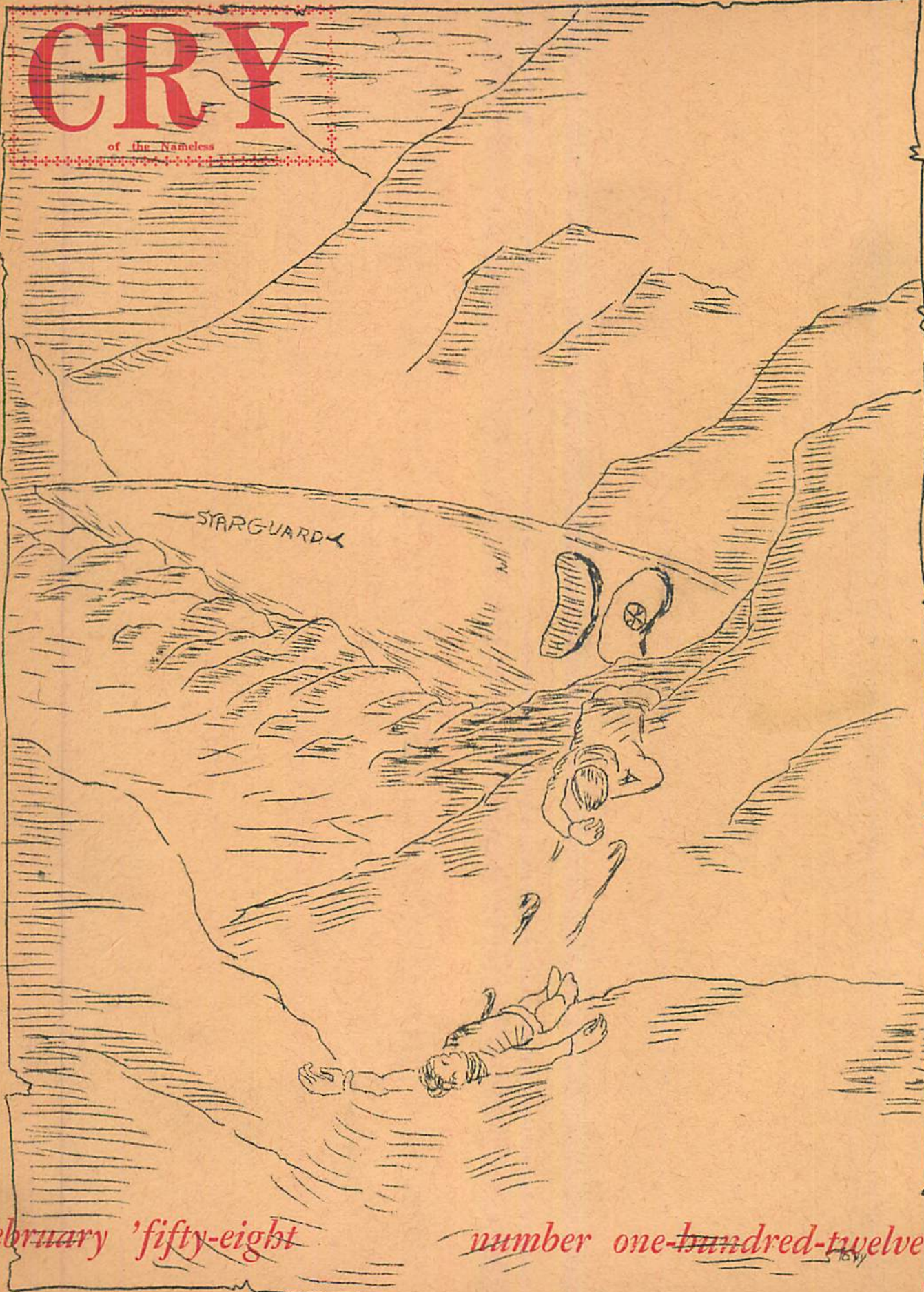


CRY

of the Nameless

STARGUARD



february 'fifty-eight

number one-hundred-twelve

CRY OF THE NAMELESS

Issue #112

Feb 1958

Jupiter-C Appreciation Issue

Wally Weber Publisher

** Burnett Toskey

Crank Department

OTTO PFEIFER SELLS PROTECTION

** (mimeograph and lettercolumn, both)

F M Busby Editor of this page only

** Elinor Busby

Puzzle Editor

C O N T E N T S

Space Hero of the Galaxy (short novel):	Esmond (Outlaw) Adams	page 4
The S-F Field Plowed Under:	Renfrew Pemberton	6
The Amazing Adventures of Finkwater J Goldfinch:	Rich Brown	10
Digging the Fanzines:	Amelia Pemberton	12
MINUTES of the Nameless Meetings:	Wally Weber	15
Your Friend As Always (novella)	DON	16
Spreading the Fertilizer:	Bill Meyers	18
Pemberton At Large: odd ends from	Renfrew	21
And a Fannish New Year: L.A. report by	Rich Brown	22
The Weber Fan Poll: a vital survey	Wally Weber	25
Rendezvous With Insanity: (short libel)	Bill Meyers	26
CRY of the Readers (Special Book-Length Brannigan)		29-40

COVER by Stony Barnes

Art Egoboo: Esmond Adams, p 5; Stony Barnes, pp 12, 31, 35, 40; Lars Bourne, p 37; Rich Brown, pp 22, 38; Brad Daigle, pp 24, 30; Lorence Garcone, p 11; Michele B Marshment, p 14; Bill Meyers, p 33; Joe Sanders, p 36; Lar' Stone, p 36; Stuart Wheeler, p 34. OOPS— cover multigraphy by Weber and Toskey; rain by evening.

NOBODY'S LOOKING, so here goes a sneaky unauthorized EDITORIAL:

All last week Toskey was crying and moaning about how we didn't have enough material on hand, and only three letters (2 of which read "Here's a dime; send me another copy of your lousy rag", and how the CRY would be lucky to run 12 pages this month. Well, it was a little late to work up a really well-padded issue, but we rounded up the Mob and set to work. Granted that we blush at the skimpiness of the issue, and that we were forced back to our old practice of doing the whole zine ourselves— but don't you admire the ingenious pseudonyms we thought up for Toskey? Well, that oughta get a rise out of somebody (probably Toskey).

Haven't had time to read the story by DON as yet, but he is a genuine brand-new author— a friend of a girl-friend of one of Wally's fellow-inmates at Swamp House— not even Wally knows the writer's real full name. As if you cared.

We really have high hopes of the Weber Fan Poll. We have high hopes that Wally will finish writing it in time to run it off today and avoid a blank page 25. If some of the questions appear to be entirely too personal, do not be concerned— they certainly are. But answer them anyway, without fear; remember, OTTO PFEIFER SELLS PROTECTION. He calls it "insurance", but we've been around long enough to know better than that; the fine hand of the Syndicate is readily apparent in the fine print toward the bottom of the policy. Imagine Otto in the Policy & Protection game.

The CRY has been criticized recently for failing to devote more space to the doings of the Nameless Ones of Seattle. Rest assured, that if the Nameless ever do anything, it will be reported here. The meeting dates have been changed so that the Right Hon Sec'y, Wally Weber, can attend (he's now working evenings), so that Minutes will be forthcoming while Toskey retains strength to twist Wally's arm (or unless Toskey gets too many vitamins and twists it clean off). The next meeting of the Nameless will be 8:00pm tonight (Feb 2, 1958) at Flora Jones': Ap't 843, 210 Terry Avenue, Seattle 4, Washington. This meeting will select the site for the next one.

Remember: OTTO PFEIFER SELLS PROTECTION — Why Be Half-Safe??

SPACE HERO of The GALAXY

by Esmond (Outlaw) Adams

Gregor T. Stoutheart, who makes no excuse for his name other than that he changed it because he thought it sounded Big, was one among a sturdy breed that had grown out of man's great venture into the farthest outposts of his galaxy. He was the proverbial man's man, able to outfight, outdrink, outlove, outthink, and most certainly outsurvive any ordinary man. This breed necessarily lived by its wits in exploration. Instruments could go Only So Far, and then it was Man who had to decide. Yes. And this Space Breed had some inborn sixth sense that could not be acquired at any School. It was either There or Not There. It was There with Gregor T. Stoutheart.

And it is well.

Thus as his ship touched down on Flimpwurt IV, our boy Stoutheart was once again on his own. After the usual check of various instruments (dependable, but Which Could Only Go So Far) which showed the air breathable, the water clear, the gravity nine tenths Earth norm, and the country picturesque, just like he'd always dreamed of back home, Gregor T. took on his Cooler Spaceman Survival Kit (known on thirteen hundred habited planets by its theme, "If you don't wear a Cooler Kit, you'll wonder where the spacemen went," which was like In the Old Days), and rocked out in search of wonder.

The thrill was still there. And Stoutheart was pleased, for he liked the thrill.

"It is well, that thrill," he sighed softly to himself. And with the thrill, excitement; what new mysteries would he find? Would there be inhabitants here? And would these inhabitants be mindless Heaps drifting with the currents in the clear water, or would they be horrible shapeless creatures with minds far surpassing his? Or would he find a wise old race, already dying of age even though their planet was still in its early youth?

Perhaps.

But there could be beautiful maidens for Stoutheart to save from the horrible creatures already mentioned, but maybe not so smart. Saving maidens was still good for kicks, though Gregor T. was personally a Conquer the Wicked Beast man, himself.

Or, he shuddered in obvious horror, there could be truefens here. Perhaps (this possibility always frightened him with each new world) this could even be the secret planet onto which the fabled denizens of that legendary Walled City of Terror, Seattle, had been isolated so those many years before. And perhaps the offspring of these would still be waiting, plotting, working, all in the hope of future conquest....

But Stoutheart summoned all his strength and shoved back this thought. The chances were many millions to one against such a happening, and the story was mainly used to scare children.

While contemplating these fantasies, Gregor T. had brought himself to a spot he deemed worthy of his camp, and proceeded with its setting-up. This site was near the ship, for he full well realized (even more than you, possibly) the dangers of an unknown world, and yet he wanted to be near to Nature on this strange planet of which he had yet to learn. After setting up his portable force field, Stoutheart fell quickly into pleasant dreams of the savage wonders he would shortly conquer. But twice during the night his dreams were shaken as he awoke. One of these times he thought he saw a strange form scurrying -- he knew no other word for it, scurrying -- away into the dark as his mind and eyes came into focus, and the other he thought he felt something brush across his face while in a sort of half sleep. Plainly impossible, the both of these, he thought, unless.....

But with morning he dismissed his fears as the warm sun beamed benevolently down, bringing a soft, rich light and blessed warmth after the long and cold Flimpwurten night. After a quick breakfast from his Spaceman Kit, Gregor T. pressed on in his quest for Things Adventurous, especially those which might get him good press notices.

It was on his second day out that he first saw it; at first he didn't notice the little beast. Then he saw it, and momentarily took stock of what he saw -- it was round and small and fuzzy. And it had big soft brown eyes and it most definitely was cute. For a moment it reminded Stoutheart of a pup he had owned as a boy back on Earth, and his eyes became misty, for Stoutheart was, in all his bravery, still a sensitive man. Stoutheart started forward to pick up and pet this harmless-looking little creature, and befriend it.

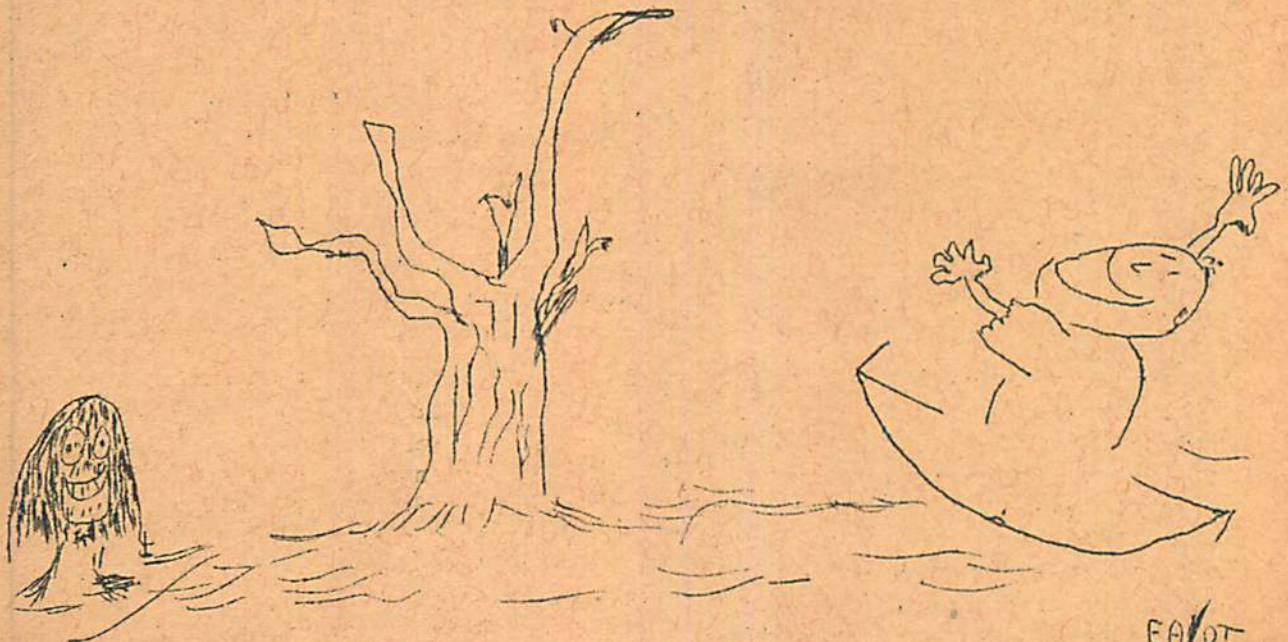
Then he stopped. Gregor T. came out of his brief infatuation over the small round bit of fuzz. And he remembered that on Far-off Planets in Deep Space even the most innocent-appearing beings could be deadly.

But with another look, Stoutheart came out of this second brief period of indecision Something in the back of his mind told him this creature would do him no harm, and that it could perhaps travel the galaxy with him, even helping him in his fight against space pirates and horrible creatures who wanted To Conquer, by some strange alien talent it might have, and Stoutheart chose to believe this, for he was one of the Space Breed with some inborn sixth sense that could not be acquired at any school, and this breed necessarily lived by its wits. So Gregor T. Stoutheart gave in to his hunch, and contentedly moved forward to take the small creature.

There was a loud noise followed by the sickening thud of Stoutheart's unconscious body hitting the solid ground of that wondrous unknown world, Flimpwurt IV.

* ** *

When Stoutheart regained consciousness he noticed that his contented movement forward had been a bit more than that, and in his haste he had rammed into a large alien tree. Anyway, he then picked up the small beast, and together they travelled the galaxy, it even helping him in his fight against space pirates and horrible creatures who wanted To Conquer, by some strange alien talent it might have. After all, space men are of a special breed, who necessarily live by their wits. And not everybody has to try to be tricky and end their story like a Meyers or Pfeifer, by gholly. ((END))



EA/OT

THE
SCIENCE-FICTION
FIELD
PLOWED UNDER

by Renfrew Pemberton

SFS, Mar 58: Starting with the May issue, it is announced, SFS will go monthly and print serials, the first of which will be de Camp's Krishnan "the Tower of Zanid". All this, all at once, fills me with mixed emotions, especially as the number of installments is not stated. I remember the padded over-lengthy "Hand of Zei" all too well to get goosebumps over more of the same. Serials are a dubious blessing by any accounting; the clunkers louse up two to four issues of an otherwise good zine-- yet the good ones are the best rereading there is.

