



THE COLLABORATION
by Hubbard Green

THE SHAWNEE

1900

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ASSISTANT EDITORS: F.M. Esby, Renfrew Pemberton, Pierpont Holocaust, Lorenzo Garcone

(Toskey HATES new subscriptions)

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Hubbard Green was inspired by this drawing, and wrote a new story based on it, and in the opinions of the editors and Mr. Green, this is one of his best stories to date. Be sure and read "Black Eyes Drifting" by Hubbard Green, in the next Cry.

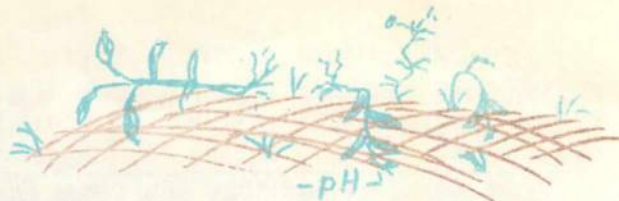


SOME OF
OUR
STAFF—
AS SEEN
BY

 -pH-

R. PEMBERTON

S-F Field Plowed Under-



by RENFREW PEMBERTON

Goofed last month, omitting FANTASTIC UNIVERSE Mar 57: Offstands by now, but by way of apology I hope you didn't miss the Piper-McGuire extraTexasian "Lone Star Planet" with all its kingsize boffs. 9 other stories vary a bit but readable. Somebody should emphasize that "Civilian Saucer Intelligence" isn't from Uncle in any way, being strictly a saucerfanclub. Bringing us to

FU Apr 57: 11 stories plus the "Pfu! On Psi" article by L. Sprague deBunk, demonstrating that he has apparently decided the hell with selling to aSF any more. He's grotching at the overcompensatory arrogance with which paifans proclaim "proven facts" but does about the same with reverse English. Near as I can tell, "psi" covers a lot of material explained by neither the "pro" or "anti" factions. Lacking any provable or disprovable theory to cover the discrepancies, I suggest the analogy of "second-order" phenomena (common in physics) which are undetectable until a method of observation is developed which neutralizes the masking effects of the grosser first-order phenomena. Thermoelectricity is a good example, with its opposing Zeeman and Thomson Effects. (IF my memory is functioning error-free, that is.)

Cooper's "Intruders on the Moon" is well-detailed and tightly-wound, but built up toward a vaster punchline than the author provided. Mullen's "Scavenger" was better than his usual, and hard to discuss without telegraphing the plot.

Agberg's "The Artifact Business", though sadly betrayed by the Big-Blurb-Unner-The-LIDDLE-Blurb, fights through to a unique finis. Unfolds choicely from a nice sneaky camouflage as run-of-the-mill plottery in the early parts. Main flaw is lack of distinguishability betwixt Idealist and Crumbum when mentioned only by name-- one is undescribed, both speak alike except for some of the context-- had to look back to see which was which, more than once.

"When Gabriel..." (John Brunner) is one of the few bits of jazz/fts I've liked. (You know these crudtales where with boptalk and "vibrations" someone accidentally evokes a demon, transfers the action into an AltUniv, or bletco.) Mildred McCune's "Alterations as Usual" mutantale is more fun than you might think, though hardly deathless prose. Slesar's "25 Words or Less" was absolutely sabotaged by the thoroughly Goddam BEUTLE. There being strictly nothing subtle about the ending, WHY did the editor find execution-by-Blurb necessary? Tidy enough little tale, too, in its own right. The Big-Blurb-Unner-The-LIDDLE Blurb must GO!

Judith Trevelyan's "Case of the Vanishing Yeast" apparently didn't quite make the higher-paying market for which it was intended. Well-phrased job in a well-used framework. Will Ouraler's "Dancing Statue" is awfully reminiscent of Oriental tales in the old "Argosy" and "Short Stories".

"Bring Back Some History" (Mark Kisker) went right along as expected and then... HUR?? Thanks. "The Students" by Jack Lewis bites on progressive educational trends in a more personalized way than "Null-ABC".

Page 112 indicates the editor carries years enough to make slanging him somewhat discourteous, so let's play it straight: (A) The FU blurbs kill more stories than not; (B) FU lacks personality in spite of the fillers; editorials, letters, dep'ts, or interior illoes might help; (C) The book-review column is not the place to flack for your own stuff, especially in the review of Boucher's. The latter could give pointers on how to handle overenthusiasm for one's own sales. The "looky at ME" routine on p112 sticks out like a compound fracture.

FU's stories being generally better than the treatment they receive blurb-wise, this is a hard zine to cover.

SPACE SCIENCE-FICTION, Spring '57, v.1, nr.1, bi-monthly, 35¢:
Editorial Director, Lyle Kenyon Engle; Production, Marla Ray; Layout, David Himes; Front Cover, Tom Ryan; Illustrations, Bruce Minney! Not a familiar name in the batch, which reads like screen credits, omitting "Title, courtesy of Harrison and del Rey". Looks like 1953 all over again— non-stf money moving in on the Boom. As such, it isn't as bad as the WORST of '52-3; about like ORBIT or COSMOS if you recall them. Having one staff man for interiors is very businesslike but contributes to the overall staleness and lack of personality. No editorials, features, not even blurbs to grouch at; the ads are all for radio programs (non-stf). Remember radio?

Oddly enough, several of the 11 stories are fairly good separately— it's only as a group that they blend into mediocrity. Several of the authors are known-people: Jacobi, Reynolds, Latham, Winterbotham— I really can't pin down WHY this zine gives me an I-Walked-With-A-Zombie feeling.

Oh heck— try it out; live it up for 35¢.

On the other hand, you can do better with only 25¢; you can get a copy of SFQ, May 57: this sole survivor of the two-bit pulp era is a lot more fun than you might think. Leads off with Silverberg's "Quick Freeze", a short problem novelet in the style for which I used to anticipate aSF. Campbell would have leaped for this one 8 years ago; I wish he still did, more. LOVE that punch-line. These group-problem stories have the advantage of requiring less detailed individual characterization than most— examples are Clement's "Attitude" and "Technical Error", the magazine versions of vanVogt's "Space Beagle" episodes, and particularly JWC's "Who Goes There?", in which reader-identification with any individual character would have jeopardized the effectiveness of the tale's theme of suspense. Always knew I'd find an answer to Toskey's condemnation of that epic, someday. Well, "Quick Freeze" isn't that specialized, and has adequate people.

Lesser's "Name Your Tiger" actually has more resemblance to "Who Goes—?"; the Menace (locale Martian) appears to each as that which is most feared. Plot entirely un-Who-ish with characters of the essence. Best Lesser in quite awhile.

Franson's "Cardsharp" would have made a nice open-face sandwich with deCamp's Psi article in FU. The former Parodies Tossed dep't has been taken over by Gilbert, Asimov, and Sullivan; this may be getting a bit too specialized, to the point where many are missing the exoruciating best-of-the-jest. Like me.

DeCamp's "Let's Have Fun" effectively extrapolates juvenile-delinquency on an interstellar scale. "All Around a Pig's Tail" (Marks) supplies the needed answer to Korabluth, but the editor punctures our hopes by firmly blurbing that "this is FICTION". Bob Madle covers fanews & fmz in one of the better fandep'ts extant. Irving Cox sweats out a new windup for the routine where the chain has been pulled on Earth and the last survivors escape in a spaceship, but it is NOT convincing. Story was well-enough worked out to deserve a better ending. "The Stunning Science-Fiction Caper" by Gerald MacDow appears to have been reworked a little from its recent fanzine version. Didn't hurt it a bit; GOOD.

RWL is currently, and still, one of my favorite editors, as I've mentioned now & again. It's largely the balanced-diet of stf that he presents, but the editorials help, too. After you've read the zine, drop the man a line.

AMAZING, Mar57: Making good my threat not to spare you ANY of "Quest of the Golden Age", herewith finale. (Synopsis: PORTOX lived on a primitive Twin-Earth. A "scientist", he "took all his tremendous science with him" when he ducked through a spacewarp to Earth and hid our hero in suspended animation for 20 years to grow muscles. Typical idiot routine— nobody else on Twin-Earth even knows about PLANETS, but good ol' Portox has personal spacewarps to two, one of which is extraSolar. Out of a flint-and-steel culture he does this, with no training or cultural support. Nobody taught him, and consistently he doesn't teach anyone else. Apparently he carries his "terrific science" around with him in a foot-locker— notes, equipment, power source, and all.)

Actually this final installment is a little better, because the author(s?), whoever they may be in their everyday taxpaying lives, finally run out of horse-apples and resort to all-out action, at which they're fairly good in the John Carter fashion. There's no point in discussing the "people" or how they come out, because you can guess and it couldn't matter less. This is the sort of thing that sours my milk on Ziff-Davis; it's entirely too cruddy to be accidentally so.

Though Ellison has his detractors he knows better than to populate the terrain with 300-foot insects, yet for Z-D he does it ("The Savage Swarm". Possibly the publishers have put a ban on making sense; certainly Harlan tries to throw in little hints that he knows better: "an impossibility the universe would tolerate only for a short time" for instance. With utter asininity, Our Hero annihilates creatures in the hundreds-of-feet size range with a portable flamethrower and a submachine gun. Voodoo would have been more convincing, for Menace and Rescue.

"Disaster Revisited" (D J Granger) is a total contrast, a relatively logical extrapolation within stiff "rules": painfully-dying rich man finances time-travel to go back and kill First Man in revenge for his diseased heredity. Gimmick fits but is not irritatingly inevitable.

Other 3 stories minimal—the Johnny Mayhem job adds a would-be twitch by putting Mayhem into a female body. Any other author could create either glandular or cerebral speculation from the situation, but not this author—HE solves the case.

Roger deSoto, old CRY-reviewing friend, couldn't you arrange to review for a zine that would merit more than one good word per issue??

ASF Mar 57: How long, O Kloots, until we get a short-via-novelet-to-serial series that doesn't crap out in the serial?? The Rob't/Randall Nidorians went well through the early stages; we knew the central characters were related from tale to tale even though the mishmash names were hard to correlate. But now: in "The Dawning Light" we are faced with something approaching Piper's "Time Crime" fiasco: Kris peKym Yorgen, Norvis peKrin Dmorne, and a dozen more equally confusing. Added to the place-names, it makes one Hell of a mess for Constant Reader, who is also faithfully attempting to follow the PLOT. Kris peKym, the Great Light love him, inconsiderately changed his name in order to survive the novelet.

This isn't really as bad as "Time Crime"; there are differences between the people, one of whom even has a dialect. But doesn't anyone, editor or author, ever LEARN from one boo-boo to the next? The boys were too conscientious here; if the third name had been left off each character, the story could be followed much more easily. As is, I'll bet a lot of readers never finish reading it. Too bad, because I imagine it will break out of this backwoods-adventure phase into a fine windup for those who have the stamina.

