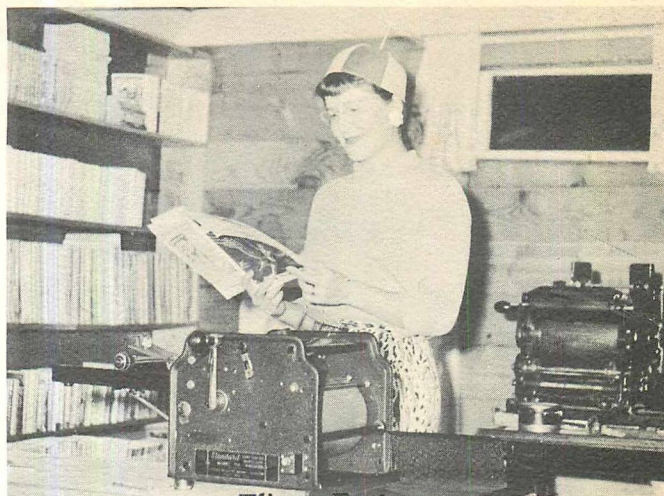




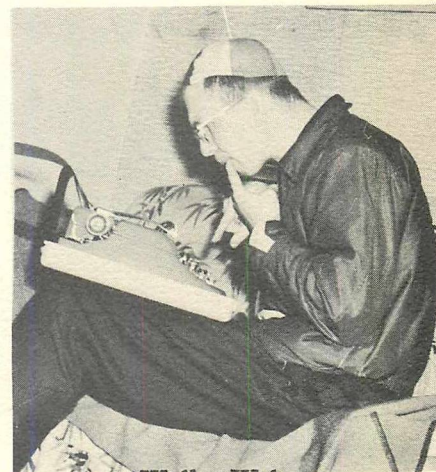
G. M. Carr
....and her collection



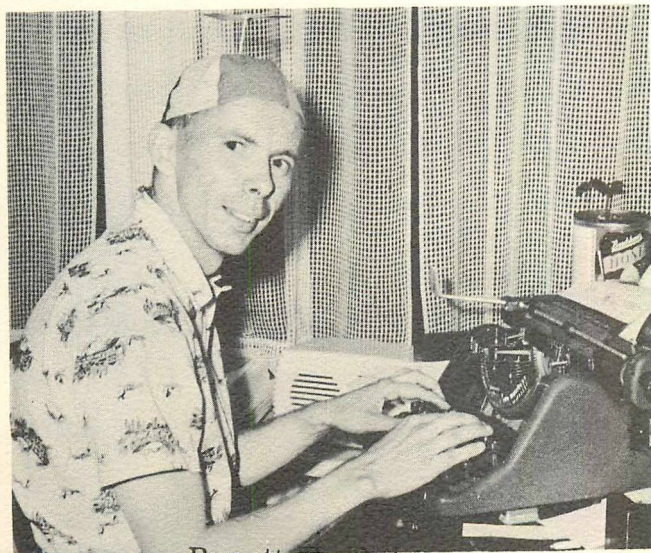
Elinor Busby
....in the *Fenden*



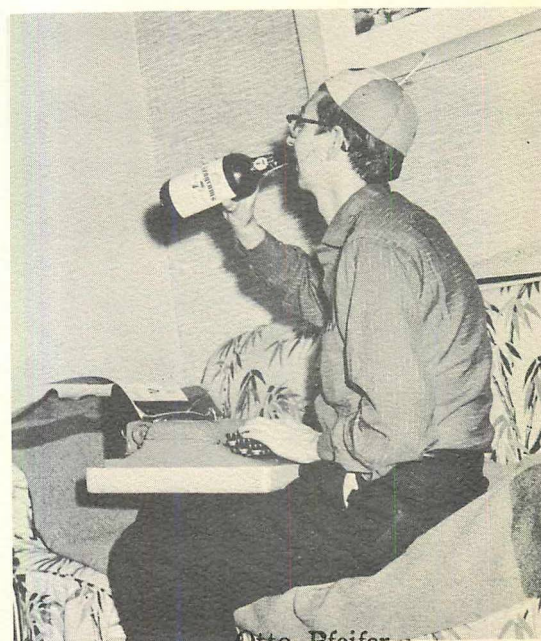
F. M. Busby
....and the *Standard*



Wally Weber
....at the typewriter



Burnett R. Foskey
....and his grapefruit trees



Otto Pfeifer
....and his best friend

CRY OF THE NAMELESS+++ #109+++ November 1957+++ Monthly+++ 10¢ ea, 12/\$1+++ page 3
----- Brickbats, bouquets, and MONEY to: Box 92, 920 1st Ave, Seattle 4, Wn.

Director of Publications WALLY WEBER got stuck with most of the work this time: Summer-Soldiering BURNETT R TOSKEY (usually Managing Editor) is barricaded into his apartment on the feeble excuse of studying/quarterly exams toward his Ph.D. It only goes to show what an undependable type this TOSKEY is-- he'll hang around parasitically doing most of the work for eleven months out of the year, until he has us thinking that he's indispensable; then all at once he gaffiates in favor of those trivial exams which at most could only blast his academic career-- ha! THEN the truth comes out. He IS indispensable. Well, next time we'll have that ~~valued~~ valued associate back into harness and the cinch drawn tight. (Toskey just phoned to plead that we do not expose his gafia; he claims that these are not mere quarterly exams, but the final written tests that determine his right to take "orals" before being allowed to write his thesis-- but we're not fooled; we Ph.D.'s know better than that, don't we? WE know that the Department heads just draw names out of a hat, to type onto the diplomas.) Editor (this issue) F M BUSBY brings you these little-known facts, gratis. (As you likely realize by now, the "Editor" of a given CRY is the joker who plunks out this CONTENTS PAGE and/or mauls the lettercolumnists; this month the latter assignment is WEBER'S. The "editorship" is purely nominal and should not in any way be equated with normal editorial duties such as the screening of material.)

"We Are Proud to Present" Dep't:

COVER (Pix of Seattle fans who happen to be in SAPS, and mostly are associated with the CRY more than a bit, from the camera of Wally Weber. Clarity of these, compared with those on #106, is impaired by the texture of paper used, but not too badly) . . . Front

"THIS PAGE SHALL BE NAMELESS" . . . This page

"The Science-Fiction Field Plowed Under", by Renfrew Pemberton . . . page 4

"Digging the Fanzines", by Amelia Pemberton . . . page 12

"MISSION ACCOMPLISHED", by P. Urkine Fardles ** Here we have an experiment:

a story submitted by a young author to the merciless scrutiny of discerning CRYreaders. What is your verdict, faithful hecklers? . . . page 14

"Spreading the Fertilizer", by Bill Meyers . . . page 22

"Cry of the Readers", a dep't devoted to the memory of A. Merritt . . . page 26

"MINUTES of the Meetings of the Nameless Ones of Seattle", by Wally Weber, are once again, regrettably, missing. We know that Wally attends these meetings, but apparently it takes stronger arm-twisting than ours and Toskey's to persuade him to record them for posterity. So get in there and twist.

ART DEBITS: Bourne, pp 27-28. NCO, p 33. PE, p 26. Rich Brown, p 30.
(Actually, our thanks to Lars Bourne, Norm Glsen, Pier Holocaust, and Rich Brown, but you readers have blasted our artists so consistently that we thought we might as well get into the act. Never underestimate the Power of the Reading Public.)

PREVIEW DEP't: Sneakily hiding behind an imagination-boggling cover by L
Garcone, CRY #110 continues our 3 review columns, /a BEMeyers story, and without doubt further plumbs the depths of Merritt (sorry, fellow-SAPS, no goose-necked fittings in this plumbing). For CRY #111, our 8th Annish, there's another photo-cover, complementing this one to some extent, plus shots of the Pembertons and gag shots of (and/or by) Holocaust and L the Garcone. Heaven only knows what will lie behind that cover; maybe we'll all say the hell with it and just print one big fat lettercol, that month, but I doubt we can break the habits. Still, Weber has always wanted to have a "mirror" issue, with all the stencils typed in reverse, so you never know (tho you might guess).

Along with our 10¢-12/\$1 service to the Keynes theory of Deficit Financing,
we inflict individual issues of the CRY onto contributors and traders.
There is no escaping the fact that CRY OF THE NAMELESS is a Fenden Publication.

---FMB

THE SCIENCE-FICTION FIELD PLOWED UNDER

by Renfrew Pemberton

SFS, Nov: Manly Banister's "Quest" concerns a robot-served Last Survivor and his galaxy-wide search for human companionship. Somehow I confused myself by assuming the hero to be the tag-end of our human race, and had difficulty switching to acceptance of the lad's landing on our own present-day Earth. The lack of mind-meeting here is likely more my fault than Manly's.

"Early Bird", Eric P Russell's lead novelet, marks the rather inevitable ending about as well as any treatment of the theme; the telegraphy is actually quite subtle, and I liked the underplayed little finale-kicker.

This is a'n exploration-of-space issue, and Agberg asks "Why?" (with the Emsh cover for emphasis). Turns out the answer is pretty basic; the living analogy in which that answer is couched, brings it home well.

The RAWLitorial continues discussion of stf-as-literature, the function of criticism, and etc., printing a letter from synergeticist Art Coulter (who believes that demon knight should be lanced by a competent surgeon). Two major traps-for-critics are cited: emotional involvement with the work at hand, and the lure of "showing-off" to the neglect of that material. From my own half-vast reviewing experience, avoidance of these two traps is a real problem.

DeVet's "Delay - Temporary" says a great deal less than did its prototype ("Delay in Transit" by F.L.Wallace) but would read well enough away from the accusing shadow of the earlier tale.

"Audition" (Rob't Arnett) considers the egotism of limited experience and its ups and downs when faced with judgment under new and unknown value-systems. I'm not sure the final twist was necessary or integral.

"The Heirs" by Irving Cox takes a more conventional and dead-end view of what is inherently the same problem as that of the above tale. Disappointing.

Oops-- missed Ron Smith's "Pursuit", a two-page job with impact and (this IS a "theme" issue at that, with Arnett, Cox, and Smith on one theme, Banister, Russell, and Silverberg at another, and de Vet trailing the latter three at a considerable distance) I forget what I was going to say before the parentheses set in. Well, I enjoyed all but two in here-- a good average.

INFINITY, Nov: "The General and the Axe" (Gordon R Dickson) takes up the interesting problem of the Will To Live, its Care and Cleaning among the few thousand survivors of a demolished Earth. The Colonies want to help, but--. In this case, the General's somewhat unpalatable final decision is with logic.

Elish's "Nor Iron Bars", chockfull of yummy, chewy ideas and some fairly good characterization for the ten-page length, comes apart at the finish: it's either an error in names at the final paragraphs, or else I just don't get the point. Maybe the necessary explanation was chopped out to make the layout fit.

"One-Way Journey", by Bob Silverberg, is a psychological little doozy that runs a lot deeper than the Action items Bob was specializing in for a while there. Seems to end a little inconclusively, but maybe any major further development would have required grafting-on a second plot-line, at that.

"The Skirmisher" (Budrys) takes a warning look at "accidents" and the kind of people who might help to arrange them. Nicely understated.

Allen K Lang offers "The Railhead at Kysyl Khoto", in which it appears that a space-happy girl engineer can do more for her pet enthusiasm by getting out of engineering and into Intelligence work. What with Sputnik and all, this is a timely item.

This seems like a good spot to go get another stencil.....

(Pemberton carries on with Infinity for Nov 57)

"FANFARE" is back-- this time it's "Reflections On Falling Over Backwards In a Swivel Chair" by Carlton J Fassbinder (T Bruce Yerke) from a 1944 "Fan Slants". Well, I guess it all depends on your point of view.

Dave Mason's "The Long Question" is actually more of a Short Answer, with application to the psychology of isolation and to the seamy side of current events. /// damon knight is with us for a few pages: the Dissecting-Needle is largely put away in this appearance; dk likes "Big Planet" better than might have been expected, clobbers "Green Odyssey" for reasons equally applicable to the Vance, enjoys the photomontage effects of "Eye in the Sky" while deploring some of the rationale. Hmm (Att'n,, Art Coulter) maybe dk has been lanced!!

Lee Gregor's "Formula For Murder" has an expanding-type plot-- a sort of rationalized-vanVogt way of developing, with a choice punchline. The blurbist appears to have lightly skimmed the early pages. This story is a far cry from the "sheer idea" piece by the same author in the first aSF I ever bought with cash money ("Heavy Planet" in the August '39 issue), but ideas are there, too.

INFINITY is now going to run serials, beginning with a Richard Wilson about a flying town. OK, just so the "monthly" appearance holds up.

"OCCAM'S RAZOR" by David Duncan (Ballantine #230, 35¢) is a well-phrased tale of e-d aliens at large on a guided-missile (island) base, marred somewhat by the feeling that some of the characters act as they do only under some vicious arm-twisting by the author, but salvaged for me by the rather brilliant little dissertations on the non-continuous time (which will irk the Actionfans) theme.

SFA, Dec: Two longs and three shorts this time; I prefer the "3-novel" layout, but an editor can't always assemble the lengths he'd prefer. First is Bob Silverberg's "Valley Beyond Time", of the deus-ex-machina school (or if you prefer, the Ill-Assembled Zoo) which allows characters to be drawn against a background of the author's choice, with no distractions. This one goes quite well until we pile up into a heap of inconsistencies apparently required by the title: if the entire incident was "outside of time" so that persons killed in the Valley are restored to life at the instant they were "taken" TO the Valley, then howcome (1) our hero bears scars from the experience, (2) the Watcher who originally snatched the group is not likewise restored, and (3) memories are retained??? I don't see a simple way out of these difficulties, as the "outside of time" gimmick is necessary in order for anybody to ever get home.

