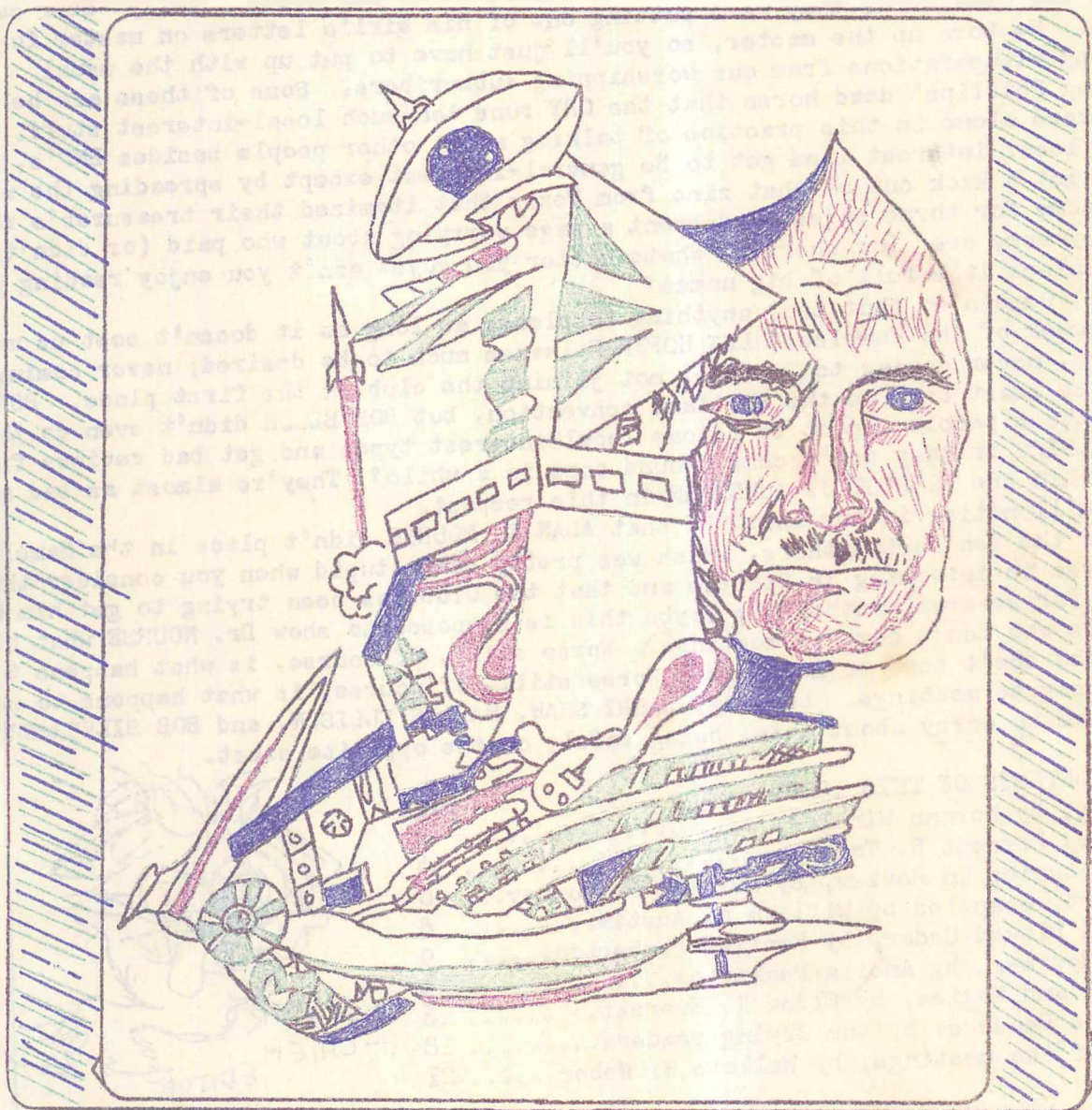


CRY OF THE NAMELESS



JUNE 1956

#92

CRY OF THE NAMELESS #92, June 1956: the clubzine that doesn't care

The contributors of this magazine have been accused of being a bunch of pseudonyms though not to their faces. A close look would show that at least they don't have pseudopods -- they really need those girdles.

The cover for this issue is by Marv Bryer, a real, live out-of-town contributor: of St. Louis, Mo. It is reproduced in gorgeous DittoColor through the heroic efforts of Burnett R. Toskey. We're also running some more artwork by J.L. Sanders of Indiana.

The letter column won't be as interesting as we had hoped. Wally Weber caught Toskey and Pfeifer as they were putting one of his girl's letters on master for the column. He tore up the master, so you'll just have to put up with the usual scathing vituperations from our worshipping subscribers. Some of these are helping beat Rog Phillips' dead horse that the CRY runs too much local-interest stuff. Even if we were alone in this practice of talking about other people besides BNF's, how does a local interest item get to be general-interest except by spreading the word?? I even got a kick out of that zine from Texas that itemized their treasurer's report and income for three pages, and spent a page worrying about who paid (or didn't) the 35¢ they were over (or short). Whatsamatter you guys: can't you enjoy reading something unless it's full of big names?

OK, we can do that too; anything to please as long as it doesn't cost us money. As a member of the Nameless, LEE HOFFMAN leaves much to be desired; never coming to meetings, never coming to Seattle, not joining the club in the first place. BOB TUCKER at least came to the Portland convention, but BOB BLUM didn't even do that. How do these people expect to become local-interest types and get bad reviews from ROG PHILLIPS if they don't come around once in a while? They're almost as bad as WALT WILLIS and FORREST J. ACKERMAN in this respect.

You'll notice in our last CRY that ALAN E. NOURSE didn't place in the Nameless Poll for the Ten Best Authors, which was pretty damn stupid when you consider that Dr. Nourse is interning in Seattle and that the Club has been trying to get him to a meeting for several months. Or maybe this is supposed to show Dr. NOURSE what happens to people who don't come to meetings. Worse still, of course, is what happens to people who don't come to meetings. Worse still, of course, is what happens to people who DO come to meetings. Luckily, LARRY SHAW, HARLAN ELLISON, and BOB SILVERBERG don't have to worry about this, being safely on the opposite coast.

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Cover by Marv Bryer, depicting a -- well, a sort of -- well, it's PRETTY

This issue edited by -- hmm, let's see: Otto Pfeifer put answers under the letters. Weber and Toskey did most of the work as usual, I scribbled this page as an editorial preachment, and Lisa, our younger dachshund, urped on the rug every time anybody read any of the stuff out loud. Have fun!

-F. M. Bursby

PHANTASMA

S-F News from Here and There

By Norman Winslow

AUTUMN DEBUT FOR TWO NEW TITLES

Ziff-Davis, publishers of *Amazing* and *Fantastic* announced recently that DREAM WORLDS will be the label they are hanging on their new fantasy magazine, scheduled for an Early September appearance. 128 pages, digest size.

Leo Margulies, ex-editor of *Fantastic Universe* is forming a new publishing company and has conceived a new s-f title for an August birth, as yet untitled. This one will be 144 pages, digest size.

Hans Santesson has replaced Margulies as editor of F.U. and except for seeking more atmosphere for his stories he plans little changes in policy.

Howard Browne, editor of *Amazing* and *Fantastic*, has resigned his position to accept a five year writing contract with Warner Brothers in Hollywood. Paul Fairman has succeeded to Browne's Z-D Job.

The now-adult comic magazine *MAD* will adopt a bi-monthly schedule with the next issue, with an eye towards a monthly appearance in the future if all goes well. It has been following a low-geared "quarterly" policy for several issues.

Ballantine has a John Wyndham collection and a Jack Vance novel ("Clarges") on tap.

Pyramid Paperbacks will publish Evan Hunter's re-lengthened "Tomorrow and Tomorrow" (From IF) as "Tomorrow's World, by "Hunt Collins". Also scheduled is Zenna Henderson's F&SF series about "The People" -- ("Ararat", "Pottage", etc).

(The foregoing news by courtesy of FANTASY TIMES: Fandom House, P.O. Box 2331, Paterson 23, New Jersey. Subscription : \$1:00 for 12 issues))

OVER THE GARDEN WALL SO TALL

The geniuses and college deans

All sit and ponder what life means.

The garden grows, but they don't see.

They know not of the bean and pea.

They're ignorant of garden greens.

So how are they smart if they don't know beans?

— George Spencer

Rescue

By Burnett R. Toskey

(Author's note: This is the third and final story in a trilogy. For the benefit of you lucky dogs who missed the first two stories, I will here give a brief resumé of the preceding two stories.

"THE BIG RIDE", Sinisterra, Autumn 1954, was a garbled version of the story by the same title which forms the first part of my lousy trilogy. In its original version, the story concerned the hi-jacking of a young fellow into a spaceship. He wakes up to find himself alone in the spaceship with a beautiful young girl. The story ends just before it reaches its logical conclusion. In the published version the ending was changed without my knowledge to obviate this desired conclusion.

"ESCAPE" published in Cry of the Nameless, April 1956, as a paid advertisement, except that I didn't pay for it, takes place farther out in space. An old crackpot scientist had appeared in the spaceship, had locked the young fellow in a cell, tied the girl to a chair, and locked himself in another cell while he plays with a hacksaw blade. The young fellow finally persuades the old man to throw him the blade, and immediately puts it to the same use.

