and grieving. Clarinet--eloquent and debonair. Congo drums--subtle rhythms from flickering dusky hands.

To continue--Wally Gonser had shown up as we were leaving the house, and it wasn't clear in our minds as to whether or not we were to meet him and Jerry Frahm at No Place, so just in case we were, we split the Poop Deck scene. Our last previous evening on Skidroad No Place had had the best muxic. 'Twasn't so last Friday night. The group was no place compared with ol' Bob Winn, and the leader;s main talent was apparently as a singer. He sang

in a very competent high resonant quaver, strongly reminiscent of Billy Williams (is that his name? Billy somethingorother). Had not got Billy's lush bosomy wriggings down. Give him ten years. We didn't grieve when intermission came. But instead of recorded classical guitar, which they had our previous time at No Place and which we felt provided a pleasant and rather distinguished change of pace, they had a jerk in a tweed jacket, who, after patting Jesus Christ on the head with affectionate contempt, got onto politics, world affairs, and the like. I only remember one detail. He was talking about the people who were skinned and their hides tanned and tattooed with pornography, including detailed descriptions of every position in which sexual intercourse can be effected. Said "I believe Eisenhower has that lampshade now." To put it mildly, he was offensive, and Buz was offended and started to heckle and a group of this jerk's friends started to heckle back rather threateningly and it was a bit unpleasant. It was a bad scene. We ended our evening at the Poop Deck, where we stayed until it got quite late and rather tight out, soothing our ruffled nerves in good loud coolness.

The next day we went to look at Toskey's kittens, who are very young and do not have much personality yet. Tosk invited us to come out for a steak dinner Monday, but I said I didn't want to come back for another week, until his kittens are older.

--Elinor Busby

CRY OF THE READERS

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Dear Nameless;

I hope you'll forgive me this little transgression. I just didn't want to see CRY go down the drain, so to speak. Not that I really think this will help, but I have more CRY tradition behind me than any other fan, save you Seattle-ites, and I'm still of the mind that Tradition Must Be Carried On. Dunno if I'll do it again. I think it depends on what the reaction will be. Maybe some other bright CRY writer will do the same for you, the next time you take a vacation.

Besides, I've done something I've always threatened to do. I've done it more devastatingly, here, than has any other fan who ever tried -- for I have Taken Over The CRY!

Or perhaps, seeing that you had decided to shown your strength of will, it really Took Over Me? Could be.

deploribus neofan,

rich brown, box 1136, lyndall afb, fla

WEALSOHEARDFROM: No, we didn't, to be perfectly truthful..we didn't hear from BRUCE PELZ nor, for that matter even NORM METCALF. That's the trouble with putting out a not-CRY. You don't get comments on the previous one. However, we didn't hear from HARRY WARNER JR and a lot of others, too, like BOB LICHTMAN for instance or even NANCY THOMPSON. Too bad. IAN McAULAY didn't write us a letter and we need one from BOYD RAEBURN too. Tho franked by rich brown, it won't hurt to send comments to CRY

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Make Sure this gets to:

ELLA PARKER
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WEST KILBURN
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ENGLAND

Fans may come and fans may go, but the CRY goes on, Forever!