Cal Knox (Agberg's closest rival for SFA kudos) has "Earth Shall Live Again!", sequel to "Chalice of Death". (Whoever titled these must have had a solid background of reading PLANET.) The rather repulsive Kluga illoes do little or nothing for the story, and it could use a little help; with a fairly well set up rationale, the tale winds up with a short burst of indecisive and unconvincing action-- this business of leaving openings for sequels can get out of hand. Some good touches in the basic situation, but never worked out.

Richard Smith's "Moon Dust" is OK if you like Noble Sacrifice. Basil Wells' "Final Voyage" is noticeable for its unusual if far-fetched viewpoint. Harry Harrison's "Captain Bedlam" actually does present a new picture (situation, or what have you) with regard to space travel, and proceeds to top off with a surprising but logical kicker. ///SFA reads well despite a prevalent laxity of editorial discipline to plug some of the outstanding holes in the plots.

HUMBUG #4 appeared a couple of weeks late for a strict monthly schedule, around here. It could be too many trips to the drying well, but at least Kurzman is not reduced to inane emphasis on "What? Me Worry?" as is MAD.

(On around the Field, having beaten yet another typer into a Plowshare):

SATURN, Oct (#4): Here's another of those exasperating zines that will not Shape Up (become mainly good & readable) or Ship Out (descend unequivocally into the Cruddy Realm and get it over with). Frank Bellnap Long's "The Golden Calf" is a disjointed illogical presentation which might have been saved by a better ending (but "Holy Cow!"--- aarrgh!). Right after that, there's a "Fact" piece entitled "California Will Fall Into the Sea", by William F Drummond, Ph.D. This boy seems to be a Worthy Successor to Criswell, but this succession should end somewhere, and soon. Then there's Martin Pearson's latest version of his "Embassy" in a late 1943 aSF--- this time it's "Observation Platform", with nearly the exact same kicker as in the earlier work, if you take a close look. With Pearson, Watcher and Observed are relative terms--- but every time?? After fourteen years, a man should be able to think up another gimmick.

I'm not surprised that Heinlein's attempt at the strawberry-shortcake Bradbury pitch missed fire with the so-called Big Three-- "The Elephant Circuit" has its lovable points but appears to be experimental in tone. The surprising thing is that able craftsman Heinlein didn't slip this one out under a sleeper pseudonym. Possibly Saturn's acceptance was conditional upon use of the Big Name. The main trouble with the story is that neither Heinlein, his characters, nor his readers are of a naivete sufficient for the pitch to go over best. Bob isn't Ray, and the disguise doesn't convince.

"A Time Of Peace" is John Christopher's swipe at Nasty Modern Trends./// Alan Barclay's "The Hot Potato" displays a thorough knowledge of the more chickenshed side of intra-service political maneuverings. With a very mild steal from the "telepathic-fused bomb" story in aSF a few years ago, Barclay relates this incident from his "Jacko War" series with considerable vindictiveness toward rank-happy glory grabbers./// Jack Vance's "The House Lords" was a mite sabotaged by the illo--- the cat-picture tipped the mitt--- when will editors lay off the heavy-handed tip-off?? Not a bad story, either. /// Ellison's "Tiny Ally" is rather different, but too short to develop much potential.

Rob't Young's "Structural Defect" is a little too typical of a certain trend of tales (lovable human revolts against over-mechanized State) in Galaxy and/or IF, to mean much in its own right. No doubt Rob't put a lot of thought into this one, and it has its good points, but somewhere there's an end.

FUTURE #34: "Starobin" (Margaret St Clair) is a half-legendary explorer lost and now searched for by an Exploration Bureau stifled by lack of popular interest. The people and ideas uncovered by the search make the rather inconclusive point of the story; narration excels idea, which is mostly mood.

Gordon Dickson's "Cloak and Stagger" and Scott Nichols' "The Lonely Stars" carry out the theme ("It's the thought that counts-- not the shape") featured in the latter half of SFS this time. Dickson provides a difficult but workable solution, while Nichols substitutes a remorseful quest with no reason to feel the goof will not recur./// Dickson also has a couple of fine joyous gimmicks. But Nichols rates the purty blonds cover girl.

Silverberg's "Force of Mortality" has a solid premise but a question-begging solution: what good does it do for our hero to bury the Ghastly Secret under a pile of rubble when large methodical expeditions are admittedly to follow? Now if he'd chewed up the evidence and swallowed it---

"Last Meeting Place" (Scortia) handles the action and psychology of the upcoming barbarian leader who'd like to preserve rather than loot the dying empire. Very little, however, is solved for long./// The editorial covers some more predictive aspects of 1927 Amazings, with comments on displayed attitudes.

Bruce Tucker and Irving Cox present "The Professor From Pyjm", in which once again the human race doesn't Measure Up, and so....

"A Gun For Grandfather" is the first appearance of local fan F. M. Busby in the prozines. As the author is looking over my shoulder, I'll avoid a charge of prejudice by passing on with a mention that the title and first paragraph freely admit that this is another time-travel piece.

George Hahn's "The Round Peg" is a fun bit, marred only by the alien's being better at manipulating people, only because the tale comes out that way.

Don Bower's short article "Freedom-- a Discipline" likens stf to psychotherapy; this is a good wishful-thinking premise and I wish it were true but I am forced to think it really isn't. 'Twould be nice, though/////

SFQ (Nov) showed up about a month late, resulting in all three Lowndes-zines appearing in the same month this time. Again at approx 130pp, SFQ is by no means the slagheap of Columbia Publications; SFS, FUTURE, and SFQ maintain roughly similar levels over a period of time, possibly in the face of RAWL's intention to specialize amongst 'em (I dunno).

Banister's "Escape to Earth" is mostly a solid aliens-among-us story, but I never could stomach these hopeful-hopeless-romance endings. Just goes down crosswise, somehow.

"The Conduit" by Noel Loomis is hampered by Loomis' use of a "scientific gimmick" (high-voltage electricity) wherein his extrapolations are well behind the presently-developing textbooks, and do not jibe very well. This story, and apparently its author, are behind the times with regard to current scientific and engineering practice; this piece would have gone over just great in 1940.

Distinguished CRY-subscriber Asimov 2-pages the ubiquitous "Clock Paradox" of relativity. Unfortunately he leaves it exactly where he finds it, by failing to note that the supposedly decisive "meson experiment" is evaluated by observations from one end of the experiment, only. So the meson decays faster from our viewpoint-- how about from the viewpoint of an observer geared to the ol' meson?? The mathematics are double-ended (personally, I'd think it's a mere matter of vector rotation-- one man's time becomes the other's space, and vice versa-- this would fulfill the criterion that the observed data depends purely on the observer's frame of reference with respect to relative velocities). And I'm still waiting for a formulation of General Relativity (mit acceleration und downgeslowing) that will translate into my pre-graduate physics type of math; the Special Theory, with constant velocities, simply fails to cover.

Paul Janvier's "The Shadow Before" is a beautifully ghastly little bit of shocker; if this one is not anthologized, it's sheer prejudice.

Bertram Chandler's "A Matter of Taste" features one of the best story-within-a-story developments I've seen in some time-- but I can't get too enthusiastic over a tale with only one possible punchline from early in it.

Winterbotham's "East is East" isn't really as far East as all that; it's a short solid gimmick-piece.///Milt Lesser over-extrapolates the "Do It Your-Self" trend in his story of the same name; it reads fine but fails to convince on afterthought./// Bob Madle does a solid job of fanzine-reviewing and general fan-chat-- I got hurried and forgot to mention his column in FUTURE, which contains an enjoyable sketch of his fellow-fanz-reviewer, Bob Bloch, Good Man.

"Year 2018", by James Elish (Avon T-193, 35¢) is a novelized predecessor of his also-novelized Flying-City ("spindizzy") series. I haven't read the latter in collected and presumably corrected form, so can't compare.....

(poor Blish-- Pemberton had another stencil available)

"2018" combines 2 aSF novelets ("At Death's End" from early '54, and "Bridge" from an earlier year which I refuse to go out and look up at this time of night, but I'd guess 1950) with about another novelet's worth of new material to tie it all up. The method is fairly successful; I'm sure it makes a good suspenseful story for most readers. The only thing that killed it for me was my mistake of looking at the amount of unread pages and realizing that there was nearly that much reprint material not yet covered in the book, so that there couldn't be much more brand-new stuff yet to come. From this jaundiced viewpoint, I can't criticize and won't try; I think the most of you will enjoy this, especially if you haven't read 2/3 of it already as I had. There are some weird incongruities, especially in the "Death's End" sequences, but I doubt that these will louse the effect much.

I've read Heinlein's "Citizen of the Galaxy" complete in hard-covers thru the courtesy of Mark Walsted. The fair thing to do would be to go ahead and review Part 3 in the Nov aSF, I suppose, but I can't bring myself to mislead you that way: the first 2 installments and 5/6 of the 3rd are great fine stuff, but I am unutterably disgusted with the remainder as published by Scribner's (can't speak for the magazine version until Part 4 appears next month, but doubt it varies much). Certainly, this story was planned as a high-level juvenile, which is no surprise from RAH in recent years. But why, after passing the 2/3 mark with material of high interest and elaboration, he elected to sink to a rewrite of How to Control Corporations and Fight Red Tape (per "Gladiator-at-Law", with assists from "Gravy Planet" and "Preferred Risk" no less), I will never know. Many of you, perhaps, have read "The Swiss Family Robinson"-- at age 9, I was let down badly in the latter part of that book, by the utter devaluation of all the motives and efforts that had made the earlier parts of the book so enjoyable. The same holds here; who GIVES a damn whether Rudbek of Rudbek gains control (watered-down as it will be, compared to the clear-cut status of Thorby in the earlier stages) of his verschtunken riches?? And there's another "steal":— didn't it turn out that Presteign of Presteign was behind all the filthy-dirty trade which had clobbered poor ol' Gully Foyle? If Heinlein is actually plagiarizing to this extent, of his own free will and accord, let's look around for some new talent here and there. OK, I'm sorry if I gave away the gimmick to devoted aSF readers, but if it wasn't obvious at the end of Part 3, you're reading out of your class anyway. THIS ONE, citizens, frosts my potato. I cannot understand why a writer of Heinlein's stature and ability would climb down from the possibilities of this story as it stood before Thorby's return to Earth, to make such a routine pitch as that which wound up the tale.

Astounding, Nov: Well, we already covered the Heinlein installment-- the first 46pp were great and the last 9 presaged the Big Letdown./// Christopher Anvil's "The Gentle Earth" provides a hilarious solution to the grim problem of the Alien Invader's unexpected and misunderstood difficulties. There's corn in the kicker, but bearable./// Agberg's "Shrines of Earth" gives a fair answer to the old Chestnut Problem; fun, but little suspense./// Jack Williamson makes a report on a computer's evaluation of science-fiction-- rather fascinating.

Ed Wellen in "One Percent Inspiration" shows how a confirmed Earthlubber might solve some galactic problems, unwitting./// Sorry I'm so fashed on the RAH, but it thoroughly disgusts me when a potential "Story of the Year" poops out to such a sad degree. Likely, Heinlein will get some awards for this thing, but just take a good llook at it and see what you think.

Probably I'm outvoted, but I know what I like.

(Renfrew Your Host, continues)

IF, Dec: Bob (he's in ALL the rooms) Silverberg carries the lead with his short novel "And the Walls Came Tumbling Down". Here's an anti-utopia full of Unmarching Morons who make vigilante raids on folks who read or listen to non-popular music, menaced by Alien infiltration known only to a TV director who has mastered the art of Doublethink in order to live with himself. With any mention of other countries (let alone planets) considered subversive, how to alert the Great Gaffiated Public and is it worth it anyway?? Quite a deal, and a nice treatment on the kicker.

Rog Phillips' comeback is progressing very well; his "Captain Peabody" here explores the dilemma of coping with the Expert Bully, when the EB has set up a conditioned-reflex Indian-sign on you. When you're a ship's captain, and the bully shows up in your crew---. This is NOT the hackwork of Rog's earlier career, praise Allah.

"Eddie" (Frank Riley) is a computer that gives handy answers if only you knew the appropriate question to fit Eddie's answer. And then there's Security.

Yes, "Security", by Bryce Walton, who essays one of the most exaggerated Securiphobic tales in a long monotonous while. Oh sure, I'm entirely convinced that (for instance) reports have been classified up out of the reach of the writers thereof, and etc, but the type of stupidity delineated by Walton is not only going too far but in an improbable direction. I refuse to believe that this nominally-Puritan country would allow a clutch of project-imprisoned scientists to maintain a state of sodden drunkenness and continual fornication on the taxpayers' money--- this is purely wishful thinking or something. More likely the frustration of working with no adequate information would be heightened by barracks life spiced with libido-depressant pills. The ending would be better if the author had left himself any other way out of the beef.

McConnell's "Learning Theory", while familiar in theme, at least uses the "shock" ending to clinch his main point rather than for its own sake. Not bad.

"Routine Emergency" by David R Bunch, gives an alternate solution to the traffic-death problem. At that, it makes about as much sense as the National Safety Council's psychologically booby-trapped harping about "RECORD tolls".

The Mel Hunter cover is a likely bit of whimsey; too bad the interior verbiage doesn't have more of the same to leaven the downbeat outlook.

