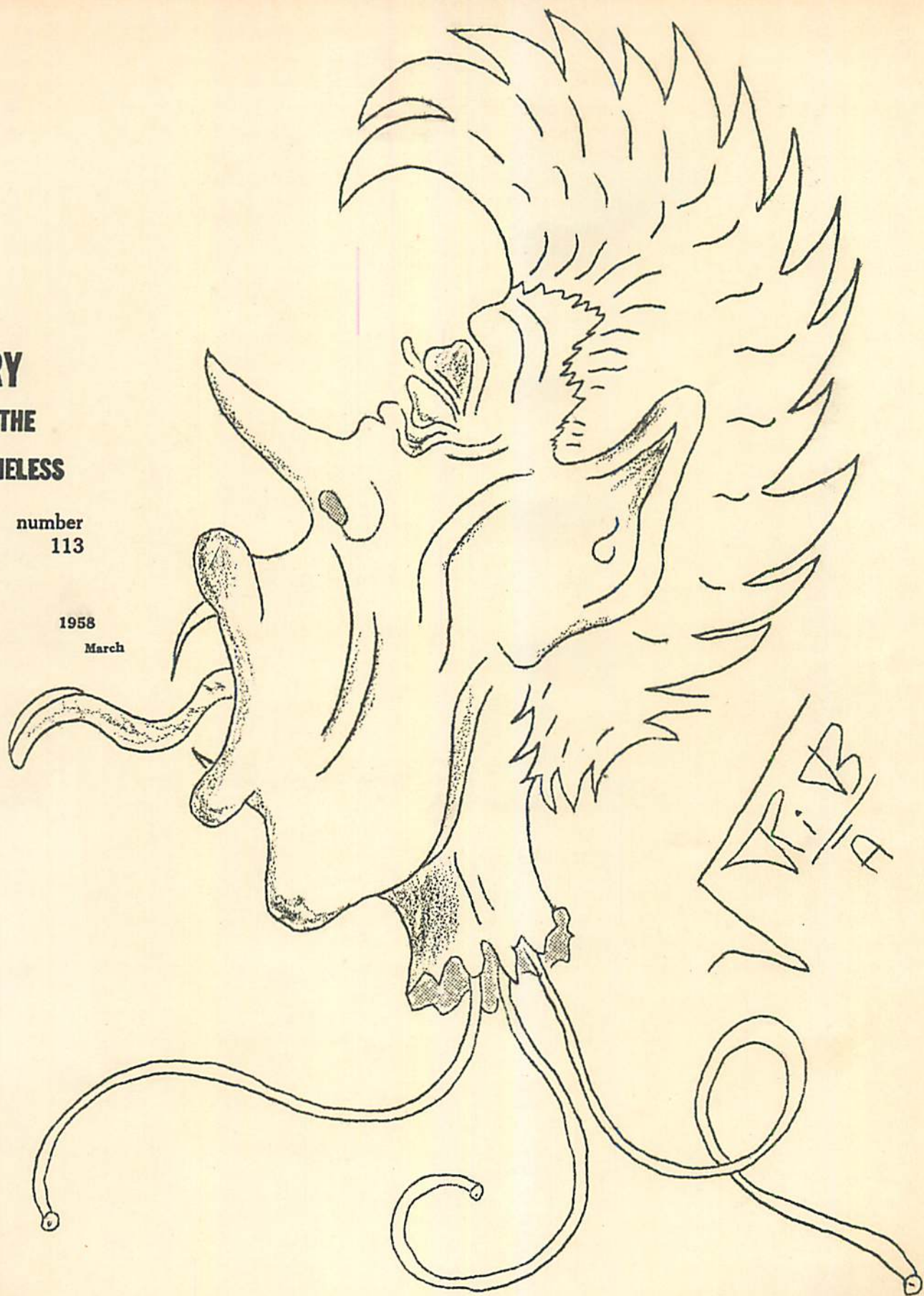


**CRY
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STAFF NEWS:

Wally Weber, Publishing Director, is chained to the Crank this time.

Burnett R Toskey, Managing Editor, is transcribing artwork to stencils.

~~Wally Weber~~ Otto Pfeifer, is taking the day off from his protection and policy racket, to work on his SAPSazine.

F. M. Busby has once again treacherously arranged for a free hand this page. Elinor Busby is ingeniously gafiating until time to fix dinner.

ART CREDITS: Es Adams, p 26; Stony Barnes, pp 31-34; Lars Bourne, p 20; Rich Brown, pp 28-29; Brad Daigle, pp 23, 25, 32; L Garcone, p 13; Bill Meyers, p 15; Lar' Stone, p 35; ATom, pp 22-24; Stu Wheeler, p 27. COVER by Rich Brown.

You got this far on your own, but from here on, the CONTENTS are:

"Digging the Fanzines".....Amelia Pemberton on the shovel.....page 4

"The S-F Field Plowed Under"..Renfrew Pemberton guiding..... 6

"The Adventures of Finkwater J Goldfinch"... Rich Brown13

MINUTES... incredible events at Nameless meetings... Wally Weber.... 14

"Cultivating the Current Crop"...reviews by Bill Meyers..... 16

"Fandom: Is It Enough?"....article by Norman Sanfield Harris..... 21

"FOURSOME"..... report(?) by John Berry 22

CRY of the Readers.... conducted by Wally Weber and Burnett Toskey. 24-36

"Maybe we can keep it down to 30 pages this time" -- Toskey.

What's the consensus on Bill's change of title, from "Spreading the Fertilizer"?? Let us know your wishes, so that in this matter as well as others, we can be sure of frustrating the will of the majority.

Pemberton is heard to wonder just which end of that Plow he's on-- not which end he should be on-- we've had advice on that point, but Ren utterly refuses to lie down in the furrow and be decently covered.

Toskey reports that the yellow paper isn't going to last the course this month. We'll have a clean wastebasket handy for the inevitable screams aroused by a two-color issue, the alternative being a week's delay in distribution.

According to a friend of mine who happens to be a sliderule by trade, the US satellite is carrying 60% of the applied energy per pound of mass, which would be needed for Escape Velocity. Oddly, this 60% would only have taken Explorer to a height of 6,000 miles on a straight altitude shoot. Guess it just goes to show that if we're going to shoot at all, might as well shoot a big one.

The stencil on which ATom sent the illo for Berry's "FOURSOME" gave us a few bad moments, being entirely alien to our experience-- white, with pink corflu. However, Toskey intrepidly cut new mounting-holes to fit the AB Dick, trimmed the edges where the stencil is wider than the slot, inserted paper under the end to cover the rest of the inkpad, breathed a few words in an uncouth and best-forgotten tongue associated with the Cthulhu Cycle, and-- it prints.

This issue should certainly be controversial enough, what with the Harris article, at least four colors of paper the last time I checked, Pemberton on a couple of soap-boxes, Meyers changing his title, nobody willing to admit who transcribed the p24 ATomillo, and Rich Brown reported heading for Seattle. ---FMB.

DIGGING THE FANZINES

amelia pemberton

HYPHEN #19. January 1958. Walt Willis, 170 Upper N'Ards, Belfast, N. Ireland. 15¢.

HYPHEN is superb!

Out of a 26 pp zine, 17 pp is WorldCon Report by James White -- his first major fannish work since HYPHEN #4, October 1953. His previous epic, an account of Bea Mehaffey's visit to Ireland, was magnificent; his WorldCon Report is, if possible, better, being tart, vivid, utterly amusing, and to some extent about people I know.