Clifton's "How Allied" runs his psi series into Sturgeon's Homo Gestalt theme. He must work for or closely with the Army; nobody could be so authentically bitter without actual experience.

"Man of God" (Bartholomew): a bitter little thesis which may be only too true, yet the windup seemed to contain unwarranted arbitrariness; too pat.

Either Asimov failed to maintain his usual interest-holding standards in the Possible Atmospheres article, or I was feeling lazier than usual.

Haggert's "Matter of Security" would have been terrific 10 years ago; by now, though, we're all convinced that gov'ts will kill, torture, and annihilate to preserve the status quo. The shock value is gone, and unfortunately not alone.

"Marius" (Poul A) is a convincing treatment of post-atomic resurgence.

I notice a gross unfairness in this method of reviewing. A good story in a topzine may get only perfunctory notice while a merely passable tale in a crudzine can draw near-raves out of sheer surprise and relief. Please bear this source of discrepancy in mind.

SATURN #2, May 57: Several bignames don't quite live up to it in here: Schmitz, for one. "Big Terrarium", of a segment of Earth translated to another continuum(?) for zoo or etc, is not at all bad, people behaving or mis- in a believable way, but I remember Vega, Karres, etc. See preceding paragraph.

Lesser's "The Earthman" is more interesting than surprising (endingwise). Say, two of Milt's good ones in one month, after about a two-year sag!

"Tunnel 1971" uses a diary-format that lets Chas Einstein out of giving any continuity or characterization. A far-drawn coincidence is used to commit a ho-hum ending. Collier's would have liked it, perhaps.

dknight's "Night Express" is determinedly unoriginal in theme but the last two lines are worth waiting for.

"Mark XI" does not meet the pyrotechnic standards previously established by Cordwainer Smith. There are some lovely bits but little coherence.

"Mr Frightful" (Chas Stearns) is a ripe UNKNOWN specimen of the child and the Truly Mad Scientist who wants to save the world from the Porglies. Neat.

Evelyn Smith's "4D Bargain" suggests that she's been reading too much of the lesser works of de Camp. It's-- er, well-- Cute.

"The Murky Glass" by Lovecraft and (finished by?) Derleth is of the Weird Tales persuasion, usual Lovecraft plot gentled by Derleth, well worded.

The enigmatic query ending Lloyd Biggle's "Male Refuge" puts still another twist on the Visitant from the Future.

More and shorter tales thish, and thanks for omitting the misleading blurbs for ACE.

GALAXY Apr 57: The story-form editorial would sell most markets, H.L. "Operation Stinky" (novelet) differs from Simak's usual; lacks the Simak mood but saved by the manner of telling and the gimmicks. Devotees of "Time Quarry", the "City" series, etc, will miss the smoke-drifting-across-the-misty-hills atmosphere this author does so well, as I did (miss it, I mean).

Knight's "Man in the Jar" has an elusive but unmistakable air of familiarity. It's well-done, but the Oriental-suspense source tale hovers in the background.

Walter Tevis amplifies the theme of Padgett's "Time Looker"-- I liked it up to but not including the lifted and blown-up ending.

"The Victim From Space" (Scheckley) is a fine drop-the-other-shoe tale of the perils of native superstitions, with a Lady-or-Tiger ending full of unease. "Coffin Cure" (Nourse) is reminiscent of deCamp's "Hyperpilosity" but lacks the bounce, though a jolly bit in its own right. Some holes in it, though-- any sense becomes dulled by continued overstimulation-- the dilemma is artificial.

"Army Without Banners" (Wellen) is pretty grim if you're subject to traffic-fury, though the gimmick is negligible.

Novelet "Once a Greech" (Evelyn Smith) revives a theme that has lain fallow too long, with a priceless treatment. The ineffable significance of the punch-line, however, escapes me. Anybody get it??

Floyd C Gale again demonstrates that STF reviews are not his pigeon. Of 10 books covered, 9 are non-fiction if you allow the term to cover the oddball UFO items and the aunt-Nellie-spoke-from-beyond-the-grave epics this reviewer prefers to stf of any description. Stf is represented by a fringe item, Sheperd Mead's latest takeoff on Madison Avenue "The Big Ball of Wax", which is the sort of thing that Galaxy-haters claim Gold prints.

Among the non-fiction there happens to be one, repeat, one item relating directly to stf. Naturally, Gale doesn't much care for it; dknight's "In Search of Wonder" is praised by faint damns. (SHORT SUBREVIEW OF "IN SEARCH OF WONDER", ADVENT PRESS: GET IT!) Well, let's look under a few more flat rocks, such as the last 6 Gale columns: out of 57 books covered, 36 were "non-fiction" of which 34 did not directly concern stf, 2 were ghostales, 4 were "fringe" or diluted stf, and 7 were juveniles, in defense of which I should mention that these all appeared as a Christmas-gift suggestion list. So in 6 months, out of 57 books, Floyd ol' buddy reviewed exactly 8 straight-stf (defined as similar to material in the better prozines) numbers. The 4 fringe items were the Mead, a Philip

Wylie, another WWII job, and a beginner's treatment of the creation of human life in the laboratory from the viewpoint (according to Gale) of "Portia Faces Life". The record would indicate a basic malocclusion between Gale and stf; other reviewers don't find it so difficult to find good stf to review. I'm sure Floyd is competent in his own field of interest, but GALAXY needs a new boy.

SCIENCE-FICTION ADVENTURES #3, Apr 57: 3 "novels" and no equivocation about it—this zine should develop a solid market. As Amelia says, any issue holds interest better than the quality of individual stories would warrant, because each story is long enough to build up interest even though a little mediocre. I can't agree entirely, having been driven to a lot of skimming to get through the lead story of #2, but she probably has it right for most of the time.

In Hasse's "Clansmen of Fear" we have post-boom mutants who cluster around ex-cities because they need radiation, who are surrounded by semi-hostile normals, and who occasionally give birth to latent normals.. Then the Aliens land. Well heck, it's good fun and the people don't goof their motivations at the author's whim.

"Gulliver's Planet" (Galouye) is much better than his unprepossessing work for Hamling. The theme won't startle oldtimers who recall John Dark trying to communicate from his precarious position in his friend's bloodstream ("Bridge To Earth" in an early Startling) but attends to detail and maintains suspense.

Silverberg's "Spawn of the Deadly Sea" is also reminiscent but not to the point of copying—concepts from Hull's "The Winged Man", Brackett's "Sea Kings" stories, some tales of Vikings, etc, all mingle. Boils down to what you might call the Effluvial Background for stf of this type— it's there, you can't get away from it, so you may as well use it to best advantage, as here. There are no major discrepancies once we realize the larger-than-living stature of the hero.

SFA is an especially good mag if you happen to be in the mood for it, as I was.

F & S F, Apr 57: Hey now— moderation! Only 2 reprints in ten tales. Good. Leinster's "Anthropological Note" seems derivative but I can't place it; very nice treatment so it doesn't matter much. Clingerman's "Little Witch of Elm Street" lived down its women'szine origin by sheer enjoyability.

"QRM" by Richard Wilson manages to be interesting to communications-type people without being esoteric to the non-initiate— all the jargon is tidily though unobtrusively translated. Bob Ottum's "Girls on Channel N" is a rakishly casual narration of a truly Awful alien threat— it shouldn't happen to Presley.

Del Rey's "Little Jimmy" skulks awhile under camouflage as a soppy child-ghost piece. The ending is rewarding and enigmatic. But les...???

FAAANfiction! From INSIDE, Garrett & Carter's "Master of the Metropolis" deals with Sam IM4SF+ and his breathtaking adventures in the marvelous scientific world of the 20th century! Poor Hugo.

"The Status Quo Peddlers" (C G Edmondson) is for a living wonder best-described by the BLURB. That I'd live to see the day. Nice piece, too.

Boucher consistently does a tasteful review column. This month it isn't even marred by any of the chronic prejudices that plague all reviewers.

Poul A does a quality no-pains-spared job on the "Syndic" theme. It's not a steal except the gov't-by-gangsters basis. "License" is fun and consistent too.

"Second Prize" (John Novotny) is strictly fun— raffle tickets pay off with the evening's services of History's Beauties— Helen of Troy, etc. When a married man wins twice in a row, it makes you sad about magazine taboos.

Chad Oliver's "Didn't He Ramble" is the greatest for jazzaddicts, but for the second time in a month I like one of these. Chad's a writer, is all, you.

"Saturnian Celia" is curiosa from a 1774 letter by Horace Walpole; imaginative. His ideas on extraterrestrials with possible multiple members— and writing to a clergyman at that. Tsk.

You've doubtless noticed that F&SF has risen off my shootlist of late.

IF, Apr 57: Gunn's "Green Thumb" is more like the fine loosening stuff that had this zine crowding the Big3 in its second year or so (before the 1984 kick). Liable to make a person think, this tale, if not on guard. Absorbing.

"Hidden Talent" (Agberg) covers travails of the Wild Pai amongst the Tame Same. Positive quintessence of the TruBlue Action piece before it takes off on a better tangent. Haven't decided whether the ending satisfies or not, yet.

Slesar's "Brainchild" is newer of treatment than of theme (but ARE there any really NEW themes floating around??), more suspenseful than believable.

"A Case of Sunburn" by Fontenay was tricky on gimmick detail. As last month, this is not the best of Chas, though readable enough even with the overworked Martian rebels (somewhat of a plague lately).

Fellow named Fred Sheinbaum read Pohl's "Man Who Ate the World" and its predecessor, and wrote "Filthy Rich". Terrific if you missed the original.

Bertram Chandler's "The Maze" is a superior handling of people stumbling around the Obstacle Course left by the Lost Race; nice thinking.

"Operation Boomerang" (Geo Revell) is another ironic on First Spaceflight, and a good one. You can't miss the looming of the gimmick, but try to outguess it. Which is, of course, the heart of it.

Seems as if this is a top issue of IF.

"Till We Have Faces" is a hardcover novel by C S Lewis (Harcourt, Brace, and Co., \$4.50). Some will recall all or part of his trilogy ("Out of the Silent Planet", "Perelandra", and "That Hideous Strength") whose status as stf is dependent on the reader's viewpoint. "Till We Have Faces" is fantasy of a primitive Greek-era kingdom and strong irruptions of the supernatural.

Orual, princess of Glome, is hardly the Model Princess. She makes clear in her narration that she possesses all the ethereal beauty of an Easter Island statue. She lives in a crummy little principality whose ethics and morals are about what you might expect in the backwoods a few centuries B.C. She doesn't have it so good.