Now finish this furshlugginer mess:)

We three sat around a small table staring at each other. The table and chairs being of rust-proof metal, they were the only articles left within the spaceship except for the living human beings. Everything else had deteriorated to nothingness with the ravages of time. This also included the clothes we had worn.

The old scientist had a faraway look in his eye. "Strange," he said, more to himself than to the other two. "We have been traveling outward through space for millions, perhaps billions of Earth years, in an unknown direction, at an unknown speed. Time and decay have claimed everything with us except ourselves, these metal items, and the spaceship itself. The fuel supply is long gone, as well as our food and oxygen supply. yet we live on and on, in the best of health, and without aging."

I looked at the young girl, still beautiful and full of the vibrance of youth. What the old man said was true. We should have starved to death, suffocated, or at least died of old age by now. The old man's eyes were raised. "One of the inexplicable mysteries of space," he stated, as though that was the answer to the whole problem.

The girl held me by the hand. "But where will it all end?" she asked.

"We shall travel to the end of time," the old man intoned. "We are traveling toward the pit of infinity, but it will take us eternity to get there."

I looked at the girl and tried to smile. The old man could be depressing at times. The girl and I rose, leaving the old man to his musings, and went to our favorite corner. Life aboard the ship was rather monotonous, but we had each other, and I think that that is what held ~~xxx~~ our minds in one piece. The old scientist was demented before the trip had begun. At least he seemed to be happy in his own dreamworld.

The girl and I lay in our corner in each others arms, happy and content. Time was itself meaningless to us and for the next year we lay there tasting all the pleasures of love. Finally we slept.

How long I had lain asleep I have no idea, but I was awakened rather sharply. I looked up to see strange figures in the ship. They were men, except they had covering over their skin. Clothes! Interested, I stood up, and noticed that their clothes were made of spun metal, impervious to time. There were seven of them.

The professor was crawling toward us, his uncertainty revealing the fact that he had lost his glasses again. I noticed that two of the newcomers were holding the girl pinioned. The men smiled at me. I looked again toward the scientist, and one of the uniformed men went over to help the old man.

They spoke to me, but I could not understand what they were saying. I wondered

RESCUE (Concluded)

if these men were from Earth. I tried to talk to them, but they just smiled and shook their heads. Every now and then one of them would glance toward the girl with a deep frown. I was puzzled.

At a signal from the leader, the men held a conference, the import of which I could not catch, but it appeared to concern the girl, who was still being held by two of them. Finally they seemed to reach a decision, and the leader spoke a few words to the two holding the girl. They released her and moved away.

Before I had a chance to do anything about it, the leader of the seven newcomers drew forth a metallic object from his uniform, and pressed a button. A hissing flame spewed forth straight at the helpless girl, and she burned to a crisp and crumbled to ashes before my very eyes! With a scream of terror and anguish I ran to where the girl I loved had been but a moment before, so young, so beautiful and so full of life. I crumpled sobbing to the floor clutching at the flimsy ashes.

After a few moments I began to collect my wits once more, and I looked up at the men, violent hatred filling my every thought. "Why did you do it!" I screamed at them. But they only smiled back, not understanding.

I leaped at them, clawing, biting, kicking, and pounding. My efforts were useless. I ceased my flailing as I realized I was being held gently by two pairs of strong arms. Defeated, I hung my head, helpless and griefstricken, as they led me away. I was hardly aware that the old scientist was following us as we entered the strange spaceship that had attached itself to us.

Aboard the other spaceship I began to learn the language, and within a few months was able to ask a few questions. The leader of the party had been my teacher and it was he whom I addressed.

"Where are you from?" I asked.

"Earth," he explained, pointing to a well-recognizable planet on the charts.

"Why did you kill the girl?" I used the English word "girl".

"What is a, a, a --- a 'girl' did you say?"

"A female human being, you dope!" I answered, knowing that he wouldn't understand most of my words. It gave me satisfaction to utter them, just the same.

A puzzled expression appeared on his face. He called one of the other crew members, apparently a scientist of some sort, and asked him about the situation. This fellow began thinking, apparently on the verge of clearing up the whole situation, but not quite able to voice what he was trying to think of. He left the room.

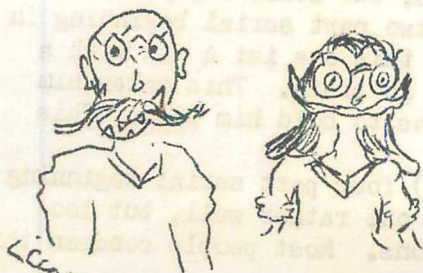
He returned to us a few minutes later, bearing a small book. I noted the title: "Sexual Behavior of the human Female". In English! The man looked at me and explained:

"Through ignorance a drastic mistake has been made," he apologized. "But under the circumstances, it was perhaps unavoidable. You see, we were sent out into space some fifty thousand years ago to rescue you. According to our instructions there were two of you to rescue from the derelict spaceship, but when we entered there were three. We thought the, uh, girl, was trying to kill you, so we separated you, and then we noticed the, er, differences. We came to the conclusion that the girl was an alien so we decided not to take any chances. "

"But --- but, you mean ---?"

"We seven men have been out in space so long that we forgot what a girl looked like."

THE END



← Note the smile on the faces of F.M. & Elmer Busby upon learning that there will be no more stories in this series.

AMAZING STORIES

In Review

By Burnett R. Toskey

Part IX: 1934

For the most part, Amazing Stories maintained the status quo in 1934 that had been set in 1933. That is, the same number of magazines were published. None of the monthly issues, however, were skipped this time, and only one quarterly, the Fall 1934 edition, appeared. The amount of reading matter during 1934 was thereby reduced a slight amount. The one Quarterly was devoted exclusively to reprints.

The one truly redeeming feature of the year, however, was the appearance of "Triplanetary" by E.E. Smith, which, as it came to me through the grapevine, had originally been sold to Astounding, but was transferred when Astounding went temporarily out of business. It was, however, the last story by Smith to appear in Amazing.

The covers of the magazine during this year were pretty much the same as those of the previous year: hastily drawn Morey paintings drably printed. The Quarterly, also had a Morey painting, but the colors were slightly better.

In general, the stories continued to maintain the same general quality as the previous year. In particular, the rundown looks like this:

NOVEL LENGTH STORIES:

"The Sunken World" by Stanton A. Coblentz (Rating A+,0.8) Fall Quarterly. This story is reprinted from the Summer 1928 Quarterly, and was reviewed in a previous installment.

"Triplanetary" by E.E. Smith (Rating - A,1.0) four part serial beginning in January. Here is the major portion of the rewritten hard-cover edition of this same title. In fact, this story itself forms word for word the entire final section of the book. The first two sections were parts added later by Smith in order to incorporate this story into the Lensmen series. A very fine thought-provoking and exciting novel written in Smith's characteristic masterful style.

"Life Everlasting" by David H. Keller (Rating A,1.6) two part serial beginning in July. Here is Keller's finest story, in my opinion. It is vastly different from anything Keller has had printed up to this time. It is a story with terrific impact, beautifully conceived and executed.

"Terror Out of Space" by H. Haverstock Hill (Rating A,1.8) four part serial beginning in February. A very fine adventure novel wherein Earth and Mars unite to drive off invaders from beyond the Solar System. It is written in a fairly modern style, so should appeal to most anyone. Excellent characterization and plotting.

"Through the Andes" by A. Hyatt Verrill (Rating B,2.0) three part serial beginning in September. Here is another fine story in the established Verrill tradition. Not as inspired as certain of his other works, but the touch of the master is there, the one quality which distinguished this great author: stark realistic authoritative believability.

"The Lost City" by Milton R. Peril (Rating B,2.1) three part serial beginning in May. An Atlantis story in which Atlantis is discovered by means of a tunnel leading downward from the Sphinx, the entrance to which is cleverly concealed by an intricate system of locks. I personally like Atlantis stories, so it is hard to tell if you would enjoy this as much as I did. I thought it to be a very good story.

"Land of Twilight" by Robert Page Preston (Rating B,2.2) three part serial beginning in November. A rather satisfying adventure story dealing with the inhabitants of the twilight zone of Mercury. Slightly dated, perhaps, but still enjoyable.

"The Moon Pirates" by Neil R. Jones (Rating B,2.7) two part serial beginning in September. Oh goodie, space pirates! And what a pirate this one is: A man with a mechanical heart, liver, kidneys etc etc, and only human in brain. This makes him rather successful as a pirate: no squeamish human emotions to hold him back. This story is significant as the only serial by this author.

"Measuring a Meridian" by Jules Verne (Rating C,3.3) four part serial beginning in May. This is one of Verne's poorer works. It starts out rather well, but too much of the story is bogged down in scientific explanations. Most people condemn this

(AMAZING STORIES IN REVIEW, continued)

story much more than I do, but I maintain that it has its high points in spite of its many obvious weaknesses. It certainly commits no more sins in plotting than do many of the John W. Campbell novels.

FOURER STORIES: "B" Stories

"The Masterminds of Venus" by William K. Sonneman, September. The best short story of the year, and it would certainly not do discredit to any magazine, even today. Sonneman was one of the better writers to be drawn in to the science fiction field. Unfortunately, after three stories, all in Amazing, he left, probably to more fertile fields.