SATELLITE, Dec: The novel is "The Languages of Pao" by Jack Vance. Based on the Korzybskian assumption that the structure of language determines the (functional) behavior, and thus the culture, this tale combines some fascinating cultural constructs with some exceedingly routine action sequences. Both Pao and Breakness are delineated in such interesting fashion as to make the plotline a mere intrusion; and I do mean mere, aside from the workmanlike setup of the experimental language-groups on Pao. The ending is a compromise between a cliché-windup and the most likely result of foregoing factors--- chaos on Pao. I was enjoying this enough not to be too bothered by some rather foggy passages leading to the anticlimax, and the kicker is actually rather well-considered.

The shorts: Wells' "Sole Survivor" has very little point aside from the human-interest aspect./// "Forever Stenn" (Budrys) achieves the effect of unheeding inevitability for which the author seems to have pointed-- sort of a lobotomized "Old Man Mulligan" without background./// "The Unexpected" by Helen McCloy, is a more polished version of poor Bar Mikkelson confounding himself on the lecture platform; I dunno what it's supposed to prove, besides the arrogance and ignorance of Youth (and ssuuuurrrre, us young'n's are stoopid at times)./// "The Word Is Law", by John Odom, grazes the margin of religious-cliche stories, but narrowly misses. I miss the point of the story; of printing it, also.///

But then it's critical out, tonight. And I did enjoy the Vance (88 pages).

(Pemberton, in his blithe ignorance of the libel laws, Plows On)

FANTASTIC UNIVERSE for December was due to be turned over to Bill Meyers, but I'm not sure whether Bill has been taking his vitamins lately, and besides: two opinions are less one-sided than one, nicht wahr? All we're out to do is provide full-coverage of the stf field, so anytime Bill wants to take a cut at zines I'm also chipping away at, you'll get a more balanced view.

Alan Nourse's "Pear Trap" is by no means his most outstanding work— it seems to go an awfully long way around to a familiar conclusion. Quite a bit of this tale goes well, descriptively and with respect to a lot of the behavior. However, the continual lighting of the hero's eyes "in wild surmise" more or less, over one unannounced and unclued hypothesis after another, gets a little who-cares, after the boy Eureka's a number of brilliant ideas to discard them for their successors, with the reader never even getting a clue. And the heroine deteriorates from any realism from the first time her loyalties are called into question (before that she fits all right) until her true character is stretched on the washline. Either, the intermediate conclusions should have been spelled out here, or never mentioned at all.

Henry Slesar ("My Father, the Cat") and David C Knight ("The Love of Frank Nineteen", a folksy-sized "Helen O'Loy") do very little for the issue.

C.M.Kornbluth dissects Ivan T Saucerson, who retorts that he is, too, a SCIENTIST. "Civilian Saucer Intelligence" (to me, this title connotes that the public has all the brains of a mold-culture in a flat dish, but maybe it's only my fiendish talent for free-association) picks on "sky-quakes" to show that UFOs are cavorting around— because obviously the Air Farce wouldn't deny that its jets had been breaking windows; would it, now?? There's a mass of "data" to prove that the phenomena are greater than planes could cause and pre-date manned flight— I may be wrong (once again) but somehow I tend to doubt a lot of this stuff. Maybe it's the presentation.

Theodore Pratt's "Inside Stuff" (adapted from the author's 1926 one-act play) started with interest but lost it. /// DeCamp narrates (for real) of one Ignatius Donnelly, a Good Head, On-Backwards (an Atlantean Baconian Populist early stf writer). /// Basil Wells, Rob't Shea, Stephen Bond, and Ken Bulmer split 20 pages between them, with readable but non-commentable stories, mostly. Wells attempts profundity with medium success; Shea is rather choice; Bond is walking behind a host of predecessors, and Bulmer would be tops in a revived 1942 Amazing. /// I should have left this entirely to Bill, after all.

GALAXY, Dec: Novelets are Asimov's "Galley Slave" and Banks' "Payload". Asimov works the mother-lode of the positronic-robot theme yet a little deeper; Susan Calvin's explanation of the kicker in terms of the Three Laws wraps it up tidily (except that it is nearly impossible to make a fanatic understandable to anyone except his fellow-fanatic). /// Banks' "Payload" contains an interesting physical departure in space-flight, surrounded by singularly unbelievable characters: with Frank's belligerence and lousy marksmanship, it seems unlikely that he would have survived long enough to plague our hero, let alone invent anything.

The shorts: Tenn's "Sanctuary" is new in background, but its development reminds me exceedingly of another tale, possibly of the same title, a few years back in ASF. Some good twists, though. /// Leiber's "What's He Doing in There?" is a good light spoof in nice deadpan style.

"Carbon Copy" (novella) is Simak's latest version of the "Housing Shortage" and (his own) "Ring Around the Sun" theme. It's all well and good except for going altogether too far a journey for such a slight frail ending.

Ley discusses groundbound space training by such means as vacuum chambers and etc. (And did you notice that the "spacesuit" in the recent LIFE story did not have any recognizable pressure-adjusting joints?? How about it, L Sprague?)

(But, of course, parts of the Field have gnarly oaks and bleak tarns)

F & S F, Dec: Asimov's article on the effects of fallout to date and still to come from previous blasts ("I Feel it in My Bones") should serve as an incentive for someone to invent a Time Machine and go back and strangle Einstein and Oppenheimer in their cribs. My bone marrow could make do with Newtonian physics, I'm sure. Good for reading at midnight with a case of the D.T's.

"Stepping Stone" (novelet, Morrison & Pohl) follows a rather limp wilted plotline through to some interesting speculation on the inherent qualities of finger-your-neighbor systems for controlling the populace. The actual ending as chosen by the authors is but one of many equally possible choices.

Shirley Jackson's "The Missing Girl" has little or nothing to do with F &/or SF, as the editor cheerfully admits, but as he continues: it's too good to miss printing, and where else could it go?? For once I buy this pitch.

Shackley's "Holdout" is the best racial-spoof in some little time, though the explanatory gimmick pulls the stops out farther than nec'y, in my opinion. Well, there had to be a reason....

Beaumont discovers some good British horror films camouflaged under typical "Creature" titles, and fondly recalls Warloff, THE Monster of Frankenstein.

Cogswell's "Cabbage Patch" is too much of a (painstakingly polished) piece to allow description without betrayal; I'm not sure whether or not it's wholly successful, but I'm glad he tried it.

Poula's "Peacemongers", after keeping me fooled for a page or two about its political slant, upended the fellow who recently deplored a conformity (in stf) to the bleeding-heart Left, and finally presented a wackily-perfect solution to the problem of the "defense"-bolstered economy. Touche mit an accent mark.

"With Butter and Mustard" (Dickson) is a Bradburyish (again it's hard to get away from the blurb in discussing a piece) Marstale--- or would be in a World of If where Bradbury had a sense of humor. The kicker made this one, tho it could possibly have gone greater in another direction. Good, as is.

A.B.'s reviews have been a highspot of this zine for some time now.

Edmondson's "Renaissance" is one of the better short treatments of the post-atomic undoom theme. Any veteran will find Sergeant-Major Aalstrom a familiar type, hardly exaggerated at all. Hmm (sidelight), I deduce that the author is a ham rdop, among other excellences (TNX OM N CUL).

"Spud and Cochise" by Oliver LaFarge, is reprinted from "Forum" of 1935 vintage and is entirely suitable for F & SF of 1957. LaFarge knows his Indians, his Southwest, and his Fantasy. If you're looking for an example of magazine stf to defend as "literature" to the infidels, I suggest this. Also for fun.

Oops--- missed Asimov's one-page "Insert nob A in Hole B", which is at least two lines longer than its blurb. In this case, it's justified: explains how the story happened to be written. No other prozine material can claim to be from the same process. Yet.

You may have noticed that GALAXY got mighty short shrift this time around, while F & SF got the full treatment and perhaps a bit more. While this month's F & SF did top this month's GALAXY a bit (with me) that is not the reason for the disparity. Fact is, this department (unhappily for readability) is being done directly on-stencil. Last week I had GALAXY to review, about 20 vacant lines at the bottom of a stencil, and no idea whether F&SF would show by pubbing-time or not. Tonight I had F&SF and a complete blank stencil. It all depends on being in the right place at the right time. (F&SF still isn't on the stands, but we just renewed our sub.) Maybe I should start a campaign for advance review copies or something--- haven't tilted at any windmills for quite awhile.

Buy stf prozines--- Help Fight Editorial/Auctorial Poverty! --R. Pemberton

STELLAR #12. Ted E. White, 1014 N. Tuckahoe St., Falls Church, Va. 15¢, 2 for 25¢, 5 for 50¢.

Egad! Fifty-two pp. of beautiful QWERTYUIOPress reproduction, with a cover in six-color mimeo!

This is the last all fan-fiction issue of STELLAR. Ted didn't get the response & contributions he had hoped for. Henceforth STELLAR is to be much smaller & much more frequent, and will contain articles as well as fan-fiction.

STELLAR #12's fiction is all reprinted except for one story by Ron Parker. The best items were "The Bradbury Alice" by Dale R. Smith, "Baby is Fifty" by Gregg Calkins (which was reprinted in HYPHEN a while back, but warrants re-reading), and "Born into Fandom" by Cliff Gould.

As for the fanzine reviews -- well -- they were generally very good, and I still like "Franklin Ford" very much indeed. But I did find objectionable the slam at YANDRO inserted not too relevantly in the review of another zine: "colorless, nearly worthless fanzines, such as YANDRO, published by colorless drudges whose lack of personality and talent automatically robs their fanzines of worth and substance..." I thought this quite as gratuitous as Ford thought Chuck Harris' remarks to Rev. C. M. Moorhead in the last HYPHEN.

However, STELLAR is highly recommended.

YANDRO #56. September, 1957. Robert & Juanita Coulson, 105 Stitt St., Wabash, Indiana. 10¢, 12 for \$1.

Being naturally loathe to disagree with a genuine, certified BNF, after reading "Franklin Ford"'s comment on YANDRO I was forced to read the entire zine over again, from beginning to end, to make sure that I really do like it as much as I thought I did. I do. On mature, sober deliberation I am quite positive that YANDRO is one of my favorite zines.

And I must say that I do not find the Coulsons lacking in personality. Buck Coulson, in particular, comes thru very clearly. He is not obsessed with the need to be witty or sophisticated, and as he is apparently not particularly interested in jazz or sportscars it's understandable that he might seem a bit colorless to a person who did not read YANDRO regularly. He is a rather mature and sensible person who often gets off a good remark and (though I often disagree with him) I find him seldom if ever really fuggheaded or fatuous. The Coulson Personality Effect is like atomic radiation in that it is cumulative. YANDRO is unquestionably more interesting to those who read it regularly.

In this, Marion Zimmer Bradley's column -- this time about mythological backgrounds for fantasy -- was particularly good.

OOPSLA #22. September, 1957. Gregg Calkins, 1068 Third Avenue, Salt Lake City 3, Utah. 15¢, 2 for 25¢.

In this the editor announces that OOPS is to be smaller than previously and more frequent. It is to be 20pp, 15¢, and bimonthly; I approve heartily.

This contains the tale, reprinted from HYPHEN #12, of John Berry's "purchase" of Bob Shaw's typer; it's a preface to John's story of how he got the typer home ... very fine. Then there's a rather interesting column from Dean Grennell and a good the much too brief letter column.

All in all this is a very good zine -- well mimeod and interesting.

VARIOSO #15. October, 1957. John Magnus, Jr., 6 South Franklinton Rd., Baltimore 23, Maryland.

This is a rather pleasant 20pp zine, well mimeod, interestingly illoed, and, though sercon, readable.

First the editor distinguishes between entertainment that is an escape from life and entertainment that engages the whole personality -- like hobbies-- better, like science fiction. I should think that science-fiction fandom would be a better example than science fiction itself, no matter how fulfillingly one reads it -- however, John never quite makes this point.

Then John has an article on a story in a recent aSF and some movie reviews. To the perverted taste of Amelia Pemberton the very best thing in the issue was a letter from Jim Harmon, wherein he tells how he took off 70 lbs. and did 50 push-ups every morning so that he could beat people up and make them respect his intelligence. (But Jim! Couldn't we just respect your physique?)

SPECTRE #1. Fall, 1957. Bill Meyers, 4301 Shawnee Circle, Chattanooga 11, Tenn. 15¢, 8/\$1.

In this Guy Terwilleger gives (in an otherwise quite good article) some of the worst advice I have ever read: "In planning the first issue, you will no doubt have many items of your own that you can run to take up space. Don't do this! The readers don't like one person getting all the egoboo -- especially if it is the editor. Rather, you should write to some of the fen and ask them for material and artwork. This way you won't look like a complete egobooist..." Well -- I could hardly agree less. My feeling: if you can get first-rate stuff -- fine! Print it, by all means. But most people who write first-rate stuff have friends with stronger claims than yours, and probably zines of their own to feed. If you are going to publish crud you should publish your own crud and give your zine a distinctive flavor. Most fans' fan-writing is an acquired taste, but you'll never give your readers a chance to acquire a taste for your crud if you keep printing other people's. SPECTRE is a 46pp zine, and only 3 pp. of it are by the editor!

SPECTRE is too heavy on the fan fiction for my taste, and if Bill is successful in getting the horror-fantasy he is looking for I will like it much less. However, this has columns by George W. Fields and Ron Parker (Fields reviews some prozines, and both he and Parker review fanzines) and articles by Greg Benford and Kenneth Pearlman as well as Terwilleger.

INSIDE Science Fiction #52. October, 1957. Ron & Cindy Smith, Box 356, Times Square Station, New York 36, New York. 30¢, 4/\$1.

This features a 16pp. (half-page size) pastiche of aSF, called Resounding SCIENCE FICTION. It's pretty good -- layout & illos are particularly satisfactory -- but the joke is labored. A parody of dullness is apt to be a bit dull-- I greatly preferred the last issue's satire.

