

CRY OF THE  
NAMELESS

10¢

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#103





# CRY OF THE NAMELESS

# 103

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A Persistent Publication

CRY of the Nameless is published at and by FanDen Publications. Although it is generally ascribed to The Nameless Ones, Box 92, 920 3rd Ave, Seattle 4, Wn, Science has now discovered that a filtrable virus is to blame. Science has also discovered that some people can't spell "science" with a parakeet bellowing in their ear. Contributors, including successful letter-hacks, get a free issue. Some of the people who are getting free issues this time are listed in our

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Interior illustrations by Bourne (pp 18, 19), Holocaust (pp 10, 11, 14, 17), and Sanders (p 20).

Director of Publications for this cartel (a lifetime position) is Wally Weber. Editors this issue, Burnett Toskey, F. M. & Elinor Busby.

The 180th meeting of the Nameless Ones will be held at 8:00 pm Thursday, May 16th, at Room 4122 Arcade Bldg (west side of 2nd Ave between Union & University Sts).

On Thursday, May 30th, the fifth-Thursday problem has been covered by the reckless offer of President Ed Wyman: all'a you Nameless are invited up to the Wyman's (Cornelius Apt's, near 3rd & Blanchard) to eat spaghetti; break furniture, and whatever else is necessary to prevent the subject of science-fiction from rearing its obscure head. Having done this once before, you'd think Ed & Geneva would know better— boy, have they got stamina!

Then on Thu, June 7th, we go back to the drab routine of Room 4122.

YOU NEVER KNOW — we thought the Contents Page was solid enough to poke up on masters, but at this last possible moment comes Amelia Pemberton charging up in her maroon convertible raincoat, with a short commentary. So, insert above:

Digging the Pansines Amelia Pemberton page 10

So also delete Holocaust in the Art Credits for page 10 — probably.

It may not be a Way of Life, but there's something about GAFIA—



THE S-F FIELD PLUMED UNDER  
THE REVIEW PUBLICATION

Hal Clement's "Cycle of Fire" (Ballantine #200, 35¢) hardcoverd as a high-level juvenile without magazine publication, so will be new to most. The story has the flavor of "Mission of Gravity" and "Iceworld"; it is juvenile only in the youthful cadetship of the protagonist and the lack of "mature" involvements (like women, for instance). The alien planet and its inhabitants constitute a fascinating chain of enigmas. The solutions seem to be spread out, clue by clue, over too many chapters — I never did get it all put together, but then I read it in short bursts and too rapidly. I'm glad everybody doesn't write Clement-style but I'm glad Clement writes.

OTHER WORLDS, May: 3 stories this time plus one of the least regenerate editorials Rap has run in a long time, in flack for his upcoming change to "Flying Saucers From Other Worlds" (which hugely unthrills here). There's some phony-balone about a "Tacoma Flying Disk Incident"; Palmer states that 7 men died in this apocryphal event. Having observed the sensationalizing of the Seattle Post-Intelligencer (daily newspaper) for the last ten years, I doubt that the Air Farce or anybody else could move fast enough to head off a Pee-Eye headline any time that seven people kick off together, even if it's from the measles. In other words, Rap is concocting a wowzer and locating it in the least accessible (by his lights) part of the country, as the American Weekly's Incredible True items stemmed from south central Europe week after week.

I will buy and review one Saucer issue of OW and that will probably do it; the alternate more-light-saucered issues will show here as long as they stay readable. Rap states he's going monthly, with alternate issues saucered; I don't know why people feel they have to do this sort of thing to stf.

"New Lamps" is credited to Rob't Moore Williams but apparently underwent too much revision toward the editorial idea of whammy. I think I know now who James Ira Kendahl ("Beyond the Steel Wall", AS Nov '55 — the Worst STF Story I Ever Read) is, and who wrote "Quest of the Golden Ape" under the names of Ivar Jorgensen and Adam Chase. Raymond A. Palmer, you should be ashamed of yourself — I'll bet Williams had a nice little story here before you loused it up.

"Falccons of Narabedla" by M. Z. Bradley is an eerie bit. Don't waste time, though, as I did, looking for other spelled-backward names in the text. The former Astra was on a modified Leigh Brackett kick in the May VENTURE; this piece carries overtones of the VENTURE tale but is also strongly reminiscent of Vance's "Dying Earth"; I do NOT mean stolen-from except in one minor item. The action is strictly hoke, the involvements seem to leave a number of straggling loose ends, but the overall effect has a strong mood to it.

Don Wilcox is back with "The Serpent River"; he seems tamed-down, somehow — never gets off into those old free flights of fancy that made his stories read better than their actual construction would warrant. The loss of scope seems to average out with better coherency and logic, however. Though the title gimmick is left pure and unexplained.

This issue's stories are an interesting lot — interesting enough that I'm really disappointed at Palmer's forsaking the overall field to specialize in saucers. I have a low sneaky feeling that this move will result in the appearance of a lot of sloppy 'junk on the order of the heavier-wordage Byrne, de Courcy, and Phillips trips that got a heavy play in OW a few years back. We'll give it a fair try, though — short, but fair. (?)

ACE D-215, 35¢, backs Robert Moore Williams' "Doomsday Eve" (new) with "Three to Conquer", a retitled of Eric Frank Russell's "Call Him Dead" from ASF. The Williams book combines a future-war theme with the revelation of the "new people", a psychically-developed group somewhat similar to the one in his "Chaos Fighters" (ACE S-90, 25¢) awhile back. I am beginning to get the impression that Bob's dream-self is a wise old (but hearty) sage leading a group of young tanned seekers toward a variety of mysticism that produces physical miracles but scorns them for spiritual goals. Not an unworthy dream, surely, and he makes interesting reading of it here, avoiding a couple of annoying clichés that marred the earlier book. You're probably familiar with the Russell; not his best but has its high spots.

SCIENCE FICTION ADVENTURES, June (#4): the first of this issue's 3 short novels is "Yesterday's Man" by Budrys, who can write with power when he turns on the steam. Here, with another version of his post-Plague world, he explores the possibilities of a freebooting commander of an atomic-powered armored half-track, commissioned by the uneasy masters of the Seventh North American Republic (covering the heart of today's Midwest) on a weird search after a dead (?) hero. Considerable solid discussion of Budrys' own ideas on Philosophy of the post-Plague world manages to get into the story without holding up the action much. And here's an author who can delineate a change in the hero's attitude in a simple incident instead of having him stop between throwing grenades to recite the Declaration of Independence. Good show. .

Next is Harlan Ellison's "Run For The Stars", blurb'd as "a story with guts — and no pun intended" from the author's "I write from my guts" speech at a recent regional con. (I had a tagline saved up in case Harlan ever came up with a real clunker — that he should have tried it from the other intestine — but I'll never have the heart to use it). The blurb is legitimate; this tale is rugged, with a crumbum protagonist and lots of venom circulating. That's all right — sometimes renegades are much more interesting than heroes. The attitude changes aren't always what you'd call inevitable from context but improve toward the end. For awhile there, I was expecting a completely unconvincing twist into a conventional ending, and was extremely pleased not to find it. The physical action is less convincing. Looking back, I see that my impression of Tallant as a small man in the early part of the story was purely circumstantial, yet some of his acts in his later wounded and handicapped condition are simply not believable unless the Kybens came from a one-tenth gravit planet. The boy would have needed three hands a couple of times there, no matter how bitter he was. But I did love that outcast's wish-fulfillment ending, though it's the sort of thing to use sparingly.

"Chalice of Death" by Cal Knox is a little less death-in-the-dust. A colorful Galactic epic, its main fault is overdependence on coincidence; our characters never waste a light-year. Searching for things only hinted at in myth, they invariably stop at the right place to find their next clue. Length restrictions may have played a part here — there was just so much that had to be put into the story and it didn't leave room for real-making boobies by our cast of characters. The ending was pretty sketchy, at that. Nice light reading, is all.

