

CRY OF THE NAMELESS

AUGUST 1957

NUMBER 106



barbara silverberg



bob silverberg



alan e nourse



boyd raeburn

*REPORT
ON THE
MIDWESTCON*
by G. M. Carr



edmond
hamilton

leigh
brackett



ted white



bea mahaffey

robert bloch



g m carr

frank carr



bob tucker

August 1957

number 106

Cry of the Nameless is a blot on Fandom foisted upon unsuspecting fankind on or about the first of each month. The area of torture is limited to its subscribers, who pay for the privilege of being tortured thusly at the rate of: \$1.00 for 12 issues
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A new machine is being added to the working machines whose combined groans produce this publication. For the benefit of newcomers, I shall now list our machines.

The Standard Duplicator (Ditto), owned by the Busbys and the Pembertons
The A.B. Dick Mimeograph (black mimeo), owned by The Nameless Ones
Old Faithless (Red mimeo) (Sears Roebuck \$40 model), owned by Wally Weber
The Ottomatic (Green mimeo) (1903 Edison-Dick) owned by Otto Pfeifer
THE Dread Multigraph, owned by Weber, Toskey, and the Busbys jointly, but generally considered to have a mind of its own.

Regular meetings of The Nameless Ones occur on August 15, September 5, 19, in Room 4122 Arcade Bldg, Seattle, at 8:00 P.M. Possible irregular meeting on August 29, details to be arranged at the August 15th meeting.

MIDWESTCON ---- 1957

by G. M. Carr

I've noticed some things about Con reports that often tend to make them far less interesting to the reader than it obviously was for the writer to write: to wit, the blow-by-blow description of every meal the writer ate, including whether or not he liked it; every drink he drank and just how drunk it made him; every measly ride he hitched getting there and back, sometimes taking up as much space as the report itself; plus the description of all his intimate physical activities in connection with the ordinary business of living during the interval. All of which, although undoubtedly of intense interest to the person involved, bears exactly the same relation to a Convention Report that a nutshell bears to a nut. Therefore, I shall expect the reader of this article to assume that I ate whenever I was hungry, drank whether I was thirsty or not, if the occasion warranted, went to bed and got up again as necessary, and otherwise conducted the physical necessities of living for the time involved. Also, I shall expect the reader to realize that obviously I must have traveled to and from the Con in order to get there and back, so will merely mention that I flew both ways. If the reader has flown, he/she knows what it's like --- if he hasn't, there's no use wasting time trying to explain (except to add that when the NORTHWEST AIRLINES advertizes a "Champagne flight" on TV, they're not kidding! No sooner had we reached cruising altitude and loosened out safety belts than the Stewardess brought around a tray of long-stemmed champagne glasses and followed them up with a platter of Hors d'Oeuvres... Weren't stingy with the refills, either. Believe me, they had me floating on a cloud in more ways than one on that trip!) The things of greatest interest at a Con, it seems to me, are not the things the writer did there, but his impressions of the people he met. Since Toskey just called me up and told me there will be a page of pix to illustrate this Con Report (if and when I ever get it done) I might just as well start with that and begin with the first couple on the illos illos,

MR & MRS ROBERT SILVERBERG:

Well, on the basis of visual evidence, I have to concede that Bob Silverberg is NOT a 40 year old man with a paunch and a soup-stained vest, as I described my impression of him in FAPA a while ago! He didn't (as he pointed out) even have a vest, much less any soup stains. Of course, both Bob and Barbara, together might add up to the total in years and in poundage, but I assure you, the effect is much, much different! They are a very nice looking couple --- they seem to go together, somehow, as though you couldn't possibly imagine either one of them married to anyone else. She is slender --- almost tiny --- comes about to the proper height with relation to Bob's shoulder, (is standing on a step in this picture) has darkish brown hair that Bob had whacked into the very latest type of Hurricane bob (that's windblown with emphasis) with the evident intention of trying to keep her from attracting too many males, but unfortunately it turned out to look very nice and the males kept flocking around anyway --- or maybe she's one of those fortunate females that looks nice no matter what she does with her hairdo. She wasn't exactly pretty --- a la Marilyn Monroe, that is --- but

she looked just right for Bob. I heard her reply in answer to a query as to what she did, "I'm an engineer at Columbia..." but she did not elaborate on just what kind of an engineer, so I don't know whether she studies Engineering or teaches it, whether she sits at a drawing board and designs new machines or hides in the bowels of the buildings and twists valves and reads gauges on 'em. But if she says she's an Engineer, I dare say she is one, and a good one, too, because that's the way she looks. BOB, too, simply exudes an aura of competence — more than just mere competence. An almost monumental calm; a serene confidence that neither boasts nor even recognizes any need for boasting. He is himself: complete, sure of himself and apparently sure of what he is and wants to be. Not egotistical, but above anything so petty as mere egotism. He gives the impression of moving mentally in realms where the ego is merely the glue which holds his faculties in place — a necessary vehicle for enabling his mind to function properly. Personally, I was very favorably impressed with Bob. I think he will probably be a great man some day. Maybe not rich or famous, but fully developed in soul and character, and entirely adequate to his own environment and capabilities. It makes me rather humble and proud to think "I knew him when...."

ALAN NOURSE doesn't really belong in this page of pix, because he wasn't at the MIDWESTCON but at the NULLCON here in Seattle that took place the week previously. I met him briefly at the Busbys and my chief impression of him was red hair and a Scotch-Irish expression; tall, square, and scrubbed-looking — as befits a Doctor who works at it. He made himself right at home in the Busby living room, with Daschunds weaving in and out among his legs and fans breathing in and out among the words of deathless wisdom that fell from his lips when they weren't otherwise engaged with a mug of Buz's home brew..... After all, it was not his fault that, being the only Pro in the group, the chair where he sat automatically developed an invisible pedestal. Such hero-worshipping should only happen to nice young authors in need of a little ego-boosting once in a while. Dr. Alan Nourse IS a nice young author and I, for one, certainly hope he enjoyed the lavish adulation enough to come again. (Seattle Fandom needs all the counterbalance it can get to make up for writers like Squink Blog!)

BOYD RAEURN and Gerald Steward surprised me by being just about exactly what I'd supposed the other one to be... (in appearance, that is) although Gerald Steward's gentle manner reflected the immense patience he must have had in order to remain head of the NFFF Welcomittee as long as he did. Altogether a gentleman in everything he said and did — (at least that I saw.) Raeburn, on the other hand, although undoubtedly a gentleman too for all that I know to the contrary, certainly looked more like the type of character that could be expected to drive a sports car vrooom — vrooom — VROOOOM — down the highways. But then, I have to admit that appearances are deceiving. After all, who'd expect a Grandmother to vrooom — vrooom — VROOOOM — down the highway in a sports car? (NOTE: FMBusby says this sounds vaguely insulting — sorry, Boyd. But you know it isn't. Why should I insult you? I liked riding in your sports car. In fact, I even liked you. Bold huzzy that I am.

EDMOND HAMILTON and LEIGH BRACKETT were so surrounded in an aura of glamour as far as I was concerned, being pros and all that — especially Mrs. Brackett, for whose writing I have a profound admiration — that I find there isn't much to say about them. My principle reaction to Ed Hamilton was surprise that the author of The Star Kings was an ordinary-looking human being after all (although I should have known he would be — after all, EE Evans and Doc Smith haven't got neon letters proclaiming their books around their heads like halos!) Leigh (Mrs. Hamilton) Brackett is a very charming and gracious woman, poised and competent without being overwhelmingly so. It certainly wasn't her fault that all the time I was around her I kept realizing that for all my gabiness on the typewriter, I've never written anything worth selling.....

TED WHITE turned out to be a really fan-type character a la Theodore Sturgeon. It may have been an accidental resemblance induced by a hastily-grown Sturgeon-type beard, or it may possibly have been a deliberate attempt to emphasize a desired resemblance. I don't know, but the resemblance was there. No guitar, tho, just the beard and a loose-tailed sport shirt. I was disappointed that neither Richard Eney nor Jack Harness turned up at the Con because I had hoped for a chance to check some theories of mine anent the subject I recently turned loose on FAPA, i.e. "What Makes GMC SO Obnoxious?" Ted White, however, did very nicely in their place and I enjoyed very much the somewhat noisy discussion we had. (God only knows what conclusions the goggle-eyed bystanders drew from our repartee, --- we collected quite a crowd of them as we drifted down the block to the Banquet Hall, arguing every step of the way from the Swimming Pool where we started our debate.) But I did succeed in confirming one suspicion I wanted to check. I had noticed (and mentioned as some of you know) that in some instances there seemed to be much too excessive a heat generated from the comparatively small amount of fuel my arguments provided... Most rational arguers, when they run across an intransigent opinion, merely shrug their shoulders or shake their head with a gesture of disgust and mutter something to the effect that, "Ah...she's nuts! She's way off the beam and too stupid to see it, so why bother to argue? Even if she did see it, she's too stubborn to admit it!" But in a few cases, of which Ted White's arguments about censorship were one, this is not so. Therefore I dug away at Ted's reasoning until I discovered what seems to be the answer: In the particular controversy which caused Ted's ire, I argued the necessity of censorship where meretricious individuals were willing to endanger the emotional safety of unstable and helpless victims of maladjusted environmental conditions via comic books. Ted disputed this necessity with a heat out of all proportion to the arguments involved. But it turned out that Ted's entire concept of this problem was embodied in one particular hassle between some friends of his (whose artistic integrity he admired) and certain (to hear him describe it) outstanding examples of the Fugghead Element of Officialdom whose avocation runs toward pushing other people around. Apparently, then, what happened was simple: Ted's loyalties had turned his sense of values upside down, and his subconscious was putting up an awful fight trying to resolve these values in the face of these loyalties. Why? Because the good guys, the real nice joes, the ones with the pleasant personalities and artistic integrity, were the ones who were actually doing the very thing that I said was being done: incurring censorship because of the material they produced. But the Censor (whose action I condoned) was (to head Ted tell it) a highly disgusting type of person with what little good sense he might originally have possessed so coupled with stupidity and officiousness that he couldn't recognize artistic integrity if it were labeled with fluorescent paint. It was the indignity of having a thoroughly undesirable and fuggheaded personality getting away with pushing around some genuinely nice people that was eating Ted. He could not see any aspect of the problem except that. He cited examples: and even in citing them, he could not see that he answered himself. Because the examples he used merely explained why only that particular fugghead COULD function as a Censor in such an instance... only the kind of mind that could see the stuff in the first place could be the one to censor it. He mentioned "Batman and Robin" and said that any normal mind could see in this cartoon-strip only a decent father-son relationship. But he overlooked the fact that if the censor saw a homosexual connotation to it, so would other unstable and susceptible minds. It looks very much to me as though the undue heat in this argument came from Ted's own subconscious reluctance to admit that, no matter how nice guys his friends were, and no matter how obnoxious a screwball the Censor was, still his friends could have been and obviously were in the wrong, and the Censor, disgusting and pigheaded though he was, actually was right. (It has often been charged with regard to my arguments that the personality of the participants has no real bearing on the validity of the arguments. In this case, the fact that the EC artists were thoroughly nice joes who did not know they were pandering to perverts, much less do it intentionally (if Ted's interpretation of the hassle was correct) did not change the fact that the material was coming to the unfavorable attention of people who had a very

real problem on their hands and were trying to plug every leak, no matter how small, if it would help matters any. Also, the fact that in the course of this effort, they were unpleasant about it, doesn't really alter the necessity for it. Does it? What do the rest of you think? But it certainly did point up the fact that personalities DO enter into the picture --- even in a discussion of relative values in the abstract.

BEA MAHAFFEY showed up in the Seascope Room for only a few moments before being carted off to some party or other, still lovely as ever even if she isn't technically Bea Mahaffey any more (she's married, but I don't recall her husband's name off hand...)

ROBERT BLOCH & BOB TUCKER were up to their much-vaunted poker sessions, but my private opinion is that they aren't so hot when it comes to poker playing! I thought it was probably just a fluke when Mark Walsted took them for the price of an original painting in a poker session at Portland in 1949 --- but it's stretching coincidence TOO far to accuse Lady Luck of looking the other way when they get took by a novice at Cincinnati too! L. Sprague De Camp's teen-aged youngster cleaned out the whole gang with a rash of Beginner's Luck, and even old Grandma Carr got out of it with her bankroll intact. (Not that I deserve any credit for that -- I admit they had me fooled! The way they play they change the rules with every hand, "Dealer's Choice" they call it, and by some screwy conglomeration of rules I ended up having five aces in my hand when it only looked like a measly pair of aces and a trio of tens! But when they told me I latched onto the loot and lammed.... Fortunately, there was a lineup of suckers waiting for my seat, so I had a good excuse. Those boys may be sharks when it comes to poker, but I have my own private opinions as to who is taking who when it comes to winning. Like the report of Mark Twain's death, I think their prowess is "much exaggerated". But take little David Tucker, now...there's a comer for you! He's only about 4 years old, but I got into a snappy game of Casino with him and Mrs. Tucker and Bob Tucker, Jr. and what I mean little Davy was right in there holding his own! Wait 'till he gets a few years older and he'll be something to watch out for in a poker game! Fern Tucker is a very pleasant and easy-going person to be around, and I enjoyed Bob Tucker, Jr. Too.

GMC & FRANK J. CARR --- not that the latter belongs among these convention pics, seeing that he was safely home in his own basement at the time the pic was taken --- but most appropriate, anyway, because wherever I go the impeccable respectability of being Mrs. Frank J. Carr follows me as implacably as the shadow followed Jorgen Not that I object, of course. Having my own built-in chaperone comes in very handy. Alas.

Not shown on the illos nor mentioned in this report were literally scores of fans that I met with keenest enjoyment: fellow ampubbers and correspondents, club members that I had heard of but never met before, and fans that I've known for years in the vague and evanescent manner that convention-going fans know each other. I spent quite a bit of time with Bob and Juanita Coulson and the Gene DeWeese's, enjoyed a brief bus ride with pro Charles DeVet (Growing Up on Big Muddy, Aug. ASTOUNDING); sat beside pro EEEvans at the Smorgasbord. ("Little Miss Efficiency" series) and learned that robot or no, the Little Miss is slated to learn the Facts of Life in a forthcoming story --- or, at least, the answer to her plaintive query "What's a baby?". I had a chance to plug for one of my all-time favorites "Enchanted Weekend" to be made into a movie when Marty Greenberg goes to Hollywood; and I went to dinner with L. Sprague de Camp, Jr. on the strength of his poker winnings.... Met William Grant (CANADIAN FANDOM) a whole raft of SAPS and/or FAPANS & I think I met Kent Moomaw, but for all his loud and brash opinions, via mail, Kent was strangely scarce in person. With a convention right in his own back yard, so to speak, one would assume that so noisy a neo would have the gumption to come out and be seen.... Apparently Kent's courage is all on paper, expressed in the safety of his own little private cubbyhole with the door safely locked. At least, if he did attend the Midwescon, he certainly made a good job of remaining a nobody in the crowd....

