



Lars Helander



Mal Ashworth

James White

Psneerotics demonstration



Rory Faulkner



Walt Willis

Chuck Harris

Madeleine Willis

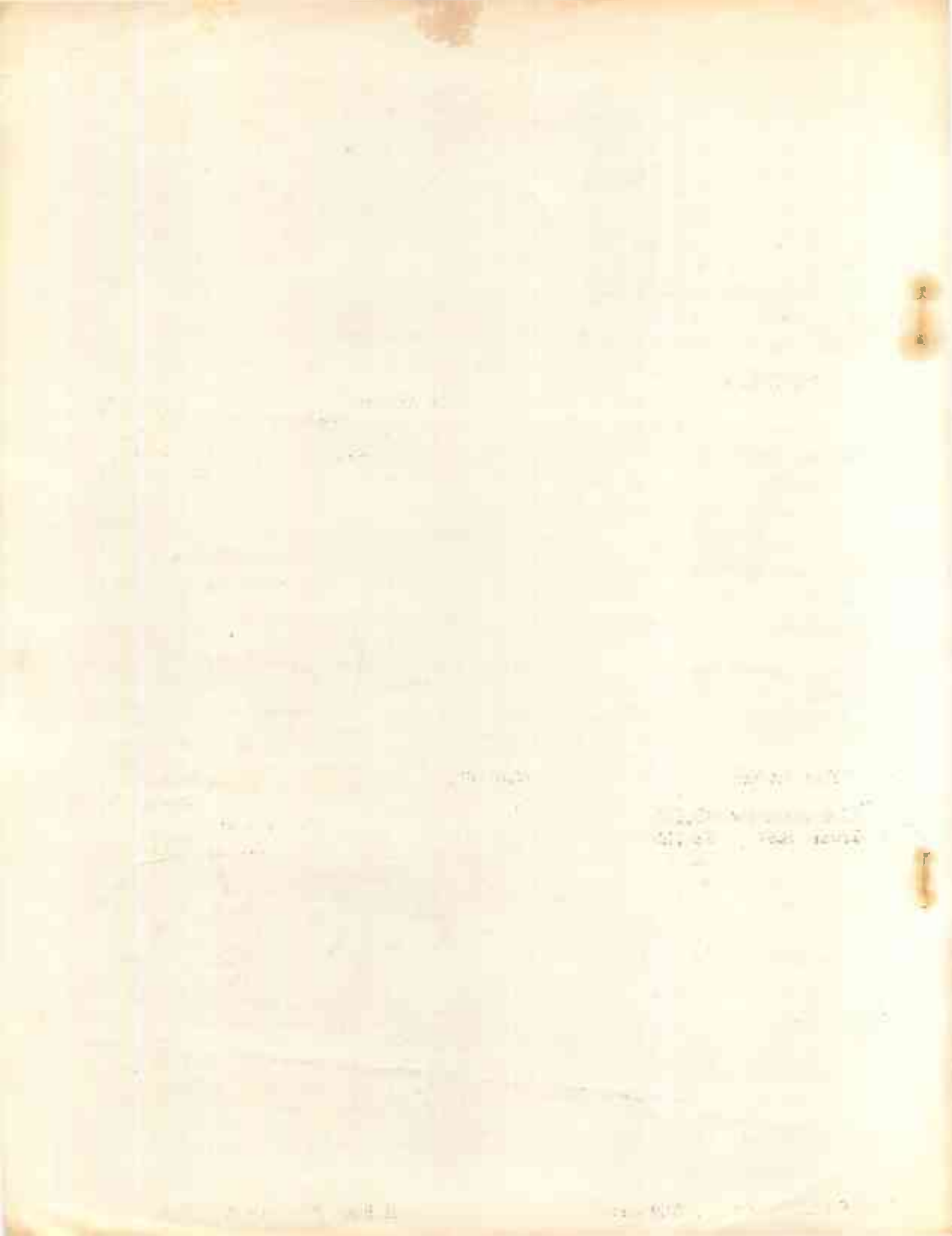
CRY of the NAMELESS
October 1957 No 108



Bob Madle Forest J Ackerman



H Beam Piper (*not* H B Fyfe)



page 3

This, being CRY

#108,

is the 24th relentless monthly appearance of the CRY without a miss, a record heretofore held exclusively by the Soviet election system.

The denizens of Box 92, 920 3rd Avenue, Seattle (Postal zone 4), Washington, take a certain simple but sadiatic pleasure in the implacable monthly appearance of CRY of the NAMELESS at 10¢ an issue or 12 for \$1.00; contributors can be further held liable to receive a free issue.

OCTOBER 1957

Admittedly, the CRY is A FENDEN PUBLICATION

So, as they say, Shall Ye Read.

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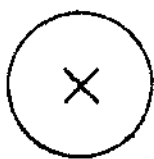
YOUR HOROSCOPE: a Do-It-Yourself job, where we give you your name and address and you take it from there —page 34

AD-LIB DEP'T: The contents will appear as above (if Toskey hopes to save his immortal soul). So nobody write anything else for this issue, or you'll foul us up but good, instead of but bad, as now.

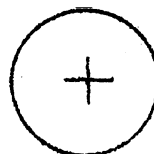
ART CREDITS: We have the most masochistic gang of artists around here that you ever saw in your life — some of them actually insist on the martyrdom of being tagged in print for the items they contribute. In view of the comments we get on artwork most of the time, this attitude verges on the pathological, but: Rich Brown pp 22, 26, 27, and 29; Anonymous (now there's a schwardt boy) pages 23, 31; Robin Wood, page 33; Eamond Adams, pp 24, 34(Bacover); L. Garcone, page 20. Thank you, one and all and Toskey for doing all the work of tracing these off.

YOU'LL NOTICE we can't always print all the letters any more — the price of an increased circulation and comment. However, a good letter, printed or not, is good for a free issue. BUT, we have a backlog of this sort of thing: "The CRY stinks worse every issue, so I'm sending you this letter so's I can get the next issue free like the last ten, all of which stunk, too. Here's a drawing I did in four colors with my left foot with water-colors. You can use it on your cover if you GET IT RIGHT, otherwise send it back right away, preferably airmail so I can send it to INSIDE. Why don't you get some good material like they tell me used to run in QUANDRY??" It's easy to find these in the files, by the "Postage-Due" stamps — never return-postage for the contributions, tho. THANK GHOD the most of our correspondents are lovable (if controversial) types; we thought to let you in on the (minority) seamy side thish.

Your hosts for this 108th issue of CRY of the Nameless are: WALLY WEBER, Director of Publications (chained to his typer, a portable electric, until he finishes his ConReport); BURNETT R. TOSKEY, Editorial Director (sweating over a hot mimeo and slipsheeting as he goes), and F.M. Busby, Editorial Assistant (having a gay ol' time mutilating this here stencil). That's how it goes ---.



REPORT
ON THE
LONDON CONVENTION



BY
WALLY WEBER



London was a long way to the East, but I consoled myself that it was even farther to the West, and if I happened to head South I'd probably never get there. Still, London was in a foreign country and I had never been to a foreign country. Not even Canada, which is only a few hour's drive from where I lead my mundane and fannish lives here in Seattle. I wanted to make certain that I had everything in order. My efforts to comply with all the required regulations would make another article if related. Perhaps someday my mind will recover sufficiently for me to review those traumatic experiences in an objective light, but until then it will be best not to describe, or try to describe, the days in which I prepared for my departure. It should be sufficient to say that after my preparation for the trip, the little matter of getting on the wrong plane and ending up in Hong Kong was an anti-climax.

As I worked for my passage back across the Pacific by plugging holes in a sinking tramp steamer, it occurred to me that I was not likely to make it to London in time for the Convention. Calling upon ancient knowledge which I had learned as a youth by reading Mandrake the Magician, I projected my astral image towards London and the Convention. I would attend the Convention by proxy, which is even better than by sinking tramp steamer.

As I appeared to walk into the King's Court Hotel, I knew that this Convention was destined to be different from other conventions. This was the first time I had known a convention hotel to start repairing the building before the convention. Had the Americans who had arrived previous to the arrival of what appeared to be me been the cause of such damage that repairs had to be started so early?

Avoiding a worker whose occupation involved being on his hands and knees in the doorway, and sidestepping a stepladder that could have used some repair itself, my astral image with its astral luggage made its astral way to the desk. "Do you have a reservation for Wally Weber?" my image asked the lady behind the desk.

She did. "I'm sorry we couldn't arrange a room with a private bath," she told my image as it signed the register. "Would you care to meet some of your friends?"

What, I wondered, did not having a private bath have to do with meeting friends? And what was my astral image doing with friends in London? I made a mental note to keep a closer check on my image. All together, it was a strange collection of thoughts to be running through the mind of a fan knee-deep in the Pacific Ocean.

My suspicions were unfounded. The lady had been expressing two entirely different subjects in consecutive sentences, and seemed to consider all fans as

friends regardless of nationality. The friends turned out to be Dave Newman and Ron Bennett, who were two entirely different subjects themselves.

Dave was a well-built fellow wearing, among other things, a fine red moustache. Neither I nor my image knew at that time what a great fannish tradition was represented by that moustache, and now that I know the truth I feel ashamed that my image had first looked upon that remarkable growth with only moderate awe instead of the reverence and sense of wonder which thinking about it now evokes. Dave had a friendly man-to-man attitude in his conversation and manner that reminded me of the heroes in George O. Smith stories, and he was always a pleasure to associate with. As a member of the Convention Committee, he was largely (100%) in charge of the lighting, recording, and public address systems. From what my astral self could determine, he did an excellent job.

Ron Bennett was more slight of build, very young in appearance, with a more restrained moustache and manner. He, too, was very friendly and an entertaining talker. Where was all of this stiff, formal, English behavior I had been expecting? In comparison to these boys, I am as informal as a palace guard in the presence of the Queen.

Dave and Ron seemed prepared to begin the Convention on the spot, but my image was in need of recharging after its trip and wanted to see something of its room and bed. This turned out to be no easy task. It included the summoning of a boy guide, which required the ringing of bells comparable in volume to Big Ben, and an adventurous elevator ride two floors up. There was no elevator problem in this convention hotel. Nobody would willingly ride such an elevator in preference to using the stairs.

The room was not the most plush or modern in the world, but it was quite adequate for storing flashbulbs, changing clothes, shaving, and sometimes even sleeping or recharging images. What more could be desired at a convention?

Possibly one of the more interesting aspects of the room was the lock on the door. My image didn't particularly require a means of working the lock, but for appearances sake it went down to the desk and asked for a key. The clerk picked a key that happened to be handy, wrote the room number on the tag, and handed it over. It worked very well in the lock. It worked just as well as the penknife of the English fan who shared the room, and almost as well as the key for Arthur Hayes' place in Canada.

The first American fan encountered by my image turned out to be Jean Bogert from Narberth, Pennsylvannia. That was Thursday, September 5th, the day of arrival and one day before the Convention was to officially begin. Jean had been one of the 55 fans who had flown over from New York in a chartered plane. She was the first to inform me that Dave Kyle and Ruth Landis, the Chairman and Secretary of the previous convention, were now known as Mr. and Mrs. Kyle.

Later on in the evening my hateful image was appearing to consume a beer that Dave Newman had bought it, and Stephen Schultheis appeared at the hotel bar with a couple American fannes. They had been shopping during the day, and it was Mary Dziechowsky who pointed out the main problem Americans have with English money. Americans have a tendency not to take English money seriously. Because of the difference in size and color, Americans have the feeling they are using Monopoly money and toy coins even though they are vaguely aware of the actual value. It can be a rather expensive feeling at times.

Hotel repairs had not quite progressed to the point where the room in which the official sessions of the Convention were to take place was finished. Thursday night the stage was still in the process of being completed. The King's Court Hotel had changed hands about six weeks before the Convention, and the new, if gullible, owners were determined to remodel the place and entertain the Convention at the same time. They did succeed in getting the essential parts of the hotel fixed up, such as the lounges, the stage, and -- most important -- the bar.

The first meeting for the Convention was scheduled for 9 pm on Friday. By that time my image had seen much and met many. Stephen Schultheis had introduced what seemed to be me to Madeleine Willis. F. M. Busby had paved the way for my introduction to Walt Willis by writing him instructions for my care and handling, but Mrs. Willis must have heard something about me, too, because she had that vaguely troubled look common to people who have been introduced to persons they think they should know but don't. It wasn't a moment until Walt showed up. His reaction to the introduction was more positive. Both he and his wife suppressed their horror so well that my image immediately adopted the two as a sort of home away from home. Whenever events in the vicinity of my image grew dull (meaning anything less than spectacular) it would seek out and haunt the Willises where Lloyds of London could have given away insurance against dullness (meaning anything less than super-spectacular) and never have lost a penny.