Charles Fontenay's "Moths", a ten-page "bonus" this issue, is perfectly good adventure on Venus except for the kicker, a weak and unproved analogy. Chuck is lying back on his oars lately, after a couple of real doozies early last year.

SFA, along with INFINITY, is going 6-weekly and will next appear May 16th. I'm not exactly in tune with Editor Shaw's great glee at leading off with an "Ivar Jorgenson" novel next time; for Pete's sake, Larry, I hope it's one of the "Jorgensons" who writes for literates, not the one who did "Quest of the Golden App" and double-doalt "Beyond the Steel Wall" as James Ira Kendahl. Ellison & Scortia should make up for it, I suppose — but did ya have to?



IF for June: Doc Richardson's report on astronomical observations of the recent "close" approach of Mars is of general interest and does not sandbag the casual reader with technicalities.

3 novelets: "Pretty Quadroon" by Fontenay is a time-track switcher with magnolia blossoms — no relation to Ward Moore's "Bring the Jubilee", I'd best clarify. Better for human interest than mindshaking innovation. Aldo Giunta's "Jingle in the Jungle" is a perfectly-OK future-robot-prizefighters piece if you aren't as allergic to this theme as I am. "On the Dotted Line" (Lloyd Biggle, Jr.) shows that Kornbluth doesn't have a monopoly on either the authorship or the treatment of future-salesmanship stories. I've been a little off my appetite for these, too, but this one restored it, with its consistency and so-right gimmick.

4 shorts: Walter Tevis, according to the editor, is "escaping" from writing for the slicks when he writes stf. In "Operation Gold Brick" I don't feel he got very far, but he certainly shows a good grasp of the Army Way of Doing Things (as distinct from the Right and Wrong Ways), extrapolated. Asimov's "Does A Bee Care?" is certainly a novel bit; the thought is intriguing. Galouye's "Shuffle Board" depicts a perfectly possible culmination of today's buck-passing treatment of atomic wastes, with a snapper I probably should have expected but somehow didn't, so enjoyed the more. Leo Kelley's "The Human Element" applies the heartless-mechanical-modern-age theme to circuses. It does read as if the idea is new to the author, at least, and with sincerity.

I dunno if this issue of IF is especially great, but I enjoyed it.

FANTASTIC UNIVERSE: Twelve titles for June '57, including one of those one-page "atmosphere" items FU has been featuring lately.

Harry Harrison, who edited the last few issues of the previous SFA when the "del Rey" group was playing editorial Musical Chairs, has "World in the Balance", a 21-page "short novel". Here is a prime example of the competent robot-written fiction Hamling was sighing for, a convention or three ago. All the thinking gets nicely cleaned up in about three pages toward the middle.

"Holiday" is by Marcia Kamien, admittedly an advertising copywriter by the blurb. I can well believe it, by the lack of logical development or gimmick to eliminate the need for same. Even so, the thing would be rather appealing except for the last two nose-rubbing paragraphs.

Rob't Young's "Ape's Eye View" is the cover story. Event narration is a little creaky and not entirely believable in terms of human reactions, but the philosophizing (or explaining) by the narrator improves the piece a lot. Nice cover.

The meat of "Day of Reckoning" by Morton Klass is all in the punchline; I like that. "Commuter's Problem" by Ellison starts out looking predictable and then dives offtrail in a very satisfying manner. I particularly enjoyed the motivations and the windup. "First Landing" by Roger Dee had me fooled completely — loud joyous chortles at the ending.

Bloch's "Terror Over Hollywood" (now who hung that misleading cliché-predicting title on this piece??) gives a different solution to a problem that has been used for stf one noteworthy other time: how do some movie stars last so long??

"God of the Mist" by Evelyn Goldstein has been done so many times before, but rarely with so much juicy detailed sadism, if that's a recommendation. (Brutal Earthman plays God to simple natives, and just guess what happens to him!) "Versus" by Edward D. Hoch is about as predictable, on the sudden inexplicable collapse of a crook's gambling-&-robbery empire. I think the author intended to make more of an idea about people being "for" or "against" other people — he mentions it but it gets lost in conventional developments for this sort of tale. "Snakes Alive" by Henry Billings is another that slides a sort of moral loosely amongst the kind of plot you can't worry about much. Mark Reinsberg's "My Martian Cousin" teeters among such pro-and-con

factors as: the self-conscious attempt to write a wife's narrative description of her husband in affectionate terms, a very nice hint-detailed picture of a Venus colony, a most improbable female Martian chauvinist (it's improbable they'd ever've let her off the planet Mars, considering), some good personal touches, a strictly out-of-perspective dilemma, AND the perfect answer to it.

An odd issue: six definitely stimulating stories and five floppos. Having no idea of what editor Santesson had available to choose from, I can't comment on his editorial judgment. Pretty good batting average at that.

aSF, May: Garrett's "What's Eating You?" is a tale of the rigors of post-exploration quarantine defended by two of its "victims". Marred by one or two unexplained and dubious arbitraries but good savvy on the main points. "Something In The Sky", a short by Correy, shows the verisimilitude to be expected from this author's knowledge of today's rocketry, but I'll bet he doesn't know how he wants that last sentence interpreted, any more than I do — just a hook at the end. The other short, John J. McGuire's "The Queen's Messenger" is an over-plotted action-suspense job — somehow I never did bother to look back to see where I missed the point. Starts good but goes to potboiler.

This installment of Asimov's series on Life and Why It Ever Became Popular is just a little too filled with the technical jargon of organic chemistry for my speed — too many new (to the reader) words are rapidly defined once and left to carry on by themselves — makes for a dull party in spite of the folksy little "you see" and "Now let's look" touches. Or maybe I was having a lazy day.

Sorry, boys, but the punchline of "Dawning Light" is now overpowering enough to justify all the buildup of three novelets climaxed by a 3-part serial. The excess fat is mostly in the serial, as is usual in aSF. Two novelets and a two-part serial might have brought the problem to a fine peak — this way, Constant Reader was over-trained and got stale. Also, the gimmick of the Earthmen taking Norvis up into the spaceship and pouring all their secrets into his furry little ears may serve to zero the audience in on the motivation, but it is not even 1% believable. After years of covering their tracks thoroughly, efficiently, and doubtless under orders, alluva sudden they just GOTTA tell somebody — aw foof. How do they expect their homegrown Macchiavelli to function as planned after revealing to him his puppet status? You SAY he does — but I doubt it. I'll grant you, though, it's livelier reading than the conventional explanatory conversation among the homeward-bound Earthmen would have been. (So how can you win?)

SATELLITE #5 (June): Del Rey's "Badge of Infamy" is the weakest novel Margulies has featured to date — weak in that we've all read it so many times before — the poor brave rebels struggling against the — the — oh yeh, this time it's the tyrannical Medical Lobby. Many details are well-drawn, but the plot is more traced.

Sam Moskowitz tells us of the first earth-satellite story: "The Brick Moon" by none other than Edward Everett Hale. Got a notion to look that up —

Clarke's "The Man Who Ploughed the Sea" must be the fourth magazine reprint, at least, from "Tales of the White Hart". What gives here? Did Ballantine double-cross all the editors who bought prozine rights by publishing too soon, or is reprinting from 35¢ paperbacks the coming thing? Having read some of the "Tales" prior to paperback appearance and bought the Ballantine, I'm beginning to sag a little under the redundancy of it all. Good tale in its own right.

Dal Stevens "Shadow Trouble" is a cheerful bit of whimsy. Asimov's "A Woman's Heart" is both less cheerful and less whimsical; he's probably right, dammit, on the average. Slesar's "Ben Idea" may well have originated with Ben at that, but it's nice reading.

With SATELLITE the novel's the thing — this time the novel pooped out, but 4 hits out of 5 issues is still good editing. Upcoming: "Year of the Comet" by John Christopher.