HARLAN ELLISON wasn't at the Midwestcon in person, but most definitely there in name... The first mention I heard of him was Nick Falasca saying, "I just thought of a good one --- who hasn't written their dedication to Harlan Ellison yet?" It was at the banquet hall, after the Smorgasbord, while the waiters were lackadaisically clearing the tables item by sloth-like item and the camera crew were standing on first one foot and then the other waiting to set up their equipment and start running the films from England. Nick and Noreen had a book about "What's Wrong With the Army" and were carrying it around to everyone that knew Harlan even remotely by hearsay to get it autographed for him. Most of the fans seized the chance eagerly --- I know I did, because I was sorry Harlan wasn't there to enjoy the fun --- and retired to a comparatively quiet corner to let my fannish-type humor bubble up some sparkling gem for his benefit, and I noticed almost everyone else was doing the same. But even so slight an effort wasn't really necessary, because Noreen and Nick were thinking up dedications as fast as anybody, and if some unwary fan "...just can't think of anything to say..." Nick or Noreen was right there with some wisecrack to loan them. It's impossible, at this late date, to know which of all those fannish jests were perpetrated by the signers, and which were Falasca-type humor. Most of the dedications were hilariously funny ---- but some I thought were rather cruel...perhaps unintentionally cruel. I happened to see how one of them was perpetrated: It was Sunday morning beside the swimming pool. The Bob Coulsons, Lee Tremper, Betty DeWeese and I were crowded around E.E. Evans' bottle of Baby Oil, trying to keep in the shade of the table umbrella. More ambitious fans (or else those already so sunburned they didn't even try to keep out of the direct sun) were circulating around from group to group, saying goodbyes or exchanging notes on their hangovers. Nick and Noreen came bubbling up to our table saying, "Just thought of another good one for Harlan...anybody here not signed yet?" All of us had but Lee Tremper, so she was elected to sponsor this dedication, i.e., "I wish I could think of something brilliant to say, but you're not worth it." Lee protested, as forcefully as possible through her morning-after lassitude, "But I like Harlan ---". It was no use; she was shouted down. Everybody joined in with suggestions, some echoing the Falasca's idea, some offering alternative ideas. In the ensuing din, Noreen managed to fix a hypnotic eye on Lee and succeeded in dictating the inscription. In spite of Lee's plaintive reiterations, "...but I like Harlan..." the noise was too much for her, and that's how the inscription was written. It seemed wonderfully funny at the time, but since then I've wondered if it seems funny to Ellison. Perhaps reading the circumstances will take out the sting, if any. The funniest thing of all, as she wrote down word for word at Noreen's dictation, was Lee's useless protestation --- "...but I like Harlan..."

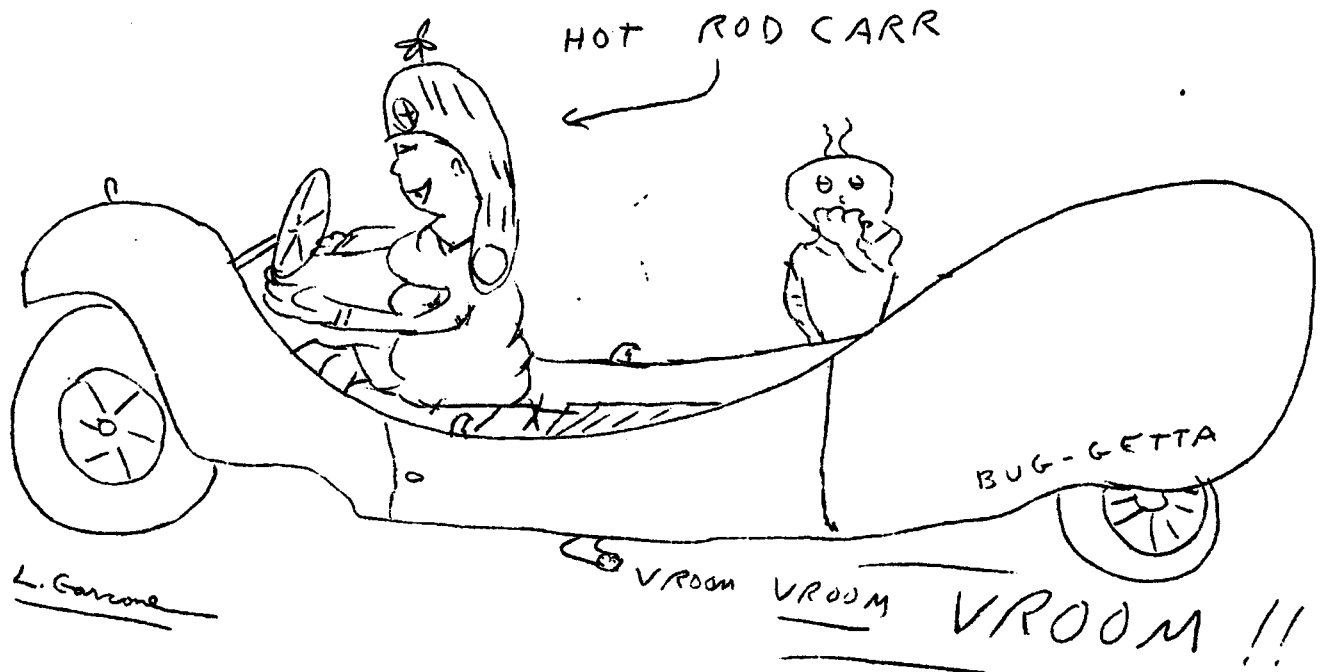
ISAAC ASIMOV was probably the biggest surprise of the entire convention. By this time, I should know better than to expect anybody to look like what I think they ought to look like, but, even so, Asimov was really a demouement. Somehow, I had expected a tall, dark, esthetically-intellectual type --- you know, the kind that has suffered --- (with a capital 'S' --- Suffffferred ---) and shows it in the burning fire in his deep, dark eyes and shadowed marble brow...etc. etc... But that Asimov? He turned out to be a senior-sized Harlan Ellison without the pipe and mustache. He's loud and brash and brassily jovial, built like a pugilist and with a voice to match. He's got a personality that bowls you over like a bulldozer --- only in a friendly way that makes you like being steamrolled in his irresistible object advance. He's not at ALL what I expected --- but, suddenly, I understand his books better. My gosh! The man is simply loaded with talent; he's got more on the ball than any five men you're apt to meet in the course of a day. He's a professional author that's tops in his field, he's a University professor that's way up there in that field, he's brilliant in intellect, forceful in personality, quick-witted in conversation (gosh! the interlineations that went to waste in his vicinity!) and a very friendly person to meet.

JIM HARMON, on the other hand, was very much what I would have supposed him to be if I'd ever taken the trouble to wonder about him. To tell the truth, I have always had difficulty in keeping Jim Harmon and Jack Harness separated in my mind, and this

unfortunate tendency to lump them together as one total entity came very much to the fore at this Con. I was hoping to see Jack and somebody pointed out Harmon to me as Harness, and it took no end of trouble for me to straighten out Jim Harmon the Professional Author from the (unfortunately) absent Professional Scientist Jack Harness. I kept persistently reminding Harmon of the illustrations Harness had made, and gazing in perplexity trying to find the 175-point IQ Harness reports for himself. Eventually I managed to accept the fact that Jim Harmon has a separate identity of his own, and even manages to do all right with it! Apparently he is quite an up-and-coming pro -- on a par with Ellison and Silverberg in the point of sales -- and may turn out to be as prolific as any of them although, to tell the truth, he looks so sleepy and indolent that I wonder how he manages to stay awake long enough to do any writing! (But maybe that was just the temporary influence of certain smoke-filled rooms.)

I realize I haven't done justice in this report to the many fans present at the Con, but I'll probably be drooling reminiscences in my Mailing Comments in SAPS & FAPA from now until the next Con I'm lucky enough to get to. But there's one thing it would be asking too much of human nature to expect me to omit mentioning: i.e., I had a WONDERFUL time and simply wallowed in egoboo! Everybody was so wonderful to me that I felt like Old Lady Fandom herself -- and even when they weren't especially nice on purpose (which almost everybody was!) even the startled doubletake on their sensitive fannish faces when I said, "I'm G.M. Carr" was worth the price of admission... And speaking of that, I figured out that my round-trip ride via air, plus the expenses of a weekend at the North Plaza Motel, came to about \$360 which is just about what my trip to Chicago in 1952 cost. (excluding the bump on the head, of course!) I also figured up the probable cost of going to the London Con via air from the East Coast, and came to the surprising discovery that New York fans could probably go to London for about what I spent getting to Cincinnati -- or within \$25 or so of it. Which just goes to show that you don't have to be a millionaire to attend a Con (although it sure would help!) and even a WorldCon shouldn't be beyond the reach of any reasonably solvent fan.... See you in Scuthgate in '58?

(THE END)



THE S-F FIELD PLOWED UNDER

by RENEW PEMBERTON

SSF, Oct (#6) is the latest zine out, but as the space following this column is already filled, an ad-lib review of SSF will replace some laudatory remarks on the recent MidwestCon, planned for this part of the page.

Galouye's "Childless Ones" carries a new possibility in alien life-cycles to a repulsive conclusion; "Song of the Axe" (Don Berry) is a good old PLANET-type Earth-agent-in-the-Casbah job, and fun, sort of. Agberg's "Death Planet" shows evidence of rush-writing in its treatment of human conflict on a raging jungle world. "A Time for Revenge" by Knox is a bit inevitable in outcome, but I liked the portrayal of the Vordillans. Dick Smith's "Fear Trap" was less than it promised to be. "The Better Life" by de Vet caught me, I must admit, way off base at the windup; good play. Oops, the rest of the master is full already...

SPACE #2, August 57, bimonthly (but 5 months since #1): the cover blurb "Flying Saucers Do Exist", which turns out to be the title of a story by Steve Frazee when you look inside far enough. This is a perfect literary-type story with real live SatEvePost characters and a rather nasty implication that no religious person can stand the idea of c-t's because such would refute the idea that God created Man as the crown of creation and etc. I groch at this artificial dichotomy, particularly as it shows up in this issue's next story also, which might or might not indicate an ideological slant in the editorial dep't. Maybe the editor is just "too fantisted by the scoop and message of the picture" (to quote the immortal Koogle). Frazee speaks through a reporter of the sad fate of his lovable(?) SadSack buddy; "The Thing from Outer Space" by Jean Martin plays a similar tune with a couple of oldsters (one named "Aunt Allie", which you might have expected from the breath-taking originality of the title), bitter competitors in raising cucumbers for the county fair. If you can't guess how this one comes out, you must've let you "Post" sub lapse a long time ago. Raymond Jones, Russ Winterbotham, Jack Vance, Mack Reynolds, and another Clarke reprint from "White Hart" all fail to salvage this issue; some of the stuff is pretty good but the thing simply has the wrong flavor. The general effect seems to be that SPACE is produced by non-stf types and it shows; the stf mentality cannot be counterfeited (cf Vortex, Science Fiction Digest, and Ziff-Davis). Not a matter of IQ but of viewpoint.

SCIENCE FICTION ADVENTURES (#6, Sept), on the other hand, is nowhere near as literary as SPACE but is solidly stf-oriented. SFA looks to be an attempt to fill a gap in the field. We all know how our first-read stf stories remain dear to us even after we realize they aren't so much in their own right. We graduate to more sophisticated stuff yet holler for the Good Old Days. If somebody prints stories comparable to those of the Good Old Days, we rightly renounce them as crud. Well, SFA (and Venture, for instance) seem to be trying to bring out a better grade of the action-stuff that most of us cut our stf-teeth on, so that we can have our cake and eat it too. Sometimes they are quite successful.

Here, we begin with Kornbluth's "The Slave", combining such unlikely plot-elements as a rundown ex-Fed-agent (busted out because his TF leaked) ironically disguised as an entirely different type of neurotic for alien-bait, a virus for cancer used as bait by Others, psi-drive starships, and the theme that People are gonna win on account they got more on the ball. A little loosey-goose. Hmmm, yeh — it sounds silly this way, but I had fun reading it.

John Victor Peterson's "Mission to Oblivion" is a fair-good job on human problems of adjustment to alien conditions and consequences fouled up as usual by I-know-besters in Authority. The story suffers from overuse of terms such as "magnetonar", "polarstatic", "Magnelectrograph", and other gimmick-words of the type popular twenty years ago, meaningless to the layman and downright irritating to the technical types. Not a bad twister, though, if you can wade through to it.

Doggonit, Bob Silverberg is still having trouble with names. His "The Flame and the Hammer" is a let's-overthrow-the-rotten-ol'-empire piece complete with treacherous priesthood and all, and would flow along quite well if it weren't for the names. This seems to be a real problem, and I wish I could come up with a pat answer. It's not just a matter of familiar names being easier to follow than Quez Xzartul's and such: familiar names hodgepodged on me in Bob's "The Artifact Business" from the Apr FU, reviewed in CRY #101. So it looks as if it isn't solely the difficulty of concocting distinguishable names; the introduction and handling (particularly early in the tale) of these cognomens is the rugged bite. Maybe an avenue of attack would be to recall stories in which unusual names are easy to follow, and then see how they are manipulated. Well, I never had any trouble with Doc Smith's characters, or Clement's aliens (though his humans sometime confuse), or the weirdies in Clarke's "Rescue Party"; van Vogt had a real knack for names. (Mainstream fiction, usually held up as a shining example, is also full of characters that can't be distinguished without checkmarks; only Pipor approaches the worst mainstream confusion, and de Camp in full four-part flight on Krishna.)

In "Flame and Hammer" the unwieldy repetition of long name-&-titles configurations could be avoided by having the name appear in the dialogue rather than the narrative; people don't use full-dress-address much except in ceremony. (But that gets tricky, too, sometimes -- hmn.)

One other thing: the Empire, though decadent, had the merit of largely preventing interstellar wars. The successful rebellion eliminated the Imperial torturers all right, but I got a rather dead-end impression of the Big Picture.

Well, let's don't even talk about the "science" in SFA, but the overall flavor is pretty much an improved version of the action-epics we mostly broke in on, and as such is enjoyable.

F&SF, August: an "All New" issue, which practically guarantees a good one. Walt Miller veers from the sanctified series with "The Lineman", 50 pages serious enough for Campbell, sexy enough for Venture, and solid enough for Pemberton. What happens when a shipload of prostitutes sets down on a moonscape from which women are legally barred and upon which men have been stationed a little too long?

Stu Palmer's "Dream Stuff" is a pseudo-wish-fulfillment deal in which Heaven goofs but somebody else takes the brunt -- pfui. Too much RHIP going around already without having it for a Moral in our light reading. Clingerman's "A Day for Waving" is a gentle-type ghostie; pleasant. "Homestead" by Rog Phillips (hey, lookie, a long time no see) is a wry grim bit of development that is likely to surprise you by making you enjoy it (unless you have a very delicate stomach). Of all things.

Les Cole's "Tripod" is an interesting tour-de-force in structure, which does come off, though that very structure precludes any great reader-identification. (You have to use that term "reader-identification" now and then, so's folks will know you're up-to-date.) Ken Bulmer & dknight have a deal which possibly didn't strike me as funny as it may strike you: "The Day Everything Fell Down". Seems all the women took off in a ship from Sirius

and things sort of went to pot. Doris Buck's "Spanish Spoken" tickled my humerus considerably more; the superiority of this particular treatment of the basic idea is probably in the proportion of buildup to payoff.