"The Moon Waits" by H.L.G. Sullivan, November. A rather unusual story about inhabitants of the Moon and their rather unusual civilization. A very good story.

"Barton's Island" by Harl Vincent, Fall Quarterly, reprinted from August 1929, and "The Malignant Entity" by Otis Adelbert Kline, also in the Fall Quarterly, reprinted from June 1926, have been reviewed in previous installments.

"C" Stories:

January: "Master of Dreams" by Harl Vincent

"The Lost Language" by David H. Keller

"Gold" by Isaac Nathanson

"The Alchemy of Ian Bjornsen" by Warren F. Doane

February: "The Regenerative Wonder" by Winthrop W. Hawkins

"The Time Jumpers" by Phil Nowlan

"A Descent into the Maelstrom" by Edgar Allen Poe

March: "Peril Among the Drivers" by Bob Olsen

April: "Cat's Eye" by Harl Vincent

"The Mentalicals" by Francis Flagg

"The Gold-Bug" by Edgar Allen Poe

June: "Subjugating the Earth" by Walter Kately

July: "Beam Transmission" by George H. Scheer, Jr.

August: "North God's Temple" by Henry J. Kostkos

"Shot Into Space" by Isaac R. Nathanson

"Photo Control" by Barnard Brown, B.Sc.

September: "The Beam" by Milton Kaletsky

October: "The Pool of Life" by P. Schuyler Miller

December: "The Rape of the Solar System" by Leslie F. Stone

"The Sunless World" by Neil R. Jones

"Men Created for Death" by Henry E. Kostkos

Fall Quarterly: "The Radio Robbery" by Captain S.P. Meek, U.S.A.

The aggregate remainder of the year consisted of "D" stories. For the first year since the magazine's inception, no story earned an "E" rating or lower. This is a step in the right direction. It should be mentioned that in "Beam Transmission" by George H. Scheer (July) a new series was begun. These were somewhat on the ultra-scientific side, much like Campbell or George O. Smith in later years. It was a rather short-lived series, as the Sloane regime was not long for this world, and the author was apparently a slow writer. His stories show care. Strangely, the "Posi and Nega" series bypassed 1934 completely. Skidmore, a rather inept writer, was represented by a couple of other short stories, however. Eando Binder, after a first failure ("The First Martian", October 1932) began to get a little more into the swing of things with "Eighty-Five and Eighty-Seven", a "D" story from the October 1934 issue. P. Schuyler Miller also showed signs of improvement, as evidenced above.

Average ratings of Current S-F Magazines; compiled by W.N. Austin

RATINGS: A, Excellent; B, Very Good; C, Good; D, Neutral; E, F, and G not so good.

AMAZING, May 1956 (30:5)

- D+ Girl Who Hated Air, nt (Lesser)
- D- Uncle Kim, sss (Warren)
- C The Scarlet Saint (4 of 4) (Banister)
- E Killer Cat, sss (Stanley)
- E Of Men and Bugs, ss (Morton)
- D- A Trip to Anywhen, ss (Jorgenson)

ASTOUNDING June, 1956 (57:4)

- B+ Plus X, 1 nt (Russell)
- C+ T. Chosen People, nt (Randall)
- C+ T. Peasant Girl, ss (Janvier)
- B T. Live Coward, ss (Anderson)
- C+ Sea Change, ss (Scottie)

FANTASTIC, June 1956 (5:3)

- D- Conception: Zero, nt (G Vance)
- E Dream Girl, ss (Silverberg)
- D+ All Good Men, ss (Lesser)
- D+ Everybody's Watching You, nt (Thames)
- D- Round Trip, sss (Stanley)

FANTASTIC UNIVERSE June 1956 (5:5)

- B- T. Mechanical Man, nt (Budrys)
- C+ Reaching for t.Stars, ss (Young)
- C- Blind Lightning, ss (Ellison)
- C+ T.Triangulated Izaak Walton, ss(Reynolds)
- C- Lights out for Rosalie, ss (Lewis)
- C The Laugh, ss (Abernathy)
- C+ Snowstorm on Mars, nt (Ferrat)
- D+ Eau De Morgue, sss (Harris)
- C+ T. Gay-Hearted Jay, sss (Stevens)
- B- T. Death-Wish, ss (M St. Clair)

FANTASY & SCI FICT. June 1956 (10:6)

- B T. Man Who Came Early, nt (Anderson)
- C- Star Slugger, ss (Morrison)
- C- T. Ship, sss (Nolan & Fritch)
- D+ Genius of t.Species, ss (Bretnor)
- B- T. Asa Rule, ss (J. Williams)
- C Payment Anticipated, ss (Forester)
- C Bottle Babe, ss (S Palmer)
- C+ All On a Golden Afternoon, nt (Bloch)

GALAXY June 1956 (12:2)

- C+ Mezzrow Loves Company, nt (Wallace)
- B T. Venus Trap, nt (Ev Smith)
- C- In t.Cards, nt (Cogan)
- C- Death Wish, ss (Lang)
- C- T. Scapegoat, ss (Maples)
- C+ T. Moralist, ss (Taylor)

IF June 1956 (6:4)

- C+ T. Crackpots, nt (Ellison)
- B- Z, nt (Fontenay)
- B T. Scamperers, ss (Stearns)
- B- What shall it Profit? ss (Anderson)
- B- After Some Tomorrow, ss (Reynolds)
- C Night Court, ss (Arkawy)

IMAGINATION June 1956, (7:3)

- C+ Battle for the Stars, nov (Blade)
- D+ Dalrymple's Equation, ss (Fairman)
- D Gunnison's Bonanza, ss (Purcell)
- D- Planet of Doom, nt (Thames)
- D- Mystery at Mesa Flat, ss (Jorgenson)
- E The Obedient Servant, ss (Tenneshaw)

INFINITY June 1956 (1:3)

- B T.Guests of Chance, ss(Beaumont & Oliver)
- C+ T. Stilled Patter, sss (Gunn)
- C- Under t. Skin, nt (Perri)
- C+ Death in Transit, ss (Sohl)
- B Variety Agent, sss (P. Phillips)
- C+ Sponge Dive, ss (Blish)
- C Rebuttal, ss (Curtis)
- C- Round-Up Time, sss (Cohen)
- B- The Mob, sss (Sheckley)

PLEASE NOTE: The above ratings are the average of many local members, but the more ratings we get, the better. Ratings from anyone and everyone is desired. Send your ratings to:

Wm. N. Austin
Box 969, 920 3rd Ave.
Seattle 4
Washington

SCIENCE-FICTION FIELD PLOWED UNDER
Renfrew Pemberton

SCIENCE FICTION STORIES, July: the cover had me fooled for a moment; I thought it was a new prozine. Covers haven't always done SFS justice in the past.

SFS is sometimes better than its stories so I read everything else first and waxed enthusiastic at the editorial, dknight reviews, Bob Madle's column, and some of the letters. Digging into the stf proper, Pohl's leadoff is the dark meat -- with the delightful extrapolation from the Hilsch Tube to a Semantic Polarizer that answers yes-no questions, Frederik can do no more than stop a murdering sharpie's rise to gadget-assisted power by gadget-predicted painful doom, presumably cancer or something. It's written better than it deserves, which reminds me of "The Hucksters" philosophy: "If it's not worth doing at all, it's not worth doing well." Bryce Walton retreads "Coventry" with a good twist. Blish resurrects a modern composer 205 years from now; not my personal demitasse but good of its type. Garrett has the troubles of the psionic spacedrive -- my choice of the issue; wonder whether JWC had a chance at it?? Ralph Spencer belabors grotesque misinterpretations of us by our post-atomic descendants. It has chuckles in it here and there. Bob Silverberg depicts the tragedy of a dying earth (no relation to the Vance version) but somehow it's hardly tragic at all, the way Bob lines it out. De Camp scoffs off alchemy, proving once again the superior advantageous position of the Monday-morning quarterback. ~~MMMM~~, still love that cover.

Last month my newsstander announced the demise of MAD but here we have #28, with 15 headings on the contents page, 56 pages not including covers. Hoo-hah, too much work to catalog all this but feels as if Kurtzman et al are on the upbeat again, after a little straining for the new pitch while converting from comics. (Sigh) I wish they'd do just one NEW comic per issue.

This year's WRITER'S YEARBOOK has a taped interview with Robert Harrison, publisher of CONFIDENTIAL, allegedly the highest-selling magazine ever (3 to 1 over LADIES' HOME JOURNAL, for instance). This guy is so obviously Today's Successful Heel that he must have read up on the part. Well, if my ambitions get stronger than my stomach, watch your newsstand for FILTHY ROTTEN STORIES, published and edited by Renfrew Pemberton, and mastheaded "These stories may or may not be true -- to protect ourselves from the chintzy libel laws, we have changed the names of persons and places so that it will take real effort for you to prove anything on us." We'll sell more than anybody, disguising all the Anglo-Saxon four-letter words with an added fannish "h" to get by the postals.

WRITER'S YEARBOOK has numerous other features -- fan interest will center on Poul Anderson's "S.F.", a forthright and fascinating discussion of stf prozines as awriters' market. I've seen several articles of this type and Poul's is one of the best. Other items here may send you if you're somewhat of a writing type; stf is after all a part of the general fiction field though we ordinarily think in terms of its differences.

