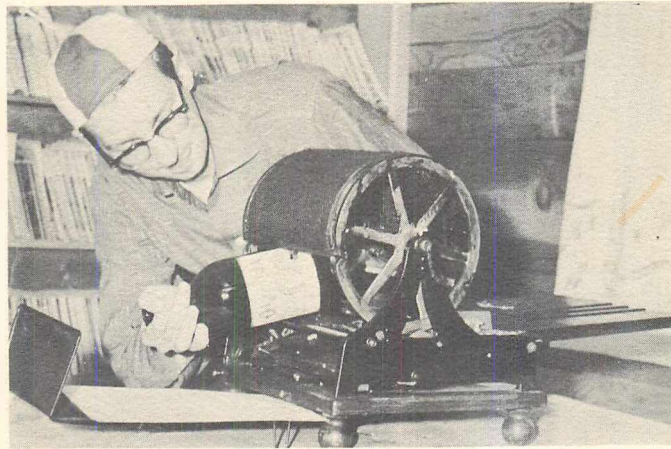




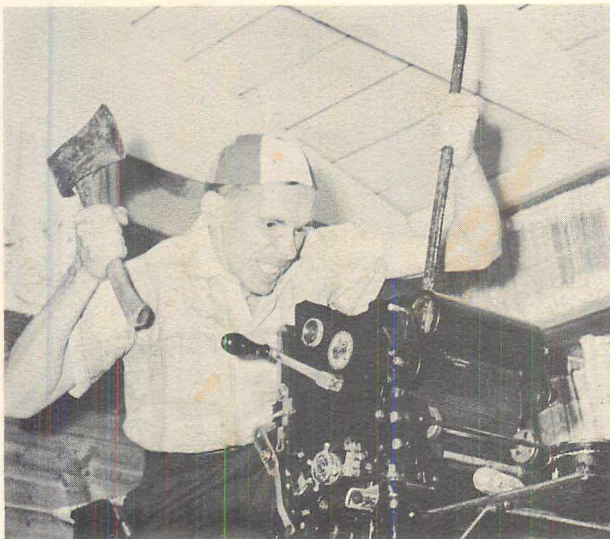
P HOLOCAUST



OTTO PFEIFER and the Edison-Dick Ottomatic



the PEMBERTONS



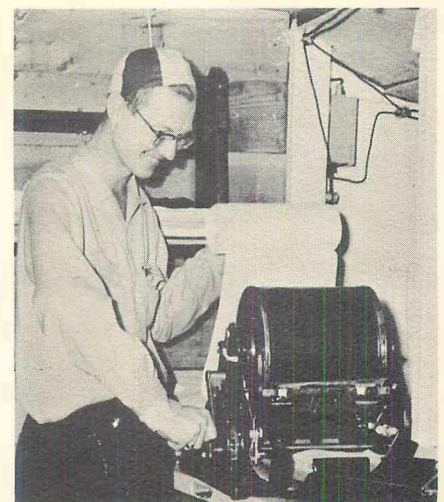
*BURNETT R TOSKEY
(making a delicate adjustment on the Multigraph)*



*G M CARR
(and her voodoo dolls)*



*LORENCE GARCONE
(held at bay by Hubbard Green and Otto Pfeifer)*



*WALLY WEBER
(and the A B Dick)*

.....this is page (3) of the
One Hundred Eleventh Issue of CRY of the NAMELESS....and the Eighth (8th) Annish.

In order to start this JAN 1958 issue off in style, we hereby present our
STATEMENT OF OWNERSHIP: Wally Weber, Burnett Toskey, Otto Pfeifer, F.M. Busby,
and Elinor Busby, each and severally, are owned and operated by the CRY.

A F E N D E N P U B L I C A T I O N

Just for kicks, let's give the artists their lumps first this time:

Esmond Adams, pages 35, 36, & 39. Stony Barnes, page 26. Lars Bourne, pages 30
and 40. Rich Brown, pages 27, 33, & 38. Marv Bryer, page 4. Brad Daigle, Pages
22 and 31. Lorence Garcone, pages 18, 23, and 37. Shelley Marshment (Seattle's
answer to Joan Young), page 14. Bill Meyers, pages 33 and 34. Robin Wood, pg41.

Rousing Eighth Anniversary Table of Contents

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Some folks might wonder how a monthly zine comes up with issue #111 for its
8th Annish. For those who weren't around last year: the CRY started as a club
newssheet in January 1950. After 74 "regular issues" and 8 "Half-CRYs", the
CRY became a subzine with #75, Nov 1954, in order to take some of the financial
burden off Wally Weber, who had been paying all the freight. From a schedule
varying from weekly to quarterly, the CRY went monthly (except for two misfires
in its first subzine year)(offset by 15 additional "Half-CRYs" of 1 to 7 pages).
So, with two CRY#37s offsetting the non-appearance of the proposed super-issue
CRY#50 in 1953, THASS how we get CRY#111 for our Eighth Annish.

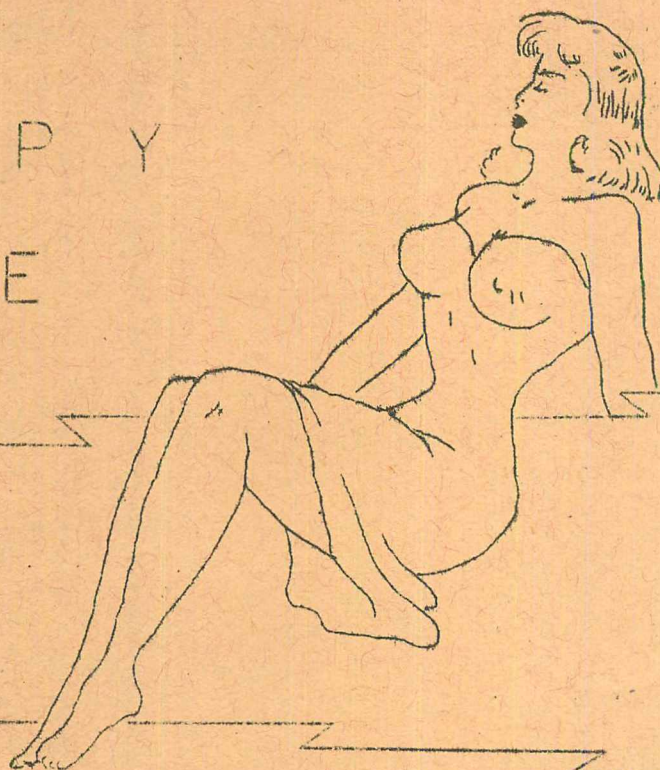
The CRY is a growing subzine: the first 12 subscription issues averaged
about 17 pages each (blanksides not counted). The next 12, omitting a 150-page
halfsize monster of which no copies are available anyhow, averaged 26 pages.
The most recent 12 of the 37 subishes, counting this one, average 31½ pp each.
Obviously, this thing is getting gradually out of hand in the very best of fan-
nish tradition. Just think-- the folks who sent a dime per issue or one buck
for the yearly output, to Box 92, 920 3rd Ave, Seattle 4, Washington, got 378
inksmearred pages for their money. Man, that's a better deal than the S-F Book
Club gives you. /// Well, that should about do it for now..... F. M. Busby..

S L E E P Y T I M E

G A L

BY

B I L L M E Y E R S



I found myself with the most beautiful girl in the world. There she lay, clothed in a sheath of diaphanous material that did nothing to hide her from my eyes. She looked at me with an expression of love that was utterly indescribable, exquisite to look upon. We both sat near each other saying nothing, but sharing each other's thoughts --- looking into each other's eyes. As she came nearer, her arms gracefully outstretched, I lived in a personal heaven of my own...

Then the doorbell rang. I said "Damn," then, "Pardon me a moment," and shuffled from the bedroom to the front door. Cursing under my breath, I vowed to make it short --- to calmly rid myself of the upstart who continually pressed the doorbell with maddening intensity.

Ghosh, I said to myself, a traveling salesman.

"Hello, there! My name is Robert Coulson --- Buck to my good friends. I was just passing by your house and decided to give good old Bill Meyers --- I saw your name on the mailbox --- the opportunity of his very life. How would you like, dear sir, to own an utterly beautiful secondhand maternity wardrobe?"

"Get out."

"What's that?"

"GET!"

SLAM!

I began to make my way back to the bedroom, and had gotten as far as the bedroom door, tongue hanging limply, when the damnable doorbell was ringing again. After counting slowly to ten, I plodded back to the door, and jerked it open with a "What the hell do you want?"

"....I'll also throw in a life sub to YANDRO..."

"NO!!"

SLAM!

Now to get back to the bedroom, I thought to myself. She must be on pins and needles by my absence. So I fairly trotted to the bedroom, opened the door, looked in with a leer, and slipped in.

She was in the same position --- with the same inviting expression, silently begging me to come closer. Always willing to oblige, I edged closer --- much closer. I had my

arms around her and was beginning to cover her with kisses when...

Rin-g-g-g.

No-no-no-no-no...

Rin-g-g-g-g-g-g-g-g-g-g-g-g...

Damn.

I loosed my hold on her, promised to be right back, and once more trudged out of the bedroom and to the door.

"Are you Bill Meyers?"

"Yes."

"Well, Bill, I'm Guy Terwilliger."

"Well."

"I decided that you were going to do too much work on SPECTRE and thought you might appreciate it if I dropped down and helped you out. I brought a car full of lettering guides and shading plates stolen from the school, and then I've got some material you can use and a slew of artwork and I'm anxious to get started and let's get on with it and hip hip and let me in and..."

"Thanks, but come back later --- I'm tied up in a previous engagement at the moment. It's rather hard to shake loose."

"But, Bill, your fanzine always comes first!"

"Sorry. In this case, I'm for me first."

"Well, that's certainly appreciation..."

"Yes."

SLAM!

Now! Now maybe I'm rid of any sort of further disturbance!

But just to make sure I went to the front window and peeped through the curtain and saw no one within a block and a half. Ah. At last.

It was almost all I could do to keep from running. I finally arrived at the bedroom, impatient with desire for the angel lying beyond. I closed the door, came toward her slowly, and we embraced once more. Unimaginable kisses...her negligee...it seemed to be slipping....

Ring-g-g-g-g-g-g-g-g-g-g-g-g-g-g-g

Holding back the tantrums, I trudged out of the bedroom, blood rushing to my face, vowing to kick this one off the front porch.

I threw open the door, rared back and...

"Bill! I'm so glad I've found you. I'm Gen Carr."

Not used to slugging the opposite sex, I exclaimed, "So," and let my arm down.

"Oh, Bill, I need your help. I'm in a dire predicament. All of Fabulous Seattle Fandom is on the verge of utter destruction! You must help us!"

"Hah."

"Bill, please!"

"So howcum Fabulous Seattle Fandom is on the verge of destruction and by the way, how did you get here so fast?"

"I flew in on my beanie. But that's immaterial. What is so devastatingly important is this: Toskey went up into the mountains again to look for flying saucers and took Boz with him. Toskey came back Buzz-less...he was in hysterics."

"What happened?"

"Buzz was reading a prozine and didn't see where he was going and fell down into a crevasse. He's trapped there. Toskey needs help to get him out. Oh, please help us --- we know you are fearless and brave and strong and..."

"Enough, woman. No need to relate my obvious virtues. Let me think."

I, of course, was agonizingly anxious to get back to the babe in my bedroom and was on the verge of telling Gertie to drop Boz a box of prozines, a case of home-brew and a typer and what would be the use of pulling him up but I gave that up since Buzz was the only person I knew that bought prozines. Every other Nameless One was a dirty faaan. Turmoil was thrashing within me. What to do... what to do...

Then my wicked self got the better of me. Why not just go back to bed and let Buzz

rot? That way, CRY would be left pitifully helpless and I could at last fulfill my vile plans by taking over the zine. Toskey could be handled'-- I'd chain him up in the Fenden. As for Elinor, I'd throw her in the crevasse with Buz. Otto and Wally -- well, they never knew what was going on anyway. Hah! my diabolical scheme was perfect.

Or was it? If Buz was out of the way, what kind of zine would CRY be? I'd have to write practically all of it myself, and there wouldn't be any sense in that. I might as well enlarge my SAPzine. And, Great Ghu, to keep the subscribers I'd have to review all the prozines, all the fanzines I got, and even read old Amazings and Fantastio Adventures to keep up the regular stand-bys.

Good ghod!

I rushed back to the bedroom and gave a lame excuse to the angel invitingly lying there; believe me, it was sheer agony. But she proved her worth by promising to wait until I could rescue Buz.

But could I wait?

I decided to chance any sort of drooling fits that might overcome me and head for Seattle.

"All right, Gem, I'll go. But wait -- how will I get there?"

"I brought along an extra beanie."

"Oh."

So we flew at supersonic speed, side by side, out to Seattle in the Land of Drizzle.

Before going to the mountains, it was imperative that we sustain ourselves with a bit to eat so she treated me to her "Special Lars Borne-type ghoulash." Next morning I came out of the coma and we headed for the mountains. All the time I hoped that the doll would still be waiting for me although it became more and more doubtful as time went by.

We arrived at the crevasse Gem spoke of, surrounded by huge boulders, and sure enough, Buz was there.

"Help -- somebody -- please, help! An Imagination! A Deam World! Anything!"

I prepared to drop a rope into the crevasse for Buz to grab so that he could be pulled up with the aid of my insurmountable muscles when suddenly I knew that this was only another Fabulous Seattle Fandom hoax. But not just another hoax -- the ultimate hoax! They had lured me into this trap and made it sound as if Buz was in the crevasse but actually he was behind a big boulder situated on the other side of it. Planted behind the other boulders were the rest of the Nameless Ones. Toskey, Weber, Pfeifer, GARCONE, and...and...oh, ghod no, it's true! JOHN SWEARINGEN!

Screaming, they stormed upon me with Elinor standing on a boulder silhouetted against the sky shrieking, "How you'll never take over the CRY! We've captured you at long last! Now you are ours!"

But Gem had fumbled her part of the scheme.

She had forgotten to take back the beanie she had loaned me and by the time the Ones had gotten to me, I was 10 feet in the air, ever progressing ins speed, and heading toward the hills of Tennessee.

They made a fast pursuit, I grant them, but it's impossible for anyone to foil Meyers when it comes to expert beanie flying. I zoomed toward home with them all pursuing but never even coming close to me.

However, they were persistent. By the time I got to my house and bolted and nailed shut all the doors, they were landing and surrounding the house in great numbers. I had never realized there were so many. Was everyone in Seattle a fan?

I had one consolation. The exquisite member of the opposite sex had waited for me. She had been faithful! I rushed madly to the room, jumped on the bed and smothered her with loving kisses. I knew this was my last hour....why not make the most of it?

And as the house was slowly disintegrated by numerous zap-guns, I at least fulfilled my original purpose.

THE END

INDEX of fiction appearing in Cry of the Nameless
compiled by Burnett R. Toskey

- #35; Aug 1, 1952: "The Purple Shaft" by Burnett R. Toskey
- #64; Feb 7, 1954: "Dictatorial Policy" (Part I), (by Phillip Barker)
- #65; Feb 21, 1954: "Dictatorial Policy" (Part II)
- #66; Mar 4, 1954: "Dictatorial Policy" (Part III)
- #67; Mar 21, 1954: "Dictatorial Policy" (Part IV-conclusion)
- #70; May 23, 1954: "It was Nothing --- Really" by F.M. Busby
- #75; Nov 20, 1954: "Crime and Crime Again" by Wallace Wastebasket Weber
- #78; Mar 1955: "Five Hours" by Burnett R. Toskey
"The Ghorp" by Pierpont Holocaust
- #80; May 1955: "Murder in the Graveyard" by John Walston and Harry McWaters
"Martian Adventure" (excerpt) by Tom Dorsey
- #81; June 1955: "Was It A Ghost" by Burnett R. Toskey and Robert R. Mengar
- #82¹; (Casserole); Aug 14, 1955: "Oh Goodie" by Waddagobble de Gook
- #84; October 1955: "Heat Wave" by Waddagobble de Gook
- #85; November 1955: "A Most Exclusive Interview" by Waddagobble de Gook
- #86; December 1955: "Love Thine Enemy" by Waddagobble de Gook
- #87; January 1956: "Temple of Death" by David H. Keller, M.D.
"A Walk in the Snow" by Thomas N. Scortia
"Spectator Sport" by Evan Appelman
"The Cold Star" by Herman Stowell King
"The First Trip to Mars" by John Walston
"The Ancient City" by Waddagobble de Gook
"A Tale for Aliens" by Ludwig Schmittelhorne
"The Last Cry" by John Walston
"Astuning Science Fiction Caper" by Don Richards
- #90; April 1956: "Puccon of 1957" by Argyle McFoofnik
"Escape" by Burnett R. Toskey
- #91; May 1956: "The Collector" by Otto Pfeifer
- #92; June 1956: "Rescue" by Burnett R. Toskey
- #93; July 1956: "Master of the Monsters" by Waddagobble de Gook
"The Accelerating Machine" by W. Kraus
- #94; August 1956: "The Guardian" by Hubbard Green
"Tempus Ex Machina" by W. Kraus
"Final Inscription" by Eric Von Spencer
- #95; September 1956: "The Return of the Spacehound" by Otto Pfeifer
"A Question of Space" by W. Kraus
- #96; October 1956: "Who Goes Where" by W. Kraus
- #97; November 1956: "Aims to Please" by W. Kraus
- #98; December 1956: "A Most Exclusive Interview" by Waddagobble de Gook
- #99; January 1957: "A Tale for Critics" by Otto Pfeifer
"Fish Story" by Waddagobble de Gook
- #100; February 1957: "Letter From Toskey" by Norman Winslow
"The Non-Conforming Shadows" by Otto Pfeifer
- #101; March 1957: "The Collaboration" by Hubbard Green
- #102; April 1957: "Black Eyes Drifting" by Hubbard Green
"The Cave of the Bats" by Waddagobble de Gook
- #103; May, 1957: "Pigs in the Pantry" by Hubbard Green
- #104; June 1957: "Terror of the Spaceways" by Otto Pfeifer
- #106; August 1957: "A Timeless Tragedy" by Bill Meyers
- #107; September 1957: "Disastrous Tidings" by Bill Meyers
- #109; November 1957: "Mission Accomplished" by P. Urkine Fardles
- #110; December 1957: "Pacific 510" by John Berry
"A Typical Meeting" (Fragment) by Wally Weber
"Moment of Glory" by Bill Meyers

THE SCIENCE FICTION FIELD PLOWED UNDER — by RICHARD PETERSON —

F & S F, Jan, hit the stands just too late to make last month's column; likely the most of you have already read it. Nevertheless, a few words:

If you're determined to print religious science-fiction; get yourself an author who can write the stuff. Such as C.S. Lewis, master of the spiritual allegory in the stf framework. Here, his "Ministering Angels" has the saving wry touch too often lacked by some of the sanctimonious attempts to wed Science and Religion via fiction. /// J.C. Furnas' "Boyhood Pal" (1952 Crowell-Collier reprint) misses UNKNOWN quality by a slight excess of slick-folksy-ness. Ghoststuff.