GALAXY, June: Clifford D. Simak leads off this 80th issue of Galaxy with "Lulu", and the story cert'ny is. Martin's illoes may be just a little too slapstick; it's hard to hold much suspense with those pics to assure you there's nothing serious here. Alan E. Nourse does a rehab of Marionettes, Inc., in his "Prime Difference"; the prime difference is the ending, forecast by the first-person narration. Evelyn Smith's "The Hardest Bargain" has its fascinating aspects but reads as if the characters were stuffed into the later plot developments by main force to prepare the Pied-Piper windup. The double-cross seems to happen more because the author decided it than for any reason within the story. "Leading Man" by Lloyd Biggle is one of these rewarding pieces that does not stop at the first and most obvious solution -- this I did like. "Shock Troop" by Calouye seems awfully damn familiar -- who else used this micro-invaders-in-human-bodies pitch in the last 3 months or so?? The solution is soothingly predictable; Dan'l spread enough clues, I'll hand him that. The story is sheer black-and-black -- neither the invaders nor their victim can claim much sympathy in the long run.

Jim Harmon's "Confidence Game" is obscure to the point of confusion in spots, but carries the reader past these flaws with plenty of suspense and good solid wallop of imaginative writing. Maybe this one would have been spoiled by any attempt to smooth it out, but was the attempt made? That's what I'd like to know.

Willy Ley discusses dinosaurs in interesting fashion though with a slight overuse of the correct Latin names after only one definition. Reviewer Floyd Gale again proves his genius at avoiding straight stf but he's slipping a little: ought of eight reviews we have two non-fiction, three juveniles (two "junior" and one that Gale doesn't care much for), one fringe-fantasy, and two anthologies, inevitably including "Fables from the White Hart" which I expect to show up on the comic page any day now -- it's everywhere else.

GALAXY seems to be in a small sag this month.

F&SF, June: Philip Jose Farmer's "The Night of Light" is blurred as a pre-sequel to the author's two Father Carmody stories ("Attitudes" and "Father"). The relationship, however, lies wholly in the blurb and the naming of this story's protagonist. A powerful piece of work, it is tale provides no motivation whatsoever for psychopath John Carmody to become a Terran Catholic priest-- It simply does not figure; the motivation is Farmer's and/or Boucher's rather than Carmody's. This discrepancy takes absolutely nothing away from "The Night of Light", one of the most original conceptions to appear in this boom-period. For the record, however, Carmody is regenerated through and within the peculiar manifestations of a completely alien religious framework; there is no handle whatsoever on which to hang a conversion to the Terran framework, except the author's (or editor's) wish. Well, it is his magazine, in a way.

Mark van Doren's "The Little Place" has a quiet benevolent sort of charm, and not much else. Edmonson's "Rescue" may have been done before, but not as well. The Sheckley reprint from Playboy, "Love, Inc." is a smoothed-up version of the earlier smart-aleck Sheckley, and if you think that remark means this is a poor story, you haven't been reading the boy very long. Ruth Goldsmith's "Moonshine" is a hillbilly-and-aliens reprint from Atlantic (is it still Monthly?) and isn't much too literate for Imagination where the plot would feel more at home. "The Sandmen" by McIntosh has a well-baited concept with an understated punchline that isn't too important anyway; the exact answer isn't too vital as long as the general solution justifies the choice confusion of the narrative; this is done with interest all the way.

Will Stanton, in "Dodger Fan", manages to write a baseball fantasy without the standard hokum of extra powers for a player, the resurrection of all-time



stars to make a super-ten, or Hekas batting for Casey -- it's not bad at all. Arthur Clarke appears with "Security Check" which (surprise, SURPRISE) is NOT a White Hart reprint, or even connected. Bertram Chandler's resurgence was apparently not a one-shot -- here he has "The Cage", which didn't strike me the blurb-predicted bitter blow at all. In fact, I sort of enjoyed it all through, in my own naive way.

Boucher, Beaumont, and Morrison review sf books, films, and plays respectively. T&SF has one of the most competent reviewing staffs in the business; they do cover the ground.

INFINITY, July: this 6-weekly schedule is going to tie datelining in knots before long -- LTS may run consecutive dates awhile to use up a little of that 3-months' lead-time -- then issues should skip every third month, unless INF goes monthly by then.

Budrys' "The Burning World" pictures Man as an inevitably revolting creature-- yes, says Algis, men will always be in revolt. This is done with skill, particularly the shakedown from the ostensible plot-problem to the real one; I always enjoy the obvious turning out to be just a cover for the not-so-obvious. "The Show Must Go On" (Slesar) reminds me a lot of the early digest-sized Amazings; howcome this missed with Playboy?

The editor coins and applies the "æ" designation for "The Men Return", cover-blurbed as "a new kind of story, by Jack Vance." It's not that new -- the Organisms are at least partially derivative of the Primies of Tenn's "Firewater" -- but the difficult concept of a non-causal environment is handled well. Trouble is, an editorial buildup of this sort leads to too-great expectations, seldom if ever fulfilled in an 8-page story. Shaw announces the æ+ tag on a set of 3 Clarke short-shorts next issue -- whyn'cha save that for longer material, Larry?

Wellen's "Sweet Dreams" is a realistically-treated alien menace with adequate but not superfluous clues pointing up the logical ending. Dave Mason's "Rockabye, Grady" is a good piece concerning an Earthman's troubles with native taboos afar; not the current too-cute treatment but a solid effort. Is Mason another anthropologist like Oliver? "Even Stephen" by Chas. A. Stearns goes along with its ruthless-criminal-dominates-Utopia pitch, but ends with a nice twist (though you'll have to read the story to get the pun).

Rounding out a good live issue (actually the Vance story was darn good -- it's just that I'm allergic to over-blurbing), dknight casually flays Matheson, mildly enjoys "White Hart", and wishes William Tenn would relax and write in the high-Klass fashion of which he's capable. Shaw tells why he considers the Vance story sf (and I agree), and somehow a "what sf needs is more religion" kick has started in the letter-column. I think Larry is sighing for the good old stamping-grounds of La Vizi, TEV, etc., and aims to promote some controversy. Well, I'm for that.

This dep't. makes no effort toward complete coverage of paperback sf -- I buy and review only what's new to me or gone from my collection. Thus most anthologies won't show here in detail but may be mentioned if they come to mind. Right now on the stands are a number of items of special interest to newer sf-readers -- Sturgeon's "Dreaming Jewels" is retitled "The Synthetic Man", Galaxy-skipper can have Bester's terrific "The Stars My Destination" in one 35¢ chunk, Fohl has a collection "The Case Against Tomorrow", and about half of the A. Merritt epics are available.

Special mention: Galaxy Novels (#29, I think) offers Fritz Leiber's powerful "Destiny Times Three" from ASF (Mar. and Apr. '45). Now if someone would only reprint his superb "You're All Alone" from a 1950 AS: the soggy rewrite titled "The Sinful Ones" published back-to-back with a bullfight story some time ago hardly qualifies.

"Operation: Outer Space" (Leinster), Signet, 35¢, is reprinted from a 1954 hardcover by Fantasy Press; I hadn't seen it before. Leinster and G. O. Smith have a lot in common sometimes; Leinster, however, lacks the Smith bitter brittle-root touch -- he's more comfortable. Here the Smithish quality lies in sweeping developments centered about a few characters -- from a setting of Moontrips via satellite but Mars out of reach, we jump to Interstellar (some-what like the "Wesley Long" stories that began with the Plutonian Lens, evolved the jackrabbit drive, and wound up melting the satellite of an extrasolar planet). Hoo boy -- Man never got to the stars quite like this before! This deal is well-told; the initial moontrip so resented by the protagonist is every bit as real to me as a written description of my own most recent bad-weather air trip would be. And there are a lot of very fine little touches on alien planets and etc. I'll bet the author enjoyed writing this one.

That wraps it up. If anything else appears between now and Saturday, it'll have to wait for next month's CRY. If new readers are puzzled by omissions (assuming we have any new readers), I'll reiterate that the 3 Z-Dzines and Hamling's pair are just too rocky for This Ol' Flow. And if the 2nd issue of the new SPACE is no better than the first, there'll be another zine left to summer-fallow.