Heinlein's "The Menace From Earth", recognizably coherent with his SatEvePost series that began with the memorable "Green Hills of Earth" but sagged, holds interest well enough to disguise its basic and familiar SatEvePost plot until the glow of reading enjoyment wears off. In essence, it's the good old Siren-from-out-of-town romantically menacing the forthright adolescent heroine, but RAH decks it out with such fascinating "Loonie" background that the resemblance (or rather identity) doesn't obtrude, during. I didn't think anybody could get away with this in the so-called Big Three this decade. It just goes to show; I wonder if Rob't had any trouble getting his tongue back out of his cheek. Some folks are outstanding even when they're clowning.

Once again Boucher proves out on the best book-reviewers in the field. This man can weave a thread of common viewpoint through a group of books with no impression of superficiality. Also, he spots for us the obvious which we have dimly seen but failed to name, as with "Stars My Destination": "The basic plot is of THE COUNT OF MONTE CRISTO: The Convict's Revenge..."; with Anthony this is not the opening wedge of derogation but a factual description, and how I failed to make this correlation I'll never know. AB likes "Stars", which says something for his fairness when it is recalled that the story was originally scheduled for F&SF. Away from ghosts and religion Boucher is mainly unprejudiced in his reviewing tastes, and perceptive.

My last year's diatribes against F&SF aren't too applicable this year.

HARDCOVER: The Doubleday S-F Book Club sent us two good goes this month. First is Heinlein's "juvenile", "Time For the Stars". Dealing with telepathic twin-or-triplet groups as means of instantaneous communications between Earth and starships, and between groups of diverging ships, this holds interest in people and situations all the way. It is marred only by the (rather necessary, for story purposes) adoption of a one-sided view of the relativistic time-paradox a la "To the Stars", and the (it seems) inevitable ending to long-years voyage stories: Progress Catches Up. Otherwise great.

Chad Oliver's "Winds of Time" has all the elements of a gripping stftale: stranded human aliens in desperate search of a non-suicidal human culture (for reassurance and companionship), suspended animation to wait for a civilization to grow up, contemporary fellow with problems and involvements, crises, and what have you. It came off OK with me until Amelia began picking holes in it: that the overall writing style is too emotional for the lack of contact with individual characters, for instance. I'm not sure if this fits my reaction or not -- I know the story didn't pan out with enough whammy for all the buildup, but am not sure just why. Oliver has done better, but there's a lot less than this floating around for the same (or more) money.

SOME PAPERBACKS: Rex Gordon's "First On Mars" is a unique piece these days. An ACE single (D-233, 35¢), the book combines practical how-to-survive problems with a couple of late switches done in double-flashback: the contact with the top-dog Martians and the advent of a subsequent Earth expedition are sandwiched in small gobbets. Some of the best parts of the book are here, too, but my back is up at bits of the protagonist's philosophising within a page or two of the ending. It's good enough in long-term essence but I think he goofs, in terms of his own experience, on short-term prognostication; it doesn't ring true. But then, editors are just something we got to live with (thank you, Wally Weber), and it's entirely possible that the last couple pages are the result of editorial insistence that the people (be prophesied to) WIN, instead of running up cold against the necessity of changing

the overall motivation of the human race, the author's pitch up to them. The Robinson Crusoe angle is very well detailed and convincing, though I was carried along too fast to note whether each and every achievement is physically possible. Mainly good.

Then there's GOSmith's "Space Plague", originally "Highways in Hiding" in four issues on Imagination (Mar-June '55). Somehow it reads better under one set of covers. The shall-we-say plot is pseudo-van Vogt with the traditional hero drawn against his will into obfuscating circumstances and never finding out which way is up until it's nearly all over. This one gets piled up in a car, finds his fiancée missing and everyone swearing she wasn't along when he knows she was, too. Then we have Mekstrom's disease which turns people slowly and painfully to stone before killing them (this disease showed up after a one-shot space-flight which is never mentioned after the initial explanation -- that's why the "Space Plague" retitled). Our hero runs into some superhard, superstrong people in his fey search for his missing sweetheart, and immediately with the author's help decides that somebody has found out how to turn the Plague into a Good Thing. Now we have the good guys who merely want to help everyone afflicted with this dread malady, and the bad guys who want to use it for personal power. Boy, what an original conception! Then we have lots and lots of action, and it's kinda fun.

Ballantine combines 60-page tales by William Golding, John Wyndham, and Hervyn Peake to produce "Sometime, Never" (#215, 35¢). Golding's "Envoy Extraordinary" juggles the hot potato of a prematurely-inventing genius in the latter days of the Roman Empire, to very good effect. Loved the way he handled his people, AND his punchline. Wyndham has "Consider Her Ways", a prediction of antlike or beelike specialization among females in a maleless world, with a sneaky old double-switch on the end which to me warped the integrity of the story for a shock-effect that didn't make it. Otherwise it's of great interest except for one large flaw: considering the hazards of childbearing for the obese, is it reasonable that women of the Mother class who regularly bear parthenogenetic clutches of four should be kept so damn' fat they can barely toddle? The self-disgust/repulsion of the contemporary girl sidetracked into the body of a future Mother is played up for sympathy, but the development is not biologically feasible. OK for egg-layers, which is probably where Wyndham slipped in his analogy. Hervyn Peake's "Boy in Darkness" is a unique and oddly gripping piece of alogical fantasy with touches of "The Outsider", "Dr. Moreau", and a little Cabell thrown in, but nowhere directly cribbed (to my knowledge). The uncompromising lack of explanation is intriguing, but the resort to a simple sword solution after this has been implicitly barred by pages of hints of super-sorcery, fails to charm.

FANTASTIC UNIVERSE, Sept 57: Possibly the reason that the deCamp-Nyberg collaboration "Conan the Victorious" falls so flat is that they don't get Conan in deep enough. Nowhere does the Overfledged Barbarian fall back from his tall-in-the-saddle position for more than a page or so before he upflings with a fire-hardened toothpick and assevers the opposition. So who cares? There was a hint of dire phenangles here, but doubtless the juice is held over for sequels. I dunno --this could have been good with a bit of whatever was left out. Such as giving a damn what we're writing, for instance.

Robert J Shea's two-page "The Helpful Robots" is a fair two pages worth. "I Like Martian Music" by Chas E Fritch is nice buildup with a soggy punchline.

The "Exciting Report by CIVILIAN SAUCER INTELLIGENCE" isn't nearly as exciting to this reader as you might think, being warmed-over Fort without the bit AND without the objectivity. This froth is hurting FU and the zine isn't in shape for it.

Wm Gerken's "Stopover", a fruitful approach to post-atomic PSI without the usual emphasis on the post-atomic, avoided a few cliches; not all, but a few.

Asimov's article "The Unrare Earths" is undoubtedly factual and literate enough to draw the trade in Astounding, but is so out of place here that I doubt it was read much.

Alex James' "The Shining Cow" is a worthwhile treatment of a trivial aspect of the saucer problem. Allan Howard's "It's a Small Solar System" is a great good belly-laugh to anyone who recognizes the punchline -- in a fan-zine it would have rated an Award for Something-of-the-Year.

Mack Reynolds and Fred Brown: "Happy Ending". These two authors apparently decided to write just one more story of the ex-dictator who outrages the simple natives and earns his horrible fate. For my money (and I don't get free review copies, you know) they could have saved the effort; the story's saving grace was failing to hit me hard enough to make me puke.

Basil Wells' "Second Sight" has more to recommend it; though obscure, it carries conviction in spots. The idea of doing hazardous work through extension-bodies ("super-nechs") isn't the newest but carries the makings of good handling here.

Fant Univ isn't doing so well lately, you may have noticed.

The Aug ASTOUNDING leads off with Poula's cover-featured "Brake", concerning violent political mutiny in space. The story is negligible, the action is great, and the rather elegant physical-science clincher that probably sparked the entire effort is tacked on as a separate problem.

Harry Harrison's "The Stainless Steel Rat" enjoyably varies the theme-- or one of the themes-- of Cole's "Philosophical Corps" series; it's less stuffy from this viewpoint. (Also, it's fine as is; let's don't get carried away and try to make a series out of it.)

"Med Service" (short novel) continues Leinster's current attempt to stuff Ole Doc Methuselah into his "landing-grid" setting. That may be the trouble; it gets nerve-wracking, waiting for Hippocrates to show up with four armsfull of paraphernalia. There's even a Hubbardian flavor to the protagonist's attitudes; not that this is a bad thing, except that it gives a sort of haunted effect.

Paul Leavy's article on long-term effects of excess CO₂ and what it means with respect to submarines (atomic) is easier reading than some of late.

Eric Frank Russell's "Love Story" is bitingly good for a short-short, but indicates he wants out of stf into "mainstream". Like his Space Academy job last year, this is only stf because he framed it that way.

"Beast of Prey" (Jay Williams), an alien-life puzzle, is the best stf in the issue, with an unexpected but thoroughly feasible clincher. Dunno who's Wms but let's have more of this style. Jack Williamson?? Could be.

Psyhy Miller (alliteratively enough) discusses psi a bit, then goes on to prove that there's plenty of stf for some of these so-called "stf reviewers" you may have seen me grotch at from time to time, if they'd just look around. Miller covers some pabacks and hardco's new to me, and even possibly to you. Seems to like stf.

JWC brings up the point that the pursuit of a career in physical science entails giving up all right to your own opinions regarding your major interests, which may explain the lag in registrations for Departments of Physics. Hmmm? The man is NOT speaking politically, either.

OTHER WORLDS hasn't shown a cover in Seattle since the May issue before RAP went to Saucers. In fact, I don't know where it is appearing; there were no copies available in the drugstore across the street from 806 Dempster St., Evanston, Illinois (where FATE is pubbed, but not OW or Smirch-- oops, Search).

FUTURE #33 (Summer '57): RAWL is also having trouble with the printers', not as bad as Hans' FU, but pretty spotty work nevertheless (new word I just made up in order to avoid having to correct the type). Tom Scortia's "Cat O' Nine Tales" deals with space-mutations, men's hidden fears, and a thorough-going debacle for finale which at least avoided the necessity for clearing up some of the more obscure points because they no longer matter.

Bob Silverberg takes a short new look at the "Vintage Season" theme, giving better motivation than sheer decadence but leaving me completely baffled by his cryptic last sentence. Oddly, in this short item ("A Season For Remorse") Bob takes time to identify his characters so that there is no name trouble at all; even the episodic types come through distinct.

Ted Thomas' "Mars Trial" is a Gordian-knot novel: with a four-sector Mars colony postulated, we have an Englishman murdered by a German in a RUSSIAN ship on AMERICAN territory. Question: who has jurisdiction? The explosive reactions of all concerned seem a little contrived, but the answer isn't.

RAWL sketches some sf themes of 30 years ago in the light of meantime changes in scientific thought; Toskey, please note.

I guess I will have to read (not listen, because I can't get half the words) most if not all of Gilbert-and-Sullivan, if I want to be along on the Lowndes-Garrett-Asimov bandwagon. Heck, I don't even know which G&S piece Ike is talking off on this time, but it flows.

Ol' Bert Chandler is a happy man; finding eight pages of story-begun with no way out, he winds it up with a dialect-pun, inventing his own dialect to make it go, and it sells. Wonder what he intended "And a Half-Dozen of the Other" to be when he started it? It did start off real great-----.

If the late Bob Olsen's article "Wanted: a Definition of Science-Fiction" had appeared a year ago, the CRY's Mark Walsted would have been accused of cribbing a little bit. Mr. Olsen rather holds with Gernsbackian standards, here.

Dave Gordon's "The Convincer" is a very nice job on the problems of the budding psionist. I'm convinced; storywise at least.

The lettercol thrashes out story errors and non-errors, and chugs away at finding a middle-ground between Logic (2-valued) and its astounding attackers.

MAD #35 is out, and as long as it appears, Pemberton gets chuckles. Also of interest to Maddicts: with the demise(?) of TRUMP, the "renegades from Mad" have come up with "Humbug", approx pulpsize, 32pp plus covers, 15¢. Too bad the two camps can't re-merge; they could use each other.

VENTURE, Sept (#5): A certain downbeat list is apparent this issue; I suppose any editor can be swept away once in awhile. Floyd L Wallace's "The Nevada Virus" starts the parade with the concept of a new disease which kills 95% of those over 40 but rejuvenates the other 5% to age 17; looks as if the Interests have the as yet unfound solution all sewed up.

Poula's "For the Duration" has totalitarianism inherent in the successful revolution against same. Not only does this fail to surprise; it fails to prove itself sf by providing any essential plot-element of an sf nature. It could as well have been a fictionalization of Malenkov up-ending Beria. I groch.

"Before the Talent Dies" (Slesar) assumes that the leaders of this Land of the Free would arrange to assassinate a telepath who proved to them his talents. The development is subordinate to the author's premise, here, but he does have a couple of well-handled episodes enroute. I think Henry is overly pessimistic, maybe.

If the Avram Davidson piece ("Now Let Us Sleep") were, say, one of two downbeat jobs in this zine, I'd have no gripe. Here is a Davidson work of sufficient length to allow the writer's perceptivity to show through. I hope this man stays with sf writing; we shall see some wonders, you and I.

Jim Harmon has "A Bit for Mrs Halloran" (getting out of the moaning-greening category), in a style that demands thinking to figure out what the hell he's up to; it's worth it. Rog Phillips' (again? resurgence, huh?) "Executioner #43" is

possibly also in the downbeat category, but identification is so limited here that it doesn't register as such. Not knocking the piece with that remark; the knock would be that the threads hang too loosely, but the Idea and Mood are all that matter much anyhow. Rag is trying to develop an entirely different sort of writing, apparently, from his everything-but-the-kitchen-sink epics of a few years back. Let's see how it goes, huh?

Agberg's "The Winds of Siros" is one of the most promising items he's done to date. Aside from the Davidson it's the highlight of the issue. Now here again Bob has no trouble keeping his characters sorted out; I had no trouble at all with the names (including the bit parts, because he didn't ring in too many at a time); these people tend to live. Well, possibly this month's drop answers a worry of mine: if Agberg is going for an 800,000 word-a-year pace to the exclusion of other considerations, he would never develop much further. On the other hand, if he also takes time to do some writing of "the BEST he can" type, we have a comer still with us. Let's hope. Too bad there isn't more differential in word-rates between markets for good writing in sf and "horrificed, she threw her skirt up over her eyes at the monster's approach" poof. Back to "Winds", we have a goodly amount of Spicy Space legitimately built into the story; I don't think the point of the tale could have been made without the sex-angles, which is the test of legitimate-sex vs the Cruddy Come-On. And now I think I know what the names-problem boils down to: if a market is based on a gimmick, characterization suffers; without it, you can't tell the people from the grulzaks no matter what you call them. But it helps to try. And Action is the universal gimmick.

"Snafu on the NEW TAOS" continues Mack Reynolds' series of spaceship-problems in the Bullard tradition (the Malcolm Jameson series in ASF). Derivative but fun.

Rob't Young's "Written in the Stars" isn't much either way; five pages.

Sturgeon's review column is highlighted by the revelation that not only is sf 90% crud (by mainstream standards) but so is mainstream. So get off our aching GI backs, Arthur Koestler et al.