American fans were all over the place, many of them having just returned from side trips to other countries. The accounts of their adventures in other lands were fabulous. Fred Prophet, George Nims Raybin, Arthur Hayes, and two or three others had already held a convention in Antwerp, the one and only Twerpcon. They had met Jan Jansen during their trip, lost members of their party in strange lands, lost themselves in strange cities, slept (they claim) in a single hotel room, and otherwise led memorable and hilarious lives on the continent.

Norman G. Wansborough was in attendance for a couple days. Unfortunately his employer demanded his presence Sunday, so Norman was forced to leave the Convention Saturday. My image took advantage of Norman's time to discuss various fields of mutual interest, such as SAPS and why Norman produces such illegible fanzines. Norman stood up under the merciless ordeal quite well and somehow made his final departure with the famous Wansborough smile still working. An unbelievably durable type, that Wansborough.

Anyway, to get back to the 9 pm opening of the Convention, the purpose of the first meeting was primarily to present the gavel to the London Convention's Chairman, Ted Carnell. In true convention tradition, the meeting was late starting, but only by seven minutes, and it was suggested that great effort had gone into delaying the opening so as not to disrupt the custom. Dave Kyle turned the gavel over to Mr. Carnell with only a moderate amount of formalities, and Mr. Carnell responded with only a moderate amount of formalities, and in little or no time everybody was out of the room and back to their card games, conversations, imbibing, and similar pursuits.

Sam Moskowitz approved the ceremony with the gavel. He pointed out that the custom had been for the corpse of the convention chairman to be chucked out as soon as the convention was done, never to be heard of again. Sam, by the way, is a fine looking corpse. As for being heard from again, the reputation of Sam's vocal cords is now embraced by the English who know him as a man whose every word can be heard in an underground train going full tilt.

The Convention Program booklet (well, alright, they call it Programme) was a beautiful job. In addition to a large number of ads, it contained a page of Welcome by Ted Carnell, an appreciation of the guest of honor, John W. Campbell Jr., no less, by Eric Frank Russell, no less, 1957 Convention rules (if you can imagine such a thing), the official rules for the Grand International Tead Drinking Contest (which was never held), and, oddly enough, the Convention program(me) itself.

The planned meetings were scheduled in a way that was a delight for the fans who liked a lot of free time for wandering about from bull-session to bull-session and person to person. For all of Friday there was only that short introductory meeting in the evening. Saturday had nothing planned in the morning until eleven o'clock, and that was only a taped selection of jazz played over an improvised public address system. By that word only I mean it was a program that could be listened to from almost anyplace in the hotel without noticeable interference with the informal visiting that generally went on as long as two or more people were in visiting condition. The same applied to Sunday morning. Afternoons and evenings were fairly well supplied with meetings, but there were large enough gaps between them that made this Convention one in which a dedicated meeting attendee such as my image could satisfy his basic urge to attend all the sessions and still have enough time to track down fans and pros and engage them in mortal conversation. Whatever others may have thought, my image and I considered the program to be unusually well thought out and executed (not referring to executed in its morbid sense, either).

The Convention luncheon Saturday afternoon was very fine. By a fortunate stroke of something I hope was more than luck, my image was seated within talking distance of Walt and Madeleine Willis. The table layout was indescribably complex and showed evidence of having been planned by some hotel employee whose unfannish mind had been pushed too far. In some mysterious place at the far horizon a long table had started and headed recklessly in my image's direction. At the last possible instant and inch the table ended and thrust out another table at right angles which passed in front of my image and disappeared to its right. Thus my image was seated at the bottom of an "L" with H. Beam Piper on the right and James White around the corner on the left.

A description, and possibly psychological analysis, of James White will wait until later in this article, but it might be well to mention what little H. Beam Piper revealed about himself. (See photograph for his sensitive pro-type face.) The Piper family is living in Paris and enjoy it there very much, particularly the food. Mr. Piper, for all his writing of science fiction and otherwise intelligent behavior, proved to be at least a little on the slow-witted side. Can you believe that after all these years of having the fact pointed out to him by the smartest fans in the field, the man still does not believe he is H. B. Fyfe? Incredible though it may sound, the combined efforts of James White and my very best astral image only resulted in Mr. Piper swearing on a stack of silverware that he was not now and never had been a Fyfe.

The fact that he has that one peculiar mental quirk did not prevent him from winning the drawing that was made to see who would have their hotel bill paid by the Convention, but I don't suppose you can hold that against a man.

The luncheon menu, aside from the roast duck and the wine, came out a little hazy in the liaison between me and my image. I think my image was getting a poor charge and faded out at a crucial moment. Whatever brought it all about, the fact is still clear that it was quite a long while before I got a report from my image

that it had been served. First everyone on the stem of the L had been served down to James White. Then everyone on the bottom of the L was served until the last duck was placed before Mr. Piper. Then the waitresses wandered off with a new load of duck into the intricate maze of nearby tables. All about my image were sounds of gulping and gorging. A tragic situation. Eventually, however, the sad plight was noted and corrected, much to the relief of those nearby whose enjoyment of their food had been lessened by their consciousness of my poor image's drawn and baleful gaze upon them.

After the food had been well stowed away, the wine glasses were filled and an English contribution to science fiction conventions occurred. The toast. Or more correctly, the toasts. It began with a toast to the Queen. It followed with a toast to the guest of honor. Then a toast to the toaster. And Foory Ackerman. An' to 'nother fella. Annon we toashted a couple fans an' couple prosh. Toashed th' li'l pink schpots onna walls.....

Great innovation, the toast!

Speeches were next in order. As Guest of Honor, John W. Campbell Jr. was called upon to perform. He gave his annual talk on how he really doesn't have anything to do with making astounding Science Fiction the leader in its field because it's really the team that does it. The fans representing Germany (stupid image didn't get his name) and Sweden (Lars Holander) gave very good speeches proclaiming their happiness at being able to attend the convention and giving a general idea of what science fiction is doing in their respective countries.

A chubby little rascal named Peter Daniels finished up the speeches at the luncheon. He came up the microphone adjusting his horn-rimmed glasses and I transmitted the question to my image, what's this unknown character doing among all them big names? Duuhhh, I dun't know, was the astute answer. But Pete Daniels and the other fans knew. For after-dinner speaking, Pete Daniels is right up there with Bob Bloch and Isaac Asimov. My image about split a spiritual plane enjoying that speech. It will be a crying shame if it turns out that it went unrecorded.

Mr. Daniels did not limit his talent to speaking, either. That evening, during the costume ball, Pete showed up in the orchestra playing better than adequate jazz on his cornet. Mr. Daniels also auctioneered at the first auction quite effectively. Guard this gentleman carefully, you over there in England; he is a treasure!

The costume ball took place Saturday night, although it ran into a few snags. Arrangements had been made for TV coverage of the ball. One TV network showed up, stayed a short time, and then hastily departed. BBC, however, came and stayed. And stayed. And stayed. They arrived around ten in the evening and took over one huge area of the lounge for their cameras and recording equipment. They left about six o'clock in the morning as fans made depreciating remarks about their lack of stamina. The unfortunate aspect of their filming spree was that it prevented some of the better costumes from appearing at the actual ball until quite late, in addition to attracting a good many on-lookers who would ordinarily have been dancing. To add insult to injury, the BBC never did broadcast a bit of it.

The press also ignored the Convention. Two press conferences were held including representatives from every newspaper in London, and not a word was printed on the affair. Considering the write-ups of past conventions in American newspapers, I would be the last person to call this a bad break. Possibly the whole thing was kept out of the papers by cautious editors who didn't want an international incident.

Costumes were fewer in number than most American conventions by virtue of the fact there were fewer people to begin with. The percentage looked about the same. And the elaborate costumes were every bit as elaborate as those at previous world cons. Frank and Belle Dietz won prizes as Denebians, Norman Weedall the Executioner also got a prize, as did Dave and Ruth Kyle (appropriately as the Honeymooners) and Marjory Keller and John Brunner (as Krishnans). Frank and Belle had their problems with the vast quantity of grease paint they had used on their faces. It kept rubbing off on their fancy collars. Ruth Kyle was so happy at having won that it was all Dave could do to keep her feet on the floor. She could have picked up another prize as the Flying Young Lady Without A Trapeze. All the prize winners seemed to be considered equal -- no first and seconds -- and the prizes were not awarded until later when the committee had a chance to decide on suitable awards.

Some of those in costume that got side-tracked by BBC TV didn't even get to the Ball to be judged. One of these poor souls was Jean kBogert, whom we must mention now and then to keep her subscribing to the Cry. She was dressed (she claims) as a (I hope I have this right now) Marsupial Humanoid From The Ninth Planet Of Betelgeuse. Her costume was primarily red, as you might have expected, and her pouch contained a fantastic little critter named (she claims again) Squidge. It gives me chills to think it will grow up to look like her. Jean also has a beef with the BBC employee who never did return her zap gun.

Fancy costumes were in evidence Sunday afternoon, also. It was listed in the Programme as, "The Ceremony of St. Fantony." Trust the English to add ceremony and tradition to fandom. They certainly have done it, with all the trimmings, with the Ceremony of St. Fantony!

St. Fantony is a sort of order of elite fans, fans who have achieved a greater standing in fandom than most fans are capable of. Apparently until this Convention, the Order was limited to English fen. Since Sunday afternoon of September 8, 1957, the Order includes a number of Americans. They were adopted at The Ceremony before my astral self's very astral eyes. Fans like Bob Silverberg (the dirty pro!), Rory Faulkner, and Ellis Mills became a part of that elite circle.

The fans to be inducted into this marvelous army were given orders to sit in the front row of seats for the Ceremony. They didn't realize why or have any inkling what was about to happen to them. The curtain opened, and there was a scene to behold. Many fans, each decked out in fancy dress and helmet, were arranged on the stage. A lot of rehearsed ritual took place, the essence of which was that the bewildered fen in the front row were about to undergo a test to determine their fitness for the order of St. Fantony. And brother, what a test! All you have to do is down a small container of the sacred water of St. Fantony, which happens to be 140 proof! Knight Grand Master Eric Jones directs this operation. Amazingly, all the candidates survived and stayed on their feet. Each was then presented with a scroll testifying to their acceptance in the Order, a small figure of a Knight of St. Fantony, and, I believe, an emblem of St. Fantony. Everything about the Ceremony involved a great amount of work and preparation. To me and my image it was one of the high lights of a wonderful convention, and I'm certain that the American fans in the Ceremony felt the same way. It's a ceremony that can be taken with tongue in cheek (there is enough built-in humor to warrent it), or it can be seriously accepted as a great -- perhaps the greatest -- honor bestowed on a fan, which it is due to the careful selection of candidates. And it's something that could hardly happen any other place than in England.

St. Fantony is far from being the only select group in fandom, however. The Goon Defective Agency is not to be taken lightly, and they, too, were at the Convention in force. And, as it turned out, it was a fortunate thing they were. It was after the very first session had taken place during which the gavel had changed hands. By sheer chance my image happened to be occupying the same room with Art Thompson when Stephen Schultheis burst into the room to announce that the gavel had been stolen and that the GDA had been put on the case to recover it. In a moment Art Thompson disappeared from the group to discuss strategy with other members of the GDA.

The next afternoon, at the luncheon, James White asked my image whether it was for the GDA or against it. Now I don't mind admitting from a distance of 6,000 miles that I am pro-Goon, and that I have been a character in a Goon story (as yet unpublished) written by F. M. Busby, but you must understand that my very image was starving there, within easy reaching distance of White's powerful hands. Crossing its fingers, my image answered, "Goon? What's that?" The tension in the atmosphere lightened and fans all the way down the table relaxed. White then informed me that he was anti-Goon. Even then, my image could have made a great contribution to the GDA had it put a few simple facts together, but unfortunately all it could think about was the roast duck that never came. I sometimes feel that if the roast duck had arrived when it should have, the terrible scene that was to come about later that evening could have been avoided.

It was at the 8:30 session, during which the achievement awards were to be given out, that the terrible thing happened. The time for the meeting to start had come and passed, the audience was assembled and waiting, but no action occurred on the stage. Finally Ted Carnell appeared and regretfully announced the theft of the gavel and that the presentation of the achievement awards would have to wait, for they would have no official standing without the official opening with the official gavel. But just as he was about to leave the stage, the voice of the GDA came from the rear of the room, "Don't move! We've got you covered!"

It was James White who started out of his seat clutching a briefcase and wearing a panicky look as only a person like James White can wear. Gunfire sounded from the rear of the room and White bolted for the side exit. Schultheis suddenly appeared in it, cutting off his escape. White tried the only avenue of escape left to him -- the stage exit. But he was caught in Thompson's and Schultheis's cross-fire. In a tragic moment he expired at the feet of Ted Carnell. Triumphantlly the GDA opened White's briefcase, handed its contents to Mr. Carnell, and withdrew from the scene taking their left-over corpse with them.