This month, Garrett leads off with "Far From Somewhere" (novelet). It's a puzzle-piece on a far planet, and if somehow the significance of the scientific solution gets lost behind the more-emphasized solution of our heroine's personal problems, I guess one of the two gimmicks had to be underplayed. The Freas cover portrays a key scene in unusually accurate fashion, unhelpt by the clashing purple logo and the show-through from the inside Learn-While-You-Sleep ad. Hmm-- backtracking, I'd say that the anthropological problem should have been highlighted above the personal-- being better-developed, more logical, and with less loose ends. But that's a personal preference.

The Second novelet is Donald Franson's "The Time For Delusion2, a story I can wholeheartedly recommend for the education of Ufologists, and the wry amusement of the rest of us. Slightly overstressed in spots, this story deals with a writer's attempt to dispel the credulity of the public by creating, then puncturing, his very own hoax. One might expect the result, but I hardly expected the CRY's ex-movie/TV reviewer, Eldon Everett, to appear as a cult leader in this tale; ol' EKE is hardly the type.

"The Jolly Boys" (Walter Maneikis) reads a lot like early Kornbluth, both in phraseology and treatment; I kept expecting Optimus Press or Pavel to show. The brilliant but disconnected horseplay throughout, is so typical of the Cecil Corwin and S D Gottesman by-lines in the early '40's, that I'm wondering about this Maneikis label. /// (Being as several of you asked last month, these /// are not ratings, cabalistic signs, or etc, but merely signify a change of subject when a new paragraph is undesired.) /// Don Westlake's "Fluorocarbons Are Here To Stay!" is fun in the oldtime simple physical-gimmick style. /// "The Winning Hand" by Wm Moeller is even older in theme (sharpie outsmarts self, usually to death) but much less entertaining than Westlake's. /// "Paradox Lost" is a title stolen from a 1943 aSF for a story by Brent Howell-- and damned if here isn't another filler left over from 1940 Startlings-- big buildup and blah windup. /// Richard Wilson's "Robots' Gambit" is a boy-&-girl-meet-robots number; this one is par for the quiet-lull course-- I doubt that any reader will get too wild-eyed waiting for the finale, but it's pleasant enough.

Asimov's article "The Littlest" discusses/explains the neutrino in terms understandable to interested parties-- a very nice summary. /// Bob Madle's fan column is much too short this trip, but then it's not very long since the last one, either. The RAWLitorial is again looking for criteria of stf which will bound it both as a part of, and as distinct from, the mainstream. A real job.

Variety is ordinarily a strong point for Lowndeszines, but this issue is downright erratic, probably due to the upswept schedule for SFS & Future. The somewhat inflated onstencil coverage of SFS stems from reviewing the zine the same day it hit the stands. Which just goes to show, I suppose.

FU, March: With only the CSI saucerpiece plus a strong UFOish cast to the book reviews, there's more room for stories. John Brunner's "Rendezvous with Destiny" shows another possible human development if interstellar trips are to require a generation or so of time. There's whammy at the windup.

Donald Keith's tale of an involuntary visitor from the past ("Command Performance") has a certain charm in the Elizabethan dialect of the major narration-- and though I should have seen the punchline coming, I didn't.

"The Bounty Hunter" is a short mood-cum-shock piece by Avram Davidson, who may have started a longer story and decided to drop it upon exposure of the milieu. /// Ted Pratt's "Seed" is an old-time DOOMer, only these days it's Fall-out instead of meteorites which bring the DOOM. Touches of fantasy. /// The ex-chairman of the BOAC, Sir Miles Thomas, contributes a Gernsbackian near-future predictive article "New York In 2½ Hours", dealing with VTO jets. Predictions of next-steps along a clearly-marked path are not as thrilling to me as you might think; this piece would have nestled snugly alongside the latest CAB decision in the Aviation News in our evening paper, rather nicely.

Rob't Moore Williams' "The Son of Jalnor" treats with the problems of a gateway into other dimensions and their overshadowing by the usual human hassles on this side of the gate. /// CSI painstakingly shoots holes in mundane brush-offs of "angels" (atypical and largely unexplained radar "sightings"). This piece is a better blend of reporting and discussion than usual lately; page after page of "incidents" or theorizing, either one, are boring-- without prejudice as to factual accuracy, this month's CSI squib is improved for simple readability.

"The Robot Who Wanted To Know" (Felix Boyd) oversimplifies the perennial question of robot emotion, and then overcuts it also. /// P.H. Booth's "I've Got Your Wavelength" evades the problem of ending an overdrawn cliché-ridden story of a criminally-inclined musician and his (so help me) Hypnotic-Computer-Instrument, by lapsing into an incoherent fantasy-type negation-ending.

Jack Lewis has a good idea in his "Calling All Aliens" but lets it slide into a watered-down "slick" finale. /// "Hands of Steel" (Dean McLaughlin) is a rather good bit concerning the place of a reclaimed basket case in tomorrow's space technology. But there's a bad gap between the action and the ending; the latter is more warm than it is credible, lacking a bridge of some sort to support the heroine's change of heart.

Inspired by editor Santesson's good-humored dig at Renfrew your Host in this month's "Universe in Books" dep't, a CRY staff member wrote Mr S, offering the CRY lettercol as an arena wherein he would not suffer the 3-to-5-month lag in calling this column to account. Nice try but no cigar-- Mr Santesson edits a zine or two besides FU, and it all keeps him busy. The reply (in friendly vein) was marked "Personal" and so can only be quasi-quoted as follows: "I want to be quoted as saying that FU is an open forum" (on UFOs) "and that a competent article similar to del Rey's" (anti-UFO) "would be welcome". So there's your chance, anti-UFOists. (The quote is strictly quasi-, as I unfind the letter.)

SFA, March: The 3rd of the Cal Knox "Chalice" series, "Vengeance of the Space Armadas" winds it up. (Now if only LShaw could wind up his preoccupation with continuing the PLANET STORIES tradition with regard to titles!) Actually, this one doesn't end much differently from the previous two-- Earth is rising again, not surprisingly-- except that Kausirn the Vegan ist kaput (but not beyond resurrection in case of yet another sequel). Well, it's been good Space Opera, and if it becomes too much of a routine, maybe that's my fault for staying with it too long. Space Opera, that is.

SFA continues with "The Scarlet Sun Rises" (did I ever mention my project for a story composed only of PLANET titles and necessary connecting phrases?) by Chas de Vet. This story suffers by being illoed by Kluga, whose style was appropriate to some of the pottiest-boilers in TWO COMPLETE SCIENCE-ADVENTURE-- never saw a guy so obsessed with fangs. Martyred thus in advance, the story itself concerns an Agent on a Mission. This Agent has a trick subconscious named Roscoe, who talks to him and who couldn't care less as to whether he stays in one piece or not. Naturally enough, we have quite a bit of action; also a good solid dash or two of sex. To me, the Supermannish ending tended to wipe out the value-identifications of the overall story, but maybe it's building up for a sequel. However, the switch does tend to violate the laws of story-value: you can't sweat over fistfights when planet-busters are offstage in the wings.

The shorts: Anvil transplants Billy the Kid to an asteroid; this needed more length to make the background 3-D. /// Ellison's "Big Sam Was My Friend" is somewhat the same problem-- too short to pin down all the ideas half-raised and fully-vivify some of the characters who just miss fully-living. /// "Sykes" by Stanley R Lee is a deranged-spaceman item of the type which was common several years ago (not especially rare in aSF, even), and good of its kind.

Knox is reviewing books: 3 PBs this first time. Quite likely these reviews are considerably different from my own of the same items some months back, yet I find no great fault with these, aside from a disinclination to throw rocks hard enough to reach to the target. Well, some days my own Meanness Glands seem to be deficient in secretions, also. /// The Fan-Space has given up fanzine-reviews in favor of an offer to subscribe to anything proffered and make personal recommendations to letters of inquiry. OK, I guess, but no fun for the fanpubber and his friends. /// For the best good of SFA, Kluga should fire himself as Art Dir.

aSF, Feb, leads with part I (of 3) of Poul Anderson's "The Man Who Counts", and so far I have misgivings as to the title role-- no matter whether it's the technical type or fat-and-financial Nick van Rijn, I'm fed up on these Astounding Morality Plays for the nonce. The plot gets away under the handicap of a first page full of Randallian names, but eventually escapes into the good old "Joe has his fanny caught in a bear trap" formula, than which there ain't hardly any other, when you come right down to it. This is probably going to be mainly a real good piece of stf if it just goes light on the Moral. /// Eric Frank Russell's "Brute Farce" is sheer fun-reading despite the lameness of the gimmick's supposed uniqueness. /// "Aristotle and the Gun" by L Sprague de Camp is stronger for its interesting alternate-world than for its tsk-tsk plot (and yes, that was I who predicted that deCamp's "Pfui on Psi" for FU might very likely bar him from aSF; looks as if I called that one 100% wrong). /// Clifton's "The Dread Tomato Addiction" is a choice spoof replacing the usual article. /// "Hot Water" (Jon Stopa) is marred by over-acting-- all the characters seem to have overwhelming emotional reactions for unexplained reasons. A ham-handed version of "The Equalizer".

Bob Silverberg's "No Way Out" takes another look at Overcrowded-Earth from the standpoint of the Wheel in Charge of Uncrowding-- this one is really good in its presentation and switch of views-- it's too bad aSF isn't slanted for the type of story that a sequel would have to be. /// Anvil's "Achilles Heel" caught me a little offbase (because I don't pay much attention to titles usually, and aSF has a real fetish on them), but it's a good gimmick, and I do enjoy the way JWC insists his writers put a story together, usually.

Another thing I enjoyed was Sky Miller's vivisection of Morris K Jessup, in the book section. I'll have to admit that Miller puts my own views on the UFO question more neatly than I have done to date.

GALAXY, Mar 58: Awhile back, anent a Leiber creampuff or two, I was asking whatever happened to the Leiber who wrote "You're All Alone" and others. Well, apparently he was working on this 2-part serial "The Big Time" and reading in old van Vogt books. "The Big Time" combines ideas like the awake-vs-unawake from "You're All Alone" with vanVogtian themes like the transtime war as in "Recruiting Station", the eddy-shelter-in-Time of the tale about the joker who started off looking for his Lost Week and ended up as a Possessor..... this one is too purposefully inchaote as yet, for evaluation.

Evelyn Smith's "My Fair Planet" surprises by coming up with more basic idea than could be anticipated from this usually fun-fluff author. This one is fun enough, but the idea of a culture warped from lack of the Thespian art is, I believe, unique. /// Willy Ley tries to untangle the newspaper garblings of the physical facts on Sputnik-orbits, discusses other rockets, the mystery of selective epidemics, and howcome dinosaurs walked like they did.

Lloyd Biggle's "Spare the Rod" considers the artist-displaced-by-robot situation from an (unfortunately, I feel) rarely considered angle. Well, I don't suppose a robot can blow up in very many different ways, but it would have been fun to see how the gadget coped with the cricket in the fiddle.

"The Ethical Way" (Joseph Farrell) is an enjoyable variation of a tale I cannot now locate (concerning a group of prehistoric Earthmen kidnapped by a gang of dedicated Alien Ecologists-- the Earthmen took over, natch). While thoroughly derivative, this story does give with a choice twist at the end.

William Morrison's "A Feast of Demons" begins with irrelevant red-herring hintings, dives into a sordid crumbum-routine, picks up briefly with a slash at the Gimmick, blogs (yes, that's blogs) down into some MadScientist-type foofaraw, but redeems itself a jump or two ahead of the back cover.

GALAXY was more fun to read than to review, largely because the reviewing was inordinately delayed by various procrastinatory devices.

GOOF, Jan 58: no, this isn't a new zine; it's merely a paragraphing trick, introducing a new subject. I GOOFED in jumping Bob Silverberg on the Girard Case stories in Infinity for March and aSF for January: I accused Bob of selling two slants on the same gimmick. More alert types have advised me (and truly) that the aSF job was the sequel to the Shawzine piece, but that Campbell loused up the continuity by printing the sequel first. If I hadn't been too lazy to march back outside into the rain and check up..... OK; sorry, Bob.

And speaking of Agberg, he informs us that ACE will shortly be publishing his "Invaders from Earth"-- this was half-sized into "We, the Marauders" for the Feb 58 SFQ. This half-sizing (an epidemic which probably began with the "Reader's Digest") has reached the point, that an upcoming Alan Nourse hard-cover will likely first appear (depending on schedules) as a chop-top in the new Amazing Novel Section. Fairman must have flipped, letting even the bare bones of a good tale into his zine this way. Mr. Ziff (or Mr. Davis-- I never can remember which of these gentlemen is dead from the neck both ways instead of merely up) will be turning up a tidy 45rpm beneath his headstone. Move over, Meyers; I loathe Z-D worse'n you do, on account of I have 17 or 18 years more experience with 'em.

Now I just hope to Ghu that no confidences were violated in the information sections of the above paragraph-- don't wanna withhold good info, spill the wrong items, OR sound pretentious about the difference. Foof.

YEH, I know this is/short hunk of column, but that's the way the distribution runs, these days. Since last month there's been 5 (count 'em, FIVE) zines hit the stand. So, as awhile back, unless F&SF mails in tomorrow, you and I are all wound up for this particular month. Don't give up Hope, tho. She's nice.

The Amazing Adventures of
FINKWATER J. GOLDFINCH

((first of a long, dull series))

by Rich Brown

Bah! What good was a million dollars if you never had any fun? Finkwater had more than that -- he had 1,643 billion at last count. And about \$5,500,000 pouring in every day from stocks and companies that he owned.

Enjoyment! Adventure! That's what Finkwater wanted, needed, and got. He rang for Lewis, his gentleman's gentleman.

"A..Africa, sir?"

"Confound it, man, don't goggle at me like that! I'm still a young spry 97 -- not an old decrepit 100 as you seem to think. I could lick all the Tigers in Africa, I could ..."

"No doubt, sir. There are no tigers in Africa."

"How do you know -- ever been there?"

No sir, but I've read a great deal..."

"Pah! I always say: 'You kin never tell what a place is like 'till you bin there and seen for yourself.'"

"Well don't just stand there Jeeves..."

"Lewis, sir."

"Lewis, then..don't just stand there; order my boat, get a guide, an elephant gun, a lion gun..and like that."

Lewis started to do so.

"AND a tiger gun."

* * *

There is no use going into detail about the next few days. They got underway, needless to say, because once Finkwater decided he wanted to do something, he did it. Sticky Fingers Magee was their guide; he had told him that he had had much experience, and besides he mentioned that the fee was nominal since he "wanted to get out of the country for a while."

Finkwater was doing a fine job of piloting, too, until this stupid island got in the way.

The three of them reacted differently to the situation. Sticky Fingers acted most violently; as the ship lurched to a sudden stop, Sticky Fingers stepped on a piece of wet soap and didn't...stop.

As he landed on the shore of the island with a dull sickening thud, the islanders stepped out from behind bushes, curious at this incredible flying man. Sticky Fingers was at once afraid of being scalped.

"Fie, my good man. They wouldn't hurt a fie..flie..fly. You can tell by their kind faces -- whatever kind they are."

Sticky Fingers looked at their fine faces. He gave a yelp and tho he had previously stated that he couldn't swim took to the water like the proverbial greased lightning. This was the last heard from Sticky Fingers Magee, A-1 Guide. Rumor has it that he missed America by going through the Panama Canal and ended up on the coast of China.

Meanwhile, back at the ~~tiny~~ island, Finkwater climbed out of what had, at one time, been a boat. He shook his head; he had all the material necessary for repairs, but it would take at least a month.