The rest of the zine is editorializing, letter column, quotes & so forth--all copiously Atomilloed, than which no fanart is more to my taste.

ERRATIC #3. Jim Caughran, c/o American Embassy, APO 74, Box K, San Francisco, Calif. (For Non-Americans, c/o American Consulate General, Lahore, Pakistan). For Fapa, letters of comment, trade, free.

This is more interesting than the last, reviewed here in September. Jim tells of his trip to Pakistan, and a little about his life there, and then there's 3 pp of letter column and 1 page of jokes.

This is only 12 pp long, and is below average in appearance; but it's free, legible and interesting. Jim suggests that letters to him be airmailed, as surface mail takes a long time.

YANDRO #61. February '58. R & J Coulson, 105 Stitt St., Wabash, Indiana. 10¢, 12/31.

Here's a below par issue of YANDRO. Nothing in it is outstandingly good (tho I rather enjoyed a story by Joe Sanders, and DeWeese's movie review); an article, by Ed Wood, is definitely poor. Sample quote: "Yet it was science fiction which predicted many of the wonders that now shape our lives. Can most mainstream literature say the same?"

I should have mentioned before that the Coulsons put out a calendar again this year. Mimeographed on yellow paper, the artwork handsome and carefully stylized, this is an unostentatious, very pleasant-looking little deal. The artists are Adkins, Eddie, Robert Gilbert, DEA, Juanita, and Bergeron. I liked Gilbert's best, tho all that detail almost made my hand ache in sympathy.

Ours will soon have all fannish events marked in it, and will be hung in the Fenden.

SIGBO #5. Jerry DeMuth, 1936 Sheridan Road, Evanston, Ill., during school year. Home address: 3223 Ernst St., Franklin Park, Ill. 15¢, 2/25¢.

#5 is their special "Big S-F Film Issue" but is pretty good even so. I particularly liked items by the editor ("Reflections on a S-F Film Theme"), Bob Tucker, Arthur Mordred, John Champion, & Bob Bloch. The items I enjoyed are listed not in order of preference but in the order in which they appear on the table of contents -- Bloch, on the subject of possible paranoid tendencies in s-f film lovers, is superb.

This is a neat, black-dittoed 45 pp zine. The repro is a bit below par, but legible enough. The layout is attractive. SIGBO #5 is a great deal better than SIGBO #4, tho that was a perfectly okay-type zine, if I remember correctly.

Bring BERRY to Southgate!

T A F F

Dragoon the GOON!

RETRIBUTION #9. John Berry, 31 Campbell Park Ave., Belmont, Belfast, N. Ireland, and Arthur Thomson, 17 Brockham House, Brockham Drive, London S. W. 2. 15¢.

Heck, everybody knows RET don't they? Atomillos, Gestetnered repro, goontales, & all? What more shall I say? Thish has goonish anecdotes from Ron Bennett & John Berry, very cute, and an excerpt (about the GDA caper) from Wally Weber's Loncon Report originally printed in the CRY. Also a brief letter column, some editorializing, and Ethel Lindsay's fanzine reviews.

Arthur Thomson mentioned in the last CRY that CRY & RET are the only two zines (genzines, at least) with female fanzine reviewers. Ethel Lindsay & I are, in my opinion, alike in being both rather mature, sensible types -- reacting to zines neither with the ugh nor the goshwow (unless of course the ugh or goshwow is really called for). However, our tastes are most dissimilar. In STELLAR #12 she thought hilarious the one parody that bored me, while two I thought wonderful she rated dull. One quote, one bone to pick: "Bruce states that her Lynette Mills style is influenced by Searle and Atom, but personally I think it is much too individualistic for that. After seeing only two of her covers I am sure I could recognise any others immediately." Hah! I have only seen a couple Lynette Mills illos, but they struck me as very similar to Searle's work. I'm sure I could recognize any Mills illos immediately too, because what's the probability of seeing Searle in a fanzine? Dunno if I'd recognize Mills in PUNCH -- I'll worry about that when the time comes. Don't read PUNCH anymore anyhow.

PAUCITY #1. Spring. Larry Stone, 891 Lee St., White Rock, B. C., Canada. 15¢.

Repro on this is horrible -- hectograph, ugh. But the material is very good. For teen-age neos it's astonishingly good, but it's also good in itself. Larry Stone's "Blurbatrocity", about the judicious cutting of reviews to make them suitable blurbs, is well done. Julian Reid's book reviews are sensible and perceptive (at least with respect to the two out of three books I read). Seven pp of this 20 pp zine are devoted to "Family Paucity", a satire on "Family Journal", which is apparently a dully folksy mundane thing. The satire is amusing. Stony Barnes has a page of handy fannish business cards. These are really cute, and look quite practical.

All in all, a faaanish air prevails.

METROFAN #7. January 1958. David MacDonald, 39 East Fourth Street, New York 3, N. Y. For trade, or for 50¢ a year.

This is the unofficial publication of the New York Fandom Council, composed of Circle, ESFA and Lunarians; and is a 20 pp mimeod zine. METROFAN contains an editorial and a great many s-f film reviews, and a "Tragedy of Sam Moskowitz" which seems no more than a paraphrasing of "Julius Caesar"; but is memorable for Edsel McCune's blast at Dave Kyle, who really does appear to have handled other people's money in an unsatisfactory & high-handed manner. "Dave Kyle Confidential" -- most interesting. Next month Edsel McCune is to attack Munich's hopes for a WorldCon in 1960. I'll be looking forward to it.

Recently rec'd at the Pomberton rez:

QUAGMIRE #1. John Quagliano, 743 Isthmus Court, San Diego 8, Calif. Good li'l "pseudo" article. Wonder if John digs Potter? Good bits by Kirs, Jim Weber, Raeburn, Geis, Bloch etc.

FANAC #1. Ron Ellik & Terry Carr, 2315 Dwight Way, Berkeley 4, Calif. A very pleasant li'l newszine. We've had a number of this type of thing, but I've never mentioned 'em. Don't know whether I should or not....

THE SCIENCE-FICTION FIELD PLOWED UNDER

by Renfrew Pemberton

Everything came out late this month, and mostly all at once. And I can't find the verschtunken lettering-guide. But likely you have troubles of your own so let's be getting on with it.

F & S F, March: Jane Roberts' "The Bundu" takes Migma, the she-devil to whom "Creation is not a kind act", past the witch's initiatory of the earlier "The Chesnut Beads" and into the hate-sparked building of the Witch's Civilization to replace the one atom-blasted by the men she despises. This story does have a power of mood, through the sheer repetition of the women's shrieked litanies. The blurb tends to betray the ending, which is otherwise led up to in rather subtle fashion. There's room for another sequel, a "20 years later" piece.

"Gladiator" (Mack Reynolds) is also concerned with inhumanity for the sake of humanitarianism, in a confused and contrived sort of way. Thudded, here.

Poe's "A Tale of the Ragged Mountains" is reprinted, apparently to give the editor the chance for a one-page reinterpretation, following. Umm, maybe--.

A little overly-cute sexiness is about all Richard Wilson offers in "The Venus Papers". ## "Big, Wide, Wonderful World", by Charles Fritch-- well, it's been long enough since aSF printed the piece that started "The city screamed" that I can't recall the title or year, so I guess it's long enough so's it's safe to use the theme again. Effective enough, but substituting topical fears for the inexorable logic of the original.