Toskey finally talked me into reading Franz Werfel's "Star of the Unborn" (hardcover, 1946), and I'm glad. It's a weirdie, if you're strictly a magazine stfan; the flavor is similar to "The Amphibians" and "The World Below" by S. Fowler Wright, which hardcover in my hometown librar under one binding and the latter title. Seems to take forever to get off the ground, but becomes oddly fascinating after a while though the author is so new to the field as to give all his gimmicks away but never explain them. Maybe

it's the novelty that does it. However, somebody should tell these mainstream dabblers in stf that the tempted overage hero who never makes out is not truly the fannish approach to sex in stf. As if Werfel cares.

SCIENCE FICTION QUARTERLY, August: Lowndeszines are definitely the Most Improved of the Year. The new policy on artwork pays off with another very pleasant cover. Garrett helps Knight in the review column this issue, while Michael Sherman takes over "Parodies Tossed" with a three-page verse spoof of "Hell's Pavement". Wallace West's novelet "Time Lockers" is a new twist well-done; de Camp's "Wyvernhold" is rather a mishmash, too short for the novelet label, and the blurb gives it away. Of the shorts, Stearns' "Golden Ones" is the meatiest. Walton's "Back to Nature" is an ironic little jewel. Hack Reynolds' "Case Rests": "Author Should". The article demolishes inviolability as an stf gimmick, or at least all the "scientific explanations" of same; the author appears to enjoy the impossible in stf if not propped up by inadequate "explanations".

F&SF, July: 14 contents items include articles, reviews, poem, and eleven stories. Stories are five reprints, six new. Three have drunken heroes, two of which are alcoholics and make pacts: one with devil, one with aliens. The third doesn't, so the human race goes pfft in a nova, just as if Fred Hoyle hadn't shown us that only red super-giant stars go nova (and you'll never know what a comfort THAT is).

Of the eleven, there are four outright fantasies, three more or less science-fiction stories, two that would rate as stf in a non-stf publication, and two that can only be classified as refugees from the Atlantic Monthly. I think several of the people who scream at Gold for watering-down stf would scream more loudly at Boucher if they read him at all.

Tastes, however, vary; many of you may disagreed heartily with Amelia and me for calling this issue one of the poorest F&SF has produced. I do feel, though, that the practice of reprinting from current non-stf magazines (1955 Playboy and 1956 Esquire, in this instance) is to be frowned upon with vigor. We have trouble enough with incestuous anthologies.

June aSF: Russell's "Plus X" is a longer variation on the "Diabologie" theme. Good Russell on his conflict side, as distinct from "Timid Tiger" and such where he stands alone. Poul Anderson has a little gem on his Galactic Patrol (the Doubled-Dyed Villains). All the pieces fit.

Shorts: Randall with a subtle prelude to a "Helping Hand" or "Blood's the Rover" situation, Janvier with a different slant on What to Do About these Damn Psi's, and Scortia (I don't think there's a legal name in this paragraph) with a mechanical-body heartrender that needs a little more length to develop empathy. No stinkers at all.

Editor Campbell is Heigh-0 and well Away on his latest hobby, Psionics: the investigation-by-apparatus of the so-called "psi". This should interest all but the most diehard adherents of "Physical Science is Right, AS IS". JWC describes a gadget which analyzes minerals in a weird sort of way, NOT explicable by your local Department of Physics (I'll vouch for this personally). The technical specifications for building the gimmick are scattered amidst the text but any radio "ham" can follow them. If you wish, build a model, test it, and argue with JWC if your results differ. Campbell doesn't happen to agree with the inventor's purported theory in any respect; he just plain doesn't know why it worked as it did for him, and admits it. Anybody have answers for him?

(Science Fiction Field Flowed Under, continued)

Asimov's "End of Eternity" (Doubleday) varies the theme of a watching corps of time-travelers, reminiscent of Van Vogt's "Search" (ASF, Jan '43). I've read some fairly churlish reviews of this story but I don't go along with them. There seems to be just two main difficulties with it; first that no 3-dimensional human mind can really conceive or portray the 4-dimensional viewpoint demanded where Time is to be merely another direction to be traversed at will, and second that the awesome foreboding ecchh-blecchh consequences of a time-traveler meeting himself are given a big buildup, an inconclusive incident, and no explanation worth small blue beans. Still it's an absorbing story, with enough surprise twists for Raymond Chandler. I don't know what the pooh-pooh reviewers wanted, but it must not have been straight suspenseful stf.

I took the June OW off the stands May 10 but almost missed it due to the close resemblance to the cover of the previous issue -- same pink girl with green aquatic adornment (starfish this time -- must feel awfully ick) and redsuited spaceman. Only three stories again, but plenty of the old RAP bombast and enthusiasm. A fiery editorial on one of my own pet peeves -- the current trend of "planned obsolescence" in manufacturing and sales. RAP is mad and I don't blame him; How far do these time-payment hotshots figure the poor old consumer is going to stretch, anyway?

The two short stories, by RoMt Moore Williams and Russell Storm (?), are both a bit on the spiritual side, something like Leiber's "Lion and the Lamb" in ASF about '51. Quite well presented; if this is what RAP was talking about last summer, he's on a kick I could like. Maybe the trouble with all this "little people" stf that's getting a lot of protest lately is as much lack of Aspiration as anything. "Aspiration" fits as well as "sense of wonder" for the missing ingredient and is easier to spot. This issue's long piece, called "book I" of "The Timeless Man" by Roger Arcot (??) to avoid admitting it's a serial, isn't especially heavy on Aspiration. It's long on menace, suspense, plot-involvement, and action, medium rare on characterization, checkerboardish in style, but short on aspiration. Just the good guys aspiring not to be clobbered by the bad guys, AND vice versa.

One thing though -- it's head-and-scapula above those Hal Annas things.

Ballantine #147, 35¢: "Bright Phoenix" by Harold Mead of England. A gripping anti-Utopia novel of the State and its worship of the spirit of Man -- a little 1984ish of necessity, but original in many aspects. Mead draws it well, develops the the conflict with skill, and makes his people real whether fully human or not (the Colonists and the Reconditioneds are NOT exactly human, come to think of it). A certain lack of plausibility of circumstances in parts of the story is the only major flaw of this book and does not spoil it; the reader can think of ways in which the author could have corrected this, and tends to fill in for him. Recommended.

Devilish clever, these ACE Books people! In their latest doubleback, D-162, we have two originals; copyright 1956 it sez. But all the way through "The Man Who Lived Forever" by R. De Witt Miller and Anna Hunger, I kept thinking how much the main plot gimmick reminded me of a story called "The Master Shall Not Die!" from a pre-war ASF. Finally went out to the old stacks -- sure enough, there's the story, March '38, by R. De Witt Miller all by himself. The Ace Novel is not the same tale; only the Master's immortality-by-sacrifice is used as the backbone of both 1938 short-story and 1956 novel. Fairly good reading but I'd've enjoyed it more if they's given credit. Jerry Sohl is improving, and probably cringes now at his earlier books. In "The Mars Monopoly" (I'll bet Gernsback thought up that catchy title) he has some good ideas and not too much corn, but the persecution-by-vindictive-richsnitch theme that runs through half the book and then drops out unresolved in favor of another villain, had its real run fifteen years ago. There's some sloppy plotwork -- the "monopoly" won't buy our hero's hardwon ore from the asteroids; somebody tries to kill him by crashing his ship; when he staggers in off the desert weeks later the companies have confiscated the ore thinking him dead. He squawks about two short paragraphs, gets told the ore was impounded, and the subject is never mentioned again. Our hero is a fighter, but what can he do when the author won't back him up?? But I think you'll like the Stinkers of Mars, who should have figured in the title.

(Science Fiction Field Plowed Under, continued)

Special item: Frank M. Robinson's "The Power", Bluebook, March '56, is a suspense whizzer with superman-menace. Would have been better with the motivation clarified. It does not suffice to say "He's a superman; naturally he hates people; he's a monster", but that's about the way the story goes. The author has so decided and that's the way it's gonna be. It may be that this story was cut by the publisher; there are clues, so that a little thought shows how an ordinary-seeming child with the superhuman abilities of Adam Hart in "The Power" could logically need to hate and despise the human race. Read it and see; back copies shouldn't be rare so soon. See also, if there is any basis to assume what the author implies in the ending; we don't think it would work that way necessarily.

GALAXY, July: Simak on one of his favorite themes, the fascinating possibilities of Alien Life itself. Blish on the equally fascinating possib's of Alien Life, behaviour of. Finn O'Donovan with a Padgettish tale of a homicidal maniac whose home-therapy machine is adjusted for Martians. Sturgeon with Eric Frank Russell's favorite harsh conqueror-type vs a kindly world; what IS this -- are stf authors playing lead-lease with their hobbies? I'm all for it as long as it works out like these.

Ever have one of those days where NOTHING seems to go right? Bob Sheckley's people in this issue have it even worse -- and they try SO hard to be nice to the natives. Lloyd Biggle has one of those little nothing-stories that every editor has to print now and then to keep the suspense down; cute, I guess you'd call it. St. Clair goofs a bit. Her "Horror Howce" should have gone at least one more draft. It's not a complete waste, but I can't help feeling it was her off day.