"If at first you don't succeed, hit the nail un-erringly on the thumb," He surveyed the damage, then walked in the direction of the islanders, and the man who looked to be the chief.

"Ugh Ugh Ungowa? You Speak-um English?"

"Obviously. Otherwise, the writer of this story would have to translate everything

I say. And he's such a lazy slob, you know. Tch."

"Yes, and you know what I think of Bill Meyers..."

"Please, this is supposed to be a SerCon story. Would you care to see the village?"

"If the plot so permits, yes."

"It does. Follow me."

They exchanged philosophies, such as "One Good Turn gets most of the blanket," "Love Your Enemies --- it'll drive 'em crazy," and so forth. They reached the village edge, finally.

"Would you like to see my..uh..how would you say..Little Grass Shack?"

Thus it was decided, but as the plot of the story goes, they had to stop off at the throne-makers shop. Y'see, thrones were few and far between since there were only three throne makes on the entire island, and it took from a month to a quarter of a year to make one (depending on the quality). Thus, thrones were considered very rare and a sign of one's wealth (the more you had, the richer you were -- like cars are in America). As it happened, the chief's 17th was just completed. It was a fine job indeed, the throne-maker having spent almost a half a year on it; shiny black, almost like coal (tho really a black crystalline quartz), inlaid with gold and silver and brass and decorated with the chief's house-hold insignia. The chief paid a hearty sum and told the throne maker and his apprentices to lift it and help "install" it.

The chief's "shack" was just a bit bigger than most. As Finkwater walked inside he noticed the 16 thrones, marvelous pieces of craftsmanship all, dangling 7 feet off the ground from the ceiling. There was also a rope much like the ones that were used on the other thrones, dangling from that same old ceiling. The men lifted the throne to the waiting rope. Then all hell broke loose. The framework of the roof screamed at the pressure, the sides from left to right became concave and convex, the thrones swung overhead, and over-all the increasing sound of wood and palm tearing. The men yelled and piled outside, all barely making it safely before the "shack" tumbled in upon itself.

Three of the chief's thrones were demolished. The apprentices left, and the chief wept. He wept because with the demolition of three thrones, the chief on the other side of the island was now the richest man on the island, with 15 thrones.

"Please," Finkwater said, "think on the philosophical side of it. We have an axiom in America that fits this. Now you have learned. You won't make the same mistake twice."

"If you mean the one about the straw that broke the camel's back, then I have truly learned my lesson...the hard way."

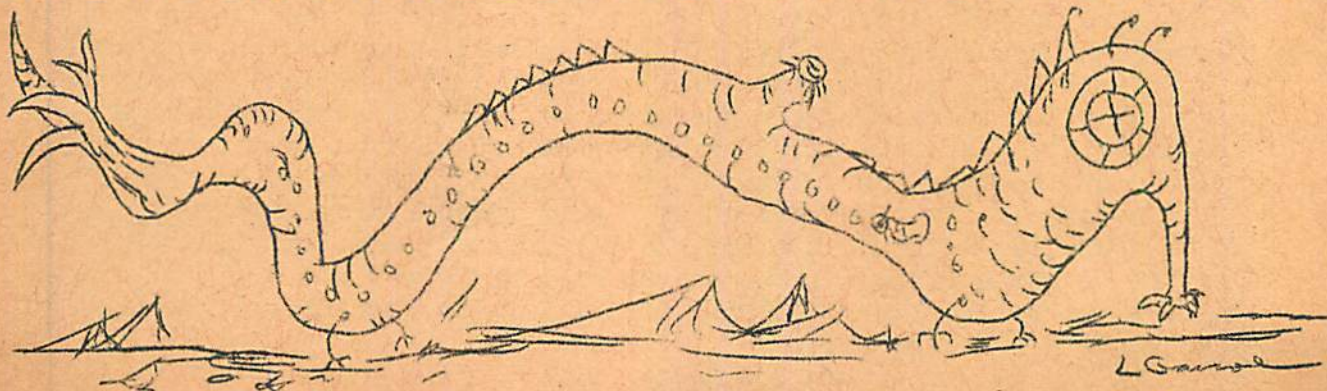
"No, no. Not that one. It's good and fits the purpose in a crude sort of way, but the one I'm talking about comes right out with it -- no hidden meanings."

"You mean..."

"Yes, the one ole Ben Franklin said; 'People who live in grass houses shouldn't stow thrones...'"

And you know what I think of Bill Meyers.

LA FINIS



DIGGING THE FANZINES

amelia pemberton

TWIG #7. January 1958. Guy Terwilleger, 1412 Albright St., Boise, Idaho. 15¢, 2/25¢. No larger subs accepted.

TWIG #7 is 30 pp zine, beautifully duplicated as always, and with very good artwork. Lars Bourne's convinced me that he is a better fanartist than Rotsler. His style is as distinctive, his illos as easily stencilled, and he has more variety than Rotsler. Rotsler draws about three different sorts of things, whereas Lars seems to try his hand at anything.

TWIG contains articles by Rog Phillips, Honey Wood, John Champion, Brett Davis and Alan Dodd. Rog Phillips' article just missed being good -- by a narrow margin. Alan Dodd's article, on British prozines, was informative & interesting. I was particularly pleased to read about "Vargo Statten", a name which seems to mean a lot to British fen.

Terwilleger has a new editorial policy: "I'm always happy to look at your manuscripts, but please, from now on slant your material to the more adult mind. Faanish type writing has been cut to a bare minimum as of now. I find most of it is rather trite and useless." My opinion: preoccupation with maturity is more characteristic of adolescence than of adulthood. I believe, however, that Terwilleger is making a sound decision. Second-rate sercon is usually more tolerable than second-rate faanishness, and first-rate fanwriting is difficult indeed to come by.

Poignant Terwilleger quotes:

"Variety from month to month keeps my appetite palatable."

"...I didn't like to see some fen getting a lot of egoboo they didn't deserve by pretending to know my deepest secrets."

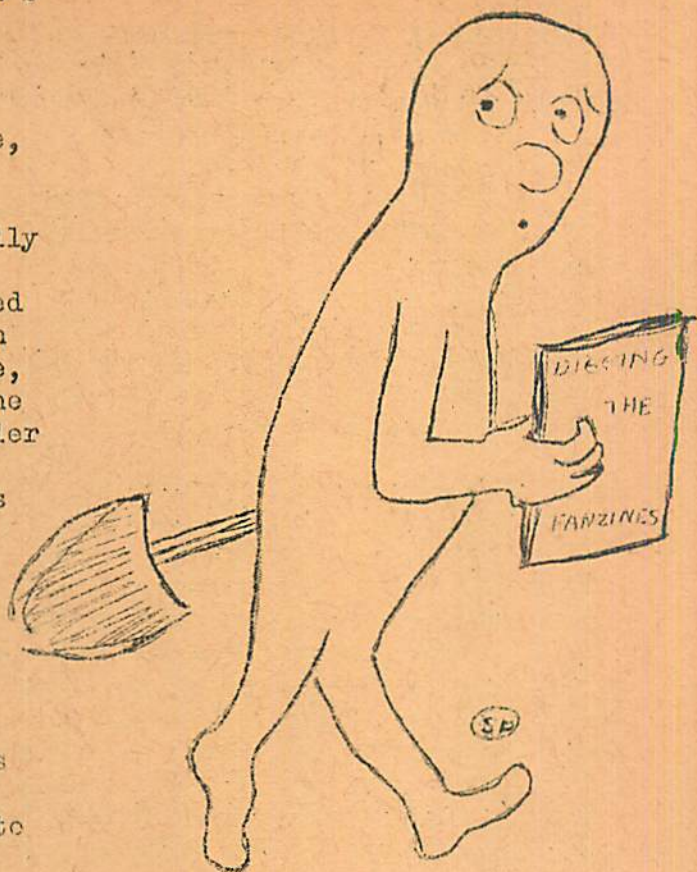
SPHERE #8. November-December 1957. L. T. Thorndyke, Editor-in-Chief, P. O. Box #196, Cantonment, Fla. 20¢.

A 20 pp multilithed zine, SPHERE is still using just one side of the paper, and I'm still agin it. It just doesn't seem fannish that way.

Staff members (there are nine) are now listed by name on the table of contents, but there are no clues given as to which staff member wrote what. Perhaps it's just as well. The letter column replies seem to consist mostly of thanking the letterwriters & begging them to write again.

Material: fanzine reviews of a sort (Egad! They like everything! We'll send 'em a CRY!), a story, letter column, poem, and an article by a girl or woman improbably named "Cookie, MD" about her visit with another girl/woman to the Linards. This last item, the excessively girlish, was interesting and enjoyable.

In the letter column Tom Reamy writes: "I see you corrected the



spelling on Koogle's article. I don't envy anybody that task. I had it to go through on CRIFANAC #5." T*S*K! Fans like Reamy & the SPHERENS fill me with deep chagrin. "Correcting" Koogle's spelling! Why, Koogle is the finest, most inspired speller since Rick Sneary! I believe he rises to even higher flights of fancy!

SELECTED WRITINGS OF RICK SNEARY. Send 25¢ or more to the WAW TO THE GATE IN '58 Fund. Len J. Moffatt, 10202 Bolcher, Downey, California.

Despite my admiration for Koogle's spelling I have to admit that Rick Sneary really has more to say. "Selected Writings" is most worthy of a place in your permanent fanzine collection, giving as it does about 24 pp of glimpses of a unique and most fannish personality.

Some quotes, picked almost at random:

Merlin Brown article was well written but too long. Three pages! Nuts. I say Burbee you out to get a personnel manager to handle the troublesome help. Need I mention names? The fue letters you had were completely enjoyable, only they were too fue. They sure are a hight type of fans. What do they drink to get so hight?"

"ENOUGH IS ENOUGH! At last Bergey has gone too far even for me. The utter sickening horror of it all is enough to make a fan gag. The March cover will go down with me as the worst cover I have ever had the misfortune to gaze uponoooge! Look at her eyes.

This is the first BEH (Bug-eyed heroin) I have seen. (And I pray to Foo the last!) And look at that mouth! What is she going to do, bite her way out?"

"Careful of my spelling! What do you expect? I send you subs, write letters, now you want me to spell the same way other people do...Faaa! Words is words so way spell them the same way...how dull."

ABJECT #1. Peter Francis Skoberdis, 606 Crapo Street, Flint 3, Mich. 5¢.

ABJECT is a nine page tradezine, a sister pub to REJECT which was cursorily reviewed here recently. The duplication seems a little better on this one.

Judging from the titles -- "Abject", "Reject" -- I surmise that living on Crapo St. is giving Skeberdis feelings of inferiority & rejection. I suggest that if he cannot persuade his family to move he might try renting a post office box.

THE CROAKER #4. Leslie Gerber, 201 Linden Blvd., Brooklyn 26, New York.

This zine is dedicated entirely to Presley hating. It's written with great spirit and is rather amusing to read; but the most amusing thing of all is that these kids, to obtain material for their articles about Presley movies, records, singing qualities, are forced to steep themselves in what they loathe.

But that's okay -- they L*O*V*E hating Presley.

VAMPIRE #2. January, 1958. Stony Barnes, Rt. 1, Box 1102, Grants Pass, Ore., & Mike Klose. 10¢

VAMPIRE has about 20 pp hectoed material & 6 pp mimeod. The repro is of Rich Brown quality, the paper is the worst I've ever seen in a fanzine, and the stapling is inept. But I enjoyed VAMPIRE anyhow. It has plenty of sparkle -- lots of vitality -- and a pretty fair story "So You Want to be a Vampire" from Roger Horrocks. By saying "pretty fair" I am employing the art of Elegant Understatement. I am also composing this particular review on stencil.

TRIODE #12. Winter, 1957-1958. Eric Bentcliffe, 47, Alldis St., Great Moor, Stockport, Ches, England; & Terry Jeeves, 58, Sharrard Grove, Intake, Sheffield 12, Yorks. U.S. subs, 7/\$1, to Dale R. Smith, 3001 Kyle Ave., Minneapolis 22, Minn.

I enjoyed this rather more than the last (which was my first). Herein you'll find two fantrip & Loncon reports, one by each editor & both very good; "Beloved Is Our Destiny" by Harry Hurstmonceux, an amusing satire, and a good lettercol.

TRIODE is a 40 pp zine with good reproduction and wonderful illos, mostly by Eddie Jones. It's definitely a good zine.

VOID #11. Jim & Greg Benford, 10521 Allegheny Drive, Dallas 29, Texas. 25¢, letters of comment, trades.

I liked this very much indeed. It contains an editorial which gives the results of a poll the Benfords took, an article by John Berry, an article by Kent Moomaw (all very good); and mostly it contains a really excellent eight-page lettercolumn. Good duplication, pleasant personality.

YANDRO #60. January, 1958. R & J Coulson, 105 Stitt St., Wabash, Indiana, 10¢, 12/\$1.

The Fifth Annish, this has a photocover by Dollens, and is 43 pp long. It contains quite a lot of good material: an article on mathematics in science fiction by Bob Briney, a story by Ron Bennett, a pleasant (for a change) column from Alan Dodd, an article with some good punch lines by Joe L. Hensley, and "As a special literary supplement to this annish, ... SLAG: THE MAGAZINE MEN LIKE" which is a good parody.

Other material, by G. H. Scithers, Don Stuefloten and Dainis Bisenicks may well be of interest to other tastes. Well --- on second thought I did rather like the Bisenicks thing. 'Twas about a German stf author, never published here, who had considerable influence there.

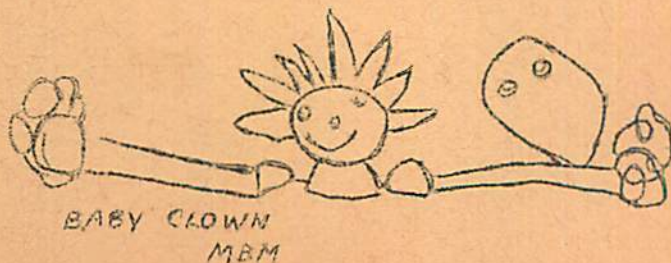
As always, YANDRO has good duplication and tremendously varied and well-stencilled artwork.

* * * * *

I've discovered the great gafiator. It's the fact that a fanzine is to its editor, almost as personal as a private letter; and to its reader, almost as impersonal as any other third class mail. Consequently the fanned is always disappointed with the amount of response his zine brings, unless he is sufficiently experienced, realistic and strong-minded not to expect much. Fanning is worthwhile only for the sheer joy of fanning; folk who fan for egoboo alone (if such there be) may not last long.

You may look forward to more Great Thoughts on fandom next ish. (But you don't have to if you don't want to).

Next month I'll review SIGBO, RETRIBUTION, and whatever else shows.



MINUTES

by Wally Weber

Secretary

(Not to mention President)

of the Nameless Ones

The January 19, 1958 meeting of the Nameless Ones took place during the evening of (and I, for one, will never blame you if you doubt this bizarre coincidence) Sunday, January 19, 1958. The exact time at which the meeting began is not known, probably because there were so many of the club Presidents there that none of them felt inclined to actually open the meeting. At any rate almost everyone was late, and the only reason the Wyman family exhibited such promptness as they did was that they happened to be living in the apartment where the meeting was taking place.

John Swearingen attended the meeting with his wife, Kathleen. The evil Mr. Swearingen was hoping to find only Presidents (who have prestige but no voting power) in attendance so that he and his wife (who would be needed to second his motions) could gain control of the club. Fortunately Flora Jones, fearless guardian angel -- angel, rather (excuse me, Flora) -- of the Nameless Ones, was on hand to protect the helpless Presidents.