After Ted Carnell had unwrapped enough paper to supply London's newsprint requirements for a week, the precious gavel was at last uncovered and the presentation of achievement awards could go on. The awards, anti-climactic though they were, are as follows. U.S. magazines: aSF first place, Magazine of Fantasy second place, Galaxy and Infinity tied for third. English magazines: New Worlds first, Nebula second (just barely), and Science-Fantasy third (just barely). Fanzines: Science Fiction Times first, and Hyphen two votes behind. (There may have been a third, but if there was the announcement was covered by the groans of disappointment from Hyphen-loving fans.)

Since James White seems to be showing up in so many different places in this report, it might be well to describe that gentleman and lead into his part in what might well be the most important development to occur during the Convention.

James White is a large man with clean cut features and generally a handsome look to him. The most interesting feature about him is his features. His face is truly a fascinating thing. From the nose down it is perpetually happy. As far as his mouth is concerned, the world is a beautiful enjoyable thing in which nothing can possibly go wrong. From his eyes up, however, things are entirely different. His eyes and forehead are forever worried. There is disaster ahead at every moment -- a Goon lurking behind every corner. Most alarming of all (so the top part of his face seems to indicate) his mouth is down below there ignoring the whole terrible situation. Psychologically he tends to follow the attitude of his eyes and be very concerned about the various events occurring about him. It is probable that he, more than any other fan involved, feels the full terrible responsibility of having developed a science that may mark the end of mankind as we know it.

PSNEERONICS! The science of the sneer. The basic rules were developed late Sunday night by James White, who had recently recovered from his violent death of Saturday evening and was in search of a revenge weapon, and Bob Silverberg, who had a natural talent for sneering and had been developing it as an art form. Together they contrived a method by which an ordinary sneer could gather energy over a period of milliseconds and then be released by a detonating snap of the fingers and directed by a focus of eye beams (see picture on cover). Before they had come to realize the staggering destructive power of their discovery they had gone too far to stop. Mal Ashworth had gotten into some basic research on the matter, and Walt Willis was soon filling in the gaps in the basic theory. The projected psneer was added to the diabolic techniques for increasing the range of the psneer. Use of the double sneer (sneering with both sides of the mouth simultaneously) to increase the amplitude of the psneer on detonation was developed, although it turned out that one had to possess a mouth like Silverberg's in order to accomplish it. Defenses against the psneer were sought and found. (Crossing the eyes nullifies the psneer, but it is impossible to direct a counter-psneer unless the eyes are focussed. Another problem to be solved.) By Monday morning, even my own image was caught up in the race to perfect the psneer, although by then we were beginning to realize the extent of this monster we were loosing on our fellow man. We even had reason to believe that in past ages civilizations superior to our own had been destroyed by sneers being amplified into psneers and detonated. But even so, there is no turning back. We must continue to strive forward. We must develop the Intercontinental Ballistics Psneer before Russia!

I wish I could describe all the other wonders my astral image observed at London, but there is neither the time nor the space for it. I can mention a few without elaborating, however. There was Sam Moskowitz auctioneering items in an unfamiliar currency system, a fine demonstration of hypnotism by Harry Powers with Jean Bogert, Eric Jones, and Mrs. Margulies among the subjects, the marvelous moving pictures and taped programs produced by English fans, the incredible and hilarious auctioneering by E. C. Tubbs, the fabulous battle of wits between Forrest J. Ackorman, Bob Madle, and Sam Moskowitz, the Psionics discussion by J. W. Campbell Jr. and Eric Jones, the party given for the Convention Committee, the washrag presented to my image by the Convention Secretary, and endless things more. And even after the convention, there was the coincidence of my astral image sitting next to a personal friend of Eric Jones' on the plane trip from Minneapolis to Seattle.

My astral image and I thank you, London, for the most enjoyable World Con ever. We wish there could be some way to get all of you over here for South Gate in '58. Do you think maybe we could apply Psneerotics somehow to.....?

DEAR ONES

(An open letter to RAWLowndes, J. Blish, A. Merritt etc)

by JOHN CHAMPION

I've had seemingly clear statements of mine misinterpreted into fuggheadism before, but never so much as in the RAWLowndes letter in CRY 106. So I'd like to get down to a few facts about what I really said.

First of all, I am said not to like "destructive criticism". Now this is true. I said so. However, Lowndes interprets this to mean that I don't like demon-knight-type reviews, which is wrong. I didn't say this in my review anywhere; apparently RAWL is so hot on the subject that anytime he sees the words "des. crit." a little neonsign pops up in his brain with the words "demon knight" on it. Which is an excellent example of semantic identification; Wrong thinking to the uninitiated.

I like demon knight, but I consider the early Blish reviews in SF-T little more than watered-down imitations. Blish appeared to be more interested in how he wrote (that is, with acid flung in every sentence) and the reader reaction than in giving honest reviews. I do think, however, that in the past few issues he has shown great improvement.

I do not think Merritt was GREAT or that he wrote TRUE LITERATURE, nor did I say so in my review. I was not making claims for Merritt, but attacking what I thought unjust carping at him. I place Merritt alongside E.R. Burroughs, as a competent hack writer who used words vividly. Is this an absurd claim?

I did not say it's uncricket to knock books by dead authors; I was talking about the authors themselves. This seems to me a simple matter of courtesy. If Lowndes thinks that Blish was being the model of politeness to Merritt's ghost, I suppose I can't argue with him.

Instead of calling it "barely civilized to note faults in the work of living authors", I said it does little good only to note a book's bad parts. Unless constructive criticism is self-contained in the book's dissection, the critic should tell the author how to correct his writing faults. In my mind, the reviewer should function as a good surgeon does. A man who takes on the responsibility of judging literature must be willing not only to diagnose a book's faults but explain how to correct them.

Maybe Merritt did think he was angreat artist. I don't think so, but I also don't think anybody can say one way or the other. I still feel that because he was writing for pulp magazines he didn't go too far out of his way to create Literature. Even if he did try, is this wrong? Do we condemn a man for failing to create art? It seems to me that Merritt himself did not say "I am a great Artist", his readers did. And they should get the blame for any inflated claims.

Actually, though, how can we say whether Merritt even went through the motions of creating art? We don't know how to define Art itself. How can we possibly say that we know what the motions of creation are? Consider that the work of many great authors (or ones that we call great) was not recognized as Art until after their death. How can you say you know what the motions of creating art look like?

Really, there isn't much to argue about. Lowndes and I have about the same critical opinion of Merritt's writing except that I like it and he doesn't. (This taste of mine is purely a personal thing, in the same way some people prefer baseball over other sports. And if anyone wants to tell me that I should only like worthwhile things, he can go sit in his ivory tower the rest of his life as far as I'm concerned, and live his own life.) Lowndes has, however, misinterpreted almost everything I said in my review and if he can't even get the correct inference from a fmz review (which is not art nor meant to be) then I can't trust him to say what is Art and what isn't. There's no quarrel here; RAWL is fighting his own shadow. But in case some people might get the idea this shadow is me, I've taken your time to explain why not.

best

John



Jean Bogart James White Walt Willis Art Thompson



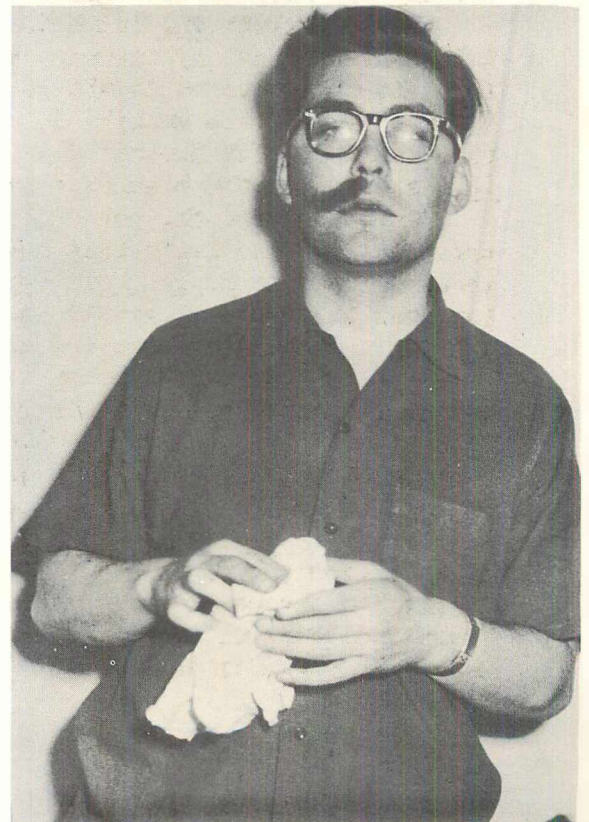
Belle Dietz and friend



Norman G Wansborough



Ken Bulmer Ken Slater



Dave Newman (half 'stached)

DIGGING THE FANZINES -- amelia pemberton

COLONY. Lars Helander, Lohegatan 11, Eskilstuna 3, Sweden. No price mentioned in zine.

This arrived rolled so tightly that we couldn't easily read it. We tore off the mailing cover and set it under some heavy books to flatten out. It's flat now, but still unappetizing in appearance, especially since the first page is considerably larger than the others and is crumpled and slightly torn on the lower edge.

The layout is extraordinarily informal. One guesses early in the zine that the editor is Lars Helander, but he never admits his identity. On the last page, Mike Moorcock, who duplicated it, gives Lars' name and address.

This, the fourth SPAIRA publication, takes its title from a picture sequence it contains by William Rotsler which was -- to me -- completely uninteresting and no more than ordinarily attractive.

The zine also contains ramblings by Lars on divers subjects: American censorship etc., fandom vs. sf, fanzines, Hungarian refugees (particularly interesting), & his meeting with Famous Fan Norman G. Wansborough. The rest of the zine is letter column, interesting enough but suffering from excessive editorial interpolation. Lars considered his lettercolumn in this "combined letcol and letsubstitute" which doubtless explains why he felt so many inserts necessary; however many of his inserts are merely noises.

All in all, I found COLONY interesting and enjoyable reading, but not wholly satisfactory.

SCIENCE-FICTION TIMES #279. Fandom House, P. O. Box 2331, Paterson 23, N.J. 10¢, 12 for \$1.00.

Always of interest, this is noteworthy for an excellent six-page World-Conreport by John Victor Peterson.

TRIODE 11. Eric Bentcliffe and Terry Jeeves. Material to EB at 47, Alldis St., Great Moor, Stockport, Ches.; Artwork to TJ at 58 Sharrard Grove, Intake, Sheffield (England). USA subs to Dale R. Smith, 3001 Kyle Ave., Minneapolis, Minn. 7 for \$1.

This is a forty-page handsomely duplicated zine, well illoed by Terry Jeeves, Eddie Jones, Bill Rotsler and Harry Turner. Eddie Jones is a particularly good illustrator, sort of like ATOM only different.

This contains stories and articles by Eric Bentcliffe, Sid Birchby, Dale R. Smith, Eric Needham, Mal Ashworth, Terry Jeeves, Sandra Lawrence, and the first installment of a serial by Hurstmonceaux & Faversham (whoever they may be). Of these by far the most to my taste was the article by Eric Needham on traveling thru the Western Highlands of Scotland -- brief, but interesting and amusing, and a li'l bit lewd in an innocent and modest fashion.

The letter column is good but not outstanding.

All in all, I am sure that TRIODE is an excellent buy, but am not quite sure how well I like it. This is the first issue I've seen; when I've seen two or three more I'll have a better idea.

G. HARRY STINE fired for interview on Russ satellite: under a Denver, Oct. 5, dateline, United Press reports that rocket-scientist Stine has been discharged from the Martin Co's missile plant, following an earlier UP interview in which Stine expressed opinions which "were not those of the company" (such as "we've got to catch up or we're dead"). (Many of you will recall Stine in ASF & etc.)

Seems to be a lot of undue hysteria from the scoop of our separate missile and satellite programs by the Russian combined program, after we'd announced a schedule for the Russ to beat. Surprise and alarm alike are being overdone.