In "The Events Leading Down to the Tragedy", Kornbluth spoofs the lengthily-detailed weird anecdote, and throws in a non-sequitur stf-gimmick just for the hell of it. Basically a character study, of an all-too-recognizable type. (The character, that is.) /// "The Christmas Present" (Dickson) is a nicely underplayed child-and-Alien fable, marred only (if at all) by insufficiently-documented motivation; fellers, that's when they just tell you Who done it and not Why.

Ron Goulart's "A New Lo!" is a short Fortean parody with belly laughs; I wonder if that vicious little title-pun was aimed at Ufology. /// "Little Tin God" (Jay Williams) is better than the usual run of smart-guy-gets-HIS items; it just goes to show that a good writer can put life into the mouldiest of cliches.

Colin Sturgis, however, went to the well twice, and once too often; the stf sports story is 99% a foredoomed clunker. Having beat the rap once, Sturgis failed to quit while he was ahead, and wrote "The 24,000 Mile Field Goal". He shouldn't ought've, and neither should've, Boucher. Not THIS twenty years.

The Horrible Future of "The New Father Christmas", by Brian Aldiss, does not tempt me. It might have interested, if developed further, but not just for this abortive portrayal. How brittle can you get? /// G. Harry Stine, canned off by Martin Aircraft for shooting off his truthful mouth, writes an article stating that the U.S. now lags in basic science because our historical allegiance to the immediate practicality of all things has finally caught up with us. With trimming whether 100% correct or not, there is some good thinking and fair documentation behind Stine's arguments. To be read thoughtfully. /// Nope, new paragraph.

It's easy to see why Clifton's "Remembrance and Reflection" did not join its 3 predecessors in ASF. I'm saying nothing against the writing or the logical development of the theme-- it's just that Campbell is not in any mood for such a write-off ending to the series. A few years ago, maybe, but not today.

Matheson's "Lemmings" is one of those cyptic I-don't-understand-it, you-don't-understand-it jobs that pretends it says something. /// Sturgeon's "A Touch of Strange" is a rather pleasant second-stab at the theme of his more powerful "The Sex Opposite"; the basic theme, that is. //Good issue, mainly.

SCIENCE FICTION QUARTERLY is back on schedule, with this FEB '58 issue. The editorial (containing a refutational letter by Gunn regarding divergent views on dknight's "In Search of Wonder") covers some very interesting ground, but gets so wound up on the hyphenated-vs-unhyphenated meanings of "love-and-death" that I tend to become confused with the predicament of the limericked young man named Dave, and his reprehensible but economical spelcological activities. Anyhow, although I can't keep track of who's on whose side in this brannigan, it strikes me that limiting the Dramatic Situation to Love-and-Death is an oversimplification of the Hemingway variety. Anyone for Power? Prestige? Security? Freedom? Gluttony? Vanity? Release of anxiety? Or just plain KICKS?? Sorry, gentlemen, but "Love and Death" doesn't even begin to cover some of the human motivations that occur even to a fast 30-second contemplation of human activity. Unless you are working from predetermined definitions by mutual agreement.

Contentwise into SFQ, we find the 132 pages led off by Bob Silverberg's "We, the Marauders". The plausibility (and some good details) of this piece do not disguise the fact that it is too long for its content and too short to realize its possibilities. "Gravy Planet" with added adrenalin, but realistic to the point that a substitute heroine was not provided at the last minute.

Joe Farrell's "Mating Call" is a vanVogtian depiction of mutually-exclusive life-forms with a new and imaginative basic-premise this month. /// Garrett's "The Low and the Mighty" is a good twist on the Conquering-Earthman theme, tho perhaps not as surprising as intended. /// "Kangaroo Court" (Walter Haneikis) is freshly viewing the sort of situation that ASF used to rehash every month, a few years back. Rookie at a hardboiled space-station, like. /// Fontenay's "Chip On the Shoulder" developed into an agonizing preoccupation (for me), as to whether the story would or would not carry out the inevitable telegraphed punchline, in the face of the author's ingenious smoke-screening, or whether he'd goof it.

SFQ has smoother, more durable paper (which makes it look thinner, but do not be misled) and 132pp (large pulpsized pp) of readable print. Don't pass it up from Digest-size-snobbery, unless you're down to minimum reading of stf.

IF, Feb '58: I had to read the story to find out whether the cover-joker is male or female. And, of all things, it DIDN'T MATTER. A Low Blow, to be sure.

7 shorts & 2 novelets here. Of the latter, J.F.Bone's "Assassin" is the psychological-disguised-as-Action piece, and John Sentry's "The Barbarians" is the vice-versa. Of the two, I enjoyed the Sentry considerably more, despite the utterly-unmotivated "Next spring we go down and free my people" kicker. Aw, let's face it; Pemberton is a ol' cynic who don't b'lieve in Automatic Altruism.

The shorts: Asimov's "The Feeling of Power" is a high-level spoof of great joy (until he HAD to tack on a Quinnworthy ending). Elaine Wilber's "The Hero" makes so much of issues which do not figure in the windup, that she nearly goofs it-- but nobody could goof an ending like that, once they'd thought it up, so we get our laughs. "Contamination Crew", by Alan Nourse, is an Indestructible-Monster story with a really choice finale; the rumor goes, that Nourse had an equally-ggood gimmick, but it didn't pass editorial censorship (a Harsh Word).

Arthur Clarke's "Out From the Sun" carries an idea too fragile to criticize; nice treatment, though, of a gimmick that would have gone Great-Guns, in 1940.

Ed Clinton's "Security Risk" is about the ultimate irony on this theme in fiction (though I've heard worse in fact). /// "The Standardized Man" (Steve Bartholomew) is rather satisfying to one sick to death of conformity and all its damn family. (Insert capital letters as desired.) Phil Hoskins' "Fect Of Clay" certainly isn't new on the subject ~~of~~ (make that "of") alien religions and how we get along with them, and the characters tend to warp in moist air, but I enjoyed this one anyhow. /// By gholly, we only Overthrew 1 Dictator in 9 tales!

FU, Feb: "Open All Doors" (Harrison and Pritchard) gives a novel theory on schizophrenia, in the familiar Stupid-Authority plotframe. The only really false note lies at the end-- no hero worth his happy-ending would have reconciled with a plot-popper like this guy's girl-friend.

Chandler's "Sense of Wonder" is one of those incestuous stf-feeding-on-itself jobs recently castigated by Critics of Note, and is delightful.

"Lazarus Bell" (Mullen) assembles too many ideas for its length, and the added kicker is one of them. Some OK brainstorms in a jerry-built plot, with an arbitrarily-inserted action-sequence.

De Ford's "Freak Show" is a nice open-ended sketch of the hard life of the benevolent alien. Sequelworthy except for its short length. /// "The Makers", by McClintic, was likely aimed for F&SF, but the windage was off. Thin theme, and the punchline wired ahead for reservations. /// "Familiar Face" (Don Berry) is a nice short bit of whimsical speculation; the idea's the thing, and intriguing.

Tom Scortia's "Insane Planet" seems to have been cut to fit, and in the wrong places, such as the missing sequence in which the protagonists presumably solved the mystery. Sure easy to kill a story that way.

28% of this FU (pagewise) is Ufology, its promotion and defense. Santesson takes half his book column for a big buildup to scoff me off for referring to CivSaucIntell as "maundering" and "pseudo-Forcean" (in CRY #107, where I noted that the readable saucerless Oct 57 FU was to be the last of its kind per the editorial announcement that Sanderson and CSI were to be mercilessly inflicted upon us each and every month-- I regretted this announcement, and said so). The argument starts by dropping a Big Name and syllogizing to the effect that since Field Marshal Montgomery is impressed by sputniks, while Pemberton does not care for Ufology in his stf, too bad for Pemberton (who is also impressed by sputniks, but wasn't asked about them, any more than Monty was quoted on Ufology). Then there's a page on how Science has caught up with Science-Fiction (presumably stf is now expected to turn itself in for the reward), and a final appeal for keeping your Sense of Wonder, with the CRY cited as Horrible Example.

"Saucers-- Fact Not Fiction" obligingly provides me with answers. Author Jessup writes from the shelter of a damp flat rock-- after calling del Rey names, he shows a pathological hatred of non-Ufological stf: "a monomolecular coating of pseudo-science painted onto a thick and murky base of cheap sex; and the whole smeared almost obscenely over an artificial background of imaginary and misunderstood space lore." (Obviously not FU" inserts the editor, truthfully enough.) Next, Jessup bids for orthodoxy by blaming the Psi boys for all the weirder aspects of Ufology, sets up a Double Standard of Proof depending on whether you are for or agin him, and hides behind the Bible to beat the drum awhile before throwing more rocks at stf: "S-F influence which may have contaminated the otherwise pristine purity of Ufology" (all the oddballs who got caught at it are tarred with this brush), "the taint of S-F", etc. Jessup would like us to get our STF the hellangone out of his nice bright Ufology, but-- but-- isn't that exactly what I've been saying for the past year or so, only the other way around?? Sorry, Morry; we wuz here first.

A number of "Ufologists" seem to be sincere, pleasant, and discerning types. Jessup, from his writings here, is none of these.

Sanderson's 2 items (one as "CSI") are as usual-- literate, well-told, but indiscriminately presented as "fact" regardless of whether they've been discredited elsewhere. /// I'm as strong for interstellar visitors as the next, but fail to buy the Sunday-supplement approach, as here. Maybe FU's Saurceritis stems from the conviction that here lies the secret of Circulation-- so why not go all the way?? Either change FU to Ufology News or split the stf and UFO into 2 separate zines and let's see which one pans out?? Or maybe it's the editor's pet kick, in which case he has a helluva lot of nerve demanding so much tolerance for it, after printing deCamp's debunk of fellow-editor Campbell's similar kick ("Pfui on Psi", FU Apr '57). /// One article (say) per month, on an editor's beloved hobby, wouldn't be too rough, but 3 or 4 UFOplugs to 7 stories is a bit hard on the guy who buys the zine because the title says "science-fiction".

Remember "SUSPENSE" magazine?? I rest my case. For the nonce.

aSF for Jan 58 omits the cover-symbol; no explanation. Leadoff item is Pauline Ashwell's "Unwillingly to School", a properties-of-mind version of the Ugly Duckling, told first-person in remarkably convincing sub-teen syntax. You can't help but realize some sort of kicker is coming up, but it goes well.

The Robert/Randall Nidorian novelet shows developments 30 years after the earthmen have left Nidor, and a Strong Man decides to reunite and restore the old Nidorian culture. (the gimmick is in the title). Hmm, hadn't thought much about it, but there could be some good meat in a series on post-Meddler Nidor, at that (how about a social upheaval resulting in Nidorians carrying only two names instead of three, for the next one, hey, fellers?).

This month's aSF shorts: Frank Herbert with the Penultimate Weapon for Peace, a Leinster wish-fulfilling answer to Cold and Hot wars, and Mullen with a telepathic artificial-monster in a who-cares action swatch reminiscent of the days before stf caught a dose of Social Significance. ??? (Tsk, that's ///).

Sky Miller reviews books, and there's a lettercol, but no article.

SATELLITE (Feb) features F.B.Long's "Mission to a Distant Star", motivated by the hero's reasonless distrust of the benevolent aliens, his chase-activity, and its culmination (wherein it appears that the Scorpions would have been better-named, Achilleans). With the wide disparity between apparent and actual attributes of the aliens, as shown to the reader, and with Long's present addiction to stopping development for philosophical monologues (all in the same style, no matter who is talking or in which story), this novel never gets the chance to appear at its possible best. However, it's a lot better than his previous job in SATELLITE, and miles above his recent pb. This man was writing terrific stuff fifteen years ago-- somehow or other he dropped off and wasn't seen in print for years. In the interim, he lost the touch, but in this story are signs that he may be coming back if he sticks to it.

Four shorts: Walt Sheldon with a routine (and callous) superjazz clunker, Roger Dee with a "cute" 2-page Doomer, Jerome Capp with yet another alien-visits-stf-writers piece which avoids several possible endings in favor of a nothing-windup, Dal Stevens with a short but powerful little squib on human nature under just about any ol' star-- brrr! /// SaMosk discusses the impact of Jules Verne.

INFINITY, Mar: Shaw continues to work toward a fannish lettercol in the Old Tradition-- a noble effort and increasingly successful.

Bob Silverberg's "The Overlord's Thumb" is the lead novelet, and once again the Girard Case Goes Into Space, as in aSF last month.... oh, NO! That one was Bob's, also. I thought it was just coincidence until I looked it up just now. Hmmm-- last spring, Bob's similar but distinct two treatments of the Earthman's Burden theme in two zines about a month apart, was a Good Thing-- the two tales gave different sides of the issue. But these two: while it's played straight for INFINITY in contradistinction to the stacked-deck approach for aSF, isn't this deal carrying a Good Thing a Little Too Far? Actually, I like this one better than the aSF version-- here we have to face up to a few human values, whereas the other was strictly a Who-Wins?black-and-whiter, by comparison.

The second and final part of Wilson's flying-town serial rings no more bells than did the first installment; it's sort of routine fringe-stf, and will likely go great in pb. /// The shorter entries are varied. "Never Meet Again" (Budrys) develops a facet of the alternate-worlds theme with contemporary context; this writer has an understandable "feel" for the oppressed of this world, but his beginning situation is the intriguing part of the story. /// Rob't Young's "The Leaf" carries poetic justice to the ultimate L'Envoi, with a callously-killing hunter as subject. /// Sheckley's "Accept No Substitutes" is a semi-humorous Sex Story for Masochists. Physiologically unsound, but I'm grateful for the author's avoidance of the expected "inevitable" ending, which nine out of ten writers would have automatically appended, or editors inserted. /// "Note For a Time Capsule" (Wellen) is a fun-type little "I wish..." concerning the sad taste-level of the mass-entertainment media.

The editor, and Andy Young in the "Fanfare" department, discuss the also-sad state of the U.S. public as related to interest in and understanding of the physical Universe; you know-- SCIENCE. Having observed an almost incredible ignorance of basic physical phenomena (particularly in regard to the mechanics of orbiting satellites) among supposedly well-grounded graduate engineers of my acquaintance, I feel that Shaw and Young are understating their case, out of simple compassion for their fellow-man, and his bruisable feelings. (It's not what they don't know-- it's what they KNOW, as aint so---)

GALAXY, Feb: 3 novelets and 4 shorts. Of the longer pieces, Lloyd Biggle's "The Rule of the Door" is as good a place to start, as any. Here's the bighod alien specimen-collector with a conscience and The Rule to back it up. The plot never gets to be very much, and comes out about as you'd expect, but the joker himself (and his relations with people) are the meat of the tale. /// In his "Bread Overhead", Fritz Leiber has abandoned the scalpel for the butterknife; here's a light bland farce that will stay with you like cotton-candy. Whatever happened to the guy who wrote "You're All Alone"? /// "Graveyard of Dreams" by H Beam Piper, is certainly a departure from the wooden-soldiers of such as "Time Crime"-- a planet named Poictesme, we have. The story's not a mood-piece, tho; deals with planetary attitudes, coping with. A well-worked idea, and credible. /// If some of the standby's are pooping out, it's nice to see others coming up.

Walter Tevis' "The Big Bounce" is another indication of this writer's urge to milk exaggerations or reversals of physical phenomena to the utmost-- here we have a more literate version of the elementary "what if" story of the early '30's. Very few people are selling these today, which says something or other for the Tevis talent. Here, we have a ball that bounces harder than it landed, picking up heat from the atmosphere upon impact. You wouldn't think very much could be done with this idea, would you? You'd be right. /// "The Repairman" (Harrison) is another case of competent writing breathing some life into an exhausted theme: the harrassed trouble-shooter hounded into nerve-racking jobs by a merciless Front Office. On a Galactic scale, ufcawss. /// Evelyn Smith's "The Blue Tower" is an Overthrow-the-Alien-Dictator rendition that would never see print in IF, where the tongue and the cheek never meet. Aside from a strong flavor of first-draft, and the tickle of loose threads, this goes well. /// "Trader's Risk" (Rog Dee) is the sort of alien-crisis-mixed-into-human-affairs twister that aSF used to feature, Before Atoms. It wasn't such a bad pitch at that, you know? Eghad, but the field has gone SerCon with a vengeance, the past decade.

Ley discourses upon "new" animals of the past century, in his usual quietly fascinating style. Floyd C Gale is fascinating too, in his own furshlugginer way; it beats me how he can go month after month avoiding all science-fiction except fringe-stuff and out'n'out clunkers. That boy got talent. And should keep it.