This is no tale of Heroes. Conan the Cimmerian would probably have goofed once too often around here and hobbled out of the kingdom no longer dangerous to the womenfolk, who don't fare especially well either.

Lewis generally works the mystic-religious pitch, whether in the trilogy, the "Screwtape Letters", or here. This time I haven't figured how his conclusions jibe with his own beliefs as shown in his other works.

Here is considerable fine background work on the customs of average small-group B.C. types, along with the puzzling but very human story development. For me there are holes in it here and there, but you don't notice till after.

Can't recommend the \$4.50 expenditure from an stfan viewpoint, but if your Public Library turns up with this book you could do a lot worse.

Moral: The WISE reviewer writes ONLY reviews. **R. Pemberton.



DIGGIN' THE FANZINES -

by Amelia Pemberton

-PH-

FAN-attic #4. John Champion, Route 2, Box 75B, Pendleton, Oregon. 10¢, 3 for 25¢.

This starts off with a rather pleasant editorial. Then we see an article by John Berry (illustrated by Atom) about parachuting, a short fantasy by Gary Elder, some book reviews by the editor, an article about popular music by Jerry deMuth, and fanzine reviews by Kent Moomaw.

Kent's reviews are very complete -- much more so than mine -- and are quite interesting; but his writing style needs to be smoothed out. For example: "Since you can sample SigOct free also, there can be no excuse for missing it. However, in Mussells' case, this may be better policy than it is for John Murdock, since SigOct is still experimenting and making some obvious mistakes in the process." & "With this, coeditor Ed Cox departs, leaving Ellick alone at the helm. This isn't meant as a smear at Cox, for I'd be saying the same thing if Ron had walked out and left Ed in control, but I believe that this will do much to improve FAFHRD." You see what I mean, Kent. Lumpy.

Next we see a story by the editor, about which I will only say that I read half-way through it before I realized that it wasn't a synopsis for an SF movie.

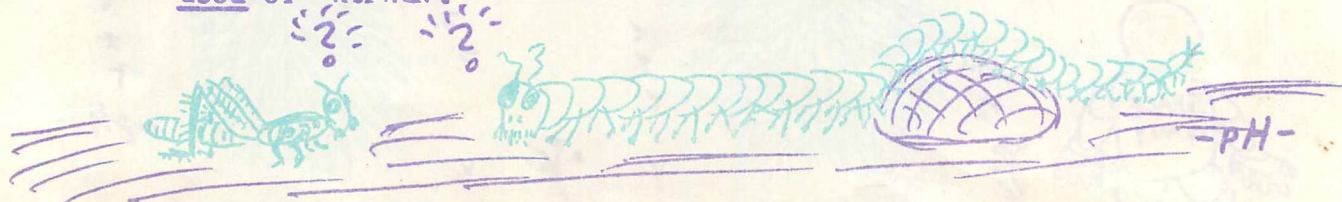
Next comes the letter column, and then a book review by John Murdock entitled "The Unsanforized Man and the Pseudo-Bugs." I like the title, but think just "The Unsanforized Man" would have been still better. Guess what book he's reviewing?

This is a fanzine of 31 pages, adequate all the way through but nowhere really outstanding. The cover, by Adkins, is very handsome and professional looking.

HYPHEN #17. December 1956. Walter Willis, 170 Upper Newtownards Road, Belfast, N. Ireland. 15¢.

Hoo boy! HYPHEN again! This has a magnificent Atom cover: a beanie type reposing in the arms of a voluptuous blonde, and typing "Dear Joe, Gafia has me in its dreaded grip..." The first item is a rather delightful story by WAW re fandom as a way of life. Next is Bob Shaw's column -- as always most amusing. Larry Stark has an interesting story called "Fapazine"; a moodpiece about an actual fan. Story or article or what? When you use real people it's confusing. Then a loathesomely vulgar story by Eric Frank Russell. Pemby liked it. He would. Then we see Chapter II of "The History of Irish Fandom" -- this chapter is by Madelein Willis, and tells of her early life & courtship. Also noteworthy is a reprinted Art Rapp poem about Roscoe, "Ice Cream Sunday" by John Berry (a True Chronicle of the 1956 Excursion to Portrush) and a story by James White "The Goon Fighter" -- very fine. Last but not least the famous HYPHEN bacover.

Good ol' HYPHEN!



-PH-

RETRIBUTION #5, December 1956. John Berry, 31, Campbell Park Ave., Belfast, N. Ireland. 25c.

This zine has Arthur Thomson as co-editor, and hence is 100% Atom-illoed -- which gives it an homogeneity of appearance that is unusual and rather refreshing. RET is the official organ of the Goon Detective Agency, and a large percentage of the material in it relates thereto; adding to the homogeneity of RET. The Goon Detective Agency is headed by Goon Bleary (John Berry) and investigates scandals in fandom. It is opposed by the Antigoon who represents the forces of evil and is aided and abetted by James White (see HYPHEN #17).

No lover of fannish humor should allow himself to do without RETRIBUTION. John asks for 25c for a copy, but he doesn't really mean it. I sent him a buck and asked for back issues. He sent me all five RETs, two VERITASs and a note informing me that my sub was good for all publications put out in 1957.

CONTACT. Published twice monthly by the Contact Group: Ron Bennett, John Hitchcock, Ellis Mills & Jan Jansen. \$1.00 per year -- airmail \$2.50 -- send sub to Dick Ellington, 299 Riverside Drive, Apt. 11A, New York 25.

This is a newszine -- its purpose is to weld worldwide fandom into one group by the dissemination of fannish news and information about fannish projects. I have read only the first three issues (the ones sent out free to 345 lucky people) but they were very interesting and enjoyable and I am planning shortly to nerve myself to the ordeal of sending Dick Ellington \$1. I consider CONTACT a worthy idea most worthily carried out.

THE SCIENCE-FICTION WORLD, Vol. 1, No. 4. Published by The Gnome Press, Inc., 80 E. 11th St., N. Y.

You may ask what I mean by publicizing a publishers' thing? Go ahead, ask. I'll tell you. The editorial staff on this sheet is: Robert Bloch. Bob Tucker.

The sheet says it costs 10c, but actually it is sent for free wrapped around a Gnome Press advertisement. There is no advertising at all in THE SCIENCE-FICTION WORLD itself, and if it is not quite an actual fanzine, why, it is still more fannish than nine out of ten trufanzines. It contains a mixture of fannish and professional news and various features and articles including fanzine reviews.

If you aren't on the mailing list yet why don't you write in and ask to be put on? You won't regret. You don't have to read the book ads enclosed if you don't want to.

Sorry fellas, there's more zines to be reviewed but I seem to have broke my shovel.



.....OVER SPILLED MILK
by Dewey d'Hops
(In the CRY, vintage seven years, Bonded)

With the third issue, the March 1950 THE CRY OF THE NAMELESS manifested all the impatience and bubbling energy of youth by launching pellmell into the first of many experiments that ultimately resulted in adopting a policy some five years and seventy-three issues later usually characterizing most first issues: going subscription.

Nothing as drastic as this featured CRY #3. The first two were on standard-sized stock; the third, on legal. And this one was only one sheet, two pages. Editor Gertrude Carr confessed in the first paragraph, "Just a feeble cry, this time. We've been bearing down so hard trying to bring out SINISTERRA that we've only got breath left for a faint wail..."

At all events, the CRY was out on schedule, despite all the foolforall expended in getting together a literary type fanzine's first issue---which also came out on time.

Incidentally, the Nameless Ones seems to have had during the course of its existence the necessary ingredients mandatory for longevity. It has had enough practical realists who manage to GET THINGS DONE to offset the multitude of vacillating dreamers, some of whom were not even interested in science-fantasy, who spoke vaguely of some project or another, but who rarely if ever accomplished anything. Or who spoke not at all, and who accomplished as much. Every s-f club that has existed for years, or even months, has had its realists. Don Day was one such, in the palmy days of the Portland, Oregon, bunch. Forry Ackerman is another. And certainly the early years of the Nameless Ones were dominated by the influence of Gertrude Carr who was well-seasoned for the mantle of responsibility after many battle-scarred campaigns in the P.T.A. True, it takes cooperation of a number of members to insure the success of a club; and if the shoulder-heaving was sometimes marked with a "whither-o?" uneasiness, those early months of the Nameless Ones stand in retrospect as high points of vigor, enthusiasm and achievement. They did GET THINGS DONE.

To return to CRY #3. News items included the marriage announcement of an unnamed Tacoma fanne who became Mrs. Robert Allen; a letter from Firlends from Wally (Gonser) who became a hardy perennial with the Nameless some months later; a letter from another busy N.O. in the early days, Clark Croutch of Richland, who beat the drum for trading with Ken Slater and OPERATION FANTAST (still existent, is it not?); and a plea from old-time collector-fan John Nitka of Brooklyn, wondering if any old 1923-4 WEIRD TALES were not in use in Seattle at the moment. Page one closed with an order form for SINISTERRA #1.

Page 2 mentions that two letter-hacking N.O. members had misfires in the May, 1950 WEIRD TALES Eyrie. An inspection of this issue reveals that G.M. Carr and Wm. Austin were the two offenders, and that this issue had the favorite of favorite magazine covers for this fan: a non-fantastic ballet setting by Dolgov that still enchants me after hundreds of viewings.

There follows a plea for letters; and for SINISTERRA material. Mrs. Carr made a good point with her "put up or shut up" stand on material.

Then there was another Norwegian announcement, drumbeating for the R.R. Phillips art poops; mention of the lack of Carrt (puns and verse this time; but no flowers graced this issue either); announcement of the showing of THE LOST WORLD, the silent classic, at the March 14th meeting; a s-f display at the Yeaser Housing hobby show, overseered by N.O. member Flora Jones; and notice of another prozine on the stands, FUTURE COMBINED WITH SCIENCE FICTION. Offhand I forget when this title separated. At any rate, SCIENCE FICTION has recently assumed a monthly schedule, whereas FUTURE, the principal title at Columbia Publications for several years, appears now as a quarterly after having been an annual for several years.

Yes, kiddies, this is the Real Word of what happened in the CRYs of seven years ago. Now hibernate for another month til Grandpappie can conjure another fable of Ye Olden Times.

MINUTES of the 173rd Meeting
by Wally Weber

February 14, 1957 (*Date disapproved at 174th meeting in favor of Feb 7th, a much less desirable date by astrological and numerological determinations.), the Nameless Ones met again in Room 4122 of the Arcade Building. President Toskey banged the official club bone on a coffee can in order to obtain order at 8:20 P.M. Flora Jones, however, delayed proceedings until the water for the tea was put in the kettle and on the hot plate.