THE SCIENCE-FICTION FIELD

FLOWED UNDER by Renfrew Pemberton

Let's just note in passing that "Positively Pogo", "Good Ol' Charlie Brown" (4th of the PEANUTS series), Humbug #3, and MAD #36 are available. HUMBUG is near-monthly, so another is due any day. MAD is driving the WhatMeWorryKid into the ground (six feet in, would be about right). So on, on to:

FANTASTIC UNIVERSE (Nov): Bookreviews, 3 saucer articles, and seven stories. Ivan Sanderson's article stresses (and strains) the everything-is-possible idea. the CivSaucIntelligence gible is a series of sighting-narrations, purely. "Meet the Extraterrestrial" (Isabel Davis) does a good job of dissecting such as Adamski, Angelucci, Bethurum, Fry, van Tassel, Williamson, and Bailey, all of whom claim to have consorted more or less with "saucormen". Each of these has received a tantalizing outline of universe-wide affairs, but as la Davis enchantingly points out, each of these mighty revelations is mutually exclusive to the rest of 'em. (For any of you saucerfans who lack an answer to that paradox, here's one for free: mebbby these here now saucerfolks are the damnedest batch of practical jokers you ever saw in your life! OK?)

It's too close to deadline for this issue, to horse around thinking up capsule summaries of the readble but not outstanding stories by Bryning, Young, Chandler, Biggle, and others, in the Nov FU. Looksas if it's going to take a high level of tolerance for saucers, to enjoy this zine in future. (Meyers??)

FLYING SAUCERS FROM OTHER WORLDS: Toskey subscribed, so the June & August saucerissues, plus the July fiction issue, are at hand. In his June editorial, RAP lists virtually the same group covered by Isabel Davis (see above) and adds this comment: "We think you will find their accounts absorbingly interesting. AND CERTAINLY THEY ARE TRUE, TO THE VERY LAST WORD" (capitals mine). From this beginning, and with the Shaver Mystery still giving twinges on rainy days, I guess we all know where stands Brother Rap. Nevertheless, to be at least nominally fair, I read through the things. A great deal of them is straight sighting-narration filler, and an equal amount of wordage is given to personal anecdote leading up to how it came to happen that the narrator had the Ghod-given chance to interview the sighter. As Time, not Space, is the problem this CRY, I'll give you my impression of a typical "sighting":

On such-and-such a date, Oswald Grunch was searching the bottom of Puget Sound, looking for the other shoe his wife had dropped. By a rare coincidence, he was wearing a diving suit. Suddenly, at a depth of thirty fathoms, he looked up and saw a greenish-yellow light passing across the sky above at a terrific speed, winking on and off. Considering the 180 feet of water above him, the object must have been exceedingly bright, and travelled in an arc which must have entailed terrific accelerational forces. No sooner had this light passed from view at his right than another appeared to his left, on the same trajectory. Over and over, this occurred. At any rate, Grunch, overcome by his experience, fainted and was eventually hauled to the surface by the crew of the diving-barge. Inexplicably, none of these had seen anything out of the way, except for a firefly or "lightning bug" that was circling Grunch's head inside the diving helmet when he was hauled up. Shortly thereafter, Grunch was contacted by telepathic communication from Voluptua, Glowing Queen of the—

But why, indeed, go on?? This is no more stf than is FATE or the Journal of the Rosicrucians. It will not appear in these pages henceforth.

The (July) fiction issue is quite another kettle of beans that haven't been on the fire long enough. Over half the issue is taken up by "Quest of

Brail", a 35,000-word epic dedicated to the proposition that one's sex life is a pale mockery without the stim-rays of author Shaver, but don't overdo it. Toskey says this is a reprint-- I wouldn't know, having never been able to take much of Shaver in the early days before I got onto vitamins. Evelyn Martin has Scientific Man saving Superstitious Woman from World's Firy End via Spaceship, but Science doesn't have a chance against this particular female author. Byrne's "Spaceship Named Desire" winds up HellShip in Space with Boy Gets Ghost. Rob't Wms' "The de Tatum Effect" tacks the sentimental ending on a fair piece of action-type stf.

If Bill Meyers doesn't object, here's another zine he can have.

SUPER-SCIENCE, Dec: hey, we got a LIVE one-- SSF still on the upgrade. Asimov's "The Gentle Vultures" leads off, depicting a small-primate race whose shuddering solution to large-primate behavior (such as atom bombs, of course) is unique but unsatisfactory. Flaw: the usual-- WE'RE different, just because we're DIFFERENT. (Yep, Mark Walsted, "The Awful, Terrible Human Race").

Bloch's "Broomstick Ride" is at least a double switch on the theme of "native superstition". "Hunters of Outworld" (Know) is a good piece except for the idiot-plot gimmick (universal rejection of hero, avoidable by hero deigning to attempt explanations to anybody at any time during the story). Dick Smith's "Get Rich Quick"'s triviality would be saved by the "shocker" ending, were it not such a non-sequitur. J.F.Bone must be relatively new to stf or he wouldn't have written "Quarantined Species" as if the irresistible pet were a brand-new idea. Silverberg's "Misfit" keeps you guessing as to whether People ARE Better, Somehow, just because they're US-- & so will I. Evelyn Smith's "The Weegil" doesn't turn out to be a reworked "Twonky" after all-- and I don't know whether I'm glad or sorry. Little one-page gobbets of science-fact are thrown at you between stories, here. It may read as if I could barely stand SSF, but actually it was pretty good reading; it's just sort of critical, out, tonight. ("I've read William Atheling, and dying I lay"-- Karen Anderson)

GALAXY, Nov: Conclusion of the Pohl-Kornbluth "Wolfbane" ends on the down-grade, possibly because of cautious editorial revision. Our hero is surgically put into FULL-rapport with 7 other people including a woman who becomes most dear to him after he has mentally explored her every neurone. Circumstances are such that he never SEES what she looks like, but after the rapport is severed, he is overcome to find via letter that she is 61 years old, paralyzed of leg, and fat. So he pursues his destiny with the woman who, although she deserted him once and was written-off by him and the authors, is nevertheless his wife. This makes for a respectable family magazine but a lousy plot. Even the action is more convincing than this development.

Sheckley's "Morning After" is an ingenious, stf-incestuous variation of the Dangerous Dream motif; I appreciate his underplaying the finis.

"Break a Leg" (Harmon) presents the concept of the Accident Prone as an invaluable, highly-paid adjunct to any interstellar expedition-- after all, if a new planet has any hazards, the Prone will surely stumble into them. But what about the (essential) "Prone" who won't accept his role? This is choice.

J.T.M'Intosh puts a new twist, but a thin one, on the hazards of future time-travel, in his "You Were Right, Joe"; confoozin' but amoozin'.

"Grey Flannel Armor" (Finn O'Donnevan)(could this be YOU??) explores the field of the packaged-romance; it's for sale, but nothing sordid, you understand. Clever but unsatisfying, to me (proudly allergic to hucksterism as I am).

Not exactly tops, maybe, thish of GALAXY, but more fun than most out.

ASTOUNDING, Oct: Leinster continues the landing-grid series with "The Grandfathers' War", a short novel with the MedShipman, Calhoun, playing the lead once more. This time the analogy is that a culture is a complete organism and that the severed parts of divided organisms don't tend to survive too well. The basis of the inevitable problem-situation is very well worked out and believable.

Anvil's "Compensation" gives the scout-spies for the Invincible Telepathic Invaders yet another turn through the mill; if this story were the first of its kind it would be terrific. Garrett's "Gentlemen: Please Note" runs Isaac Newton (and what's with the sudden crush on Sir Ike in ASF lately?) into a world of If which would be altogether too likely had Newton lived today; good satire. A contemporary Isaac, hight Asimov, relates the confusion that befell chemistry and physics when isotopes showed up to confound chemical theories based entirely upon atomic weight, with no concept of atomic number. Must have been a frustrating time for all and sundry.

The ship-based "Trader" culture in Part 2 of Heinlein's "Citizen of the Galaxy" derives at least in part from the ways of small-tribe groups on chains of islands, and is so applied in the story as to be considerably more fascinating than the Oriental-barbarism of Part 1's Sargon. Thorby lives and learns, sometimes the hard way. You know, this piece could turn out TOPS. (The story has sneakily been published in hard covers and released last month, I hear, but I haven't been able to put the arm on a copy as yet; the status of an amateur reviewers has its disadvantages.)

VENTURE #6 (Nov): Leading is Sturgeon's "It Opens the Sky", dealing with the talented compulsive-rebel in a universe of foolproof benignity. Sound familiar? Well, it is and it isn't-- Sturgeon never does an idea without its coming out differently. This time the largest difference is the avoidance of any and all of the several cliché-endings that are usually tacked onto this theme; Ted must have an "Exempt from Editorial Rewrite" button in his lapel.

In "Jury-Rig", Avram Davidson covers the Castaway theme well enough to last until somebody thinks up yet another switch. Miriam deFord's "Featherbed On Chlyntha" was going well enough until someone decided it needed just ONE more boff at the ending-- one that killed the story as well as the hero, around here.

"I'm in Marsport Without Hilda" (Asimov) combines a neat bit of detecting with the frantic-tease situation, and up to there it all jigsaws very well, each facet of the plot integral to the development of the other. But it looks as if Venture now aspires to be a Respectable Family Magazine, as we cut to the tried-and-true ladies'zine ending. Who goofed it?

The Sturgeon Book-Review Section: Sturgeon's tastes and mine seem to run perpendicular: his & my goshwows and bleecchhs tend to agree almost exactly half the time and violently disagree the other half. This must be what makes him so delightfully unpredictable as an author, wherein he hits me solidly about 90% of the time. I'll bet this man could write a stock-market report to such effect that we'd read every word of it.

The Hamiltons run a pair of opposed-theme tales: Ed's rebels against the "poor exploited natives" theme and Leigh's controverts the lovable-US-and-horrible-THEM pitch. The latter carries more urgency and depth, but both good, as the Mister H makes a VERY good point at the ending, one that applies NOW. Hmm, I guess the Mrs' does too, if you've been reading the papers. Timely.

This zine's li'l symbol-character "Venchy"-- cigar-smoking, space-helmeted, be-stubbled, blaster-toting winged little cherub that he is-- HAW!!

F & S F, Nov (All Stories New): Knight's "A For Anything" makes the matter-duplicator out to be an even more explosive item than in GOSmith's "Pandora's Box": Society and Culture just pffft in a matter of days (personally, I feel that habit, inertia, and failure of comprehension of possibilities by most, would slow and mitigate the disintegrative process greatly; however, dk has done quite a job on his own view--- it's effective even if not always believable in its development.

"Negra Sum" (Davidson) deals with the Talisman and its effects on people. Doc Richardson outlines what we know and don't know about life on Mars. Allen Kim Lang, in "Ambassador's Return", puts the Slavic steelworkers' Joe Magarac legend tag onto a spaceborne computer designed as Ambassador to a planet not inhabitable by humans. There's a lot of niddering as to the possession/lack of souls by robots before we get the problem, but the solution is fitting.

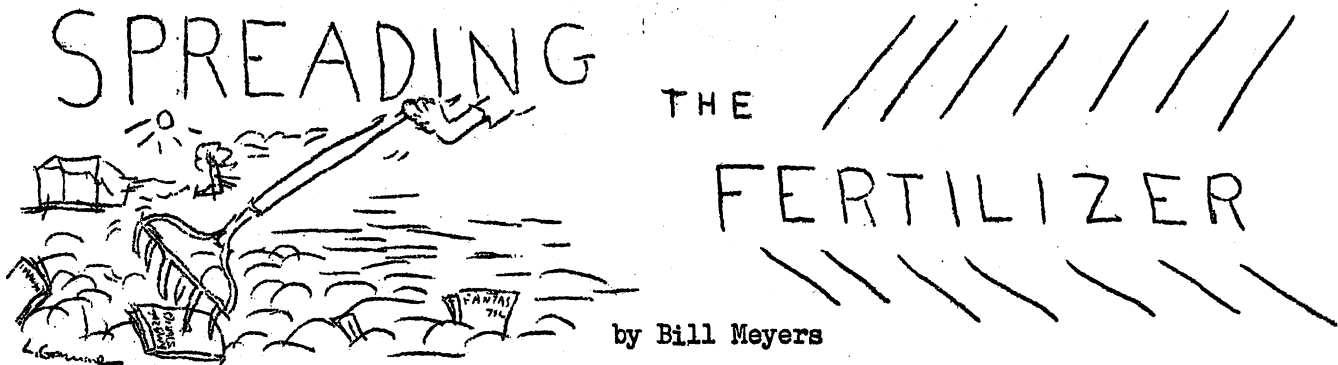
Colin Sturgis' "Conversion Factor" varies the future-baseball ploy, over-used in past years, by making it future football. The gimmick is certainly solid enough, but I don't see why Sturgis (or Boucher) bothered.///Dickson writes of an intelligence-virus, the motivation of a cat, and--- a tacked-on ending if ever I saw one./// Ray Russell's "Incommunicado" reports the flowering of some alien experiments whose preliminary aspects resulted in the Tower of Babel legend./// Rob't Young's "Report on the Sexual Behavior of Arcturus X" proves that sex can be the mainspring of an stf plot, given a good writer, rather than serving as a teasing side-dish in the Hacktion zines (and usually on the sadistic side, at that).///Poul Anderson's "The Long Remembering" is a moving look at the Cro-Magnon/Neanderthal crisis.///Jonathan Rosenbaum's one-page "Now and Then" says "So watch out, see?"