F & S F gets 2 plays this round, with the Feb issue arriving recently. "ALL NEW" is the word this time, on a cover of the realistic school (by Emsh. Yeh, I realize I'm extremely erratic about mentioning artwork, but why review what can be seen at a glance, unless the impulse strikes??).

Chad Oliver's "Pilgrimage", while overly-cute in spots, is good for a good number of laughs, having to do with time-transposition of some acidly-etched characters. It is only fair to warn Chad Oliver that by his use of the name "Mrs. Audrey Busby" for one of his better Meatballs in this tale, he has incited Elinor Busby to do a piece whose leading character, Oliver Chadley, will be the Fugghead to end all Fuggheads. (Actually, she'll never write it, but it's only fair to warn Chad that he has incited her to do so.)

Rog Phillips has "Love Me, Love My--" (Vegy, it turns out to be), which could be humorously but inaccurately described as a pot-boiler, in context. The intelligent vegetable here becomes the Husband's Nightmare of the Wife's Pampered Pet-- and intelligent, if somewhat clabberheaded. This story is in the Itching Powder Tradition; all the way thru, it irritates the hell out of you that the hero is dopey enough to put up with this wimmen's-magazine type of situation. Rog retrieves it for his masculine readers, by means of a slick-type ending-- actually he doesn't bring it back that far (to where the males can stomach it too well). But that's typical of slick fiction, isn't it?? (I been gafiated on the stuff, and may be out of date on it by now).

Next, the Feb F&SF goes into Agberg's "The Man Who Never Forgot", an eidetic-memory piece wall-filled with extrapolated details. I particularly appreciated Bob's taking the effort to provide a workable substitute for the standard Odd-John ending. "Running away was the first stage in growing up, and a necessary one. But..." A good thought, there, and applicable in more ways than one.

Zenna Henderson's "The Last Step" is one of these no-rationale fantasies on the Katzenjammerish "she brought it on herself, miss Twiddle" theme. The very first outre development tips off the climax of this too-predictable yarn. Better written than it deserved. /// Allen Kim Lang's "Exchange Student" is a nice light item-- this time the visiting anthropologist is built and sized like a chipmunk. Nothing imperishable, but fun. /// "I Do Not Hear You, Sir", by Avram (Jello) Davidson, runs along too darn well to be wound up quickly in the crime-doesn't-pay ending this way. Davidson has a really fine style of his own, and ideas to match, judging from some past work; it's a shame to use these gifts in tired morality-plays. /// PoulA's tongue nearly gets lost in his cheek, in "The Last of the Deliverers"-- the Last Republican meets the Last Communist against the background of a wishful-thinking-type Sane Society (which would probably work very well, until the population level built up again). Have you noticed how all the Sane Stfnal Societies are sparsely populated? It figures.

"One Sent" (Mary-Carter Roberts, and what kind of a name is that?) seems to be some sort of allegory, with a winged-and-haloed cat getting a Typical Family all shook and helpless. The "so what?" feeling at the end is not the story's failure, but its point. /// Fontenay's "A Summer Afternoon" is a rather effective switch on the crime-doesn't-PAY-I-tell-you routine; reads and sets well.

Carolemsch's "Baby" is a colorful version of Forster's "The Machine Stops" (and its countless previous imitators), but it's been done so many times that I'm afraid it boils down to the Robots Win, or: the Boy Wins-- and either way I've read it before and can only enjoy the passing scenery. /// Asimov poeticizes the writer's impression of folks who ask "WhereVER do you get those car-AZY ideas?", and the writer's reaction to same. Amen, Dr. A; I too would go away.

FUTURE, Feb (#35, but just went bi-monthly): "Wheels", by Michael Zuroy, is a stfish version of one of the old Harold Lloyd comedies-- the incompetent, by sheer ignorance, outdoes the experts. /// Wallace West's "Haunted Centennial" reads more like Gerry Carlisle than anything in the past 15 years (maybe that should be Carlyle-- 15 years is quite awhile). This one outpages its content.

"A Bird in the Hand" (Dave Gordon) is a stfish mysterytale with a new pitch for the cops' side: tracer bracelets for the suspects, who are NOT told the nature of the charge. There is a certain familiarity to the use of perfect octahedral diamonds as the heart of terraforming units; apparently Gordon has read the old SeeTee series from aSF and can't be bothered to vary the gimmick. This story does not develop its seeming potentialities; it just "solves" the Mystery and lets it go at that.

The St. Clair "Squec" bears a moral and makes it stick. I, Asimov, one-pages an underline (fictionwise) to his recent F&SF article. And somehow, I, Pemberton, followed the story line of Carol Emshwiller's "Idol's Eye" right up to the last page, where I was left standing with the rest of the slack-jawed youths-- wondering what had been left out just before the totally disconnected punchline. Oh well-- back to my native Lapland and the nepotism rap.

There's a subdued version of Bob Madle's visit to London, RAWL's recap of stf in 1927, a Stf Almanac, and-- cops, no letters in this issue. Salud.

Someday I'll get this assignment done mostly before the last possible minute, and then-- boy, get set for some deathless prose, hey? /// Good fanning.

amelia. pemberton

I'm happy to say that there were a couple zines this month with respect to which I feel distinctly goshwow:

A BAS #10. Boyd Raeburn, 9 Glenvalley Drive, Toronto 9, Canada. 25¢

This is 44 pp. of solid black type. Well, 43 pp. The cover is not solid black type; it is an aSF take-off by Pat Patterson.

The contents range mostly from good to excellent. The two items I liked best were: a travel and convention report by Boyd Raeburn, so detailed as to make excellent visualization of the divers scenes possible; & a parody by Carl Brandon entitled "My Fair Femnefan" which tells of Martha Coznowski, "the gauche neofanne who was tutored by a BNF and became a successful BNF herself..." -- absolutely terrific, I assure you.

The Derogation is very good. It loses tempo in spots, where Raeburn, trying to make a point, brings in too lengthy (the excellent in themselves) quotes from Walt Willis. & I think Holleman's remarks would be the better for cutting. But it's all in all most enjoyable, and there are many wonderful lines.

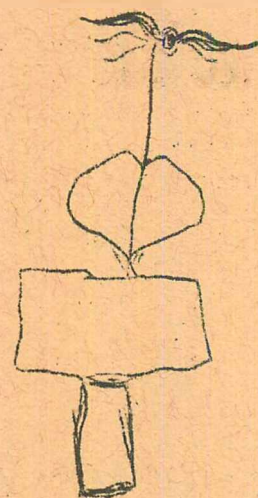
Then there is a very good article by Robert Bloch, "Boy Meets Ghoul". Bloch discusses the tendency of critics to ignore a writer during his lifetime & discover his work when it's too late to do him any good. Bloch says that fans, the "often accused of intellectual immaturity" are actually mature enough to like what they like, admire what they admire, on the basis of its own merits, and not on the advice of the "ghoul-priests of Higher Criticism."

There are also interesting articles by Bob Tucker & Harry Warner, about songs with movie titles ("The 3 Minute Singing Commercial You Far to Hear") and about what newspaper work is really like, respectively. There's a to me uninteresting article by Dick Ellington and some fragments by Rich Kirs, some of which are very good, but none of which are as vivid as most of his stuff in A BAS #9. & there's a 7 pp letter column, the letters from generally interesting folk.

INNUENDO #6. (THE INNISH). Terry Carr, 2315 Dwight Way, Berkeley 4, California. For trade or letter of comment only.

About all I want to say about this zine is G*O*S*H*W*O*W! but Pemby says that isn't enough. He says I've got to buckle down & review it -- all 85 magnificently fannish pages of it. You know, some people don't like it if zines are too fannish -- Lars Bourne, in TWIG, put in such a complaint about STELLAR. & Buck Coulson, in reviewing INNUENDO, claimed that 83 pp (he miscounted) of fannishness was a trifle excessive. But your reviewer, the lovable Amelia, could have read twice as many such pages without fatigue.

The INNISH includes, besides editorial, reprints (one from Royal Drummond), Eric Erickson & the letter column, the conclusion of a magnificent serial, "The Cacher of the Rye" by Carl Brandon. This is just as funny as the original "The Catcher in the Rye", has a more plausible, the fannish, explanation for the title; and, tho not deeply moving as the original story was, really is a bit touching towards the end. The INNISH also contains conreports of the Oklacon by Ron Ellik and of the London con by Ron Bennett. Both were excellent; Ron Ellik's particularly enjoyable in that he described the Oklacon very much



"BIRD AND NEST"
-SHELLEY M.

as we had surmised it from reading goshwow reports from less discerning or less honest fen. & I found Harry Warner's tale of his zine, SPACEWAYS, to be of great interest.

In the letter column Walt Willis says, with reference to INN's irregular publishing schedule, "All fandom would flock to your banner if they were sure it was being firmly held." No doubt he's right. But what Pemby wants to know is when are we going to get another HYPIEN?

OUTRE #4. George Spencer, 8302 Donnybrook Lane, Chevy Chase 15, Maryland. 15¢ for this, future OUTRES for letter, trade, contribution & to OMPA.

Beautiful reproduction, story by Berry, article by Richard Elsberry, & a really live letter column.

Well -- I was pro-Spencer thru O #1-3, but with this am a bit disenchanted. The kid intimates he's been flirting with gafia, and one (this one) gets the impression that he expects us all to go down on our knees & beg him to stay in fandom. He doesn't say so -- maybe I'm reading too much into his actually quite innocuous words.

But at the end of his letter column he says: "It has been mentioned in at least one letter that the letters which I print are rather consistently those of better known fans. If this seems like favoritism (sic), I apologize. However, I should point out that although there are always several unprinted letters from little-known or lesser-known fans lying about my desk, there are some from well-known fans who perhaps wrote the letter when they lacked inspiration..." Hah! You'll notice that he doesn't claim he would print an inspired letter from a little-known fan! I'll save my postage!

Contains a good line from Jean Young: "The bad die out, or read each other's zines."

BRILLIG #10. Lars Bourns, 2436 1/2 Portland St., Eugene, Oregon.

This is not quite as good as the last Brillig, which is probably why I've pooped around so on reviewing it. I get a lot more pleasure out of telling ol' Lars his zine is improving.

This contains material from Esmond Adams and Dick Geis, as well as editorializing and a letter column. I liked the last two items, and found some of Dick Geis' material provocative. For example, "if most of the individuals of a country are Other-Directed, the country itself will be Other-Directed in a society of nations." I'm afraid he's right! No wonder Creeping Meatballism is so frightening.

As always, I liked Lars' artwork; and in this he has a new artist, a New Zealander named Lynette Mills whose work is pleasantly reminiscent of PUNCH.

ETERNITY #2. Rich Brown, 127 Roberts St., Pasadena 3, Calif.

This has better repro than the previous Rich Brown zine I've seen, but that's saying very damn little. His repro is still waaaaay below par. This is 42 pp of eye-straining, but you know, morbid sort that I am, I read most of it and enjoyed most of what I read. I liked Rich's fanzine reviews and editorializing, and I even enjoyed Robin Wood's story, corn tho it was. & divers other items were not wit out interest.

But the layout is as bad as the mimeography -- everything all jammed together. What's the matter with a bit of white space here & there, Rich? Did it fright you as a tad? As Pemby might say, "Shape up or ship out!" (But Rich! I'd rather you'd shape up!)

THE VINEGAR WORM (Formerly The American Journal of Oculenteratology) #2.
Bob Leman, 2701 So. Vine St., Denver 10, Colo. Free.

This arrived in today's mail, which pleased me no end as I'd been wanting to see it. I had read a good review of #1 somewhere; and my expectations so aroused were not disappointed.

Leman explains that his previous title was a little joke, "oculenteratology" being intended to mean "the study of bug-eyed monsters." He says that some copies were "thrown away --- the recipients having been under the impression that it was some sort of crank publicity, on the order of scientology or dianetics." 'Twas also unwieldy.

"So, The Journal passes into history, after a brief but uneventful life, and its place is taken by THE VINEGAR WORM. The vinegar worm is an ugly small creature that lives in an acid environment; it absorbs acid with relish, and secretes acid constantly. THE VINEGAR WORM's title stands as its policy statement."

Everything in this zine is rather good; and the credits are given to Fred Haggard, Oval Rheen, Arvadel Smute, Craloteen Arliss, and (in the letter column) Leman's Aunt Martha and The Atlas Products Corporation, I suspect that Leman wrote (except for a couple quotes) every word of it himself. There's sercon & humorous material both, but it's all acid. I enjoy acidity; my only complaint about this zine is that it's only 11 pp. -- but then, it's free.

Should mention: the duplication is beautiful, the layout absolutely the simplest possible, and there's no artwork at all.

VERITAS #6.

FISSION IN TROUBLED WATERS.

THE THOMPSON SAGA. John Berry, 31 Campbell Park Ave., Belfast, Northern Ireland, & Arthur Thomson, 17, Brockham House, Brockham Drive, Londson S. W. 2. The last two items are the Goon Library --- 50¢ buys the 4 volumes so far published. VERITAS, an Ompazine, is 3 for 20¢.

These are all written by John Berry and illustrated by Arthur Thomson, and are all good. THE THOMPSON SAGA was particularly good, and has fotos showing Berrys, Thomsons, Willises & Harris.

SPHERE #5. May-June 1957. Lance Thorndyke, Editor-in-Chief, P. O. Box #196, Cantonment, Florida. 20¢.

This is the absolute antithesis to a Rich Brown zine -- not wholly a compliment, I assure you. Duplication is beautiful, but only one side of the paper is used which is to me unappetizing. Dammit! When I look at a zine I like to see print, print, print. I don't care about this insipid white stuff.

There's lots of real purty artwork herein, and perfectly okay-type the sercon stories & poems, but --- the zine that's most like SPHERE is CRIFANAC (which you will remember Lars Bourne referred to not inaptly as Crudfanac). SPHERE is a better zine in that there's nothing repulsive in it. But it doesn't have much personality. For one thing, the names of the editors are nowhere mentioned in it. The only slightest vestige of editorializing is in the replies in the letter column, and even there we haven't the faintest idea who's writing what reply. And the letter column is rather dull. There's a very good letter from Asimov and a fairly sensible letter from Terwilleger, & the rest is pretty much nothing.

For this reviewer, nothing, in any fanzine, can at all compensate for lack of editorial personality.

YANDRO #57. Robert & Juanita Coulson, 105 Stitt St., Wabash, Indiana. 10¢, 12/\$1.

As pleasant as usual. I particularly liked Marion Zimmer Bradley's column, which this time dealt with the great variety of worthwhile books on science to be bought for 35-50¢ on magazine racks in very small towns in Texas without libraries or bookstores.

I enjoy Coulson's fanzine reviews, tho I certainly don't think they're definitive. There's no such thing as a definitive fanzine review (listen to me, Redd Boggs) because a review, where it is not merely an enumeration of contents, is the individual reviewer's reaction to the zine. No reviewer Speaks for Fandom.

Good letter column, lousy Dodd column. That boy depresses me a bit, sometimes. This time he's reviewing "On The Beach" which is apparently quite cheerless.

THE REJECT BULLETIN #1 Winter 1957-58. Peter Francis Skeberdis, 606 Crapo Street, Flint 3, Mich.

Six pages, mediocre duplication, one good line: "He's got a photographic memory except it hasn't been developed yet."

STELLAR #13. Ted E. White, 1014 N. Tuckahoe St., Falls Church, Va. 15¢, 2/25¢, 5/50¢.

This contains an interesting editorial, good sercon articles by Harold Van Dall and Randall Garrett, a column of miscellany by Harlan Ellison, and an article by Richard Geis complaining that his mother & stepfather wouldn't let him watch "Cinderella" on TV.

I'm not going to say much about "Franklin Ford"'s fanzine reviews this time. After reading them, Pemby chortled "He sure fixed your little red wagon!" Pemby was, as usual, quite correct. My little red wagon has been fixed so well I shall place myself thereon & roll merrily away.

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BEING as Miz Pemberton left all this nice blank space here, it seems a good place to throw in a plug for

W A W A N D M A T E T O S O U T H G A T E I N 1 9 8 1

A contribution of 25¢ or more to LEN MOFFATT, 10202 Belcher, Downey, Calif, will not only aid the drive to bring Walt and Madeleine to the SOLACON but will also bring YOU a copy of the "Selected Writings of Rick Sneary"-- a good buy for a good cause. (The Willises are fairly sure they'll be able to come, but in case something should prevent, the Fund will be turned over to TAFF-- fair enough.)

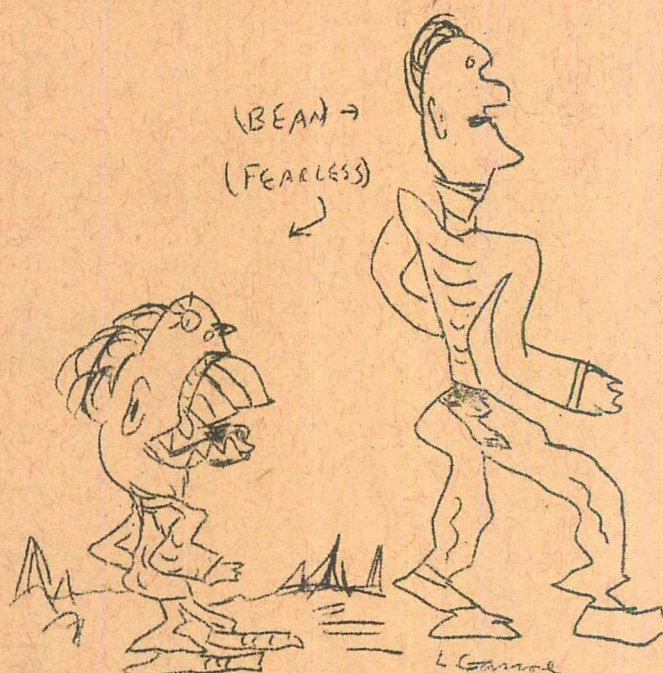
Remember, two-bits or more (cash, please, sez Len-- stamps won't buy any tickets) brings you some good faaannish reading, and helps toward bringing Walt and Madeleine to Southgate. This is a Good Deal.