Although there were only eight other members at the meeting to listen, the Modest and Unassuming Secretary read the minutes of the 172nd meeting anyway. The minutes were, as usual, disapproved by the President, but this time a lady whose initials are F.J. objected to this maltreatment of such excellent minutes and made a motion that the maltreated excellent minutes be approved for a change. Another lady, whose initials are Clyed Bacon Goodwin seconded the motion. The vote was unanimously in favor of approving the minutes after Otto Pfeifer reversed his vote, President Toskey was outnumbered, and the Honorable Secretary counted the votes.

Jerry Frahm made a motion to impeach the President, but President Toskey was not that far outnumbered and the motion never got seconded.

For some reason or another the subject of a Quorum came up. Since some of the members were curious how to determine when a quorum was present, since Nameless Membership is so vaguely defined. President Toskey explained that for important matters requiring the presence of a quorum, two thirds of the persons present would constitute a quorum.

The January 31 dinner meeting was discussed, and Ed Wyman was thanked for his part in arranging it all. The implication of the thanks was that he should get on the ball and start preparing something for our next dinner meeting. Some of the more clever members determined that the next fifth Thursday would occur on the Memorial Day Holiday May 30. These more clever members were, strangely enough, all sitting near the calendar.

A hodge-podge of subjects were being discussed for a while, the only noteworthy one of which was the one centered about why the club has continued to exist all these many years. The tentative answer was that we haven't run out of coffee yet.

Eventually President Toskey decided that a group discussion of science-fiction would be next on the program. His plan went slightly awry when a discussion of Astounding got as far as the Heironymous machine and stayed there.

The regularly scheduled program, the playing of the Songs of the Pogo record, began as soon as everybody had their refreshments. At the end of the first side, only 3 votes were mustered against playing the other side of the record, so the program did not end until each and every - er - song had been played. The fiendish torture had its desired result, however. Jerry Frahm, his mind totally rotted, offered \$2 for the refreshments to be served at the 174th meeting.

Showing no mercy, President Toskey announced that he would give a lecture on higher mathematics at the 174th meeting.

Finally showing mercy, the President adjourned the meeting at 10:10 P.M.

Honorable Secretary
Wally Weber

THE SCIENTIFIC BASIS BEHIND ASTROLOGY

By Flora Jones

It is not possible to cover the subject in a 'nutshell', as it is too vast a subject. It is very much like medicine which a doctor could not explain to people having no basic knowledge of that subject. Like medicine also, astrology has its principles on which it is based, which centuries have proved correct, but again like medicine it depends on the human element of understanding and interpretation -- so much error creeps into both subjects due to that.

WHAT IS ASTROLOGY?

This question can best be answered by quoting Emerson who said "Astrology is astronomy brought to Earth and applied to the affairs of men." Also quoting from a staunch defender of this art, the late Pulitzer Prize winner and science editor of NY Tribune, John J. O'Neill: "Astrology is one of the most important fields for scientific research today. Properly defined it is the science of relationship of man to his celestial environment; it is the accumulated and organized knowledge of the effect on man of the forces reaching Earth from surrounding space."

The history of this subject is a fascinating one, going back into early times when men observed that celestial influences DID bring certain conditions to Earth and noted its correspondence to weather changes, the overflowing of rivers, the influence of the Sun as a source of life, and the Moon's effect on plants, tides, and even other forms of life. The knowledge of these conditions and when to expect them were necessary for survival. These experiences taught the people that the Sun and Moon especially effected the environment and that the environment conditioned people's lives. Later observations expanded into noting that the planets also exerted influence and constituted orderly, natural law. Still later astrology was concerned with large affairs of state, involving kings who ruled the people's destiny. The court astrologers were the scientists of those days who knew that Cosmic Law was above the laws of capricious monarchs. They did not then have the scientific understanding as to how the celestial conditions could influence, but used it just as we do in using electricity without knowing what IT is.

In the last few decades it has been popular for top executive officers to open world's fairs, dams, etc by touching a button releasing light from a star light years away. In this atomic age it is definitely known that the atmosphere is continually being bombarded by cosmic rays (Milliken). Scientists are busy measuring radiation and worried about its effect on people. We are told by them that space particles are also atomic and that our brains and bodies are reacting in strange behavior; this is the reason there is so much talk today about the increase of mental ill-health. These correspond exactly to the traits and characteristics of individuals with which astrology has dealt for ages. No doubt with experimental research in this field, 20 years from now astrology will be given an impressive name such as bioastrics or space psychology; their methods would be based on statistics, accurate, effective, and practical in physiological, economic and psychological terms. It is what we who know only the rudiments today expect of the younger scientists tomorrow. Like many other sciences it has a vast field ahead to explore and experiment with. Today we use mathematics, astronomy, and geography to set up charts or horoscopes as a graph of people's character, their weaknesses and their strengths and by the progressed and transiting planetary orbs to show what is going on at all times and to look ahead.

It has for some time been a practice of mental institutions to be alerted to patients behavior at the full moon; also the fire departments' experience is that arsonists are extremely effected at that time also; hospitals know that births can come at any time but that they also have peak periods which the majority follow. This last year also ended research by Mr. Nelson of the Radio Corp. as to what caused radio interference, and his findings corresponded exactly to the conditions which in astrology is referred to as aspects. Now, using this information they can set up extra equipment to deal with interfered reception.

THE SCIENTIFIC BASIS BEHIND ASTROLOGY - concluded)

It is interesting to note that some of our founding fathers were expert astrologers, among them Adams, Jefferson, and Madison, also Ben Franklin who set up the chart of our nation for an auspicious birth. Also that both our Roosevelt presidents, Theodore who understood it quite well and FD who did not but both kept their horoscopes handy on or in their desk.

Dr. Jung, a noted psychologist, also uses astrology in his work as does Dr. Ravitz of Duke U who said, "The Solar System theory was the best he found for explaining the well known spontaneous improvement in mental cases. It may bridge the gap between physics, astronomy, and psychiatry and make possible the application of mathematics to psychiatry -- One's first reaction is one of incredulity, but we must also remember the incredulities in the past to other discoveries." While not naming astrology as such, it is definitely admitting the celestial influence on man, as he also said, "Emotional disturbances can now be measured electrically with cosmic events, the sun, moon and seasonal changes.

Recently at a meeting in Philadelphia of the most respected body of philosophers and scientists founded by Franklin, a Prof. G.W. Corner, topmost authority on the evolution of animal life, introduced Prof. Otto Neugebauer of the History of Math. Dept. at Brown U. He is considered the most eminent authority on the evolution of math and astronomy. He boldly stated that astrology was a pure science and illustrated his lecture with an explanation of astrological charts set up from 1200 to 2000 years ago, some on clay tablets. He said their study today gives keys to new understanding and historical information of those times.

DO INTELLIGENT PEOPLE USE IT?

It has always been so. Hippocrates, father of medicine, and Nostradamus, famous as a physician, both used it, the former saying that no doctor should be qualified without the knowledge of astrology. Ptolemy used it. Isaac Newton, when jeered at being gullible in his faith in this subject, retorted indignantly, "I have studied it; evidently you have not." Tycho Brahe, and later, Kepler, both famed astronomers, were ardent astrologers also. Napoleon and Hitler both had official astrologers to guide them and both being neurotic and flushed with success, got to think that they were the ones who were guiding the stars, thus bringing about their downfall. Literature is full of astrology, Shakespeare particularly.

The interest in this subject is rapidly increasing with time, but we still have many self-opinionated uninformed people, even in our educational institutions who, when challenged to prove the subject unworthy, have not been able to do so as just recently in LA, TV debates between two astronomers and two astrologers, the former being Dr. A. Deutch and Dr. R.S. Richardson, both of Mt. Wilson and Palomar Observatories, who were out to do their bit to discredit astrology. It ended by the Drs. Deutch and Richardson bravely admitting they didn't KNOW this or that fact, and acknowledging the proof offered by the astrologers. Reporter Crenshaw of a Los Angeles newspaper stated that had it been color TV it would have shown the red faces of the astronomers.

DOES IT WORK?

The answer is definitely IT DOES for anyone who will seriously and honestly study the subject as diligently as some other subject. Experience alone can prove it to the individual, providing they are open minded. Some wise men said, "Condemnation without investigation is the rankest ignorance" but that sport is still carried on in a large way by many uninformed. A number of college professors who have delved into it and proved its value dare not admit their interest in the subject for fear of jeopardizing their positions due to unthinking biased regents and fellow teachers.

One might well wonder why some of our public buildings, among them our National Library of Congress, Radio City, and Grand Central Station, show the zodiac in their domes.

(((Editor's note: The above article is the text of an address delivered by Mrs. Jones at a recent meeting of the Nameless Ones and does not necessarily reflect the opinions of the editorial staff.)))

Part XVI: 1941

1941 was a significant year in many respects for Amazing Stories. It marked 15 years of publication, a fact which was properly recognized by the 15th Anniversary issue in May, an extra thick 244 page issue. It marked the return of two of the most legendary figures in all of science fiction: Edgar Rice Burroughs, and the famous illustrator, the one and only J. Allen St. John. Burroughs brought with him his famous hero John Carter of Mars to Amazing, and to Fantastic he brought Carson of Venus. To say that the fans greeted these occurrences with wild acclaim would be an understatement. Of the twelve issues of the year, seven were graced by cover paintings by J. Allen St. John, masterpieces every one, reproduced with wonderful fidelity. Leo Morey had a fine space ship cover on the February issue, and it leads one to wonder what some of the covers of the Sloane era would have looked like with proper reproduction. The other cover artists were Stockton Mulford for July, Robert Fuqua for September and November, and Rod Ruth for December. Authorwise, the magazine began to develop a few house names, and David Wright O'Brien had about as many stories printed under his pseudonym of John York Cabot as under his own name, in addition to developing a third pseudonym, Duncan Farnsworth. Toward the end of the year, editor Palmer took an overall tally from lists of favorite authors sent in by his readers, and at the top of the popularity was none other than Don Wilcox, and with good reason. The string of fine stories from the pen of this author seemed unending. Ugly rumors have circulated to the effect that Wilcox had written a good share of the stories attributed to Burroughs, but after careful reading of the stories in question I am unwilling to believe that these stories could have been written by anyone but Burroughs.

Novel Length Story:

"Llana of Gathol" by Edgar Rice Burroughs (Rating - A,1.7), published as four separate stories as follows: "The City of Mummies", March; "The Black Pirates of Barsoom", June; "Yellow Men of Mars", August; and "Invisible Men of Mars", October. It was later published as a single book, under the title "Llana of Gathol". Here is unparalleled adventure, written and conceived as only Burroughs can. Burroughs has a style that is almost magnetic in its manner of drawing you into a story and holding you there until the last delicious paragraph. If you are a Burroughs hater, I can only heave a sigh of pity.