Poul Anderson's "Backwardness" is one of the happier twists on the Earth-meets-the Galactic-Empire theme. Makes sense, too, in a Brains-for-Bricks sort of way. ## Hey, now-- here's Bloch with the nearest thing to a Lefty Feep tale in ten or fifteen years, only upgraded a bit-- "How Bug-Eyed Was My Monster". Good old Subconscious Sigmund and all-- do some more of these, Bob, huh??

Shirley Jackson's "The Omen" is just plain ordinary superb Shirley Jackson.

SUPER-SCIENCE, Apr: Cal Knox did a good writing job on "Planet of Parasites", but I doubt that anybody could make this much-mauled idea carry more than momentary interest, any more, without a thoroughly new twist (not present).

A new twist on government-by-computer is provided by Isaac Asimov in "All The Troubles in the World"; a good touch, here.

After the blurb for "All-Purpose Robot" (Jay Wallace), there wasn't much need to print the story, was there? So awrite-- we got us a functionally-passionate robot. Does it take twelve pages to confirm the blurb? Here, yes.

Bob Williams' "I Want to Go Home" takes the problem of an ostensibly-psychotic juvenile delinquent into a semi-mystic solution. Not ineffective.

J.F.Bone's "The Tool of Creation" successfully mixes theology with some well-thought wildcat speculation on origin of planets, sort of oldtime aSFtype.

In "The Seed of Earth", Bob Silverberg does a little philosophizing of his own, on relative mortality and in an action framework. It lives.

"Situation on Sapella Six", by Harlan Ellison, is an interesting version of the Fyfe "trader" gimmick, but I don't get the punchline-- what the hell does the alien want with a mutant (midget) leopard??

Ted Cogswell needed the help of Hal Randolph (for the writing of "Pain Reaction") to re-do the mouldy chesnut wherein the Bad Guy goofs himself up scientifically (typical pre-war Startling filler), based on the good ol' speed-up drug. In fact, I think the whole thing was done just about this way in a 1939 or '40 Startling, only with a simple thief rather than a spy-type. Pfoo.

FANTASTIC UNIVERSE, Apr: James Gunn picked (or was saddled with) "Deadly Silence" for his 50-pager here, a heavily overworked title: it's been done with a "The.." in front, & as "Silence is Deadly" (with and without a dash in it somewhere) all the way from the Apr '42 ASF to the Oct '57 IF; why not retire it? This time we have civilization disrupted by the distribution of "Silencers" which produce a field of absolute silence around the bearer. Naturally there are the perpetrators and their purposes-- the solution is planted early but is still rather an impromptu rabbit to be popping out of the author's hat. (Improbable, I mean.)

Del Rey has a turn at explaining our satellite lag, and like most of the stfzines' serious probings on the subject, adds a couple of valid ideas.

"Birthright" (St Clair) extrapolates the effects of perpetuation of the genetically "unfit" by medical science. It's certainly a real and growing dilemma. ## Lloyd Biggle's "Judgment Day" shows the dangers of unappreciated psi talents in striking fashion, despite the studiously unoriginal title. Maybe it's time for editors to keep a card file of titles, to avoid the into-the-ground overuse of some of the Old Reliables.

"A Spudget for Thwilbert", by Ted Cogswell, is a "sharpies" tale on the general order of AAA Ace Exterminators, but milder and slower-burning fun.

Richard Wilson has "Grand Prize", capping a labored idea with a futile gimmick. Is Richard coasting lately? Well, he's always been on the "slick" side.

Only one saucerpiece this time (altho 2 are announced for May-- tsk); CSI deals with ice-falls, claiming that large aggregates of hailstones have been falling for years, but that clear slabs are recent. Makes it sound as if there's an Iceman Upstairs, and if he hasn't been to your house yet, it's only a matter of days. Uncomfortable thought, isn't it? ## Nels Bond's "Case History" is a competent but oddly routine-seeming switch on the saucers-unmasked theme.

"Full Quota" (Wm F Nolan) is a somewhat different "devil wants souls" job; this one could have made UNKNOWN, likely, but wouldn't have topped the issue in which it might have appeared. ## There's no reprint credit on Stanton Coblentz' "Microcosm", but although this anti-war allegory of intra-atomic worlds doubtless has outlived the term of its original copyright, it's as good reading as it is topical. Which is plenty.

IF, April: Jim Gunn's "Powder Keg" gives a fitting solution to the psychosis-making situation aboard a bomb-carrying manned satellite. Good piece.

"A Question of Identity", by Frank Riley: When does a man cease being the man he used to be? With organ-banks and improved surgical techniques, this question gains credibility here, but is luckily overshadowed by the character-play which really makes this story. ## (HATE that "cont'd on page 117" layout.)

Miguel Hidalgo, author of "Homecoming", is blurbed as being only 15 years of age. (He is not, however, the youngest author ever to sell to a stfzine-- SaMosk in recent Satellite told us of Tennessee Williams' sale, under his true name of Thomas Lanier, of "The Vengeance of Microtis" for the August '28 Weird Tales. But Paul Miles, author of "Bill Caldron Goes to the Future" in an early-1943 Amazing, was somewhere in the eight-to-twelve-year-old bracket-- Toskey has the exact info at home somewhere, but deadline precludes waiting on research now.) At any rate, Hidalgo has a marvelous narrative style for age-15, which seems to have blinded the editor to Hidalgo's waste of his talents on a very crumbum theme and complete violation of factual accuracy. Radiation can't mutate an adult organism, you clabberheads. Dramatic effect or no dramatic effect.

Fontenay's "Conservation" works hard to cover the damage done to it by the giveaway title; a well-thought job it is, a nice puzzle-piece.

Silverberg's "Passport to Sirius" is an excellent spoof on red-tape and a sharp satire on expediency-in-government-- up to the point where he sighs and turns to working out a competent version of the ending Quinn loves, it goes fine.

"The Raider" (Don Berry) is a short-haul on the "For Whom the Bell Tolls" or "Naked and the Damned" pitch-- the professional operator helped by the poor expendable Underground. Kicker should have been obvious, but caught me cold.

(li'l bit more on IF): Chandler's "The Bureaucrat" bears no resemblance to Jameson's in the Apr '44 aSF-- it's religious s-f, in a way, but of a non-sectarian nature completely alien to the more usual religious outlets. And good, because it makes a point all on the author's own, without recourse to strumming the strings in a familiar tune to evoke the reader's previous conditioning.

This makes two superior IFs in a row; is Quinn losing the downbeat drag??

INFINITY, Apr: Simak's "Leg. Forst." is fun-- a Monte Woolley type named Clyde packer collects stamps from all over the Galaxy, and some of those stamps do everything but carry the mail themselves. ## Can't understand why Shaw ran the dessert (Simak) ahead of the raw-meat course-- Daley's "Wings of the Phoenix" (a Planet title if ever I shaw one). Daley varies the last-surviving-couple gimmick by adding the Invulnerable Hepster; it goes right well, but I can't help thinking that the equivocal hero missed a lot of bets in trying to kill off his nemesis. Rocky recovers from drowning, 9 hours after being pulled out of the water; there is no hint that he could start recovery until pulled out. Now a nice block of concrete-- and our "hero" is supposed to be a bright type???