#### DIGGING THE FANZINES

amelia pemberton

FANTASY-TIMES. 10¢. Fandom House, P. O. Box 2331, Paterson 23, N. J. 12 issues \$1.

This is the newspaper of the science fiction world -- always contains items of interest re science fiction & science fiction markets. Well worth having.

FANATTIC #5, Spring 1957. Joim Champion, Route 2, Box 758, Pendleton, Oregon. 10¢, 3 for 25¢.

This is considerably better than previous Fans -- except for the duplication which could hardly be much worse (in our copy) & still be legible.

FAN #5 has good material from John, Patsy Lang, Marty Fleischman, Suz Hartman, Kent Moomaw (fanzine reviews again), & the editor again. It also contains two substandard pieces from John Berry. At least I thought they were substandard. They didn't thrill me. Then there was a piece by Guy Terwilliger about how he says damn, and how lots of people who think saying damn is naughty say other things in a tone of voice that indicates a degree of venom much greater than his saying damn indicates, and he thinks they are the naughty ones. Oh well. I understand Terwilliger is a high school teacher & it may well be that the censorship imposed on high school teachers justifies his having a charge on the subject of profanity.

Before I forget -- this has a handsome cover by Gary Elder -- handsomely duplicated. Indian -- very appropriate for a Pendleton zine. John! Why don't you do an article on the Pendleton roundup? I'll bet that would thrill your British readers.

RETRIBUTION #6, March 1957. John Berry (& Arthur Thomson) 31 Campbell Park Ave., Belmont, Belfast, N. Ireland. 15¢.

This is a 50 pp annish. The duplication is excellent, the illoes ATOMIC (can one, need one say more?), and, besides Arthur Thomson and John Berry, the contributors are Diane Berry, Madeleine Willis, Steve Shulthies, Dick Ellington, George Spencer, Bobbie Wild, Walt Willis, Ethel Lindsay (fanzine reviews).

I'm at the bottom of the page -- won't comment on most of RET -- will just say that it was generally excellent, and that I was particularly delighted with Bobbie Wild's item -- about what poets throughout the ages would say of a barking budgerigar.



## MOVIE REVIEW

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by GM Carr

March 7, 1957: The Ballard Theatre featured a double science-fiction thriller: "The Mole People" and "Caracu, The Beast from the Amazon Jungle".

In choosing their stories for filming, I think Hollywood must be following Toskey's method: i.e., starting with Vol I, no 1 AMAZING STORIES and working their way on up... I should judge they probably reached 1929 by the time they found "The Mole People". It had the typical early-pulp characterization (or lack of it), motivation, plot, and background. For early pulp fiction, it wasn't bad at all. Jack Agar played the heroic, brave and brainy young scientist - Archeologist - who could climb a mountain as easily as he could decipher an ancient Babylonian cuneiform... Since all that was required of him was flex his muscles and look brave, he did a very nice job of it. He kind of baffled me for the first portion of the story where he kept talking about the ancient 'Samaritans' and it wasn't until he exclaimed in very credible astonishment, "Look -- a Samaritan temple!" and pointed very archeologically toward an unmistakably Sumerian structure that I caught on what he probably meant... But once I got straightened out between the cultures of Sumer and Samaria, all went very swimmingly indeed -- even to the delicate denouement where our Hero (and the non-albino heroine) survived the effects of direct sunlight which roasted the albino 'Mole Maidens' to a very crisp frazzle. Come prepared for a visit to the by-gone days of Gernsback, and you'll enjoy this one out of sheer nostalgia.

"The Beast from the Amazon Jungle" was an entirely different breed of bird... quite literally so! The plot was more mystery-thriller than science fiction, but actually the incidental background was far more important than the story itself. It was filmed in Br Brazil with the co-operation of the Brazilian government, natives, and the utterly beautiful Brazilian jungle... There was plenty of suspense, action, love-interest, color, travelogue, animals and excitement to make up for whatever it might lack in the way of subtlety, and even at that it had a creditably motivated villain who remained highly sympathetic right up to the end, a lady scientist (doctor) who managed to be efficient and self-sufficient without being obnoxious, and a handsome, brawny, brainy hero who conveyed the impression of a rather nice guy instead of a stuffed shirt. You can enjoy this one if you relax and look at the scenery when the plot palls... There are enough genuine shots (in gorgeous color) between the hokum stage effects to make it worth while even if you can't get very excited over the monster... (the identity of which only the very, very unsophisticated would fail to guess right off.)

Two shorts and a cartoon accompanied the two features; "Who's Who at the Zoo"; another skit with talking animals -- always good for a laugh; and an animated cartoon about a Magoo-type pigeon. All excellent in their way, and if the others are as good as last night's bill, it ought to be all right. Excellent taste on the part of the proprietors, at any rate.

"YEH-  
THESE WIDE-  
SCREEN MOVIES  
ARE THE MOST!"



-PH-



## PIGS IN THE PANTRY

by Hubbard Green

Saturn, hanging motionless and cold, lay outside the large circular port. The rings shed a pale eery light in streaks through the space between the ship and the planet. Judson stared, hypnotized by the sight, as the soft colors of the planet shifted slowly with the motion of the ship. He stood motionless, taking in its bleak aspect, staring at Saturn with unmoving eyes, alternately clenching and unclenching his hands. Out there, before his eyes, in his immediate future, in the path of the ship, was Saturn, the terrible. Terrible because it was unknown. Saturn, the unknown, the unknowable, was almost upon them. Doom was upon them, Judson knew, for man had not conquered this planet. Saturn was unconquered, was unconquerable. It was out there waiting for them, cold and lustreless, silent as the grave, immutable, immovable, impregnable. Cold.

"Snap out of it, Judson. We aren't dead yet."

Judson broke the spell and faced Novack. "I suppose you're right. But I can't help feeling that ---"

"Quit your worrying. They'll never get us out here."

Judson's eyes drifted back to the port. The edge of a ring was just visible, grim reminder of where they were.

"No one has ever come out here and returned to tell about it," said Judson, his voice slightly quiver.

"We're not going to return either, -- not for a while, not after what happened."

"I suppose you're right. I keep feeling that we'd have been better off facing the music back there. We had it coming to us. But this --- out here -- it could be worse."

"You little coward!"

"Novack, don't!" Judson screamed sharply as Novack caught his hair and bent his head back painfully. Judson's eyes pleaded mercy and his mouth hung open, quivering.

"Don't worry," said Novack, releasing him. "I'm saving you. We may run out of food sometime. I wouldn't want you to spoil."

The import of Novack's last statement failed to penetrate the barrier of Judson's mind. The approaching planet once more drew his attention. The cold dismal world grew larger and larger. Two moons shone brilliantly in the distance. Surface features appeared on the planet itself. Cold lifeless mountains were visible amid slowly shifting cloud barriers. And the mountains themselves shifted, changed shape, changed color, disappeared into the bleak mysterious unfathomable depths. Waves of color swept over the rings, sometimes so slowly as to be undiscernable from normal ship motion, sometimes as rapidly as light itself. And over the whole was spread the all-enveloping, all-devouring aspect of infinite silent cold.

A sudden jarring motion shattered Judson's thoughts. "What was that?" he asked.

"Don't know. Felt like something hit the ship."

Judson turned away from the port and checked a number of dials. "Everything okay on your side?" he asked.

"Might have been a glancing meteor, but everything seems all right."

Further comment was interrupted by a rumbling sound coming from the rear of the ship.

"What is that?" said Novack, glancing again at dials, reassuring himself that nothing was amiss. "Let's go back and see what's going on."

They ducked through the doorway and began climbing through the various companionways toward the sounds which grew louder and more defined as they progressed.

"Sounds like it's coming from here," said Novack as they reached a storeroom door.

They opened the door. Shrill alien cries met their ears and a sight met their eyes so far removed from their expectation that they could only stand and stare dumbly.

"But where ---" stuttered Judson. Novack could not answer.

The room was a shambles. What had once been their carefully stored food supplies was now scattered over the floor of the compartment, and in the midst of this were six large hog-like creatures, gorging themselves on the food.