SFS, Sept: Scortia's "Genius Loci" is very interesting nearly all the way but came up more than a little confusing to me. All sorts of clues and cross-currents and side-issues, and then it winds up with a catchall solution that offshoots into a completely open question as far as the protagonist is concerned. Maybe I've just had too hard a week, but I don't get it. I hope.

"The Return From Troy" (Winterbotham) works up into some rare fine humor; Erskine's "Private Life of Helen of Troy" is probably better background for your enjoyment of this one than the original Greek would be. Same atmosphere, mildly.

Cal Knox' "His Head in the Clouds" rates the cover illo (tho the blurb goes to Scortia, and a damn' confusing practice this is). Starting as a less than world-shaking piece about an adolescent space-fan swiping a spaceship, the logical developments make a lot more out of this story than you might expect. You can't help wondering: do you suppose he COULD have done it? Good.

Peter Stom (this reads like an ol' pro but I can't figger WRO) has an item called "Compulsions" with overtones of psi, overthrow-the-dictator, and of a plot I hope to get around to writing, myself, before someone else does (tho not too closely related to the latter). Pat windup, but what else could he do with it?

Chandler's "The Principle" is an overgrown vignette after the "White Hart" pattern. I do hope UK writers aren't all getting on a Jorkens kick.

Bob Madle discusses the USAF preoccupation with ionic and photonic drives, a saucorganization, ~~sf~~ creature movies, Ken Krueger's Dawn Press editions of out-of-print fantasy (from 140 Harrison St, Buffalo 10, N.Y.) at \$1.00/copy, TAFF (Bob wrote this column long before the results were known), and the fms.

Ted Thomas' "Just Rub a Lamp.." indicates what the Patent Office would do to an attempt to patent the Aladdin Process. It figures.

If you're skipping SFS, you're behind the times.

GALAXY, Sept: Sturgeon's novella "The Pod in the Barrier" has too much in it for a quick summary: would-be benevolent aliens who have goofed, an extrapolated physical-science problem with a page or two of self-consistent attack and rebuttal, six characters of which at least four are unforgettable, the inevitable Lonely Ones and the circumstantially-forced compassion of the protagonist for them. One of these days ol' Ted is going to get himself set up for a four-part novel-- so watch out, see?

John Boland's "Doat Age" concerns the creation of a small Frankenstein pet, whether it's wholly protoplasmic or partially mechanical is unclear most of the way through, but it reproduces somehow. The doat has a flat tale.

"The Sly Bungerhop" (William Morrison) is fun, but maybe it's an example of the gripe a lot of people have against much modern stf. The author avoids any detailed description of the Future Age by flinging into it a man so nearsighted that he can't read his wristwatch without compressing his nose. It's a good gimmick for the suspense of this particular tale, but just as good for avoiding the necessity for thinking out a good future background. It's unfair to slam Morrison when I enjoyed the piece, but I had to raise the question.

Wm Tenn's hero in "The Dark Star" makes a choice between perpetuation of his name or his fame, with a remarkably convincing clincher.

Gale reviews a tale of Occupied Britain in 1960, two legit stf books, three science-fact jobs, a new edition of the Philosophy of Spinoza, and frankly admits being snowed by "Molewroth's Guide to the Atomic (sic) Age". Mmm, "at's Moleworth.

Simak's "Shadow World" is more active and less moody than Clifford's usual, but as well-wrought as ever. Maybe I'm prejudiced; Simak from my recollection has not written a real stinker since 1940, so he'd have to goof badly for me to notice. (His "Empire", GALAXY-Novelized about #6 of the series, was written in the '30's.)

Personally, I rate Sturgeon, Simak, Tenn, Morrison, and Boland, in that order.

F & S F, Sept: Rob't Young's offleading "Goddess in Granite" assays out much smaller than its setting; the allegory was low on content. A shame to waste all that nice powerful description. Avram Davidson has written ("Mr Stilwell's Stage") a perfectly fine piece for the 1937 Esquire, such as Bradbury does lately. It's a little nerve-racking to see this very individualistic writer finding his way out of the specialized pocket he opened, into the more general stf field. Sometimes, as in "--Culpepper" (reviewed last month, and I'm NOT looking in the back files to see if I'm contradicting myself) he matches the field at the expense of his own special talent. As revealed in "My Boy Friend's Name is Jello", for example.

Rob't M Coates' "A Parable of Love" is all too true as a portrayal of the moderate heel endowed (thru sweat and tears) with receptive ESP, and his dilemma upon falling in love. Bob Bloch's "Traveling Salesman" is a de-punned Lefty Feep tale (oh, weep for unpaperbacked Feep!); the punchline at the very end isn't so awfully convincing but the rest of it was a lot of fun. Chad Oliver in "Rewrite Man" redoes a lot of interloper-from-the-future epics; it's a new Padgettish twist with an enjoyable finish. Mark van Doren's "A Great Deal of Weather" is lost, strayed, or stolen from the New Yorker. Or possibly reprinted, and more likely.

Boucher's review column is once again nearly the best reading in the zine. "Overture and Beginners", by Rachel Maddux, is (to me) a good idea portrayed with craftsmanlike skill up to the end where she left me wondering who's on first.

Gordon Dickson really takes the rag off'n the bush with "St Dragon and the George". The action gets a little wearing, but this one is really choice. Also, there's Idris Seabright's "The Wines of Earth", for which Boucher blurbs that you may feel thirsty when you've read it. Well, I was impelled to sip-and-sniff a small goblet of a perfectly ordinary dry wine (best we had around) after finishing this story. How about you?

Beaumont reviews "stf" films and salves his conscience by explaining WHY; this is good, also.

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Well, this month's column wasn't too easy for me, either. - R.P.

DIGGING THE FANZINES

amelia pember-ton

MANA #2. Winter 1956-57. Bill Courval, 4215 Cherokee Avenue, San Diego 4, California. For review, trade, letters of comment or contributions.

This is rather an old zine. Doubtless Bill has put out two or three MANAs since this, but it's the only one I've seen so I'll comment on it anyhow.

The cover, by Rich (or Alex) Kirs is very good if a bit macabre, and is, I believe, photolithed. Duplication, typing and spelling are all excellent. The material is generally good but is buried here and there throughout the zine, without a table of contents to assist one in sorting it out. For example, there's an excellent four page article by Murray Leinster hidden, without any previous hint as to its existence, on what might be page 7 if the pages were numbered. This must be a reprint, as if it were a MANA original the editor would surely be proud enough of it to list it on the first page, but there's no reprint credit given. It seems strange that an editor would handle the duplication of his material so well, and the arrangement so inadequately.

Other items that I particularly liked were an article on comic strip drawing by Georgina Ellis and stories by Jean Young and Dave Jenrette. & of course the letter column. The letter column is usually this reviewer's favorite item in any zine, and this one includes letters from John Berry, Boyd Raeburn, Ger Steward (particularly interesting — about his first meeting with Larry Shaw), R/A Kirs, Dick Geis, Lars Bourne, Buck Coulson and gee, lots of good people. & I was greatly pleased to note Guy Terwilliger (the Man Who Says Damn) complaining in the letter column about MANA #1's having used a naughty word.

This is definitely an interesting zine, and I'm quite eager to see the probable subsequent issues I've missed.

SKYHOOK #24. Summer 1957. Redd Boggs, 2209 Highland Place N. E., Minneapolis 21, Minn. Six issues \$1, single copies 20¢.

Gad, this is an impeccable zine. Gestetnered, justified margins (the editorial double columned), and the material all quite intimidatingly literate. It features articles (all about stf) by authors James E. Gunn, S. J. Sackett, Joe Gibson & Damon Knight; departments by Jim Harmon, Marion Zimmer Bradley & William Atheling Jr.; and letters from readers Phil Farmer, James Blish, Robert Bloch, Damon Knight, Anthony Boucher, Robert Lowndes and (surprise) non-pro Richard H. Eney.

Except for a few lines and parts of the editorial this is not fannish; it is unrelentingly serious. Serious, but lively and thought-provoking. Highly recommended to fans willing to have their thoughts provoked.

STELLAR #11. Ted E. White, 1014 N. Tuckahoe St., Falls Church, Va. 15¢ single copy, 2 for 25¢, 5 for 50¢.

This is the first STELLAR I've reviewed since CRY #95, and I'm happy to say that it's still the same excellent zine. Here's another zine with impeccable repro; and the staff artists are Lee Shaw and Jack Harness.

STELLAR features fan-fiction -- not pro-jects but really fan-fiction -- fiction by for and about fans. This contains "Fantasy Blues" by Marion Zimmer Bradley, "A Way of Life" by Harry Warner Jr., & "Big Name Fan" by Charles Burbee. Bradley's story packs a terrific whammy -- the more you mull on it the better it gets. Burbee's tale is most amusing in its wry li'l way. Warner's story is fair but outclassed here. The furshlugginer round robin serial, "The Death of Science Fiction", still wends its depressing and unintelligible way; however in this there's only one chapter (writ by Eney) and the good guys are making a few points.

There are editorials and like that by Ted and his assistant editor, Richard Eney. There's a delightful pictorial section "STELLAR Goes to a Party" by Lee Shaw & Jack Harness. & there's fanzine reviews by a guy pseudonymed Franklin Ford. Ted states that Franklin Ford is a BNF using a pseudonym to protect himself from the divers folk whose zines he's refused to contribute. His reviews are readable enough but -- He says, re a series of letters from 1939 BRASS TACKS in MANA #2, "The best entire piece of writing, however, was L. Sprague de Camp's acute dissection of yogaism -- it isn't every day somebody can squash Eric Frank Russell like a blackbeetle." The letter from Eric Frank Russell was the last letter in the series, and Bill introduces it as follows: "Well, it was bound to happen. All that yammering finally brought forth someone who could cap it off with reason." This sounds to me as if Bill thought, as I do, that if there was any squashing done Eric Frank Russell did it. Seems to me "Franklin Ford" was being a bit careless.

Grr! I don't like BNFs whose Ns are too B to be published. I wish Ted would do his own fanzine reviews. I thought his reviews in STELLAR #10 were excellent.

Oooooog... since writing the above I'm suddenly stupefied with the realization of who "Franklin Ford" is -- and it's somebody I like very much. Well-- it just proves that even people dear to the fastidious and perceptive heart of the amiable Amelia can goof occasionally.

STELLAR's a darned good zine, and I'm really pleased that we'll be getting it regularly from now on.

VOID #10. Jim & Greg Benford, c/o Lt. Col. J. A. Benford, G-4 Sect. Hq. V Corps, APO 79, New York, N. Y. 15¢.

Here's another well-mimeod zine, comfortably thick and meaty looking. It starts off with some sensible editorializing. Then there's a forum on fanediting with Rox Bennett, Boyd Raeburn and Eric Bentcliffe holding forth. Then there's a cute li'l story by John Berry about his trouble with a motorbike, a dialogue by Pete Reischer (not without its moments), a boring article by Julian Parr, an amusing story from Rox Bennett, an article by Kent Moomaw querying whither fandom goeth (my opinion: fandom is just a ghoddam hobby), and last but not never least, an 11 pp letter column featuring letters from 15 well-known fans, including Walt Willis, Boyd Raeburn, Bob Bloch, Rich Eney, etc. etc.

To my mind it's easily worth 15¢. It's not a wonderful zine, but there's a lot of good reading in it.

GRIFANAC #5. June 1957. Tom Reamy, 4332 Avondale, Dallas, Texas. 25¢ per copy or \$1 per year (to be published 5 times yearly). All contributions should include a stamped, self-addressed envelope.

GRIFANAC was originally Orville Mosher's zine, but Tom Reamy has taken it over. A strong flavor of Mosher persists, however; although no longer editor he leads off on the editorial written jointly by himself and Reamy.

This is a 34 pp zine, offset, and effectively illustrated for the most part by Reamy, although there are a couple small Bourne illos.

There's an autobiographical sketch by Lyn Venable, an article by Albert Jackson about rocket experimenting, a couple letters, s-f movie reviews by Tom Reamy and Dick Keogle (the latter's spelling is "corrected" -- and the delicate Keoglian flavor quite destroyed), a column by Randy Brown, and three stories. The first, by Tom Reamy, was mildly grisly. The second, by Ray Thompson, was quite grisly. The third, by Loif Ayen, was disgustingly grisly.

Reamy's movie reviews are not too bad; they contain a few good lines which would seem to indicate that he is not wholly without fannish potential. However CRIFANAC as it stands has remarkably little appeal for this reviewer.

Note: Pemby says that if he were doing fanzine reviews he'd say "This guy can't spell, can't punctuate, can't make a sentence, and he can't even staple!"

RAPIER #3. Eric Erickson, 3624 Centre "B" St. N. W., Calgary Alta. Canada.

This is 8 pp. of Erickson's opinions and beliefs which are such that he would like to have only agnostics and atheists for subscribers; plus 1 page of poem which, though rather bad, has a few good images and proves that Eric has not lost his sense of wonder.

The shortness of this zine is probably at least partly attributable to the fact that it is duplicated by a silk-screen process. The results look very much like mimeo but are infinitely more laborious to produce. Consequently there is no letter column. RAPIER is not a fannish zine, and I think perhaps I will not review future issues unless they become more fannish. I would like to say however that Eric seems in a happier frame of mind than in previous Rapes. "Today's happy thought: I didn't used to like fanzines but now I waylay the mailman and frisk him for same."

Eric! We're glad you and Dean and Debbie got back to Calgary safe & sound ...

TACITUM #8. Benny Sodek, 1415 So. Marsalis, Dallas 16, Texas. 10¢, 3 for 25¢.

This is the first TAC in quite a while. Much of the material is quite old, and little of it is very good.

Noah McLeod claims that Sturgeon is a much over-rated writer; I get the impression here of a two-dimensional critic trying to assess a three-dimensional author. Just one example, re "Maturity": "Robin, the hero, is a young man who, in spite of an I.Q. of 300 plus, acts like a child. Of course, if he were as intelligent as the story supposes him to be, he would act more maturely..." But Robin, in essence, was a child. Perhaps Noah never experienced the fierce exuberance of childhood, or perhaps he's forgotten it. As to the philosophic implications of "Maturity", I would suggest that Noah read Huxley's "After Many a Summer Dies the Swan" for enlightenment.

Carl Brandon's "The Fan Who Never Grew Young" is a bit too long for the idea, but is the best thing in the zine -- in fact, it's very good.

The rest of the material is neither very bad nor very good. There's a poem by Ronald Voight, a story by Jan Sadler Penney, a column by Mike Chandler (this is good in spots), a Dallard Derogation (mildly interesting, but not epigrammatic as one expects a derogation to be), a clumsy story by Dave Jenrette and an article by Wm. Deeck.

Benny plans to put TAC #9 out in September; with fresher material his next issue will probably have a lot more sparkle.

YANDRO #54. July 1957. Robert & Juanita Coulson, 407½ E. 6th St., North Manchester, Indiana. 10¢ or 12 for \$1.

This is its normal, pleasantly commendable self; it's well duplicated, nicely illoed, and has a very handsome multilithed Adkins cover.