I bought Charles Eric Maine's "Timeliner" (Bantam A1470, 35¢) before remembering the vitriolic review it received in some prozine a few months back, and I'm glad. "Timeliner" is nowhere near as bad as the review had it. The plight of a man bumped over futureward into other people's bodies is inherently intriguing for escapist identification. Unfortunately identification with Hugh Macklin is unsatisfying; he refuses to learn from experience, taking the attitude: here I am and it's YOUR problem. He keeps getting killed this way which, you might think, would tend to change his outlook a little but with him it really takes time. Outside of this pigheaded viewpoint of the central character, however, "Timeliner" is of interest, depicting segments of a future history that could be usable in other works. And for 35¢ what can you lose?

The POGO SUNDAY BOOK, 132pp, \$1.10 in the larger Pogobook size, from the Sunday strip, 1950-51, and one new sequence. Would have been greater in color, but otherwise it has everything. Sunday Pogophiles can join me in panting for sequels. The cover is mainly purple.

FANTASTIC UNIVERSE, August: Ten stories, two of which are called novelets. Simak's hangs together too loosely and doesn't actually go anywhere, but has the Simak verve with interesting ideas and detail work. Burton Crane's is routine action with a would-be kicker at the end completely unrelated to anything else in the story. Were all the editors on vacation this month or what?

Norman Arkway doubles on the occupied-territory theme with a hopeful note; Ruth Sterling also upheats a war-aftermath. Mack Reynolds' page-and-a-bit shows once again how he has sagged from fighting his way up in the field to happy, contented hackdom. Edward Ludwig still feels Hell holds humor and that if one devil is funny, a whole gang of them is hilarious. If just one of these mixed stf-fits mags went a solid year without a Satan story it'd be a milestone of some sort. The rest of the issue doesn't arouse much comment. Contributions for my Bitter Campaign against Perfumed Blurbs are still welcome.

Oh yes -- the Silverberg short is a themewise twin of the Simak novelets, backing up my hunch that little or no editing took place on this issue.

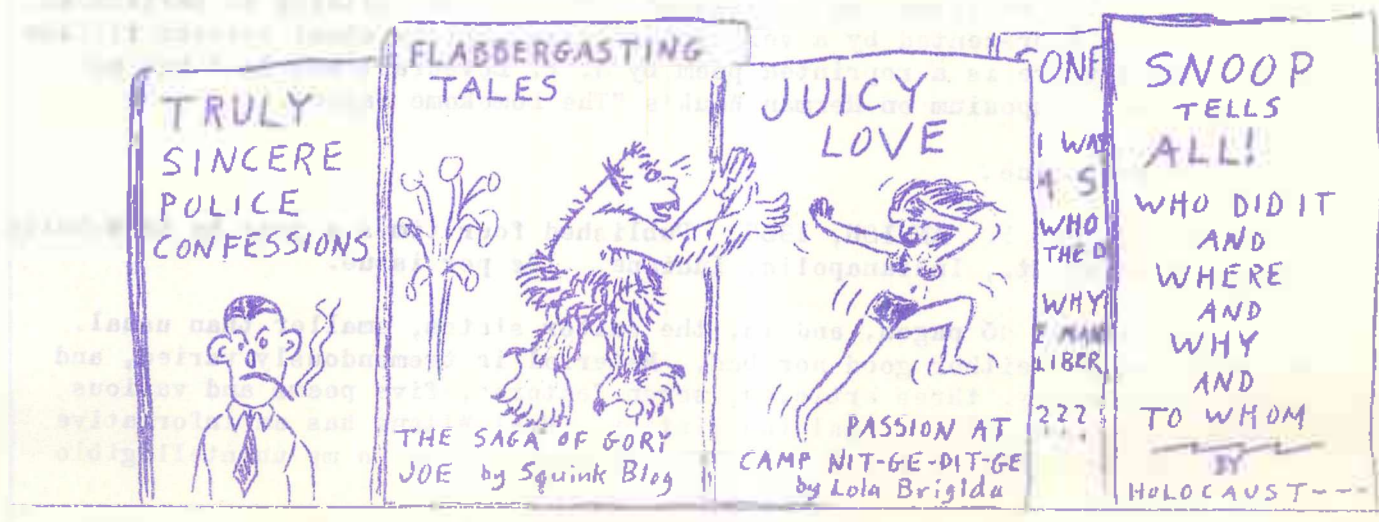
July aSF: Leinster has another Colonial Service novelet with a solid gimmick, Garrett a brains-for-tools puzzler, and Wallace an overthrow-the-furshluggin'-Utopia piece. Two shorts this time: Allen Lang (?) fights alien menace on Venus, while James Blish ties a weird gadget to a bitter heartbreaker of a story. And don't skip JWC's page.

INFINITY, August (#4): Richard Wilson has one of the most surprising pieces in the field for this year. His hero is a junkie and Wilson motivates him in a very believable manner. The action is incidental. Elsewhere in the issue are Asimov, Knight, Ellison, Silverberg (really picking up, these two), Mason, Wellen, and Garrett, none of whom drop the ball for long. There are a couple of sags but all in all, Shaw is getting the touch.

The August IF winds up the 2-part "Satellite" article which is okay if you're not pretty well saturated with satellite articles; I skimmed it and it seems solid enough. No Palmeresque contrafactual sensationalism, at least. This leaves room for one long and four shorts fictionwise. Riley's "Project Hi-Psi" goes pretty well, but I've been here before. The shorts must have just missed Galaxy: they slant that way. Not bad.

"The Shrinking Man" by Richard (Drip Green) Matheson, Gold Medal a577, 35¢, is taut straining suspense with a novel use of series flashback to tell the story in two concurrent halves. Not even the jarring inattention to basic physics throughout the book can spoil it as a thriller. Matheson is painstaking with the changing scale of things in many aspects, but his original premise of a linear rate of shrinkage is not compatible with the scheme of things organic. When he bases his ending on an unexplained shift from this fallacy to another, details unstated, it spoils the taste a little. But still you've worked up a good chilly sweat.

ACE D-164: "Crossroads of Time," Norton, is "achase through alternate worlds" just like the cover says. It's not the most, but I always like these. Some good touches, and a wealth of undeveloped sidelights in case the author wants to expand it for hardcovers. "Mankind on the Run," Dickson, has people economically dependent on their individual Keys for material sustenance. More important, the classification of your Key determines how long you are allowed to stay in one locality; a class A Stay is allowed six months between moves, while Class Three Unstabs must uproot once a week. This prevents wars because nobody can stay in one place long enough to organize for it. It says here. Anyway, this setup isn't as popular as its proponents might think, and when various people start doing things about it the pinwheeling commences. Fireworks all over. I liked it even though I don't believe it.



FANZINE REVIEWS

by Amelia
Pemberton

GOLDEN ATOM. 1954-1955 issue. Larry B. Farsace, Golden Atom Publications, 187 N. Union St., Rochester 5, N.Y. No price listed.

This is a handsome and expensively produced zine, printed on slick paper with many photographs, including one of a pretty girl on the cover.

Since this was such a costly labor of love and since the editor is so obviously a very nice and sincere person, I hate saying what I think of this fanzine which is: it stinks.

It may well be that an old-time fan would find enough of interest to outweigh the terrible writing; I did not. I don't know which is worse, the editor's poetry or his prose, but I will quote a sample of each.

Prose: "In fact, Elmer begged me, as a friend, to buy the latter, 'if only for its speculative value as a rarity.' However, as you may have guessed, I chose the camera, a choice which has given me many hours of enjoyment; at least, I would not have bought the set from the viewpoint of a dealer, nor would I have had storage room at the time."

Poetry: "You'd never know that once she had been shy,
A blushing girl of six in class at school,
With stagefright like a new moon in the sky,"

Oh well. Everybody knows I'm an old meanie, and not such a damn red-hot writer myself.

FANTASY SAMPLER #4, June 1956. John W. Murdock, c/o Henry Moore Studio, 214 East 11th St., Kansas City 6, Mo. 10¢ per page. This issue free (I think).

Well, now! This is more like it. This is an excellent zine; unpretentious, well-mimeographed and very well-written. First the editor lists his favorite sf. Then S. J. Sackett has a very fine article on Clark Ashton Smith. Next is a sample of Clark Ashton Smith, and then part one of a bibliography of his works. Stan Woolston has a pleasant article about nothing in particular. G. M. Carr is represented by a very interesting article about science fiction on TV. Then there is a reprinted poem by H. P. Lovecraft and last but not least a brief symposium on Herman Wouk's "The Lomokome Papers."

Very well done!

ISAFIA Vol. 3, No. 1. ANNISH, 1955. Published four times a year by Ed McNulty, 5645 W. Withrop St., Indianapolis, Indiana. 15¢ per issue.

This zine is 45 pages, and is, the editor states, smaller than usual. Reproduction is neither good nor bad. Material is tremendously varied, and includes one story, three good articles, seven features, five poems and various artwork. The story is typical fan fiction. Neal Wilgus has an informative article "On Lovecraft & Maps" and an uninformative and to me unintelligible

(Fanzine Reviews, continued)

article entitled "So Why Write It?" which perhaps would have been better placed in the letter column.