Judson trembled, grabbed Novack's sleeve, pointed to a circular hole in the outside wall of the room, revealing a portion of an alien spaceship attached to its outer rim.

## PIGS IN THE PANTRY - (concluded)

One of the animals stood upright, revealing wicked talons in the place of front hooves. It looked the two men over with interest. It made a half-squeal, and the other five stopped their rooting and stood upright. Man and Pug-thing looked at each other, eye to eye.

"It ain't real," Judson blabbered. "I knew we shouldn't have come out here."

"Shut up!" said Novack. He seized Judson's arm and drew him out of the doorway.

"What are you going to do?" asked Judson, as Novack slammed and locked the door.

"Hurry up, you fool!" said Novack, running toward the main drive room. He opened a closet door and removed two large rifles. "Do you know how to use this?"

The noises coming from the storeroom were louder than before, more regular, more purposeful.

"Don't you understand?" shouted Novack. "Did you see the way those things looked at us. It's us or them."

"You mean they're going to kill us?"

The sounds coming from the storeroom were those of a battering ram.

Judson fled toward the drive room.

"Come back, you fool. Damn you, come back!" Novack brought the rifle to his shoulder and fired at Judson's escaping form. Judson fell, whimpering.

A splintering sound was heard accompanied by loud squeals and roars, revealing to Novack that a door no longer separated him from his enemies.

He raised the rifle and waited. A piggish head appeared at the bend of the corridor, a pair of beady eyes met his. Novack waited. A half squeal and five answering grunts. The corridor reaked with swinish odor. Novack took careful aim on the first one and waited in the half light for them to come close enough. They started toward him, slowly at first, and then at full charge. Novack fired. Not one of them faltered. Novack fired again and again, but still the horde swept down upon him. He screamed and threw the useless gun away.

Judson groaned, the pain in his hip revealing Novack's deed. He looked back. Novack had waited too long before attempting retreat. He turned away from the sight, nauseated. He pulled himself along the floor with his hands and his one good leg. The grunts behind him seemed to be those of contentment. He reached the drive room and closed the door. He would be safe for a while.

He pulled himself to the port and looked out. The rings of Saturn now extended into seemingly infinite distance. The planet itself was below, a mass of varicolored pastel shaded clouds, swirling slowly. The rings were now bluish, as of infinite cold. And silence penetrated everywhere. Cold and silence. Judson trembled. A waft of cloud passed. A high piercing noise reached his ears. They were entering the atmosphere.

Khör looked up into the sky at the sound and looked back at his companions, a smile of anticipation in his slitted eyes. Three of the Saturnians, anticipation in their slitted eyes, drew forth small machines. Three small rays of cold blue light penetrated through the clouded atmosphere. They caught the ship! The ship halted in mid-air, slowly descended. It came to rest on the shifting unstable landscape. Long graceful grey shapes approached the ship, entered it. They came out, carrying the limp forms of Judson and the hog-creatures.

Khör smiled. "Six more of the hated Echin. What is the other? Are you sure it is all right?"

"Mmm, yes," purred another. "It is, mmm, choice!"

"There have been others like it?"

"Mmm, yes."

The Saturnians punctured the skins of the limp forms, and fluid was drained into containers. A few moments later, a Saturnian raised his container and said, "All us cats just LOVE sweet wine."

And Saturn, cold and unperturbed, moved on.

THE END

13



# M I N U T E S

by Wally Weber

APRIL 4, 1957. 177th meeting of the Nameless Ones:

President Burnett R. Toskey pounded for order at approximately 8:14 P.M. It is possible that order was actually achieved although at Nameless Meetings it is difficult to distinguish between orderly and disorderly periods.

It was an important night for the Nameless. Elections were to be held. Proceedings ran into a short delay due to the arrival of the evening's refreshments, accompanied by Kathleen Swearingen and Dick Nulsen, but as soon as possible under the circumstances, the business of elections got underway.

The process of Nameless elections, which usually consisted of nominating one person for an office, closing nominations, and going on to the next office, was thought to be as swift and streamlined a procedure as could be conceived by man. This evening, however, the procedure was conceived by Toskey, and elections went far more smoothly. Instead of opening elections in the normal, haphazard manner by asking for nominations for a single office, the President asked for nominations of Ed Wyman for President, Flora Jones for President-in-charge-of-Vice, and Otto Pfeifer for Official Bem. John Swearingen put in a plea for anarchy, claiming it to be his favorite form of government. Julia Woodard, after being prompted by only minor threats, moved that the list of proposed officers suggested by the President be unanimously voted into office. It was with utmost humbleness that I, personally, performed the act of seconding this motion. A vote was taken, resulting in the remarkable fact that the officers were voted into office unanimously by an 8 to 3 vote.

Ed Wyman assumed possession of the official club bone at 8:20 P.M. The bone was put to use restoring order among the members and causing Mr. Swearingen to regretfully sigh, "No anarchy here."

Official bone-weilder Ed Wyman began his term of office by asking for old business. Apparently confused by the question, Dick Nulsen informed the members that he wanted to raise babies that could withstand radiations caused by the use of nuclear weapons. The conversation somehow wandered off to the subject of television and moving pictures. Ex-President Toskey described two movies he had seen recently as being the most peculiar he had ever seen.

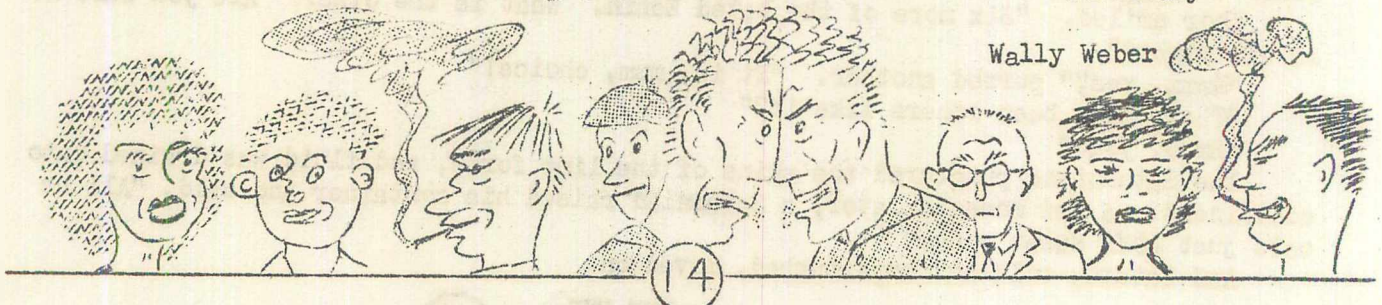
After the group had finished embroiling itself in an analysis of Cinerama, John Walston suggested to Bone-Weilder Wyman that the club be dissolved. Mr. Wyman gave the suggestion considerable thought, as a person with his responsibilities should, and finally concluded that he would agree to dissolve the Nameless Ones if Mr. Walston could provide a suitable solvent.

At 8:50 P.M., Julia Woodard moved and Marge Wyman seconded that the meeting be adjourned so that the conversations going on at the time could become informal. It was pointed out that any trends to additional informality would have to be broken up by the police department, but the meeting was adjourned anyway.

ANY OLD BUSINESS? -

Accurate and Observing  
Secretary

Wally Weber





## AMAZING STORIES in review

by Burnett R. Toskey

### Part XVII: 1942, January - June

Due to the unusually large size of the issues of the magazine during the year 1942, this month's report will cover only six months of the magazine rather than the customary full year in an effort to keep the length of the column at its normal size.