Just to be on the safe side, the Presidents hurried the start of the program to distract member Swearingen. This move was quite successful, since the program consisted of moving pictures of Science Fiction Conventions from 1953 through 1957 and included pictures of Roxanne Crosley in leopard skin.

A phone call from G. M. Carr was the next item on the program. Mrs. Carr called to regret in public that she was not at the meeting in person. She also offered a suggestion for holding a club meeting at a theater sometime when it happened to be showing a double-feature program of science fiction movies.

The subject of discussion turned with little effort if any at all from the phone call to when and where to hold the next meeting. The group thought that Sunday night was as good as any, and all present seemed anxious to get back in some sort of rut again, at least as far as meeting schedules were concerned. Frequency of meetings was also discussed, with the Presidents casting fearful glances in Mr. Swearingen's direction as if expecting dangerous action from him. It was eventually agreed (without risking the formality of voting) that meetings should take place at least twice each month. No objections were raised by the membership.

Refreshments began being served about that time. Flora Jones made a valiant effort to distract the club with the suggestion that they attend a dinner to be given at a local brewery. Fantastic as it may seem, nobody paid any notice. The club consoled her by promising to hold the next meeting (February 2) at her apartment.

After consuming the many refreshments, and after the usual range of conversation, which this meeting ranged from the subject of fruit-flies that couldn't fly to holding a World Science Fiction Convention in Seattle in 1961, everybody left for their respective homes -- except for Ed, Geneva, Doug, and Linda Wyman, who seemed to be there already.

Your friend as always
by Don

Argh!

Hello there, Chris. Well here I am all by myself in my cage again. There isn't what you might say that there is a helluvalot going on today, so, this is a very good letter writing day.

On one of your letters you asked me to try to recollect the sad, woeful tale of the misfortune which befell my spiders. 'Tis a sad ordeal to remember. It is so sad, that I'm going to have to scrounge up the bloody details and piece them together again. As I recollect, I was standing by the ramp with my duffle-bag in one scrawny arm and a suitcase in the other. I was standing there looking at all the big planes when 'dis big ugly joik' comes a tromping up behind me and sez, "Hey, bud, wotcha got inna bag?" I didn't hear him at first, so I guess he asked me at least three more times before I felt his huge hot greasy hairy ol' hand grip my neck. (GWAD, it wuz greasy!) I swiveled around real quick-like as I felt myself getting weak. I sez, "I got clos' inna bag"; he sez, "Wot kinda clos'?" I sez, "Ordinary clos'"; he sez, "Wot kinda clos' got legs on 'em!?" I looked past his hairy fist, down to the bag that I had dropped in my feeble struggles to get some air. It was then that I realized that the game was up. He let go o' me neck, and I dropped to the ground to form a shrivelled heap at his feet. I know that those were his feet because when I opened my eyes, my left eye-lash swept past a huge yellow toe nail that was protruding from a very worn shoe. He picked me up by the right shoulder blade and hurled me across the field. I landed, fortunately on top of a convertible Pontiac. The canopy lifted and I was again dumped to the ground. I was even more of a shrivelled heap this time. I was then dragged for twenty feet into a yellow building. When I regained consciousness I opened my blackened eyes to see a skinny little man with big eyes, peering at me behind a pair of bi-focals. When he saw that I was alive, he came over to me and said, "How's your mom, Ed?" I finally was picked up by husky hands. I looked around, expecting to see that horrible looking obese gentleman who spoke with a Brooklyn accent. Instead I looked into the face of a woman who was huge ugly, and obese, and had beedy eyes and a scar on her forehead. I don't know what the hell language it was that she spoke. However, I did recognize one word, you'll never guess what that one word was! It was "POTRZEBIE". That one word was a morale booster. They gave me a 'shot' of water. I'm not sure whether it was water or not; it tasted more like -- uh -- hmmm...well, I don't have time to argue, so let's forget the evil tasting water. Being as my mouth was taped up, they gave me my drink of water intra-veniously. After they figured that I had enough to drink they told me that the inspector would be around in the morning for investigation. They couldn't open my bag without him. They saw the shapely leg of a burrowing tarantula that I had found in a latrine at Gunter, Alabama, sticking out of the suitcase, so now, they were wise to me. I missed my plane. For some reason I couldn't sleep. They had thrown me into a dark, damp cell; I could hear water running like a river. I could plainly see the crocodiles moving around on the other side of the 'room'. I never did figure out who it was that let out that horrible bloodcurdling scream when he dove into the water that night. I couldn't figure out why he wanted to go swimming at that time of night. I had seen a guy earlier that tried to smuggle a pencil-sharpener over the Oregon border in 1923, and they had caught him; he had been there since then. I didn't see him the next day. Maybe it was he that had decided to go swimming at 2 A.M.

I was brought out at 11:30 the next morning into a very nice room. It must have been an old garage or something, maybe a car-washing establishment, because all I could see was rubber hoses. They were hanging on the walls, laying on the floor; the damned

SPREADING THE FERTILIZER

by
Bill Meyers

I'm afraid that this column will take on different aspects with this issue. To begin with, it may not live up to its title, which was originally created as an adequate description of the material undergoing dissection, since the material will not be concentrated on as exclusively as it was in the past. Why? For one thing, I CAN'T TAKE IT ANY LONGER. For another thing, there's a lot more things that I would rather take and which I am going to take despite my original intention to review in detail the Fairman/Hamling rags.

Henceforth, I will most probably comment on the Fairman/Hamling rags in an exceedingly sketchy manner, with no reviews of stories whatsoever. After all, one gets tired of numerous "Sickening"'s, "Argi-nauseating"'s, and "Blecchhhh"'s. In addition to capsule reviews of these, I'll most probably have something to say about the current prozines -- largely concerning details which Pemby does not ordinarily go into. Departments, artwork, etc. And, of course, "Seeding the Furrows" will be around most of the time, as there is a lot of slick stf as well as contemporary stf, fantasy, and downright mainstream literature that I can review.

IMAGINATIVE TALES, March, 1958: I did manage to read the "novel" and the departments this time; actually, the novel was so lousy that it prompted me to make the decision stated above. I'm surprised, too, since it's by Edmond Hamilton and he usually seems to write spaceopera of a higher quality than the crud by Swain, Blade, and the usual hacks. It concerns, this time, as a relief from the stereotyped thud and blunder on distant planets, amphibious people on Venus. Everything about it is horribly trite.

Ackerman reports on the Lon Con from a professional's point of view and does rather a good job of it aside from the inevitable puns which he carelessly sprays around throughout all of his manuscripts. Just as a matter of interest here, I'd say that the best report on the LonCon I've read has been by Chuck Harris -- his one-shot, THE LONCONVENTION.

"Scientifilm Marquee" is getting to be rather boring...rarely do the movies 4e predicts get even to the shooting stage.

IMAGINATION, April, 1958: The cover is reminiscent of the covers of about 8,000 other prozines devoted to 'action-packed science fiction'.

Hamling seems to have acquired an artist at last. Fellow by the name of D. Bruce Berry. He turns out some right good drawings, employing similar techniques to that of Virgil Finlay with a style like unto Jack Schoenherr's (another new artist who appears mainly in the Shaw zines). The illustrations on pages 76-77 and 93 are especially well done.

It's shocking to see two aSF and F&SF such as Winston Marks and Bertram Chandler appearing in Imagination, but that's what it says on the contents page, so I suppose I'll have to believe it. It's similarly shocking to see such a fine writer as Lloyd Biggle, Jr. (IF, mostly) appearing here, too. But that's what it says...

Bloch discusses first impressions of fen as compared to their actual looks -- a busject which has also fascinated me, somewhat. Especially after the foto-covers CRY has run. And I dare say a great many people would be astounded by my appearance, too. (Contrary to popular opinion, I am not 2½ years old...)

AMAZING, February, 1958: Fairman announces (with the unavoidable fanfare) that Amazing is being increased to 144 pages with the next issue. It's truly disgusting that one of the worst of the lot reaps the greatest business; but Fairman seems to be pulling in money hand over fist. The idea of a "full-length novel" each issue

(under the use of small type) is almost intriguing enough for me to sample a few (Page 19) of these 144-page Amazings. But after all -- consider; Amazing is Amazing and in actuality I'd be reading an additional 14 pages of something I could do better without.

The Z-D mags have taken on a small detail reminiscent of such pulps as Planet and Startling. The letter column begins in the front of the zine and continues at the back after running a page. I don't particularly care for that format myself.

Wonder of All Stupendous Wonders! we have Chad Oliver in this issue! Oh, Chad, how thou hath lowered thyself... I skimmed over this one for the sake of his being one of my favorite stf authors, and it was written in Chad's inimitable easy-going style, but the idea didn't seem to be too much. Undoubtedly, that held it back from the bigger prozines. The title is "The Space Horde" which is obviously Fairman all the way.

Bertram Chandler appears here, too, Damnation. Perhaps I should have waited a month before quitting...

The news art-wise this time is the appearance of Wood -- his first outside of Galaxy after appearing there practically every issue in profusion since last September or so. Yes, yes, I know he was in Planet as well as probably a few other old pulps (He did a lot for the Avon comic book line; I wouldn't know about their stf) but then only rarely as he was devoting his effort to E.C. at that time. He proved to be a very popular artist there, too, but never did he come up to the work he has been doing lately. Using the "wash" technique in Galaxy with assortments of diluted ink, this is his first pen-and-ink I have seen in quite some time. It looks rather good, too. Wood's main trouble is the position of his figures; that is, they have no life -- they are there as if he had placed them there after selecting a pliable character from his collection of papier-mache dolls. What Wood needs more than anything else is a good sense of movement. His techniques are flawless.

In the lettercol someone asked Fairman about the incident in which he stole a cover idea from Hamling which was almost embarrassingly identical to Hamling's once it had hit the stands. The query is brushed off lightly with "The true story of what happened is too incredible to rate belief, so we're dropping the subject." How intelligent, how daring, HOW LUCID!

FANTASTIC, February, 1958: Finlay, here, employing his old magnificent technique very sketchily, which seems to be characteristic of him currently. He seems to have no ambition with the digests and I hardly blame him. As a matter of fact, the only work I've seen by him in a digest that is done in such meticulous detail as his old work in Startling and TWS has been in IF, apparently because of IF's superlative reproduction facilities. If Virge is longing for the pulps, however, (aren't we all?), he has a perfect chance with SFQ. With the February issue, RAWL changed from pulp to comparatively high quality paper, slicker even than the paper used in aforementioned Startling and TWS. This is certainly his chance, and I'm praying that RAWL will solicit his work in the future.

With this issue, Fantastic is beginning to list the name of the illustrator underneath the main by-line, a policy which, in my opinion, all prozines should take up. With the exception of F&SF, maybe...

How's this for a Dream World title: "Mr. Fenbley's Nudes". This is one zine that I'm definitely glad I dropped. Just before the holocaust descended.

The book reviews are still indecisive. What Cotts needs to do is make up his mind as to whether he liked the book or not. ("I liked this one a lot -- but maybe it was just because I was in a sexy mood; on the other hand"... "This appeals to me greatly but I doubt if you'll like it. However...")

THE SECOND WORLD OF IF: Mel Hunter's excellent front-and-backcover painting is outstanding even at a casual glance and is possibly one of the best things I've seen by him; I've only seen a few F&SF covers that even compare to it.

Short stories are reprinted this time, and most of which I have not read since I didn't begin reading IF until the first of 1956. However, one in particular appears there which I found was one of the most interesting stories I had read in that particular year. "Z" by Charles Fontenay...surely Fontenay at his very best.

ASTOUNDING, February, 1958: JWC well near smothers his readers in illustrations this go-round. I actually don't object to this practice as illustrations usually make it a bit more interesting for me, but it's rather odd that the maturest and most intelligent sf periodical out runs more illustrations -- a great deal more -- than any other magazine.

A little detail is added with this issue, that makes aSF's interior attractiveness even more abundant...flowery little vignettes at the first of the beginning paragraph, hardbound style. I like it.

Poul Anderson's 3-part serial leads off with this ish; Poul is good at this type of story. As a note to Penby, I read a small biographical sketch of Poul sometime back and he is Norwegian, with the lusty Viking heroes of the 1100's being his favorite subject; that should explain his greatly noticeable tendency toward Vikingesque atmospheres.

Circulation has been rotten here lately. With the folding of ANC there were a great many gripes about the circulation but it never affected Chattanooga with the sole exception of a couple of F&SF's failing to appear here. And then, suddenly it has taken a real turn for the worse -- just currently, too, when the other distributing agencies are managing to take over the business effectively. No Shaw mags, no Satellite, no F&SF, no Venture, no Humbug, and undoubtedly a few more will not appear here. I've been purchasing F&SF and Humbug from The Outlaw for the past few months which was, of course, rather annoying. But what in the world am I going to do now? I might even have to (shudder) subscribe!

THE MOON IS HELL, by John W. Campbell: I can do nothing but rave about this. It concerns an expedition of 20 or so men to the Moon who have no hope of coming back when their relief ship crashes. The story of their fight for life for approximately 6 months with no food, water, or oxygen (that does make it rather tough) makes for the best thing I've ever read by Campbell, and I'd suggest you read it also if you haven't already. (All old-time fans /unfortunately, I am not/ probably have already done so long ago but comparatively new fans who are used to the current crop will be amazed at the difference of entertainment value of the current prozines and "The Moon Is Hell" which was written quite awhile back.) It costs a buck from Fantasy Press, Reading, Pennsylvania. I don't know if that's the complete address but it's all I'm able to find in the book itself.

One thing I forgot to mention is the unique style in which it is written. A member of the expedition keeps a day-by-day diary of their life on the Moon, and very surprisingly, it proves to make for more tension and suspense than would the usual 3rd person or even 1st person (which this is, actually, minus the dialogue).

SEEDING THE FURROWS:

PLAYBOY, February, 1958: Science Fiction this time. "Examination Day" by Henry Slesar, a short having to do with Totalitarian State, Inc. Below PLAYBOY's usual quality but good for Slesar and still rather interesting with as fine a shock ending as you might find.

Arthur Clarke is with us this time, also, but sad to say, not with his incomparable science fiction. Eternal Triangle bit.

And then the nude Miss Mansfield is interesting, too.

P E M B E R T O N A T L A R G E

a one-shot space-filling column

Once again the CRY has a rendezvous with Destiny. Our October and November publication dates were solemnized by the launchings of Sputniks I & II-- if that pattern of events had continued, we'd have felt it our patriotic duty to suspend publication long enough to give the U.S. a chance to catch up; luckily this was not necessary after all. And now, with the fourth stage of the Army's Jupiter-C orbiting merrily as of this our February deadline, we feel much relieved that the affinity between CRY-pubbings and satellite-launchings has proved to be impartially international in scope.

Having both served in and worked for the Army, I'm satisfied that its feat of successfully launching a satellite within 90 days of receiving permission to do so, is ample proof of the claim that the Army could have done it at any time since 1955; the thing had to be all set to go except for lighting the fuse, to be launched in so short a time, as 90 days is hardly long enough to requisition the necessary box of matches, via the Army Supply System.

So far, the speed and altitude figures quoted for "1958-Alpha" don't fit together very well. The announced values for the Sputniks checked out OK once the "biggest-number" fallacy (quoting the apogee altitude in conjunction with the perigee speed) was recognized, but Herr von Braun seems to be rounding his figures off to a degree which renders them worthless for calculating additional data. Maybe the figures will shape up better in a few days.