I wish Kluga could find a human model, so he could quit modeling all his villains after a (neighbor's, no doubt) Pekinese dog. Or maybe it's just that a Pekinese frightened him as a tad. But does an editor have to go along with the act?

"The Beast of Boredom" (Richard R Smith) describes, as blurbed, an "ingenious trap", similar to that in "My Name is Legion" (del Rey, aSF, June '42), but a capsule version of the original. ## Cal Knox' "Slice of Life" deals with the child's dream-world (attempt to breach same) under special circumstances, and does it much too well to be tagged with the deplorable Kluga illo.

G.C. Edmonson's "A Pound of Prevention" is concerned with the side-effect problems of longterm space-travel on the first Mars-shot-- the problem, and its solution, constitute what is as far as I know a BRAND-NEW IDEA. Good, too.

Fontenay's "West O' Mars" is well-constructed-- so well, in fact, that it takes a second thought to recognize that nearly all of the story is derivative and that only the final fillip is stfnal, and used recently by Asimov. Don't let me talk you out of enjoying this one; it reads well.

For Ghusake, Larry-- make Kluga draw people instead of Pekinese dogs.

GALAXY, Apr: Leiber concludes "The Big Time", just about where he started it. The first and last few paragraphs summarize what he has to say, but the intervening action is as interesting as it is frustrating (because none of the action leads to anything in particular). I have the sneaking hunch that this one should have been either four pages or four installments-- nothing in-between.

Simak either carefully or inadvertently neglected to close the circle of cause-and-effect process in "The Sitters"-- his final picture of what his aliens are doing (or can do) is thus flawed-- wish I knew for sure whether he meant to convey what I hope he had in mind. Can't discuss this in detail without spilling beans all over, but I can thoroughly recommend it.

"Garth and the Visitor" (L J Stecher) hints the general tone of its outcome most of the way, but saves the full windup for the end-- I figured, a robot....

Willy Ley pretty well documents out the wilder (and more generally accepted by John Q Public) theories on Easter Island. Seems it's not that the Statues are so old, as that things changed rapidly on the isle for a couple hundred years or so. I'm just as glad; we've got more unsolved mysteries than we can use, anyhow. Willy doesn't give an exact solution-- just indicates.

Clyde Brown's "First Man" is a really choice downplay of today's heroics on moonflights, but bogs down into pseudo-SatEvePost at the last.

In "The Bel", Miriam de Ford sets up a series of puzzles dealing with law among the planets, only to leave the reader faced with the toppers.

Frank Herbert's "Old Rambling House" is sort of delayed-action Padgett-- the trap, the bait, the haul-- and the backlash. A fair go.

FUTURE #36: Bob Silverberg's "The Woman You Wanted" starts from a very unlikely situation-- that one who can't make a living on earth can hit the star-trail for 8 years (with an android sexmate) and return rich-- but reads well from there, mostly. There's a discrepancy between the .0001 congruence required for the sexmate and the .02 finally accepted, and there's the telegraphing of the punch-line so that the reader rides into the climax with only the means (rather than the end) in question-- but yes, it mostly reads well. (After all, I like sexy stories, when not crudded up with sadism and etc.) But did we have to drag in that old shibboleth about androids never being constructed with navels???

"The Case For Earth" (Eric Frank Russell) stirs the pot of whether the Earthmen should be admitted to the Galactic Federation (or what have you) with a slightly different spoon. Suffers mostly from not stopping at the finale.

Earl Goodale's "The ZoetSpace" first made like the Gallegher (Galloway) "Time Locker" but took an authentic flight of imagination from there. Hyuck.

"The Silver Cube" indicates that Mark Hellington (for real?) has read the old aSF puzzle-stories with humans in trial-by-maze-of-aliens. Well, I used to like those, and I like this one, after all these years. Mostly.

Geo H Smith presents "The Night the TV Went Out". I know a guy named George R Smith, and if he ever shows signs of writing stf, I'll recommend that he use a pseudo. I'd do the same for any stf-writing Campbells-- there must be a limit, somewhere, to the stfnal Smiths and Campbells. Anyhow, this no-TV anti-Utopia is about as grim as they come, but shows an utter lack of perception with regard to cause-and-effect. Look, George H-- this utter abject conformity you're laying horrifying waste with, is much more apt to accompany the ascendancy of an all-powerful State, than that of arrogant Private Industry. Ol' Private Industry has its nasty attributes, but Big Government raises at least twice as much Conformity, to the acre. There are ingeniously horrifying ideas in here, which might extrapolate separately, but which will not get off the ground in dual harness. ///##(yeh, they're all just dividers, those things)##

Ron Smith's "Just Evie and Me" (from Inside) is the switch that breaks the editorial rule against any more stories on this theme.

"Problem in Ecology", by Don Berry, is another Earthman-interferes piece; too much U.S. cavalry to stand much analysis; otherwise OK.

ASTOUNDING, Mar: Dean McLaughlin's "The Man on the Bottom" considers the problem of commercially-invaluable undersea industries threatened by war among the surface-dwelling owner-gov'ts. What aspot for combination valued-pawns and sitting-duck-targets! What to do? It figures, though draggingly. And just what was the point in having the former moon-resident suffer from Earth-gravity throughout the story, except to drum up sympathy from an irrelevant angle??

"Penal Servitude" (Randall Garrett) starts with a standard agent searching for resurgent exiled dictator, cycles the action, and hammers out a still-good set of truisms for the finale. 'sbeen done before, but not lately.

"Second Game", by Chas de Vet & Katherine MacLean, is the best idea-carried-through item in the box. Plenty loose threads (Veldian characteristics-- what effect do they have on mixed offspring?), and some author-ex-machina developments ("It was not difficult ((to escape from Trobt)); .. I just walked away." They were all out to kill the guy, but he just walked away); there's no indication as to how the boy sidestepped the crucial moment in order to survive for the seven-years-later meeting when all was explained-- Still this is fine stuff.

Leiber's "Try and Change the Past" is a bite out of the four-part serial he should've sold Galaxy instead of the 2-part "Big Time". Poor Superabortion.

The Anderson serial plays out its "action" installment. Campbell has still more reasons why sputnik got there first; he's undoubtedly right, along with all the rest. And ain't hindsight a wonderful thing? JWC is lucid, penetrating, & devastating, if it comes to that. But where were all us wiseguys, just before it hit the fan, hey?? (Jawn, and Lester, et al, are right enough-- but I wish just one of them would mention not having seen the light beforehand, any more than the rest of us.)

SATELLITE, Apr: This month's novel, Leinster's "The Strange Invasion", is an overexpanded novelet if ever I saw one. And I've seen all too many. While the rationale of the Gizmo is laudable and the tried-and-true Leinster depiction of the Struggle against the Menace holds valid as well as nostalgic interest, the entire piece would not have been out of place twenty years ago, except for a few topical trimmings. I can't seem to avoid the word "compelling" to describe the offstage narrative portions of the yarn; Leinster has this technique down to perfection. But the story is padded with narrow-escape after narrow-escape, each adding little if anything to the previous buildup; I refuse to go back through and count them-- there must be an easier system. Well, this piece runs 96 pages, and the 40pp just preceding the final 2pp, could be boiled down into just about two pages of actual development sandwiched into the two or three prior tangles of our protagonists with the Menace, to GOOD effect. In fact, very damn little happens between page 54 and page 96, except one repetitive hassle after another, none of which advance the plot more than a sentence or two. Well, I guess it's hard to find stories in the length Satellite features, so a bonanza in the form of a writer who can pad indefinitely, to suit, is not to be sneezed at.