As noted, the most noticeable change that Amazing Stories underwent was the change in size. The pages had the same individual dimensions as the pages for the 1941 issues had, but the number of pages increased astronomically. Throughout the year 1941, the page count was 144 pages per issue, except for the special 244 page 15th Anniversary. But 1942 started off with a "special" 244 page issue, and the same occurred for the months of February and March, at which time editor Palmer decided to give in and make 244 pages officially the regular size. But then along came April, and 32 pages were added to this already huge magazine for the astounding total of 276 pages. This condition lasted until the July issue. Beyond a doubt, these four issues were the largest issues of any science fiction magazine ever published, and were overshadowed in the entire pulp field only by a detective story magazine published by the same company. The result of all of this wordage was a tremendous mass of reading material in each issue, a good share of which was quite naturally mediocre material. The war years were on, and as a natural result for a magazine of this type, many stories had the war in the background, sometimes quite prominently, and sometimes only in the background. But at the same time there were a good many fine stories, both with and without war background. The process of finding these stories is similar to the task of looking for diamonds in a box of zircons -- each one must be examined carefully, and the job is tedious, but the rewards are great.

The outstanding events, storywise, were the new Pellucidar novel by Edgar Rice Burroughs, and the first novel-length story by Don Wilcox. The cover artwork was mostly routine, except for a striking spaceship cover by Malcolm Smith for June, and McCauley's "Mac Girl" for May. Good interior artwork was being done by J. Allen St. John and Florence Magarian. A highly popular feature was the use of several s-f cartoons per issue. Other popular departments included the Palmer-style editorial and the letter column.

### NOVEL LENGTH STORIES:

"Disciples of Destiny" by Don Wilcox (Rating A,1.7), two part serial beginning in March. Here is Wilcox's first full length novel (some 60,000 words), and the forerunner of a long line of masterpieces. It is a story of a weird madman possessed by an evil entity from space whose plan it is to bring the thirteen most evil minds on Earth into coalescence in the mind of the innocent young daughter for the ultimate subjugation of the Earth. Twelve of these disciples have been chosen from the dictators and war-lords of the Earth. The thirteenth must be his daughter's husband, and candidates from all corners of the Earth gravitate to the lonely castle on a tiny island for this honor. But there are those who come to the castle uninvited...;

"Planet of Ghosts" by David V. Reed (David Vern), (Rating A,1.8) March. Here is one of the strangest stories ever written. A lost race of winged humanoids, refugees from Earth's glacial age, had sought refuge on an invisible nomad world, only to find that they had brought upon themselves the curse of a living death in the form of the ghosts of their own dead who must kill before they can find peace. The wandering invisible world returns to the Solar System, bringing this nameless terror with it, resulting in great danger for the Solar System spaceways. The winged people want to return to Earth, aided by a vengeful unscrupulous Earthman who discovers a defense against their special form of death.

AMAZING STORIES in review (continued)

"The Return to Pellucidar" by Edgar Rice Burroughs (Rating, A,1.9), published as three separate stories as follows: "The Return to Pellucidar", February, "Men of the Bronze Age", March, and "Tiger Girl", April, and is in effect a three part serial beginning in February. Here is a typical Burroughs fantasy-adventure laid in the prehistoric setting of Pellucidar, the world in the center of the Earth, where it is always noon. Among others, you meet a man 135 years old who thinks some people taste very good, and resists eating his own leg on the pretext that he is too old and tough. And you meet a most unusual girl whose relatives increase by leaps and bounds. At the end she has eleven brothers, five sisters, three fathers, and a mother. Highly recommended.

"Treasure on Thunder Moon" by Edmond Hamilton (Rating: B, 2.2) April. Here is an interplanetary adventure yarn in the Captain Future tradition told as only Hamilton, the world destroyer, could tell it. It is a tale of the washed-out spacemen, spacemen who had pioneered space but were considered too old to keep pace with modern times, and of how they embarked on a hopeless quest, at odds with both law and lawless, for the fabulous wealth of the rare metal Levium hidden on the hell-world Oberon, molten volcanic moon of Uranus.

"Gods of the Jungle" by Nelson S. Bond (Rating B, 2.5), two part serial beginning in June. An adventurous fling 5000 years into the past to the lost civilization of Angkor Vat, of the rivalry between the warlike Martian giants and the peaceful cultured Venusian Blue Men, and of the ape-men whom the Venusians had evolved artificially from the jungle creatures. It is certainly not a significant story, but it is pleasant to read.

"A" story:

"Wacky World" by Edmond Hamilton, March. Here is beyond a doubt one of the funniest s-f stories of all time, as those of you who read the 30th Annish, in which this story was reprinted, may have noticed. Hamilton displays here a mastery of the short story form rarely found in s-f authors, but it was a mastery which he held consistently throughout his career.

"B" stories (In order of preference):

"Test Tube Girl" by Frank Patten (Ray Palmer), January. Here is a beautifully written tale of the aftermath of Hitler's sterilizing ray. A group of scientists, in a desperate attempt to renew propagation of the race, develop a chlorophyll girl who displays many plant-like characteristics, wilting at night, blooming by day. But when the autumn comes, her hair turns red and her strength wanes. And then comes the winter freeze....

"Robot AL-76 Goes Astray" by Isaac Asimov, February. Here is Asimov's classic story of a robot who achieves the impossible. He was originally intended for operating a disintegrating machine on the moon, but somehow he ended up on Earth, and became just a poor confused robot lost in a junkyard. Reprinted in the 30th Annish.

"Lord of the Crystal Bow" by Duncan Farnsworth (David Wright O'Brien), May. A story of the far distant future and of a civilization of humans especially bred with subjugated emotions, and of the vast crystal city which covers the entire Earth, and of the specially bred immortal ruler of this city who, seeking to bring artistic perfection to this city, brings forth people out of the past, for no creativity exists among the inhabitants of the city. But artistry and culture promote the release of inner emotions.....

"Planet of Doomed Men" by Robert Moore Williams, January. The last man on Earth sits hidden in the last city on Earth directing an army of artificial men against the descendants of monkeys in a battle for racial survival, and at the same time calls forth men from the past to carry on the human race after he is gone. But why should he choose men and women already doomed to death?



## AMAZING STORIES IN REVIEW (concluded)

"Mystery of the Blue God" by Harry Bates, January. Here is one of the few stories printed under this author's real name. It is a misunderstood mutant story, but the hero is the mutant's imbecilic brother who couldn't even read minds like normal people could. But by some freak change, the hero's thoughts were broadcast with compelling force.

"Devil Birds of Deimos" by Festus Pragnell, April. A strikingly unusual story in the already odd "Don Hargreaves" series about the little Earthman and his half-ton Martian bride. An evolution machine has formed all sorts of evil creatures from the hardened criminals of the Martian prisons, and these creatures make life rough for the king of Mars, who had ordered them to be devoluted.

"C" stories: (In order of publication)

January: "Outlaw of Mars" by Festus Pragnell

"Life for Sale" by Alfred Bester

"Rehearsal for Danger" by P.F. Costello (house name)

February: "Kidnapped into the Future" by William P. McGivern

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

"Voyage Into Lightning" by Robert Moore Williams

"The Return of Man" by Leo A. Schmidt

"The Immortality of Alan Whidden" by Ralph Milne Farley

"The Friend of New London" by Don Wilcox

March: "Sarker's Joke Box" by Raymond Z Gallun

April: "Adam Link Saves the World" by Eando Binder

"The Secret of Lucky Logen" by Nelson S. Bond

May: "The Return of Lancelot Biggs" by Nelson S. Bond

"The Crystal Planetoids" by Stanton A. Coblentz

"Juggernaut Jones, Salesman" by A.R. McKenzie

"Horsesense Hank Does His Bit" by Nelson S. Bond

"Arctic God" by Frank Jones

June: "The Avengers" by William P. McGivern

"They forgot to Remember Pearl Harbor" by P.F. Costello (house name)

(In spite of this ghastly title, the story is straight stf.)

"Juggernaut Jones, Trucker" by A.R. McKenzie

The remainder of the stories not mentioned are "D" stories, and as such are run of the mill. No stories were offensive enough to earn an "E" or lower rating.

The Adam Link story in April was the last of that series. "Outlaw of Mars" listed above for January, was another in the "Don Hargreaves" series. The Juggernaut Jones series by A.R. McKenzie, which started off in May, is a series of very short humorous stories about a spaceship salesman. Both Nelson S. Bond characters, Horsesense Hank and Lancelot Biggs, were destined to return.