Featured is an 8 page article by Russ Wolf about Ray Palmer. In tone

neither hostile nor goshwow, it gives quite a bit of interesting data about Rap's career pre-Z-D, Z-D, and post-Z-D. The Coulsons sent the article to Rap for his comments, and Rap wrote back a long letter telling a bit more about his present situation (a gamble in uranium is paying off, and he has hopes of becoming a millionaire); and about his views of present day science fiction. "Science fiction isn't as much fun as it used to be ... No science fiction magazine today is making enough money to attract any real talent, and those in it persevere out of actual sentiment and tradition. ... Men like Campbell, Gold, Hamling, Boucher, etc., are real heroes in my eyes." Later he praises Browne, Gold & Hamling. Quite a far cry from the Rap who claimed that he and Campbell were the only real stf editors in the field!

I suggest that YANDRO #54 has historical value to all stf fans. Whatever one's attitude toward Palmer one cannot deny that the man is a phenomenon unparalleled in the field.

CINCINNATI FANTASY GROUP. Don Ford, Box 19-T, RM #2, Loveland, Ohio. 25¢

Don Ford gave this to us at the Midwestcon in return for our promise to send him whatever zine had our conreport in it. We read it on the train leaving Cincinnati, and I must say we found it ideal train fare.

It contains articles by Dale Tarr, Bob Madle, Bill Grant, H. Ken Bulmer, Nick & Noreen Palasca, Loud Tabakow, C. L. Barrett, M.D., Stan Skirvin, and Don Ford; the articles are about the history of the Cincinnati Fantasy Group, the members thereof, and the Midwestcons.

If you went to the Midwestcon and somehow didn't get a copy, be sure to write Don for one. It revives the Midwestcon atmosphere. Here's a quotation from Doc Barrett's article: "You remember the year we advertised that it was the same dictatorial group, the same worn-out old Master of Ceremonies Bob Bloch, the same heckler Bob Tucker, the same grand old man Doc Smith always there, the same Eshbach and Greenberg buckstering and that there was no set program, no registration fee, no nothing and if they wanted a set program it was something to stay away from. We still feel the same way about it ... it is just a bunch getting together to have a good time."

THE TRADING POST #1. Fred Tilton, 37-8th Avenue, Haverhill, Mass. 10¢ per copy, 3 for 25¢.

Ad rates are 50¢ per page, 25¢ per $\frac{1}{2}$ page, 15¢ per $\frac{1}{4}$ page. Duplication is below par but legible.

CALIFAN #2. Richard W. Brown, 127 Roberts St., Pasadena 3, California. For trade, artwork and letters.

In the future to be known as FRAMISHED (Dave Rike has a prior claim to the CALIFAN title) this appears to be a letterzine for the youngest contingent of fandom. The duplication is incredibly bad, however latest word is that Rich is straightening out his problems with his mimeo; so future issues will doubtless be much better. In this one has the feeling that there's a lot of youthful sparkle that one just can't read...

REDEMPTION #7. John Berry, 31, Campbell Park Ave., Belmont, Belfast, Northern Ireland, and Arthur Thomson, 17, Brockham House, Brockham Drive, London, S. W. 3. One shilling per copy, or appropriate coin of the realm.

RET is the official organ of the Goon Defective Agency, Goon Bleary's organization for ferreting out the truth about fannish scandals. It is beautifully reproduced (Gestetnered) and copious ATomilloed. There's a Goontoria, a Filium Revoo by Alan Dodd, fannish revoo by Ethel Lindsay, a letter column, and goon stories by John Berry, Archie Mercer, Seattle fan F. M. Busby and Bob Shaw.

fine fannish humor...

CLOCHE BY NIGHT. Goon Library Publication #2. Same pubbers as above. 3 for 25¢.

A longer goon story, by John Berry, about a Problem in Paul Enever's greenhouse.

VERITAS #4. Same pubbers as above. Distributed through OMPA and to a cross section of fandom.

I should think the section of fandom that doesn't get this would be the cross section.

This is dedicated to the question: can budgerigars (known to us'uns as parakeets) talk? Bob Shaw, in "I Refuse to Budgie", says not, and says it most amusingly. John Berry, in "Free Speech for Budgies", says they CAN. Arthur Thomson was given the job of umpire; he claims he has never heard a budgie talk, but that perhaps they just don't like the look on his face. He asks fans to write in whether they have ever heard budgies talk.

The zine ends with a bibliography on "The Budgerigar in Fannish Mythology". Berry lists 16 items!

The Pemberton opinion? Of course parakeets can talk! Sometimes they even know what they're saying!

TRANSFAN FUN. Same pubbers as above.

This is a four page one-shot; it's a complete schedule of the services to be offered (especially to Americans) by the G. D.A. at the WorldCon. The G.D.A. escort services for men and for women are interesting (& just an itty-bit lewd); but I liked best the anti-fugghead services. One service is the Norman G. Wansborough Face Mask. "You purchase a face mask from us, and as soon as you are approached by a fugghead, whip it on with a deft flick of the wrist." (At this the fugghead recoils, outfugged.)

By the way — NGW revealed in the last SAPS mailing that there is no such person as Arthur Thomson. He says that he has spent a total of three days searching London for Arthur Thomson, and he can't even find Brockham Drive. I have an ecstatic vision of Arthur, his sensitive slannish tendrils aquiver, nipping into a parallel continuum at the Wansboroughian approach — taking his entire street with him! Oho! What a star-begotten one!

VERTIGO #1. Wm. C. Rickhardt, 21175 Goldsmith, Farmington, Mich. 10¢, 3 for 25¢.

Here's a neat legible 21 pp zine with articles by Bill Meyers, Bennett Gordon, and Larry Skol. There's a reprinted story from Fred Remus — weird — and a story from Guy Terwilleger. The Terwilleger piece is the best thing in the zine, and is the best thing I've seen from this fan. It's mildly amusing all the way through.

I'm not going to evaluate this zine. I'm going to wait and see what future issues look like.

Well! Five whole pages of fanzine reviews from the typer of the formerly gafia-tainted Amelia Pemberton. I am now completely and 100% caught up, and I'm very proud of myself....



HOO-
HAH!



AMAZING STORIES

in review

by BURNETT R. TOSKEY

Part XVIII 1942: July-December

This period saw at last the beginning of the decline, but a very slight one, for it was only noticable by the decrease in the number of pages from 276 to 244 from the July issue to the August issue. The volume of fiction published in each issue usually guaranteed that there would be something good in each issue, just by the law of averages. However to make the process of reading through the mediocre material to find the good is not worthwhile, but personally I enjoy it.

Several highpoints occurred during this period, the notable ones being the return of Hawk Carse, a famous character created by Harry Bates and the hero of a series of stories in early ASF, Palmer's "Vengeance of Martin Brand", Binder's "After an Age" and Howard Browne's "Warrior of the Dawn". A notable low point is "The Sheriff of Thorium Gulch", possibly the worst story in the Palmer era up to this time, and outside of some of those evil Gernsback stories and "The Eggs from Lake Tanganyika" (Curt Siodmak, July 1926) the worst story in the history of the magazine up to the time it was printed.

Artwork of the period was framed by two exceptional covers by J. Allen St. John for July and December. The covers in between were by other artists and followed standard patterns, generally. The November exhibited Robert Gibson Jones' first cover for the magazine (Though he had one on the August Fantastic Adventures.) J. Allen St. John and Florence Magarian were, to me at least, the highpoints of the interior artwork.

Two new authors appearing in the magazine for the first time during this period were destined to leave their mark upon the magazine in the years that followed. They were Leroy Yerxa and Chester S. Geier. Yerxa can best be described as a phenomenon, for the volume of his work was absolutely unequalled by any other writer during the short period between the time he began writing for the magazine and the time he died. The quality of his work ranged from the mediocre to the very good, and he was definitely at his best in longer lengths, but his longest story only ran to 42,000 words. He possessed a style that flowed smoothly most of the time, and he liked to write about exotic subjects from a strictly mundane point of view. Chester S. Geier lacked the creative fire and imagination of Yerxa but was more polished as a writer. His stories would be mostly free of writing flaws, and as a writer of adventure he was up with the betters. He is best known for his novel "Forever is too Long", one of his rare flashes of inspiration. His science fiction, when it lacked inspiration, always possessed smooth believable action and plotting and strong characterization.

NOVEL LENGTH STORIES

"After an Age" by Eando Binder (Rating A, 1.0) November. This powerful, compelling novel, along with "Impossible World" and "Vassals of the Master World" represents Binder's greatest contribution to science fiction, and this story is the best of the three. In spite of the obvious similarities between this story and Weinbaum's "The Black Flame", the story is pure Binder and stands on its own merits as a masterpiece of writing skill. Binder was not content, as Weinbaum had been, to conceive his story as a simple romance, but he exploited Weinbaum's thematic idioms to the limit of logical endurance, weaving the whole as a believable and significant message to mankind.

"Warrior of the Dawn" by Howard Browne (Rating A, 1.6), two part serial beginning in December. Here is a tale of prehistoric adventure told in Browne's smooth style, utilizing every device that Burrough's made famous for this type of story. From the pages of

this story rises a hero equalled in magnificence only by a Conan or a Lord Juss, a hero who fights all his battles against the primeval dangers and intrigues of the crude civilizations of 25,000 years ago. It is certainly one of the finest prehistoric novels ever written and justly deserves its fame. A sequel was published in 1948.

"The Hollow Planet" by Don Wilcox (Rating A, 1.8) October. Wilcox, in his inimitable style, tells the sensitive story of a lost civilization which exists on the inside of a hollow planet, which later proves to be Earth. It is a civilization doomed to extinction by a food shortage brought on by out-of-date laws and superstition. Among other things, the law forbade anyone to dig through the rock to the nonexistent (so they thought) world beyond. This is not the story you might think it is. Highly enjoyable.

"Crusade Across the Void" by Dwight V. Swain (Rating B, 2.2) October. A story in the Captain Future tradition in which the hero and his renegade band of pirate followers flee the Solar Police and escape to another star system, only to become heroes here by wiping out an evil race. This, of course, ingratiates the hero with the princess of the captive race. The writing style is in Swain's easily recognizable terse style, and still the characters are very well drawn ---- even to the point where the reader can easily believe the hero's decision at the end of the story, which under most circumstances would be unbelievable indeed in a story written less skillfully.

"B" SHORT STORIES (in order of preference)

"The Vengeance of Martin Brand" by G.H. Irwin, two part serial beginning in August. Here is Ray Palmer's finest story (G.H. Irwin is a house name), possessing all of the good qualities of his work and few of the bad. Strong characterizations and excellent plotting in a setting and situation reminiscent of "Black World" was enough to bypass completely Palmer's main lack -- lack of imagination. This story, upon this second reading, prompted me to dig out the sequel "The Justice of Martin Brand" in Other Worlds and discover that it was merely a reprint of "Vengeance", but framed in a happy ending, which, while more satisfactory from this point of view, lacked the impact of the original story.

"The Return of Hawk Carse" by Anthony Gilmore (Harry Bates), July. An extremely strange story, excellently written, of a tremendously resourceful arch villain, Ku Sui, and his last battle with the legendary hero Hawk Carse. The hero, with tactics reminiscent of Captain Future, manages to be the villain's prisoner for most of the story and watch helplessly while the villain combines the minds of the greatest scientific men in existence and creates a super-intellect and thereby brings upon himself an indescribably terrifying doom.

"Planet of the Gods" by Robert Moore Williams, December. A story of the exploration of Vega, in which the feeling of alien presence is ever-present and keeps the reader guessing to the very end on a high note of expectation. One of Williams' best stories.

"World of a Thousand Moons" by Edmond Hamilton, December. Typical Hamilton space-opera, carrying all the sense of wonder and excitement that Hamilton was so successful at achieving, no matter what length story he produced. Fast enjoyable reading, this is, in which the reader meets the cute little parasite-creature of Vesta, which steals human souls.

"Secret of the Earth Star" by Henry Kuttner, August. An intricate plot and Kuttner's typically excellent style are combined in this, the longest Kuttner story to appear in this magazine. The story has an Earth setting, involves the super-science of Atlantis, Egyptian mythology, and a great jewel known as "The Earth Star" in whose wake follow men besotted with the ultimate in human greed.

"The Eternal Wall" by Raymond Z. Gallun, November. A very short plaintive story of a man reawakened to life in the far-flung future and of the efforts of the weird inheritors of Earth to make him happy.

"Peace Mission to Planetoid X" by Dwight V. Swain, September. A space tale wherein hero, heroine, and villain are sharply and unmistakably defined. Swain had a style uniquely his own, and he uses it to good effect in this mad adventure.

"C" STORIES (in order of publication)
July: "Blitzkrieg in the Past" by John York Cabot (David Wright O'Brien)
 "The Powers of Darkness" by Dwight V. Swain
 "The World Beyond" by Ray Cummings
 "Squadron of the Damned" by David Wright O'Brien
August: "Death Rides at Night" by Leroy Yerxa
 "The Last Hours" by John Russell Fearn
 "Into the Caves of Mars" by Festus Pragnell
September: "Convoy in Space" by William P. McGivern
October: "Mr. Biggs Goes to Town" by Nelson S. Bond
 "Secret of the Ring" by Thornton Ayre (John Russell Fearn)
November: "Dinosaur Goes Hollywood" by Emil Petaja
 "Juggernaut Jones, - Expressman" by A.R. McKenzie
 "Murder from the Moon" by Robert Bloch
 "Flight From Farisha" by Duncan Farnsworth (David Wright O'Brien)
 "Hard Guy" by H.B. Carleton
December: "One Way Ticket to Nowhere" by Leroy Yerxa
 "The Time Mirror" by Clark South
 "The Sphere of Sleep" by Chester S. Geier

The remaining unmentioned stories are all "D" stories, with the exception of one, which I urgently advise you to steer clear of completely:

"The Sheriff of Thorium Gulch" by Miles J. Breuer, (an "E" story), August. This story is merely an old worn-out Western Story plot laid on the moon, and not even reasonably well done at that.

The stories in the "C" list above by Festus Pragnell, A.R. McKenzie, and Nelson S. Bond are the only stories-in-series to appear during this period, except for the last "Horesense Hank" story (Bond) in the "D" category printed in the August issue.