(The above is NOT a paid advt, but a Public Service, more.) --FMB

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—HERO'S— —REWARD—

BY
OTTO
PEEIFER



((Norm. A. Bean was a hero. Not just a run-of-the-mill everyday type hero, but a hero par excellence. His many exploits were told throughout the galaxy. Whenever there was a damsel in distress, this future version of a knight in shining armor swooped down to rescue her. Along with his faithful companion, Fearless, he had rescued more maidens than you could shake a stick at, provided you wanted to shake sticks at Rotsler type women.

Perhaps his greatest feat occurred on Bitron, a planet ruled by the most despotic despot of all times, Yarlumph. This is an account of that affair.))

Bean and Fearless were returning from an adventurous trip in the star system Gruff whose only inhabited planet was populated by a race of moronic dogs. Bean was a mite disappointed when he found out that the girl he rescued was a dog.

"This hero business is going to the dogs," he said to Fearless.

"Duh-uh, you right, boss," Fearless replied intelligently.

Leaving this system, they headed for Bitron. The accounts of Yarlumph's nefarious exploits had reached him and he was certain that there would be plenty of damsels in distress for him to rescue.

Arriving at the main spaceport, located just outside the capital city of Bitron, Bean noticed that his coming was expected. Plastered all over the spaceport were signs bearing the words 'Bean Go Home.' and 'Bean is Unfair to Villains'. This last one was put up by the United Badmen's Union, local 1117.

"Ahhh, Fearless, I see that they are expecting us. See, there is a welcoming committee headed in our direction," he told Fearless.

"Duh-uh, you right, Boss," was his intelligent answer.

The so-called welcoming committee arrived at Bean's ship. Heading this group was none other than Yarlumph himself.

"By the great Ghod, Willis, you dare land your ship on Bitron," this was more a statement than a question.

"Ahhh, Yarlumph. I am honored," Bean spoke, sounding honored.

"You won't feel honored when we clap you in chains," Yarlumph threatened.

Bean swelled up with pride, holding his chin high, he announced to all and sundry, "Sirrah, I am a hero. If I am to be chained I will be chained holding my head high. No hero would consider anything else. Right, Fearless?"

"Duh-uh, you right, Boss," Fearless replied sagaciously.

"Then by the great Ghod, knight, you shall be chained. Go to it boys," Yarlumph ordered.

The boys went to it. Within a few moments Bean and Fearless were both chained and led away. Bean may have been led away with shoulders slumped and a tear in his eye, but his head was held high. Stout fellow.

The welcoming committee led them straight to Yarlumph's castle on the other side of the city. They were led into the castle and taken to a subterranean dungeon. Once inside the dungeon they were led to a cell and locked in. Yarlumph cackled fiendishly.

"And so we bid adieu to another hero," he said in parting.

"You are mistaken, Yarlumph. I shall escape. Right, Fearless?"

"Duh-uh, you right, Boss."

Yarlumph departed, still laughing fiendishly.

Bean and Fearless started looking around their cell and they discovered that they were not alone. Sitting in a corner crying her eyes out was a damsel in distress.

"Cry not, fair damsel. I have arrived and I will rescue you. But first, tell me how you got here."

Drying her eyes, the damsel looked up into Bean's understanding crossed eyes and began to tell her story.

"My name is Miriath. I am from the planet known as Palmer's Other World. My father was the ruler of the planet until Yarlumph destroyed it. He took me prisoner with the intention of making me his queen. Since I am a good little heroine, I spurned him. He then threw me in here until I changed my mind."

"Tis a sad and touching story; but never fear, for I, Norm Al Bean, hero par excellence, will rescue you from this fiend."

"If you do, I will reward you in a way that you have never been rewarded before."

Bean looked at this girl with the Rotsler front and drooled.

"Sir, how do you intend to escape from this cell. I notice that you and your friend are unarmed?" Miriath asked.

"A hero is prepared for all emergencies. The laces on our boots are impregnated with a newly developed, highly corrosive acid. Dry it is inactive, but mix it with water and it will eat through anything," Bean told her.

Bean and Fearless hastily undid their laces and tied them around the bars of their cell. They then poured water over them and waited for the acid to work. In about one hour the acid had done its job and ate its way through the bars. Fearless silently removed the bars and Bean led the way through the opening.

They raced through the corridors and up a flight of stairs. At the head of these stairs Bean paused and asked the girl, "Do you know how to get out of here?"

"If we go down this corridor we will come to a door; along side of this door is two switches. One opens the door and the gates to the castle; the other one will blow up the whole furshlugginer planet. Yarlumph showed the switches to me when he first brought me here."

They went down the corridor guardedly and arrived at the door without incident. Sure enough, right alongside the door there were two switches. The left one was painted red and the right one was painted green.

They paused and contemplated which switch to pull.

"I think that the green switch is the one we should pull," the girl suggested.

"Nonsense. Yarlumph wouldn't have arranged them as obvious as that. I say we should pull the red one. Right, Fearless?"

"Duh-uh, you wrong, Boss," Fearless answered.

"Now look here you two. I am the hero; therefore nothing is going to happen to me. I say we should pull the red switch, and we will pull the red switch," Bean said angrily.

He pulled the red switch.

Out in space somewhere, bits of the planet Bitron are still swirling about. People all over the Galaxy are still mourning. They mourn not for Norm. A. Bean, hero par excellence, but for Yarlumph, despotical despot. Heroes, even par excellence ones, are a dime a dozen. As for fiends as fiendish as Yarlumph, well, you just can't hardly get that kind no more.

(The End)

SPREADING THE FERTILIZER

a review column by Bill Meyers

IMAGINATION, February, 1958: To begin this month's puke session, kiddies, we have "The Cosmic Looters" by Alexander Blade, the plot of which is typical of just about every other Madge lead novel... a sinister invasion of Earth by a tremendous Galactic Empire is completely crushed by a Lone Earthman with no pomp and circumstance but more puke and coincidence.

Next on the bill of fare is "Death Walks On Mars" by Alan J. Ramm. I'm fairly sure "Ramm" is a pseudonym of -- very possibly -- Harlan Ellison. The writing is quite similar to Ellison's in that here can be found more bright and ingenious methods of torture and sadism to add to your collection. Martian razor-back lizards for instance, that begin eating at your feet and slowly consume everything up to the crown of your head. Heh -- rather amusing at that...

Silverberg's "A Madman on Board" concerns the choice of a 4-time loser as to whether he spends his life in prison or the last year of his life working with dangerous radiation on space station V2-7F -- it being his last year, of course, because of the radiation. Protagonist is a victim of a futuristic version of a shanghai. Most of it has to do with the protagonist's escape. As with the lead story, uncanny coincidence, more than anything else plays a vital part.

There is usually at least one devastatingly trivial item in each Hamling rag. This go-round it's Ivar Jorgenson's "Never Trust a Thief!", 6 pages of nothing. I have no idea who Jorgenson is -- certainly Silverberg or even Fairman would not even waste their time on this.

Tom W. Harris (another pseudo?) comes up with a refreshingly new title, "Get Out of My Body!". Hm...I think it was "Get Out of My Head" a couple of issues back. Or was that "Get Off My Planet"? No, that was Z-D. But then Z-D had "Get Out of Our Skies". But so did ASF...but then...hmm. It makes for rocky reading with continual switches from hero to alien with no warning whatsoever, but still not too bad for Madge.

As for the departments: In the editorial, Hamling states that the more money spent on a convention, the better it will be, as if it were a simple well-known fact. Hamling also shows his ignorance of Fandom by sobbing in the lettercol that Fandom shuns Imagination when "it never had it so good". With the exception of Bloch's column, I see nothing that is not bested completely by the Lowndes and Shaw prozines -- and they have good fiction, too.

In Fandora's Box, Bloch considers the serious aspects of how to hold a successful convention. Besides the half-page book review and the unearthly penpal column, that covers it.

AMAZING, January 1958: "Blonde Cargo" by Adam Chase leads off. It's a rather ludicrous little story -- a beautiful curvaceous Earth girl rejects a skinny dried-up prune of a Martian when he buys her as a slave, but falls in love with him and promises to be a good wife after he saves her from the sinister clutches of a Martian-style red light district. And so, the beautiful girl and the alien Martian walk off into the sunset, hand in tentacle...

Next is "School for Assassins" by Ellis Hart. The setting is the far future when the human race is more of a mass of white slugs surrounded by push-buttons than anything else. This theme seems to appear everywhere... At any rate, the author holds the contention that the people necessary to begin a brave new world must be thugs, cutthroats, killers, thieves, and the like, not aware of the fact that "toughness" does not at all mean a craving for law-breaking.

"A Coward Named Mayhem" by C.H. Thomas can be most adequately described by quoting from Jim Harmon's "Science Fiction Reading Room" in SKYHOOK #25: "...the 'Johnny Mayhem' stories in Amazing, are mere cartoons in typemetal...". Beautifully put, and true, very true.

Tom G. Edwin's "My Brother -- The Ape" is a vignette-type thing that, even tho its

brevity is a deterrent -- could have made prozines of a much higher standard than Amazing. Good parody on today's way of life.

"The First Invader" comes next, by Paul Dallas. It's vaguely reminiscent of Gore Vidal's riotous play, "Visit to a Small Planet". in that the invader is a suave, British-speaking character who provides for quite a few bits of humor.

E.K. Jarvis's "Moon of Death" is space opera minust the girl.

Lastly, "The Unluckiest Man in the World" by Jack Milton, a short vignette that's not even cute.

Once more, we hopscotch the mag for fuggheads: Fairman quotes a few jokes involving the satellite, (for a test of endurance, read JWC's editorial in the January ASF and then the Fairman editorial in the January Amazing.) Cotts reviews a couple of books and manages to keep from drawing any vivid conclusions. The Space Club is back in all its Glory, and (surprise!) the readers generally turned thumbs down on the revived saucer craze.

FANTASTIC, January 1958: An announcement is made this issue to the effect that Fantastic will employ a more lenient editorial policy in future issues. What Fairman is trying to say behind the grande fanfare is that material of a Dream World nature will be accepted readily in Fantastic now that Dream World has been suspended -- probably (and let's hope) permanently. And, I must say, the new policy has already been put into effect with this issue.

Of the aforementioned Dream World nature are Stephen Wilder's "Excitement for Sale" and William P. Salton's "A Trick of the Mind". The longer and better of the two is Wilder's tale. A lowly average housewife is confronted with the chance to attract adventure to herself like a magnet ... from there on, the fantasy element is abandoned and the element of crime takes over with kidnappings, cops, etc.

It would be fitting to insert the review of Ellis Hart's "A Furnace for your Foe" here; it also has to do with paid-killers, mobsters, and the like, with stf taking a back seat.

Salton's tale opens earth-shaking new vistas...a meek protagonist discovers he has a strange new power -- telekinesis! Salton (whoever he is) plays this thing up big as if he were the Supreme Originator of this bold new idea in science fiction writing.

The other minor one such as this is "Space Brat" by O.H. Leslie, which is another one of those that ends the tale after solving a minor problem, leaving the major plot completely unsolved.

The lead story, "The Devil Downstairs" by P.F. Costello is an extremely stupid fantasy. Protagonist traps the devil in his cellar and the troubles of the world vanish, etc. Exceedingly light reading and good entertainment for an imbecile.

"Cosmic Striptease" by E.K. Jarvis convinces me that Jarvis is a nudist at heart. He visualizes a world turned nude after Martians convince the Earth people that wearing clothing is strictly for savages.

I've ceased giving my opinion of each story after reviewing it, as it is always the same and there are limits to the methods by which one can voice one's disapproval. If I think a story is worthy of honorable mention, I'll say so, but otherwise, the story is strictly ech...and 95% of the time the stories are.

SEEDING THE FURROWS: "A Section of a Column of a Department of a Fanzine"

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST, December 7, 1957: Of interest this issue is a short story by Pat Frank, "Stranger in the Sky". As the title implies, it concerns UFOs, but unlike the run-of-the-mill, the author does not leave the reader with the dramatic thought, "There's something out there!" but on the contrary, neatly and abruptly solves the riddle by accrediting the UFOs to the Navy. Somehow, I think I prefer the run-of-the-mill version...

Also of interest in this Post is an article on getting out of the old rat race... the blurb suggests endeniably that the writer is a tried and true conformist but as one reads on through the article, he changes his mind half a dozen times finally coming to

the conclusion that proverbial man in gray flannel is a hero in his own right. "Had Enough of the Old Rat Race" by Howard Upton, in case you're interested in such.

PLAYBOY, January 1958: Of no science fiction value but certainly of interest to the casual reader is "The Room of Dark" by Gilbert Wright, a suspenseful masterpiece of tension featuring a quaint variation of The Duel to the Death, that is more of a battle of nerves than combat. Ray Russell's "The Postpaid Poet" is also enjoyable.

After much deliberation, I have come to the decision that reading every prozine to come out is getting me nowhere, largely because of the fact that there are only a few reliable ones that I enjoy, these being F&SF, aSF, Galaxy, If, and Science Fiction Quarterly, with possibly Star. One might wonder why Infinity does not appear in this list. I admit, Infinity quite often prints damned good stuff but I'm afraid it's not quite good enough for me to depend on for good enjoyment each and every issue. Thus, I am going to continue reading these five, and dropping all the rest with the exception of -- irony of all ironies -- Amazing, Fantastic, Imagination, and Imaginative Tales, for the purpose of review in this column. There are two major reasons why I made this change in policy -- well, actually three if you count education as opposed to fanaticism. One: I've been spying too many books from the mainstream side of things to resist reading them any longer. Rather than bore you beyond compare, I shall refrain from spilling off the different authors which have come to appeal to me, but I must say that they're certainly a terrific improvement over Fantastic Universe, Super-Science Fiction, etc. And, of course, incomparable to the Hamling and Fairman trash. Sometimes I wonder why I remain so faithful to the CRY as to continue reading such trivia...who knows, maybe the all-consuming passion will engulf me sometime in the future to scream "To Hell with CRY" but not in the near future, at least.

Hm, I see here that I never got around to making mention of the second reason why I stopped reading a good deal of the prozines. It is: I have so much old material that holds such a great appeal for me which I never have had the chance to read such as the pulps of the Good Old Days, and items like Weird Tales and Unknown that are succulent fruit in my choice of reading matter which have as yet remained untasted. These, I shall commence to dig into as time goes by and will probably give a few opinions here. Already I've read a couple of lesser items, Avon Fantasy Reader #1 and #2.

Ah, but #1 did appeal to me greatly, the choicest items being "The Voice in the Night" by William H. Hodgson and "The Vaults of Yoh-Vombis" by Clark Ashton Smith, the latter being of 1932 vintage, the former's copyright date not given but hinted at by editor Wollheim as being older.

Clark Ashton Smith's made for the best short story I've read in 1957, revealing such a horror in the old tombs of Mars, that in places it had me actually cringing.

I could go on about all the stories in the two books, but as I have stated elsewhere, I like to write reviews of magazines I despise as it is a great deal easier to write reviews of something one dislikes than of something one likes, and of course people begin to despise the reviewer himself for giving voice to a multitudinous host of superlative adjectives. Unfortunately, that is about all I could ordain these Avon Fantasy Readers with; I enjoyed them immensely.

Who says there actually never were any good old days? I've read just two science fiction books only ten years of age, and have already ceased to read over half of the current prozines, in favor of the older gems.



SECRET WEAPON

or:

HOW TO WIN A WAR WITHOUT HARDLY TRYING

by Lar' Stone

((An epic short-short-short novel, complete on this page.))

"Let's face it: Terra is losing the war. The Martians outnumber us in the manpower department two to one. Do any of you geniuses have a solution?" Supreme Commander Tracey glared at each of his Intelligence Staff members in turn. Each of those worthies stared blankly back.

Suddenly there came the scrape of a chair sliding back from the table as Higgins, a nineteen year old espionage expert with an I.Q. of 180, came to his feet. "Is it not true that we have an advantage in the weapons and equipment department?" Not waiting for a reply, he continued, "If the Martians lost, say----half of all their men ----".

Yul Prixtel, Terran espionage agent, glanced over his shoulder at the huge marble stand from which Dictator Snenflix would review the Martian Armies before they left to replace Mars' troops fighting in the Asteroid Belt. He concentrated on marching stiffly, keeping his face emotionless, as was the custom in the Martian military system. He could feel the tension mounting all around him as each soldier strained desperately to keep stiff and to keep his face blank. He stole another peek at the reviewing stand. Dictator Snenflix was just now taking his seat atop the tower. "The time is right," thought Prixtel.

Without any warning at all, he let out a tremendous guffaw and slapped the back of the soldier beside him. That worthy, who had been struggling desperately to keep stiff, released all his pent-up tensions in a similar guffaw. Rocking with laughter, tears streaming from his eyes, he fell on the soldier next to him. There followed a chain reaction, with guffaws bursting here and there, so that within five minutes, ten million men were rolling on the concrete parade plain, laughing and slapping each other on the backs. What had been formerly rows of ramrod-straight soldiers was now a mass of individuals rolling and shrieking with laughter, releasing all the tensions they had stored up during their two-year training period -- a vigorous training period during which they faced the threat of court-martial if even caught smiling.

"What is this? What do those idiots think they're doing?" roared Dictator Snenflix.

"They're laughing, sir," informed his aide, unnecessarily.

"Have every one of those laughing hyenas shot! Is that clear?" boomed Snenflix.