This also contains 14pp of book reviews, an article by James Gunn on the writing of science fiction, a not wholly satisfactory article by Bob Leman on conformity in science fiction, a story by Jeanne Davis and 12 pp on H. P. Lovecraft.

Well worth your 30¢.

For the younger fen:

VAMPIRE #1. Stony Barnes, Rt. 1, Box 1102, Grants Pass, Ore. Free.

MEADE #2. David M. McCarroll, 644 Avenue C, Boulder City, Nevada.

QUIRK #3. Larry Ginn, Box 81, R.2, & Johnny Holleman, Box 77, Choudrant, La. 10¢

=MISSION ACCOMPLISHED=

by P. Urkine Fardles

A tall slender young man in a smart red and grey uniform stepped quickly into the elevator. As the machine shot to the eighty-seventh floor he fingered his tie and fidgeted. To the elevator operator, Captain Jerry Shield looked like a very nervous young man. And so he was. A sector Captain received a personal summons to appear before the Supreme Commander of the entire Space Patrol for only two reasons, either for a special mission of high secrecy and importance, or for extremely serious disciplinary action. And only one special mission had been necessary since the close of the Great Wars five years before.

Shield was worried and puzzled. He had been mixed up in a little trouble in Marsport a few weeks ago, but nothing had come of it. He hoped. He turned down the corridor and pushed the announcer button before the only office on that floor.

A televisior flashed on beside the door, revealing a pretty secretary. Shield coughed and said, "Jerry Shield, Captain, Earth Sector, Space Patrol, reporting to the Commander."

The secretary smiled and replied, "Come in, Captain. The commander is expecting you."

A moment later the young Captain stood at stiff attention before the Supreme Commander of the United Systems Space Patrol. Commander Grayson was a small man with greying hair, a closely cropped mustache, and cold blue eyes. "At ease, Captain. You are not on the carpet. You're here to consider a proposition. Will you have a seat and a cigar? There now. I suppose you are curious to know the reason for a personal summons?"

"I am indeed, sir. Has something gone wrong? There hasn't been a crisis of any sort but once since the end of the Wars!"

"Quite right. Curious that you'd think of a crisis. The incident you speak of --- that affair of the pirates on Ganymede, I believe? --- could hardly be called a crisis. The Patrol made short work of them. But back to cases. I have a mission for you, which you may accept or reject, as you please. It will be dangerous, beyond doubt, and if you accept, you will be expendable. Since I am quite as mystified as you will be, I can't even give you the odds on your returning alive. It's a rum affair, all the way around."

Jerry Shield whistled softly. "Why do you pick me, sir?"

"You have a fine record, during the Wars and since, of exceptional intelligence, tenacity, and loyalty. You also have an unofficial reputation for taking chances. And you seem to like tight spots, judging from that little scrape in Marsport not long ago. That sounds to me like the man I want."

"Well, let's have it, sir. What is this mission?"

Grayson looked at him sharply. "Do you know the navigation formula for the Neptune-Jupiter-Pluto run?"

"Very well, sir. I ran that route for almost two years."

"You know it thoroughly?"

"Thoroughly, sir!"

Grayson chuckled. "I think not. You haven't been on that sector for nearly a year, have you?"

"No, sir."

"About nine months ago two professors from Marterran University presented us with a revised formula for navigation on that run, based on their most recent observations and computations. These men, Miramar, from Chicago, and Kion, from Marsport, were not noted in the field of space navigation, and the Patrol was not much interested until an unruly Lieutenant tried it on a run, and found that the new formula knocked about eighteen million miles off the trip! The Miramar-Kion Formula became the hottest thing in the Navigation office, and was kept secret except from the spacemen who used it. It has been used exclusively on the Pluto run for the past eight months, and has saved the

United Systems many many thousands of dollars worth of fuel and time. All this was very nice, and everybody was happy. Until the regular monthly freighter which left New York for Pluto fourteen days ago disappeared."

"Disappeared, sir?"

"Disappeared! Into thin air. Its radar communication, which had been almost continuous throughout the voyage, stopped abruptly. The ship was not sighted by Uranus at the expected time, and it never arrived at Pluto!"

"And it carried ----?"

"---two men and \$500,000 worth of fuel oil! Needless to say, two patrol craft were immediately dispatched from Uranus to trace it. They reached approximately the same point in space, and disappeared also. In exactly the same manner. No warning, no hint of approaching danger. Their radios went dead at the same time, and they never returned to Uranus. The shipping companies and the Space Patrol are worried, Shield. Aside from the fact that six crack spacemen and a valuable cargo are lost, this fouls up a very valuable navigation formula. If the solution isn't found before the time for the next monthly run, the Miramar-Kion Formula will go into the wastebasket, freight prices will go up again, and many people will be angry. Worse yet, it will represent a situation that the Space Patrol can't handle. Under our present system of policing, you realize how all-important our perfect-record prestige becomes."

"Yes, sir. It could open a regular Pandora's box of trouble if that prestige sags. But just what do you suspect, sir? Pirates?"

Grayson scowled. "I doubt it. We have the system so closely guarded that pirates are beaten before they start. Look at the Ganymede outfit! They didn't even get away with their first attempt. No, the only other solution that I can imagine is a space warp, and even that doesn't ring true to the circumstances. Well, Shield, that is your task. Pick your ship and copilot, and find out what happened to those ships. There's ten thousand dollars reward and two months vacation waiting for you if you accept and bring back the answer. You will find full briefs on the case in this packet. Will you accept the mission?"

Jerry Shield snapped to attention and saluted. He grinned as he replied. "Captain Shield just left, sir!"

Twenty-four hours later Jerry Shield sped out of the Earth's atmosphere in his own ship, the "Devil Doll". His copilot was an old friend of his, Tom Kinney, a Lieutenant from the Mars sector. He and Shield were discussing the problem as the Captain placed the ship on automatic along the Miramar-Kion formula.

"Just what is a space warp, Jerry? I've been in space a long time, and I've heard of them, but I figured they were just sea stories. Just how do they work?"

"Well, suppose your leather belt were a strip of space. In order to get from one end to the other, you would have to travel the entire length of the belt, right?"

"Right."

"O.K., now suppose you warped your belt around until the two ends touch. To get from one end to a point halfway along the belt you'd still have to travel half the length, but to get from one end to the other, you'd only need to travel through the two thicknesses of belt where they were touching. Say you could do that in half a minute. Then unwarped the belt, and you're at the far end, in no time flat. If a space ship runs into a large space warp, it could be transported clear out of the galaxy in a matter of seconds. Just whoosh! and they're gone! Certain conditions, unknown to us, will cause space to warp, just like that."

Tom scratched his head. "And you think those ships were caught in a space warp?"

"No, Tom, I do not."

Tom looked at Jerry in surprise. "But what then? What else could spirit away a five hundred ton freighter beyond a trace in open space? Or a couple of fast fighters, for that matter. Why not a space warp?"

"For one thing, when a ship approaches a space warp, its radio knocks out gradually, getting weaker and weaker until it's gone. And the controls start acting up long before the ship is caught. The pilot is warned, and can maneuver out of it, and the home port is on to the trouble from the way the radio acts. Furthermore, a space warp is a

momentary occurrence, in almost every case -- it's here one minute and gone the next. Two days elapsed between the disappearance of the freighter and the Patrol ships. And no indications were given by any of the ships of mechanical or radio failure of any kind, if you notice the briefs."

"So you rule our pirates and space warp in one breath. What does that leave to anticipate?"

Jerry shook his head. "Nothing. Absolutely nothing that I can think of. I know one thing for sure, though. If three ships vanish in thin air, they went someplace, and their disappearance was caused by someone or something. I aim to find out what!"

Full arrangements had been made for the trip. The ship was in constant radio contact with Patrol Stations on all the planets on the approach to the crucial area. As the trip progressed, the "Devil Doll" was sighted first by Mars, then by Neptune, and finally by Pluto. Nothing out of the ordinary had been noted on the way, and the two spacemen were ready for anything that came their way.

About 1400 the third day Tom woke Jerry excitedly. "Up and at 'em, Jerry! It's time to be on our toes. We're approaching the exact spot where the other ships disappeared, and if nothing happens we should be sighted by Uranus within an hour."

Both men crowded up to the scanner, and peered out into the blank, black void, colorless except for the countless brilliant stars visible and the dull grey body of Uranus dead ahead. Jerry studied the position map closely.

"You're right, Tom! We'll be at almost the exact location in a matter of minutes. At that time, either something will happen, or else we've missed the boat entirely. I rather think something will happen!"

And something did happen. Right then. The ship gave a powerful lurch, throwing both men to the floor. Jerry lay there for a moment stunned, and then drew himself up on one elbow. "Tom! Are you hurt?" No answer. Tom was out cold. And Jerry let him be where he was. Something was wrong with the ship. It was so still ---.

The ship was still and silent as a tomb.

Fantically, Jerry fell into the control seat. He opened the space drive valve wide. No response. He threw on the reverse valve. Still no reaction. He turned in alarm to the position indicator. The little red dot had disappeared.

Tom Kinney groaned and rolled over. Then he sat up as though he had been stung. "Jerry! What happened? I can't hear the space drive."

"It's dead! Something has killed all our power!"

The two men returned to the control seat. Tom snapped back the shutter on the scanner and let out a low whistle. "Now, where in blazes did that come from?"

"What?"

"Land! All sorts of it! Jerry, we nearly ran into a planet!"

"That's ridiculous. There isn't any planet here to run into. We weren't anywhere near a landfall a minute ago!"

"Well, brother, we are now! Take a look!"

It was so. They were about a mile off ground, hanging motionless over a planet so small that they could see its curvature at that height. Far below they could see men, many of them. And ever so slowly the ship was settling down to the earth below.

"Well, whoever they are, they must have gotten hold of a power-killer. I thought we had destroyed all of them after the Wars. The Martians were the only ones that had them, and they had only a few. And why didn't we see this place? We couldn't have hit a space warp -- I'd have known a quarter of an hour before we got into it. And there just ISN'T ANY PLANET HERE!"

The two men stood motionless before the scanner and tried to get a clear view of the men below. Were they Earthmen, Martians, or Venusians? They were the only civilized races in the systems that they knew of. And from the appearance of the city they were approaching, these people were civilized.

With a dull jolt the ship struck ground. Tom and Jerry saw several of the men come to attention at the approach of another in a bright yellow and blue tunic. This man, apparently an officer, was accompanied by two others in similar dress. All the men

carried weapons similar to the Earthmen's atom-blasts.

Tom broke the silence. "Well, at least we aren't unarmed. Shall we go out, or make a stand for it?"

Jerry withdrew his atom-blast, aimed it carefully at the bulkhead, and pulled the trigger. A dull click. He smiled dolefully at Tom and threw the gun on the floor. "The power-killer doesn't miss much. Looks to me like we take their terms for a while. Let's go!"

They opened the inner lock and stepped into the pressure chamber. Jerry checked the gauge, and it read off automatically, "Gravity, 30% norm; oxygen 5% below norm; pressure a trifle above norm. We should be all right. Adjust your gravity constant." He opened the outer lock and stepped out onto the ground.

The officer in the blue tunic stood about six yards from the ship, his atom-blast leveled. As the occupants of the ship stepped down to the ground, his expression changed from caution to disgust. He stepped forward a pace or so and spoke in strangely accented English, "So it's another ship from Earth. I might have known. Welcome to our home, Earthmen. I am Amal, Lieutenant, Imperial Guard, at your service." A smirk crossed his face as he casually slipped the gun into a side holster.

Jerry's face reddened with anger. "Captain Jerry Shield, of the United Systems Space Patrol, on a special mission from the office of the High Command. Any attempt on the part of anyone to detain me or prevent me from the accomplishment of my mission constitutes high treason, and is punishable by death. Here are my credentials for your inspection."

As Amal inspected the papers, Jerry tried to decide to what race the man belonged. He stood over six feet tall, and appeared anatomically similar to Earthmen, except for his light brown skin of remarkably fine texture, and his very large brown eyes. He had coal black hair, neatly combed, and rather large, perfect eyebrows; otherwise his body seemed free of hair.

Amal looked up from the credentials, folded them, and placed them in his tunic. With a smile on his lips, he said, "It grieves me that I must detain you, but I am under orders. We will spare no effort to make you comfortable. Your mission undoubtedly is concerned with the disappearance of three of your ships and their crews, so you could accomplish nothing by going any further. Shall we go?"

"Just a minute, Lieutenant. My mission deals entirely with the disappearance of those ships. You'd better tell me what you know about it, and tell me immediately. Where did they go, and how did they disappear?"

Amal smiled. "You should know, Captain. You've just done exactly the same thing yourself, you know! I am neither free nor inclined to do any explaining at this time. You will be escorted at this time before our Leader, who will question you and determine your disposition." His face was no longer smiling. "Not another word, Captain --- if you please!"

The Earthmen looked at each other uneasily, and followed the tall man. Through one large building they went, down a curving ramp, and into the building beyond. It was a beautiful, majestic building, smooth and pleasing curves replacing the harsh corners so familiar to the prisoners. They followed Amal into a large foyer and approached an immense door that swung silently open as they neared it. An old man stood in the room, with a young woman at his feet. Together they laughed at some bit of humor as the group of men from the ship entered.

The girl saw them first, and stood up, surprise on her face. Jerry Shield gasped inwardly; never in his life had he seen such a beautiful woman. Her large brown eyes looked directly into his and his mind whirled at the beauty of her face and the lithe attractiveness of her body. She smiled faintly and touched the old man's arm. "Father," she said, "we seem to have visitors."