"THE GOOD OLD DAYS--"



-PH-



# CRY OF THE READERS

Dear Wally & Gang,

Just received latest CRY (#102) and, as usual, sat down and read it straight through. As I've mentioned several times before, CRY is one fanmag I can enjoy.

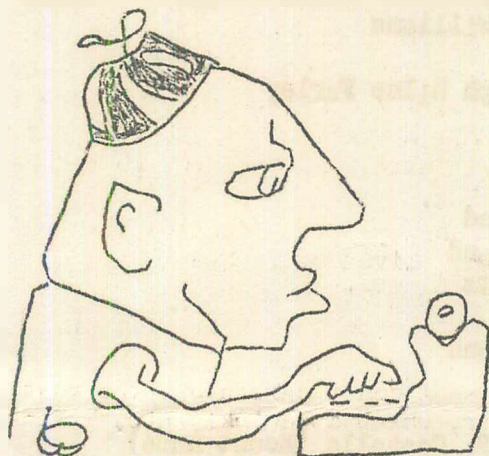
Especially liked the reviews by the Pembertons.

My sub must have expired by now. Enclosed find check for a buck; please renew for as long as it will last.

We'd like to have FT reviewed in "Digging the Fanzines", if possible. Enclosed find copy of current issue to start you off. Can we send future issues c/o CRY, or is there another address?

Best, as ever

Ray van Houten  
(Editor, Fantasy - Times)  
c/o Fandom House.  
P.O. Box 2331  
Paterson 23, New Jersey



((In case you are interested, your subscription now extends to issue #122, which means you are our third longest subscriber. FT will likely be reviewed from time to time, at Amelia's whim. Fanzines may be mailed to the CRY address, or if you prefer, directly to Amelia Pemberton, address: 2852 14th Ave. West, Seattle, Wash. Thanks for your kind words.....BRT)))

## CHAMPION OF THE PENDLETON ROUNDUP:

Dear Critters,

Ah, so. Another CRY speeds itself on its way to me. I don't know why, after the way I tore up your last issue, maybe you're nice. But I'm glad. Y'hear? Glad!

Right from the start I can see that CRY #102 is a large improvement over the previous one. Namelely, the cover. Not bad, not bad atall... of course, it's not the type of thing I'd want to frame and hang over my bed, but that ain't your fault.

Now this idea of writing stories to fit the cover may sound fine, but I don't like it particularly. And it isn't too hard to find a reason, either. Look, if a person's going to write fiction he should use his own ideas and plots, otherwise it isn't going to come off very good (at least not very often). Writing fiction is a highly individual art--and note that individual. This Hubbard Green bem shows he can write--first part of his story isn't bad at all. But somehow, though it's not particularly awful or anything, the ending doesn't appeal to me. I dunno. Sort of leaves me blank, or something.

"Cave of the Bats", of course, is merely a long joke. Not bad, but I'm glad you didn't use over a page.

Essay on Maturity was damn ghood, real fannish-type stuff. Use more of this type, if you have any more. Surely Pemberton can write more than just pro reviews! Push him hard, even if he doesn't want to.

And once again, Pemberton's Perceptive Prozone Perusals take first place. Must say I didn't care for Blish's "Frozen Year" at all -- matter of fact, my review in FAN #6 (plug) pans it rather muchly so. Sure, the writing was generally okay, but where's the plot? Characterization? Originality? Sensible motivation? Sense of wonder? Egads. No, I have to admit it didn't bore me, tho.

CRY OF THE READERS (continued)

I've read a few more of the zines commented on this time, and its always more enjoyable to compare my opinions with Pemby's. What happened to AMAZING and SF ADVENTURES, tho? This reviewer must have special-type subs to all the mags. FUTURE and F&SF weren't on the stands three days before CHU arrived. Guess from now on I'll just wait and see what Pemberton has to say, except for my regular purchases. Actually there aren't so many ~~characters~~ characters in "The Dawning Light" (asF), just long names. Why call your hero Kris peKym Yorgen every time you mention him when plain Kris or Yorgen will do just as well? Can't see how he gets so much sex out of VENTURE ...I must admit the first issue didn't do so badly, but the third issue was nearly as tame as asF. That book by Vercors sounds from the title like a derelict one-shot. Say, R, did you notice the remarkable resemblance of the redhead on Freas' F&SF cover to Lucy Ball? Slightly disturbing and all o' that. And I thought EESmith's (female-type Smith) satire was well done. Ol' Tony must have really had his tongue stuck in cheek when he wrote the blurb for that one. (Or, Roscoe forbid, was he serious?) After all, the only thing that made it humor was that PhD-type language.

Amelia does rawther nice faanzine reviews...yes, I like them. She still has a tendency to concentrate too much on one item and neglect other parts of a fmz, but maybe if I keep harping on it enough... How do you manage to get all those fringe-fanzines like RAPIER or UFA BULLETIN and so on? Ghad, the Nameless must be more famous than I thot. ELLINGTON FOR TAFF!; fools. By the way, Mrs. P, don't you read the Other Half's column? Ye ghods, the way he hates giveaway blurbs, and then you go and reveal all on INSIDE's cover... Gar, even egoboo for me. Thx.

Poem was the type you expect to read in a local newspaper. Plug for the Nullcon? Or just Seattle? I was there a couple of times when I lived up in Wenatchee, but don't remember much...seems to me it was kind of rainy...like Portland.

Toskey's reviews may be all right, for all I know...and that's it, for all I know. For collectors only. Liked the cartoon.

Minutes enjoyable (dnq--tnx) (dnq the that is -- I don't care about the rest)... really got a laugh out of "...it was offered a chair, which it quickly ate." Fine faanish humor and all that.

Cryyyy of the Readers...gee whiz, dad, pros! You people must really love the old home town, the way you keep talking about it. Oh well... no objections. Letter from me...well. I think it would have been better with a little editing--more interesting to readers, that is; this is purely objective non-personal opinion. Or, Roscoe, did you leave it as is on purpose?

Bill Deeck indeed! Joe A. Blake had best watch out for a bomb postmarked College Park Maryland. Wm. will never forgive him--he very nearly didn't forgive me for the same goof. Your bookstores sound like ghodd places...finally found a decent stf shop in Portland--1951 asF at 18¢ apiece etc...trouble is, here's a place that has quite a few old mags, the only thing is they know collectors will pay more, unlike other bookstores which sell the zines at 5¢ or 10¢. Dick Brown, please, you gone mad or something? Sure doesn't sound like the letter you sent me...must be schizophrenia or related disease...or is it one of your previous incarnations coming to the fore?

Woops, end already. Not a bad ish --muchly improved over the last one.

Guess you just had an off-month or something...at least I hope so. If all CRYs were





CRY OF THE READERS (continued)

on a level with this, I'd have lots less hesitation to subscribe...but in spite of what you say about Toskey's jokes, Elinor, I'll continue to press my luck. Believe I sent you FAN #5 not so long ago... review next ish, yes? Yes? Yes?

Best to every single one...(even Garcone)

John Champion

Route 2, Box 75B

Pendleton, Oregon.

((I disagree with you about writing stories around illustrations. The ideas and plots come by in this way are still the author's own, and certainly not dependent on the picture, except as an aid in their creation. R. Pemberton has spells where he refuses to read certain prozines of the lower class, such as Amazing or Imagination. Letters from Deeck used to be a regular feature, but we have not heard from him for some time. We try to publish all letters word for word as we received them....BRT))

AND NEXT TIME YOU NEED YOUR FLOOR REFINISHED....

Dear Nameless:

Marv Bryer's cover was very good. You handled it very well.

Hubbard Green's story was barely adequate. Hubbard must be one of the one-shot authors that Pemberton bemoans.

I wonder if there is any connection between the fact that Milwaukee's used-magazine store owner is in jail for selling "obscenity" and Pemberton's filler article.