"A" Story:

"The Lost Race Comes Back" by Don Wilcox, May. Here is beyond a doubt Wilcox's finest story up to this time, overshadowing even "The Voyage That Lasted 600 Years" in overall excellence. It is a time travel story replete with a score of lovable characters that would make Jules Verne squirm in envy. Here are 25,000 words of powerful writing to tell you of a man stranded 25,000 years in the past, his only link to the present a haphazard time chain controlled by a mad scientist. Replete with the inimitable Wilcox humor, it conducts you with daring imagination through a complex plot, finishing off with an unexpectedly inevitable conclusion. It is one of the strangest stories ever written, and certainly one of the finest of time travel stories. Happily Wilcox has given his characters a normality rarely present in works of fiction. It was a fitting lead story for the 15th Anniversary issue, and was fittingly illustrated by a J. Allen St. John cover painting.

"B" Stories (in order of preference):

"The Secret of Planetoid 83" by Ed Earl Repp, December. The best interplanetary story of the year. The poor downtrodden Earth people are ruled by "The Hundred", a pack of belligerent tyrants. The hero is the last of a long line of rebels against this order, and is more than willing to join the cause of the gentle people of Io who are planning against time to conquer Earth and thus provide them with a new home before Io disintegrates under gravitational stresses.

AMAZING STORIES IN REVIEW - (continued)

"Mystery of the Martian Pendulum" by Thornton Ayre and A.R. Steber (John Russell Fearn and Ray Palmer), October. A frighteningly realistic story about a hollow sphere in the center of Mars containing myriads of death traps and a huge mass of tremendously complicated machinery placed there by the extinct Martian race for the purpose of dealing out a horribly destructive revenge upon Earth. It also seems to it that no one interferes with its working -- by killing all intruders.

"Battering Rams of Space" by Don Wilcox, February. Here is the sequel to "Slave Raiders from Mercury", which was published in June 1940. Here is space opera written in Wilcox's dashing and complex, yet crystal clear exposition. As in other Wilcox tales, the heroes are not supermen, but the heroines are usually beautiful. The heroes are sometimes lucky, though just as often they are unlucky. One can almost always predict that the outcome will be a happy one, but one can never foresee the courses of action by which the outcome is achieved, and Wilcox's methods of arriving there are invariably fascinating. The Battering Rams are little spaceships made of extra hard material. They fly around and smash into other spaceships.

"John Carter and the Giant of Mars" by Edgar Rice Burroughs, January. This story marked the return of John Carter. The story achieved mixed reaction from the readers; some thought it terrific, and some thought it terrible. My only comments are that it is a fine Martian adventure story, written and conceived as only Burroughs could have. You either like this sort of thing or you don't.

"Kid Poison" by David V. Reed (David Vern), August. An excellent tale of a group of kids who go out on a camping trip to an asteroid. One of them is forced to take his kid brother along. This little fellow has a lot of junk along that he got by saving up boxtops, much to the disgust of the older boys. The ensuing events when the kids were captured by space pirates were humiliating for the older boys when it turned out that all that crazy junk worked!

"Lords of the Underworld" by L. Taylor Hansen, April. Ray Palmer's face would have been red if he had known at the time that the L. was for Louise, for he continually referred to the author as "him". This story is a time travel story which takes the hero back into the past to an age where man, sabre-tooth and dinosaur co-exist, but it is lacking in the corn one usually finds in stories of this nature. It is an unusual and highly entertaining story about an ancient city where sabre-tooth tigers are kept as household pets, and the dinosaur was worshipped as a god.

"Bandits of Time" by Ray Cummings, December. There will be those of you who shudder in horror at the mention of any story by this author, but for some reason I find that this is not the case with me. This particular story certainly doesn't seem to run to one of Cummings's so-called story patterns. A would-be dictator from two million A.D. travels through the ages capturing blind, penniless, or otherwise handicapped humans for his empire of the future. The events come to a climax in a distinctly un-Cummings manner with a shocking revelation.

"Enchantress of Lemuria" by Stanton A. Coblentz, September. A fairly typical Coblentz story of a Lemuria buried deep underground in which two decadent civilizations are pitted against each other in unnatural hideous warfare. The "Enchantress" turns out quite naturally to be the villain's daughter.

"The World of Miracles" by David V. Reed (David Vern), October. An evil race, masters of illusion, attempt to sway a couple of men from the third dimension to open up the doorway and allow them to bring in the "benefits" of the fourth dimension. The only difficulty is that the two men were already swaying in drunkenness and were completely unaware of the fact that the safety of Earth depended upon their actions.

"Adam Link in the Past" by Eando Binder, February. Adam Link, the robot, goes into the past in search of the Norse god Thor, whom he believes must have been a robot like himself. But strangely enough, though he spends several months in the ancient city of Valhalla, he finds everyone from the Norse Mythology except Thor.

"Kidnapped in Mars" by Festus Pragnell, October. The huge Princess of Mars is kidnapped by an arch-villain in this oddity of adventure yarns. The hero is a pint-sized Earthman who uses his small size to advantage in his rescue attempts, aided by

AMAZING STORIES IN REVIEW - (concluded)

A lovable hulking brute of a Martian and several pet Martian animals. He ends up becoming engaged to the Martian princess, a girl three times his size, and one would think there would be disadvantages to a situation like this, but he seemed contented enough with his lot.

"The Invisible Wheel of Death" by Don Wilcox, January. A circular pit on the enemy planet into which no intruder can penetrate lures our hero into trying his luck at slipping between the spokes of the revolving death rays.

"Mystery Moon" by Edmond Hamilton, January. The story of a man with space in his blood, but denied the opportunity -- because he was the son of a space pirate. Typical Hamilton space adventure.

"C" Stories (in order of publication):

January: "Hammer of the Gods" by John York Cabot (David Wright O'Brien)

"Skidmore's Strange Experiment" by David Wright O'Brien

February: "The Winking Lights of Mars" by Gordon A. Giles (Eando Binder)

March: "The Man Who Lived Next Week" by David Wright O'Brien

"Phoney Meteor" by John Beynon

"Mystery of the Amazing Battery" by Donald Bern

April: "King Arthur's Knight in a Yankee Court" by A.W. Bernal

"Priestess of the Sleeping Death" by Neil R. Jones

"Invisible Raiders of Venus" by Don Wilcox

May: "Adam Link Faces a Revolt" by Eando Binder

"The Man Who Forgot" by John York Cabot (David Wright O'Brien)

"The Iron Men of Super City" by Don Wilcox

"The Fate of Asteroid 13" by William P. McGivern

"The Secret of the Lost Planet" by David Wright O'Brien

June: "The Girl From Venus" by David V. Reed (David Vern)

"The Quandary of Quintus Quaggle" by William P. McGivern

"Pepper Pot Planet" by Duncan Farnsworth (David Wright O'Brien)

"Homer Higginbottom, Rain Maker" by Milton Kaletsky

July: "Survivors from 9000 B.C." by Robert Moore Williams

"Mystery on Planetoid Ten" by James Norman

"No Man's Land in Space" by Leigh Brackett

"The Invincible Crime Buster" by Henry Gade (Ray Palmer)

August: "Mr. Muddle Does As He Pleases" by William P. McGivern and David Wright O'Brien

"You Ought To Be Dead" by Robert Moore Williams

"Taxi To Jupiter" by Don Wilcox

September: "Ferdinand Finkmodles Perfect Day" by David Wright O'Brien

"The Throne of Valhalla" by Arthur F. Harris

October: "Flame For the Future" by P.F. Costello (house name)

November: "Convoy to Atlantis" by William P. McGivern

"Nicolbee's Nightmare" by John York Cabot (David Wright O'Brien)

"The Stevedore of Jupiter" by Don Wilcox

"Death Desert" by Robert Moore Williams

The remaining 27 stories not mentioned above are "D" stories. There are no "E" stories.

Stories in sequences were rare during 1941. There was a "Hok" story by Manly Wade Wellman in March, two "Sergeant Spang of the Space Marines" stories by Cabot (O'Brien) in October and December, the "Don Hargreaves of Mars" story in October, the "Adam Link" stories in February and May, and Wilcox's lead story in February.

NEXT ISSUE: FANTASTIC ADVENTURES, In Memoriam; Part III: 1941

THE COLLABORATION

By Hubbard Green

Edward Higginbottom VII was disgusted.

He was disgusted with himself. He was disgusted with life. He was disgusted with the whole society he was forced to live in. He was disgusted, yes, disgusted with the whole damn galaxy. Mostly, though, he was just disgusted with himself.

When a man reaches the age of 180, he has learned enough through experience to realize his own shortcomings. For many years now he had been aware that he was not the most perfect of all creatures. But it was not until now that he fully realized what a wasted life he had led.

He was the last Higginbottom in the galaxy, and the name would die with him. After he was gone there would be nothing left to make anyone realize that a Higginbottom had ever existed. One by one the scions of his name had perished, and the huge financial fortune had come to its final resting place in Edward Higginbottom VII. By sheer carelessness he had escaped the awful plagues of Sirius III and Alphard V which had made whole species of creatures extinct, and had decimated the ranks of the Higginbottoms. More adventurous Higginbottoms had attempted to penetrate some of the more menacing secrets of the galaxy, and they had perished to a man. The "Solar" Higginbottoms, as they were called, had all been consumed by the supernal fires when Sol had become a supernova some three hundred years before. Other relatives had been accounted for in the variety of hazards of modern living. He was the last one.

His self-disgust relaxed into a studied consideration of the possibilities. He had another twenty years of life ahead of him, according to present day life expectancy, but it was too late to beget a family. But he was resolved that he had to make the Higginbottom name live on in some fashion.

His only asset was the huge Higginbottom fortune. Somehow he must use this money to perpetuate his glorious name. What he needed was advice.

Edward Higginbottom VII surveyed the faces of the advisors whom he had gathered together from all parts of the Antares System. He was satisfied that the answer to his problem would be in the minds of these men.

"Gentlemen," he said to them, "I will be brief about the subject upon which I wish to be advised, for I wish as many ideas as possible to pour forth from your minds in the time you have available. What I want to know is this: How can I use the finances at my disposal to make myself famous -- to make the Higginbottom name live on in history after I am gone?"

He looked expectantly at the sea of faces and waited for someone to speak. Curls of white and blue smoke were rising steadily toward the ceiling ventilators, but the pattern was not broken perceptibly at Higginbottom's statement. A few brows were knit, however. And the advisors present did very well to give the matter some serious thought, for a tidy bonus was offered for a practical solution to the problem.