"Your Excellency!" cried Amal. "Two more Earthmen have been landed this hour. I have brought them directly to you, according to my orders. The dark haired one is the leader, a Captain in their Space Patrol."

The old man turned to them, his face darkening with anger. He looked hard at the two Earthmen, and then cried in a bitter voice, "You people are most aggravatingly stubborn! How long will it be before you learn that you must not approach this part of

the heavens? I thought that two experiences would teach you, but no, you keep coming! I don't like this, Amal, I don't like it at all -- are you sure this was necessary?"

"Absolutely, sir. They were less than a minute away from the Shield when we cut them off. We could take no risk of their broadcasting -- "

"No, of course not." He turned back to Shield. "Captain, why have you come? I know about your new navigation formula-- for once I heartily curse progressive science-- but why have you come? Could you not realize that if three of your ships disappeared, yours would do just the same?"

Jerry Shield regarded the old man in silence for a few seconds. Then he said, "I was sent by the Supreme Commander of the United Systems space patrol to discover and return with the solution to a most puzzling occurrence-- the disappearance of three space vessels, apparently into thin air. I strongly suggest, sir, that you, whoever you may be, supply a suitable explanation or you shall receive much trouble, and quick punishment by the Space Patrol for your piracy!"

The Leader chuckled. "If you receive an explanation, it will only be to gratify your curiosity, as you cannot be allowed to return to your people. As for punitive measures, I fear we are quite outside the domain of your Space Patrol. Oh, don't worry, Captain, you will not be harmed. You will be given a complete mental reorganization to prepare you for a happy and useful life here with us. The men from the other ships are quite happy with us. I shall, for your sake, explain how the ships "vanished", and answer a few questions.

"This planet-- it is a planet, you know-- is unknown to you for a very simple reason: we wished it to remain unknown to you. By a complicated process of polarizing our outer atmosphere, we formed a simple screen which renders us invisible from the outside. Until a few weeks ago, we were contentedly unknown to the intelligent peoples in this corner of the galaxy. That is the way we intended to remain. Then, just twenty-three days ago, by your time computations, a space ship from your planet made its way steadily toward us until we were forced to bring it down. We used a simple power neutralizer to prevent the broadcasting of an alarm and to stop the ship, and made the two pilots quite comfortable with us here.

"We learned from them that the ship approached us because of a new navigation formula which fell directly across our orbit at this time of year. Naturally we took it for granted that the disappearance of one ship would discourage the further use of that formula, but the original ship was soon followed by two smaller ones, and then by you. You seem to be a stubborn lot, but perhaps now your ships will stop coming."

Jerry scowled in anger. "You don't understand Earthmen very well, I see. We are, above all, a fraternal race of people. If one of our numbers disappears, we want to know why. If I do not establish communications with Earth within a very short time, you will have the entire Space Patrol approaching your planet in battle formation. We number more ships than you could possibly keep on this planet. This, I think, is fair warning!"

The Leader sighed. "It is a pity. You see, we can see them, but they cannot see us. Our science and technology is comparatively far advanced. We are prepared to protect the secrecy of this planet's existence by any means, however drastic. And you, Captain, must not return to reveal this secret, I'm afraid. We must not be discovered by your people for many centuries yet-- if ever-- at any cost!"

"But why? What is so secret about an ordinary planet supporting men? You seem civilized; why will you kill innocent people to remain undiscovered by other civilized people?"

"Because you are not only a fraternal people, Captain. You are also a warring people. When warring people reach this planet, the ultimate destruction of the universe is close at hand. That is all you can know. Your audience is ended. Amal, escort your charges to their quarters. Their reconditioning will begin in the morning!" With this the ancient man turned to his beautiful daughter. "Llana, I am sorry to disturb you with this sordid affair. Run down to prepare for the dinner, and worry not about it." He turned and left the room.

Jerry's eye was caught by the girl-- a long, beautiful look-- and he felt his heart race as she smiled, slowly, a little sadly. Despair was replaced by a desire for action. He tapped Tom lightly on the wrist, and suddenly swung on Aral. A hard right threw the tall man on the floor. Jerry turned on one of the guards, as Tom laid the other out cold with a quick left. Three others ran up from the door and joined the fight. For a moment Jerry thought the impossible had happened and that they would get away, when suddenly, as a guard fell with a groan to the floor, Jerry felt a sharp prick behind the ear. The bottom seemed to fall out of everything, and blackness swirled up over his mind. All he could think of as he lost consciousness was a beautiful face with deep brown eyes and a sad smile---

When the men regained consciousness the sun was low on the horizon. They were on beds in a spacious suite, equipped with every modern convenience. A window revealed a large courtyard, bounded on the far side by the palace from which they had come. Behind this building they could see their ship, shining in the setting sun.

"What happened, Jerry?"

"Dope of some kind. Lord, am I stiff! Worked quickly, whatever it was. Let's see if we can get out of this place." A short investigation showed him what he expected; that they were prisoners in the room.

"Well, what do we do now, Jerry?"

"Wait, I guess. Wonder what this reconditioning they speak of is?"

"Some sort of psychological therapy designed to make us willing inhabitants of this place, it sounds like. I don't like it, Jerry. We've got to get back to Earth, or there is going to be much trouble. The Old Man will almost certainly try to attack with a large force if we don't show up pretty soon, and I think these boys can do just what they say-- annihilate a whole army if they're given the chance."

Tom was interrupted by a knock on the door. It opened, and a guard in blue and yellow uniform stepped inside with two trays. He set them on a table, glanced out into the hall, and closed the door quietly. He carefully removed his helmet to reveal flowing black hair--.

"Llana! What are you doing here?" Both men stood up. "Did your father send you?"

"No." She smiled. "I came by myself. I wanted to see if you were comfortable."

"Thanks," said Jerry, dryly. "We're as comfortable as prisoners can get."

"Perhaps I could help you there---."

Jerry turned sharply. "Do you mean that?"

"Of course I do. It would be very dangerous, but it could be done."

"First, answer some questions. How do you people speak English so well?"

"We learned it from our first visitors from Earth."

"In three weeks?"

"We have mechanical aids to learning. Our vocabulary is quite limited as yet."

"Well, that's very clear. Now, what's become of those first men to arrive here?"

"They are happy citizens here on this planet. They believe that they have always been here, and remember no other home. Our reconditioning system is very thorough."

"All right, now. Here's the sixty-four dollar question. What is the secret of this planet that must be so closely guarded?"

The girl's face clouded, and she looked at the floor. "I dare not tell you now. We might be caught, and your possession of the secret would prove most dangerous to you. After we are safely on our way to earth, I shall tell you."

"Well, we'll let it go at that. Now, how are-----WHAT WAS THAT?"

The girl regarded Jerry gravely. "That is my bargain, Captain Shield. If I help you to escape, you must take me back to Earth with you."

"But-- but how would we explain you? We couldn't possibly--."

"But you could! Oh, please, Jerry. It's so little to ask. This place is driving me mad. I've heard so much of Earth life from our astronomers, and I want so much to go there! And you must get back-- to warn your people not to send ships here. They will be murdered if you don't. Is it a bargain?"

Jerry's frown broke into a smile. "You're a smart one, Llana. You know very well that we have no choice. And it's not such a bad bargain, at that, eh Tom? Yes, indeed, if you get us into our ship and away from here, we will take you with us. You have my word!"

For almost an hour they discussed Llana's plan for escape. The sun was down when she left, and three hours later she returned with the keys to the prison house and three atom-blasters. Silently they stole down the corridor, out a window, and down an escape-way to the outside of the wall. As they approached the ship, gleaming dully in the starlight, they stopped and parted company. Tom and Llana headed straight for the ship while Jerry made for the control room on the other side of the field. He must disconnect the power neutralizer if they were even to hope to leave.

As he approached the control room he stopped. Two guards paced back and forth across the patio in front of the building. Jerry watched closely for several minutes, glancing frequently at his watch. One guard walked into the deep shadow of the wall near him for the space of about forty-five seconds. Jerry quickly took stock of himself. His boots would pass, his shirt would pass, but it would have to be a quick job--

Quickly and silently he moved into the path of the approaching guard: the man, suspecting nothing, walked right into his arms. A quick silent blow and Jerry began the quickest clothes change in his life. In slightly less than a minute he stalked out into the open patio, in the blue and yellow uniform of the guard, atom-blaster in the crook of his arm.

Slowly he walked toward the other guard. The man was alert; his eyes traveled the square before the door of the control room. Jerry's finger tightened on the trigger of the gun as they passed, without the exchange of a sound. Out of the corner of his eye Jerry watched the guard move away. He gave him twenty paces, and started for the control room door at a dead run.

He was almost to the door before the guard realized that something was wrong. In an instant a whistle was at his lips, and a long blast screamed into the darkness. Jerry took careful aim and pulled the trigger of his atom-blaster. As the guard fell Jerry stepped into the control room.

He had to move fast. The damage was done, and in a matter of seconds the field outside would be alive with guards. And this time they would shoot to kill. After a moment's difficulty adjusting his eyes to the almost total darkness, he spotted the control panel described by the girl. He was before it in an instant, and plipped three switches, jamming them down so that they could not be turned off again without difficulty. The power was on, and the ship could leave! He started for the door, and then stopped dead still.

Through the window he saw five guards, guns leveled for action, standing about ten yards from the control room door.

Jerry made his first shot good. The center man fell, his clothing and body seared. Jerry ducked to avoid the answering volley. Again he fired, but the guards began to scatter, and the shot went wild. They hit the ground in a fanned out position, and made poor targets. Desperate for time, Jerry exposed himself briefly, and caught an atom blast in the left shoulder. Agonizing pain shot through his body.

Two of the guards scooted quickly forward. They moved along the ground a few feet and burst into flame. Two direct hits, from the other side of the square! Tom was with him. As one of the guards turned in surprise, Jerry caught him full in the face with a ball of searing fire. The last guard, far to the right, rose and fled into the shadows.

Jerry grasped his left arm to keep it from swinging and made a dash across the square. He found Tom and Llana waiting in the shadows at the other side. Together they ran for the ship.

Jerry's pain was unbearable. He staggered into the open port first, and glancing back, saw the square fill with guards. One of them spotted the Earthmen and began firing wildly, but the blasts fell away from the hard steel hull as the man and girl clambered in.

With a last effort Jerry slammed the port. "Start her up, Tom, it's up to you now!" He groaned, and sank unconscious to the floor.

A few hours later, when the ship was well out of reach of the invisible planet, and his burn was cleaned and bandaged, Jerry lit a cigarette and turned to the girl. "OK, sister, we've kept our part of the bargain. Now you keep yours. What's the story?"

The girl sank down on a chair beside him. "It's a long story, and one that I don't know too well myself. You see, my people were perhaps the original space rovers. From a far distant sun they searched and explored the far corners of the galaxy. My people were peace loving. They had never fought wars-- they hardly even knew what wars were, yet everywhere they went they found people fighting one another. In search of a place free of hatred and war they found your solar system, with its ten planets, three of them inhabited by intelligent creatures very similar in form to themselves. Pledging themselves to no interference, they settled on the tiny planet far from your sun, and began observing you from there.

"In the course of years of observation they found that you, too, were warring peoples by nature. But they also made a great discovery about their own tiny planet. A discovery that must be defended at all costs from the hands of warring peoples.

"A few people colonized this planet and the invisible shield was erected against the time you people took to space. Since that discovery was made, four hundred years ago, we have guarded our secret well. You were the first to disturb us, for your formula, unfortunately, threw us directly into your navigation line for three months of the year."

"But what is this secret?"

"That tiny planet, Jerry, is the most important planet in the universe. All our mathematics and astronomy have proved our original conclusions. That tiny planet lies at the exact mathematical center of the galaxy. That tiny planet is the core of our universe!

"You can see the horrible danger involved. You can see that with a science slightly more advanced than your own at the present time, a warring nation could disrupt the entire galaxy. A slight jarring or explosion on that tiny planet could throw entire suns and solar systems into roaring havoc in the heavens; a warring planet could control the fate of any planet or sun within its limits. They would almost certainly overstep scientific boundaries sooner or later, and our entire universe would be thrown into chaos and destruction. Now you can understand why we had to protect our planet from all outsiders. And now you can understand why you must never reveal this secret when you return to Earth."

A week later Commander Grayson reread the investigation report of Captain Jerry Shield, Earth Sector, United Systems Space Patrol. The Patrol lounges were full of gossip, and it did seem strange that this handsome young man should come back from a secret mission with a burnt arm and a pretty girl, both, ostensibly, picked up during a stopover on Mars. Of course, no such stopover on Mars was recorded, but that was no more disturbing than the fact that half the airforce of the Space Patrol had been intercepted practically at the takeoff by Shield's ship returning. And the report, brief and unexplained, offered very clear recommendations: "Mission accomplished. Freighter to Pluto and subsequent searching fighters lost in a permanent malignant space warp close this side of Neptune, on the Miramar-Kion formula. Respectfully recommend abandonment of this formula during the months of August, September, and October of each year.

(Signed) Jerry Shield, Captain, U.S.S.P."

The Commander tapped his teeth with his pencil. Shield had risked his life, yet the report offered so little explanation-- With a movement of impatience the man reached for a telephone. "Inform all concerned hands with the following. The Miramar-Kion formula for navigation to Pluto will be abandoned during August, September, and October of each year, in favor of the old formula. Also prepare leave papers for Captain Shield, and enclose not only the check for his reward, but my personal congratulations on his honeymoon. That is all!"

He replaced the telephone and smiled to himself.