SaMosk delineates "The Wonders of H G Wells"-- a workmanlike exposition.

Jim Gunn's "The Reason Is With Us" is a good ten-page variation on the time-traveler who attempts escape from the Perfect State: crafty ol' James slips the punchline-clue into his second sentence-- and that clue won't spoil it for you, either, I'll bet. ## "The Last Day" (Helen Clarkson) is a mood-piece from the viewpoint of the(?) last survivor of Atomigeddon-by-Fallout. Well-underplayed.

SATURN has had a rough time of it; labelled bi-monthly, the zine has appeared just three times in the past 12 months (after 2 prompt issues). This is not mentioned in a spirit of derision-- I have no wish to chortle over the troubles of a hard-working publisher-- but as a straight report. Unless things are looking up for Ed/Pubber Sproul, a quarterly schedule is recommended to keep those ol' ulcers under control.

Storywise, SATURN is much more solid this time around, but first, a few spleen-venting words from Renfrew Your Host, on the "article" (in Editorial position, but by-lined "Romney Boyd"), "Red Flag Over the Moon". I grotch not at the elementary facts in this piece-- Sputnik was first, we goofed, and like that. The United States has had to take a lump or two with regard to the Conquest of Space, and it's likely we have some more coming up. Folks like JWCjr, Harry Stine, Willey Ley, Lester del Rey, and others, have told us here in our own bailiwick, and have done a good job of it. This here now Romney Boyd, however, manages to do it in an overall tone reminding me of one Joseph Alsop, who for some years has irked my sunny nature with the lilting tone in which he insists that whatever situation he's discussing, and whatever we do about it-- tooooo baaaad, fellows, the Russians have beat us again (crescendo of splashing tears from crocodile offstage). Maybe I'm reading this one wrong, but that's the way it stinks to me. OK, so Pemberton is pontificating outside his Field-- but I've had a bellyfull of the subtle slanting and loading used by these Joyous Prophets of Doom, DOOM, DOOM-- so I just up and urped it.

"The Orzu Problem", by Biggle, is a light job on the problems of a galactic (I guess) gov't employeee, special assignment, and trrroubles with the personnel concerned. The dessert comes first in this issue.

"The Skitz and the Unskitz" (ah there, Mr Cozzons), by Jefferson Highe, is an all-out anti-utopia mit der Deus-ex-Machina mit der soggen-thudden enden.

Chas A Stearns' "Sputnik Shoes" would have been titled "Schuyler Schoolboy Schoots Schyward" in the 1942 Amazing, but wouldn't have been rendered in such glorious 3D Technicolor. Aside from a slight lapse of time-sense regarding the criteria of light-speed travel, the switch-ending is well-performed.

Why don't you and I proceed to the next page, and continue there?

(more on Saturn--- you didn't think I could quit while I was ahead, did you?)

Next is "The Powder of Hyperborea" a Conan-esque tale by Clark Ashton Smith. Since I've never gone out of my way to read periodicals catering heavily to this stuff, I have no way of knowing whether or not this is a reprint. It's a fair sort of thing, of its fair sort, which has little substance but moderate fun.

"Never Marry a Venerian" (Fontenay, and why does he and/or the editor go along with this "Venerian" routine?) is a slightly too-short "trap" piece, with nice ironical overtones and that's about all.

"Requiem For a Small Planet" is blurb'd as Ray Cummings' "last story" (and I see you leering from between the letters of that title, Gore Vidal). Well, the late Mr Cummings ended consistently; I'll say that for him. I think maybe someone touched this one up for him around the edges just a little bit, though. But lest someone think I'm throwing rocks at a Late Great, I'd like to say that I liked each and every one of Ray Cummings' stories, the first time I read all 4 of them. The fact that these 4 stories were reprinted with slight variations, to a new high in redundancy, is certainly more the fault of various editors than it is the author's. Anybody who can sell the same story many times by merely changing the names and scrambling the descriptive paragraphs a bit, can hardly be blamed for succumbing to the temptation, for extra groceries. Far from incidentally, "Requiem.." is a good story, of and by itself-- it's only the previous editions which kill it a bit for me.

M Z Bradley's "The Stars Are Waiting" is a reasonable good piece; suffers from the chance-relationship (only) of theme and plot-cum-viewpoint. The plot and the theme play tug-of-war with each other, but neither can escape.

"Alarce" (Agberg) is the drumstick with the most meat on it, in this platter, as it turns out. Ideawise, here's a fine example of a new twist on a gaggle of used themes, and it comes off well and thoughtfully. There's nothing new about an alien collective intelligence, is there? But there is plenty new in the way Bob deals with it and develops it. I like this.

"Shaggy Dog" is a thinner slice of New, by Chas E Fritch. For a giddy moment, I hoped he'd give the screw a golden tinge, and unscrew it. Oh well.

TSK-- I can see, looking back, that Saturn's stories took a rougher rasp-ing than justified. Obviously, my beef at the editorial pseudo-article carried over. I could apologize to Pubbeditor Sproul, but then, why should I? After all, it's not whether you Win, or Lose-- it's How Much. So, being as I didn't pick his verschunken editorial for him..... Well?

OTHER WORLDS, Oct: This is a Big Bonus Deal for you, and if the Oct OW is off your news-stand by now, don't feel bad-- my n-s still carries the May ish. This review is by courtesy of Toskey, who subscribed-- and then wrote letters until he got some more issues, when the sub failed to deliver.

RAP's (purportedly) last s-f issue of OW is the most stfish ish he's had for at least the past year. Palmer himself is most likely Alexander Blade for "Blacksheep's ~~Angol~~ Angol" (I'm running out of corflu), which really isn't a bad hunk of action-stf at all. With a little smoothing-out of the more ungodly-cornish routines, this would have gone well in SFA. The major defect of this tale is Shakespearian: "Much Ado About Nothing".

Palmer's "editorial" is on the incredible side; he prints in full and without answer, a wholly damning criticism of RAP's over-the-years policies. Must be the upheaval of a martyr complex, or something, as Warner did connect.

Wm Gray's "Colfim" is an unupdated version of the inanimate-matter-brought-to-life motif current in the late '30's. Then, it would have been superb.

"The Heart's Long Wait" (Fontenay) deals with the Long Passage (Relativity keeps you young in space while your earthbound intimates grow old) in a fashion more reminiscent of Tarkington's "Seventeen" than of "To The Stars". And just as well; Chas treats with people rather than with starkly-highlighted stereotypes

Quick, let's move to the next page before we start to offset.

(and an additional dollop of nostalgizing on Other Worlds; sic transit....)

"Pillars of Delight", by Stan Raycraft (Richard S Shaver, or I'm Hoy Ping Pong, and you know better than that): Tosk affirms that this is reprinted from the Dec '49 Amazing (and the cover, from the Feb 53 OW) it's a pseudosexual variation on the Cummings up-out-a-the-ol'-atom stories. There is a lot of the whammy in this sort of thing if ~~it~~ it happens to hit you, which is not entirely unlikely-- is it my fault that I was vaccinated as a tad???