I disliked Ronald Voight's poetry, which seemed to me old-fashioned. 1930-ish. Worse, it lacked the inevitability of good poetry.

I liked the other poetry.

The features include an amusing editorial, a book review section by Robert Coulson, movie reviews by Alan Dodd & the editor, letter column, and fanzine reviews by the editor. Also he has a column (by Bill Ladington) entitled "The Nameless Column" and there's nothing in it about us! I vote we sue.

All in all, this is a zine with a pleasant personality and is well worth 15¢.

ESP 1. Don Stuefloten, Rt. 1, Box 722, Hemet, Calif. 10¢ or a letter.

This zine of 11 pages is all writ by the editor. It's mostly more arty than fannish, but although I usually dislike arty stuff this rather appealed to me. The stories are better than the poetry, and I liked "The Flick-Flacker Man" best.

The cover, by Ruby Hickel, is very handsome.

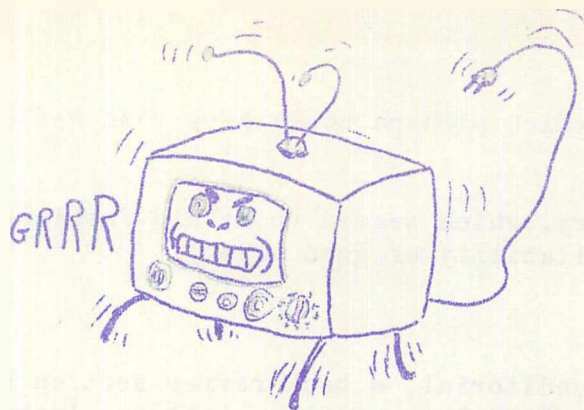
CAMBER #6. Alan Dodd, 77 Stanstead Rd., Hoddesdon, Herts., England. 15¢

The editor says "Accept no substitutes -- I am the only true Dodd..." A fannish remark.

34 pages, and most all real good. Editorial, 1st instalment of con. report by Mark Schulziner, story by John Berry about a ride in Willis' car, story by Ron Bennett, article by Robert Bloch, fanzine reviews by Ron Ellik, article by Robert Coulson, article by Greg Benford, multitudinous rather interesting letters, etc. Good mimeography and excellent artwork. This zine is a good buy -- not MYPHEN but a reasonable facsimile.

FANTASY-TIMES. Published by Fandom House, P. O. Box #2331, Paterson 23, N.J. Published twice-a-month, 10¢ a copy, 12 issues \$1.00, or \$2 per year. The newspaper of the science-fiction field.





STF IN TV & MOVIES

By
Eldon K. Everett

Golden State Productions are filming a new film titled "The She Beast". Edw. Arnold had been signed to star in it, but died before he could fulfill contractual obligations. Chester Morris has taken over the Arnold role & John Carradine also plays a featured role..... Walt Disney is releasing a 35-minute short subject titled "THE MAN IN SPACE" to theaters which run the latest "Davy Crockett" film. This is a re-edited version of the 2 "Disneyland" TV shows, "Man in Space" & "Man & the Moon"..... Al "Capt. Video" Hodge has just completed a film for the signal corps..... Universal is cashing in on the Bridey Murphy theme with a film titled "I'VE LIVED BEFORE" starring ex-Range Rider Jock Mahoney & Leigh Snowden. It's the story of a jet-age who remembers being killed as a WW#1 pilot.... Johnny Sheffield is starring in a new TV film series-Santa-about a jungle boy who rides a zebra, taken from a comic book character of some years past..... Universal's "THE DEADLY MANTIS" stars Rex Reason & Mara Corday..... The Independent film-"IT CONQUERED THE WORLD" stars Peter Graves..... "JACK AND THE BEANSTALK" will be another "Peter Pan" spectacular-possibly starring Mary Martin & Boris Karloff..... "CINDERELLA" will be another of the Sadler's Wells Ballet spectacles on TV.

Reviews:

"THE MONSTER & THE APE"-(Columbia-Starring Robert Lowery; Carole Matthews; George MacReady & Ralph Morgan.)----- This is a re-issue of another 1944 serial. It deals with a scientist who invents a manlike robot (Monster) which is stolen by crooks who utilize it for nefarious purposes. The young hero enlists the aid of Thor (Ape) to finally wreck the tin man.

"GODZILLA, KING OF THE MONSTERS."-(Embassy-JAPANESE FILM-Starring Raymond Burr)-----This may be rather confusing to the uninitiate, because the greatest part of the dialogue is in Japanese. Burr is the only Caucasian in the film, playing the part of an American newspaperman. Godzilla is a critter caused by the H-bomb tests who comes gallumphing into Tokyo raising old Ned.

"U.F.O." (United Artists)- This is an hour-~~and~~¹⁵/₂ documentary in full color about the saucers & related phenomena. It utilizes much footage never before released. Taking the view of a newspaperman (ala Keyhoe) trying to find out "the truth", it sways the balance in favor of existence of phenomena just a teeny bit.

"THE GAMMA PEOPLE"-(Columbia-Starring Paul Douglas & Eva Bartok) The original "GP" film which set rolling several years ago with Peter Lorre was based on a story by Robert Aldrich about an "after-the-atom-war" civilization. The bankroll ran out & Aldrich was forced to sue to get the logs he was entitled to. Columbia still owned the titled, but was rather angry at Aldrich, so, even tho they owned it, they didn't use his story. This, instead, is the tale of a mad inventor in a Graustarkian European kingdom

Stf in tv and movies (cont'd)

who is trying to create superman. Instead, he makes super-strong idiots with his little gamma ray mesh. It was filmed on loc in Austria, where the filming reportedly brought varied comments from the international set.

Frenchmen: "Where is Eva Bartok?"

Americans: "Are you using real Gamma rays?"

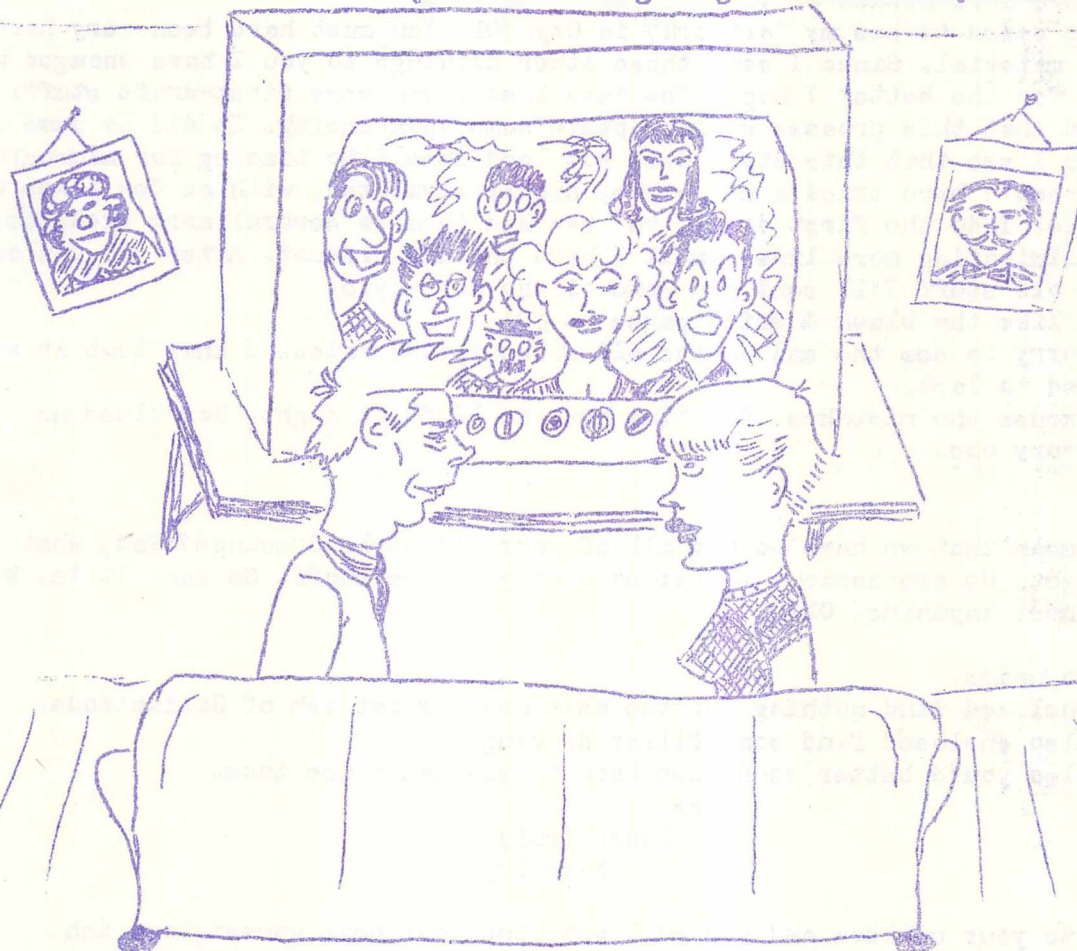
Austrians: "Why film it in Inst? Our hometown is much prettier?"

Germans: "Where did u by those cameras?"

British: "How much does this film cost?"

Spaniards: "Where is Eva Bartok?"