((THE END))

BY Bill Meyers

IMAGINATION, Dec 1957: A fair-to-middlin' painting makes for the cover this time, exceptional in that it doesn't have the "cheap pulp" look as have many previous Hamling rags. The cave-wall effect is notable, but comparing Malcolm Smith to an artist such as Kelly Freas would be analogous to comparing a Harley-Davidson to a Mercedes-Benz. They're both superior in their own right.

Edmond Hamilton appears once more with "Fugitive of the Stars"... an unusual Madge-type title with a breathtaking new plot; to quote Renfrew: "Overthrow the Dictator". Anyhoo, Sir Edmund's protagonist meets up with the inevitable babe, a charming sidekick, and a 9-foot muscle-man who makes incredibly intelligent statements like "ook-ook". Ah yes, the cold-blooded villain who submits to the hero in the end.

"The Fall of Archy House" by Tom W Harris is a fantastic little ^{whimsy} of 3-D characters who get out of hand. Too short and undeveloped even to know when to retch.

Rob't Randall tumbles from unparalleled feats with aSF, to Imagination, with a horribly simple and boring 6-page thing that, after finishing, caused me to return to the title-page once more to discover, incredibly, that Randall did turn out this tidbit of trash.

Bob Silverberg's "Rescue Mission" is a cute plotless little thing. As a matter of fact, it's endless, too... in that there was nothing to the ending and there is no end to this type of story. I'm sure more Silverberg regularity in the Big 3 rather than the Cruddy 5 would be appreciated ^{more} as well as pay off \$\$\$\$.

Frinstance, "Run of the Mill" in the July aSF.

For those who like poker, "House Operator" by S M Tenneshaw might prove interesting. Personally, I thought it was deadly dull.

Lastly, Garrett's "Satellite of Death" once more makes hack of the good olde alien-in-our-midst problem. Ghad... I can stomach poorly-written undeveloped episodes, but some originality is a must-- if only a dab.

Bott and Bloch are both given much more space in which to develop their columns thish. Of cuss, Bloch's proved particularly enjoyable, all about the MidwestCon, etc. By the way, he was unexplainedly cut off in midsentence after 8 pages. Nothing can be more nauseating than to be gliding along over a Bloch fan-column, and RIGHT in the middle of a sentence, turn the page to "BATTLE OUT OF TIME was good-- FLIGHT INTO THE UNKNOWN was also good-- I wish you'd do away with FANDORA'S BOX..." neo-neo tripe from the Dark Ages of lettercolumns!

AMAZING, Nov 1957: "Children of Chaos" by Ivar Jorgenson (reads like Fairman) deals with a handful of radiation-mutants who despise the normals for setting off so many bombs (the cause of their being in such shape) and in revenge plot to take over the world with bigger and better bombs. The yarn is told in a "Brooklynite-confidential" manner with pages of profanity-variations.

Ralph Burke's "Lunatic Planet" has to do with the uglier side of tepepathy, that of the revulsion of delving into the vile human subconscious. I like the theme, but the author's subconscious revolts me.

Bill Majeski's "Ready-Made Nightmare" is a "little-men" thing, even worse than the "little men who inhabit our gas mains" bit a few issues back. The plot is even harder to locate than the little men.... I never found it, by the way.

Attention all Eagle-Man fans: "The Lady Had Wings" is a clever variation by Darius John Granger... Eagle-WOMEN: this villain plots to steal the eagle-women's idol. Muscular courageous hero suddenly decides that swiping the babes' golden idol is a nasty trick (after a siege of persuasion by a nude eagle-woman who, of course, proves to be our heroine). The 3 feature characters converge on the idol and the inevitable death-battle takes place. Yes, indeed.

Another even more exciting new theme ("Pitch Out" by Kenneth Spaulding): protagonist stumbles onto a means for travelling to a parallel-plane, in a musty hole in Grand Central Station (one of those inconspicuous secluded places, you know?). Be that as it may, the "plot" revolves around the World Series and behind-the-scenes dirty work by ball-club owners, utilizing said means of transportation to a world-of-if. I found it quite dull, even though the hero manages to travel some 50 blocks of Noo Yawk proper at 70mph, with a $\frac{1}{8}$ -inch gash in his head. Anyone who lives in NYC can see the humor behind this.

"The Forgetful Celibate" by E K Jarvis concerns a marooned spaceman, a whole rack of canned women, and the absence of the proper type of can-opener; thrill'g.

Hopscotching the mag for fuggheads... Ray Palmer fulfills all our hearts' desires with a complete checklist of UFO books... the Space Club is snowballing in popularity... we have a new bookreviewer who reviews in a frightfully dull manner... and a fair lettercol, an improvement from the usual "cruddy" since there's some sort of controversy concerning fanletters to prozines. Though the opinions of the fellow under fire are worthy of agreement, it's apparent he's a snot, so I remain neutral.

FANTASTIC, Nov 1957: The 2 stories I liked most dealt with logic and psychology: "World of Traitors" by Rog Phillips, & "The Cosmic Trap" by Gerald Vance. Rog's is a neatly worked idea which very simply stalemates 2 opposing powers-- obviously he had present "Powers" in mind, thus his very minor secondary plot concerning Earth "50 lightyears away" doesn't seem to mix too well with the story proper. The fine Finlay illo doesn't illustrate any specific portion of the story, but what the hell-- it's Finlay.

Thutther fairly entertaining yarn is a rather amateurish dip into psychology and human nature but still refreshing after so much Z-D crud. It's a spatial variation of the "marooned triangle"-- 2 men and a woman stranded in a spaceship for five years at the very least. Instead of employing the "share and share alike" method (it seems more sensible to me than trying to cut the other fellow's throat, but I'm unmarried so this is only theoretical), the characters raise great complications, sparked mainly by the husband's jealousy. Tsk.. too bad this theme could not have been exploited with the all of them single. Anyhoo, the lengthy editorial notes (undoubtedly by the author himself, as they were quite entertaining and amusing to me, and Fairman is never entertaining and amusing) were the real meat of the thing, in my opinion. Hilarious bits about the nearby crew of psychologists, etc.

The cover story is "The Wife Factory" by Clyde Mitchell, a Dream Worlds thing about creating women from thin air. Throws science to the birds of course but the author seems to get a huge kick out of writing the thing. Wish I could say the same about reading it.

E K Jarvis' "Call Her Satan" (one of those original titles) is the olde hero/heroine/villain thing. Set in Conan-type surroundings, but naturally it's far from Conan. 15 pages of hack.

You know, I don't like E K Jarvis' writing at all.

Another overworked theme is in "Tool of the Gods" by Lawrence Chandler... only a few fertile men are left in the world and (of cuss) they make the most of it. Time comes when their importance begins to diminish, and that doesn't sit too well with them.

G.L.Vandenburg's "Who Stole Carnegie Hall?" has a little old alien who plays a fiddle and makes off with guess-what after causing great complication. I think I'll go all-out with my review of this one, and say IT STINKS.

Hmmm... what's left? Puzzles, interesting little facts that none of us can do without, more boring book reviews, and a dead lettercol.

Sickening Valigursky cover, too. Wow.

OTHER WORLDS, Oct 1957: An honest-to-God cover painting! No stfilm cuts, no "Palmer paintings"-- an actual well-produced cover. Will wonders never cease. The blue field backing up the painting lends to the general attractiveness.

The editorial this is (unknowingly, I presume) taken over by Harry Warner, with a reprint of his SEP #6 article "The Catlike Dinosaur". RAP endorsed it with overly-thick sarcasm, which sickened me.

Alexander Blade's "Blacksheep's Angel" is similar to Shaver's "Quest of Brail" in the July issue, in that both of them set me off and running to the nearest safe place to throw up. I can't very well sketch in any sort of idea of the plot, since I don't think there is one.

"Colfilm" by William Gray is also lacking in plot and development. At least in this one the author chose to tell the reader what was coming off, but what was coming off was very, very uninteresting.

"The Heart's Long Wait" by Chas Fontenay was the only one of the four pieces of fiction which I enjoyed. It reminded me somewhat of Asimov's "I'm in Marsport Without Hilda" (November Venture), except that here the protagonist is just leaving instead of arriving. More sentimentality here and more detective-type jazz in Asimov's, but they both carry on the same type intriguing bits of sex.

Speaking of Fontenay, I was in Nashville last weekend and just for kicks decided to look up his name in the phonebook. Actually I didn't think I'd find it (I have an impression of authors as sunglasses-&-sportshirt-type fellows luxuriating by the backyard swimming-pool sipping a mint-julop, their names omitted from the phonebook for fear of annoying calls from the rabble), but there it was... Charles L Fontenay! I was so shocked by finding it there that I didn't even call him, but ran back home shrieking.

"Pillars of Delight" by Stan Rayecraft was the worst of all in OW. This one tries to take in so many fantastic concepts that it just doesn't give the poor old sense of wonder a chance. This type of story continually gripes me: it's a plot composed of many plots and yet only a very minor one is solved. Here, for instance: a man's ship is wrecked; it explodes. In the ocean, surrounded by sharks, he somehow makes his way to a desert island with an arm chewed off and bleeding to death--- and is attacked by cannibals. He has no weapon and they have spears. BUT SUDDENLY HE DISCOVERS THAT HE HAS A POCKETKNIFE! and the story ends.

Guy Terwilliger's fan-column finally sees print and is fairly well done. No objections have I at the moment, but with such an opportunity as this, Guy could do better.

Allen Glasser's poem "In the Year 2001" is a camouflaged plug for OW. The zine is completed by a lengthy goshwow lettercol.

This is a poor OW. To quote Friend Adams, RAP seems to be "Dredging the Cesspool".

FANTASTIC UNIVERSE, Dec 1957: Finlay seems to have taken over the cover spot on FU. Too much trouble to check, but I believe he's done every cover since the Jan issue. He's not a bad painter; his consistent appearance on each FU cover is not nearly so discomfiting as the Valigursky blob on each Z-D rag.

Nourse's lead novelet "Fear Trap" is exceptional for FU in that it's well-written, has a better than average plot, and proved quite entertaining. After the dull "Martyr" in the Jan ish, this proved to be quite a surprise. Neatly worked-out tale concerning the political ratrace around 1982, the seemingly endless ColdWar, and control of the masses by syrip-y propaganda. And, of course, the answer to this mess, which the hero sleuthfully stumbles upon. Good.

David C Knight's "The Love of Frank Nineteen" is more typical of FU: couple of robots fall in love, discover they have emotions, seek independence, etc. Not written very well, and all in all, quite trivial.

(more on FU): "My Father, the Cat" by Henry Slesar is a wacky little thing whose protagonist, son of a fairy lady and a cat, faces the ticklish situation of introducing his (mundane human) fiancée to his father. Fantasy?

Equally wacky or more so is Theodore Pratt's "Inside Stuff" which surprisingly turns out fairly entertaining. Young Gastric Juice and Old Gastric Juice work the same stomach; Young G.J. falls in love with a piece of Celery who forsakes him for a Bonbon, and....

Kornbluth, in "Requiem For a Scientist", pins down some of Ivan Sanderson's very unscientific statements, and does a fairly good job of it. Sanderson, on the defensive in "Comments From a Scientist", worms his way out of the accusations, not very effectively.

And of course, good old "Shapes in the Sky" is with us again, quoting some mysterious incidents concerning the supposed sounds of UFOs. Next month we're again to be treated to more entertaining instances, these concerning the smell of UFOs. Wow.

"Moment of Truth" is a short effective venture into the imaginative world of a psychopath.

Rob't Shea's "Resurrection" is a short-short that would best be left unmentioned.

The "cover story", "The Forgotten Ones" by Stephen Bond, is really not a story-- mostly just an entirely unnecessary description of the cover.

L Sprague de Camp's "Ignatius Donnelly, Pseudomath" is a short article on an unsung questionable hero. Rather boring.

Lastly, Ken Bulmer offers "By the Beard of the Comet", a hilarious story that Ken apparently had fun writing.

Would be a good FU if the 2 short-shorts and the UFO column were omitted.

SEEDING THE FURROWS: (A section of a column of a department of a fanzine)

The SATURDAY EVENING POST, Oct 19, 1957: The illustration to "The Prisoner" by Max Gunther makes the story's stfish nature known to the reader immediately. It's a very old theme-- a city (or in some cases a house, a farm, etc) is slyly scooped from the earth and taken to an alien planet to be observed by the captors. I honestly don't see why this made the POST unless the writing (which was, I admit, quite good) happened to appeal to the editor.

FUTURE, Fall 1957 (#34): A short story that deserves mention is "A Gun For Grandfather" by none other than (CRYstaffer) F M Busby. Looks like old Buz is a filthy pro now and I may have to review many more of his stories in the future. Ghastly thought, but we can't subject Buz to the torture of reviewing his tales objectively. So... "A Gun For Grandfather" has to do with a new motive behind the paradox of going back in time and killing one's own grandfather. The ending was not as big a shocker as would be expected of this type of story, but nevertheless, the story was quite good and fine original writing was employed. If this is an example of F M's work, I predict more Busby sales in the future.

Bill E Meyers

Bill, there's absolutely nothing like being in the editorial chair and stuck with the job of typing stencils plugging one's own material-- makes a fellow feel sort of quietly Palmerish, typing up all that nice egoboo for me. This is the kind of review that authors like-- a loyal review. I knew all along, Bill, that you were the Right Kind of Man for the CRY, and you have vindicated my judgment. Boy, it would sure be nice if I could give you a chance to vindicate that ol' judgment every month, this way.