Good issue; wish there were more time for better coverage.

JERRY SOHL's "Time Dissolver" (Avon T-186, 35¢) is the best thing he's done, and is only remotely stf, which proves that the boy should go to mainstream and quit looking stupid in this specialized field. Seems that a fellow and his wife both wake up one bright 1957 day, remembering not one thing past 1946, which is well before they'd ever met. Their separate searches for their pasts are done with feeling, though not entirely with conviction; mostly it figures, but now and then one or the other does something for motives of the author's, only. The search, however, is more fascinating than the goal-when-reached. Liked this, but don't recommend it AS STF, particularly, but more as general reading.

Van Vogt's Clane series prior to the aSF serial "The Wizard of Linn" (aSF, Apr-June '50) has been rewritten and filled-out until the ACE "Empire of the Atom" presentation reads much more like a novel than I'd've imagined. The bare bones of the early Claudius-cum-Clane tales have been clothed with a much more connected story line, and it's all to the good. vV was hard put, though, to mock-up an "ending" that would cap the piece yet not close the door sequelwise.

The other side of ACE D-242 (35¢) is "Space Station #1" by Frank Belknap Long. After reading this, I'll have to look back 15 years or so in aSF to see if the writer has really slipped that badly, or if I just didn't know any better in, say, 1942. Starting with a hero who is stunned by the terrific shocks of mind-racking experiences such as seeing a girl go into the john and not come out again, this tale continues with gimmicks such as disguise-masks so ingenious as to mirror expressional changes of emotion not only by grimace but by paling and flushing, but which are attached to the wearer by multitudinous tiny hooks into the skin! When these masks are ripped off, everyone except the heroine bleeds from a line of littul punctures; she's different, somehow. The rest is just as bad, and I'm fresh out of space and time. Will try to do better, next.



IMAGINATIVE TALES, November, 1957: The "novel" is Edmond Hamilton's "The Ship from Infinity", a bit better than average when compared to the Dwight Swain-Alexander Blade-Ivar Jorgenson hackwork appearing in novel-length form as of late. Hamilton, as with Williams, although stereotyped action-adventure, still seems to have an aura of quality about him that makes his space opera fairly entertaining, tho no improvement in plot or scientific basis. I suppose it's just his good writing. No cliches in this one, particularly noted in the dialogue and narration which goes to show that Hamling at least knows when to edit and when not.

Another exceptional story for the Hamling line is "Truckstop" by Rog Phillips. Rog employs a very smooth method of writing which I like muchly. His plots could stand some work, tho. This one was written extremely well, the plot was about average, the ending definitely inferior in that there was actually no ending at all but only a bit of corny sentimentality wrapped around a pukish pun.

On the line of Tales' usual hackwork is "The Android Kill" by Alexander Blade involving a conspiracy on our innocent little androids by a pot-bellied dictator. And the hero triumphs once more...

Garrett's "Deathtrap Planet" runs along the same lines of Phillips' story since the plot is none too good but the writing is well done. The plot, if you have the courage to call it that, is lifted directly from the standard-run-of-the-mill "foreign intrigue" type of motion picture or teevee series. It's laid on a distant planet. That's as far as the stf goes. One thing I did like was the totally unique ending where the beautiful babe winds up detesting our swashbuckler. Ho ho.

"Get Off My Planet" has been worked and worked. Even the title is sickening, I've seen it so many times. The crafty little ball-of-fuzz aliens read the explorer's minds which eventually causes the exploration team to pack up and evacuate.

Last one is "Housemaid 103" with another fizzle ending. A bit of very light humor on the troubles of a future acting star who hates women although they idolize him.

And of course the rest of the rag is padded with the usual nonsense.

AMAZING, October, 1957: Shrieking with delight, I run to the nearest newsstand in town with an almost unbearably high degree of anticipation. There is a gleam in my eyes; my tongue is hanging out in drooling expectancy. Making a 45-degree bank I turn the corner and trot into the newsstand. I make my way through the pornographic section, the westerns, the mysteries, the exposés, the comic books, the color books, the birthday cards, the stockroom....and finally I come to the science fiction section! And there it is! I stumble to the rack, scarcely believing my eyes! This is what I've lived for! An actual, honest-to-ghu, gosharootie SPECIAL FLYING SAUCER ISSUE of AMAZING!!!!

If anyone has ever deserved the "honor" of the Ass of the Year award, Fairman does.

Let me quote some of this all-consumingly neauseating editorial to illustrate my point...

"Through the years, Amazing has earned the reputation of publishing the best science fiction in the field..." Ah yes, to be sure, Paul. How many Amazing Stories have been anthologized in the past 5 years? One? Or possibly two? I'd like to see one person

claim Amazing to publish the best science fiction in the field -- one not on the editorial staff of Z-D, over 21 years of age, and with a reasonable degree of intelligence.

"...with the flying saucer enigma usurping public interest, it seemed entirely pertinent that we look into the proposition..." Mainly because Rap seemed to be making more money than average on his flying saucer venture and you couldn't resist looking into such matters further.

"...we have given (the writers) a free hand, editing their copy with an eye only on grammatical errors as some of the boys don't spell very well." They don't spell very well? Sound like truly competent and intelligent people who know what they're talking about.

"...next month, Amazing Stories will be back to normal, 130 pages of the best in the field." 130 pages of the very best manure. But who wants manure? I'll take vanilla.

But to go on with the review of the flying saucer section which I actually forced myself to read:

Palmer goes through the same business in "Is the Government Hiding Saucer Facts" as he has in countless editorials of countless rags over the past decade. Oh, Rap, I've seen comic books do a better job of hysterical accusations.

Kenneth Arnold, with "The Saucers Patrol our Skies"....once more around on the merry-go-round...how many times have we seen this story printed, re-printed, re-re-printed, and re.....re-printed?

"The Aliens Are Among Us" by Gray Barker shows how absurd and idiotic the imaginative (but mainly publicity seeking) American public can get.

Ah, here's an illustrious fellow who's destined for Big Things...Richard Shaver relates "The Historical Aspect of the Saucers" with a condensed version of Atlantis, L Lamuria, huge underground caverns....in other words, the same old tripe that has been repeated countless times.

Oliver Ferrell offers the only sensible thing in the issue although not written well enough to be an axis of conversion to saucer-belief as was del Rey's splendid article in a past FU.

"Let's Get Down to Facts" by Mary Something-Or-Other is presumed to keep an open mind...fact is, it's too open; Mary takes 7 pages to tell us she has an open mind.

The Air Force story was a bit boring as the same jazz about weather balloons and temperature inversions is getting boring to read, although entirely plausible.

Last is a sermon by Reverend Neal Harvey who preaches to us about how we must trust each other and the Unknown and gets around to saucers in about the last half of the last page.

Ah, finished with the "factual" section.

The two stories this time most naturally had to be connected with saucers but Fairman pulled a boner with "If These Be Gods" by Gordon Javlyn. Particularly emphasized in the story is a flying saucer crackpot who has been around selling his own book which claims he's been to Lhuanna, the local yokel's name for Venus. This new writer spends a good deal of time on sketching in the background of his central characters and thus creates some better than average although rather shaky characterization. Actually, it's a steal from "The High and the Mighty" so to speak where the fatefully destined plane's passengers flash back and relive highlights of their lives. You know the routine. As soon as the saucers enter the picture, all plausibility of the story and respect for the author disappears. Too bad.

"Farewell to Glory" seems to have been written by Harlan Ellison; the sadism and brutality is so vivid. Now that I think of it, Ellis Hart prob'ly is a pseudonym for aforementioned writer. My goodness, but your writing is stereotyped, Harl. It, of cuss, involves saucers, too. Pfui on the plot. This review has taken enough space already, when the whole zine could be summed up in one word... Bah!

((editor's note: HEllison himself revealed Ellis Hart as one of his pseudos in our lettercol a few months ago.)))

FANTASTIC Science Fiction, October, 1957: E.K. Jarvis begins the issue with "The Moon Stealers", a jazzy little yarn relating the outcome of the human race plagued by an alien race which is plagued by an alien race which is plagued by a psychopath who is plagued by a psychopathic case of the urge for universal dominance which confuses me no end. Jarvis paints a picture of 3277 A.D. which seemed to me like a glamorized version of Hickey's Bar and Grille. I choked over this one.

James A Cox offers "A World Called Vicious" (typical Z-D title), another story of transportation to another dimension/time via lightning bolt, atomic bomb, one shot too many or somesuch. Cox surprisingly brings over an effective extra-dimensional mood that is lacking in the countless other stories of this type. Mood is created by the fact that he sketches more of an abstraction than a detailed portrait of the protagonists new surroundings. A very queer ending but I liked it. Exceptional Z-D.

"The Barbarian" by G.L. Vandenburg is a "Let's Give The Good Olde Aliens a Chance, huh fellows?" bit of trash. Another type which has been done an infinite number of times before. Big Shock last sentence was simply stuck on with the supposed purpose of a Big Shock, but no Big Shock did it get. Not from me.

Genevieve Haugen doesn't do too badly with "The Ugly Beauty". Concerns a world in the far reaches of space that has an entirely different conception of beauty. Ending is punk. Hm...now that I think of it, she doesn't do too well, either. Bah.

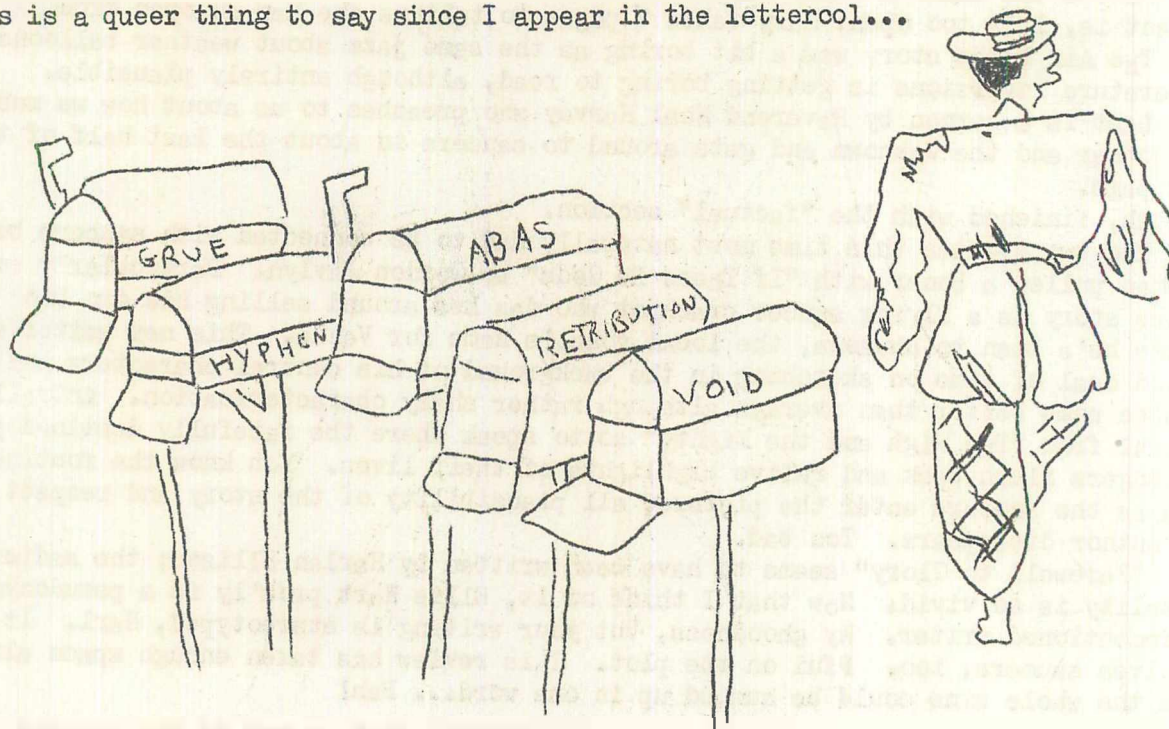
"Operation Graveyard" by Ivar Jorgenson would make a perfect screenplay, teleplay, radio play, stage play, wastecan filler and commode insulator. Not necessarily the plot, which seems more carefully worked out than the average supposed Z-D plot; the over overly dramatic dialogue that sickens me but would be just peachy in some sort of play.

Plays sicken me.

"March of the Yellow Death" by Ellis Hart (Harlan Ellison, most probably) begins very suspensefully. It had the makings of a nice novelette, but very soon dwindles down to a nauseating tidbit of trash that's so far-fetched I don't think I'll describe it. HAH!