Bill Austin lent us the Dec 57 Fantastic with the Ellison story over which the author and reviewer Meyers are at such odds, and can't agree with either party very much. "Revolt of the Shadows" has the makings of a rather powerful offtrail fantasy, but its potential is largely unrealized in the present version. Ellison had 4 shorts to write for Fairman and partially throw away a good theme in one of them without fully recognizing what he was doing until others pointed it out to him. Naturally the story reads greater to the author than to another person; by association, he gets all the mood-stuff out of reading it, that he felt while writing it but didn't get around to putting on paper (this phenomenon is true of most stories and their authors-- the difficulty of objectively evaluating one's own work). If Harlan will reread the story, noting the difference between the tale he was thinking and could have written, and the way he did write it, perhaps this little hassle may prove to be of considerable value to him, helping him to avoid wasting good ideas thataway. As for Bill-- he calls 'em as he sees them, and if he approaches a Z-D story with the preconception that it's most likely going to be crud-- well, who doesn't? A Z-D tale has two strikes against it with most fans. "Revolt" should have been polished for and sent to a better market.

H I D E Y O U R W I V E S A N D D A U G H T E R S * *

The DETROIT MOB is coming! S-F Times has published a sportsmanlike warning from Big-Hearted Howard Devore to residents of all states on the route of the proposed Detroit-organized FanMotorcade to Southgate. Fans along the line of ~~detroit~~ march are urged to join up enroute; arrangements to line up extra passengers, provide extra cars through dealer-delivery agreements, and etc, are in prospect. Residents of the upcoming Scorched-Earth Belt between Chicago and L.A. may obtain further information from George Young, 11630 Washburn, Detroit 4, Mich.

This, of course, is only preliminary (or accessory) to the major purpose of the Detroit plot-- the DETROIT FOR '59 putsch. Well, we're all for it. In fact, rubbing our hands together with glee, we shout:

59 59 59 59 - - VOTE FOR DETROIT-- THEY ASKED FOR IT! - - 59 59 59 59 59 59

a tracing of the
hand that shook
the hand of
Charles Burbee,
aaaaaaaaaaaaaaaa

BY RICH BROWN

The combination LASFS/going-away-party was to start at 8:00 December 31st and get over Foo only knows when. So Ted Johnstone and I had it all figured out as to transportation, thank to several hours on the phone between ourselves and George Fields and back again. It was quite simple. I would leave my pad at 6:00 to get to his place by 6:15 so we could leave by 6:30 to get to George's by 7:00. There, a passi-fan George had lined up would get us to the Moffatt's by 8:00. This was fine, until I found that my old man was going to have to leave for work early, thus throwing the schedule helter-skelter. So I phoned Ted, who managed to talk his parents into taking us as far as George's. This was fine, too, until it was found that his mother had to leave early also. T'hell with the schedule, we went on anyway.

Arriving at George's at about 5:30 we went in to his room and while George showed us how rubber cement Will Not Deface A Book, I busied myself with his fanzines. Concerning myself with the fact that he had many more than I had, I noticed Eternity #2 out on his table. I was indeed amazed, but was talked into believing it was a standing gag of George's. Back to his fanzines, while Ted discussed The Hobbit and The Lord Of The Rings trilogy, and then noticed that George had duplicate copies of several zines. Most of this was because of the zines Willis had sent him for The Selected Writings Of Walt Willis. However, I did manage to buy the Pacificon issue of VOM (#49), and so when we finally left, I felt Good Again.

When we finally got under way, we had 6 people crammed into a '57 Ford Convertible. The only names I do remember are my own, Ted Johnstone's, George Field's, and Steve Tollivers. The other two (the passifan and some guy from Portland, I think) slip my mind, but no matter.

As we pulled up to the Moffatt's, Ron Ellik and some of His Crew (not Carr, Rike, etc.) were getting out of their car and when we stopped Ted Johnstone was forced to commit slave labour by taking in the cokes of Ellik and us'ns.

I went on in, with George and Steve and noted the few people I knew by name, the fewer I knew by face, and even fewer I knew by both. For a while I circulated with the people I knew at LASFS; noted the coming of Stan Woolston, Honey Wood and husband Roger Graham (Rog Phillips, you know). Others came at later times, tho I doubt if it ever went over 30 or 40, if that many. Being keenly perceptive as I am, I notices that as more and more people came that I knew, the fewer I could find. Finally I caught on; the South Gate committee was meeting. This was a fine fannish thing.

A Victor Mature-ish looking character asked if anyone would care to start the poker game. Barney Banard, myself, Ron Ellik and others replied. I was the first, of course, being positive of my luck that night (I got my transportation, and a copy of VOM for 15¢, so why not?).

"What's your name," Vic Mature-like guy sez.

"Rich Brown." I answered.

"Never heard of you." he replies. We shake hands, and he says in a deep, droll voice; "My name's Charles Burbee."

I refused to obey the impulse to salaame and instead bought a dollar's worth of chips (valued at a penny a piece), saving 60¢ for when and if I needed it. I'm proud to say that when I started for the party I had \$1.75 and when I came back, I had exactly double that -- \$3.

The game proceeded into the night -- until about 4:00 I believe, tho I did not stay that long. I was there for a good deal of the time, up until 12:00 and then later for a while. The game was participated in by quite a few; Ellik was in it twice; also Honey Wood, Stan Woolston, Earnie Wheatley (I think), and Mrs. Burbee. It was dealer's choice, and the deal rotated to the left every game. Burbee threatened me several times after winning pots, tried to get the others to conspire against me and Get Me Out, and told me "the next time you give me a King when I want a deuce, I'll write you up in my fanzine." And try as I may, I couldn't give him a King when he wanted a deuce again that night. After a while Barney Banard was playing a game of hi-low, which was too much for my feeble mind, so I backed out. Doing this, I figured, lowered the amount of money in the pot, so I decided to give my seat to somebody else. Besides, there were other reasons.

On the way out, I grabbed a pizza and popped half of it in my mouth. This was the first pizza I had ever eaten so I stopped and noted the pleasant sensation. Something odd happened about then; my face turned pale (or so I was told) and I began to sweat, my eyes bulged, my cheeks twitched. I would swear that I spit fire, but others told me no. I gulped two quick glasses of bheer (the only thing around) in succession before I found final relief.

About this time, Ted Johnstone, the great pizza lover, got one and ate it.

"God, they're hot," he said, "they make it so you can't hardly talk."

"I hadn't noticed that," Fields whispered back gutterally.

A call came through about that time from 4e Ackerman. 4e hadn't been able to make it because of fog (he didn't want to come with the drivers on the road in you-know-what condition). So we went on..sadly. Ellik was so sad that he kissed all the girls for 4e. I guess it just comes from Clean Living. Or something.

I cornered Stan Woolston, who gave me \$3 (you don't think I actually won money in that game, did you?) to start publishing POSTIE, and then wandered to the taper, which had been going (some say) since midnight, or earlier. Songs were sung and quips were quipped, some of them barbed, but a fannishly good time was had by

all (I think). I wonder now what Carr and Rike thought of it. Moffatt singing his opera and me hitting the off-notes like mad. I mean, I really did -- I know, because when the tape had run out it was played back again and you could hear it.

After the tape had been played people started to leave, a crap game started, and I busied myself with Moffatt's copies of HYPHEN and THE HARP STATESIDE. Burbee and wife left after the crap game (which didn't last too long). George Fields and I talked about Shaggy, Burbee, Skyhook and other sundry subjects, until Ted, Steve, and everybody that had come with us wanted to go.

We left at 5:00 or 5:30, probably the former, and proceeded to Field's house, where we let off The Man From Portland (who had been discussing the technical points of science fiction with Woolston, Wheatley, and Mike Kington, I think) and then Steve Tolliver. George decided to come along for the ride, so we proceeded toward Pasadena, land of fog, smog, grog, and blog. We had unaccountably over-looked the Rose Parade -- at 5:30 in the morning, the streets were crawling with people finding places to sit and the like. It took us until 6:00 (the only time in this report that I am sure of) to get through, and then a while to get to my house. We said goodbye; Ted, George, and friend went on and I went into the house. It was dark, and I couldn't find my pajamas, so I grabbed a quilt and slept on the couch....

....Rich Brown
January 3,
1958

southgatein



PORTRAIT OF TYPICAL
JOKER WHO DRAWS PORTRAITS FOR
CRY.

SOUTH GATE IN FIFTY-EIGHT!

Have you ever been bothered by a type of advertising that constantly repeats and repeats a certain phrase?

SOUTH GATE IN FIFTY-EIGHT!

Do you wish such advertising would stop peating over and over and go away to leave you in peace?

SOUTH GATE IN FIFTY-EIGHT!

Science has learned much about the human mind and how to cope with such psychological irritation.

SOUTH GATE IN FIFTY-EIGHT!

Apply what science has learned of the human mind to your own fannish mind and give in to this form of advertising! It is your guilt complex for resisting the ad that is bothering you. Send \$1 (100¢) to Rick Sneary
2962 Santa Ana St.
South Gate, Calif.

Support the Solacon.

SOUTH GATE IN FIFTY-EIGHT!

WEBER FAAN POLL

All my life I have been subjected to the indignities of filling out various types of questionnaires and forms. At times it has seemed to my form-filled mind that the world was peopled with just me and a horde of individuals who wanted to find out things about me. And nothing -- not one thing -- was sacred to that horde. The sordid details of my sex life, income, private thoughts, homelife, secret desires, future plans, weight, phone number, relatives -- nothing I can imagine had been overlooked. Often, as I puzzled over questions that even I hadn't thought about before ("Which would you prefer: A- repair a broken camcorder, B- watch a Royal Blue Snarf build a nest, C- help a Royal Blue Snarf build a nest, or D- watch your parents commit suicide."), I wondered about the type of person who made up the questions. Were they really interested in my feelings about Royal Blue Snarfs? What did they plan to do with this information? What manner of creature were they that went through life with this insatiable curiosity in me?

Having recently filled out my income tax, registered for school, applied for a loan to afford those two items, and made out a security questionnaire, the answer became revealed to me. As fact by fact, bit by bit, and smithereen by smithereen my private life became public knowledge, a hideous urge began to grow within me. Each question answered increased the desire to -- yes -- to invent and inflict questions of my own. I tried to fight it, but of course it grew to be bigger than me. But at least I know the truth now. The people who invent these forms are not attempting to satisfy their thirst for knowledge; they are attempting to satisfy their lust for revenge.

Behold, below is the results of my lust! You will be expected to fill out the following forms in triplicate (see Toskey for extra issues of the Cry, price subject to change without notice, to obtain your duplicate sheets) and mail in to the CRY. To be valid, the envelope must be postmarked before midnight. Never mind that you will be missing out on the first page of Meyers' bit on page 26; you can write him for his five-page synopsis of it.

-----do not write above this line-----

Instructions: Read these instructions.

	Answer all questions in English or its American equivalent.
do not	Do not give false answers unless your bribed witnesses are reliable.
write	Answer all questions in soft pencil so we can erase them and use this
in this	form over again next year.
space	Be kind, or not at all.

What is your name?..... Address?... Age?.....

Sex (check one) Yes... Color of eyes? Left eye.....

No... Right eye.....

Other... Explain..... Other eyes.....

Do you read CRY OF THE NAMELESS?..... Why?.....

What was your name again?.....(just checking.) In what way could the Cry improve?.

Give three titles in order of preference for this issue's cover. ("Out of Dramamine"

will be considered unoriginal.) 1..... 2..... 3.....

Why are you a faan?... Why do you always hold a grudge?... Why are you so ugly?.....

~~Give all the information for the poll by the deadline of 11/1/88. (Oops. Sorry.)~~

What is your favorite fanzine? (check one) ...Cry of the Nameless ...Retro

...Rapier ...Creep ...Polarity ...Fendenizen

...Zobble ...Gemzine ...Bog ...Flabbergasting

How long have you read science fiction?.....Why not?.....

When did you last bathe?....Why not?.....Write down everything that you know.....

Did you think this poll would ever end?..... do not write in this space

RENDEZVOUS WITH INSANITY

by Bill Meyers

I had corresponded with Esmond Adams for just over a year. It had been somewhat of a wild correspondence for the most part as we were constantly grating on each other's nerves and as a result skipped gayly from one feud to the next, cursing each other profusely, but oddly enough remaining the best of friends. After a year of correspondence, our average letters ran about six pages; that left enough room for friendly discussion as well as the feuding and the cursing. This went on for quite a while until one letter, Es made the astounding statement that he was coming here to Chattanooga. The statement was astounding because I was under the impression that his parents were maniacal brutes that kept him shackled in the darkest dungeon without ever letting him out of their sight as several times before I had invited him up but the plans were immediately obliterated by the veto of his suspicious evil-minded mother and father. They thought "that penpal stuff" to be crazy, science fiction to be crazier, and fandom to be the sheer Ultimate in Organized Insanity. Their thoughts were filled with wild visions of a macabre denizen doing harm to their defenseless child. The defenseless child bit really rocked me as I was to discover later that Adams was in actuality a 5'11" 160-pound masher, all of 16 years of age.

But I seem to have gotten off the track here. The reason why Es was coming to Chattanooga was that he was associated with a gang of hoodlums who wreaked holocaust on the state of Alabama, called (shudder) The DeMolay. It so happened that the DeMolay was planning a carefully manipulated raid on Chattanooga, the publicized intention of the visit -- to camouflage the actual motive -- being their "desire" to attend a baseball game, the home team being the world-famed Incomparable Chattanooga Lookouts. Es, being one of the Leaders of this greatly feared Mob, was quick to see the advantage of a trip to Chattanooga ... he could see the Chattanooga Lookouts play the Birmingham Barons. Telling me of his proposed visit to the ball park, I suggested that I meet him there and we could hold a fannish get-together and carry on our feuds in person as well as see what each looked like in the flesh. I really had no idea of what purpose the meeting would be, but since he was going to be in the same town with me, I figured it was definitely the fannish thing to do.

Therefore he condescended and we made plans to meet at the ball park, with my giving him detailed instructions as to which part of the stadium I would be waiting at. And then, he made the horrible revelation that he was forced to bring along The Notorious Jim Orville, Organizer and Charter Member of the DeMolay, Tri-State Gangster, Mascot of the KKK, and mundane correspondent of Bill Meyers. Upon receiving this news, I naturally blanched with fear, but, however, thanked the ghods that it was not Jim Compton, the worst hoodlum of all, who also lived in Huntsville with Adams and Orville and spent his time attacking the daughter of Wernher Von Braun (Famous Resident of Huntsville, home of the Fabulous Redstone Arsenal.) I was particularly overjoyed to hear that he was not coming as I had continually slandered him by means of correspondence with Adams, making cutting remarks and drawing lewd pictures of the scoundrel.

The day finally arrived. I was sitting at my desk drawing nudes when the telephone rang. I had absent-mindedly forgotten that that particular day was the Day of Days and was thus mystified for a moment there after I had answered the phone.

"May I speak to Bill?"

"This is he."

"This is Orville...get your ass down here; I thought you were going to meet us."

I gagged with fright and said I'd be down as soon as possible for after all it was still an hour before game time but he informed that they had arrived early so that they could ransack the stadium while it was unoccupied and not in use. This sounded rather daring to me and I was beginning to wonder if it would be wise to meet this delinquent, so to strengthen my courage I asked to speak to Adams to get a word of assurance.

"Hullo." The voice was comparatively deeper than Orville's and sounded disdained, distasteful, and devoid of any emotion that would be expected upon talking to Bill Meyers for the first time in one's life.

"Is this Adams?"

"Yeah...get the hell down here; you're missing all the fun," after which he dissolved into maniacal giggles and gurgles.

"Uh...I don't think I can...uh...make it. I just realized I had a previous..., uh, engagement."

"You get down here, Meyers."