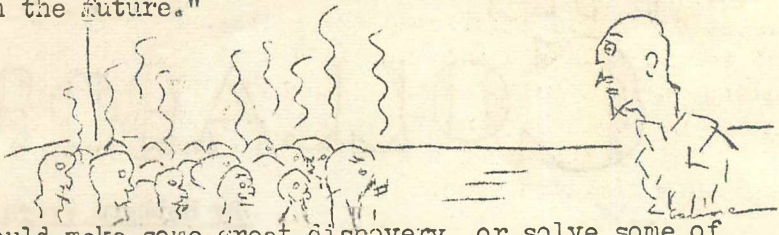
One throat cleared hesitantly, and after a slight cough a voice spoke. "You might, er, make a large donation to some needy institution with the provision that your name be engraved on an everlasting monument."

"Let's face facts, gentlemen," Higginbottom replied. "My name will undoubtedly

"THE COLLABORATION" - (continued)

be engraved on my tombstone and be everlasting. What you suggest would have only local effect. I want to become known throughout the galaxy, to be known wherever civilized races might exist now or in the future."

Now some of the smoke trails became decidedly erratic. Furrows appeared in most of the foreheads visible. More than one waxed goatee was stroked thoughtfully. Carefully bred mustaches were tweaked.



Another voice spoke. "If you could make some great discovery, or solve some of the hidden secrets of the galaxy, or invent something --"

"Please, please," remonstrated Higginbottom. "Discovery and invention are far beyond my mental capabilities, particularly because of the far reaching consequences I require. And I'm afraid it would be too dangerous to try to penetrate the black nebula or some other galactic mystery."

Another voice came through. "If you could write a great piece of literature that would be published all over the galaxy and preserved in all libraries, your name could live on indefinitely."

"I am much too lazy to settle down to such a task," Higginbottom retorted. "And what could I write that could possibly be widely enough acclaimed?"

"An autobiography --"

"My life has been extremely dull."

"A work on philosophy -- or history --"

"To be forgotten on some musty shelf."

"A novel."

"Come now," said Higginbottom. "There have been no great novels written since the days of American civilization, some three thousand years ago."

"But that is exactly why it would work. No great novel has ever been written on a truly galactic scale. It would be an immediate sensation."

The idea began to interest Higginbottom.

His inspired advisor, fat bonus uppermost in mind, pressed his points forward with alacrity. "You wouldn't even have to do the work of writing it. You could hire the finest writing talent in the galaxy to write it for you. It would be a truly great work of literature. The name of Higginbottom would be revered!"

Higginbottom snatched avidly at this last idea. Yes, it could be done. He could pattern his Great Galactic Novel after the Great American Novels, the intense study of which was demanded during everyone's elementary education. He could travel to the far ends of the galaxy to search out the finest writers in existence, using the lure of luxury to entice them into producing this great work. He could magnanimously dedicate his novel to these writers, but the fame and glory would be his alone. He swelled with enthusiasm.

The advisors were dismissed. He had made his decision.

Edward Higginbottom VII relaxed in his pneumatic chair as his luxurious interstellar yacht drifted toward a landing on Fomalhaut IX. Smiling with satisfaction, he surveyed the forested globe below him. It was here that he hoped to find his first collaborator, who would be placed in charge of writing all of the sexual parts of his novel. He recalled the entry in the Catalog of Galactic Races and smiled in anticipation. Soon he would be face to face with members of the most sensual race in all the galaxy, for nothing would satisfy him but the very best.

The creatures of Fomalhaut IX were the friendliest in the galaxy, and in fact were considered to be TOO friendly, and as a result were shunned by all other civilized races. It was one of the strangest races to be found anywhere, for there were a total of twenty eight separate and distinct sexes, whose laws of propagation were so fiendishly complicated that no humanoid biologist had been able to cope with it.

THE COLLABORATION - (continued)

He was met at the space station by a throng of curious spectators of many varied forms. Higginbottom knew that the forms were manifestations of the various sexes. These creatures considered the arrival of a visitor to their fair planet as something to regard with awe and to relate down through the generations until its eventual disappearance into legend. Higginbottom smiled as the friendly creatures came up to him. He would have no trouble at all in contacting an appropriate collaborator.

Out of the crowd stepped one of the creatures. It spoke softly in the universally spoken galactic tongue.

"Greetings, O strange being, and welcome to our wonderful city. All the resources of our hospitality but await your tiniest wish."

Higginbottom smiled magnanimously and replied, "Your world is indeed beautiful, and your hospitality is graciously accepted. In return for this I intend to make an interesting and lucrative proposition to someone of your great race."

The yellow and green spokesman waved three tentacles. "You are wise and good, O noble sir. I hope that the one you choose will satisfy your every expectation."

By this time the crowd that had originally gathered to witness the phenomenon had thinned somewhat. Pairs, triplets, and other combinations of creatures had separated from the crowd, tentacles entwined, bug-eyed rapture in the eyes of the participants, and had disappeared in the surrounding forest.

Higginbottom continued, "I seek one who has great intelligence of all types of sexualism in the galaxy --"

"Mastered easily by every Fomalhautian very early in his elementary education," interrupted the spokesman.

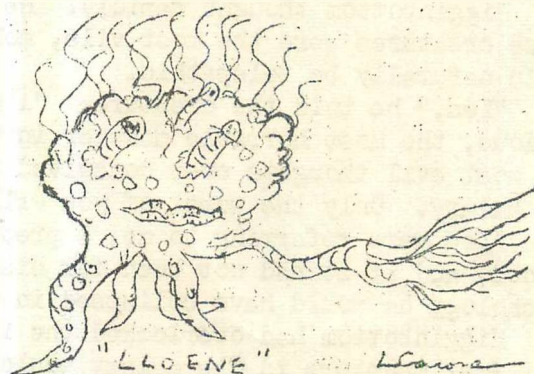
"And also one personally capable of the most varieties of sexual emotion," Higginbottom finished.

The spokesman snapped his beak. "That will be someone of the First sex, of course. But come, you must be made comfortable. The freedom of our world is yours."

A short while later Higginbottom was provided with an apartment which, while not luxurious, provided him with every possible comfort. Native servants were provided, but new ones were provided periodically as groups of them fell in love and eloped to some forest retreat.

After Higginbottom had rested he began interviewing members of the First sex. The First sex proved to be a product of the simultaneous union of all twenty eight sexes, and was itself capable of universal combination in the reproductive process.

In this way Higginbottom met Lloene, whom he found to be possessed of interests and abilities far beyond the requirements he had formulated. So Lloene, the lovingly bug-eyed, sensuously tentacled, erotically purple-splotched Fomalhautian was hired. The grateful creature was so enthralled by Higginbottom's decision that it lovingly carressed him with its long sinuous tentacles. Higginbottom quickly brushed the tentacles away and informed Lloene of a few additional terms to their contract.



The interstellar yacht bearing Edward Higginbottom VII, Lloene, and several Fomalhautians whom he had allowed Lloene to bring along for companionship, bore down toward the surface of Canopus XXVI.

Higginbottom viewed the approaching world with half anticipation and half fear. He was visiting a world known to be inhabited by the most evil monsters in existence. It was here that he hoped to find his second principal collaborator, which he would place in charge of all the evil counterplotting, and nothing but the worst would satisfy him.

THE COLLABORATION - (continued)

The creatures on Canopus XXVI were so utterly evil and ruthlessly destructive that no member of any civilized race had ever set foot on this world and escaped alive. The entry in the Catalog of Galactic Races had been prepared by telescopic observation and deduction. However, these facts did not deter Higginbottom, for the last expedition to this planet had been more than a thousand years ago. By now, he conjectured, the evil race of monsters would not even realize that they were being invaded, for any strange creature they might see walking through their streets would simply be looked upon as some particularly horrible manifestation of their own evil race. No one else would DAFB come near them.

The yacht settled at the edge of a smoking blood-red lake. Not a single monster was in sight. Apparently their efforts at making an unobtrusive landing had been successful. A large city lay not far off, and the party started off in its direction. They had not traversed far over the steaming odiferous landscape when they came upon their first monstrous native.

A half dozen bloodshot eyeballs glared hatefully at them from deep malformed pits formed by folds of nauseating flesh. Great teeth dripped with ichor as flames and blue smoke belched forth from great gaping nostrils. But even more horrible than the creature itself was the twitching half-eaten victim held to the ground by huge claws and tentacles.

Higginbottom and his companions, well versed in alien psychology, glared hatefully back at the creature. One of Lloene's companions detached itself from the group and viciously attacked the horrible creature. The rest of the party passed on safely, and Lloene made a sign in touching obit for the heroic sacrifice of its beloved.

The party entered the city, and they consequently found themselves in the midst of a teeming multitude of the most evil, most vile, most ferocious, most odiferous monsters that any mind could conceive. Every monster in sight was either slathering over some gory victim, engaged in mortal combat, stalking some other vile creature, or was itself a victim of some evil creature more powerful than it.

Higginbottom was appalled. How in the universe would he ever be able to lure any of these awful inhabitants to collaborate with him, even with all his money?

"Did you think money?" a voice boomed. Higginbottom turned to see a vile smelly evil green purple black and blue monster from the veritable pits of Hell. Huge clouds of fire and smoke poured forth from the creature, scorching several of Lloene's companions.

Higginbottom thought rapidly. He had almost overlooked the fact that since these creatures were the most vile, most malignant creatures in the galaxy, they would naturally be telepathic.

"Yes," he told the creature. "I am searching for the most evil, the most vicious, the most horrible monster in the galaxy. I intend to hire it to perpetuate the most evil thoughts ever conceived into permanent form to be made known throughout the galaxy. Only the worst of you will suffice."

"You were referring to me, I presume," came another voice. Higginbottom turned, and if it had not been for his strict disciplinary education in alien psychology he would have collapsed in utter horror of the newcomer.

Higginbottom had overlooked the fact that the most vicious, most horrible, most foul monsters in the galaxy would naturally be both telepathic and telekinetic.

And that is how Higginbottom met his new collaborator, Evil Beevil. For the instant that he came face to face with Evil Beevil, he knew that there was no creature anywhere in the galaxy that was more evil, more vicious, more dreadful, more smelly than Evil Beevil.

Higginbottom was elated that no matter where he went, the lure of financial luxury was too much for any creature to resist. As he described the terms of the contract to Evil Beevil, that greediest being in the galaxy slathered in the most horrifying anticipation that could be imagined. The heat radiating from Evil Beevil was overpowering, and several more of Lloene's companions succumbed.

THE COLLABORATION - (concluded)

Higginbottom was ecstatically happy at this new enlistment to his cause. He knew now that his great project could not possibly fail. He had found his two most important collaborators. And what collaborators! Two more perfect assistants for his project simply did not exist. He had before him the very personifications of love and evil themselves! Now all that would be necessary would be the selection of a suitable staff of writers, and work on the great novel itself would begin. He was in ecstasy. His whole project would be completed in no time at all, and his last years could be spent basking in the glory that would be his. He turned happily toward his collaborators.