Guy the Twig's fanzine reviews never got the chance to get off'n the ground: first and last appearance was this one issue. Seems to me that Guy got the tight-collar worse than he does in fanzines; it never bothers him in letters. And isn't this the way with most of us-- we can argue all night in a small gang, but freeze up when it comes to speechifying to an audience??

The last s-f issue of Palmer's OW, did, as I said previously, beat most of his recent issues for s-f content. Well, hmmm-- R.I.P., RAP. Blossings.

THAT'S ALL the reviews for this month; nothing came in today (Thursday) and we'll be publishing this weekend. VENTURE is about 6 weeks overdue; I hope the zine hasn't been "suspended", but it's either that or another example of the clownish way sfzines are being distributed to the stands lately. Seems as if one area is arbitrarily allowed to see certain zines and not others-- I bought my copy of SUPER SCIENCE two weeks ago in a small (but mighty) town in eastern Washington; SSF has not shown in Seattle, at all, this time. For the past couple of months the situation has been getting worse.

It's unfortunate; the Plow tries to keep hard on the heels of the harvest, presenting reviews of all issues (of the 15 titles presently covered) appearing between one publication date and the next (normally we publish on the weekend nearest the first of the month for which the CRY is dated). My own feeling is that timeliness is a huge asset to a column of this sort, and the CRY's schedule combined with the previously dependable distribution around here, helped keep the Plow as timely as it's possible to get without inside advance help. (I've not had very good luck, myself, with subscriptions, often spending a frustrate week or two with a new cover leering at me from the stands, before receiving my battered subscrish. Street & Smith were adding insult to injury, for awhile, by shipping aSF folded, so that my collection houses several copies that were beaten down to "fair" condition before the wrapper was off.) Last fall we took a 3-year renewal on F&SF, because it's generally been received here in good shape and at least even-up with the newsstands, but we're leery of new subs.

I would certainly cheer for the revival of the ancient practice of sending advance review copies of prozines to fan-reviewers. Oddly enough, you scoffers, the financial side is minor-- the 15 titles I buy to read'n'review run me about \$45 a year, which is coincidentally within a couple of bucks of the yearly tab for coffee breaks. I'm not just about to give up either vice. In fact, I'd be happy to pay newsstand price, yearly and in advance, for the assurance of receiving advance review copies mailed flat in envelopes. I don't insist on making the deal this way, you understand, but I'd be happy to do so in preference to bucking the moronic vagaries of the distributors.

SO: editors and/or publishers of aSF, Galaxy, F&SF (oops, still have a sub there), SFS, FU, Infinity, SFA, IF, Satellite, Venture, SSF, SATurn, Future, SFQ, and STAR, are invited to send advance review copies to 2852 14th Ave West, Seattle 99, Washington. Reimbursement is at your option-- and I won't tell which way you choose it, here in the column, either. So feel free.

If all the political and personal editorializing in the past few pages is griping anybody, I'm sorry (more or less). I don't run off on this kick too awfully often, but this month seemed to burgeon with occasions for it.

Don't ever forget: the application of a mere 21,000,000 foot-pounds of energy per pound of Pemberton, would get me all the way to hellangone out of the Solar System. Save your Green Stamps.

THE ADVENTURES OF FINKWATER J. GOLDFINCH

2

((second of a dull series)) by Richard W. Brown
Truefan

//Note: this story takes place shortly after the one that proceeded it, because this is #2 of the series. Naturally, if it took place before the other one, why then this would be #1 and that #2. But it's not. This is #2 and the other was #1. You must be made to understand this, or the whole thing will be wabe to boglin with, which was what I was trying to say. To begin with, that is.

Anyway, this takes place shortly after the return of Finkwater to the U.S. Finkwater is very sad that his adventures cannot go on. Now, in true pro-blurbish quality, let us enter....//

"Sir," said the butler, "it is time that you should retire."

"(Hic)" was Finkwater's highly philisofical reply.

The butler waited for more. A few moments later, there was. Were. Hell.

"Nobody likesh me. I gonna show 'em. Imagine shtoppin' Cotton Thorne right inna middle ova sherial. Never did get them lasht ishuesh and so I dunno how good ole MZB's sherial come out. Did you know good ole MZB gafiated agin? I...."

The butler knew full well what this meant. Finkwater was getting fannish again. Knowing this and being a great friend of Goldfinch (besides being his butler), he decided the best thing would be to take him out and let him sober up. He went to have the chauffeur pull the car around. Unfortunately, when he returned, Finkwater was no longer there.

* * *

O'Flannigan was just an ordinary cop; that is, he was Irish. He didn't believe in fairy tales, nor did he like or believe in Fantasy or SF. Or fts and stf, depending on how you spell it.

That is, he never believed anything might happen to him like...that he never thot that..I mean, it never entered his mind that this was going to happen..

But we are ahead of the story. Let it unravel itself.

* * *

Unwarily, O'Flannigan walked around the corner just like he had done for twenty years now..or was it twenty-one? And, just as had happened many times before, there was a drunk with his hands against the building. The big difference this time was that the drunk was Finkwater.

"And just what is it ye be a doin'?" O'Flannigan asked.

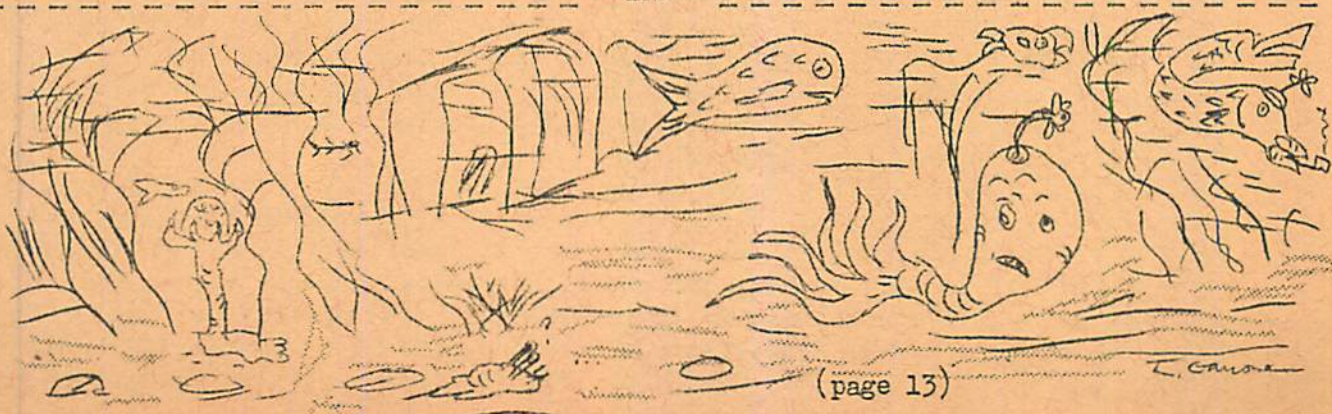
"Cantcha shee; I'm holding up the building," Finkwater answered.

"Sure...sure...now you just come with me, and let that building fall over."

Finkwater came.

And the building fell over.

---END---



MINUTES

by wally weber

February 2, 1958 -

The February 2 meeting of the Nameless Ones was held at the home of Flora Jones because nobody wanted to mess her floor up by setting it down. Ed Wyman and Jerry Frahm were doing mysterious things to the 16mm movie projector that Mr. Wyman had somehow obtained for the evening, while the other early arrivers waited for the later arrivers. Eventually Jerry Frahm called a later arriver named Wally Gonser who wouldn't have remembered to arrive at all otherwise. Wally is always welcomed during the showing of a movie because of the manner in which he makes everybody else comfortable. He always goes to sleep on the floor during the showing of a movie, and everybody else can rest their feet on him.