"Yes, Es." After which I hung up, trembling with fright.

I figured that maybe I could calm their barbaric passions by bringing along some trash that I could possibly sell and some more just to show off. I stuffed a couple of poor quality pornographic books in a manila envelope for the hopeful appeasement of Orville and then some F&SFs and a copy of HUMBUG #1 for Adams. (#1 wasn't distributed in Huntsville and I decided to make the most of it.) Aside from these items, I brought along some excellent examples of artwork I had lined up for SPECTRE and some fan fotos that might prove to be amusing, but mainly to divert their attention so I could make my escape.

I arrived at the ball park about half an hour later, quaking with fear and apprehension of the horror that lay before me. My manila envelope nestled under my arm, I shuffled to the ticket window, made the purchase of a ticket and made my way past the barrier of turnstiles, vendors, and charity funds. I knew that I was to meet Adams and Orville at Gate A which was at the end of the stadium but I was rather afraid that they might knife me and make off with my precious loot so I subconsciously took the long way around, assuring myself that there would be nothing to it, we'd meet, hold a friendly conversation, and that would be that. On the way to the Gate, I passed many hoods of Adams' and Orville's age and for all I know I may have passed Adams and Orville themselves because later they said they remembered walking past a shivering hulk with a manila envelope.

Finally I came to Gate A and was relieved to see no one in sight at the moment and tried once more to gather my wits and calm myself. But then, horror of horrors, two hoods appeared almost instantaneously stalking me with a suspicious look in their eyes. They wore Ivy League trenchcoats with buckles on the back, both looking very sinister. The shorter but leaner fellow who proved to be the Humphrey Bogart type was Orville; the taller, brawney oaf was, of course, Adams, who was the Buddy Baer type. I retreated a step or two, thinking, Great Ghu, this is it!

When they got to within 6 feet of me, we stood staring at each other for a few seconds, none of us daring to say a word, then suddenly Orville collapsed in fits of laughter, Adams shrieked, and I ran off. I didn't get far, however, as Adams yelled "Come back, damn you," grabbed my neck with one hand and dragged me back, my eyeballs bulging.

"Don't try that again," he snarled.

"Yes...yes. You...uh, are Es Adams, aren't you?"

"Yeah, and I suppose you're Meyers."

"Quite so."

Orville collapsed in fits of laughter again, and as a result of that I became very indignant and courageously said: "Unhand me, Adams. I suggest we retire to some seats."

They both confirmed and we marched up the ramp into the grandstand, Orville in the lead, Adams bringing up the rear, erratically jabbing me in the small of the

back with a bulge in his trenchcoat. To insure privacy (far from what I wanted at that moment) we repaired to the topmost seats, so high in fact, that the roof of the stadium got in the way of the playing field. Here we took seats, me, of course, in the middle. I said nothing but pretended to pay attention to the game, occasionally glancing nervously from left to right to see what they were up to.

"Well, say something," said Adams.

"What do you want me to say?" I returned.

"Don't you talk like you do in your letters?"

"Not under the circumstances."

I resumed watching the game, resolving to have no part, whatsoever, with the actions of these boisterous juveniles.

"What'cha got in the envelope?" said Orville, nudging me with the bulge in his trenchcoat.

"Oh, trash you'd be uninterested in."

"Open."

I opened the envelope and a flood of trash poured forth. Orville, with his lewd mind, immediately spotted the pinup rag; he snatched it up, thumbed through it hurriedly, then screamed in delight, when he saw a full color pic of Kim Novak. Surprisingly enough -- surprise? A shock! -- he gave me a quarter for it. Of course I had paid 35¢ for the thing and had not yet even set a price so you couldn't say I had actually gypped him. After making the purchase, he retired to a nearby dark corner, and stared at the picture, panting. Adams, meanwhile, was ripping through my gems of art scheduled for SPECTRE. Finally, he discovered the HUMBUG and retired to the opposite corner panting. I gathered up the illos, stuffed them in the envelope, and seeing my chance, casually inched away from the two. Then I broke away, but too late to avoid immediate discovery.

"Stop that man!" shrieked Adams.

To my great dismay, everyone in the park looked at me and I screamed..for everyone was of the DeMolay! The nearest twenty hoods glommed on to me and threw me back into the waiting arms of Orville and Adams. I knew I was licked.

With no escape possible, I decided to make the most of it so I settled down, and pulled out the three old F&SF's that I thought surely Adams would want. Instead I rooked Orville out of \$1.50 for the things. However, I collected two more dollars from Adams -- a monthly installment on 1955 and 1956 Amazings I had sold him. Cackling with glee and amused at his taste in prozines, I accepted the money.

Once we had broken down the barriers of formality and Orville and Adams slapped me around anytime they pleased, they made the great Revelation.

Adams: "This it's time to tell him now, Jim?"

Orville: "Oh, no, Es, it's too soon."

"Really now, this has gone far enough, Jim. Be a Good Egg -- let him in on it!"

"Well...all right, if you insist."

He extracted a wallet from his left hip pocket and holding it steadily in front of my eyes while Adams pinioned my arms behind me, he opened it slowly to his identification card. The shock was enough to give apoplexy..the ID card said: JAMES ORVILLE COMPTON! A vile hoax! A conspiracy! Screaming with rage and fright, I struggled...this was too much. I knew that surely Compton would cut me into little bits with his switchblade and throw the tidbits to the DeMolay mob after I had slandered him so in my letters to Adams!

To my surprise, however, Orville did no such thing. He merely made me promise to buy all the F&SF's I could get at secondhand bookstores and send them to him. I agreed with enthusiasm -- he was truly letting me off easy.

After this I told Adams of my very confidential plans of how I was going to take over CRY OF THE NAMELESS and SAPS, we talked some more, and then the ball game was over. With a sigh of relief, we made our way out of the stadium.

As we were about to depart (and I was giving thanks that we were) Adams took my left hand in his, Orville my right. They told me that it had been a nice visit and that they'd come up and spend a week-end with me next summer.

I ran home and cried.

(END)

CRY OF THE READERS

conducted by Burnett R. Toskey

Our lettercol starts off this time with a phenomenon, Arthur Thomson of England who managed to receive the last CRY by boat mail and get a reply to us in time for this issue --- doesn't this make you ashamed of yourself, all you others just barely able to make the ish, and sometimes not even that?

(Letterhead gives address as: Arthur Thomson, No. 3 Hold, Sputnik 5.)

Dear _____ Ones,

I'm glad to note that my severe letter to minute man Weber took hold. Cry number Three ((Why do you use thosethose crazy type Roman numerals?)) arrived ok. Number 108 which you say you sent also, didn't. (((Give it time...BRT))))

Before going on to tear the rest of the zine to pieces, I must make with amazement at the letter section. Noting my letter printed therein, I read it with pride, then again with aghastment. Not one word had been edited from it! And more peculiar yet, not even one typo! I checked it with my carbon copy. Word for word, and typo for typo, everything I'd written in the letter to Wally was down in cold hard print. Who is this engraving genius you've got cutting your stencils for you? Look at the word 'Schultheis' about halfway down the letter. Why he's even managed to copy accurately the half dropped 'c' and managed to get it squooze up between the 'S' and 'h' just like it was on the original. Toskey dear fellow, you must've taken their words too literally, when they first tossed you a handfull of letters and told you to copy them on stencil. Poor lad, I can see you now, crouched up in your miserable abode, eyes nearly gone, peering at each and every individual letter and word in your efforts to duplicate to the nTh degree each and every curlicue and twist of the Cry letters of comment. I blame Weber and Busby, they should have realised just how DEDICATED you were to yâur work, and told you where to draw the line.

I have another gripe too, those fotos on the cover. Just who are you trying to kid? The only foto' on the cover that is authentic is the one of Lorence Garcone. Dear Ol' Lorence a spitting likeness, and just why have you put him on the cover with all those fake weirdies? Take the foto' of the socalled Wally Weber. Why I've seen Wally Weber and this isn't he. Wally is always immaculately dressed, and has a camera and a foto-flash grafted on to the centre of his chest. Haw, I couldn't help laughing at that foto' you tried to pass off as GMCarr, you slipped up badly there. Why everybody know's that GMCarr has horns and is covered all over with grey scales. That foto' of a lovable well groomed lady doesn't fool anybody. Then again there's that foto' of the person who is supposed to be BUZ Busby. A flagrant lie. I know that Mr F.M. Busby is a respected member of Seattle fandom, and would never but never allow a photograph of himself to be taken without any clothes on.

These minutes of the club meetings. Do you realise that this is fabulous type stuff! I absolutely glee over them. What are you all drinking up there in Seattle that makes you turn out such mirthmaking material.

Letters---Y'know, I haven't read that story of Harlans that he got steamed up about, but after reading his letter, by jimminy even I like it now. It's the greatest I see in one of his many letters Esmond Adams says that the Cry cover last issue did not move him. What does he think the cover is supposed to be? A laxative? My, some fans are certainly queer people.

Did I say that I liked Meyer's Dream, and Otto's tale, well I did.

I liked Amelia too. Do you know that Cry and Retribution are the only two zines out, to feature femmes reviewing fmz. There should be something Deeply Significant in this, but it escapes me at the moment.

Talking of Artwork. I sent some illos of to you by Banana Boat several weeks ago. If the North West Passage is discovered this year, they should reach you. I have the utmost faith in Hudson, he is a good man and will get them through to you if there's a

way.

Pleased you are backing John Berry for Taff. You are all good peoples.

By the way, if you are continuing your peculiar scheme of putting everything in a letter into the column in Cry, let's see you cope with this. $^{**11*2\ 6;:4/57/87/81/8=+}$
 $-(3/@L\&'()1/4+ZzzMmm//"$ Yuk! I leave you, Strangely,

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

(((Where do you get a typer with those tiny fractions down to eighths? You fouled me up but good. We got a + and =, and if we were printing this on the Multigraph we could print your English Pound sign too -- we got scads of them, all sizes. No doubt if you read your letter closely you'll note that I add a few typos of my own. We are looking forward eagerly to the Atomart you are sending us. If you don't get #108 by the time this reaches you, lemme know -- the only explanation I can think of is that #111 was sent to you airmail by mistake, but by the P.O., not us....BRT)))

$C_6H_3(CO)_2C_6H_3OH$; "Can't you hear me callin', $C_9H_{10}NCH_3$?"

Dear? (Whoever's responsible for CRY 110)

Since you finally got around to printing a notice about back issues, I am wasting another dollar -- \$1.10 to be exact -- for issues 95-107.

It will probably take me about a month to figure out what is actually in Garcone's cover, but I think I will take it over to the University's psych department and let it drive them crazy. The rest of the issue will help, too. Drive them blind, too, trying to read it.

-- Czy pan moze prowadzic twego paskudniej elefantego od moje wychodka! --
 "Pacific 510" was much enjoyed. GDA one time! GDA two times ... Ah, the long arms of the lore. Try to get more Berry, for Crys sake!

Aft work is just a matter of personal opinion, but, just for the record, in 110 I like Meyer, Bryer, Holocaust. FEH to the rest.

Reviews of prozines (including crudzines) are well worth keeping, particularly for the sidelights given by the reviewers -- for straight information on contents, see with Barnes: I can find out at the news stand.

Rest of 110 as usual, good. If maybe a little heavy Meyers-wise. I am looking forward to pix on 111.

Erratically Yours, Bruce Pelz, $C_{23}H_{26}N_2O_4$
 Box 3255 University Sta.
 Gainesville, Florida

(((By now you should have those Crys and realize what a waste that buck really was. Some people never learn....BRT)))

(((Egad, I almost forgot to include illos in the column....BRT)))

THE OUTLAW STRIKES AGAIN!

Dear Hancock-lessee,

Aha! A new name for you. Yes.

Am I late again? Gosh. But I just can't get my letters off in time. You see, this time CRY came on the 17th....ah, but I see. I have time, I think. Yes, the first weekend of the month will be next weekend, and the Wednesday before that will be next Wednesday. I leave my fate in the hands of yon Post Office. But the first weekend of the month came too early in next month, if I may mix tenses a bit.

On. I got my jollies out of the cover. Lorenze (and don't go correcting me) isn't as bad as I would've thought from his art. Pfeifer appears to have the type Printin' Maching I more luff would choose. Refreshing beverage is far superior to goosey mimeo-



graph ink.

Again the inside front cover was good. Who's writing these? A bit too sexy, perhaps but good nonetheless. Mike, well, kinda like wow.

I, somehow, was wondering less how a monthly zine comes up with #111 for an eighth anniversary, and more how a zine like CRY lasted so long, anyway. But congrats, kats, if you rock with such as poetry.

Meyers' story was.... Well, it wasn't as good as the ones he's written before for you. But that's the bug. I like shaggy dog stories.

And I certainly did enjoy reading Toskey's exciting, "INDEX of fiction appearing in Cry of the Nameless." Wow. Now there's real writing. His style greatly benefitted from the chronicle line he used in presenting his stirring narratives. Once more I commend Mr. Toskey.

I stand back in awe at Pemby's ability to pick out innumerable things wrong with stories in ASF and F&SF, classify them under some cliché of sf, show that the story has no aim, and then agree with me that it was a good issue. And it bothers me. I feel like I have no taste whatsoever, which may be right, for liking it without taking these things even slightly into consideration. But I shall be brave and continue to read Pemby.

And his wife. But I don't have to be quite as brave here, since she just makes me feel like I read the wrong fanzines.

HERO'S REWARD killed me, so I rocked over to my little typer upon finishing an initial reading and hacked out a hero story of my own, which is included. But I couldn't risk having such as Garcone accompaniment, so I did next worse, and drew my own illo for it. Gosh. An action illo, too. Wowsie. But I mayhap leave a false impression. Garcone's art really rocked me this time. Could be my resistance is weakening, and the true meaning is coming through. Also could be nothing of the kind; 'twas just a thot.

Meyers, too, reviews. Yes. And such poo the boy hacks about. Ya know, I didn't read anything in the whole column he reviewed. Except the Russell bit from PLAYBOY, which was great. Still, the Meyers wins my highest condemnation for mentioning such as "The Room of Dark" and making no mention of the fabulous spread on My Boy Harvey Kurtzman in the December ish. All of you Nameless Pipple run out and dig up a back issue and admire the article and accompanying art.

Hurry.

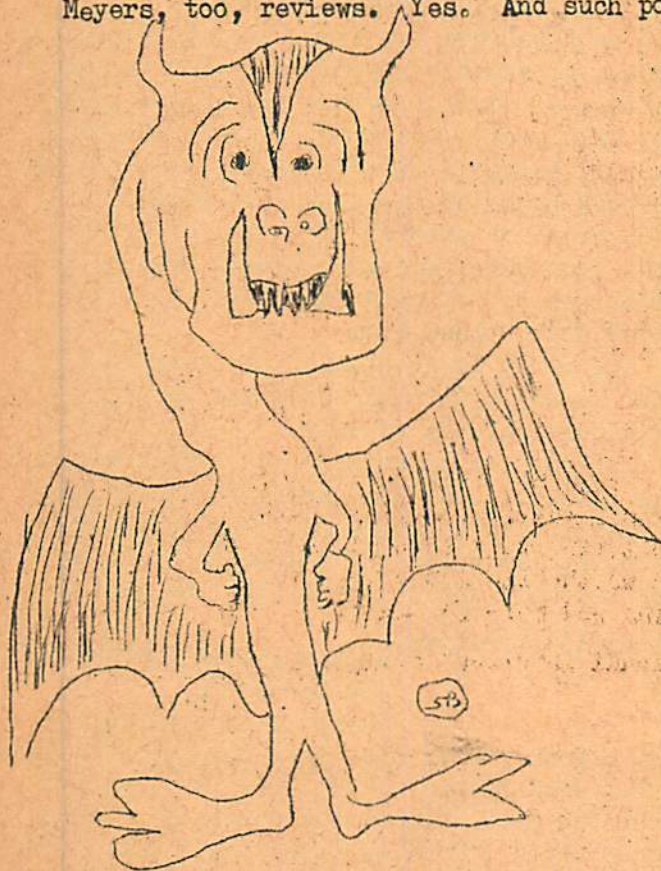
But I agree with Bill on Infy. Lately I've been disappointed in it. Still, it's better than IF and SFQ, isn't it?