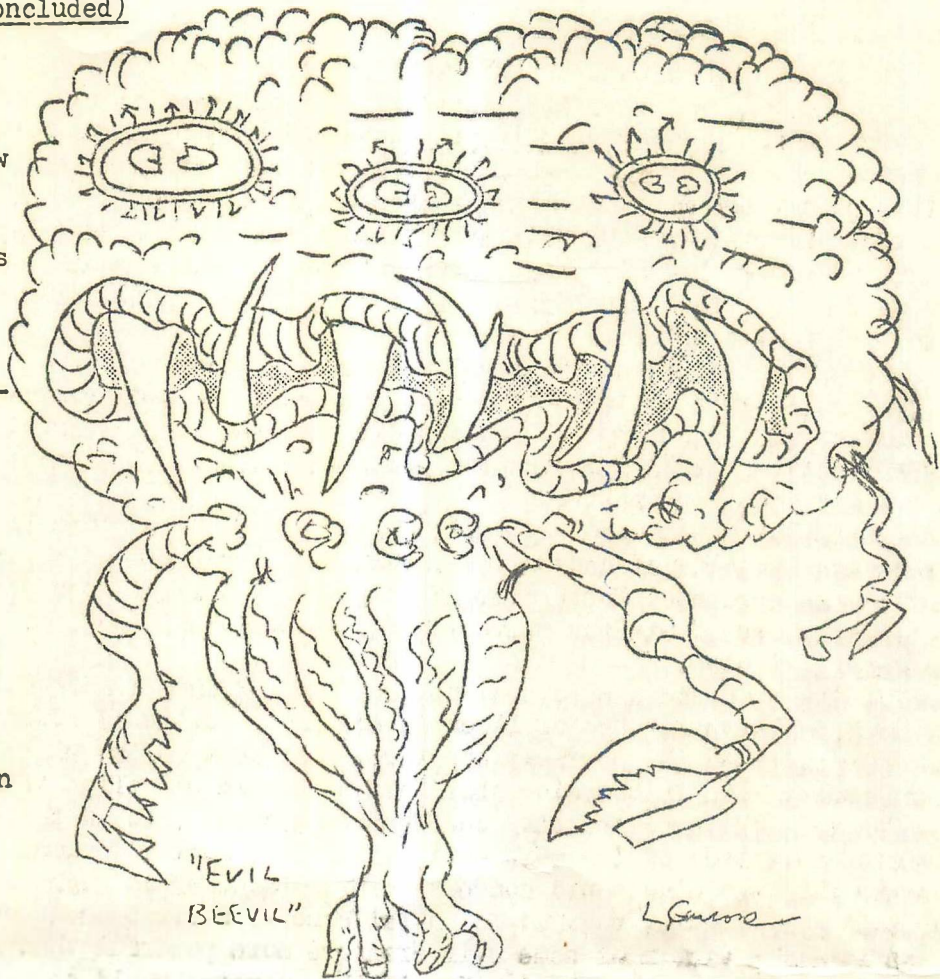
And looked upon palpitating folds of evil flesh.

He looked to all sides, saw only folds of gray-black flesh. Flames and gases spewed ferociously toward him from all angles. And as Higginbottom began dissolving painfully, he screamed and screamed and screamed.

Evil Beevil was in ecstasy over its latest meal. The taste of Higginbottom would live forever in its ghastly memory.

So as it turned out, Edward Higginbottom DID live forever after all, though perhaps not entirely in the manner he had anticipated. For Evil Beevil was the most evil, the most ferocious, the most abominable creature in the whole galaxy, so naturally it eventually ate every other living creature in the galaxy. And, of course, he was just too mean to die.

THE END



PART TWO

Last issue we left our exciting story just after the publication of the August 29, 1952 issue of CRY OF THE NAMELESS, the first issue ever to be printed on the Multilith. CRYs were pushing forth on a bi-weekly schedule, despite Toakey's absence, largely due to valiant Nameless Ones like Victor Stradiske, his friend rotav skidder S, Bill Austin, Royal Diamond, Ted Ross and like that. When CRY #36 was due, however, nobody came around to help me. This can probably be explained by the fact that I had moved to a new location that was extremely difficult to find. It was extremely difficult to find primarily because nobody knew my address. Left to my own devices, with nobody to hold the whip, CRY #36 was not mailed in time to announce the September 18 meeting. When it finally did get mailed, an extra two pages titled like a regular CRY were added to announce the October 2 meeting were included with it. These two pages were numbered CRY #36 1/2.

This was a pretty foul-up, but it was absolutely nothing at all when compared to the sheer magnificence of the mess CRY #37 ended in. Because of the tardiness of CRY #36, meeting attendance had dropped from very few to practically nobody. Feeling quite bitter about it all, I had gathered enough energy to mimeograph an issue #37 in which I griped about the dull, unattended meetings, and then, having used up my month's supply of ambition, I didn't even mail out the copies. This time, when the unmailed issue became too obsolete to be of any use, I did not tack a #37 1/2 on it and send it out, but instead I went into glorious production on an entirely new #37, dating it October 30. This was a rather important issue in that it was to announce a new meeting place for the club. It had been decided at the previous meeting that the University of Washington campus was no the most ideal place to hold meetings and that, in the interests of increasing attendance, future meetings should take place in various members' private homes. Ted Ross, who was the worthy President in those troubled times, had talked a friend of his, Wallace Bartholomew by name, into offering his home for this experimental off-campus meeting. Mr. Bartholomew's address, for unknown reasons other than that fate was against us, was listed incorrectly in the Seattle Telephone Directory (an inferior local fanzine put out by The Pacific Telephone and Telegraph Company). If any meeting announcement was ever necessary, the one in the new CRY #37 was it.

It wasn't until the night of the meeting that President Ted Ross discovered the new issue of #37 hadn't been mailed. He had cut fits, improbable as that might seem from a zoological standpoint, but he recovered in time to contact as many members as he could by telephone and explain about the meeting. Despite everything, the meeting was such a success that the club decided to meet again at Mr. Bartholomew's November 13. CRY #37 1/2 was produced to inform members of this meeting, and, wonder of wonders, it was mailed out along with the second CRY #37 in time to serve its purpose.

November 13 was an election meeting. As Wally Gonser described it in CRY #38, Ted Ross had more friends at the meeting than Wally Gonser did, so Wally

was the new President of the Nameless Ones. Like I say, Wally described it, himself, in CRY #38. By this time I had moved to Swamphouse and was reasonably findable again, so President Genser had come over to personally write and stencil the first two pages of the issue, and rotoiv skaldert8 did some illustrations. I got to playing around with mimeographing the issue in two colors, doing it the hard way, running each color separately, so even though I had help on the issue, it came out too late to announce the meeting at G. M. Carr's. This was not too serious because Mrs. Carr was well acquainted with the Weber Method and had mailed out postcard announcements on her own.

President Genser proved to be a determined cuss, however, and the club's official organ got back on a regular publishing schedule with CRY #39. In fact he demonstrated a talent almost equal to Burnett Toskey's by typing the stencils and wielding the whip at the same time. Very few of the issues ever came out without a hitch, but at least they did come out.

Of the many, many hitches encountered in publishing of the CRY, issue #42 showed more of the scare for its size than any other I can recall. Every now in then in the endless battle with Ol' Faithless, the stencil would be inadvertently reversed on the drum and would have to be removed, all dripping with mimeo mess, and replaced correctly. Memory mercifully refuses to detail the circumstances, but on the first page of CRY #42, the stencil never did get corrected. Readers who didn't have reversible eyeballs, or at least a mirror, never found out what was on that page. But that was not all. Delcio Austin had produced a cartoon for the CRY, her first contribution in the publication's history. The punch line of this cartoon was, "Look, dear, my people are blooming!" and we thought it was quite wonderful before Ol' Faithless twisted it into a painful memory. Never have I seen any supposedly non-sentient machine discriminate so precisely!! Everything on the page came out sharp and clear — sharp and clear as compared to the average product of Ol' Faithless, that is — except Delcio's cartoon.

Wally Genser tried to improve the situation in the next issue by rerunning the cartoon. Unfortunately I had picked that issue to experiment with a purple mimeograph ink, and once again Delcio's cartoon looked more like a jigsaw puzzle that lost interest. It was a long time before she contributed artwork to the CRY again.

The problem of legibility was solved on CRY #45 by making use of the Multilith again. This was in April, 1953, and it had been quite some time since I had goofed up an issue of the CRY by mailing it late. Watching the little and large wheels of the Multilith go around, the seed of a sinister plan was sprouted. Issues #46, #47, and #48 were modest issues on time, but seed had grown and was about right for blooming, like the people in Delcio's cartoon. It burst forth in full flower by issue #49. I had a Plan. It was to be stupendous and colossal, and it was going to have such far-reaching effects that I am going to stop right here and place a special title for it. (A fanfare and cymbal crash, please. Thank you.)

Page two of CRY #49 told all about the Super-CRY. It was going to be B I G ! In celebration of the fiftieth issue, CRY #50 was going to be at least ten pages long! Pretty staggering, isn't it? But I was willing to make the sacrifice of time and effort because of the special nature of the occasion. There were even special rules about how a person would go about

obtaining a copy. Not just any old member could pick up a copy of this extra special issue. No, the only way to obtain CRY #50 was to attend the June 25 meeting or to write in a request for an issue.

I got things all lined up. Royal Diamond agreed to run it off on the Multilith. Rotciv skeldert2 promised to draw a cover. What was I going to use for material? Oh, well, yeah, that little item. Well, I would take care of that when the time came.

The time came. I had all the typewriter ribbons, pencils, inks and erasers required for Multilith work. Royal had furnished me with the necessary masters. I don't exactly remember what I did for a typewriter -- I know I didn't try the business of sneaking into campus buildings as I had for CRY #35. It seems to me I made some sort of deal with G. M. Carr, and also planned to use one of the typewriters in Royal's office during the Multilithing session. Bill Austin called to find out if I needed any material for the issue, and I let him know I had loads of material for the issue. (All I had to do was write it.)

The decision to write out the club by-laws as the major article in CRY #50 was a genuine stroke of genius. The previous meeting the question of by-laws had been raised by Mrs. Carr, and before the matter had been dropped, I had been assigned the duty of going through what club records I possessed to find out just what by-laws the Nameless Ones had. By writing them up in CRY #50, it seemed to me that I would be shooting two Bams with one blaster, to corn a phrase.

Perhaps the project would have gone a bit smoother if I had had some idea as to just what a by-law was. What I finally ended up by doing was going through all the club minutes, Bill Austin's collection of CRYS, and what notes I had scattered around to find out what motions had been adopted at the various club meetings. I planned to list every motion that had been passed by the members so that anyone could read the list and immediately know what the rules, regulations, and approved activities of the club were.