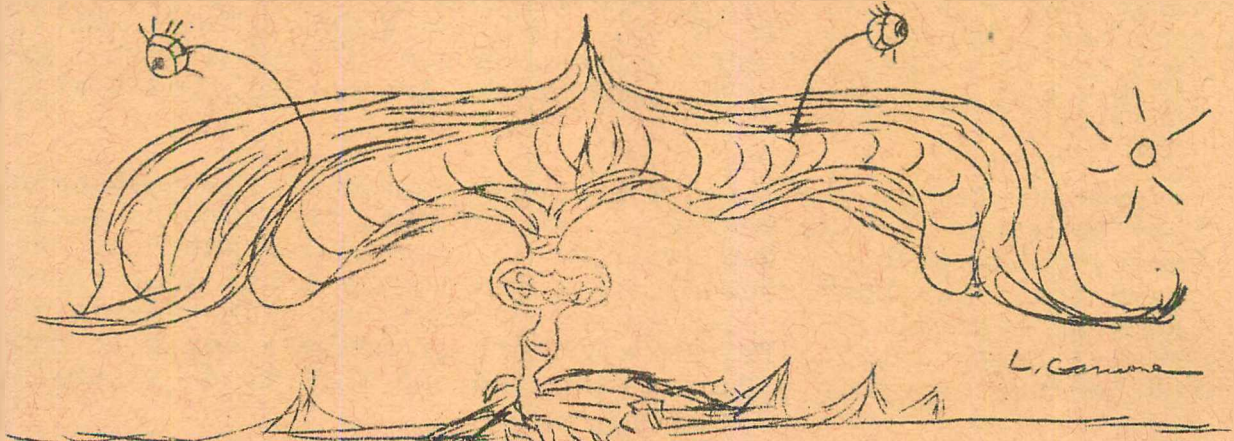
"But sir! Those men are replacements. We'll lose the war without them!"

"Don't argue with me!" he roared. "I will not tolerate this! Turn the scatter-guns on them! Kill every one!"

"Yes, sir," said his aide, motioning to the gun-crews.

A Terran Victory in the war had become inevitable.

(finis)



MINUTES

by that ingenious, handsome, witty, brilliant, dignified, energetic, flawless, and (above all) modest permanent secretary of the Seattle NAMELESS ONES.....

+ * +
W A L L Y W E B E R
+ * +

It is with a humble but very proud feeling that the entire staff of CRY OF THE NAMELESS gives this completely unsolicited testimonial of praise for + W A L L Y W E B E R +, whose stunningly accurate reports of otherwise dull meetings of the Nameless Ones have fascinated readers of the CRY regularly for years and years. We now have the unequalled pleasure of presenting the minutes as only the old master can report them. They are:

Fourteen after eleven o'clock.

There! Again a masterpiece! You may have made the mistaken conclusion that those minutes were dashed off in a hurry with very little thought. If so, you have been misled by the smooth, polished style of the author. In reality, Mr. Weber slaved long hours over this, his most recent work. Every word had to be placed just so; the entire narrative had to be examined minutely for accuracy. Endless times completed drafts were destroyed and rewritten as the author discovered another minute had elapsed and his composition was dated. It was not until the waning hours of the night when his left wrist watch ran down that this exacting writer was able to compose a final draft that met with his approval.

Unfortunately, we of the staff have failed to properly judge the layout of the page for size, and as a result we have nearly half of the available space left to fill. If the readers will kindly excuse us, we will utilize this area to report on the last meeting of the Nameless Ones to be held in 1957.

+ + +

The December 19, 1957 meeting of the Nameless Ones was attended by nine members. They shall be referred to in this report as Otto Pfeifer, Burnett Toskey, Wally Weber, John Swearingen, Ed Wyman, Rose Stark, Marge Wyman, Geneva Wyman, and Linda Wyman. These names were chosen by the parents of nine persons chosen at random from a group of nine that was meeting in room 4122 of the Arcade Building that evening.

Burnett Toskey disrupted the normal course of the meeting right off by bringing up club business. He informed the members that he had taken over the club treasury without any particular authority to do so, and that everybody would be expected to pay their dues for 1958 as soon as possible. He also suggested that the club cease meeting in rented rooms until sufficient numbers of members begin to attend and share the expenses. Burnett pointed out that to do otherwise

would create a serious drain on the treasury and endanger his plans for attending the World Science Fiction Convention in South Gate this summer. The members politely ignored this breach of club policy and tactfully turned the discussion to things that could not be considered club business.

The subject of discussion was changed to CRY OF THE NAMELESS, which is about as far from club business as anyone could imagine. Rose Stark and Ed Wyman mentioned that they hadn't received any CRY's for some time and were interested in learning the reason for this failure of the fool-proof mailing system. CRY-staff-members Toskey, Pfeifer, and Weber stalled by stating they would investigate the situation. During the course of this conversation, John Swearingen was lured into purchasing an issue of the CRY from the stock on hand at the meeting.

Burnett Toskey took the opportunity to sing a classic folk song entitled, "Happy Unbirthday To Us." With this off of his undeveloped chest and the rest of us unhinged by the traumatic experience, he brought back the subject of holding meetings at place other than those that would cost his treasury money. It was pointed out that members could meet in each other's homes for no cost at all. Flora Jones offered her home for an occasional meeting. It was a rather amazing thing for her to do considering that she wasn't even attending the meeting. John Swearingen generously offered his home on Cougar Mountain as a site for future club meetings, and he hastily added that he seriously doubted that anyone at the meeting would be able to find the way to his place. Sooner or later everyone had either invited the club to their home or had given lame excuses why they couldn't. Immediately after Wally Weber announced that at least one meeting could be held at his home (known affectionately as "Swamp-house"), the members decided to table the discussion of changing meeting places until a future meeting.

The conversation was then permitted to go its usual way for several changes of subjects. These subjects included the overwhelming majority of females in Washington D. C., John W. Campbell Jr. editorials, and Linda Wyman's baby-proof shoe laces.

During this, the official bone gavel made its first appearance for many club meetings. President Wyman (Ed) announced that it was his opinion that he had been President too long and was in favor of having the job turned over to somebody else. In a reckless mood, he asked for suggestions. Mr. Swearingen's age-old suggestion of doing away with the office of president entirely, and replacing it with an anarchy was given serious consideration due to its "equality for all" aspect. Unfortunately Mr. Weber had a variation to suggest; namely, doing away with the members and electing everyone President. By the time it came up for vote, an amendment had been added by Burnett Toskey that those voting against the measure could remain ordinary members. John Swearingen was the only person to remain an ordinary member. It was then that he revealed the fact that by remaining a member, he was the only person in the room who could vote or make official motions. Fortunately he had no one to second any of his motions, but the eight Presidents of the Nameless Ones are looking to next meeting with dread. John may bring his wife.

CRY OF THE READERS

conducted by Burnett R. Teskey, who takes great pleasure in sticking his neck out whenever the occasion presents itself.

HARLAN IS SNARLIN'

Dear Nameless:

In advance I apologize. This letter is frustration and anger, and probably--no, unquestionably--should not be mailed once I've vented my spleen. I recognize, before you throw it at me, that this is nothing but character assassination and arguing on non-logical grounds, but dammit I'm so mad I could chew rocks...or Meyers...preferably the latter!

In his current "Spreading the Fertilizer" this boob has the temerity to pan the only worthwhile thing I've ever written! The only piece I can honestly say had any real depth or allegorical substance. I refer to "Revolt of the Shadows" in AMAZING STORIES (this was not the original title, by the way.). Let me explain:

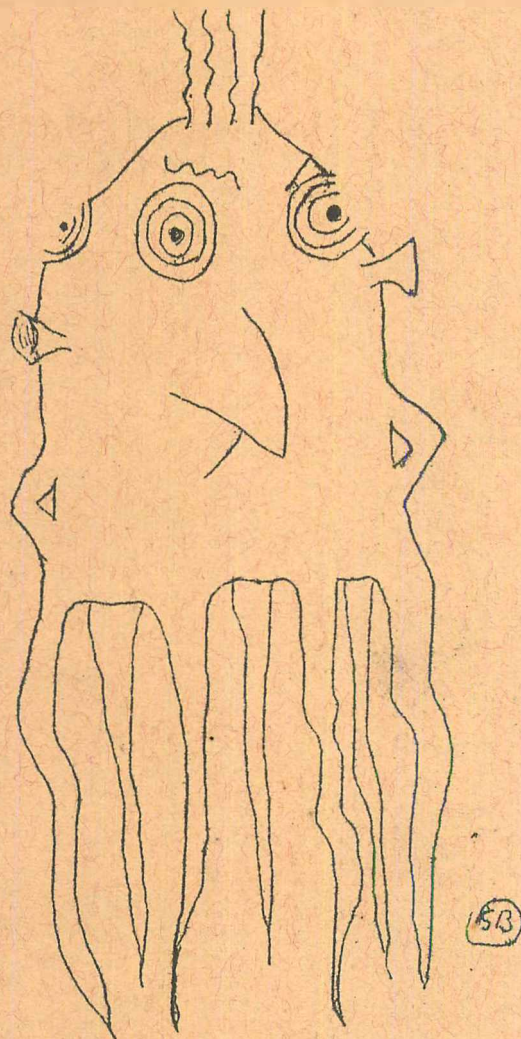
One night, when I had an assignment to do four 5000 worders for Paul Fairman, and was in a peculiarly good mood through fine music and relaxed atmosphere intermixed with a certain sweet loneliness, I started writing that story. It was a labor of love; it wrote itself; and when I had finished it, I figured, "What an odd yarn." But I sent it to Fairman anyhow, and he took it with the other three.

Some months later, when I was in New York, moving my wife and household down here to Fort Knox, my agent Theron Raines, of the Ann Elmo Literary Agency, came over, as did Hans Santesson of FANTASTIC UNIVERSE. By chance they read the ms. and began raving about it. "This is Cocteau all over again!" yelled Theron, who is the most reserved person I know, who never comments too favorably about my stf. "This is brilliant, you couldn't have written it," enthused Hans. I stared at the both of them. Sure it was odd, but nothing as great as they were making out.

What the hell was going on? Were they spooking me? I found out in a few minutes they were not spooking, for Hans offered to buy the yarn. When I told him I had sent it to Fairman he made a point of stating that he did not want to poach another man's property, but if Fairman would settle for another 5000 worder, he would buy the yarn on the spot. He thereupon wrote out a personal check for it, he was so impressed. Well, as it turned out, the story was already in type and had been illustrated, at AMAZING, so I had to deliver another story to Hans, who was disappointed. But everyone who has read that story since has agreed with those two men--who know their business--that the Shadow yarn was something special. I have come to believe so, too. It holds for me a great deal of truth, and a great deal of honesty. The only thing that stinks in it is the introduction of Hitler as Obregon, and that, too, has symbolism.

This story was an experience for me. It was something I had wanted to say. That

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story is me talking to you. And even literary critics I have met since, who have fallen in on that yarn, have acclaimed it.

To have had it show up in AMAZING was a grievous error, for the stories in the magazine are approached with a certain attitude (to wit: "This is to entertain, it can't be too deep."). And the Shadows was a deep yarn; deeply significant and holding a great deal of worth, dammit!

I'm a frustrated artist crying at the Phillistines who don't recognize my brilliance. Okay, okay, so I'm a dolt! So I'm a fool! But confound it that story was worth something, and to have a boob like Billy Meyers (who wouldn't know significance if it perched on his pointed head, peeling apples!") call it the worst story Z-D has ever published, well, that was the crushing blow.

He liked a bit of frippery like "Pot-Luck Genii" which was contrived and shallow and lacking in anything but one tiny yuck...Yet he snorts and condemns something that was pure poetry to write. What the hell is the matter? Is a guy condemned to write crap all his life, because every time he struggles for merit and substance a, clod steps out and says, "Gee, it didn't have no great stfnal concepts!" Is that what the SF reading public has come to? Is that what fandom wants? Shit? Or is it just that your reviewer is a blundering, insensitive ox?

I'm pooped.

I apologize.

Futilely, Harlan Ellison
434 Washington St.
Elizabethtown, Ky.

((Now that you have stirred up a fuss, Pemberton has vowed to read the story, and I may read it myself, if I can find a copy. It doesn't seem likely, although it is possible, that Meyers went into the story prejudiced because of the magazine it was in; and even so, it is impossible to please everyone nor to convey to everyone the things you try to convey in a story, as I know from personal experience. You please the majority of the people who count -- and hence you sell your stories. Meyers will no doubt have a reply to you next month. Your address change is noted ---BRT))

BERRY THINKS WE'RE THE BERRIES

Dear Wally,

It isn't often I allow myself the luxury of sending air-mail letters, but I have a sort of half apology and a belated request to make. I sincerely hope you aren't annoyed at my action, but I'll explain the position. If I have offended you, I am terribly sorry, but I think - I hope you'll understand.

It's like this....

Arthur and myself were working really hard on RET 9, and hoped to have it pubbed by the beginning of December. Unfortunately, by some great misfortune, a whole bunch of stencils were lost in the post between Belfast and London. We still tried to get it out by Xmas, and I think we will, but the extra rush after the stencils loss was so great, that I had to make a snap decision. It was this...to reprint a page of your WorldCon report in the October CRY, without your permission. It was the portion about the GDA gavel thing, which, incidentally, I thought you put over beautifully. It was imperative to have something about the incident in RET, and you summed it up superbly. I knew that if I wrote and asked, you would probably give permission, but with the extra rush at Xmas, your reply would possibly take time, in which case we wouldn't possibly be able to catch the Xmas deadline. It's against my fannish principles to take important things like reprints without the necessary permission, but sometimes the situation dictates a bold policy, providing a really abject apology is made afterwards...as in this case. We have given you full egoboo, etc, both for yourself and CRY. If you feel strongly about the matter, an airmail letter back will result in our removing the page, but I sincerely hope you have no objections.

Forgiven?????

I think CRY is fabulous, the way it comes out so regularly. Particularly I like

the accomodating atmosphere about it...and many bouquets to Mrs. Busby for the excellence of her fanzine revos. I sent you a story for CRY some time ago; did it arrive O.K. I think I mentioned at the time that if you didn't want it for CRY to pass it on to Bus for POLARITY, and if he doesn't want it I'll thump it in a RET.

Arthur and myself didn't manage to send out any fannish Xmas cards this year, as we did last., but I must take this opportunity to wish you well for 1958, and hope you have a very happy and fannish Xmas...and please pass those sentiments on to the Busby's for me, if you see them over Xmas. And if the reprint meets with your approval, you'll be getting RET shortly.

Best, and congrats on CRY

John Barry
31 Campbell Park Ave.
Belmont, Belfast
Northern Ireland

((The only objection we have to the reprint of CRY material is that you gave CRY credit for it --- and with the popularity of Retribution, it might cause us to get more subscribers, and the more subscribers we have, the more money we lose----BRT))

ATOM BOMBED BY ATOM

Dear Wally,

What have I done? Where have I gone wrong? What has your image against me? No, don't recoil in puzzlement, you knew what I'm talking about.----Yeah, whuffor do I not get a copy of CRY with your conreport in it? Walt writes and tells me of it! John writes and tells me of it! But am I able to read it myself? No! And they say it has fotos too!

So hows about it Weber, huh? Howsabout putting my name down on the CRY mailing list, huh? Huh? I received the Cry for August y'know, why then am I ostracised from future copies. Shame, Weber, I weep! Me, one of your stay up bedmates at the convention, forgotten, cast aside like a Hotel bed, to be psaeered at. Oh the horrible agony of loneliness and banishment. By Ghod Weber, this'll go against your advancement in the service of the Goon Agency--Renfrew Pemberton will receive higher diplomas and bigger cases in the Seattle area. I might even write a protest to F.M. Busby!

You're frightened now are you! You're flashlight is trembling in your hands, so well it might! (I meant fotoflash up there-natch) All right, I forgive you, you forgot to send a copy--you hadn't my address, okay, okay, but send a copy toot sweet (Of course I speak French) and don't forget in future. Don't forget that trigger Schultheis isn't all that far away from Seattle, and there's nothing he likes better than a killing job for the Goon Agency!

All right, now we've gotten that squared up, let me say how pleased I was to meet you at the Con. Y'know Wally, you came into our little group just like you were made for it. We all thought that. James, Walt, Chuck, Mal, Madeliene, m'self, George ATWC. The Con was a wonderful success just because we got to know people like yourself and a few others. If ever you have to flee Seattle there's a place in Ifandom just made for you and your camera!

Seeing as how this is December and you'll most probably be seeing the other Seattle fen around now, wish them all my very best Christmas wishes and to yourself as well.

James's conreport in Hyphen--due out soon, features you, and I've drawn a couple of illos of you....Naturally you can't see you, cos the fotoflash is blinding me and I've just a dim hazy figure behind the exploding bulb! Hah!

John is working on Ret, due out around Christmas--in it he is reprinting your account of the GDA shooting affair ((I believe he's written you asking permission to re-print))

Ah well, enough from me. Looking forward to CRY, and drop me a line if you feel like it.

Best,
Arthur Thomson
17 Brockham House
Brockham Drive; London, S.W.2. U.K.

((Cry#108 has been sent.BRT))

((You think you can freeload on CRY, huh? 'Snot fair to trade 6 Crys for one Ret, is it? We prefer contributions(letters, artwork) to subs, tho. If we don't hear from you or Willis, we may send you a copy now and then out of fannish affection....BRT))

THE LONG AND THE SHORT OF IT

Dear Nameless,

I started this letter the very day that #109 arrived, and all because youse said I was always an issue late with my letters. Well, I've decided that it's better to be late than to step into RAWL when he's swinging. And judging from his letters he is really swinging!