Copies of CRY OF THE NAMELESS, a local fanzine, were passed out to those subscribers who were present. The ink on them (the copies) was hardly dry, since the copies had first been assembled only an hour before distribution, but the excess ink was quickly absorbed by the subscribers and the issue was its usual arousing success. Geneva Wyman, however, insisted on complaining about a small error in the minutes of the previous meeting. The disagreement had to do with the phone call G. M. Carr had made to the January 19th meeting in which she had suggested that the club take in a double-feature science fiction film in place of a regular meeting in the event that a double feature film should be playing on a meeting night. (She did not advise doing this unless such a double-feature was actually playing, although she did not give reasons. A peculiar woman, G. M. Carr.) Mrs. Wyman felt that the report was not complete in that it did not mention the dinner meeting to be held prior to the double-feature. Since space in the CRY is at a premium, however, I have decided to not mention the correction in these minutes because of the amount of premium space it would use up. After all, it is a minor point or I would have been sure of having remembered it in the original minutes of the January 19th meeting, and to dwell needlessly upon such an insignificant point would be a waste. However, it should be briefly pointed out that...Editorial note: Although we have always printed previous minutes without cutting or revision, it was decided that just this once we would leave out a portion in the interests of conserving our premium space. For those who feel they may have missed something, however, we will briefly summarize the cut portion. To begin with...Typist's note: In order to squeeze this page on to a single stencil it has been necessary to leave out a small section of the editorial note in which it was pointed out that Printer's note: I cut this stencil down to fit my mimeograph, but any more of this stuff on three-foot long stencils comes into my place and it will go right into the trash can where it belongs, wise guys!]]]]]

After Dick Nulsen finally appeared for the second time (he had forgotten to pick up Rose Stark at the Stedman's the first time), and the Swearingen's had phoned to report they were gafiating from the Nameless this meeting, everybody settled down with their feet on Wally Gonser and the moving picture began to move.

The show was in color with a slightly wobbly sound track, and it traced the history of the planet Earth up the walls of the Grand Canyon. The color photography was very good, the narration rather thought-provoking, the effects very good, and the foot-rest exceedingly comfortable.

After the movie, Flora Jones brought out some of her ancient pictures of the Nameless Ones in its youth. What was even more important was that she also brought out the refreshments, but it was great sport to smear her pictures with her food as we tried to identify some of our ex-fellow-members on the photographs.

The only item of business to be involved with the meeting was that of where in the world to meet next. Eyes became shifty and manners became furtive when the subject was first mentioned. One by one the various members admitted they did have

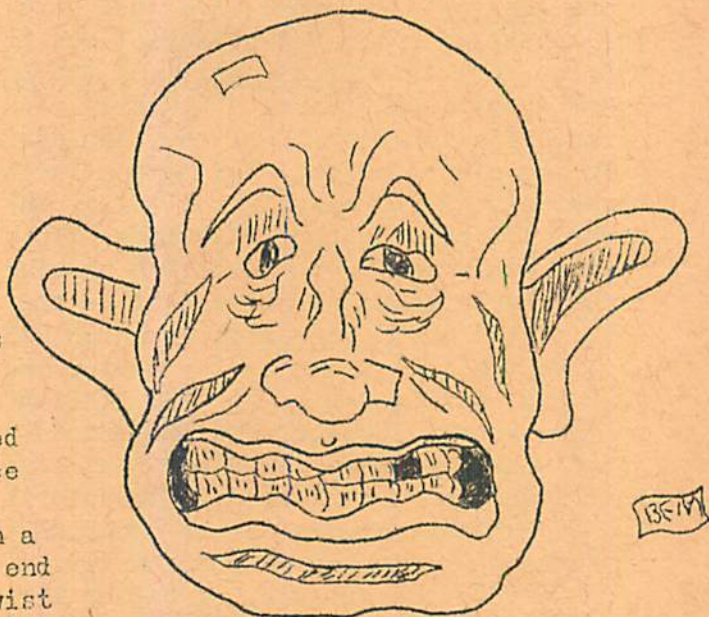
homes, but they hastened to explain that, for one or more reasons, it would not be possible to hold meetings in them. In desperation, thoughts were turned to meeting at the homes of Nameless members who were not at the meeting to defend themselves. Fearing the reception the club might receive, Ed and Geneva Wyman volunteered their apartment once again.

Having finished its most important function -- namely, that of deciding where to meet next -- the club broke up a very satisfactory meeting and the members went their individual ways, back to their mundane, everyday jobs of crotting greeps, buffing farbles, and testing phod powder.

February 16, 1958 -

Ed, Geneva, Doug, and Linda Wyman, a gray squirrel that wasn't particularly lively, and the family goldfish courageously opened the door of their home to admit the members of the Nameless Ones. Nobody visited the goldfish other than to mumble a curt greeting.

Having been called to the previous meeting by Jerry Frahm, Wally Gonser gleefully called him up and made him turn out for the meeting. Jerry arrived a short time later with a fiendish piece of apparatus which Jerry claimed was a camera. Actually it was a large eye in a tube that had a mysterious lump on the end nearest Jerry. Jerry would pull and twist and poke various parts of the lump until he enraged it to the point where it would growl and make snapping sounds. A most unnerving performance.



Portrait of
John Swearingen

The meeting progressed unexpectedly into a business session when Jerry Frahm suddenly announced that the March 2nd meeting should be held at his place. All present agreed to this before Jerry could regain his senses.

A thin, emaciated John Swearingen was in attendance. Wally Gonser, who at the time had a thick moustache to protect him, mumbled provoking comments about Mr. Swearingen's figure. The comments, only partially strained by the moustache, caused Mr. Swearingen to show his teeth, although he was too weak to do battle.

Linda Wyman put on the surprise performance of the evening by bursting into sobs after a long period of grief. The exact cause of all this may never be fully determined. It could be anything from a lost lover to too tight a girdle.

Jerry Frahm's services as an expert on commercial airlines were called upon by Flora Jones, who more and more has a suspicious desire to skip town. Perhaps the true fate of the club treasury should have been investigated more thoroughly.

A sampling of the topics brought under discussion at the meeting includes Flu and Polio shots, the history of the Columbia River and Grand Coulee area, the balmy weather, the balmy people, milk trains, parrots, Ireland, fish, penmanship, and the refreshments, which were served in generous quantities by the hosts and hostesses. Wally Gonser demonstrated his ability to forge names either right or left handed, and to write backwards and inside-out.

Old Norwescon photos were passed around old Norwescon memories were revived for a few moments. They apparently reminded somebody of home, because a short while afterwards people began leave with the intention of going there. Apparently the meeting was over.

Honorable secretary and president wally weber.