Seriously, thanks, Bill. Hope I didn't chop the column too badly in my fierce determination not to go past the end of this stencil and avoid lousing up the succeeding page-numbers. --FMB

CRY OF THE READERS

An advantage enjoyed only by publications produced by a group rather than by an individual is the ease with which the readers can be confused and kept off balance by a continual shift in editorial personalities. This letter column is a prime example. Look through your back issues of the CRY -- we'll be glad to sell you some if you don't have any -- and notice how impossible it is to predict who will be responsible for putting the snide and slanderous insults at the bottoms of the letters each issue. Toskey, of course, handles this section most of the time, but never consistently enough that you readers can ever be sure. You just never know until it's too late which issue a Busby or a Weber or a Pemberton or a Pfeifer or a (imagine this if you can) Garcone will take over. This time, for instance, Burnett Toskey and F. M. Busby went through their usual routine of flipping to see who would run the risk of commenting on the letters this issue. Toskey picked heads and Busby had to be satisfied with tails, but this time I landed typewriter side up and had to take the job myself. I might as well admit it -- I'm Wally Weber.



With this terrible uncertainty as to whom or what they'll be dealing with, those readers who write letters to this column have a terrible struggle on their typing tentacles just to find a satisfactory salutation to begin their letters. Take another look through your back issues and notice the incredible variety of salutations that have been used in the past. I doubt that anything has equalled it since Planet Stories folded (...sob...). Now look through the letters in this issue and note how few of them, if any, have unoriginal salutations.

And speaking about the letters in this issue, we'd better get on with them before all of you confused and off balanced readers go away.

GHOD REST YOU MERRITT GENTLEMEN

28 Sept. 1957

Brilliant B--t---s:

A shame that the incomplete salutation above (lost the PO smite ye) has degenerated into an epithet of abuse; ah for the days when to call someone, for example, the B of Seattle was to indicate that at the very least he was a VIP ...

I'm rightly served, by misunderstanding, for trying to toss off a clever phrase, to wit: "an anachronistic lance for the anachronistic A. Merritt". I dubbed AM "anachronistic" because he was writing pretentious nothings in a style long obsolete at the time he wrote "The Moon Pool". Not that he was the only one writing that way at the time, but that it was his misfortune (a) to assume that this was the way to write great fantasy (b) not to realize that he started out with two strikes against him, since the possibilities of this style, for his purposes, had already been nearly exhausted. I dubbed the defense "anachronistic" because the points I have been making about the nature of criticism are not things I dreamed up myself, but points which have been stated and restated innumerable times in the past century or so. Anyone who feels that criticism should be

"constructive" and "helpful" and "positive", etc., has a right to feel that way; he has a right to express himself, too. But he'd better prepare to be swatted nonetheless.

I said that the possibilities of the style Merritt chose for his purposes had been "nearly exhausted" long before he started to work with them; most critics might cavil at that "nearly", but I'll stick with it on the grounds that it isn't impossible to do a valid work of art in a seemingly-defunct style. One example of success is quite well known, although it is not the work of one person; nor did the authors consciously set out to create great literature. Exactly why the translators of the King James Bible chose the literary style of half a century gone may be due to a feeling that the then-present speech, usages, literary styles, etc., would not display proper reverence toward the subject-matter. Result: a literary masterpiece which partly defeated its purpose -- to bring the scriptures to all in a language "understood by the people". The obscurities multiply inversely with the beauty of the language, particularly in the New Testament which was originally set down in the vulgar and common idioms of the day -- not in classic, or learned, or literary Greek.



(by Lars)

I don't agree that Merritt's work was "... of the lowest order, for this period is best typified by a new style of writing ...": (a) it's bad, but by no means the worst (b) while the style contributes to the effect, style alone isn't the answer; "The Moon Pool" would have been just as bad fifty years earlier, and for the same reasons -- the author was going through the motions; he had nothing to say (c) works done in the new style which typifies the period are not therefore good; you can have pretentiousness in any style and at any time.

Bill Meyers: There were long gaps between the re-readings of "Moon Pool". On the other hand, I've read the John Carter books at least three times, enjoyed them no less (in different ways) each time, and can easily imagine going through them again in the future. On the higher plane, I've read Dickens' "Christmas Carol" more than a dozen times and am not tired of it at all. On a still higher plane, I'm not tired of "War And Peace" or "Don Quixote"; and on a lesser plane, I'm not tired of "Around the World in 80 Days".

In reference to young hopefuls with their first issues of fan magazines: if you're reviewing for the purpose of telling other fans whether this new one is worth their money and reading time, then you have to state the facts in the instance -- particularly if it's semi-illiterate as many fan magazines have been. While not taking back anything I said about the necessity of calling the shots plainly in criticism, I'll grant you that the critic who invariably uses an abusive tone is not doing his work well, however sharp his insights and judgments. There are degrees of literary crime, and all offenders are not guilty of the highest misdemeanors all the time; besides, the "angry man" approach defeats its own purpose when used indiscriminately. If an author is to be hanged, drawn, and quartered for occasional sloppiness of thought or style, what is the proper punishment for a Shaver?

R. A. W. Lowndes
COLUMBIA PUBLICATIONS, Inc.
241 Church St.
New York 13, New York

[Shaver? But this is a family fanzine. WWW]

OPEN LETTER TO CHAMPION, DERRY, & ASSORTED SHADOWS

21 October 1957

Unfortunately, I can not return the flattering narrative hook of John's open letter. I've seen seemingly clear statements of mine misinterpreted, not only into fuggheadism, but imbecility bordering on the supernatural.

Ideally speaking, everyone who pretends to be a critic should provide his readers with a definition of Art so lucid and self-evidently true that all who read will instantly agree. He should also state, with equally clear and simple effectiveness, what he believes Art ought to be.

Sadly, such has never happened in this wicked world. (I'm sure you'll all agree.) Some critics have tried to present infallible decrees on what Art is. Many have operated under this sort of syllogism:

Major Premise:	I know what Art is.
Minor Premise:	Art is what Art ought to be.
Conclusion:	I know what Art ought to be.
Corrolary:	That which is not what I know Art ought to be is not Art.

Needless to say, few critics will accept that the Maror Premise applies to any critic except themselves.

I don't apply it to myself. But almost anyone who has some interest in the question also has convictions on what Art ought to be. Convictions are not made to be expressed tepidly. While we have all sinned, and ought to remove the murk from our own styles before decrying the mud in other sties, one can not correct error by ignoring it in the spirit of charity. So, when I'm engaged in rapid fire on error, I must admit that now and then a salvo will be directed against shadows, defenseless noncombatants, and an occasional ally.

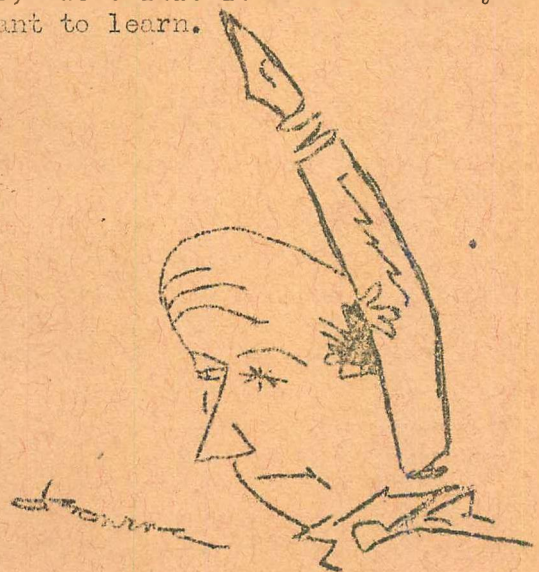
Overzealousness is a serious fault and carries a heavy penalty with it -- the defeat or corruption of its intended end.

Apparently we do not agree upon the nature of "destructive criticism". However, if, by this phrase, you mean "self-destructive criticism" -- criticism wherein the tone and manner of the critic is so offensive as to obscure his point -- then we are in agreement. But one of my major premises is that only criticism which ignores or praises bad work is destructive to Art.

And the minor premise that goes with this is that criticism which is not destructive is constructive. It is constructive in that it is designed to reveal and correct what the critic believes to be fault -- not so much an instruction to authors as to readers. It is not the critic's job to prevent anyone from reading bad writing, but, rather, to let the public know what bad writing is. We can safely assume that the majority will neither understand nor care; the critic is concerned only with those who are capable of learning, and who want to learn.

What I was not defending then, and what I will not defend now, was the self-destructive element in some of the critical writings of Elish, knight, and Lowndes; I was defending their position. Nor did I intend to say that A Merritt considered himself a "great artist". What I did intend, and thought I had said, was that the internal evidence shows that Merritt was going through the motions of creating Art.

I did not mean to condemn Merritt for going through the motions, but merely to point out as strongly as possible that these motions were meaningless in his work. To say anything more about the man would be not only mind reading, but spiritism, neither of which I believe in.



No one can say with finality what all the notions of creating might be, but some become quite apparent. If, for example, I were to fill music paper with recognizable signs and notations -- common to almost any full orchestral score -- an experienced musician would readily perceive that I had gone through the motions of writing music. Possibly, were this "score" to be performed by an orchestra, it might show audible signs of continuity from beginning to end. The trained music critic, however, would most likely report that all I was doing was going through the motions -- that this was merely a collection of devices which said nothing. This does not mean that some people might not like it, or be very much taken with parts of it, even as I like some of Merritt's tales. But that would not impeach the judgement of the critic.

Mr. Derry is by no means the first to notice that my style is murky. In fact, my editorials fall into three classifications: murky, murkier, murkiest. The merely murky are those finished ten minutes before deadline; the murkier, I had a chance to read over before sending them to the printer; the murkiest were finished a day before deadline, and I had a chance to work them over and let someone else read them.

Well, some have said it's nice murk if you can get it.

ROBERT AUGUSTINE WARD LOWMDES

/Some may have said that, but have you ever heard from them since? WALLACE WESLEY WEBER/

AND NEXT WE HAVE... EGAD! ARE YOU IN ALL THE ROOMS?

23 October 1957

Clever yCleftlessnessess:

Another murky letter for you.

Looking over the Derry letter again, I see I've neglected a rather important point -- specifically, where Chick says, "Blish's stories, including the ones printed by R.A.W.L. are all examples of the same thing he condemns in Merritt. Blish is guilty of padding, repetition, purple passages for their own sake, and just plain cloudy phrasing."

First of all, the "You're another!" response, even if correct, does not detract from the correctness of the original charge. The question is not whether the pot, too, is black -- but whether the pot, irrespective of its own color, has observed and reported its observations accurately. To employ the "pot calls the kettle black" or the "you're another" argument not only proves nothing, but arouses suspicion that, realizing you're wrong, you're trying to wriggle out of it by changing the subject. (I said "arouses suspicion", mind -- not "proves"; many people use the "you're another" response under the illusion that it is an intelligent and effective argument; others use it as a way of indicating that they don't consider the subject worth consideration.)

However, Derry has not established that Blish is guilty of the same thing I condemned in Merritt, because he has incorrectly stated just what it was I condemned in Merritt. Now, granted, that "padding, repetition, purple passages for their own sake, and just plain cloudy phrasing" are more often faults than not (that is why instructors stress such things) the crucial question is: does the work say anything? Is the "repetition" quite purposeless? Are you sure that the "purple passages" are there only for their own sake? In what sense is the phrasing "cloudy"? You mean you just didn't get it? Is it perhaps deliberately ambiguous? If so, why? (Because author didn't know what he was doing, or for a reason?) Now my contention with "The Moon Pool" was that such things were being employed, apparently for justifiable purposes (as you often find in literature), but in the end were not justified. Not only did the author fail to say anything, but there is no evidence that he was trying to say anything; he was just making patterns in his word-kaleidoscope. (Again: there's nothing wrong with doing this, so long as it is not misrepresented;

ignorance and misguided enthusiasm on the part of numerous readers -- particularly reviewers -- have done the author much more wrong than I have in trying to set the record straight.)

Let me conclude with this: I like the original novelet, "The Moon Pool", and consider it a good story; ditto for the "Face In The Abyss". In both instances, the author spoiled a good tale by piling it on too high and spreading it too thick in an un-necessary sequel. (Not as badly in "Snake Mother" as in "Conquest of the Moon Pool".)

I'm sure that Blish is more than capable of defending himself against the charge of being "exactly like Merritt, in style and content". My comment will have to be confined to (a) Chick, there must be several different versions of the Blish works you're talking about (b) you forgot to say which works of Jim's were exactly like which works of Merritt (c) I wonder if we're both capable of reading and knowing what we've read -- the accusation makes no sense to me at all.

But without malice,

Robert A. W. Lowndes

[Toskey will shed tears over the fact that he isn't answering the letters this time because he would dearly love to argue with you on this -- or any other -- subject. At least this will give you a month to marshal your defenses. WWW/

MEYERS SPREADS AGAIN

4301 Shawnee Circle
Chattanooga 11, Tenn.
October 22, 1957

Dear inexplicable denizens,

Don't these multigraphed beautifully reproduced pages such as pages 1 and 13 of CRY #108, cause you to cough up a great deal of money? 'Tseems to me that it would. But maybe I'm just thinking of the cost of the multigraph, itself, or the labor involved. At any rate, the repro is so beautiful, I don't see how it couldn't cost 5 or 6 times as much as a mimeoed page...at least.

Needless to say, the two aforementioned pages were quite interesting. Especially the foto of Mal Ashworth and James White. Upon first noticing the pic, I was led to believe that the CRY had stumbled upon a pair of epileptic fits but after perusing the Psneeronics explanation, it is I who am being suspected of being overcome with such fits, as the science intrigues me and I continually walk through public life snapping my fingers and baring my teeth. Ah, the queer looks I do get.