I liked Pemberton's column as well as ever and Weber's better than usual.

Those eyes....watching.....me.....

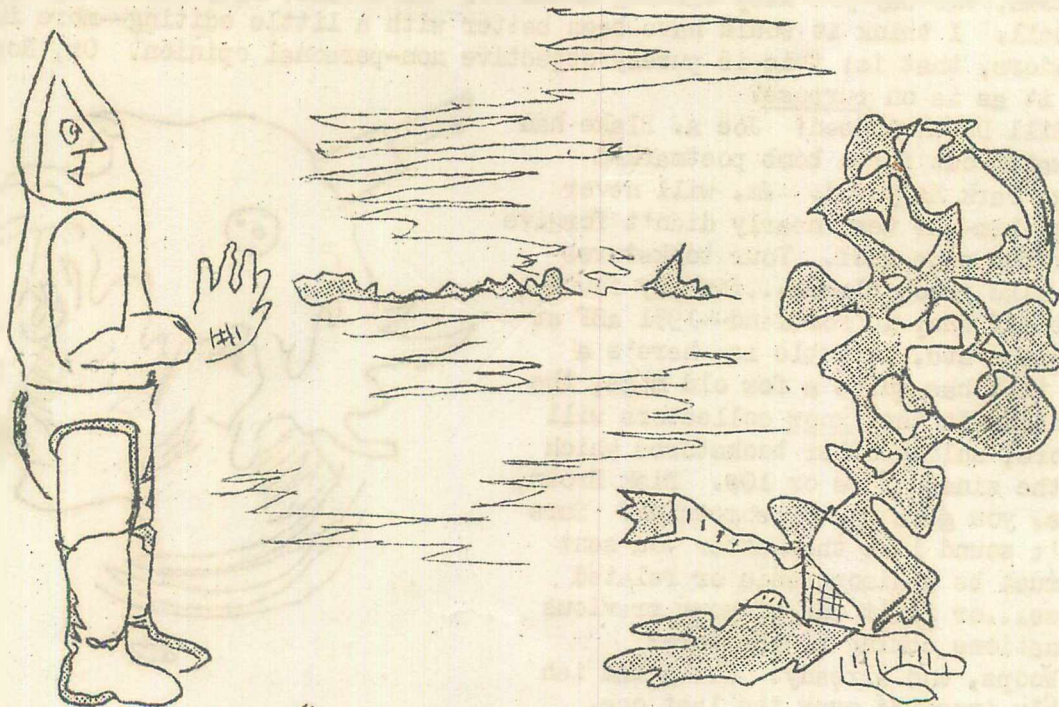
Yours

Joe Lee Sanders

R.R. #1,

Roachdale, Indiana

((Hubbard Green is one of the most prolific fiction writers in our area....BRT))



"ME EARTH MAN"

SANDERS

(20)



CRY OF THE READERS: (continued)

THESE APPLES ARE TOFT

Dear Fen:

Got COTN #101 & #100 and thanks. A copy of SINISTERRA I read about somewhere would certainly be interesting. (?)

Liked Renfrew's article as usual. "Before Egypt" in AMAZING ... I scent Atlantis there! Am I right? Where has Bloch's fanfiction been published? (But a lot of Bloch pieces were published in JVM/VA!)... The ads were actually interesting, have written to a few of the addresses now and will contact the others, too.

Down to the article about F. ADV. Is the sequel to "Jongor of Lost Land" interesting? Maybe I should try to obtain it! "The Whispering Gorilla" was published in JVM/VA! Also a story about "The War of the Human Cats", "The Prince of Mars Returns"... vive Atl Antin! "The Little People" and "Jongor of Lost Land" were also printed in JVM. As regards the C stories-- "Death over Chicago", "New York Fights the Termanites", "Thunor Flees the Devils", "Mystery of the White Raider", "The Man the World Forgot", maybe "The Madness of Lancelot Biggs", "Norris Tapley's Sixth Sense", "Lancelot Biggs, Master Navigator", "The Golden Princess", "The Fertility of Dalrymple Todd", "The Girl in the Whirlpool" and "Whirlpool in Space" (actually JVM featured the latter twice), "Oscar, Detective of Mars", "The Elixir of Invisibility", "The Golden Girl of Kalendar", the Golden Amazon series and the Lancelot Biggs ditto.

AMAZING '41: The Burroughs series, "The Lost Race Comes Back" (But I didn't like it!) "Battering Rams of Space" (Heavens what a stuff!), "John Carter and the Giant of Mars", "Kid Poison", "Skidmore's Strange Experiment", "The Man Who Lived Next Week", "Invisible Raiders of Venus", "The Girl from Venus", "Pepper Pot Planet", "Homer Higginbottom, Rain Maker", "No Man's land in Space", "Mr. Muddle Does as he Pleases" and so on (?) "Adam Link in the Past"...he was Thor himself, huh? I'm used to that stf... (NO, didn't read the story in JVM.) Wasn't "Taxi to Jupiter" by Eando Binder? (((No...BRT))))

"The Collaboration" didn't amuse me. You have bad fiction and bad illos, even I could have drawn that cover.

Hope Amelia Pemberton will review KOMET in #102.

Just remembered that Dodd according to himself sent you CAMBER but never got COTN. Sen' your zine to him, for Ghu's sake - - -

Wouldn't you print my English ad in KOMET in COTN?

I repeat that I want back issues. Hum, hm, try to dig them up somewhere! Now I'm not looking for them because of the fiction but because of the AMAZING reviews! I'm very interested in old promags containing Atlantis and Mu stories...am incidentally buying from U.S. Firms... but your articles are a great help.

My planned fanfiction-mag here will be out in August, I hope, and will be entitled ULTRA. Have you any fanfiction-zines for sale? Necromanticon, SLANT, FORERUNNER, etc..

Finally, you got my letter wrong in your letter column. "Stoppested i Evigheden" is a pornographic Norwegian SF novel, and then I aimed at a somewhat pornographic parody on space opera a Swedish fan offered KOMET.

I didn't dare to print it.

Yours.

Alvar Appeltofft  
Klammerdammsgatan 20  
Halmstad  
SWEDEN

((We haven't received Dodd's zine. We'd send him a CRY if we knew his address. We'll get around to sending you back issues any year now.....BRT))

AND FINALLY, A BIT OF SWEET CREAM FROM THE DERRY:

So who do I adress this to? Oh, well, I blast off at the lot of you. Ever since 'Cry' began popping into my mail box, I've been wondering what to do. Get out of town, or write a letter of comment? So I am taking the middle course. A pactsard. There are 2 items I really enjoy and make the whole mag worthwhile. The Pembertons. Even if

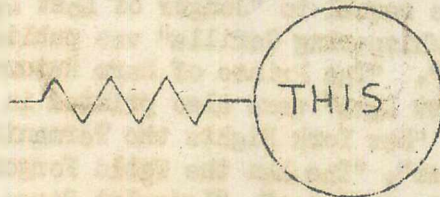


CRY OF THE READERS (concluded)

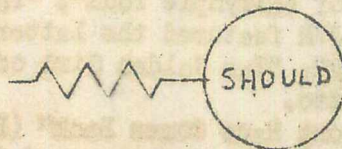
Amelia do use purty type to pan me. Ah, weel, she did say some nice things too. More than I really deserved, for #4 wasn't a good Gallery. Renfrew on the other hand is better, I believe, than Geis, who is touted far and wide as the fan's critic. 'Cry' 102 is the best reproduced copy I have ever seen. A very nice job all round. I am carving your name and address onto the wall of the Gallery pressroom so as not to forget to send you a copy every publication day. I hope that my name is in a place where the mailer can't possibly miss it.

MANY, MANY, THANKS FOR THE MAG, MORE NEXT TIME

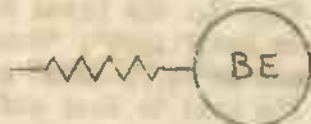
Chick Derry  
1814 62nd Ave.  
Cheverly, Maryland



((You cannot escape the CRY.....BRT))



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