Ellison's letter in the lettercol was enjoyed more than most of his stories. I'm glad to see that he realizes that most of his readers are juveniles who write faggheaded letters to Z-D.

This is a queer thing to say since I appear in the lettercol...



Rich

Is science fiction having an effect upon our future way of life? At Marshall Field and Company in Chicago, recently, was presented a Pageant of American life and customs which they named "America Unlimited".

Here was shown a preview of future American life together with a survey of the historic panorama of the nation's past. The latter are interesting and especially so when we compare what has been with the to-be.

Prophetic fashions and home furnishings for the year 2000 were specially created for the event by some of America's outstanding designers. Futuristic ideas were quite fantastic and would delight the soul of any science fiction fan. Sportswear designer John Weitz created a "space suit with helmet" (see illustration). American miracle fabrics were shown -- both for women's wear and household ones. Paper dresses which could not be distinguished from cloth and draperies for windows "that move with the sun".

Also were shown a 'watch of the future' and a newly developed facsimile machine which reproduces copy or pictures in seconds of time.

How many little minds sneer at prophecy, yet we see it on all sides by alert business men, artists who create for the future, yes, yes even our prosaic weatherman and of course science fiction writers. Lets open wide our doors to imagination and see what our individual members can dream up. Any ideas?

---Flora Jones



THE PARACHUTE HOOD

CRY OF THE READERS

(Conducted by Burnett R. Toskey)

WILLIS REPORTS ON WALLY

Dear FM & Elinor,

I thought I'd better warn you that there was a tall fair lanky fellow at the London Worldcon handing out copies of The Cry and trying to pass himself off as Wally Weber. I knew it couldn't be him because this guy was a sort of fannish genius and it's impossible that anyone so congenial could have existed in fandom all that time without me coming into contact with him. It might have been Robert Bloch wearing stilts or having his face lifted some other way, but I don't know. In any case you don't have to worry — he upheld the reputation of The Nameless Ones in no mean fashion. He was quiet and polite, but when he spoke what he said was worth hearing, and most of the time it was brilliantly funny. He fitted into our company right from the start with a firm but undeniable CLICK, especially during the historic session in the early morning of Monday with James White, Mal Ashworth, Bob Silverberg, Madeleine and me, when we laid the foundation of the new science of Sneerotics. This would take too long to explain here but it was a nova type fannish development and the first example of major international fannish mythology creation since 1952. The fun was tinged with sadness at the subconscious realization that this gestalt group would probably never meet again....oh, what we couldn't have done togetherbut even that added something. It was the highspot of the Convention for us and we only wish there had been time for your "Wally Weber" to come to Ireland. We miss him. Meeting him was one of the best things about the Convention.

Other things that happened: Well, South Gate got the 1958 nomination by acclamation. There were no opposing bids and the vote was a mere formality, though you wouldn't have thought so from the enthusiasm with which everyone raised their hands. SFTimes got the award for best fanzine, Hyphen lagging two votes behind. If Arthur Thomson, Chuck Harris, Mal Ashworth and myself had voted, and if some half a dozen others had voted for a regular fanzine instead of The Harp Stateside, the result might have been different, but I didn't care. I got out of making a speech. There was some little trouble about the hotel, which had changed hands just before the Convention and was being rebuilt...can this be what Madle meant when he said he was surprised the convention was so serious and constructive?... and some fringe-fan Americans checked out leaving the Committee to pay up a large bill. Admittedly it was a very secondrate hotel but the beds were clean and comfortable, food and drink were available all night, and there were no restrictions: What more do you need for a convention? There was no house detective, nothing was stolen, and there were no 'incidents'. The only real trouble was with the tv people, who turned up at 10pm to film the masquerade costumes and stayed until 5:45am fiddling with their equipment, and using up valuable space. They finally left as dawn was breaking to jeers and cheers and shouts of "weaklings" from convivial conventioners. The program was perhaps too 'fannish' for a Worldcon (And I don't mean the running gunfight between the Goon Detective Agency and the agent of Antigoon in the middle of the first day's session) but everyone seemed to have a good time. All the



American true fans made a very good impression, being one and all polite, intelligent and sympathetic, and after a few minutes we felt we'd known them all our lives, or at least wanted to.

But you'll have already heard most of this...I keep forgetting people can travel faster than airmail. On to the Cry. Pemberton and Meyers are interesting, but to me depressing in a way, and I'm afraid I'm inclined to skip. Most of the time they are writing about stories I know I'll probably never see, and it's rather like reading pornography to a eunuch. (I know this isn't technically correct, but you know what I mean.) Wally's minutes preserve the same improbably high standard. Someone should get out an anthology. To Marty Fleischman: the LIFE writer cannot have been thinking of quotecards, because they weren't invented until 1954, by Vin Clarke at the Supermancon. The postal quotecard was developed even later, by Damon Knight. The fanzine reviews were fine, and I was delighted to see one of The Enchanted Duplicator. A very pleasant surprise. Is this a trend, by the way? Just a week ago I had a postcard from Vernon McCain reading: "Just re-read TED. Marvelous. In accordance with the Boggs principle of belated egoboo, I thought I would let you know." Why, if this goes on fandom will get like one of those Jack Finney stories where the timestream breaks down and everything gets mixed up together. We can start writing letters of comment to Le Zombie and Von, and maybe they will re-incarnate themselves and all fandom will exist together in time as well as space. What a thought. Bill Meyers' story worries me. Does he mean his hero found out I had just joined NSF or that I had been a member. Because I was, once. Fortunately CONFIDENTIAL never found out. Anyway I never actually paid any money. He worries me again by suggesting that Wally Weber is Burnett Toskey. I am a sucker for hoaxes and am always being taken in by people pretending to be other people. I shall get my revenge on Bill by confessing that my mental picture of him is as a dear little old lady with steel-rimmed spectacles. I know his address doesn't really look like 'Cattanogga Sewing Circle', but that's the way my subconscious transcribes it. His remarks about Barbara Silverberg and the Carr/White argument were very funny...a Good Man, this Meyers...and so were your interpolations. So was George Spencer. He has a point about Gem's character analysis, but having just met the Silverbergs I think she was right on the ball there. I too felt that BobS was a Great Man, in some intrinsic way. I've been puzzling about this ever since because he has never said, done or written anything Great yet, and yet he obviously deserves Barbara. There seems to be something about your magazine that makes people in the letter section write above themselves. I shall keep writing in the hope it happens to me.

About the review of the White/Silverberg Ace Double (which incidentally is the first we've seen and keenly interesting) James and Bob were going to go to the Fancy Dress Ball tied back to back, but the plan broke down because they were unable to agree which of them should be upside down. There was no time to cable Wollheim.

Best,
Walt Willis
170 Upper N'Ards Rd
Belfast, N. Ireland

((Biz handed the letter to me to print in Cry so here she be. We all agree with your analysis of Wally — he clicks with any group of any kind. Meyers is certainly off the track when he accuses me of being Wally — as the photos on the next Cry will prove. The letters in the last issue were edited by Buzz, which probably accounts for the fact that the writers wrote above themselves. But now they are their own selves in this ish. Incidentally, I thought TED was great, also. — BRT))

ANOTHER SUCKER HAS TAKEN THE BAIT

Okay, 12 issues of CRY OF THE NAMELESS coming up.

I'd say you'd shamed me into it by your public invitation, but "shamed" is a nasty word. Let's say you blackmailed me.

Love Isaac Asimov

((Heh, heh. — BRT))

((Address pubbed last ish))

CHAMPION OF MERRITT

Dear Ones,

CRY's keep rolling into my mailbox with regrettable frequency. It seems that the letters back don't seem to roll out quite so often. But bighod, this time they... er, it, is going to. Besides, I didn't make the letcol of CRY 107. No letter. Sob.

Like RP, I can't bring myself to read the Cruddy Five, but just the same I get a big kick out of Meyers's revcoos. The boy wields a good knife. As the for title request ...well, let's see, besides plowing and digging, we have fertilizing...no; that's a little too raw, I guess. Besides, the analogy is no good. Well, how about something like "The Compost Heap", though. That might be all right.

Minutes hoemorous, as usual. More next time, what?

And Ghod, due to the ANcessation, stfzines about here have been sparse as Bloch articles in a neozine. Of course I don't buy all the ones that do appear...mabbe I should, but with five years (or six) of aSF to catch up on plus several feet of other stuff, I should buy mediocre stuff? Not enough room here now. But really, re the aSF, I didn't think anything was more than C+ outside of the Heinlein serial. Am I becoming an old faaan and tired?

And bigholly, yes. If I remember correctly, or at least as well as I can remember, GMCarr wasn't even there at the Nullcon Saturday nite when Alan E. Nourse made his appearance. I thot all the time she was talking about the next day, as tho he'd come back Sunday afternoon when I left. I seem to remember much of the conversation revolving about the Seat of Success, but not a goshwowboyoboy reached my ears the whole six or seven hours.

I've re-glanced at the LIFE article two or three times since it first appeared, while I was still the rankest of newcomers to stf (and fandom didn't enter for another three or four years). I can't recall reading it lately, but I do remember most of the things MAF mentions. As far as fandom goes, he's so right...to the outsider and/or neofan, fandom seems based on stf simply because most people become acquainted with fandom through the stf. I wonder what they think when they discover such as Raeburn.

Glad to hear Amelia liked my Nullcon reminiscences in BRILLIG; little to say otherwise as I'm mentioned only once. In a manner of speaking, I guess I accord with her.

Meyers' shortie -- hooah! His writing needs a lot of improvement and reads much too article-wise, but will do with the punchline.

CRY of the sufferers: Like I said in my previous letter, just HOW THE HELL DOES BOB COULSON KNOW THAT MERRITT WAS TRYING TO WRITE LITERATURE????? If somebody will please answer this for me, I can die happy, but until we come up with a taped interview with the unmistakable Merritt voice saying "Yes, I am a great Artist" I shall reiterate the above.

Now look. I like Merritt. Yes, I do, and I know he was a hack. So I like hacks, as I said lastletter-ish, so hate me. I happen to know that Coulson prefers folkmusic to jazz, which he calls "noise". No matter how strong my personal feeling here, I have to admit that Buck can prefer folkmusic to jazz if he wants to. And by the same token, I can like Merritt's writing -- pocr plotting and all -- if I want to. When we start carping at each others' personal tastes it's time to evaluate something or other and find out what's going on. You want to know why I like Merritt? (1) I have a very large vocabulary and thus his "meaningless long words" are not meaningless to me and contribute greatly to the effect; and (2) I like impressionistic music. If reason (2) seems unclear, think it over and you'll get the analogy sooner or later. I also like fantasy over stf; and it



all adds up to my liking Merritt. I don't care if anybody else likes him or not. Some fans like Elvis Presley and I consider Elvis crud. But I don't consider these fen mindless idiots for liking. Just grant me the same privilege, huh? Hell, I don't think most fmz are worthwhile if you want nothing but Higher Things to fill your life, but I read them anyway.

Bryer: I didn't say the critic shouldn't point out bad parts; I said that this wasn't enough! Okay?

Spencer: Bhoy, you were right. I noticed that myself when reading GMC's report; the chances she never missed to bring in irrelevant matter when a personal disagreement was involved.

Ghod, just think. In less than two weeks I shall be meeting Richard Brown. 'Tis a thot to make a hardened faaan like me blanch to the core. Which one of us will survive? T_une in next CRY for all the gory details, as only Rich (or possibly I) can give them. ID MEETS IDIOT. Heh.

Best

John Champion
Rt 2, Box 75B
Pendleton, Oregon

((I also liked your Nullcon writeup, and thought your description of me was very interesting, but — how could you possibly have such a vague memory of Elinor? I don't really think that anyone was trying to tell you that you should or should not like Merritt — everyone to his own taste, as you say yourself. BCoulson seemingly judges the merit of someone's work according to what he was trying to accomplish. Personally I don't care what they were trying to do, but judge a piece of work only on the basis of how much I enjoy it. I believe that this is more universally accepted anyway, for most of the great composers (Beethoven, Schubert) found themselves incapable of accomplishing what they wanted to, but this does not detract from their greatness. --- BRT))

IT'S ALL LARS, LARS I TELL YOU!

Dear Nameless Sorts:

Another Cry has arrived which I must comment on. Many times during the week I try to toss this perverter of trufannish thoughts into the wastebasket, but somehow an invisible hand stays my quivering arm. A spell has been cast on me which is so strong that my fingers are moving over the keys without volition.

The cover is not very well drawn true, but the cartoon of Weber is most true to life. It is amazing how you were able to capture that fiendish grin of his. Even the balloon above his head showing his innermost thoughts is pretty accurate.