One thing I greatly admire about Lars Helander is that his name is actually Lars and not an abbreviation of Larry S.

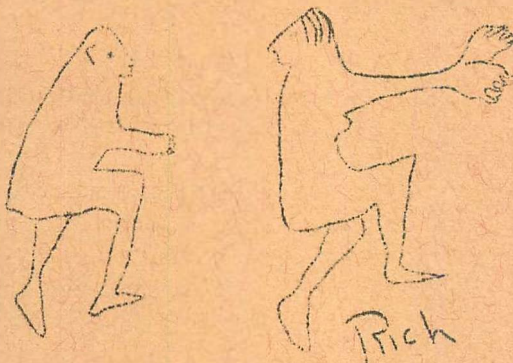
(I suppose I can now expect a Bourne "Portrait of Meyers" in the near future.)

I haven't had much to do with Rory Faulkner so the pic of her didn't interest me as much as some of the others. She looks kind of jovial.

Aside from Wansborough, Willis's foto interested me more than any. He looks a great deal different than his pic in the VARGO STATEN rag. He looks a lot better than he did in the prozine which is probably due to the repro. Oh yes, he seems to have shucked his Elvis Presley hair-do.

After perusing Madeleine, it's quite obvious to see how Walt hit upon the fact that fandom lured attractive women into its snare.

Now, Chuck Harris doesn't at all look like I had pictured him in my mind's eye. I had visualized an 8-foot 300-pound masher but it turns out he's a normal fellow. What a disappointment.



Madle and Ackerman, of course, I have seen countless times before.

H. Bean Piper does look rather sensitive at that. His expression in this pic is actually rather hard to figure out. He could either be holding a young neo by his feet and bouncing his head on the floor screaming, "You didn't like my story!?! Young upstart!" or patting a neo on his beanie, saying, "Cosh...you mean you liked my story? Gee."

I've seen so much Atom art that I had pictured Art Thomson as looking like his characters so seeing him was, naturally, sort of a surprise.

Blast. Why do these fans have to look like nommāā ('normal' in case you fail to see the resemblance) pipple. I don't know whether I like seeing fan fotos or not. Tears down my abstractive first impressions.

No. I guess I like it at that. I simply must see the pix of the Namelesses and then my quest in life will be fulfilled.

Much to my surprise, Norm Wansborough looks like a good egg. First impressions, you know...I had originally pictured him as looking somewhat like his apa contri-butions (if you can picture such a sight) but this pic shows him to look like such a nice guy that I could forgive him and give him another chance.

My generosity often overwhelms me...

More hoaxes: Bulmer looks like Chuck Harris with a beard and he's not the beard-type either. Something else: "Chick Derry" is the pseudonym of the writing team of John Berry and Chuck Harris.

Howcum his epistles are postmarked Maryland? Well, Berry and Harris alternate dashing over to Maryland every once in a while to mail the letter, for the purpose of keeping the hoax going, no matter what the expense. OR, they mail their letters to any one of the number of fen in Maryland and get them to mail the letters.

Don't you admire my sleuthful techniques?

But let's get off these blasted pictures.

Table of Contents wasn't what it should be but still gave me a charge or two hither and thither. Especially the impertinent letter you received.

Wally's was the third conreport I've read and none of them did so much as even mention the inimitable Goon tho all reported on the GDA in general. This leads me to believe that he did not attend. Yet he told me he would. And if so, who is behind this dastardly plot to keep the Goon out of the limelight?

The Con Report, of course, was excellent, as usual with all of Wally's writing. Wally would be a BWF if he'd write more.

Which is a subtle way of saying I want the Minutes back nexttime.

Well, Amelia has fallen back in a slump again. Reviews fair enough but not enough of them.

The item at the bottom of her review was of interest, tho I'd read it long before. I'm keeping a file of all the clippings pertaining to the satellite, etc. and it's already becoming quite huge. I'll have to stop this before long, because this type of business will become more commonplace every day. Think of the tons of goo a fellow would have if he'd decided to collect everything that had to do with airplanes back when they were first invented. Indeed.

Will take over the review of FU and OW if Ren really wants me to. I read them, anyway, and typing up reviews is hardly any trouble at all so I condescend.

And, besides, this means more egoboo and enlarges the chances of my taking over CRY itself.

Ah, my vile schemes will materialize in the near future and I'll have you all in my clutches.

I'm beginning to like SSF, too, Ren, tho not overly so. I certainly wouldn't class it where most fen do. That is, just above the Cruddy Five along with FU.

Well, I seem to be slipping again. I've not yet read the November F&SF and here Ren reviews it and it's almost time for another one. This is because I've been reading Z-D, Hamling, and Rap lately trying to be ever faithful to the CRY. What a Sin to place OW before F&SF!

The Carcone pic heading "Spreading the Fertilizer" was beautiful.

Somehow the idea behind the Fashion Department eluded me. Nice illo. I guess.

Um.

Good Grief, a letter from Willis. You can afford to call Margulies, Lowndes, Ellison, and Silverberg, and Asimov, etc. mere upstarts now. Shog. A letter from Willis.

But to answer some of his accusations. Yes, the hero was originally meant to announce that Willis had just joined the NSF, thus causing a colossal collapse in the self-respect of all actifandom, but you say you did belong to NSF at one time? Was this because you were a neo at the time or the club was just a lot better? Somehow I can't picture Willis and NSF anywhere near each other. It's like scrambled eggs and relish. Dog food and crackers. Simply beyond imagination.

I long ago decided that Wally Weber was not Toskey, Walt. In fact, I retracted the statement in that very letter but someone just didn't put it in. Wally and Tosh both having SAPSazines, I thot that was just carrying a hoax too far. And besides, I notice a distinct difference in their writing styles now that I've read more by them.

I'd attempt to parry the thrust of the "dear little old lady" bit but I'm discouraged from doing so since I read his column in OOPSLA! #13 yesterday and discovered that I have not been showing WAW the proper respect. So I'll let it ride since it was a defensive remark and I wouldn't want to overshadow his wit.

I admit I met James Orville along with Adams that horrible day but I do not consider Orville a fan as he played a part in even another of the vile hoaxes which surround me. One thing -- Orville wasn't his name at all and he didn't live in Bell Buckle and he was another boob who lived in Huntsville whom I had been panning in Adams' letters without knowing that they were the same. Very embarrassing when he made the great revelation. Anyhoo, he never wrote me again after our meeting each other personally; too great a shock for his nervous system, I suppose.

Poor Rich Brown. Didn't get his letter printed. I shall endeavor to comment on the part that concerns me, tho. And that is, his goshwow letter had nothing to do with Ellison. He said that that particular issue of Amazing was "one fraction of a point short of excellence". That statement took in the whole issue and Ellison did not write the whole issue, did he? And besides, you call Ellison excellence?

The bacover was a beauty but what really caught my eye was the little "EAT" over in the right hand corner. Then something came after that which I couldn't make out. What did Adams have in mind by that?

Out of room, so now to go through my letter and drastically rewrite.

Cerely,

Bill

P.S. Will try to get the review of the December FU in to you by the deadline along with some additional tidbits to the review, probably the true confidential story behind my meeting with Adams, possibly more art, and maybe even more fiction. Ghu. I guess later on I'll be sending my stuff on masters, then completely duplicated when I get my ditto, and finally...VICTORY. You cannot foil Meyers.

/You mean you'll let us win so easily? + I sincerely wish those beautifully reproduced pages in GRY #100 did cause us to cough up a great deal of money. It would have helped foot the bill. Actually the multigraph work -- namely the lettering -- costs us nothing but our sanity, which isn't worth much in fandom anyway. It's the multilith work -- the photo reproduction -- that hollows out the pocketbook. + No, Goon Berry was not at the Convention. The training he is getting in the GDA makes him indispensable to his government, so he had to handle Ireland while Willis was away. + The Minutes will be back any year now, even if they do make a BNF out of me. + How should Adams know what is in his mind when he is in the unrelenting grip of a creative mood? WTW/

ROCKING BABY TO SLEEP

Oct. 14, 1957

Dear, dear Lacking in Patronymics,

While waiting for my offspring to go to bed voluntarily, as in all fairness I do each evening before using the old brick, I have been whiling away the moments by reading the #108 Cry. And I've decided that I might as well get in on this Merritt ap-de-preciation kick.

NEO-
FEMME



I was one of his fervent fans, in my youth (present age Top Secret), also of Lovecraft, Hamilton and Doc Smith. I still like all those estimable gentlemen, also Poe, but a little of the glow of hero-worship has faded. Part of the feeling I have for them now is sentiment, for they did, all of them, project moods superbly. Merritt projected one, for me, of beauty and lushness, color, and strangeness, with some horror. Lovecraft, again for me, seemed like a worthy successor to Poe, giving out horror and pure alienness. He was also the first author of my experience to build up a consistent system, ethos, or whatever you call it, which appeared in more than one story. Ed Hamilton was, and is, to my mind, a competent workman, with ideas which were new and interesting to me at the time (and still aren't bad). But Doc Smith — aah! He really stretched my mind, gave it dizzying vistas to contemplate (without interruption of petty details), and with it, a still-good feeling of brotherhood of minds.

These were the things those authors did for me, and I still feel I owe them respect for the feat, even if some of the gloss has tarnished. I can see now, on re-reading some of my favorite opera (opuses), the technical defects of the writing, characterization, motivation, etc. But their mood projection, if one is "willing to suspend belief" I think is the accepted term in fandom, is still not bad at all. Not unmatched or superb, but not bad.

Well, now that the definitive letter on the subject has been written and received (you don't throw 'em away till they're opened, do you?), let's drop it.

I agree with the Nameless who feel that conreports can be good. I don't think Mrs. Carr's was, as it didn't make too much sense to someone who doesn't know her, so to speak. I'd rather not say — or write — it, because I've always gotten the impression from reading the Cry that she is likable personally and sort of tutelary goddess of the group. But her film reviews and the conreport seem to me well-intentioned but not very bright. Or maybe she was trying as I am to criticize something but not hurt too many feelings. On the other hand, some conreports, Wally's as a prime example, are bright, cheerful, informative — without being unnecessarily detailed, and give me the feeling I was almost there. I only wish all the photos had been explained.

Here's another aside. I don't know a blasted thing about which reproductive process is which, giving which result. But I can tell that in the past few years you have made progress in repro. The issues, like #108, which reproduced photos did so very well, and even the ordinary ishs are pretty clear and even. With very few typos even. Some of the stories by local talent, and practically all the art, aren't worth having so clear, but who has everything? The reviews are pretty good, and I happen to agree with Pemberton on his evaluations of the old Amazing. I started reading stf in 1935, so I got in on what he calls the golden age of Amazing. (That's what makes its present status so pitceous.) Also of Astounding. I guess I'll never get used to calling it aSF, really.

-page 34 the last and final conclusive page of this 109th issue of the CRY-----

About the artwork, do the drawings or whatever have to be line sketched? Or in ink? I know of someone here who does quite good abstractions in charcoal, if it could be used. I might even toss off something, myself.

Well, have used the old brick after all (handed down -- quite hard -- by my forefathers) and have run out of inspiration, so ---- enclosed find check, now that I discovered what that "O" was on the address of this. By the way, why address address the mag to my husband all the time who isn't nearly the faithful fan of both your noble selves and stf that I am?

Gushingly yours,

Micky Frazier
(Mrs. Bernard H.)

P.S. Maybe I can look up the Pendletonian Champion sometime. It's not so far to his place. But don't anybody warn him.

✓We wouldn't think of warning Mr. Champion. Particularly since you have possession of The Brick. What do you mean, your husband isn't one of our faithful fans? He lets you squander money on the CRY, doesn't he? Well, we'll send a couple CRY's in your name one of these years and see how long neighborhood gossip takes to change your mind on the subject. WWW/

DEMOTION TO POSTCARDS

Dear Editors...the artwork never seems to improve, so by agreement we'll ignore that ...but there is all that awesome bulk left over, namely Cry#107...One thing I can say safely, the repro is 200% improved over icks of the past, particularly those using spirit repro...Pemby female says I should have Metzger stencil his own art that I use in Gallery and (that'll larn him), 'larn' who/whom? He, or Metzger? By the way Rich isn't too bad as an artist, compared with the others in Cry, anyway. Always love the Pemby's, bless their phoney-named little hearts. Both of them can really pound a mean triper. Toskey, as usual kept me back in the past with his memories of FA, very good. How come you no run my first (and last) real letter to you anent the Lowndes, Blish, Morrill squabble? Was I frothing at the typer? Whatever the reason, I am positive you'll never get anything but postcards from now on! You know, all in all, Cry keeps getting better.

Chick Derry
1814-62nd Ave.,
Cheverly, Md.

✓WHY you no live at place with address postman can find in time for your letters to make CRY deadline? Anyway you know by now that your letter got in last issue and you are always one issue behind most everybody else. The least you could do would be to comment on the issue before you get it so as to make publishing deadlines every month. WWW/

This letter column would go on endlessly if we don't band together to stamp it out before it stamps us out. We're going to stuff it back in its cage for another month, but there are a couple more letters that won't be left out without a fight, so we might as well mention them.

Bruce Pelz, Box 3255 University Station, Gainesville, Florida, writes that he needs another CRY #106 since Asimov took his copy away from him. He comments on #106 from memory, proclaiming McCarr's Midwestern report to be one of the best he has read.

Paul Doerr, 22 Davis Dr., Sharpsville, Penna., wants to know if we absconded with his subscription money. He also has some hundred prozines to sell or trade for guns. He also also wants several books by Thorne Smith, C. R. Burroughs and H. P. Lovecraft.

All right, now. Back in the coll until next issue. + + + + +