"THE ANIMAL KINGDOM" - (Louis DeRochemont Associates) - This is a feature documentary about animals of all shapes & sizes, including man. The most interesting part, from a stfan's point of view, are the 3 minutes of dinosaur scenes done by Willis "King Kong" O'Brien & Ray "Joe Young" Harryhausen



IT'S THE LATEST THING ON TV -
THEY WATCH US!

HOLOCAUST

THIS BLANK SPACE IS BY COURTESY
OF A BLANK MIND
- THE EDITOR

June 56
#92

CRY^{of} the READERS



Dearest Nameless Ones,

You mercenary curs !!!

Yours,

Joe Lee Sanders

(P.S)

Fifteen cents is all I have now so you'll have to be satisfied with it. That's two more issues of your toilet-or-fanzine.

I was pleased to see my "artwork" in Cry #91. You must have been very hard up for material. Since I sent those other drawings to you I have changed my style, for the better I hope. The ones I sent you were first-draft stuff. I hoped that this process would capture some spontaneity. It did to some extent. However I see that this style does not lend itself to tracing for mimeography. Since then I have tried a new style, highly stylized, with as few lines as possible. I do the first draft, ya' see and then do several more sketches, each time eliminating more lines until I have the end product. After you run out of the old stuff I'll send you some of the new style.

I like the black & white pages in #91.

Sorry to see the end of the old subscription rates. I knew that it was too good to last.

Excuse the mistakes. The time here is 12:30 at night. God bless us all, every one.

Joe.

(You mean that we have to use all of your old style drawings? God, what a thought. We are anxious to see some of your new stuff. So send it in. We use almost anything. OP.)

Dear no names,

Enclosed find nothing for the next nonexistent ish of Galimatious.

Also enclosed find some filler drawings.

Also you'd better send them back if you can't use them.

Also

Yours Truly,

Merv Bryer.

(Run to your mailbox and you will not find your next nonexistent ish of Galimatious which you enclosed nothing for. Also, if you look closely enough you will find something vaguely resembling your drawings in this issue of the Cry. Also, OP.)

To: The Nameless Society

etc., etc., (I feel lazy.)

Dearest Boms,

Does your illustrious dictator still want ideas on the definition of a stf fan? Okay, here goes.

According to the dictionary I hold in my hand:

Fan(fan), n. a device for stirring the air.

I don't think that's what we're looking for. Ah, yes here we are:

FANATIC (fa-nat'ik), n. one excessively zealous; adj. visionary.

Now, assuming that FAN is a short form of FANATIC, we have the answer.

A fan is one who is zealous for his hobby, in this case science fiction.

Or, to use the words of another fan(I don't remember who) one who "lives, breathes, and sleeps" science fiction.

Letters (cont'd)

And now on to the CRY. Issue no. 91 for those who are interested.

The cover: Not quite as good as issue #90 (unless Malcolm Willets really looks like that, which is possible) but better than I could do.

The Collector: I asked for it. (Sincerely tho, it was pretty good. I liked the one in #90 better. I like mad scientists. I also like....geometry?

Science fiction field plowed under: A good job as usual tho I don't always agree with him (it?).

Fanzine reviews: Better if there were more fanzines.

Stf report card: Terrific!

Amazing in review: Ditto.

Stf in tv and movies: Also very good.

Minutes: This seems to have fallen off a little in quality. Could be science fiction is getting the upper hand?

Cry of the readers: AT, NO LETTER FROM ME? I feel insulted. I sent in three (3) of them too. From now on I'll be mean and plague you with letters. So there.

To Joe Lee Sanders: You're right, I won't.

Well (yawn) g'bye,

Your enemy,

Joe A. Blake

9 Mt. Guyot St.

North Brookfield, Mass.

(Hmmm, so thats what a fan is. We think that the cover bore a strong resemblance to Malcolm. Amazing in review was not ditto, it was minus. We surrender we will print your letters, so please don't torture us no more. DP.)

Dear editors:

Well, CRY has arrived; and I am neither sorry nor overjoyed that I parted with money to get it. There are of course, as in all things, a few minor details that need correcting. I shall enumerate.

1. There is just a wee bit too much stuff of "local" interest in CRY. If you want to publish information about your club, fine. But don't publish it in a general 'zine.

2. The "Favorite-Authors -of-All-Time Poll" is of interest only because the names of Jack Vance and Edmond Hamilton appeared in the first ten and thats two of the biggest typographical errors I've ever seen.

3. Otto Pfeifer's "The Collector" cannot be defended--that is, I don't think that it can. It may be one of the greatest bits of satire and subtle irony in all of fanzine publishing. I'll let you know when I decide. But, until then, I leave you with the information that I didn't like it.

4. "The Science Fiction Field Plowed Under" should itself be plowed under. Of, course, anything two pages long would make one or two good points... as does Mr. Pemberton; but one or two is the extent of them. Attacking the blurbs in Fantastic Universe is damn near treason, arson and rape. It just isn't done.

5. Fanzine reviews were not extensive; and that's about all I can or care to say about them.

6. The next two articles, dealing respectively with Amazing and Stf movies and TV, are so much nothing.

7. Even though your "Minutes" are, as I say, only of "local" interest I thought they were the best things in the 'zine.

8. Letters were so-so.

All in all, it's nothing to brag about, but I still won't refuse to read the next two, two and one-half, of three issues (whatever your deviant brains may think best).

Wm. Deek.

(We are printing your letter, because, in fact, it is the biggest typographical

errors that we have ever seen. Regardless of all the minor details, we know that you were really raving over our 'zine. The fanzine reviews would be more extensive if we had more fanzines to review. Do you write for Other Worlds under the name of Rog Phillips? OP.)

Dear Ones,

Besides the fact that I'm re-subbing to Cry, I'm writing this to voice a gripe. Said gripe is directed at your prozine reviewer, Bill Austin. Austin, I don't know whether it's bad eyesight or a boost---don't knock attitude on your part, but it is becoming quite evident that you don't intend to give any story an F rating at any time. I lauded the Report Card in a previous pubbed CRY letter because I thought you were out to do some objective reviewing, but when stories like "The Mink Hour", "The Trespassers", and "The Big Hush" can be rated as good stories, I think I know you aren't.

Plenty of crud is being published today, and covering up for it isn't going to aid in the correction of the situation. The good stories deserve their A's and B's, but most of the stories you've been rating as C ("good, supposedly") would be worthy of no more than a D or F, in my opinion. Let's call them as they are.

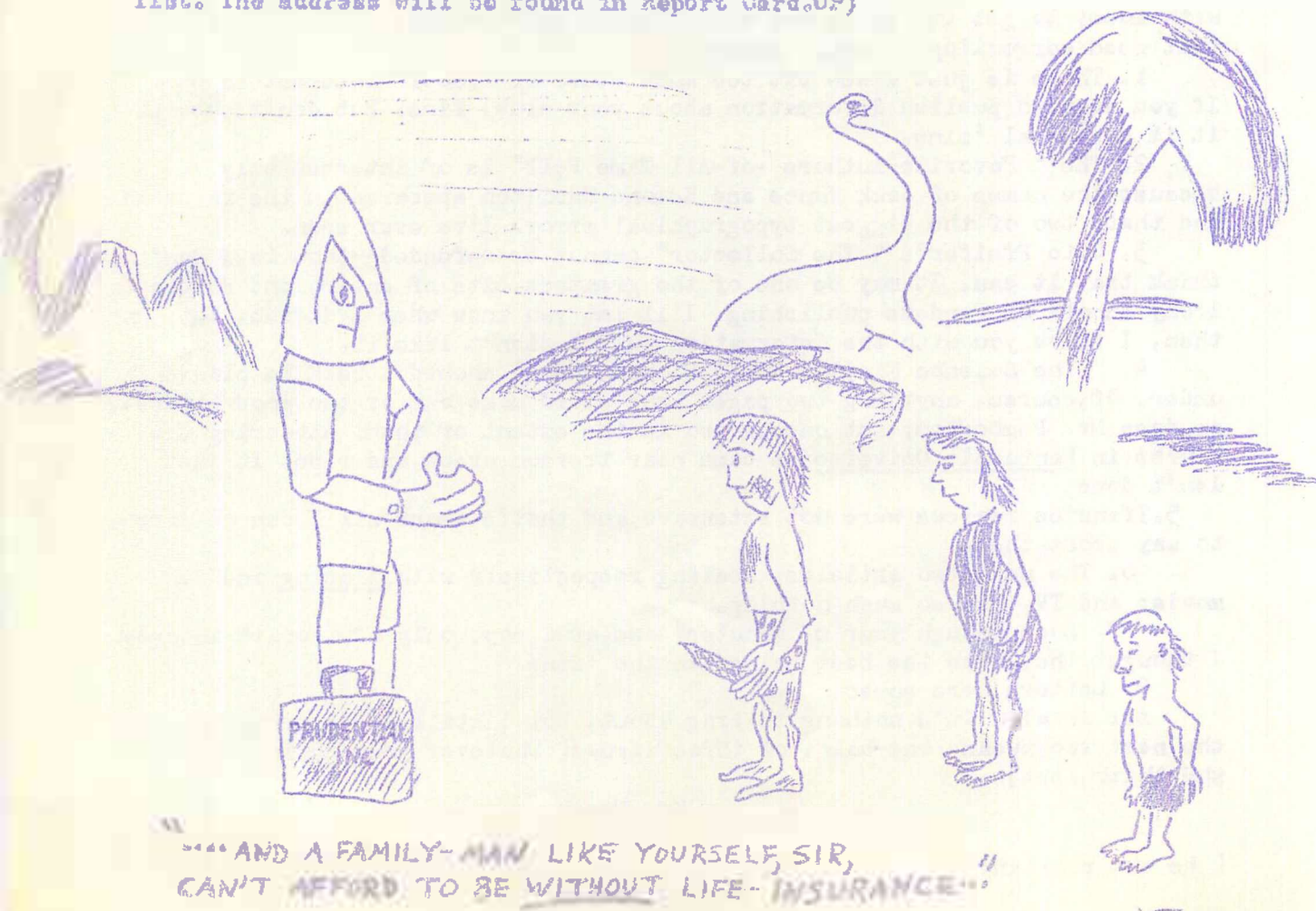
Love,

Kent Moomaw

4722 Penbody Avenue

Cincinnati 27, Ohio.