I must interject at this point that I wasn't taking any personal swipes at either Mr. Lowndes or Blish. But do think that RAWL kinda slipped out by the back door by blaming his fuzzy writing on impending deadlines. Quite a few authors fought deadlines all of their lives and still managed to turn out a pretty fine piece of prose. (((Whoops! Look at RAWL's letter again, bhoy. You done put your foot in it that time!!..BRT)))



I had no idea that any frothing-of-the-typer on my part would set off the chain reaction that it apparently has. But since I'm in the middle I might as well make the best face of it that I possibly can.

I'm operating at somewhat of a disadvantage in that I haven't read any of RAWL's editorials in the past year, but then I haven't read a great deal of SF in general in the past year either. Of Mr. Blish's works, the only title I have at hand that I consider good is definitely NOT cloudy, except in story form. "Frozen Year".

Since Mr. Blish started all this ruckus let's go back to him. After after all RAWL is in this thing by default, as I am actually. But the fact is, Blish is a writer, and RAWL is an editor, and a competent one as well.

I personally don't think Merritt ever wrote anything that could be classed as great, not completely. But some of the finest word IMPRESSIONS in Fantasy (and that includes some very respectable company) have come from Merritt. I know the generally accepted standards of good writing and I know what I like. By and large my likes run parallel to good taste.

But Mr. Blish who criticises Merritt (and that is legitimate) should practice what he preaches. Since he commits the same breaches of good writing as Merritt he should have picked on another author to criticize. The idea that a critic doesn't have to do better than the works he criticizes, is current, and accepted. But I do not buy it. I like Damon Knight for the simple reason that ~~some~~ of the stories he turns out ARE better than the ones he criticizes, or up to those he praises.

I can't honestly argue with Mr. Lowndes because I don't have any of Blish's works at hand. But I recently read "Year 2018", and taking into account that the pocketbook publishers have probably chopped it up, it is still disjointed and guilty of building up to a climax that never quite comes off; instead the book wastes away into an uncharacteristic clinch. In the "Frozen Year" he is just plain lazy. He had a fine story going, and damned if he didn't take the easy way out. In the OKIE stories the biggest carelessness I can think of is that any city capable of what they are supposed to be capable of would just sit down on the uninhabited side of a planet and take what it wanted. Also in that series he tells the same story over and over again. Hardly without variation, except in the manner in which Amalfie out 'superguesses' the villain.

I enjoyed "The Frozen Year" despite its faults, and I still think that "Surface Tension" is one of the best SF stories I've ever read. But one or two stories do not make an author, nor a critic, for my money. I can't recall the name of the story, but RAWL printed it and it had to do with giantism, which points up what I mean by cloudy writing. I waded through it, and damned if I can remember what it was all about. And my memory is NOT that bad.

Of course, as RAWL has so ably pointed out, it still devolves to a matter of opinion. I'm afraid Blish will always mean heavy writing to me. This is not a very good answer, but I'm afraid it's the best I can muster at the moment. I'd have to reread Blish and Merritt again to really speak intelligently. This I don't think I'll do. There is far too much fine writing laying around that will never get read as it is.

To Meyers: I am not a hoax. If I were I would be able to write a letter at least

HALF as well as either Berry or Harris. This I cannot do...damnit!

Many congrats on the steadily improving repro, but you've slipped back a bit in the use of Masterweave's 'blotter paper'. Ted White is the only guy I know who can get consistently good results with Master's mishmash. Back to a good cheap white paper, please? (((This is Carmel paper, not Masterweave. It's cheaper than white paper -- that's why we changed over...BRT)))

To A. Pemberton anent the Metzger drawings she liked in that longago Gallery. I have a real dilly coming up in the next ish. It was so damned involved I've had to have it stenofaxed. My eyes would not stand up to stenciling it.

Well all in all Cry 109 was way up there where it's been for some time now. Never stop pitching.....

naturally, Chick Derry
3 Oak Drive
Brendywine, Md.

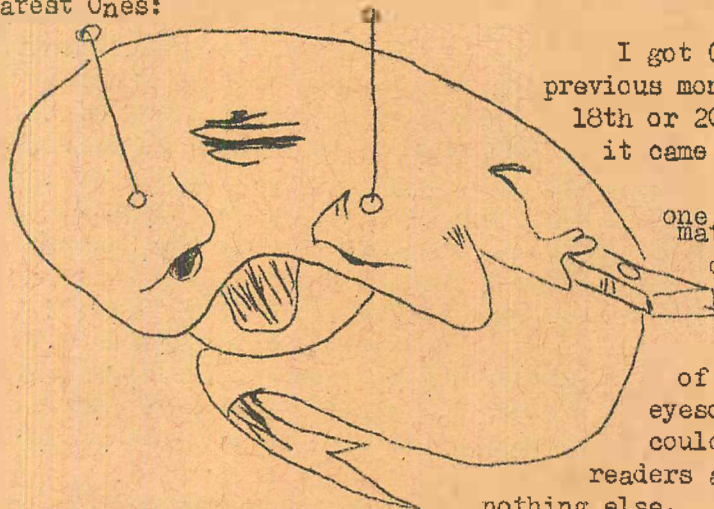
Well Ones, this reverting to a pocsard is twofold in purpose. 1) I hate losing arguments and a card is too small to start a new one or continue an old one. 2) I haven't any more time; it seems to do anything but send out cards to fen who manage to do what I can't find time to do because of writing cards to them. This ish of CRY was way below the recent par for reproduction. I now know why all your artwork seems to be so uniformly bad; I don't doodle, even on postcards, as bad as that repro on pg 23. (((That pic didn't show through the cardboard very well....BRT))) For Rich Brown; got doodles, am using same; they're good! Meyers is getting to be as good as Pemberton, between them they might make a demon knight, for despite the recent criticisms I still think dk is SF's only critic. (Who says I can't start an argument on a pc?) Also I loved the Berry job, as always, very neat. PLEASE go back to the photo covers! I enjoyed what I was able to read, always.....

Chick Derry

((Well, at least you are doing your part to carry on our recent controversy -- but you seem alone on the matter thish. This ish the repro ought to be better -- I'm turning the crank myself this time. If we used foto covers too ofetn, Wally would soon go broke. Even without foto covers, we can't break even. Send us a pic of you --- if we get enuf pics well run a fotocover.....BRT)))

AND THE USUAL GUSHING FROM THE MEYERS

Dearest Ones:



I got CRY comparatively earlier this month than previous months. Usually it comes along about the 18th or 20th but this month - wonder of wonders - it came on Friday the 13th. Fitting.

I guess you could classify #110 as one of the better CRYs with all its Meyers material giving it an air of superior quality, but this yellow paper has to go. I can manage to fight the paper

you have used in the interior, but the gaudy sickening color

of the cover on #110 is too much. A real eyesore despite Garcone's masterpiece. You could at least have taken pity on your

readers and used white paper for the cover, if

nothing else.

Nonetheless, the beauty of Garcone's drawing managed to shine through, and the classic genius of it was there to behold. Unlike the cover, the interiors were of very poor quality; even poorer than usual. There were only two illos worth printing, Bryer's illustration and Bourne's illo on page 20. Speaking of that particular Bourne illo, I believe it's pretty old. I remember Lars' showing it to me over a year ago as an example of his better art. No telling how old it already was then. I like it, anyway, and I

believe I'm beginning to like his old art of '55 and '56 a lot more than his work of current. Witness the cover of SPECTRE #2 for an example of this older work of Bourne's --I only hope in his transference of the ill to the master, the eloquence of it is not tarnished.

Nothing on the contents worth commenting on except that it was good, as usual. Busby's, I believe, was a bit more polished in wit, but this is probably because Tosk has just gotten out of the habit...I remember the ones in #100-#106 were really fine, and the majority were Tosk's, if not all. (((Busby's wit is always more polished...BRT)))

Berry's piece was quite good, tho not authentic. The authenticity is greatly doubtful because of the fact that if CRY was now being published on Fluggett's Gestetner 340, it would have good repro. On the contrary, since #108, the repro has gone down in legibility quite considerably. It's that cruddy yellow paper, that's all...

And I dare say Fluggett would refrain from using cruddy yellow paper.

I'm greatly afraid that Ren's column won't be as interesting to me now as it used to be. I have quite tgei (quite a typo there, wot?). Let's start again. I have quit the prozines with the exception of the Big Three and IF with the editorials and various departments only of the others being perused. And, of course, I am still keeping up with Hamling and Fairman merely for the sake of my Loyalty To The CRY. If 'twere not for the CRY, I'd probably have quit reading the things sometime ago as I've begun to dig into my old pulps and ancient tidbits as of late and have no time for such trivia. But as I say, I'm loyal. So you'll keep getting the reviews as long as you or I hold out.

Tho I'm loyal, I'm not enthusiastic. Which explains the absence of any of the column with this epistle.

Wally's report was, of course, not long enough. Is he always in a state of semi-gafia? I don't know what more his readers could say to egoboost him enough to bring back the minutes. Sure hope they're in #111. (((Wally is almost always in a state of complete gafia. But we hope to have minutes thish...BRT)))

There is something lacking in Amelia's reviews; perhaps because they are all the same...that is, they concern themselves with the trivia of the fanzine reviewed instead of the highlights. What's more, practically all of her reviews beginning with "This..." gets boring. Methinks she has no ambition or enthusiasm with this column and is only attacking it because of necessity. (((Somebody gotta do the work ---who should it be, me??...BRT)))

Well, out of good taste and polite modesty, I'll refrain from commenting on my two items, except for saying they were both utterly fabulous.

I agree with Silverberg completely on the fact that using the "You're Another One.." technique is childish and utterly fuggheaded. Not to slander Derry, of course, but it seems as if it's inevitable.

Daigle doesn't seem like too much of a neo to me...in fact, a lot of his letter reminds me of my writing, especially my early letters to CRY. I guess pretty soon Daigle will start sending in regular letters and contributions, and I'll trudge off weeping, following the footsteps of Moomaw and Deeck. (Naturally, I'm saying this since the Fine Fellow said my reviews were more enjoyable than the Pemberton's. Which is quite an honor, but natch.) To answer his question as to why I read the Fertilizer: I used to read it -- all of '57 to be exact -- just because I had resolved to read all the prozines. Figured that if I was going to waste my time on the things, I could at least gain a little egoboo by reviewing them. Now that I've quit all but 4 (whoops - make that 5. I just remembered SFQX which is my second favorite) I'm only doing it out of Loyalty, as I've said. As for my "snide remarks and open insults"...I'm only speaking my mind.



I can't see why people, like Stony Barnes, would object to prozine reviews merely because they had already read the prozines. It seems rather preposterous to me as that's the only time I used to ever read Ren's reviews -- only after I had read the rag. To read them beforehand would usually give away the story (I hate to start something knowing

it's bad.) and ruin the prozine for me. Much more interesting to read the reviews afterward for the sake of comparing opinions.

There should be a Bourne Portrait of Toskey next issue since Toskey also slandered The Immortal Lars' name by signing his letter "Lars Burne". Come to think of it, there were more typos in this ish than any CRY I've yet read. Better watch that Task...

Of course it was fun wallowing around in Bourne's egoboo, too...

To Rich Brown: Yes, a lot of BNF's were in the N3F at one time but they weren't such BNF's then. Oh, there were plenty of actifen but it's still hard to imagine Willis being therein. Notice in the last TNFF (Yes, I'm in it!) that N3F was stated as being a club of higher caliber than SAPS or OMPA? Ghu...

I suppose you like Johnny Mayhem since that and the Ellison story were all you read. It fits your nature, I suppose. Jim Harmon in SKYHOOK #25 describes the series as "cartoons in typemetal." I couldn't more agree. But as for Ellison, I don't think he's a bad writer at all. If he were, he wouldn't be selling. However, I certainly don't consider him as being at all "excellent". You're just a bit too free with your adjectives there, I'm afraid. I consider Bradbury, Sturgeon and Heinlein excellent, and I'm afraid Ellison's writing has not yet come up to the work of Those Three. Of course, if I were speaking of "excellence" merely on the average type of material you find in Amazing (Something you probably did, but which I prefer to avoid in the Spreading column) Ellison might be considered excellent at that. But only at that.

The Bourne portrait didn't at all look like Lars's work. Looked more like Garcone to me. (I'M SORRY, LARS...)

To Task: No, Bradbury and Merritt are not too similar but their writing is definitely in opposition to the writing of Asimov or van Vogt. It's categorizing generally, but nevertheless, it's still categorizing. For that matter, I think comparing Shaver to Lovecraft is the Worst Blasphemy Known to the Science Fiction World. You can like Shaver if you wish (aren't I generous, tho?) but personally, I abhor his work. What I have read of it, anyway. ...like the abominable "Quest of Brail".

I believe there is one more portrait other than Swearingen's. The beautiful thing of Buz and his home brew. Don't you remember it? (((No can find.....BRT)))

Yes, Task, I know CRY is printed with a mimeo; what I meant to say was that I didn't know the B_{us}bys had a mimeo. For some reason, I gathered their only method of repro was ditto and multigraph while you and Otto owned the mimeos. It's hard to believe that they own three mimeos as well. Those things cost, don't they....

Well, looking forward to the annish, I guess I'll make my departure, but not for long as I'll be sending the column later.

Yours for the return of white paper (((Hah!-BRT))

Bill Meyers

4301 Shawnee Circle

Chattanooga 11, Tennessee

((To clarify matters, the Fenden consists of A S. Lars Roebuck mimeo (\$45) owned by Wally Weber, an ABDick mimeo (cost \$25) owned by The Nameless Ones, an Edison-Dick mimeo (owned by Otto, who had it guv to him free), a Multigraph (cost \$50) owned by Wally, I, and the B_{us}bys, and a ditto machine (cost too much) owned by the B_{us}bys. I liked "Quest of Brail" when I read it many long years ago, but Palmer claims he wrote that story himself, now. For some good stories by Shaver, try "Earth Slaves to Space" (Amazing, September 1946), "Mind Rovers" (Amazing, January 1947), "Joe Dannon, Pioneer" (Amazing, March 1947), "Gods of Venus" (Amazing, March 1948), or "An Adam From the Sixth" (Fantastic, May, 1946), and if you still abhor Shaver, it will be an honestly justified opinion at least, for these are his best, I think. I could mention scores of others, though. You might be surprised to hear this, but Hamling himself even had some good stories in these two mags in them days. Fairman never was much of a writer, though. Everything I have ever read by Lovecraft I have liked greatly --- but I have, alas, read very little of his work. But what I have read seems very similar in many aspects to that of the Amherst Master.....BRT)))

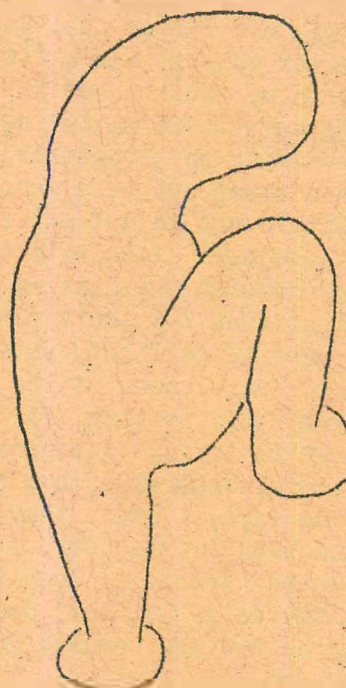
...AND THE SON OF GHOD WAS BOURNE

Dear Unacknowledged Ones:

Only a postcard this time I'm sorry to say. Primarily I want to comment on Garcone's front cover. Oddly enough there is quite a lot to that illo. The bleak, upthrusting landscape with fog or mist in the lowlands, the sky stark in the background, the almost lone alien being feeding on the small (Burrowing?) animals at its feet is quite striking when you come right down to it. The draftsmanship is not so good but the ideas are. Too bad Garcone couldn't employ a ghost artist to do the technical work. Liked Spreading The Fertilizer best in the issue (oddly enough) and except for the letter section it was the most interesting. Isn't that terrible? A rank youngfan comes into the pages of Cry and outdoes the old pro Pemberton. Tsk. Such is the way of fandom. There's always some greeply schmuck who will outdo you. That's why I'm trying to start an organization for the stamping out of BNF's. Give us ignerant fans a chance to pubb our crud without undue embarrassment. Not that I'm saying that Villie is a BNF, but sometimes I dream at night (nightmares) that he may be someday.

Sine Cera

Lars Bourne
2436 1/2 Portland St.
Eugene, Oregon.



Portrait
of
LARS
BOURNE

By
Bill
MEYERS

((Like Tom Weber, a cousin of Wally's, who used to have nightmares of the entropic catastrophe, and he would wake up in a cold sweat and scream and scream.....BRT))

DAIGLE DANGLES

Dear Nameless,

For a long time I've been wondering--- howcum youse ain't got names? Where were you when the names were passed out, over in the corner eating crottled greeps? Or maybe your real names are Willis, Hoffman, Bloch and the like and you don't want it known that such ghreat pipples put out such nauseating crud as Cry. No, no! I didn't mean what I said! Please, don't hit me with that wet YANDRO! No, seriously (somewhat), you appear to have names (Weber, Toskey, etc.) so why do you call yourselves nameless? Huh?

Quite a nice ish, llo. From what I've seen of Cry, you seem to be getting better. The Berry piece was fun--as always...maybe even a little moreso. What was wrong with the mimeo thish? (((under-inking...BRT))) Wasn't bad in some places, but in others... yeccccchhhh! Just barely readable. I should think by now that you folks would know how to run a mimeo. Whatzamatterwitches? (((Just when you get to the point where you think you have a mimeo tamed, it pulls stunts like that on you.....BRT)))

That cover sickened me. Artwork and layout wasn't bad, but...a carnivorous plant on one of Saturn's moons eating a worm? And that fiendish leer that the plant is wearing! What do you feed Garcone? (Or are you Garcone?)