So I should have known better. The Nameless Ones, so far as I know, have never ever repealed any of its laws. When the club passed a ruling, it usually forgot it by the next meeting and either passed a conflicting ruling or just plain ignored it. I had about three pages typed on master, and the end was still far in the distance, when the date set for running the things was upon me.

Some pages of CRY #50 were actually run. The pages of so-called by-laws that I had typed were run, a full-page illustration by L. Gardens was run, a page of cartoons reprinted from previous CRYS (including Delcio's bloomin' people -- I forget if it came out readable or not) were run, and the cover drawn by Rotciv skeldert2 was run. In addition, a single-sheet letter was run announcing that CRY #50 would be out the next week and that Phil Barker would show color slides from India at the July 9 meeting. Although this letter bore no title or number, our relentless statistician, Bill Austin, has officially recorded it as CRY #49, so we're stuck with that, too.

CRY #50 never did get any nearer to being completed. I did finish typing the masters on the by-laws, but they had been done on two different typewriters whose type-faces hadn't matched, and I was pretty dissatisfied with the whole thing, anyway. Eventually I destroyed the masters, and I understand that the finished pages were also destroyed except for samples retained by Bill Austin.

Next installment -- THE CRY GOS SUBSCRIPTION

CRY OF THE READERS

(FOR WHOM THE DRUM ROLLS)

- by All & Sundry -



CARD FROM A PRO

Nameless:

Many thanks for CRY #99, which I enjoyed muchly -- particularly Pemberton's Perceptive reviews. I'm interested in obtaining copies of the last half-dozen or so issues, particularly #97 & 98...and you can deduct 'em from my sub. I'm interested enough in improving my stuff to care about what a keen-eyed reader like Pemberton has to say. Cordially

Bob Silverberg
915 West End Ave.
New York 25, New York

((Gosh, talk about egoboo! In case you haven't noticed, we haven't sent you those back issues of the CRY as yet, mainly because upon glancing through them I noted that Pemberton didn't review but a couple of your stories in them, and these at very short length. If you want the ishs in question anyhow, let us know. - BRT))

THAT MAN IS BOURNE US AGAIN, BOURNE US TO DEATH, IN FACT

Dear Anon. weepers:

I have two copies of Cry here and I will either comment on them or go mad. I just can't bear to have them sitting in my mail to be answered pile. I am slowly cutting down the pile and soon will have it licked if it doesn't lick me first.

I will forgo comment on #99 except to say that the cover smelled and the interior material was part good and part bad.

I would, however, like to sink my gums into the loath ish of CRY. Starting with the cover which is no more than natural, I find that it is interesting although not too turribly well done. Next comes the contents page which is the best part of the issue. I'm afraid that you sort of defeated your purpose with that contents page. It was so good that it eclipsed all other material in CRY. Oh well, you can't be successful all the time.

The SF Field ect, I have changed my mind about. I like it. It's good and it helps me to find out which mags I want to pick up from the used book stores here in Eugene. There's usually a pretty good turnover of mags here.

Digging etc, was a little better than last time. Amelia was good to me this time.

Letter etc, (you can see I'm not commenting on everything. I'm not that prolific.) Was interesting altho nothing spectacular.

The Non etc, was putrid. Why do I read such stuff. I can't help it I guess.

I always read Cry of the Secretary. It seems so authentic. Yeah?

The Art was peaugh. I liked the nudes tho.

Oops. Almost forgot Elinor's bit. Yes El, I'll ask Twig to take the taste test. If he's like me tho he hasn't read a Galaxy for years.

The Cry & etc, shows what one goes thru doesn't it. My ghoodness. Why don't they restrain this Webber fellow. Oh well, it's fannish.

Sine Cera
Lara Bourne
2436 1/2 Portland St.
Eugene, Oregon

((Who is this one you speak of as Webber? Could you by chance mean Seattle's own Wally Weber? In this case we could not consider restraining him; actually we have to cudgel him to get each word of deathless prose out of him, and we feel the results are worth the effort. Nobody can be expected to please everybody, but I think you'll find that among the mature fans who are familiar with Wally's writings, that they are pretty universally admired. - BRT))

CRY OF THE READERS = continued

ANOTHER FELLOW WHO DOESN'T REALIZE THE EXTENT OF BOBING'S FINANCIAL ASSETS

Dear Gloom-chasers:

Enclosed please find 200 centavos to keep those bundles of joy headed my way. While you mention twelve issues for a buck, I'm the greedy type.

With plenty of time (thanks to G. Washington) and space to spare, I've decided to come out of my hibernation and send a long overdue letter. Have often had the urge to do so before, but something or other popped up preventing it. Were it criticism of a capitious nature, you certainly would have heard from me. Happy to say, I get ~~abt~~ great kick out of the humor throughout every issue; enjoyed Weber's report of N.Y. convention, Austin's S-F antiques, (Renfrew??) Pemberton's and Toskay's magazine reviews -- to name but a few of the hilites.

Before I have all you people patting yourselves on the back, or creating the idea of starting a popularity contest, I shall sign off with.....

Very Best Wishes

Tom Moriarty

57-33 160th St.

Flushing 65, N.Y.

P.S. Seems a shame to leave half a page blank, so I'll let you peep through the slight perforation in my cranium to behold a brainstorm which may merit some thought. It comes to mind whenever I receive a "Half-Cry of the Nameless". The first thought that penetrates is: "These people must truly be capitalists. Imagine spending two cents to send me a notice of their next meeting. I suppose I could hop a fast rocket and get there in time. What's this? The meeting was held last night? Without my time machine, I'd surely never make it. I wonder if they'll accept my apologies?" From the above, I hope you don't arrive at the idea that I resent receiving these copies of "Half-Cry". Far from it. I enjoy them almost as much as the regular issues, but it, being sent to persons out-of-town(state?), does eat into your treasury, no? What I was thinking of is having these incorporated into the regular numbers of "Cry". Well! it was just a thought, anyway. Bye now. --Tom

((You call us capitalists as you blithely throw away two bucks! I should warn you that your punishment in the form of CRYs will last until issue #125; this is hereditary, so jumping off the Brooklyn Bridge will only condemn your descendants to the same fate. We have tried to avoid sending these Half-Crys out of state, but now and then one slips through. We only issue them when the meeting notices in the current CRY become out-dated. I note that due to your delay in resubbing, you missed #100, a 52 page abortion which should give you many hours of agony. Let us know if you want it. Thanks for your kind words. - BRT))

(MORE LETTERS ONWARD-->)



CRY OF THE READERS - continued

APPLES FROM OLD SWEDEN

Dear Nameless Two-legged Things;

Thank you very much for your CC which arrived on the 6th. You sent it via AIR MAIL. Ghosh. 65¢. You didn't know what to spend your moolah on, ah? Of course I appreciate your sending COIN via air mail as it reached me in early February then, though.

Down to the zine. Your coverillo Guffie! The FICTION which made me originally ask for your mag didn't amuse me. But I'm waiting for "The Collaboration". Renfrew's article wouldn't perhaps attract U.S. Fan who know of the prozines before but it is VERY interesting to a foreign fan as I! Thanks to the article, I'll try to obtain IF and SATELLITEaddresses? rates? etc. As regards "Virgin Planet" you ought to read the Norwegian stf novel "Stoppestad i Evigheden" a parody on space opera I read some time ago... The AMAZING review gave me a great surprise. Looks as though our Swedish pioneer SF mag during the early 40's, Jules Verne-Magasinet, The J.V. Magazine, featured quite a lot of the AMAZING pieces! I've read a lot of SF by Wilcox, O'Brien and McGivern in JVM.

The Titan cover Burnett mentioned seems to be identical with a JVM cover of '41. By Fuqua? Illustrating an O'Brien piece? --- JVM featured: "Sons of the Deluge", "The Voyage That Lasted 600 Years", "Far Centaurus" was translated into Swedish a couple of years ago, "Black World", "Slave Raiders From Mercury", "West Point 3000 A.D.", "Mystery of the Mind Machine" ??, some Adam Link pieces --- three short stories and one serial I'd remember, "The Strange Voyage of Dr. Penwing", "The Case of the Murdered Savants", "Fish Men of Venus", "Trapped on Titan"?, "Revolt on the Tenth World", that bad space opera (I think!) was published in JVM in one of the very last issues; Bond's "Hank" stories, and others. The mentioned titles I recognize from what they say about the contents of the stories. The sequel of Wilcox Mercury novel was published in 1943. The "Hok" pieces were printed in JVM too. And "The Mummy of Ret-Seh"! And one Anton York serial, I recall...

I'd like to receive (Beginning with #100!) future issues. Do you want me to send a cheque = check?? I'm able to do it but it means trouble and the clerks wonder when I send a lot of money to many anglofen... I'd prefer trading. For the moment I've at hand among others a copy of last HAPNA!, our Swedish promag, which features a one page NEW WORLDS ad in English. Do you get SFAIRA? You very probably don't. It's written nearly entirely in English. And I'm working with KOMET 4 which will contain four pages about Swedish fandom. I'll try to obtain an extra copy of SFAIRA and other Sverizines and send 'em together with K. 4 and HAPNA! when K. is out.

I'd like to get all back issues still available, too. Couldn't you feature an ad? Especially all issues containing fanfiction and the number Buck reviewed in YANDRO a couple of months ago. Why this interest in fanfiction? I'm going to pub a mag containing the best of anglo-fanfiction.

Yours

Alvar Appeltofft
Klammerdammagatan 20
Halmstad, SWEDEN

((I don't really know what we'll do with all these Swedish things, since none of us can read a word of it. Mayhap I could get my stepmother to translate it. Send them on anyway --- let us worry about it. The Titan cover was by J. Krupa, based on O'Brien's tale "Trapped on Titan". I'm certainly glad to see that your education has not been neglected. ---BRT))

...AND DOWN IN THE BRYER PATCH

Dear Toak,

Received Cry #100 (!) a few days ago. I liked it. The prozine reviews remain my favorite column. I should say item. With my limited budget I can't afford to buy more than 2 or three prozines a month (if that many). What with this latest boom you can see that I miss a lot. So the reviews serve a useful purpose to me.

To set Amelia straight - the Yandro cover was spatter, not silk-screen. Anyway, I'm glad she liked it. It's one of the most inexpensive methods devised. But alas, it's also time consuming. The only costs are temper, paper, and a toothbrush. I already had all three.

One of your readers made some remark about me copying something out of Galaxy. If there's any mag's art that I wouldn't copy...

Sincerely Marv Bryer
1396 Halton, St. Louis, Mo.

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