Chokes and Gags is appreciated muchly in this section of Rural Americana. Now I know I am fully justified in not Bu_ying those type mags. Bill does a very good job on the col., and him a young sort too. Ghod. All these enterprising, brilliant, youngfen are giving an older (more stupid I suspect) fan such as I a tremendous inferiority complex.

SF Field Plowed Under. What more can I say about this. It's like getting up in the morning, (when one lives in Tibet) and calling Mt. Everest the most glorious thing in sight, each and every morning. Sort of gets monotonous after a while. The tendency after one thousand lauditory praises is to get up, wash the bad taste of the night, (sour martini's) out of one's mouth and say yeah, and let it go at that.

An Article about an Article has me curious. I am currently trying to find the issue in question by asking the city library. Right now I am waiting expectantly (pregnantly wouldn't be quite proper I think) for the phone to ring telling me they have/have not found the issue.



Digging the Fanzines. What can I say. She reviewed me. She gave me a good review! A great big schmoochy kiss for you Amelia. (lookout Ren. Watchit with that zap gun.)

Disastrous Tidings. Disastrous reading methinks. Yarrrrrrgh. The punch at the end was somewhat interesting, but it didn't justify all that wordage.

goodbye, goodbye, and goodbye

Lars Bourne

2436 1/2 Portland St

Eugene, Oregon

((I know what you mean about this Meyers bhoy deflating our egos. I'm wondering what will happen to SAPS when he gets going. -- look at the effect ~~xx~~ he's already had on me: no column this ish, not that anyone will miss it anyhow. Actually I've been so overburdened with work that I've been unable to do the reading involved. One of these days I'll get around to subbing to Brillig. --- BRT))

THERE IS NO ESCAPE FROM MEYERS

Dear Buz, Tosk, Wally, or whoever is lucky enough to get to this letter first:

Damn it but it takes CRY a long time to get here. If yall mail the CRYs on the first week-end of the month like you say, it takes about 15 days for the zine to arrive. Pfui. That's too long to wait. (The fact that CRY still comes every 30 days, tho, is immaterial.) I guess all zines take this long or more... 'tis just that I anticipate the coming of CRY more than any other zine. Mainly because you print my stuff. Which proves you are courageous and trustworthy as hardly any other zines have the intelligence to do so. Rejections, allatime rejections...I guess my goo is just "too hot to handle". At least this was the story before CRY came along. Now I just send all my trash to you...why take chances?

But to CRY...to CRY...

OOooo. Yellow paper. Repulsive. It sickens me because this yellow-orange paper reminds me of the paper on which our school newspaper of last year was printed. Yech. The worst rag I've ever read. All about how we should appreciate the services of the faculty, etc. The editor's throat was cut at the end of the year so now we have a decent peppuh. Professional printing facilities, too. The big change could be credited to the fact that I've changed schools.

Back to CRY...to CRY...

A beautiful H₀locaust cover besides the sickening paper. The best of pH yet. It looks as though he is doing much better on mimeo than on ditto.

If thish was edited by the B_usbys, howcum it's not all dittoed? The Busbys own the ditto and T_osk owns the mimeo. Right? (((No. -- BRT))) So wot's coming off? When the B_usbys leave for the Con, the whole zine is dittoed, when the B_usbys take over the zine, it's mimeoed.

Brown's portrait of me was, of course, completely wrong. I don't wear glasses.

Brown is really going strong on his artwork. With a good deal of honest effort, he may someday come up to L. Garcone....if he works hard. I doubt if he'll ever be as good as Es Adams, tho. Speaking of Es, his work was lousy, of cuss, but as usual, I loved it.

'Tseems to me that "John Swearingen" is a pseudonym! Surely "Swearingen" is not a real name! Ghu... Say, how about giving a list of the members of the Nameless? CRY is the Official Organ you know, and I'd kinda like to know who resides in Seattle besides the B_usbys, Carrs, Weber, Toskey, the Pembertons, Holoocaust, and Garcone. Everyone who's a fan, that is. You already have more than any town deserves to have. Why don't some of you move here to sort of even up the score? We could both print fanzines and blast each other. Great fun, gang.

I'm sure that Renfrew will go absolutely wild over the November FU in which about half of the issue is taken up by UFO and the like. Since Pemby is such a fan of flying saucers, he'll love it.

In commenting on SCIENCE FICTION ADVENTURES, R_en Made the remark, "Ivar Jorgenson's "Thunder Over Strahaven" is obviously by Bob rather than Paul. Bob and Paul who? Bob

Lowndes and Paul Fairman? Nah... Who then? (((Silverberg and Fairman --BRT)))

Marty Fleischman need not worry. No brickbats are intended. I would never have gotten around to writing an article on the LIFE article, anyway. I'm too lazy as well as mired down with other promises of material. I don't think I could have written much of a review of it, anyway, since it's sort of hard to write articles on articles; apparently so by the brevity of Marty's item. As for your remark about Sargeant's contending that all fen were science fiction collectors, Marty...you are right to a certain extent. There are numerous fen -- in fact, almost all top acti-fen and BNF's -- who do not bother with science fiction. Just remember that the article was written in '51 and from my tremendously versed knowledge on Science Fiction & Fandom, fen at that time did go for science fiction a lot more than they do now because of the Great Pulp and all. True, not everyone was a completist or serious collector, but most of Fandom did have a mutual like for science fiction.

I think.

Once more I enjoyed Amelia's fmz reviews. How odd.

Was the cartoon on page 12 per-chance somewhat analogous to the Busby-Meyers correspondence? 'Tseems to me that it fits the situation exactly. (((It's analogous if you say so...BRT)))

Say, that Disastrous Tidings was tre-tremendous! Who is this Villie Meyers, anyway? He's a terrific writer and will someday be one of our Classic Greats.

Feel flattered to have the privilege of printing his material. I'm his #1 Fan and I'm sure you've joined the ranks of his many admirers by now, also.

Somehow, Tosk, your reviews don't sound in the least delectable. Especially Eagle Man which was supposed to be, according to you, so frabjous. Sounds like a batch of dull unimaginative crap to me. I guess I'd just have to "read it to believe it", eh?

Although I searched through the pic of the convention in the '51 LIFE (Marty was kind enough to send a copy) I can't seem to locate Ike Asimov or any of the illustrious fen Marty mentioned. As for the fen Marty mentioned, this may be explained by the fact that I've never seen pictures of them before. I have seen Asimov before, tho, on the bacovers of his pbs. The only person I can find who has the slightest resemblance is seated in the upper left hand part of the picture with his right profile toward the camera. Could this be he? I don't recognize any of the others, but then I have not seen many pix of fen and even tho I might know some of the fen pictured in this foto, they've probably changed a bit over a period of six years.

No epistles from Champion or Adams this time! And #106 was definitely the best



yet, too! You should cut their subscription for life in return for such outrageous and blasphemous treatment against the Nameless Ones.

Marv Bryer sounds like he's mad at the world. He has a point in each of his blasts, tho. In fact, unarguable points. At least I can't seem to disagree with them, and this is quite novel as I usually disagree with everybody.

Lars seemed to have "Nameless" on the brain when writing his letter of comment 'cause he labeled my story a "Nameless Tragedy" instead of "Timeless". Better watch that, Lars... Or maybe it can be blamed on one of the Nameless Ones who is subconsciously conceited enough to make such a typo without even knowing it.

Reading over the comments on "Tragedy", I'd like you to please call attention to the fact that the three stories I have contributed thus far to CRY were written from 9 to 24 months ago and I wouldn't like for these stories to be classified as examples of my work. Might as well, tho, since on things like these, people will write in saying they like them, and yet on items which I sweat blood over, I'm swept away in a flood of destructive criticism.

May I revise my theories on the pseudonyms of the Nameless? Betcha won't print these 'cause you know they're all right: Renfrew Pemberton = F.M. Busby; Amelia Pemberton = Elinor Busby; Pierpont Holocaust = F.M. Busby; L. Garcone = Burnett R. Toskey; Squink Blog = Wally Weber; Nobby = Frank Carr.

Which ends comments on CRY.

Bill Meyers
4301 Shawnee Circle
Chattanooga 11, Tennessee

((I don't know how, but Bryer must esp you or something -- we have a pic of his which illustrated your latest story to a T! We may not use it this on account of the Conreport. "John Swearingen" is a real name. In the remote early days of the CRY, lists of members were published from time to time --- there were about 200 at the time. You forget about Otto Pfeifer, another Seattle acti-fan. My FA review didn't satisfy me, either. But truly, most who read "The Eagle Man" esteem it even more highly than I do --- it's hard to do justice to some stories. It's not so much the plot as it is the characterization, -- but I couldn't adequately describe the plot either. Your pseudonym rundown is not all correct. We admit nothing. --- BRT))

DE MUTH, FORSOOTH!

Dear Nameless Sirs,

Cry can't be a fanzine -- it's devoted largely to science fiction! I could barely stand it. Eight pages of prozine reviews is far too much -- esp since I didn't think very highly of the reviews. They were rather boring, I think.

The fanzine reviews were very good however -- much better than the aver fmz reviews. And for Amelia Pemberton's information, SIGBO is dittoed -- but high grade black masters are used. Thus many have even tho that the zine is lithoed. (Gads what egoboo!)

The story wasn't bad. But the memoriam on FA bored me -- although those Lefty Feep stories by Bloch sound interesting. I'm going to have to see if I can get hold of them, I've read some of Bloch's other humorous writing from around that period and I enjoyed it immensely. -- But then Bloch from any period is good.

Ho hum. In closing I'd just like to mention that the letters in the letter col needed better and more careful editing. Gads but many of them got boring in spots.

Sincerely
Jerry DeMuth
2344 Sheridan Rd
Evanston, Illinois

((Bloch's Lefty Feep series ran in FA from April 1942 on through 1943, with scattered stories beyond. Glad you like our prozine reviews so well. Also you will note, in the desire to keep from making your letter too boring, how well I edited this letter of yours. We're sending a replacement for your defective CRY. --- BRT)))

REFUGEE FROM THE PLAGUE

Deah Namelessesses

Thanks for the CRY one-oh-seven. I got an immense amount of pleasure from it. Rejoice!

The cover didn't do anything for me. It did even less for Pier Holocaust. And it did least of all for CRY.

Your contents page again gave me a large supply of yak. The whole happy bunch of you at Seattle remind me of the local Loyal Order I'm in. Ghad. Nobody around here puts in a good word for anyone else. All, of course, realize that Adams is the top bhoy, but it seems nobody is willing to say so, except one forward looker, a fellow who shows up sometimes while Adams isn't there, a fellow who wears a mask and black armor and calls himself the Outlaw of Torn. A Thinker, doubtless.



Mahgawd. After the slanderous intro on the art credits, it would seem that you would be glad to give me all the hell I'm due, but no, it seems, as I'm not blamed for the bit on page 30, which looks reasonably like a pic I annoyed you with a while back. (((Right you are -- sorry for the oversight --BRT))) Thanks. I full well appreciate your kind gesture.

Po' Bill Meyers. 'Twould seem that you pipples could've found it in your hearts to turn down this post of Chief Hacker of the Garbage to the lad, thus saving his mind from the slow rot which accompanies reading Z-D and Hamling at length. As for a title in keeping with the others, how about Dredging the Cesspool?

The minutes, as per usual, were hilarious. I'll have to drive up for a meeting someday to make sure the Faithful Secretary is recording in good faith the true happenings.

With Pemby I shall stop awhile and go into an intriguing report on MAD, HUMBUG, and TRUMP. First, I shall go back to CRY 99. Pemby here stated that he was for Gaines, "who blazed the trail and created the market, so now the wise money buys out his talent and doubles the price tag." First off, MAD was always a Kurtzman mag, with very little connection with Gaines, who only published it along with the rest of the EC mags. Gaines wrote some with Feldstein in the comics, but, so far as I know, never with Kurtzman. Gaines, of cuss, does deserve some credit, but I believe Kurtzman is the big thing in the trail blazing. Then Kurtzman wasn't quite bought out by the wise money since Kurtzman and Gaines split paths after MAD sales dipped to 350,000 and Kurtz demanded 51% of the stock. MAD isn't quite in the poor, sad position one might think after losing everybody with any talent for satire they had, since circulation is now well up over a half million, and, with plenty of money back around, no effort is being made to improve the humor or the art of the decadent MAD. I'm for Kurtzman, HUMBUG, and anything else he does. I've gotten fed up with the policy at MAD that circulation figures are proof of improvement. Ghad. Pemby's ideas in 107 seem to be looking more like mine.

So there!

THE VOICE OF THE GROUCH was interesting, but I wasn't sure how hard Gem was being blasted, and whether by anybody besides Busby.

Meyers' story thish didn't give me quite the yak I got out of his last one, but it was a lot better than most fanfiction, one reason being that it was shorter.