Aaahhhh! More pics nextish. You know, I never tire of seeing pictures (photos) of fen...I sit and look at them and regurgitate while my imaginary pictures of glorious and dashing young heroes and heroines of the space age burst like the bubbles from my



bubble-beanie. Oh, did I ever tell you about my bubble-beanie? It's a regular beanie with a red propellor only it has a little hose leading from the top, where there's a soapy water pan, to my mouth where I blow into it, thereby forming bubbles. And to think that you peasants have to be satisfied with just a propellor! Fie on the lower caste!

Meyers is becoming an altogether too big part of your zine. I suggest that you come to your senses and stamp out this menace before he spreads to the rest of fandom. I'm going to say a little bit in defense of the Z-D mags. Meyers (and a lot of people) always runs down these mags along with the rest of the crud. Now I'll go along with him all the way in condemning the Hamling mags, Fantastic Universe, and the like, but, while I certainly realize that Z-D isn't putting out stuff as good as...Infinity, say, I find it for the most part to be light, entertaining reading good for passing a couple of hours in a pleasant way. Sure, none of the stuff can be classed as being anywhere near literature, or even very good writing, for that matter, and most of the writers are hacks, but don't forget, they're trying to conform to what the public wants and the Z-D mags must be liked by the readers, otherwise, how could they keep 2 mags on a monthly schedule? No matter what anyone says, I enjoy them occasionally.

So, I'll end with one request...that you run more fanzine reviews. 2 pages doesn't seem to be enough to satisfy my insatiable (now there's a paradox...how could something insatiable possibly be satisfied?) desire for fmz reviews. Altho Amelia's reviews aren't very interesting as reviews usually go, I get more kicks out of reading these than so many prozine reviews.

Brad Daigle
1610 N. 32nd St.
Milwaukee, Wisconsin

((The Nameless Ones is the name of the local stf club, which chose that name after several months of trying to decide on a name. Why not send us a pic of yourself in your bubble-beanie for our forthcoming photo-cover of our lovable correspondents (provided we get enough of them to fill a page). The cover was not located on a moon of Saturn, but on a planet of a star system containing a star with a luminescent ring.....BRT))

ESMOND RIDES AGAIN

Relax, cats,

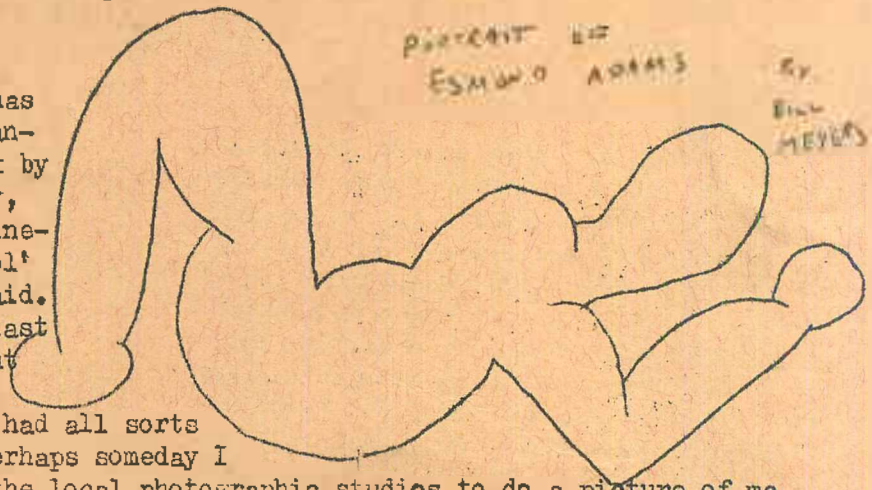
Yes, relax, for the Adams has not forsaken thee for another fanzine. I merely have been struck by an isolated form of gafia lately, one that strikes me in the fanzine-komment lobe of the proverbial ol' brain, of which much has been said.

I wish I'd taken time out last month, though, to write you about CRY 108. 'Twas a fine ish. I love photo covers, and this one had all sorts of interesting pipple in it. Perhaps someday I can be persuaded to get one of the local photographic studios to do a picture of me (profile right; dark background; expression serene, sensitive) that I can let you use. I dunno, the demand's up, you know...

For kicks I shall invest you with farther displays of my artistic inability. Rejoice, rejoice. Selah. Eh.

Weber's Conreport was great. I should go into detail on why, but it seems a little pointless now that the opportunity has passed. Merely accept my solemn ho-ho on behalf of Weber.

By the boo, do I catch a subtle bit of metaphoric artwork accompanying my letter in 108? (Is metaphoric the word? Veddy, veddy doubtful, but 'twill have to suffice as my Writer's Aid, by a Mr. Webster, doesn't seem to be about. If you can think up a better word be sure to insert it when reading the above, then by some perverted post-hypnotic



PICTURE OF
ESMOND ADAMS

BY
BRAD DAIGLE

suggestion, make believe it was my word, after all.)

Moving on to CRY 109, which is the genuine purpose of this missive, we run across another great CRY cover. Bless all your evil insides. And horror no less than the Namelesses themselves this go'round. (Okay, so you knew who was on the cover, but allow me a little poetic license. I like being flowery...)

Pfeifer and Weber appear to have typers somewhat similar to mine. If, perchance, either, (or, heaven forbid, both) do have SMITH-CORONA Portables (((Both typers were the same machine, Wally's portable Smith-Corona...BRT))), surely they can understand my sad plight and forgive all that's been said. These metal monsters write yea what they like, twisting and perverting the innocent words of lovable Es Adams. Aghh, if I may be so dramatic. The beast hath taken note of what I have written, and moves forward to wreak its revenge upon my fingertips. Argghhh.

End of exciting epic science fiction story. What a twist, eh?!

As usual, I loved the editorial page, or whatever you call the Nameless page.

The Heinlein story in SATURN which missed Renf (or vice versa, or upside down) also missed me, but in a different way. I got quite a kick out of the story in itself, with all the cotton candy loveliness of the circus, and the "Flying Dutchman" tinge. But somewhere in the midst of it all I started thinking about circuses and carnivals and got sick in so doing. The circus theory is a great one to write about, but all I run into at these things are dirty deadbeats and crooked pitchmen and an All-Encompassing Foul Smell. That just kicks the romanticism right out the door for circus life.

Hmm. I shall take note here of the lousy way I send my art. I send it in a lousy way. End.

No, mebbe I better explain why lousy, since you're liable to think I'm admitting defeat. Most of my junk comes scrawled on notebook paper (hate it with a passion, do I!) in lousy pencil. This doubtless helps you think less of me, but it's unavoidable since my Mad Creative Moods come at strange times, like usually when I get too bored with Latin to stomach any more of it. Unfortunately, I do not take my India ink, pen set, and shiny white paper to Latin. So that makes it no less the lousy, that explanation, but I feel I must try to drag my Latin teacher into my Wrath, also.

Now if I could only figure out what happened to the Cry I was writing about, I would get back on the subject. Hmm.

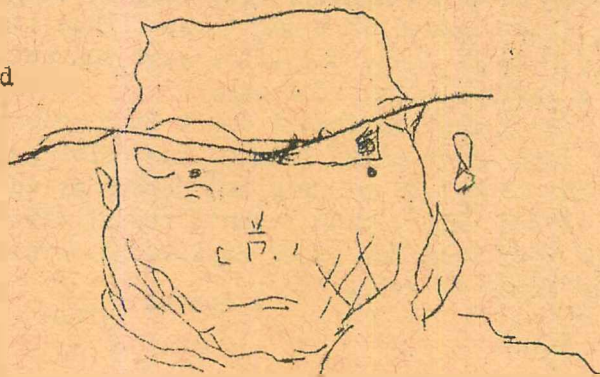
Ah! No luck for infidels. 'Tis found, having been hiding under my Winky Dinky kit.

For once I can think of something to say about Amelia's column, too. Generally she seems to just go along liking the right things and disliking the right things and being an all-round Spoil Sport for us warmongers. 'Tis my opinion that the ASF spoof in INSIDE was one of the greatest fannish bits of wit to come along. (She liked it, too, but I shall differ.) If anything could've been done to improve the article, it would have been more length. Lawdie. A parody of dullness can be mighty hilarious if done right. Haw.

So the point's minor, but it was a disagreement with Amelia. In other parts, I agree that a fan-ed should do his own crud. Young Meyers is a true wit, and I was disappointed that his only appearance in his big new zine was the editorial. Snarfle.

"Mission Accomplished" Hmm. I give up. Who dced it? At times the horrible th thought came to me that it could be by Meyers, but I think he's learned better than this from having to Spread the Fertilizer. Anyhoo, the story wasn't bad, except that it just didn't have anything new, or even reasonably old.

And Meyers once more merits Honorable Mention in my Sterling Epistle for his superb summations of the tripe. I particularly love the various classifications these fall into under his Turrible Typen, like, say, "little men", "overthrow the diatator" (with



a serene bow in the direction of Pemb), and on.

To clarify a policy mentioned a few ishes back (millions wait with baited breath, aware of the earth-shaking statement to follow, and since even their best friends told them), my major opinion in the Merritt deal is that I don't give a damn for/against the kat.

And as the reprecussions pound through the earth, dealing death and destruction (California will fall into the sea) to all, I move on heedless of chaos.

Something I been meaning to mention. It seems generally accepted that Jorgenson is a pen name for anybody that comes along, but once way-back-when FANTASTIC had a pen sketch and bio that were supposedly of Sir Ive. But I think they spelled his first name differently from der way you pipple...do...spell his name. (((No...BRT))) Another proverbial huge fannish hoax?

I curse Meyers soundly for not being a mysterious artist, and let all seek the Ultimate Truth in what he meant in the Willis joins N3F story. Hence I shall be a mysterious artist and not reveal the meaning of the Strange Inscription everyone is now wondering about. No, it's useless. I remain firm.

But don't believe anything Meyers says on his Good Fortune (i.e.; the fabulous meeting with the Adams). The boy is warped. I shall perhaps someday reveal to all the true true (damned if I don't wish I had italics so I could skip this underscoring rot..) story. Until then, the libel laws suggest complete silence on the matter. I anger quite easily. Grr, if I may.

Did I mention that I don't like colored paper? I wish these fan-eds could remember that it's color mimeo I like, and color paper I dislike. Tch. But when I remind them of this they become surly and darken my idealism by mentioning filthy lucre.

I suddenly decide I can't resist after remembering an article I saw in the paper about Your Town the other day....California will fall into the sea, but Seattle seems to be going to Hell.

I leave.

Best,

Esmond T. Adams, Boy Outlaw
432 Locust St.
Huntsville, Alabama.

((Wally informs me that he has been watching the various opinions about our colored paper with great interest. He doesn't intend to do anything about it, but it's interesting just the same. I think I agree with you on that INSIDE commentary. So now you are claiming poetic license? I would also, but I don't feel the desire to keep poets around the place these days hardly at all.....BRT))

A SECOND LETTER FROM THE FIRST MAN

Dear Nameless,

(This damned race for new names to call you pipple has left me utterly desolate of originality....)

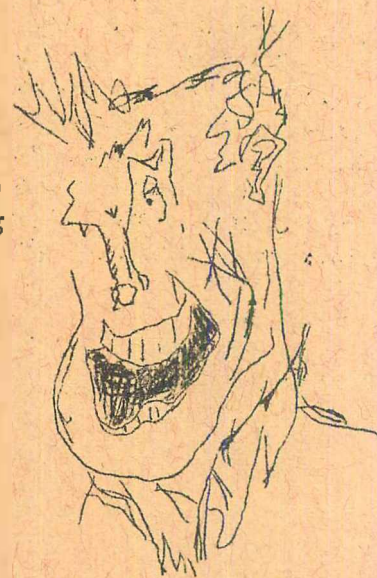
The cover as per usual didn't move me. The main thing I enjoy in Lorenzo's work (((The first name is Lorenzo!..BRT))) is the endearing way he scrals 'l. Garcone,' like he be pulling a starving-man-with-food-so-near (this will take imagination, since it's used less frequently by far than the Pemby/Meyers 'overthrow the dictator' line) and clawing at the locked door. (Well, I said it would take imagination, didn't I? Maybe you just lack a sense of wonder, maybe, I guess, Ha.)

Oo, Lawsie, this looks like another one of those (no imagination needed here kats, so quit priming it) 'ridicule the Adams' letters.

But onward.

Inside front cover was good, but watch that sort of thing. You know what they did to Brillig, and Bourne wasn't printing anything that scathing.

I like the fancy printed stuff at the top of some of



the pages, but I would much prefer it published on white paper. I have an aversion, if that's the word, to colored paper, and yet fandom slithers ever onward heedless. Does no one unnerstan'? Eh?

I like CRY art, I do, but not much. Only when you print art by that Fabulous Young Talent, Es Adams, of whom much has been said, do I like it. Yes.

PACIFIC 510 was great! Just about every line fractured me. It gave me an even bigger kick than Berry's stories in RET and such...ah, such fine with. I commend thee for such material. And I shall, of course, avoid Northwaest Pemberton when feeling to do something underhanded. Surely.

But if Pemby used this fabled machine on his review pages this time, it should be sent back. His pages presented me with a horrible case of the proverbial (to me at least) Fannish Eye Rot. Horrible.

I enjoyed his reviews, though, as usual. It especially did my heart good to see that he liked STAR. 'Tis a fine new magazine, and I objected to the blast it took (mainly because of its art) in SF TIMES. They seemed to think the art would ruin good old sf with the public, the same public which is so impressed, no doubt, with the fine stuff sf is from all the great sf movies. But they're wrong. The paper didn't help the looks of the art much, but Powers is a real true to life sf artist, and not just an outer space scene-painter.

Say, are the little ///'s Pemby sprays around with such abandon his story ratings or some such? (((No, merely dividers...BRT))) It looks like they are, but I don't remember anybody having mentioned it.

The minutes were, as you doubtless suspect (but I inform you regardless, feeling more the desire to report with sincerity my feelings than to entertain with the unexpected), were good, but too short. We must make this Weber work. Also, can't you wring work out of some of the Namelesses who wisely avoid appearing in the mag, like this unheard of president you have, Ward Wellman? (And such a fannish name, too.)

Aha! Another Wonderful Idea from my Alert Mind....yes. 'Tis my humble opinion that you should let young Will Meyers mix a little of the better food of fannish life with his fertilizer. That is, let both Northwest Pemby and Dixie Wilkie destroy any and all with no such limits on subject matter. Meyers should be, I vaguely suspect, tiring a bit of this constant perusal of All That is Low and Rubble.

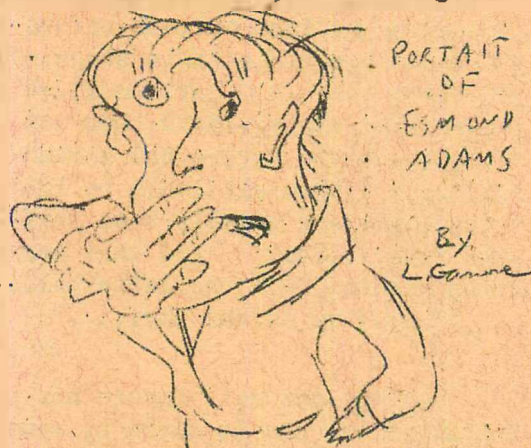
MOMENT OF GLORY once more blackened the name of Meyers farther, but I enjoy such attacks. May Sir Will's evil tribe increase, to what end we know not.

Gosh. I've got an idea. Let's hang Daigle. Fun? Sure.

No joke, though (seriously, with all kidding aside), I must sincerely set forth the oft misunderstood fact that I am not a mindless young infant. And I am so old enough to drive. I'm actually about at the stage of a relatively mindless big infant, the legendary enfant terrible (forgive the way I loused that up, but I take Latin, not French, like sic semper tyrannis and so), in a term, the Red Man. Which means I terrorize the surrounding countrysides with my evil automobile, plummeting all passers by with my empty bheer chans, running over children, and holding up gas stations like mad. (((Just a good clean cut young American boy...BRT))) Ah, to be young and hated.

I enjoy Lars' letters. I suggest he henceforth write long letters all the time for my @reater Enjoyment. Bonk. Suggestion carried unanimously.

Since Rich Brown was finally led into suggesting (so you say, you rascals) that you run pictures of we fiends (you didn't mention me, but I know this is all a trick to get to run a cover featuring my likeness...ah, well, I consent, you silly children, you silly....), here is an amazing snap of the renowned Es. If you can stomach it, keep it. Or keep it around the clubroom to startle and terrify future initiates. Or feel free to burn it. In other words, I bless thee with free reign. Use it wisely, my sons.



AAK! 'TIS SEVEN O'CLOCK....I'M MISSING STEVE ALLEN!! GHAAAAA.... (Dull thud as Adams misses door on first thrush, rebounds, and with a triumphant cry navigates the strait and dives for the infernal tv machine..)

But I like Allen, I do. And I have returned from seeing him now, so I shall bless thee with farther words of wisdom at my leisure.

Please, once more I entreat you...don't print art by Meyers. I realize that I first failed in my quest to save you from him...he has with this issue all but taken over. I fall back and launch another attack to preserve the State of Fandom. But this is nearing my last outpost before we'll all be fighting an uphill battle. Please...you must stop him at this stage, or all will be lost. The beginning of the end was doubtless the bit of art included thish, along with the mind-rotting article and soul controlling story...doth thee not realize that this wizard weaves? But, a horrifying thought...maybe Meyers has already gained control of my last roadway of hope, the lettercol...agh...then all would be lost...and yes, since I found and announced his intentions I've slowly and quietly been shifted out of CRY. Argh! There is no hope! This fiend will rule....Yes. And what nerve the fiend shows, kommenting nonchalantly about Adams missing from the lettercol...yes, 'tis surely the end. Can anyone help?

"Look, up in the sky....."