Lar' Stone, hmmm. I grow tired of inconsequential aSF-ish twists that solve a problem. I prefer wunnerful fantasy. Like get Avram Davidson to write your shorts each ish, except when you can get one like from Adams, like. Yeahh.

Minutes, again, and fine. I like minutes, though I suppose I should refer to them in capital letters, shouldn't I? Minutes. Tha's what I like.

Big letcol, for rah. Letcols, too, I like. But I didn't particularly like Harlan's snarl. I just sympathize with him.

Berry and Atom, too, by golly. Atom, especially, rocked me with his words of wit. But I, like Meyers (Horrid thought!), dislike



writing about things liked, so forward.

And I still don't give a damn about Lowndes, Merritt, Blish, and all the others. Shadow beings they are. All of them. Yes, for they write nothing I recognize; only words. And that is not enough. No. It is not well, like in the old days.

But things are back to normal when we run into more words from Meyers. And dammit, out of two pages from him I can find nothing worthy of my comment.

Brad Daigle, on the other hand, says nothing, and yet I feel like saying something about his letter. (Oh, the strange workings of an inner inside Mindless Brain...) I get a huge charge out of reading his letters. They're so nice and friendly and neo-mebbe-but-who-givessa-damn-ish. They remind me of some of my early letters to you, too, but Daigle uses a lot more restraint than I used then, and certainly more than I use now. But CRY is good mental therapy. Unfortunately for you, of course, good for we people that get theraperized. Inda l (One, two, three, let's start over with that one) Kinda like a spot to relieve built up pressures by going ape one big time. When you squeeze a Stop-ette bottle it goes poof and that's all the pressure. When fen get all sorts of sophomoric crud in their system they use CRY as an outlet, like, and thus we love it, for what is more fun than sophomoric writing, other than Things Besides?

I think Meyers cheated with his portraits...yes. At least he could've dotted in a couple of eyes on the blobs he drew, couldn't he? Mayhap I'll have to do a pic of him from actual horrible memory someday soon. That will silence him, surely.

Goshie, and wowsie, wowsie, woo. Four pages from Adams. You people surely have made this one of thy bestestas. And art. Art by Adams. I betcha af I weren't so modest I could really do justice to my multi-faceted talents.

With so many Nameless Pipple running around it would seem y'all could dig up dough for white paper, thus working hardship neither upon the eye of I nor the purse of the Weber. Yes. Or charge lotsa money for CRY. No. I like first idea best.

Robin Wood ("Riding through the glen," as I believe has been brought out before) mentioned DANDELION WINE. Bully for Sir Rob. It seems everybody's trying to ignore poor Mr. B. this time just because he didn't write a sf novel. Gosh. And at the local library they have it over with books for teenagers, like yech. You know, "The Tribblert Sisters at Aunt Emma's Farm" and like so. But Bradbury earned a bit of recognition with it, for in SATURDAY REVIEW it was listed among the best books of the year, but doubtless only for the strange system they used. There were 25 or 30 or more critics from here and there, but musta been mainly from there 'cause none from here, and each picked what he considered the best book of the year. BY LOVE POSSESSED walked off with over half the votes, but DANDELION WINE got pegged by some Far Sighted Soul, bless him.

And Huntsville is big name town now. The world fames pianist and vocal artist, Richard Penniman, or as he is perhaps better known, Little Richard, has chosen our fair town to turn to the task of becoming a religious man. So go wild.

Anything more? Yeah. I think Pemby or Meyers or me or somebody should put in a plug for HUMBUG.(((I didn't know there was a leak....BRT))) Pemby shouldn't have stopped reviewing it. It's far more interesting than sf mags, and much more worthy of review, all of this because it deals with worthwhile subjects, and because I like Harvey Kurtzman, and because it's more interesting and more fun mainly to me. So jus' watch out.

Yeah.

I

Desiderandi interfectere, Esmond Adams, whose Latin is ^{weak}
432 Locust St.
Huntsville, Alabama

(((You note that we lead off thish with your story; also note absence of meyers in the lettercol --- we seem to have held him down to his column this time; is it possible that YOU are beginning to take over the Cry? This issue seems to be a battle between you and Rich Brown. Oh we can dig up dough for white paper all right; it only so happens that none of us are willing to spend it. We like the yellow paper no only because it is cheaper, but because we feel that it is much more opaque than white paper, and doesn't show through. We also think it is easier to read. It's also more convenient, for this way we get all our supplies at one place at a discount.....BRT)))

SEATTLE BEWARE!

YEEGADS;

But I'm behind on my CRYfanac again! Shades of seventy-seven chartreuse lizards! Short letter this time; I haven't much time..gotta hurry this off, then a letter to YANDRO, SEPARADE, SKYHOOK, VOID, PERAMBULATOR....hurry hurry hurry ...tick...tock...tick...tock..TICKTOCK..DINNER TIME.....

The cover. Cover cover cover. Someday I shall be on that cover. Right now I can't find a picture and I haven't time to have one made..TIME TIME TIME!

Odd. I don't see a resemblance to Willis in Gem's voodoo dolls. How odd.

Sufferin' catfish! I actually liked EM Meyers' story. As they say (and it's about time they said it again when this happens).. "There's something rotten in Denmark."

Pemberton..interesting. Disagreed with him, on INFINITY in the Wilson serial. Not that it matters. But it does help me get away from the "I agreed with Pemberton again.." theme. Soitgoes.

Great ghod Foo-Foo! Amelia must be nearly off her rocker! Here she is giving ETERNITY #2 an almost-good review. Fie! And after all my sweat and pains to make it so much unreadable trash. What's the world coming to if a guy can't put out a good crudzine without somebody saying that it's "...not without interest." I am heartbroken.

Pfeifer (or whoever) should write more. A humorous humorist.

But then people laugh at the funniest things.

Meyers is interesting, makes a few good points, but nothing memorable.

Cute story by Stone.

MINUTES are wonderful. Tell Weber he is to do them more often or his name is John Q. Mud. That should get us more.

I trust you noted in YANDRO that Daigle steals his art from MAD? The idea..I steal mine from nothing but the best. (The POST, what else?)

Meyers, I think, is prejudiced against Ellison. I think so because I noticed quite a while ago that he was the anti-type, so I mentioned that I liked Galaxy, Ellison, fannish stuff (all this at different times) and noted with great amusement that as I told him what I liked, he always disliked (or said he did) it. There were other things too, they slip my mind. So you see, I control Meyers (in a vague sort of way), who is taking over the CRY. Please note my rebuttals (masses of messed mss.) in here.

By the way, my family may be moving..to Seattle.

Someday, somebody will tell me how I can get into OMPA.

Untilthen,deploribus neofan

Rich Brown
127 Roberts St
Pasadena 3, Cal.

((((Why bother with OMPA --- you shouldn't have dropped off the SAPS waiting list --- SAPS is the best. If you move to Seattle and become part of Fabulous Seattle Fandom, that's what you'll have to do, you know. Your pic will be on next month's cover -- it's by far the best thing you've done. How about a foto of you?-- it was your idea, you know. So far we have three (Stony Barnes, Joe Sanders, Esmond Adams) and need more. If you (and others) wait too long, the page may be filled up and you will be left out, so don't wait around much longer. And keep writing letters like this...We love 'em..BRT))))

SMALL AND SOUR

Nameless Ones;

It's not my habit to wait as long as I have this time to acknowledge receipt of a zine, particularly one I liked as well as CRY OF THE NAMELESS, but somehow it got into the "Acknowledged and Commented on" file, and it was pure accident that I discovered the error. Better, I suppose, (to coin a phrase) late than never. And I did like the zine very much indeed--as evidence of which I enclose a buck for a year's subscription.

Inasmuch as my own publication schedule is quarterly, I'd miss most of the CRY's on purely an exchange basis. That, I think, would be a grave loss.

As to your 8th Annish:—Cover: Beautifully done, and an excellent idea. One of the most annoying things in fandom, for those of us who are isolated and don't attend conventions, is a perpetually unsatisfied curiosity about what all his correspondents and the people whose writings he enjoys -- or hates -- look like. You plan, I trust, to continue this type of cover. — "Sleepy Time Gal." No. — "Plowed Under" Pemberton is clearly widely read and possessed of a sound critical faculty. I think, though, that all too frequently he prefers to use a wisecrack that has sprung to mind, even though it doesn't accurately express his opinion of the story, rather than waste it. This makes good reading, but not the best criticism -- or reviewing, if you prefer. Anyhow, I have a theory that every inveterate reader of SF learned long ago to suspend his critical faculty when he reads the stuff. If most of us read in mainstream fiction the kind of crude and tortured prose we eagerly devour in SF, we'd not only desist after the first two paragraphs, we'd pitch the book out the window. And, Pemberton, don't fret because your reviews appear after most of your readers have read the magazines. The only time a review is of any interest is when you've already read the matter reviewed; then you have the pleasure of damning the reviewer as an ass when his opinion doesn't agree with yours, or praising him as a perspicacious devil when he agrees with you. — "Digging the FMZ". This is clearly brilliant stuff, as evidenced by the fact that I agree with practically every word of it. — "Hero's Reward." Satire must be light; this is as heavy as collapsed matter. — "Fertilizer". Meyers has courage and a strong stomach; you've got to give him that much credit. My only question here is, Are these damn' things worth the space required to review them? — "Secret Weapon." No indeed. — Letters. Mostly interesting missives from interesting people.

Something more for Pemberton: The way I heard it, this frugal necrophile, Dave, was an old hermit, not a young man.

Regards, Bob Leman 2701 So. Vine St. Denver 10, Colorado

(((((I'm fairly sure that Pemberton's journalistic spirit never influences the accurate presentation of his critical viewpoints. It is because of his unusually perceptive criticism that we have many pro writers on our sub-list,. As far as I'm concerned, when one reads for enjoyment, he should suspend critical judgement as much as possible, whether sf or mainstream. Thanks for the nice letter....BRT))))))

BABBLING BROOK

Dear Presidents & John Swearingen, member in good standing,
EGOBOO IS THE ROOT OF ALL EVIL

There's a good way to start a letter o' kommet. It's the bloody truth, though. The love of egoboo brings on so many uncountable evils, fandom might be better off without it. For instance: Th the 8th ANNISH, Bem announces that he is going to quit buying all the latest SF magazines which he has been reading soullly for the purpose of review anyhoo. This is dandy. He could go on reviewing the few he prefers to buy and cut his column down a little. BUT HE ANNOUNCES THAT HE IS NOT GOING TO DO THIS. Purely through the love of egoboo, he is going to use the space normally wasted to his credit on reviews of current pro-mags, on old, no-longer-published pulp magazines of the past!

Zounds! If you let him get away with this, he'll have more time to write stories, and therefore fill CRY with more of his warped opinions than ever before.

Reviewing stuff which is no longer obtainable, except at certain specialized places, and even then at a disagreeable cost, usually, is like tying a guy to an iron post while Jayne Mansfield wobbles back and forth in front of him looking for her bathing suit.



Bem's right about one thing though, the oldies are better than the current rags, anyway. I've just started my copy of the 7th issue of AMAZING which has some of the science fiction classics of all time. Where in modern SF will you find Jules Verne and H.G. Wells? Huh? Only trouble, only one story is complete in the issue. The rest are serials. Gaaah.

Aside from Meyer's tounge wagging, CRY #111 was terriff! I especially liked Larry Stone's "Secret Weapon".

One big gripe though. In Harlan Ellison's letter, he uses some rather vulgar language. CRY is supposed to be a family 'zine (or so you said) but I find myself embarrassed when my mother reads Ellisons gab and rips my copy up into little pieces before throwing it into the fire.

The idea of a photo cover featuring ordinary fen is great! In fact, This is what I had planned for the #3 ish of VAMPIRE, You dirty stealers, I thought of it first! Anyway, you didn't say whether to send "mug shots" or full views like you have been using. Find enclosed a pic of me (you lucky rascals) which you may use in part or whole hog, as long as you place it as far away as possible from Meyers' pic.

Am sending more doodles, to save you from those horrors drawn by Meyers, Bourne, and Rich Brown. Although Brown sometimes produces some good stuff, he seems to be sending in the chicken scratches.



---The Jumpoff Joe Creek Kid,

Stony Brook Barnes

Rt 1, Box 1102

Grants Pass, Oregon

((((Rich Brown apparently sent us one of his good pics for our next cover, which does indeed make his other stuff look like chicken scratches. Truly we usually slice out nasty words if we run across them, but Harlan's usage seemed to make ~~him~~ it so ludicrously proper that we had to leave it that way; I doubt that it will happen again. Wisht your drawing were in ink; pencil line doesn't show through the mimeoscope very clearly, and results in many inaccuracies in transcription.....BRT))))

THE FALLING BLOCH

Dear Sir: It's Oct. 30th, and the September issue of CRY OF THE NAMELESS is at hand. That is to say, Bill Hamling just sent it up to me today; for some time now he has neglected to forward fanzines from Evanston, being under the impression that I got them all here - and that any sent directly to the magazine address were duplicates. I've asked him to correct this, but the previous situation has led to my not receiving COTN on a regular basis -- and thus to my misapprehension alluded to in Bill Meyers' column CHOKES AND GAGS regarding your publication schedule. It is also leading to my not reviewing this issue: since by the time I got a notice into print, it would be January. However, if Bill will be more prompt in forwarding, or if you want to switch to my home address here, I'll try to rectify this situation in the future. It's a lovely, lively job the gang turns out. Best, Bob Bloch,

P.O. Box 362, Weyauwega, Wisconsin

((((The above is a card we got some time ago and somehow never was handy when the column was being made up. But better late than never.....BRT))))

BILL MEYERS EXPOSED

(The following letter is dated: Feb 8th 19058: It's the small, dark ones you gotta watch, I keep telling you!)

Dear Nameless, (Okay, okay, so it's different, but sois a babbling idiot.)

I received a letter from Bill Meyers, who in reality is Lamont Cranston...who in

reality is Laton Cransmont...who in reality is Mentton La Crans (a Frenchman), but enough of this wool-gathering. Bhoey Meyers claims your fanzine is a real gasser, this is because (so says he) there is a wealth of cruddy material by Bill Meyers, who in reality is.... oh, to hell with it. Any way he suggested that I try to latch on to some copies... particularly, the January issue, so enclosed in the little envelope which is enclosed in the big envelope and the thigh bone connected knee-bone and knee-bone connected to the leg-bone you will find ten toes and thirty cents. (The doctors say I'm getting better all the time, BUT I'M NOT FOOLED FOR A MINUTE! Moo hoo ha ha, as the Shadow says.)

So turn that crank! Punch that stapler! Get a little good and you land in Damon Knight...from which no man returneth. And send me the January issue and maybe a few future issues. I strongly suggest that you wait until the "future" to send me the "future issues, somehow it works out better that way."

Brutally yours (isn't that sexy!)