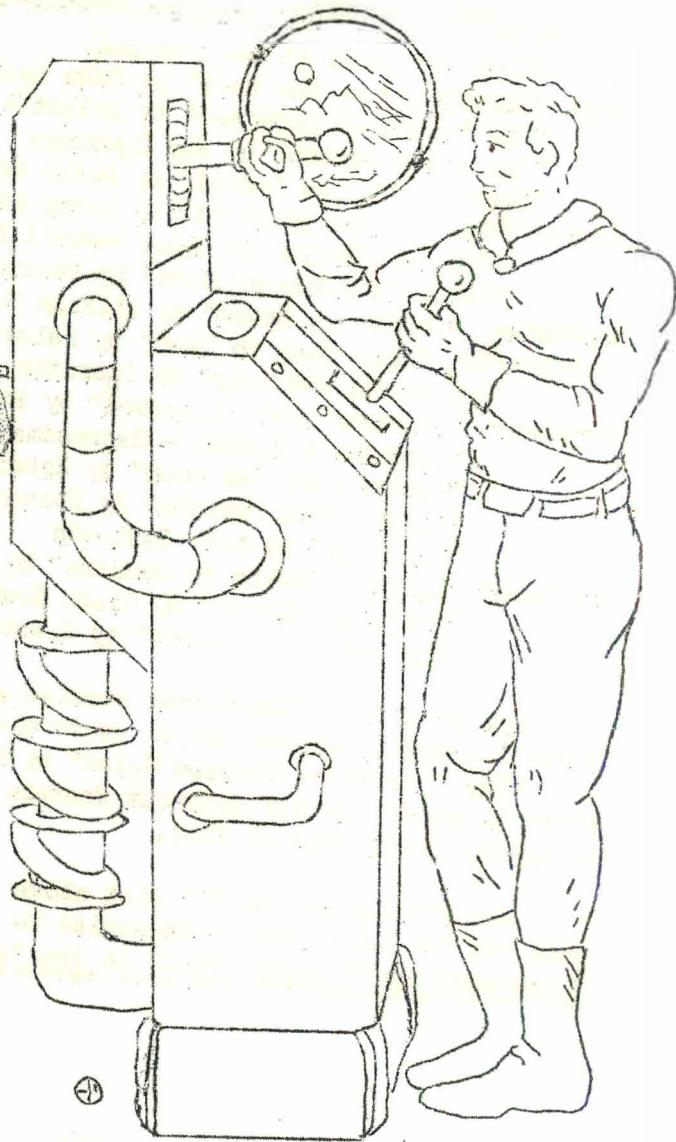


A TIMELESS TRAGEDY

"I wanted this to go over with a big yak
but it'll probably go over with a big yech."
—Bill Meyers

By

Bill
Meyers



The middle-aged scientist and his young assistant stood looking at the strange machine with obvious awe in their eyes.

"There it is, Stanley," said the scientist. It has been man's dream for centuries. A space-time machine. A machine designed to carry a person through trackless time to any point on the globe."

"It's marvelous, Professor Browning!"

"Yes, Stanley, marvelous! Time travel was theoretically impossible before now but there it is before your eyes. An intricate machine small enough to fit in a suitcase but large enough to transport you to the beginning of time, itself!"

"And will it carry you to the future, also?"

"I wish it could, but it's an impossibility. There will never be a machine built that will take one from the present to the future."

"Then travel to the future is completely out of the question?"

"No, no. You misunderstand me. Travel to the future is possible if you have the help of someone from the future."

"I don't quite follow you."

"Well, for example, I go back to 1820 and bring back an Indian with me. That Indian will have traveled into the future but he never would have without my help. The same thing would happen if a person from the 21st Century came back here and took me to his "present". I would be transported to my future but it would be his "present". Do you understand, now?"

"I think so, but consider this, Professor. Suppose that Indian was destined to make history. Suppose that Indian was Osceola. Suppose you took him to the future before he could begin his daring raids. You would have changed history."

"Quite so, Stanley. You have just hit upon the whole purpose of this machine. I am going to travel back in time and prevent all the wrongs that have been done. It will be a dangerous thing to do but when I am through the world will be a Utopia. Do you see now why I am going to devote my life to this machine?"

"I see, Professor. But there's something you should know. You may be a world hero but more than likely you will be transformed into the vilest man ever born. You may create a Utopia but more than likely you will plunge the world into chaos. Can you imagine the millions of lives snuffed out if only a portion of history is changed and reconstructed?"

"Yes, but can you imagine the millions of new lives appearing? For all they know, they've been here all the time. Nobody will know the difference and they will be on a perfect, beautiful, wonderful world."

"Why, Professor the very first change you make in history might make you disappear. Then what good would you have done?"

"But consider, Stanley. Without my being born, these changes in history could never have taken place and thus we'd be back where we started, no better, no worse."

"I won't let you do it, Professor. It's wrong. It's mad!"

"You can't stop me, Stanley. It's my life's dream!"

"I'll stop you if it kills me!"

"I wish you hadn't said that, Stanley."

The Professor reached down and pulled a gun from a drawer.

"Stanley, I had hoped you would go with me and help me but I might have known you would be against my plans. For that reason I am forced to kill you. As you know, we are now in an impervium steel laboratory deeply hidden in the Rocky Mountains. When I kill you, I will dispose of your body outside. Then I'll come back into the lab, close and lock the three-foot thick steel door and travel to my first destination. If I am killed in time my laboratory will disappear because I will never have been born and if I haven't been born I couldn't have built the laboratory and also I couldn't have killed you... so pray something happens to me if you wish to live again."

"Now wait, Professor -- I..."

"Goodbye, Stanley." Professor Browning squeezed the trigger. Stanley fell as the lead missile tore into his chest.

The Professor then calmly strolled over to the lifeless hulk that was once his bright young assistant, carefully hoisted him on his shoulders and walked to the three-foot thick steel door, unlocked it and stepped outside.

After finishing his grisly chore of burying Stanley in the soft surrounding soil of the laboratory, he briskly stepped back into the lab. He swung the steel door shut, never to open again for quite a long time, he thought.

And now I will make history. The very first trip into time! Unbelievable! But I shall travel through time correcting humanity's wrongs and thus, will create a Utopia. Poor Stanley...he had died in honor of this first time-flight...and Helen, my poor wife, who deserted me as my work on the machine took all of my time. But their sacrifices shall not be in vain. For history is about to be made!

Literally, he thought to himself with a chuckle.

Everything prepared now, with a great flourish he came before the small machine and arranged the dials. And now with a final stab of a button, he would find himself hurtling backward through time on a mission of utmost importance to all humanity. He pressed the button with as much splendor and grandeur that he could muster and waited for the results.

After a few interminable moments, he opened his eyes to see where he had been transported to.

To this day, there is still a legend of a small man who lives in the Rocky Mountains that does nothing but run from one mountain to the next with a glazed look in his eyes, screaming...Damn damndamn damn damn damn damn damn....

You see, Professor Browning's time machine didn't work.

(THE END)

MINUTES

by Wally Weber

182rd MEETING

To be really technical, the June 6, 1957 meeting of the Nameless Ones was never officially opened. Official bone-weilder, Ed Wyman, consulted with those present and found that no minutes had been written for the previous meeting and no particular business was available for bringing up, so he didn't bother pounding for order.

The meeting got off to an informal start as Flora Jones and Ed Wyman co-operated in putting coffee into the percolator. The process of putting the coffee into the percolator had been complicated by the fact that the coffee had been sifted through a slot in the bottom of the Nameless cardboard box. An explanation for the reason for this is impossible.

The meeting next divided into three simultaneous conversations which defy reporting primarily because the secretary had forgotten his other two head at home. The attention of the group was brought together again when refreshments made their appearance. There were ample refreshments since meeting attendance was low, and both Mrs. Wyman and Flora Jones had thought it was their turn to bring food.

Flora Jones, seemingly intent on getting her name mentioned time after time in these minutes, read an item from the papers which announced that Anthony Boucher would be a consultant for the TV program, "Crisis." Thus science-fiction nearly raised its ugly head. Fortunately the conversation swiftly turned to the geological formation of Washington and Wisconsin, and the meeting which was never really opened finally didn't really adjourn, and everyone went home.

183rd MEETING

The 183rd meeting of the Nameless Ones was held, as usual, in Room 4122 of the Arcade building, only this time the date was June 20, 1957. The official weilder of the bone, Ed Wyman, was not present to open the meeting. In fact, as Marge Wyman later informed us, Mr. Wyman had fled to the wilds of Wisconsin, taking an early plane to avoid the send-off which the members had intended giving him. The First Lady, Geneva Wyman, was also away, cavorting about somewhere in Michigan. In fact the Faithful and Devoted Secretary (being myself, in case you didn't know) was the only officer present. Not caring to waste my talents on such a small gathering, I didn't officially open the meeting or read the minutes of the preceding meeting.

Flora Jones had a collection of newspaper clippings, some of which she read. Her first item was one in which Nikita Khrushchev admitted that Russia had a bomb that could not be tested on Earth without blowing up the planet. The article used this announcement as evidence that Mr. Khrushchev reads too much science fiction.

The second article Flora came up with had to do with vending machines, including a list of items now available from vending machines. The list included practically everything except vending machines that vended vending machines.

By some process of association, John Swearingen was reminded of a problem that had been nothering him ever since he had seen the movie "Forbidden Planet." Not content to be reminded of the problem, he immediately shared it with the rest of us. Mr. Swearingen was worried about whether or not a multi-purpose robot, such as Robbie in the movie, which had been deliberately designed to serve, should be thanked for carrying out its orders. If Mr. Swearingen had expected a satisfactory solution to his problem, he was disappointed.

Flora later went on with an article concerning radio frequency waves from Jupiter, and another article suggesting that the first spaceships will carry robot crews.

Marge Wyman arrived about this time to explain about her far-flung parents. John Swearingen apologized for having eaten all the refreshments before her arrival. (Actually he hadn't, but it was his crafty plan to eventually do so. If so, your sacrificing Secretary thwarted his plans by eating as much as possible and claiming ownership of what remained. Eating at all was a heroic undertaking because the conversation had somehow turned to the use of the liver, pancreas, kidneys, & spleen as food.)

After a quick discussion of cigarettes and lung cancer, Flora read another item in

which the use of interdimensional travel was discussed. This reminded John Swearingen that he, personally, had improved Einstein's theory that matter causes warps in space. As usual, he insisted upon explaining his theory, which turned out to be that warps in space cause matter.

The conversation then went from Superman to Little Orphan Annie to Impervium to Mr. An to science fiction vs fantasy to flying saucers to the climate of England to the London Convention to house rentals to going home, which we then did.

184th MEETING (July 4, 1957)

The July 4th, or 184th meeting of the Nameless Ones was never officially called to order. This has been a habit with Nameless Meetings lately. The cowardly Official Weilder of the Bone was not present, which largely accounted for the meeting not being officially opened.

The only reason for lamenting the official fact that the official meeting was never officially opened was that the official minutes of the previous official meeting (which had never been officially opened) was not officially read aloud to the official attenders of the official meeting. This is official.

Rose Stark got the conversation going with a description of the morning when time and Rose became mutually confused. This, by some devious path that defies tracing, led to the Secretary's chance remark about the recently-occurred Nullcon. Immediately this inadequately defended person was fallen upon by the rest of the attending members (all three of them) who demanded to know why they weren't advised of the Nullcon. The feeble explanation that they hadn't shown any particular interest when the subject had first been raised was insufficient to quiet them, and, if anything, made them even more provoked with the whole business. Three-fourths of the attending members -- namely: Flora Jones, Rose Stark, and Julia Woodard -- demanded that they be put on record as being extremely provoked over the manner in which they had been neglected during the Nullcon.

Possibly to retaliate for her maltreatment, Flora Jones announced that she would not attend the next (185th) meeting of the Nameless. She gave her excuse -- as weak an excuse as this Secretary has ever heard -- that she would be in or around Chicago at that time. She also mentioned that she would make some attempt to see the Korshaks during her stay in the windy village.

The conversation somehow settled on the subject of transportation and travelling. Science Fiction was almost openly discussed when the subject touched on travelling to the Convention in London, but the danger was averted by quickly switching to travel in other parts of Europe.

By this time the tea water was boiling, and the conversation centered on this item for a time. This was soon overshadowed by the cake furnished by Mrs. Jones. The cakes were discussed and digested.

Flora Jones also provided the club with the original newspaper clipping of Anthony Boucher's connection with the N.B.C. series, "Crisis."

Once again the conversation had strayed desperately close to the actual subject of science fiction. To make matters worse, things somehow got around to Harlan Ellison, who was lovingly described by one of the members as a "conceited ass". Rose broke the spell with a remarkable story about how she travelled all the way from Seattle to Chehalis and back again to Seattle on commercial transportation vehicles without paying a thing, but the fascinating subject of science fiction personalities had taken hold and would not be put down until Burnett Toskey and Otto Pfeifer had been discussed, with your well-informed Secretary telling all he knew about their sordid romances with unfannish females.

Secretary's note -- No mind, however intelligent and retaining it may be, could possibly remember and correlate the variety of profound happenings that occur at Nameless meetings. As you might well realize, these minutes are written not from memory, but from notes put down by myself during the course of the meeting. These notes, though written under extreme conditions of duress and excitement, are concise, orderly descriptions of the points of lasting interest that come up from time to time. There are

occasions, however, when in the cold sober light of the next day, rereading of these notes will reveal items that could not possibly have been brought into the conversation. In this case, there appears two consecutive items that, being a person of sound mind and extra-ordinary reasoning ability, I am completely ignoring in this report. For the doubtful sake of posterity, however, I feel I should at least record these out-of-place items. If nothing else, it will assure the reader and/or listener that nothing of doubtful nature is ever introduced into these minutes to disturb the accuracy of these reports. The rejected notes were found between the terse, "Otto Pfeifer discussed," note and the "Bill Meyers' Cry illo discussed" entry, and they read: "Amarillo, Texas, sought in vain on map," followed by "Orange peel diets discussed." Now back to the minutes./

The illustration of Renfrew Pemberton in the last issue of Cry of the Nameless was criticized by some of the members because it so vaguely resembled Mr. Pemberton. They were gratified to learn that Bill Meyers, who had drawn the illustration, had never seen either Mr. Pemberton or a photographic facsimile and had only what information he had gleaned from reading Mr. Pemberton's many reviews of prozines.

Having temporarily exhausted our store of science fiction fans to talk about, the meeting turned to an enlightening analysis of Arthur Godfrey's program, entertainers, TV programs, Marilyn Monroe's dairy farm, Lana Turner's divorce, and Elizabeth Taylor's marital problems. As though brought to mind by mention of Elizabeth Taylor, the members' attention was brought to an article in a recent Fate about a wonder horse that died. Of course there is no connection between Elizabeth Taylor and a wonder horse, especially now that the wonder horse is dead.

Science fiction reared its ugly self in full force as Flora brought out the fact that she disagreed with L. Sprague De Camp. (This refers to Mrs. Jones' attitude with regards to Mr. De Camp rather than her gastronomic reaction to the author.) Rose Stark cautiously disagreed with Flora's disagreement, and, in fact, openly confessed that she liked "Divide and Rule". For reasons beyond the conception of mere mortals, your Secretary felt called upon at this point to mention the plight of a New York gentleman who read 66 installments of a 68 installment article, and has never been able to uncover the final two installments. Rose Stark was quite sympathetic with the gentleman due to a similar experience she had with a missing key page in a romantic novel. Before the

Before the meeting disbanded, Ancient symbols of lost races, and Jesus were discussed and mulled at. As the five of us (including the elevator operator) sank slowly in the shaft, it was the unanimous opinion of The Nameless Secretaries present that the July 4th meeting had been spectacular, as befitted the date.

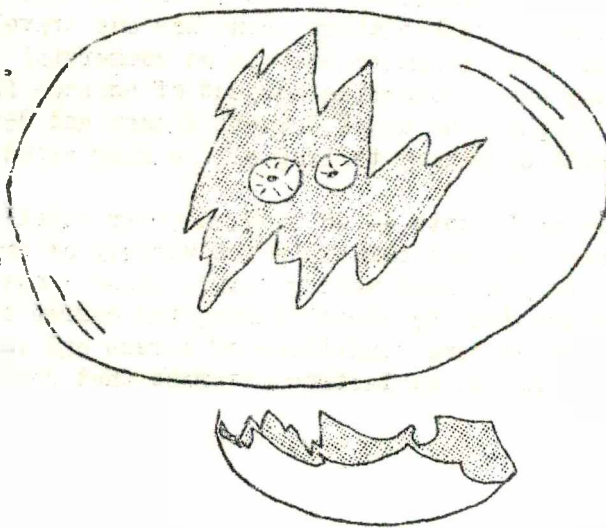
Unbelievably Honorable Secretary

Wally Weber

A PORTRAIT OF L. GARCONE

"This pic is obviously of L. Garcone. Don't know why I even gave the picture a title since it's so obviously Garcone. The caricatures, the likeness, the photographic similarity of it all! I really outdid myself, this time! Pardon me while I congratulate myself."