Gee. Asimov. That sort of thing in a lettercol always wins my awe.

Ghad. No wonder I can't make your lettercol this time. I don't have loud and definite ideas on the mastery/crudery of Merritt. This is, of course, because of my firm set policy of open-minded middle of the road-ness, my nature of wanting to agree with each and all. (((This attitude will get you nowhere! -- BRT)))

Mahgawd. This Meyers appears throughout, doesn't he? Hmm. I get a kick out of his letters, though. He's finally gotten used to you piddle enough to write pretty informally. (A shy lad, you know.) His letters a few ishes back were too stiff, like his early ones to me were, and what most of his letters in fanzines and prozines have been. Now the lad is beginning to be fun to read.

Ghu. I believe you piddle have a fetish for trying to make pro's sound like nice people. Now, tha's a hell of a thing to do. This issue has a nice word from the Buck on Ellison and a nice word from F.M. Busby on Tuckett, and something that may be a nice word for Ghod Blotch from Buz Busby. Is this Be Kind to Pros Millenium?

Somethin' botherin' me. Whence cometh: "We couldn't marry you anyway without the Queen's consent. -- Churchy"? I seem to remember a Churchy Churchmouse from somewhere in my distant past, but the remembrance is vague. (((Churchy la Femme, from POGO -- BRT)))

Hmph. Meyers says I'm the only fan he's ever met in person. Filthy lie. He's also met James Orville, formerly of Bell Buckle, Tennessee, and now living in Huntsville, Alabama, while awaiting publication of his first novel. (Incidentally, this should be a long wait.) Anyway, other than Orville, Meyers is the only trufan I've met, too. Quite a shaking experience, too. Ghu. You people must be warned not to let Meyers have too much room in CRY. He's plotting to take over. He also wants to take over SAPS. Then he wants to conquer the world. As a final stroke he is plotting to overcome N3F, setting himself up as its Leader. Please, I entreat you, do not let this fiend get any further in his evil plans!

Complimentarily closingly yours.

Es, Outlaw of Torn

Alias: The Adams

(((Meyers does indeed seem to be getting out of hand, but you notice we hold him down to letter and column this time, saving his story till next time. You seem well-informed on MAD etc. I, personally, wasn't present at the controversial GROWTH-time, but others (except for Gem, of course) who were there, agree with Buz. --- BRT)))

A NEW ATTACK ON BLISH&LOWNDES

Dear Toskey,

I'll address this to you since it was yourself who slapped my hand last time for making snide remarks anent Don Wilcox. Also you can see that I've dropped the postcard in favor of the letter. You've been so kind as to print whatever I've written, and finally you have stirred me to want to say a few things, some of them might be nice.

First off that is a damn fine cover, even if it does slight a helluva lot of fine fans who were at the Midwestcon, but then you don't tell me what to put on my covers, so I'll just sit here and appreciate what comes my way that I like. G'od but Ted White is the most professional looking of the lot; all of the pros look like goshwowboyohboy fans.

The repro, even the spirit part was far above average for the issues I've seen; this I liked since it made reading your own column a pleasure for a change. Incidentally I agree with most of what you say anent the old Amazing Stories, except that The Sheriff of Thorium Gulch wasn't alone in its standing, as I personally feel that at least half of the material published in this period was worthless. And the Breuer story was printed purely for sentimental reasons anyway.

To Mr. R. (A) W. Lawndes, no one argues that Merritt was an overblown pulp writer. But, isn't it a little late for a man such as Blish to be hiding him. Of course it's safer to pick on a man who is no longer capable of writing anything better. But that isn't my bone of contention. What gripes me is that the one writer who is exactly like Merritt, in style and content, should have the nerve to write a review that would be anything but good. Blish's stories, including the ones printed by R.A.W.L. are all examples of the very same thing he condemns in Merritt. Blish is guilty of padding, repetition, purple passages for their own sake, and just plain cloudy phrasing. His OKIE stories are the purest examples of this sort of thing. But....I liked Merritt,

and I like some of Blish. In fact his "Surface Tension" is the cleanest thing I can recall, and one of the best stories science fiction can lay claim to, past or present. It doesn't surprise me to see R.A.W.L. defending Blish, and not because he prints him either. Read some of R.A.W.L.'s editorials as an example of murky writing.

Now I feel better.

The Pembertons, and their alter egos were excellent as usual. Your own column fine. The rest of the mag so-so. I didn't read G.M. Carr's bit, as conreports mean so little unless you were there. Of course if you were there you don't bother either. You know, conreports are pretty useless no matter how you view it.

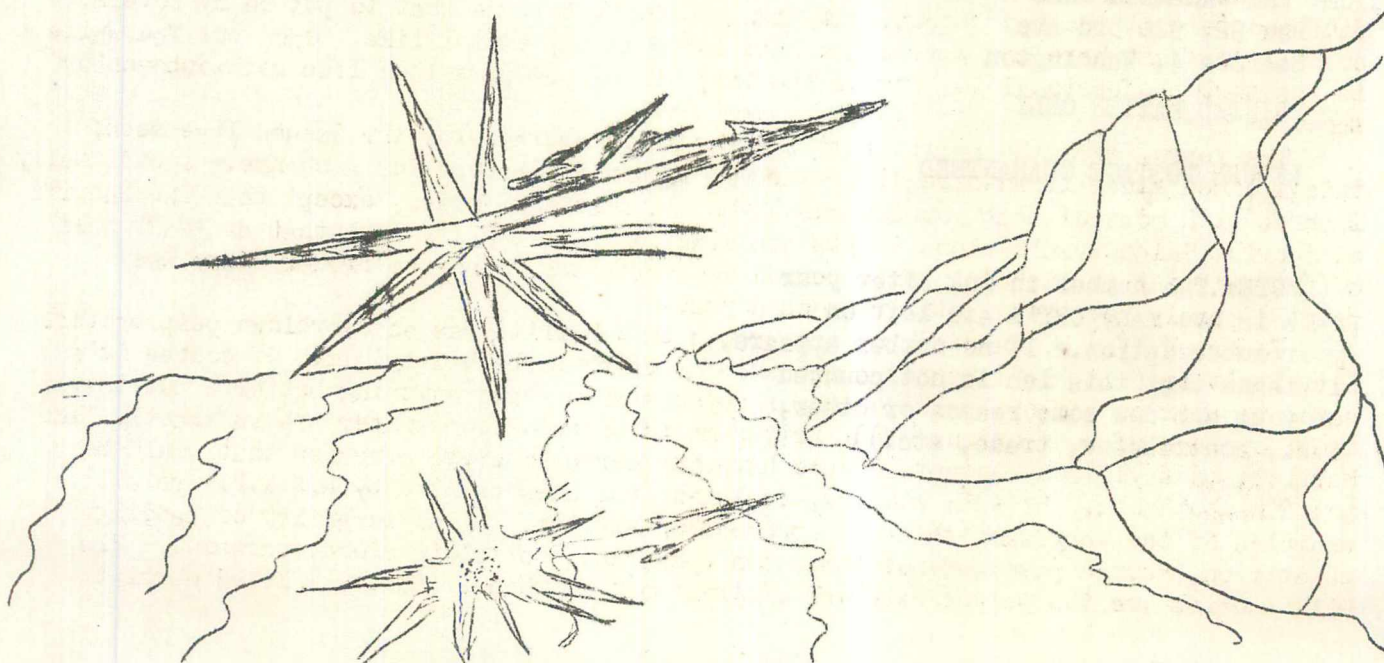
A damn good issue from front to back, top to bottom, side to side. Greatly enjoyed.

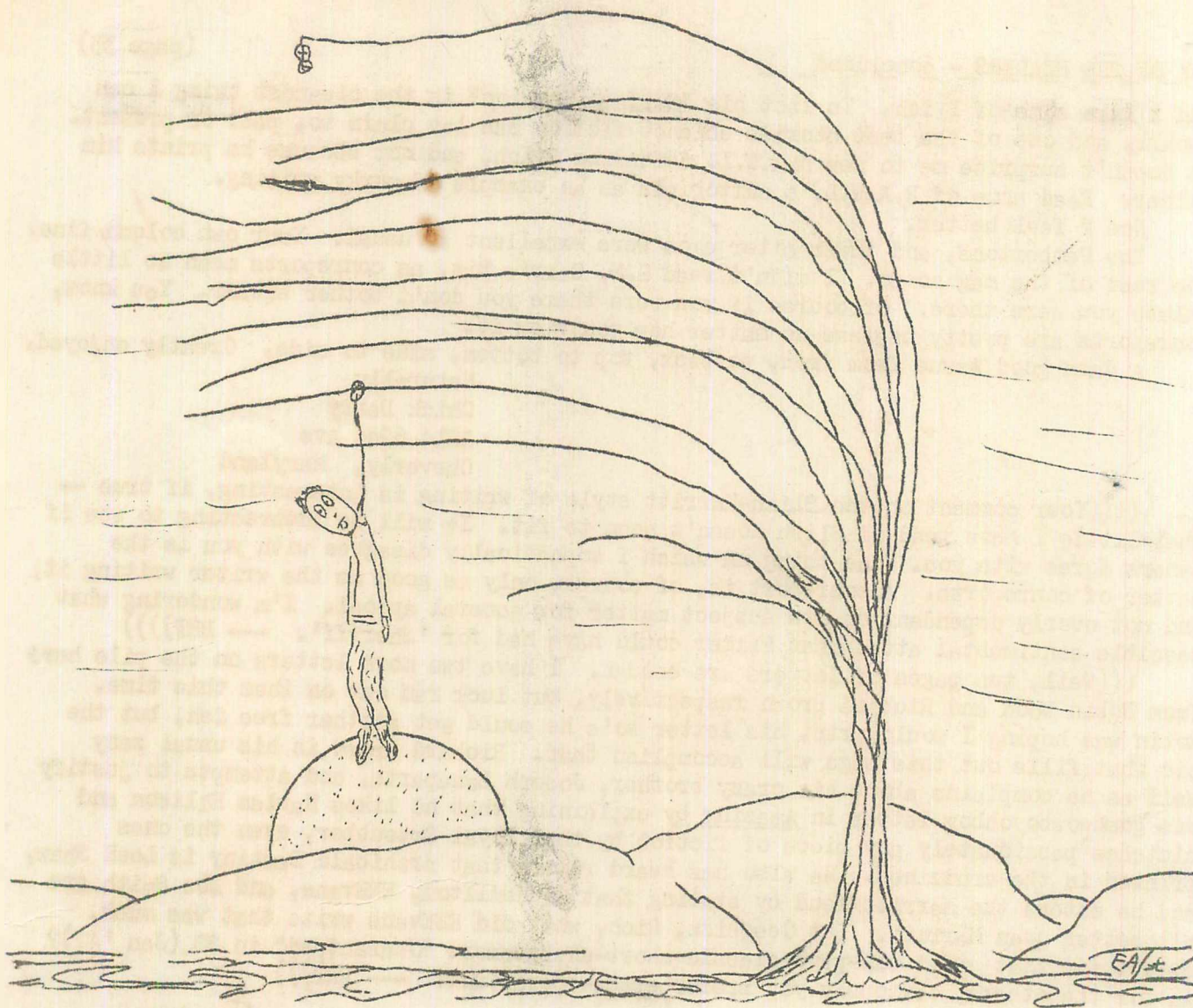
Naturally
Chick Derry
1814 62nd Ave
Cheverly, Maryland

(((Your comment on the Blish-Merriitt style of writing is interesting, if true -- what little I have read of Blish doesn't seem to fit. It will be interesting to see if others agree with you. One thing on which I emphatically disagree with you is the matter of conreports. A conreport is, of course, only as good as the writer writing it, and not overly dependent on its subject matter for general appeal. I'm wondering what possible sentimental attachment Palmer could have had for 'Sheriff'. --- BRT)))

(((Well, ten pages of letters are enough. I have two more letters on the pile here from Robin Wood and Richard Brown respectively, but luck ran out on them this time. Robin was hoping I would print his letter so's he could get another free ish, but the pic that fills out this page will accomplish that. Richard Brown is his usual zany self as he complains about his crazy brother, Joseph Bonaparte, and attempts to justify his goshwowboyohboy letter in Amazing by explaining that he likes Harlan Ellison and clutches passionately any piece of fiction by that loyal Crysubber, even the ones printed in the crudzines. He also has heard rumors that Archibald Destiny is LeeH Shaw, and he enters the Merriitt feud by stating that Ed Hamilton, EEEvans, and Doc Smith are all better than Merriitt. But Geewhizz, Rich, what did EEEvans write that was much, except for that great one-page classic short-shprt-short "Guaranteed" in SS (Jan '47)? As for the others, obviously you prefer space-opera, wot? --- BRT)))

RWood





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