End as a Letterhack --- Second Adams (address above)

((O Say not so! Meyers has not yet taken over CRY, but the danger is fast approaching unless we can be saved by some hero, such as that oft-praised Outlaw of Tarn that we've been hearing so much about. And you, my bhoy, being his next of kin, are in a position to do us the Ultimate Service, to wit: to save the CRY from Meyers. But try to get your letters to us by Wednesday preceding the first weekend of the month, so that your letters won't be a month late, as your first letter was -- and this same will hold for all you wonderful letterhacks.BRT))

MOUTHTINGS OF DEMUTH

Dear Nameless Folks,

Thanks for sending me another copy of CRY #107 in place of mine with the missing page. But you needn't have bothered to send me a whole issue -- just a copy of the missing page would have been sufficient. (((Di'n't have any extra pages...BRT))) I wonder how many copies of SIGBO I've sent out with pages missing. I've just gotten one letter of complaint tho. A fellow stated that he liked my editorial but would have enjoyed it much more if he could have read the beginning. Being short of copies I just sent him a copy of the missing page. I usually check thru all my pages as I assemble the zine and try and get my brother (he's 12) do the same when he helps (which is as often as I can get him to when I'm home). But once I checked and he had goofed with about a dozen copies but that was easily corrected.

Still don't like all the prozine reviews but what the hell, it's your mag not mine and I suppose there are some fans who still read them. (((And the pros on our sub-list...BRT))) I only buy Madge, and that's for Bloch's column. But I did like #108 over past issues I've seen. I enjoyed Weber's con report and the photos which were really well reproed. Usually the photos are so damned light you can't see them. I once thot that it was a fandom plot to print all the photos light so that no one could see who was who because of all the pseudonyms.

Now CRY #108 has a nice long letter column and I don't mind you editing my letters since I doubt if they make sense either way the way I pount them off in batches every three months, but why are only three fanzines reviewed? Surely "Amelia" got more than that. She should be getting SIGBO #5 soon as the huge stfilm ish is all done now except the cover and I've been waiting for that for over a month.

John Champion makes some good points as to judging writers. Hell, if the guy was a hack and didn't pretend to be a writer of great literature but was good at writing hack,



he's a good writer. For a while I read quite a few cruddy mysteries. The plots were hackneyed, the characters stereotyped, but still the stories came off and I enjoyed them. A person who is learning to write has much to learn from these writers because of it --- that is writing readable crud. Here all the writing tricks are used and are obvious --- easy to see and pick up for your own and perhaps better use.

And besides too many people when it comes to almost anything pass poor judgements just because they are basing their judgements upon the wrong thing. Hell, I enjoy any type of music. In my record collection I have classical, pop, rhythm, and blues, all types of jazz, wide variety of folk, music from other lands including the Middle and Far East and so on. I enjoy it all because I listen to each with more-or-less a different set of values --- judging the music for what it is, the type of people who created it, their background, its function, and so forth. This type of judgement if you want to call it that should be used in judging anything.

Sincerely,
Jerry DeMuth
1936 Sheridan Road
Evanston, Illinois

((An interesting viewpoint, you have, which seems unassailable. For my own tastes, though, I refuse to judge things on the basis of what somebody was trying to accomplish ---- and merely judge something by how much I enjoy it irrespective of any other line of thought. As, for instance, Schubert died completely unaware that he had composed the most beautiful music the human ear has ever heard --- he was not TRYING to do anything, but was merely doing what he was compelled to do....BRT))

....BUT I THOUGHT BARNES WERE WOODEN???

Dear (I can't think of anything original) ones,

Cry 110 was quite commentable, I must say! Blasting off with the cover, it was interesting, tho it reminded me of banana peels and sucker fish. From here let's shoot up to the reader's cry and then back, ok?

After checking on all the Meyers stuff, I have come to the horrible conclusion that he will soon utterly and completely take over CRY. Do you realize that he made off with 7 whole pages last ish??? That's 25% of the whole issue!!! Gadfry! Every man for himself! I'm doing my best to save at least a few pages from his greedy clutches future issues. I'm sending some art.

You've been having some rather sickening stuff along that line recently ya know. For instance page 21 last issue (110). This Barnes kid no doubt scribbled that thing on the bottom of the page to fill up space and to let you know what toothy monger he is.

Oh yea, Amelia P. says she will comment on REJECT #1 next ish. So help me, if she gives Rj a good long review after that brush-off she gave my fanzine last issue, I'm gonna send her a bomb. A BOMB I TELL YA! Wait and see! By the time you read this note, CRY #111 should be out, and she'll know whether to expect a large orange package or not.

Also, in this review, she stated that VAMPIRE was free. Obviously ly she didn't read the whole thing. Several prices were mentioned throughout the issue. My co-editor and I (He's new.) have decided to charge 10¢ an issue as you do. 3 for a quarter. We bought a hectograph, see, and it costs so much we gotta charge sumthin! The first was free. This offer is withdrawn for following ones.

Back up front again with "Pacific 510", which is ok as far as fan fiction goes. I refuse to mention the 5 pages wasted on promag reviews, but "A TYPICAL MEETING" by W.W. was good enough to grab up my interest once more. DIGGING THE FANZINES was better than usual, or so I thought. Spreading the Fertilizer was normal for that sort of thing I suppose. Now to the story, "Moment of



CRY OF THE READERS - continued, but the end is actually beginning to come into view page 11 -

Glory". I have but one thing to say: Ha, ha and ha.

Letter column was better than norm. You printed my letter. Hope you can use the "art" If not, feed it to Myers, a page at a time. -----

Tally Ho!
Stony Barnes
Rt 1, Box 1102
Grants Pass, Oregon

((We liked your art pretty well, bhoy. We'll use that full-pager on the cover one of these ish's soon. Why not send us a pic of you for our possible forthcoming fotocover of our correspondents...and that goes for the rest of you too.....BRT))

...AND NOW A WORD FROM WOOD

Nameless Beings:

Well jumping jello and gosh gee whiz--a good cover yet. Yes, number 110 (unless there is some confusion about the number of the ish--have all of them been deemed official issues? (((Yes...BRT))) of CRY had a good cover. However I didn't like Saturn and

that star in the sky. Saturn was drawn crudly (((It wasn't Saturn...BRT))) and like-ways the star. Both had radiating lines (also crudely done), which gave it a 'cruddy' look. I also disappreciated the leaf with the face on it hanging from that tree with that critter ready to be et, from an artistic point of view. However the pic wouldn't have been much without it. A better job of that should have been done.

Mr. L. Garcone: You also did my picture. I don't look even remotely like that wretched creature you draw. Heck, I don't wear glasses. Just to prove it I might enclose a picture. (((So where is it?...BRT))) You said something in CRY about sending in pics for a photo cover (((Yea, verily...BRT))) Mine may be in this letter. Look hard. (((No can find...BRT))) I don't know if the thing'd come out, being as it is not of the glossy type, but of the mere gritty kind.

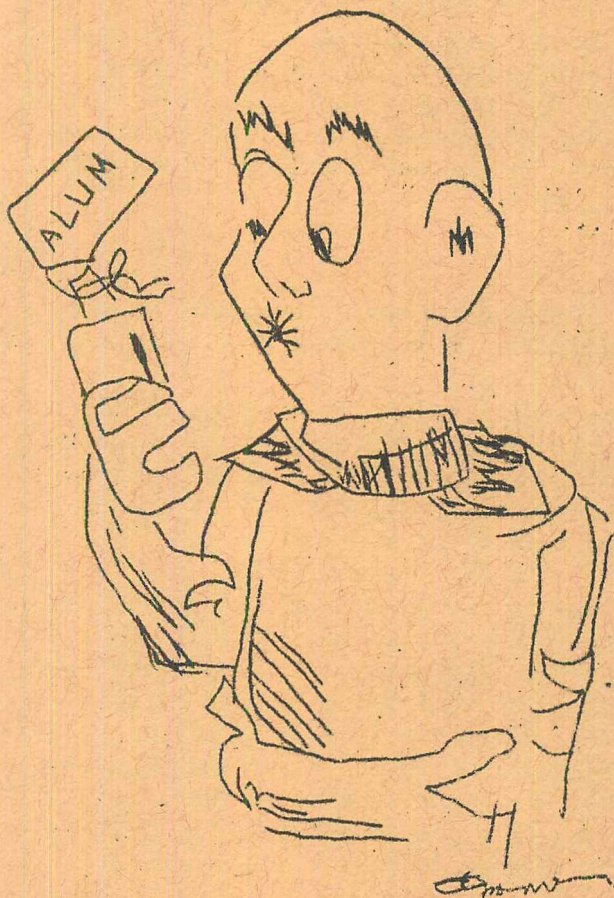
Just to get even I may enclose a portrait of (portrait?) L. Garcone, which, who knows?, might make a dandy paper airplane. Of course I could say that the picture you printed of mine didn't look much like what I drew (At least I HOPE it didn't look like that), but you probably already know that. Besides I must see that L. Garcone Gets His.

I'm in a foul mood today, so I didn't

like John Berry's story. First bad John Berry story I ever read. Way below his usual high standards. It started out very nicely, but the latter third degenerated into a mess of crud and trite nonsense.

YAY! Pemberton likes STAR! I found that if I turned Powers's cover sideways it looked MUCH better. Interior illos at first looked like a mess of scribbling (which they were) but somehow they put a mood into the mag, which was the purpose of them I suppose, so what does that prove?

I DON'T LIKE SFA. I just don't dig the type of story in that rag. Everybody says it's just dandy. Poo. Everybody says it and VENTURE are in the same class. But VENTURE is one of my favorites. Anybody got any explanations?



I like your new stenciling guides. Especially the little curly cuddly ones you put on the title page for NAMELESS. Wow. (((The lettering to which you refer was not done by lettering guides, but was put on separately by means of the incomparable Multi-graph....BRT)))

Nice illo job on page 16. Best of the lot. Stencil it himself? (((No...BRT))) But Meyers' yarn--phew! I quote, "The ship fell on him." So what? I thot to myself. Very unconvincing. Besides, what does that have to do with anything? It might make a good shaggy dog story if expanded (Then Meyers could sell it to GALAXY), but as it was -- Heck, if it's shaggy ~~stories~~ dog stories you want I can give you about three, any one of which'll take up the entire fanzine.

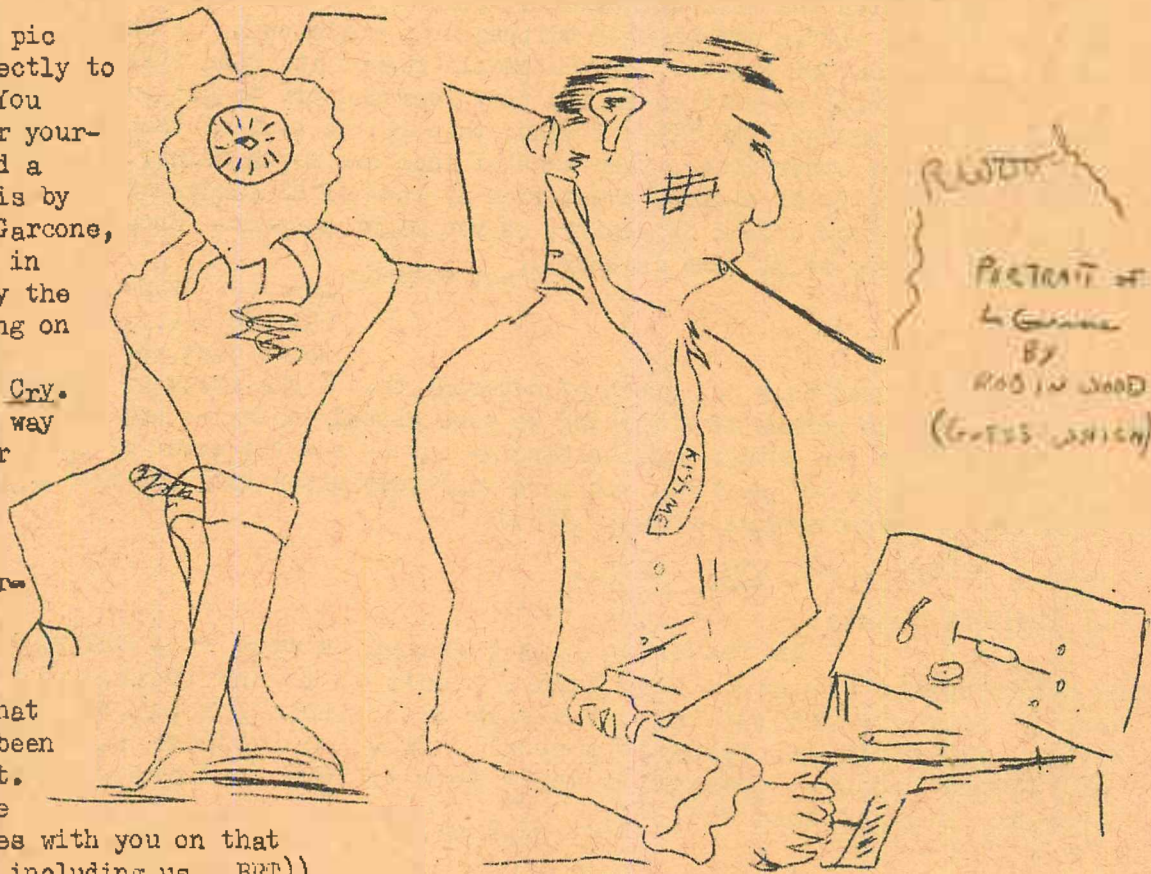
I think BOTH Blish and Merritt stink. What's that make me? No --- wait, don't tell me --- let me guess...

Has anybody read DANDELION WINE by Ray Bradbury? I took it out of the library and haven't had time to tackle it yet. It makes no pretense of having anything to do with stf or anything like that, but, well, just in case you didn't know, there is such a book.

Hah. Thish didn't get stale on me. Maybe it's the colder weather. You'd be amazed how it discourages flies.

Hang by your thumbs,
Robin Wood
Box 154
Amador City, California

((Your pic appears directly to the right. You can judge for yourself how good a likeness it is by the foto of Garcone, the only one in existence, by the way, appearing on this month's cover of the Cry. But the only way you will ever prove that you don't look exactly like that portrait of you is to send us a foto of you for that cover we've been talking about. Most everyone else disagrees with you on that Berry story, including us...BRT))



Portrait of
Garcone
By
Robin Wood
(Gates which)

AND LASTLY, A FIRST LETTER
Bonjour,

I've moved before, y'know, so I'm on to the Big Plot against me. I haven't decided whether it's Aliens or the big dental plate combines who mastermind it, but somebody is going out of their way to make me feel insecure. When I left Victoria (and the small unenthusiastic complacent group of Berbershop fen), I sent advance notice to be sure my prozine subs would follow me. That was last summer. Astounding is still being sent

to the wrong address, and the rest consistently arrive a month or more late. Don't get the wrong idea now -- I'm not an Angry Man Trying to Cleanse the Field by Writing Persuasive Letters to the Right People. I like demon knight anyhow.) I'm moving again and I want to warn you, beg you -- don't let them do this awful thing to me. When the man from the dental plate combine calls and warns you to spill ink-remover all over this change of address notice, laugh in his face, show your teeth and say, "Lar' warned me about you!"

The fan publishers do, as a rule, have more integrity than the pros. SF Times came through fine. If we don't fight this now, next time it may happen to you.

On to finer (?) things. Your latest issue was saved from mediocrity by the Pembertons and that other fella. His name has been misspelled so often in his letters to the pros that I won't committ myself. "How old is he, anyway?) R. Pemberton's reviews are honest, entertaining, and unpretentious. I disagree with him on an occasional story, but I hate yes-men anyhow.

I won't opinionate on your artwork. I hate all people with artistic talent, so I find all your artists almost lovable. Your fiction is atrocious; P. Urkine Fardles should hide behind a pseudonym -- his effort would make a good script for "Rocky Jones, Space Ranger". I got a good laugh out of the fact his space ships disappear into "thin air" (sic), but other bubus aren't nearly so laughable. I allus thot our unworthy solar system was at the edge of the Galaxy. This boy needs a little grade-school science. Not wanting to break with the well-established tradition of terrible fiction in the Cry, here is included a little something I whipped up a while back. I have an ulterior motive in sending it to you, of course. If you people reject it, then I'll burn the entire inventory of stories I've written in the past year and try to get some decent material for my projected fanzine, PAUCITY. I mean, this is the best of the lot, and it it's not good enough for other zines, then none of them are worth using. That is to say....

The name Paucity, of course, comes from my lack of knowledge of the Wondiful Ways of Fandom and not from a lack of sanity, as you might suspect. Mrs. Pemberton will doubtless get a copy of #1 come January.

Best entendu

Larry C. Stone

891 Lee St.

White Rock, B.C. Canada

((We've rejected only one piece of material that I can think of off-hand, and that only because it was rehash of something we were already doing -- and even then we would have printed it if the author had insisted -- but he saw the error of his ways and withdrew the article in question. So save your resolution till you see how your story is received by our correspondents.....BRT))

....AND, BY THE LATE, LATE MAIL...

Dear Burnett Toskey:

In answer to your question on page 3 of CRY #110, I'd like any other copies you might have handy. Don't go to any trouble digging for others. Your gang is putting out a very fine zine. I hope, being it's a group project, you won't experience the usual gafia. My favorite feature is "The S-F Field Plowed Under". However, I don't mean to take anything away from the other articles. I enjoy them all.

Best of luck

Charles V. De Vet

209 So. Lexington Pkwy

St Paul 5, Minnesota

((And thank you, suh. Tosk will rassle up what back-numbers he can find, and add the rest of the enclosed buck onto the end of your sub. /// After three years of herding this beast as a subzine, we've worked out a technique so that we gafiate alternately, and the CRY goes on, regardless.....FMB))