(Bill Austin bases his ratings on the composite ratings that are sent in to him by readers of the CRY. If you don't agree with these ratings, he would be glad to receive yours. Anyone who reads sf prozines regularly are encouraged to send in ratings. The more who do make it easier to compile a good all-around list. The address will be found in Report Card.OP)



"...AND A FAMILY-MAN LIKE YOURSELF, SIR,
CAN'T AFFORD TO BE WITHOUT LIFE-INSURANCE..."

ATZ

MINUTES

(Hours of them)

MAY 10, 1956

Otto Pfeifer, the loathsome Dictator, made his appearance (and you know how ghastly he appears) at the last possible moment in which he could appear and still be on time for the meeting. After a preliminary discussion of movies and utopias, the meeting was opened and the glorious minutes were read, as was proper, by the Honorable Secretary, myself. The Secretary was rudely interrupted in the reading, however, when the unreasonable Dictator Pfeifer demanded that the minute be read aloud.

It was announced that Robert Gribble, a local expert on flying saucers, would be the program for the June 7 meeting, and that Alan E. Nourse, a local expert science fiction ~~author~~ author, would be able to attend an occasional meeting of the club starting about July. No connection was made between these two facts.

In response to the Dictator's request for old business, Burnett Toskey brought up his old business about the University of Washington Library and their collection of club-donated magazines. He revealed that the so-called "old" science fiction magazines only dated back to about 1947 or thereabouts.

At the Dictator's request for new business, Burnett Toskey, who was apparently intent upon monopolizing the club business, brought up the matter of Cry subscriptions. It was pointed out that the Cry was getting too many subscribers to continue its policy of losing money on long-term subscriptions, and that the price should be revised so that the club loses only a little money on long-term subscriptions. In order to get on to the refreshments, the members finally voted to retain the single issue price of 10¢ an issue, but raise the long-term subscription to \$1 for twelve issues. The members decided to continue to accept subscriptions at the old rates until June 10, although an exception was made in the case of Ray Hale, who was allowed to be the first person to resubscribe at the more expensive rates.

About this time the Obnoxious Dictator Pfeifer decided to have the program, which was the discussion of Theodore Sturgeon. Burnett Toskey offered the opinion, based on stories he had read in Amazing and Astounding, that Sturgeon was pretty mediocre. Rose Stark objected and said she admired him (Sturgeon, not Toskey) and that she thought Sturgeon had unusually good viewpoint presentations in his work. F. M. Busby thought that Sturgeon was preoccupied at one time in his career with freaks. Elinor Busby thought Sturgeon had three periods; his earliest when he wrote primarily about mechanical things, his next when he wrote about freaks, and his current period in which he deals primarily with normal people. Mark Walsted remarked that he thought Sturgeon's stories were hack. Bill Austin, continuing his policy of attempting to cause riots, asked Mark to define the word "hack".

Dictator Pfeifer hastily interrupted to question the club members on whether they preferred Sturgeon's fantasy to his science fiction. Elinor Busby felt there was no distinction between the author's fantasy and his science fiction. Bill Austin wanted to know if anyone thought Sturgeon was writing the same story all the time, but he received no definite answer. Elinor Busby guessed Sturgeon was concerned with (a) loneliness, and (b) unloneliness. Austin suggested that he was most concerned with idealism. Elinor thought it was more ethics vs morality. Toskey disagreed. So now we know!

F. M. Busby sketched out Sturgeon's writing progress, stating that at first Sturgeon had poor characterization, that he later was able to write about odd people fairly well, but that now he can write about any type of character convincingly. Rose Stark was of the opinion that at present Sturgeon was attempting to say something beyond what could be expressed by words. Bill Austin wanted to know if anyone felt that perhaps Sturgeon was wasting his time writing science fiction, but F. M. and Elinor Busby were quick to let him know science fiction was the one and only perfect medium for Sturgeon's imagination and creative abilities.

Malcolm Willits based his opinion of Sturgeon's stories on the most logical ~~reasoning~~ reasoning of all. He disliked Sturgeon because at the Norvecon many years ago

that author had frittered away his time in a tavern when he should have been in a bookstore autographing some books for Malcolm.

After the battle had subsided and refreshments were consumed, Jim Gaylord was able to start his tape recorder going and everybody heard an unprofessional fake radio program which some misguided members thought ~~was~~ was better than the recording of "Magnet" played at the previous meeting.

The subject of a club constitution was brought up, and Burnett Toakey suggested that the club repeal its constitution just in case it had one to repeal. A vote was taken as to whether or not to make a search for the constitution we might have, and the vote came out 8 to 5, although it is not known if the eight votes were for or against the search. A constitution committee composed of Jim Gaylord, Don Pittenger, Malcolm Willits, and Wally Weber was set up by Dictator Pfeifer.

The Nightcrawlers were mentioned again, and F. M. Busby advertised Nameless Anonymous. Possibly driven out of their minds by now, Ed and Geneva Wyman offered their apartment at the Cornelius Hotel for the site of the June 21 meeting. Their foolishness was taken advantage of by the club, and the meeting was hurriedly adjourned at 9:37½ before they could come to their senses.

Honorable Secretary, Wally Weber

MAY 24, 1956

The 154th meeting of the Nameless Ones was eventually opened by Otto Pfeifer sometime around May 24, 1956. This meeting took place at the YMCA, as usual, which was packed with fans who were primarily interested in hearing the minutes of the 153rd meeting. The minutes were read, but the dignity of the ceremony was spoiled by some wise guy who succeeded in having them approved as the most entertaining fiction of the year.

Treasurer Royal Drummond was present with some YMCA forms for the club to fill out. If he had expected any help with them, he was only disappointed and confused. He was instructed by the club to answer, "Yes or No," to one of the questions, and a motion was made and seconded and possibly even passed that the club either meet at the YMCA or not on Thursday or some other night.

The forthcoming Westerncon was mentioned. Apparently none of the members of the club will be attending it.

Dictator Pfeifer decided it was time for the discussion of Eric Frank Russell. John Walston started things out by admitting he had waded through, "Call Him Dead," and hadn't like it, primarily because of the moth-eaten plot. Elinor Busby noted an improvement of Russell's style since his "Sinister Barrier" days. Several members worried about the purpose behind his stories, but F. M. Busby thought Russell wrote stories in order to sell them and enjoy himself while doing so. Mark Walsted attempted to make the point that Russell had only two plots; a plot for his novels in which one person discovers a concealed menace which he usually has trouble convincing anyone else about and always has to subdue said menace single handed, or a plot for his short stories in which man confuses alien. Almost everybody agreed that Mark was wrong, and F. M. Busby offered the opinion that if Russell had only one plot, it was that no matter what happens, people will win because they're good. Rose Stark made several comments on Murray Leinster stories by mistake until she finally hit on Russell's, "Dreadful Sanctuary," which in her opinion had more of Russell himself in it than any other story. Comparisons were made between Russell and Simak, with the general conclusion that although they were very similar in many respects, Russell had more talent and Simak put more effort into his work.

The Honorable Secretary left about this time on the pretense of looking for a tea kettle and returned in time to hear Dictator Pfeifer ask the members if they actually enjoyed discussions of authors. Only evasive answers were received so he hastily turned the subject to Royal Drummond's treasurer's report. Fondling his sombrero, he reported \$36.42 previous to paying the May rent. Some interesting speculations were made over what Royal could do with money left by another organization of which he was treasurer which broke up recently.

On this note, the meeting was adjourned at approximately 10:21 P.M.

Exceptionally Honorable Secretary,
Wally Weber

MEETING NOTICES

SPECIAL ANNOUNCEMENT:
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SPECIAL ANNOUNCEMENT:

The meeting of June 21, 1956 A.D. will be held
at the home of Mrs. and Mr. Ed Wyman, located in the
CORNELIUS APARTMENTS, 3rd Avenue and Blanchard, Seattle.
Room 307. Time, as usual, is 8:00 P.M.

ORDINARY ANNOUNCEMENT :

Regular meeting: July 5, 1956
YMCA, 4th and Marion, Seattle
8:00 P.M.
(Room posted in lobby)

From:
THE NAMELESS ONES
Box 92, 920 3rd Avenue
Seattle 4, Washington

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