----- Bill Meyers



BEM

"BLISS IS BLISS"

Excellent Amorphousosities:

The latest Cry, I see, includes yet another moaning and groaning about "destructive" criticism — this time from the tear-strained typewriter of Messer Champion, who would wield an anachronistic lance for the anachronistic A. Merritt. (Something tells me that this really belongs in my series of editorials on the subject, but eventually the long-suffering readers are going to get tired of seeing it in my magazines — if they aren't weary of it already — so I may as well louse up yours for a change. But this sort of complaint needs to be slapped down every time it pops up, so here's RAWL doing his bit again.)



Perhaps some wonder why, out of the innumerable pulp writers of the period, many of whom were popular and less literate than A.M., Merritt is singled out for dissection. There's a very simple and sound reason: Merritt is still being touted as GREAT, as an author of TRUE LITERATURE of the fantasy type. He's being pointed to as an example of what is meant when numerous fans claim that science fiction is worth serious consideration. Others are forgotten, or, if remembered, are estimated at something close to their true value. No one blames Burroughs for not writing great literature — partly because he has been accepted and evaluated for decades for what he is, no more. There's nothing wrong with Burroughs or Merritt, or anyone's liking Burroughs or Merritt, so long as absurd claims aren't made for them.

And now, Lord ha' mercy, we are told that it isn't cricket to state the plain, easily-verifiable facts about a work, once the author is defunct — Mr. Champion would have it that it's barely civilized to take note of faults in the work of living authors, — but endurable if stated in tones of utmost gentility — if it can be shown that, possibly, the author may be "helped" by such nursing.

It so happens that I enjoyed "The Moon Pool" immensely upon first reading, a little less so on re-reading, and considerably less so the third time, when the flaws revealed themselves as far in excess of the entertainment value. And the most intolerable aspect of all is exactly what seemed so impressive the first time — the style, which seems wonderfully rich and meaningful when one is not only young but has not been exposed to very much density in writing style and hasn't the background to tell good from bad in that area. It isn't the mere existence of density but the fact that it is being used to say very little, to create bursts of color much like the patterns in a kaleidoscope, that makes for bad work. It's fun to twirl a kaleidoscope for awhile — but those patterns which can startle and amuse and delight for a little while are not great art. They say nothing; they may arouse some interesting reactions but they do not illuminate the reactions they arouse.

Would you say that someone who points out why the patterns in a Kaleidoscope are not great art is being destructive?

One thing the kaleidoscope does not do; it does not produce these patterns under the illusion that it is an artist.

From what I have heard of Merritt, I have every reason to believe that he was doing



the best he could, that he worked very hard at it, that he believed he was creating works of beauty and meaning, and that he was endlessly reworking his material — in other words, he wasn't complacent and satisfied with himself. He wasn't knowingly pretentious. But the result is pretentiousness just the same, and a critic who refuses to say so out of sympathy for the author, or in fear of offending the author's fancy, is no critic.

Elsh did not, in his analysis, tell Merritt's ghost the kind of stories he ought to have written; he did assess what Merritt did write. It is not a case of artificial great Art in pulp magazines; it is stating clearly, when a pulp author goes through some of the notions of creating Art, and produces a facsimile good enough to fool the uninformed, that the notions may be laudable but the art isn't. A large vocabulary, an ability to produce extended images piled up on each other, may be some of the ingredients of Art — but the mere presence of words that send the reader to an unabridged dictionary, of images stacked up like molded jelly, of droll (or would-be-droll) manipulations of legend and myth, etc., etc., does not result in Art, simpliciter.

The result, on the other hand, is just what you actually find in "The Moon Pool" and other novels of its purple kind: inflated rhetoric without content.

And no critic can destroy a work of Art — particularly a non-existent artwork!

Sincerely Yours,

Robert A.W. Lowndes

COLUMBIA PUBLICATIONS, Inc.

241 Church St.

New York 13, New York

((I think it likely that most of us are reasonably willing to concede your general statements about how a critic should function, which is mainly that a critic should call his punches as he sees them. I, for one, however, find great difficulty in deciding what is "Art" in literature and what is not. There are many great works of literature whose artistic qualities are unquestioned, such as Don Quixote, or novels of Walter Scott, Charles Dickens, Bulwer-Lytton, or Victor Hugo. Were not these very classics the popular fiction of their day? And yet you would not say that their greatness lies in their popularity, but in the fact that they have survived. What writer of today could possibly hope to get away with spouting off the strings of verbiage that the great authors of the past did and seal every word they ever wrote without revision of any kind? You would say, no doubt, that "literature", as far as fiction would be concerned, is whatever type of fiction best typifies the period of time in which it is created, and you would find much agreement among students of literature, I have no doubt. Obviously then, Merritt's work is of the lowest order, for this period is best typified by a new style of writing which is, from my own observation, a direct result of the works of Truman Capote who, in my opinion, initiated a veritable renaissance in the style of writing fiction some ten years ago. All that has been done since has been development along the lines he invented. I admire Capote's work very much; but I see so many poor imitations even in modern science fiction that the distinction between "literature" and junk is lost in a tangled mass of words placed against each other from a "stylistic" or an "artistic" standpoint rather than from any intention of attempting to produce the same emotions with words which the writer had while writing them. As a test, select some story which you consider to be "artistic" and read it three times, and see if familiarity with it does not cause you to break it down into its component parts and thereby lessen the enjoyment you received at first reading? "The Moon Pool" is really one of Merritt's poorer works — I rather think it was one of his first ones — poorer, that is, from the writing standpoint, and as such is more susceptible to criticism than some of Merritt's more polished works, such as "Creep - Shadow" or "The Ship of Ishtar". If entertainment value could be thought of as a criterion for greatness, then Merritt and Burroughs are certainly giants among those who like science fiction and fantasy. His stories are vacuous, you say. But what is "content" with regard to a story, and who is qualified to judge whether a story has content or not? Merritt's work has survived for 25 years. Can the same be said of any science fiction being written today? — BRT))

((The above answer represents my personal viewpoint, and not that of the other editors of the CRY. — BRT)) ((Let's you and me fight — typewriters at 3000 miles. — BRT))

AND FROM THE PICAYUNISH PART OF THE BIRD:

Dear Ya'll,

I'll give the coveted commentary of #105 in a second. Meenwhool, a word about the material I am sending: TRASH. That word's good enough and truly quite descriptive. I guess you're wondering why I'm contributing such stuff that I think so little of. The main reason is: I hate to pay money for fanzines and I have only one CRY coming to me; I don't have enough selfconfidence to depend on your printing letters of comment so I must either contribute or send money. The latter is a terrifying thought. Therefore, I must contribute! Unnastan? Oh well, maybe I'll come across a fortune some day and I'll send you a couple of dimes. Until then, though, you're doomed to a miserable existence of receiving tripe like this.

Now for an analysis of #105.

The cover was, of course, lousy. I believe it was Holocaust, was it not? Can't tell much about it really, because of the simply horrible reproduction. I hope the ditto that turned this cover out has been sufficiently scrapped.

Information please was quite interesting. I respect Walsted's pleas for info but no info do I have on said subjects. I was planning writing an article of my own, though, and voicing my own pleas as I had 3 questions that have been disturbing me for some time. Trouble is, I can't remember the big all-important question so it would be useless to write an article that would only take a paragraph or two. Theahfore, here are the two minor questions: What happened to Dream of the Stars, a movie that I have seen countless stills of but have never seen nor heard of anyone else who has seen it eitger. Did they scrap it before releasing it or something? I've seen quite a lot of stills, as I say, and they look fairly good but I've never heard of the movie hitting any theatre and these stills were taken some 3 or 4 years ago.

Next, Walsted urged this question when he stated that he would be obliged to write an early history of Flash Gordon. I have a fairly decent collection of original Flash Gordon Sunday sheets running back to 1935 and have noticed several peculiarities that are so far unexplainable. Raymond used pen & ink with his very first early strips but after a year he obviously resorted to airbrush and turned out some of the finest art I've ever seen. Why is it that Raymond's art was so much better with airbrush and why, at the very same time, did the color art improve so tremendously? When did he stop using balloons and begin using captions? Why did Raymond so abruptly end his typical style of sweeping flowing airbrush lines and replace it with a completely different style of slim simple lines? Also when was this style replaced with the bold ugly thick lines of the same simplicity which appeared during '44 and '45 and why? And was the reason for this style because Raymond had left for the war, made hundreds of primary sketches for future strips and turned them over to Charles Flanders, his ghost artist? (Now artist of the Lone Ranger.) Finally, when was the last Flash Gordon strip that had anything to do with Raymond and was Rip Kirby being published at this time, also? Oh yes, I'd also like to know details on Raymond's death...all I know (and I'm not even sure of this) is that he died on September 12, 1956 in a car wreck that was driven by Stan Drake, artist of Juliet Jones. So that's a pile of questions that could only be answered by a Raymond Bibliophile and I'm wondering if Walsted is such. Tell him to please let me know personally or through CRY. I'll be forever indebted to you, etc. etc.

Now then, the brief Prozine column. I've still to read the SFQ and Infinity which Renfrew mentioned which shows I'm still behind. Really further behind than usual since this column is pretty old. Ah well, I'm trying to catch up on all my reading by taking the prozines one a day and am slowly succeeding.

I was surprised at Pemby for not thoroughly blasting the two shorts in the August Bellite. They were absolutely the worst I've read, including Ziff-Davis and the Hamling mag. Margulies easily wins my personal Booby Prize of the Year for accepting such tripe.



I'm agreed with Renfrew on everything else except maybe del Rey's Divine Right in the July ASF which failed to impress me in any sort of a way while I really loved Asimov's "Profession" which Renfrew mentioned as being "in common" with the other.

Hooah. I love Champion's reveos! Amelia is apparently gafiated or heading in that direction. Why not give her a break and let Champion review from now on? I really like his style and especially the way he blasts Blish, whose writing I despise. I agreed with him on everything he said which shows he is of superior intelligence....

Loved Garcone's portraits. He's looking better than usual. His art, that is. Maybe he took my destructive criticism to heart. I hope so. These are the first pictures of his I've seen that I've really liked.

And that uncanny picture of the Bag! He couldn't have done better if I'd sent him a lifesize photograph to work with! Perfect resemblance! Congrats to Garcone on his telepathic powers and artistic talents.

Except, of course, for the picture of me which wasn't handsome enough.

I absolutely disagree with GMC on the revoo of Hollow Mountain. The film was revolting with hardly a bit of accent on the supposedly stf theme but more or less on the completely hackneyed love story, the poor examples of humor, and the uninteresting Mexican antics which are constantly in one travelogue or the other. The scenery was unimpressive, also...nothing one cannot see in practically any part of the U.S. And of course there was no evidence of mechanical contrivances, Gertrude, old gal; I thought that your superior critical eye could tell what methods of animation are used and what methods aren't. In this particular picture, the time-lapse effect was employed...taking a picture of a cardboard (or some pliable material) monster, then moving him a little, and taking another picture, etc. etc. thus when run through the regular speed, it looked as if the monster was moving. And it was so obvious, too. The picture bored me to the extent that when I left the theatre, I detested it with a bloody passion. How you could even call it "pleasant entertainment" is beyond me.

So Lowndes is added to the list of your pro readers, too. I must say, you have quite an audience. How about Larry Shaw? Sent a copy to him?

I must congratulate Garcone again on his remarkable pic of Richard Brown. How does he do it? It's exactly how I pictured Brown! And speaking said creature, he's a real spadic. In our personal correspondence, I argue with him that F&SF is the mag with Galaxy way behind and he argues with me that Galaxy is the greatest. Back and forth. Back and forth. Then lately he tells me that he hasn't read a Galaxy in over two years. And now in this letter, he calls me crazy for liking F&SF, and then completely contradicts me when I give one little plug for Galaxy! Ghu...

Glad to see that Champion likes F&SF. Shows that he sees the light and is a brilliant fan, a true advocate of the Cause.

I'll watch the "Miss" Gertrude business from now on. I've known she was married for quite some time. It's just that I thought "Miss Gertrude" was very cute and you might respect me for my humor, my numerous droll witticisms and my great respect for what's worthwhile while following in the great and true paths of righteousness.

Our town's been having excitement lately. Disney & flunkies, Incorporated drapped over from Hollywood to make a new picture, The Light in the Forest. It's another one of those Frontierland deals starring (Guess who!) Fess Parker. He's really controlling the town now. The first day, he rode down the main street in his Continental Mark II throwing \$20 bills to the rabble. Then he hired a bunch of brats to play the children of Fess Parker at the astounding salary of \$15 a day! Anyhoo, the whole surrounding area has been literally plastered with movie crews, stars, starlets, Disney, flunkies, money, coonskin caps, peanut butter and Nash Ramblers. He'll probably run a teevee show on it all showing scenes of our fabulous surrounding scenery. Curses.

After all, we have Rock City! Haw.

A Ben at Your Utmost Service

Bill sreyeM

4301 Shawnee Circle

Chattanooga 11, Tennessee

((answer to Bill Meyers): Sorry to cut out the parts of your letter where you talked about your stuff --- I was overruled by the other editors on the matter and was directed to use these parts as blurbs for the items in question. As I recall, Walsted has mostly the big-little books of Flash Gordon, and I couldn't get any answers for you out of him. (He is a fringe-fan). I suggest you write him at 3737 University Way, Seattle 5. Maybe you can get something out of him. --- BRT))

...YOU HAVE BEEN WARNED...

Dear Ones,

CRY seems to get here with an unpleasant regularity. And even tho I subbed just a while ago, I still feel an urge to comment... can't let these brash young neos take over CRY's letter column, y'know. Got to keep old faithful readers (four issues) like me in there.

GHOODE GHODDE!!! For what appears to be about the first time in history, CRY has a really good cover! I'm excepting the Bryer on #102; that was not a standard fmz cover, in my opinion. This Weber can actually draw good.

I suggest that L. Garcone and Pierpont Holocaust be gleefully dumped off the nearest bridge and that Wally Weber become official CRY artist. Too bad this cover wasn't mastered well enough to show up nice --- green on blue isn't so good a combination --- but as far as I can tell there's nothing wrong with the artwork.

See? Editor-in-Chief, Wally Weber. This should make it easy, Wally, even if you are accused of being a despot afterwards. (Though having met both L. Garcone and Pierpont Holocaust, I can state that they would not be missed at all. There would be no hole left in Seattle fandom by their demise, that is. If pH must stick around, confine him to your SAPSazines or teach him to take a little time and neatness with his art.)