I.R. Insane (Al Andrews)

1659 Lakewood Drive

Birmingham 9, Alabama

(((((I can't for the life of me remember if I sent you the Jan ish or not....BRT))))

LONG TIME NO SEE

Dear Namlessessessess,

The main purpose of this deal is to send you a picture of my charming face for your fotocover. (You didn't ask, but I realize that you were just playing coy.) I'm photographic editor of the school annual, so I am in complete sympathy with anyone who wants photographs.....

The enclosed small illo is very simple and I believe that even an idiot child--yes, even L. Garcone--can do a decent job of stenciling it. If not, this is the last art you'll ever get from me.

Pemberton's prozine reviews are as good as ever. Meyers is rather boring, with his constant ravings, rantings and insults.

Artwork is very bad (except for Bryer's) and the layout is sloppy.

The letter column is dull, except for the spectacle of Harlan Ellison expounding on the deep, philosophical gesthunkininess (Pat. Applied for) of his story.

I suggest that you let Toskey lead a crusade against modern science fiction--or modern literature. That would really liven things up and Toskey is admirably suited for the job. Yours, Joe Sanders,

R.R.#1 Roachdale, Indiana

(((((I plan no crusade against modern stf. If people and publishers want to wallow around in the cesspools of their own stupidity and rave about this modern trash that pretends to be literate, I say let them -- it's no skin off my nose. I'll take Merritt, Lovecraft, Shaver, Doc Smith, and Jules Verne any day.....BRT))))

THE STONE FROM WHITE ROCK

Cryers of/for the Nameless:

Boy, you've sure done it now--your printing of my letter could spell the end of the CRY, as such. On the obviously illogical theory that "anything I can do once, I can do again" I shall continue, published or not, to plague you with my mouthings about the CRY. And through a kind of sympathetic vibration, you will all soon be reduced to a bunch of mindless babbling idiots. Heeheeheeee.

This could conceivably lead to an improvement in Cry, but what would the pubbed letters do to your readers? I depone, you will rue the day.

Laudits: The cover this time (#111) is very good--this "Pilgrim Press" (obviously another pseudonym) is good; he



should do all your art. Please, more from Mr. Press. (((You might help us in this respect by sending us a foto of you for our fotocover...BRT)))) And the Pemberton prozine review was the best I've seen. Usually, they're quite anemic, but he managed to present his case against UFO in FU in such a way that Santesson may think twice about publishing Jessup's articles in the future. Also other slying faucer jazz. I hope so.

The Meyers story: In my present stage (not-quite-a-neo), I am struck down by spasms of "goshwows" at anything remotely fannish. This was most entertaining, a good story, tho a little bit too suggestive. (How about that for self-control? Objective, impartial ...) "Spreading the Fertilizer" seemed pedantic and repititious thish; altho I will admit there are a few good writers around who don't write sf.

MINUTES: I would have clapped loudly for this even last month, when I was a neo-neo-neo, and thought that anything fannish was silly and a waste of paper. Yeauh-heau-de-ho-ho. Fmz-reviews were there in gay profusion, at least; I must send for more of those mags and steep myself in fannish lore. Otto Pfeifer's story was....reactionary is not quite the word I want. I was expecting Fearless to have more to do withit, but one can't have everything, can one? Lettercol was mostly interesting, and again, I say it wi with restraint and control. "Goshw---mmmmph!"

I liked your art this time; but it's strictly a matter of mood. When I become a wizened old fan, I will be able to look back upon the frivolity of my youth and give an honest opinion of it; see you in Cry #1,000. Looking over the editorial/contents page, I see that I have covered all that can be expected of me, I think.

Don't know why some of your serious-minded correspondents haven't brought up the subject of anti-intellectualism. In the McCarthy hearings I was shocked to hear scientists being called nasty names. When a related if not wholly relevant point was brought up, there was always someone yelling at the poor scientist: "Point avoider!"

Hey, come back! I have more to say! Rats. Well, there's no use talking to myself, so I'll quit this letter now. Humbly, Larry Stone

891 Lee St. White Rock, B.C., Canada

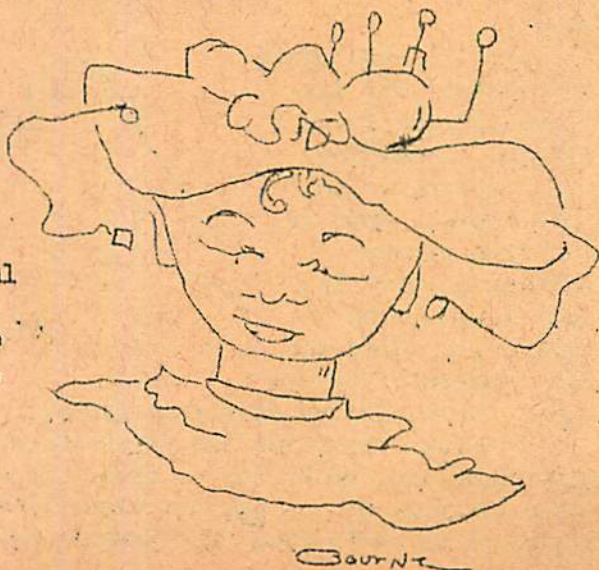
(((I heard recently that Dr. Werner von Braun was blamed for the Russians sending up a satellite before we did (although it was the government's fault, and not his), and that then the blame was put on Truman for having brought the man over from Germany in the first place. The logic of this escapes me.....BRT))))

HEATHER AND YON

Dear Nameless Ones,

Greetings from Victoria, the Victoria with Larry Stone's "small unenthusiastic complacent group of Berbershop fen". What ever does he mean by Berbershop fen? Where do these fen live in Victoria? The only Victoria fen I have met are very enthusiastic, perhaps a little compacent, and certainly not Berbershopish but they certainly are a small group so if Larry knows where we can find other Victoria fen no matter how unenthusiastic etc. they are, we would like to know where. Then we will go chase them up, charge them something to join our club, and let thembe as unenthusiastic as they wish. We are going broke on the first issue of "WHEN".

The cover on lll has some most beautiful lettering and pictures on it wich is indeed wonderful considering what Toskey did to the Multigraph, the things the pictures were of, and everything like that. Does Wally have one of those cameras that take a picture sixty seconds after they are set? How'd he take his own picture? (((You guessed it..BRT))))



Gourne

Bill's ~~story~~ dream just shows how his evil plans are progressing. Everyone knows that in a dream everything is upside down and backwards which means that instead of Bill never taking over the CRY he will take it over and perhaps already has. In this last issue 21% was written by Meyers. But that is not the worst. His name was on 40.5% of the pages.

As usual "The Science Fiction Field Plowed Under" was quite interesting. I never seem to agree with anyone on what is good or what is bad but sometimes I do agree with Renfrew.

I haven't decided yet what I think of the fanzine reviews. They were better than I've seen in the last few issues of the CRY so maybe I'll like them soon. Actually I like any kind of reviews, even bad ones, but what I mean is maybe I'll like 'em above average soon.

It was a good thing it didn't rain while Bean and Fearless were outside with their boots and laces on. Bean might not have killed Yarlumph and the people would have had nothing to mourn if it had rained. That would have spoiled the story.

I like Bill's reviews above average even though I really like some of the stuff he says is "strictly ech". I believe that if you keep Bill reading this stuff much longer you will have nothing to worry about anymore and he'll never be able to take over the CRY.

I wonder, is this "How To Win A War" thing really the best Larry can do? Wasn't it in a Junior High newspaper here in Victoria a short while back? Anyway it was fairly good, I think.

I agree with everyone. There must be minutes in every Cry, every one. I don't know what will happen if there aren't but I'm sure it will be awful and dreadful. (And terrible too) Does everyone agree with me?

Well I must end now so this is the end.

Heather Robson
1025 Monterey Ave
Victoria, B.C. Canada

THE BROWN OF HIS EYES

Dear ~~Wally~~: ~~Lee~~: ~~Dave~~: ~~Kent~~: Wally:

~~Aberration~~ CRY OF The Nameless
~~Aberration~~ ~~Trifurcated~~

Got a story here perfectly suited for ~~Wally~~. I figger on making a series out of it -- once ever five years. I'm sure you'll accept it -- it's the best I've ever done.
best, Rich Brown

P.S. It's really a good story, LeeH.

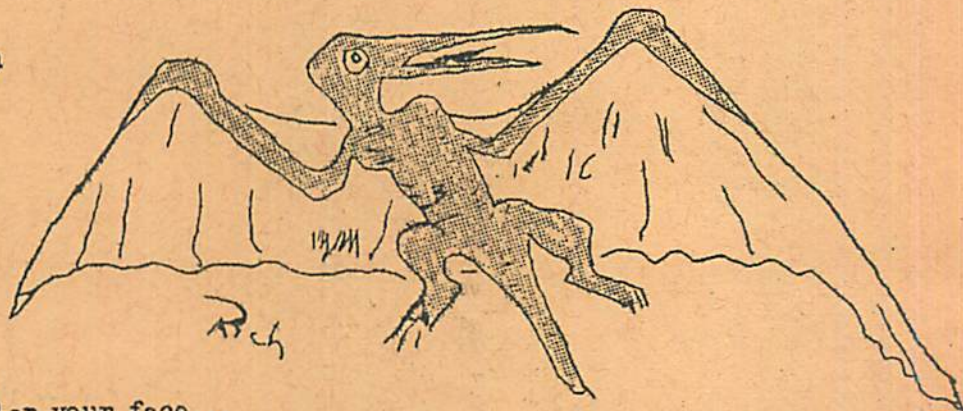
P.P.S. Dave, you can't go wrong on this one

P.P.P.S. Kent, this will make Abby a sensation

P.P.P.P.S. Wally, would you please take this before I'm forced to use another sheet pf paper?

Kerplep:

And I'm here again
to brighten your day.
Ah yes, Spring is in
the air. Something
else. A smell. Ah,
I come home. What is
this that glares
orangely at me? Heh
heh. Yeah... you
guessed it. Good ole
CRY, denizen of us Ole
Guard. Here, let me slap your face...



It seems that, for the year and some months I've been getting CRY, L. Garcone would learn something about how to draw. So far as I can see, he hasn't. Or she (everybody seems to think it's a he, but since it's obviously a pseudo, the L. might stand for Lenore as in Poe's pome "The Raven", having a connection because the pome goes; "For the

rare and radiant maiden whom the angels name Lenore: Nameless here, forevermore." This getting off the subject, but showing my wondrous logic.). But if loyal crysubbers like me can stand that, maybe they can stand a Ghreat R. Brown cover, eh? So you'll find one in here. Dig the new signature?

However, the interior art in The Cry, I must admit that pages 11, 22, 23, 24, 26, and 27 were pretty good. He should be going pro any day now. A Good Man.

Well...I mean, Goshwow and all like that. A Goon story in Cry. Hip Horrah. And I like it. I LIKE IT!!! Berry nearly always succeeds in cracking me up...

Agreed most places with Pemberton (it does get boring to say this over-and-over, but Pemby must get his egoboo). He's prob'ly noticed it too. Infinity prints a lot of material by faaans. Foo, I mean, just from memory I can think of Harlan Ellison, P.H. Economau, Harry Warner, Jr., and now Alex Kirs. Oh, and Bob Gilbert, too. And to think all I got was a rejection slip with the note: "Sorry, boys, but I just don't go in for this biblical stuff." Hmph! Gets now where you gotta get in FAPA before you can become a pro, or somethin'. Where does Pemby get all his puns, anyway? Foo, every third line is some sort of skullDUBbery or PUNishment for the story or author. Frightening, as Ron Parker sez.

Heh heh heh heh. This Welly Waber...Wally Weber, I mean, is a corker. Sounds an awful lot like LASFS. After calls for old business and new business we sit around and wait for 4e to entertain us...

Agree with Amelia most everywhere, but I've only read 4 of the 7, so I might be wrong. Say, I wonder if maybe the Ferdinan Feghoot could be any kin to P. Urkine Fardles of the CRY? The writing and...shall we say, strictly for the sake of convenience.. plotting is different, but yuh never know. And I probably won't either.

Meyers isn't as witty or stinging as he was last issue, but I've got faith that he Will Pull Thru.

"Moment of Glory" the BEM is back again -- is written beautifully. Best writing I've seen from Meyers, I'll have to admit it. Just like something out of Steinbeck (but where oh where is good, clean Salinas?). The plot is lousy, turrible, trite and maybe a few other words I can't think of. It's the same plot as the time machine that didn't work, but a different theme. He could, at least, have used it elsewhere.

Yes, BRT, I've read Shaver. He's nothing spactacular, some of his fantasy is OK, but I'm not raving. Fact is, I've got the issue of the complete Shaver Mystery which I read just for laffs. Seems odd that people could really believe this stuff. And actually, you know, it isn't Shaver's writing you're admiring, it's Ray Palmer's, seeing as how RAP re-wrote 'em.

In case Brad Daigle doesn't know, Meyers has to review the crudzines. His cruel uncle, Willifred Myers, makes him read them when he is bad and thinks un-fannish thots. That's why Meyers comes on like gang-busters. Meyers doesn't hate the prozines. In fact, he told me once "I wouldn't part with my collection of Other Worlds for the world!" that's what he said. He just loves prozines. But he must be fannish about it. He must act like he hates them, or be called a fugghead.

Merritt, Schmerritt. All because Merritt gets a bad review and the reviewer gets a bad review and who is a goo who..Foo! 'Nuff of this junk. I can't comprehend what's all them big words. It's absolutely hñerongmous, if ya ask me. Nobody did, but then...

For some reason I can't exployn, I fell asleep after reading Bourne's letter.

Touche! Derry, touche! If you mean the Hamilton novel "Starman Come Home" in Universe #7, then Touche! I've read it three times (all 90 some odd pages of it) and enjoyed it more everytime. Very few stories can say that. Actually, I'm prejudiced in more ways than one. Not only because I like Hamilton, but because Universe #7 was the first prozine I ever bought (I, too, started the RAP way), and "Starman Come Home" the first noevellette.

Odd. I've read Meyers letter over and over trying to pick something to pick on him about. I can find nothing. What is the world coming to if Meyers and Brown can't find something to feud about? Maybe he'll find something in mine. Just like Meyers to spoil a good day and not have anything commentable. I shall never forgive him.

Nothing to comment on in the rest of the letters, either. Feh.

It remains strangely quiet down at 1301 E. California, Pasadena, Calif. I seen Champion once; and that was when he came here with Terry Carr, Ron Ellick and Dave Rike. One of these days I'll get real gosh-wow about it and right a 47 page report exclusive for the CRY. But for now I remain tired and exceedingly

Nequam Rich Brown
127 Roberts St.
Pasadena 3,
California

((((If you like Hamilton, you should try "The Star Kings", but try to read the magazine version (Amazing, 1948, Sept., I mean), as the ending was changed in later versions, for the worse, I think. No doubt Rap re-wrote a lot of Shaver's earlier

stuff, but even before Shaver took over with his unique style, the imaginativeness of Shaver was certainly an essential part of the stories. For instance in the "Land of Kui" (December '46) the style was already totally different than Palmer's.....BRT

((((Ghads, I just noticed I forgot to say anything to Heather Robson; I shudder to think of the aftermath of a woman scorned, and so need to remedy the situation now. What is a Berbershop? You notice now that we have a battle between Meyers, Adams, and Brown for possession of the Cry. But divided they fall.....BRT))))

from: THE NAMELESS ONES
Box 92, 920 3rd Avenue
Seattle 4, Washington

PRINTED MATTER ONLY

RETURN POSTAGE GUARANTEED

(The number in ink after your name indicates how many Cry's left on your sub --- if no number appears, this ish is not charged to your sub.)

TO:

Len Moffatt
10202 Belcher
Downey,
California



Portrait
OF
Rich
Brown

(BY)

(SB)