Mark Walsted. I met you at the Nullcon, didn't I? You're not a fan. What are you doing in CRY? However. You know, I've heard about that story about the paper forest just recently, but I haven't read it and damned if I can remember where I heard about it. Suggest that if no CRYnreaders can help you out, they might be able to tell you where to look for this knowledge. Mebbe one of the book dealers that specializes in stf/fantasy could tell you.

That does not look like Renfrew Pemberton, as I have already informed Meyers. In fact, I doubt muchly if any artist could properly depict Pemby. The reason for this is obvious to anyone who has met him, of course. Have read even less than usual of the mags this time, since I procrastinated on buying some of the mags, and then ANC dumped everything and the stfzine shelves were practically cleared (except for AMAZING and FANTASTIC; and what with five years of back aSF to catch up on, I won't bestir myself to stoop that low for a while.) Hope you're back soon, RP.

Digging the Fanzines...it is obvious that unlike James Blish, this writer can apparently find nothing bad. Which is just as harmful, since there is really no reason to bother mentioning good fanzines. We must strike a happy balance somehow!

Shame on you, Garcone. That doesn't look like Burnett Toskey at all. In the first place, his brain case is fashioned into a neat spiral, like a Bairy Queen ice cream cone --- you know, with a curl on top. And besides, you neglected completely to show the third eye just below his ear.

Oh, Meyers, heh heh, you get me. Sob. After finishing this, I was almost in tears. I have put my Id to work 200 hours a week just to think up fiendish punishments for the Bag. So far nothing has come of id, but I am still hoping. Will let you know the results when they come out. Meanwhile, might I mention that cutting the insides out of an old book and putting a dead snake (or live one, rather, preferably very alive) inside, then selling this book to the Bag might help alleviate your mind until Id thinks up a truly



fitting revenge?

GMCarr is too easy on crud, as Meyers says. After meeting her, I am surprised at this. I mean, the pictures sketched in various outside fanzines may be a bit exaggerated, but I'm sure she doesn't need to go so far in the other direction towards sugar-coated stuff. Unless it's nostalgia. And Fout on Nostalgia.

And thank you, Villie, for all that egoboo.

Dunno if they're any pretty girls at the Round-up or not. Lots of pretty horses, but that wouldn't interest anyone but LeeH Shaw, I guess. Dunno about the girls mainly because I've stayed home from the last two, and anyway, I don't plan on giving out closely-guarded secrets. However, if you find any running around loose, you're welcome to them. If you're sure they're really loose, that is. I mean loose women, or what do I mean?

I think that since I will be in Pasadena next October, you will not have to worry about Richard Brown very much longer. However, Garcone has for once outdone himself on that portrait.

Meyers again: Oh, come now. That doesn't at all look like Lars Bourne on the cover of #104. As anyone can see, it's a Garcone self-portrait. Which and what is Garcone, I am not sure. It may be what you thought to be Lars Bourne, or it may be that thing with the loop hanging from it, or one of the other objects scattered around the landscape.

And of course Otto Pfeifer is not really L. Garcone. I am afraid that Otto will never live this down. What a pity, he was such a nice guy. But being accused of being L. Garcone is enough to send anyone into a deep traumatic state of hyper-thyroid catalepsy or something-like-that-there for the rest of one's life.

Oh, pardon me! It was pH that you accused Otto of being. This is much different. Perhaps Pfeifer will survive after all. Holocaust is not really such a lousy artist; he just draws too sloppily for my taste. Use a ruler to draw straight lines once in a while, try to get your letters a little bit neater, and for Roscoe's sake don't just draw the thing on master as fast as possible. Take the carbon out, do a rough sketch with pencil, then transfer it on with the carbon sheet. See how simple it is?

And Having Writ, I leave thee. Best,

John Champion
Route 2, Box 75B
Pendleton, Oregon

((As it turns out, the method you describe for drawing illos is exactly the way Holocaust does things. Garcone is the only one who draws free-claw on the stencil. Wally didn't press down hard enough when he mastered the cover of #105. Also don't blame Holocaust for the lettering-by-hand, which is in the claws of the art editor of the CRY, which, unfortunately, happens to be Garcone, a monster which/whom Wally Weber is afraid to disenthroned. — BRT))

GIVE US OUR BREAD — BUT NOT UNLEAVENED

Dear Ones:

Ah yes--another "Cry". Mighod it seems that no sooner do I find one issue in my already overflowing mailbox do I receive another. Toskey, you are a Good Man.

But the "Cry" does seem to be getting smaller with each issue. Of course, I'd rather have quality than quantity but I'd like to see a larger zine...30 pages or so would be sufficient, I suppose. Ha, who am I to say how big your zine should be? Especially when I've been getting free all this time.

"Revolt in the Bookshop" was quite good in spots. There is one fault, however, that I feel you should have corrected or at least asked he himself to correct. I am referring to the constant repetition of the words "at least" in paragraph eight on the first page of the story. Reads rather odd. Another thing--the story was a bit overdone...in all honesty, Bill, it was.



GMC writes a very thorough and interesting review, but once again I disagree with her opinion of the film. The picture was mediocre...nothing more. Mildly entertaining, ok?

Best liked, of course, was the lettercol. Thanks Ellison for the info on Cordwainer Bird—had a sneaky hunch it was you all the time. I think what made me think he was you was a little something I read in LeeH Spaw's Papazine—well, one of them anyway. She said something like: "...and we(You and LeeH) talked all about Cordwainer Bird and all sorts of things..." Thx again.

Dick Brown is fast establishing himself throughout the fannish world as an idiot. His letters—not the infrequent ones to me, oddly enuf—make me wonder how he acts and talks in person.

Funny thing with me about aSF: I can go out and buy a copy of the current issue, sit down to read a few stories, and then throw the mag down in disgust because of the stories' dullness. Not all the stories—just most of them. But when I buy an anthology (such as Judy Merrill's latest) I find that I enjoy the stories from aSF the best. I can't offer any explanation for this...anyone for delving into my mind???

Empotically disagree with Meyers' comments on Williams' "New Lamps". One of the worst stf stories he's read, he sez. Boy. Me, I'd take two stories of "New Lamps" calibre over ten issues of MADGE. I found the story to be well-characterized, well motivated, and in general very pleasant to read. No classic, admittedly, but I think it was one of the best pieces of stf Palmer has pubbed in months.

Next time Amelia is unable to do her column call on Champ again. A most pleasant fmz column, John. Very very good. Hoping the members of the Nameless are the same...oh yes, will be seeing youse in Saps...if I'm still in, that is. Haven't received mlg yet.

Your'n

Marty Fleischman
1247 Grant Ave.
Bronx 56, New York

((How does this Cry suit you for size? To R. Brown: After all the snide remarks about you in this lettercol, don't you think you ought to defend yourself — you are noticably absent this trip. — BRT))

ES, OUTLAW OF TORN

Dear Wally,

Enclosed is my buck. So send some CRY's. If possible, I'd like to get #'s 100-104. then #'s 106 on for my sub as long as it lasts. So let me have any of those back ishes you have. Thanks..



Your TOC really rocks me. I got a true yak out of it.

I don't know anything about what Walsted wanted to know in INFORMATION but I did enjoy his article. Seems he brought in every tried-and-true bit in sf, fantasy, and horror but the "Take me to your leader," line.

Pemberton's reviews kill me. Must kill him, too, to read all the junk he has to put up with in some of the mags he reviews. Yargh.

The art, cartoons, and lettering all stunk. Be brave and buy a letter guide. And buy some art from a youth named Adams. Fine lad. (I am enclosing some examples of the lad's work. You may send cash, check(!) or money order. Otherwise you'll have to just steal them. I suppose, though, that I'll be kind and let you use them free if you choose not to

reward me. Sniff. I'm all choked up with my generosity.)

Meyers' sad tale of woe had me snivelling into my beer. Just broke me up into little chunks. Poor boy. Snarvle.

As I remember it, THE BEAST FROM HOLLOW MOUNTAIN had one of Hollywood and teevy's big westerners (Wild Billy the Buffalo Kid or some the such) and not "relatively unknown" as the article suggested. I can't think of his name, but it's bigger than the names of most stars of sf films.

Meyers sure went ape over the Bryer cover, didn't he? So I hope you can send the

ish with it. Then I, too, can admire its rare beauty.

Hmm, No minutes in #105, I see. Tis bad. I must see how your meetings go.

I loved Moffat's komment on THE MOLE PEOPLE. That was another of the films I carefully avoided.

"Tseems that your headings for the letters interest me more than the letters. So,... why not leave out the letters? That way you'd have room for a lot more headings for letters. (Ghad, but this Adams can always come (Opp! Just saw that alwas! Haw! That spoils the rest of this sentence. But I shall continue undaunted!) through in the clutch.)

Yep, that Adams most assuredly can do the right thing at the right time.

Ya know, that sounds like the cue to close. Anyway, I don't have anything else to say. So grab my money and run.

Esmond Adams

432 Locust St.

Huntsville, Alabama

((WE'll send you those back issues as soon as we get around to it, which may mean anytime within a year. We don't pay cash for contributions, and neither do we steal them outright. -- But you get a free ish (sub extended in the case of subbers) for every issue to which you contribute. Are you pulling a Richard Brown on us? --- BRT))

BUT WE THOUGHT ONLY WOODPECKERS....??

Wally:

!&***.@!!

I hear that a quote card I mailed out has fallen into your hands and thence into the depths of CRY.

All this without letting me know about it and without even so much as sending me a copy. This makes me...unhappy. Furthermore, I hear I didn't get any egoboo for it.

This, too, makes me unhappy.

Why you went ahead and pubbed it without notifying me or asking about it or something beats me. I don't think it's a good policy.

Perhaps I sound like I want a feud. Bilge. I desire no such thing. But I hope you take the hint and at least send me a copy. In case you don't remember the pic is of two reptilian monsters playing chess or some darn thing. So please send me the ish containing it.

I hear it was #105 that it was in. If you wanted that so-called art, tho, I think you could have inquired--I would have let you use it without even thinking about it then.

Fiendishly yours,

Robin Wood

Box 154, Amador City, California

((The pic in question was sent to us by Richard Brown and we mistook it for a contribution, and, having a hole in #105 just the right size for it we just, well, that is, (hmm, how do I get out of this one) --- well, anyway, now that we know who is really responsible for it, we shall send you a copy, --- BRT))

SWEDISH APPLES ARE TOUGH THESE DAYS

Blasted Nameless Things:

I'm writing this especially as I haven't got any COTN 103, it's probably lost in the mailing. Don't, please, send the rag like this BUT put it in an envelope etc! I'd appreciate if you dug up a new copy and sent it... dunno if you ever SENT a Nr. 103. I'm also planning a KOMET'S SF SERVICE and would like to get some extra copies -- in trade, yes. ALSO WHY HAVEN'T you sent the ishes previous to this year as I wanted. ARE THEY SOLD OUT OR WHAT? KOMET, yes, why didn't you review it in COTN?

NEW WORLDS, oh yes, Probably I'm more experienced in BRITISH SF than YOU!! Commenting on Nr. 104, Renfrew's col I've nearly all NW's, Nebula's and Science-Fantasy's. All of them were excellent in the beginning and degenerated after some time... tho' NW was fine until only three years ago. You should buy back ishes, there's a lot of really fine

SF there, HAPNA has printed some of the stuff; you can get 'em at 9d ea. or less from British fan firms! KOMET/myzine/ will soon feature such an ad...write them! I've subbed to NW now, it's going upward.

Diabolically
Alvar Appeltofft
Klammerdammsgatan 20
Halmstad, SWEDEN

((As I recall, we have now lost track of what Crys you wanted, but any year now we'll ship you a mass of them. Envelopes cost us too much money just for mailing out these things, but we'll staple it together better and see if that helps. As I recall we couldn't review KOMET because nobody here reads Swedish. For that reason the Swedish promags also seem uninteresting to us. Usn's are just too LAZY to learn Swedish or to correspond much. Too much other activity, I guess. --- BRT))

'TIS A BLAKE AND LONELY THING....

Dear Editors of Cry of the Nameless,



Members of the cry start crying. I'm back. After an absence of umpteen issues. No time honest!

On to the Cry's. When I first looked at the cover of #105 I said echh! Then I looked closer and saw all those funny little green things. It is a pretty good cover after all. You know Cry has terrific artwork and crudwork in the same issue? For example Marv Bryer, who has done some very fine artwork for various Cry covers, and Bourne, who is also good. Garcone seems to alternate between the two extremes. Holocaust is terrible. But his cartoons are tops! Sanders cartoons are pretty good after I figure them out. (Incidentally I'm speaking of other Cry's besides #105.)

Now for a shocker. I don't read Renfrew's column. I don't read prozines. I just can't take it any more! (The prozines I mean, not Renfrew).

The letter column has improved. After sorting out all the letters from pros that clutter it up I find interesting letters (amusing too) by suchlike as Meyers, Gumpson, Fleischman (did I spell it right Marty) etc. Also Ricardo Brown whose letters are familiar to those written back in the #90's by some screwy character whose name I can't recall.

Miss BRT's column.

Tallyho ---

Joe A. Blake

9 Mt. Guyot St.

North Brookfield, Massachusetts

((Glad to see you back with us again, Joe. Ah yes, seems I do remember a nutty character who wrote letters at least as nutty as RBrown's. Joe something or other, wasn't it? Seems like his last name began with a "B". didn't it? --- BRT))

A CARD IS BOURNE

Dear Wally,

Have received copy of cry with your cover. The cover was, of course, very good. You must ha more of these, by all means. This is just a short note to let you know that I've been receiving and enjoying them. Walsted's article was well received in this part of the country. I liked it. Revolt in the Bookshop was good altho not as good as the article. I won't bother commenting on the rest of the material as the columns etc. speak for themselves.



I suggest you have more of yourself in the Cry, Wally. People start forgetting you after a time and you wouldn't want that. Let's have some Nameless Anon. meetings since you don't attend the other any more.

Lars Bourne
2436 1/2 Portland St.
Eugene, Oregon

((Wally still attends Nameless Meetings -- Nameless Anonymous doesn't hold meetings. Note "Minutes" in this. --- BRT))

AND INEVITABLY WE HAVE:

Dear Ones,

HAH! I finally thought of what I was going to write an article about! After much concentration I now have the subject I was going to write about. Trubble is, you have the other two reasons and this wouldn't make a decent article unless I used all three, so I'll just hope you print this in the lettercol. as I must know the answer to this earth-shaking mystery!

When I was a neo-neo-neo-neo-fan back in the period between 1949 and 1951, I ran across a LIFE Magazine that ran an article all about science fiction & fandom. It featured quite a few movie stills and illustrations, but me not knowing a thing about fandom, I merely clipped out the stills and put them in my hope chest. (Haw.) And now, digging through them again, I read what was on the back of these stills and it really proved quite interesting. Interesting enough, so that I will pay hard cash for this article either in the magazine intact or clipped out. Or for a nominal fee, I want the date of this LIFE magazine if anyone knows which one it is.

One thing I forgot to mention in my last letter... tell Pemberton to revoov all the magazines he didn't get to revoov last month. The longer the column the better!

Poor Pemby.

((Sorry we couldn't print the excerpts -- copyright laws you know. I'll look up the LIFE in the library and let you know what I find out, OK? --- BRT))

Bill Barsoom Meyers
(address elsewhere)

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Seattle 4, Washington

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