CULTIVATING THE CURRENT CROP

By Bill Meyers

AMAZING, March, 1958: Big Amazing this time, and from the way things look, it'll be like this from here on out. 144 pages, the goodly part of which is taken up by material printed in small type, outdoing even aSF for fine print. This I like, but would prefer that the material justified the appearance. Last ish, I was griping about Amazing's success; I've just here lately realized that is not so much due to the newsstand sales and subscriptions (tho it probably does lead the field in sales) but the fact that Dream World and the Amazing Stf Novels, were both canceled, after a quite brief existence. Naturally then, if Ziff-Davis can afford to put out four science fiction magazines, they can certainly incorporate one of them into Amazing, drop the other new one, and make a larger profit than ever with the two remaining magazines. Personally, a revival of the old Fantastic and a continuation of the normal 130 page Amazing with large type would be much more appealing but then the former would not prove to be too popular, I fear, with the exception of the comparatively small amount of fantasy fans and people like lovable GMC. Yes...I just got hold of the 10/55 Fantastic in which Gen's lashing typer was put to excellent use.

As for this issue on the whole, the illustrations are even poorer than usual if that can be imaginable, and the fiction appears to be the usual scum in more quantity than ever. However, Winterbotham's "The Space Egg" might be worth looking into but I'm not going to do so now that I've at last begun to dig into the hardbounds that have been laying around for several years. It's difficult, you know, to read a Z-D or Hamling magazine after swearing them off previously. Once out of the habit, it seems that one is out permanently.

Oh yes, the article, or rather the new column by Dr. Arthur Barron emanates intelligence and a nice writing ability that is indeed above the level of Ziff-Davis, but since he is now caught in Fairman's snare, he will no doubt raise the level of the average reading matter to be bound within, if only ever so slightly, in contrast to the amount of crud surrounding him.

I'll offer odds that Hamling comes up with something similar to this in a few months...

The March Fantastic was due to come out along with the above magazine but didn't seem to quite make it. If it's due merely to an altered date of newsstand release (which is not a bad idea), I'll either pick it up at the end of this column or at the beginning of the next.

And I can hear your merry rejoicing from here...

Just as some sort of an aside here to fill in between reviews, I might make mention of the fact that I have been foiled by The Bag again. (Refer to #105, in case you're wondering who in the world The Bag is.) I was thumbing through a catalogue of the present books in print the other day and noticed a Bradbury hardbound I had never heard of before, "Switch on the Night". The price was \$2.50, and that was indeed a nominal fee, I thot, for the current hardbounds, so I ordered it. It came after about a week's waiting, and if any of you are familiar with "Switch on the Night" you can realize the shock. I doubt if there are over 500 words to the whole thing. You see, it's a children-type book. For instance, on Page 1, you have "Johnny liked the night." Then on the next page, "Johnny loved the night." Then on the next page,....and so on. The type of book one would pay 25¢ for and still be gypped. I just don't see the reason for such a tremendous price -- Bradbury is hardly worth that much. After objecting to the Bag profusely that I just couldn't pay, she pulled out 5 Thrilling Wonder Stories from 1940, and said, "Well, I guess that little 9-year old boy will get those after all." After shrieking, "No, no, you

CULTIVATING THE CURRENT CROP (continued) _____ 17
can't do this..." in a desperate, pleading voice, she sat down, cackled, slanted her eyes and grinned, "Then, I suppose you'll be wanting this after all?"
I shall foil her yet.

FANTASTIC UNIVERSE, April, 1958: The articles on the satellites are really beginning to roll now. del Rey offers his opinions this time and will follow up with another article next month. After reading his excellent retort to Sanderson several months back (actually, his proclamation that the whole UFO business was full of ----), I have only the highest regard for his articles, as well as stories, which usually turn out quite well. This article is as good as could be expected, but greatly repetitious, in that there are no original concepts various sf authors can work on concerning the satellite, as there were before it was launched.

Timely Finlay cover, I suppose, but then I have a feeling that there will be even more satellite covers than articles to appear in the prozines in the future.

FUTURE, April, 1958: Buz's fine yarn placed 3rd in popularity out of 8 stories, which is indeed not bad at all, and should be quite an incentive to his ego, resulting probably in more sales.

Editorial analyzes the scientific concepts behind the science fiction stories of 1928, quoting several examples. Undoubtedly, this is some sort of a follow-up to the Macklin series in SFQ, which does not at all appear frequently enough, at the moment doing good to come out every 6 months.

INFINITY, April, 1958: Editor Shaw proclaims to one and all that from here on out, Infy will be presenting special awards to the writers of the best novels of the past year. He didn't elucidate on this subject nearly enough as I would have liked him to, but still it should be interesting considering that there weren't many good novels last year. Dick's "A Glass of Darkness", and Heinlein's "Citizen of the Galaxy", maybe. Hm.

Speaking of the Heinlein novel, knight covers it thoroughly in his column, holding just about the same opinions of the book as I do; there were so many different facets to it as a whole that it's practically impossible to come right out and say "I liked it" or "I didn't".

Lettercol is much more interesting than usual with a magnificent epistle from weird don berry.

Another short interruption here. Pemby amazes me with his ability to even buy and read all the prozines, much less read them in such a short period of time. The March aSF came out yesterday, but knowing me as I do, I couldn't say whether the review will appear here this time or not. Undoubtedly, reviews of it, the May Galaxy, and April F&SF will appear in this CRY, with the latter two coming out between the 25th and the 1st of the month. With the three main prozines that I read coming out in the last 10 days of the month, it makes it tough to keep up with Pemby on up-to-date reviews. In fact, an impossibility. Therefore, I'll try to read the Big Three as soon as I get them, but usually they'll have to appear an issue after Renfrew's dissection. For some reason, I'm beginning to doubt the purpose of this column...

SATURN, March, 1958: Belated again, of course. According to SFT, with the May ish, things should be on bi-monthly schedule. Can't say whether I'm glad or not as Saturn puzzles me considerably. It's the only prozine out that I cannot actually say whether I like or dislike. (As with "Citizen of the Galaxy".) I have no idea of a "standard" format or editorial policy. I just know that some stories can be very poor, while in the same issue, others can be excellent. For instance, in the October issue, Heinlein's "The Elephant Circuit" appealed to me greatly (Our judgement conflicts here, Renfrew...) while Frank Belknap Long's, "The Golden Calf"

sickened me to the very core.

Satellite article here in the March ish, too. It says the least of all the articles to date, and leads me to believe more than ever that Saturn would do better to leave articles alone.

I got around to reading Clark Ashton Smith's "The Powder of Hyperborea" upon remembrance of his classic "The Vaults of Yoh-Vombri" that I mentioned a couple of issues back. This one was m-o-l-d-y. That's how it goes.

With Ren mentioning MAD and HUMBUG, and all, I've been surprised to see that he has failed to mention Short Stories, which, surely, he has been buying. Margulies has been featuring a science fiction and a fantasy story in each issue, the science fiction maintaining a higher quality than average, actually on a Galaxy level. Of the three stf stories to date in the December, February, and Paril issues, none have been disappointing.

Sinak's "Nine Lives" was not quite up to his usually smooth writing, but was, as I have stated, on a quality comparable to Galaxy. It concerns a fantastic new reflexive action which the human race slowly begins to develop over the ages, by which when one is in danger, he immediately pops out of that certain space-time continuum into an uncertain point in the past. I dare say this would hardly be within the realm of practicality if it was put in operation as a result of anything less than a gigantic catastrophe.

Second science fiction piece is "First Impressions" by John Christopher, exploiting the other-dimension theme in a manner similar to one which Sturgeon would be expected to use. With such vivid writing as applied here, it was rather disappointing to see it be immediately cut off in midstream with a tried and trite climax.

Then there is Leinster's "Poor Devils", seemingly the best of the three with Androids-Vs.-Humans supplying the plot. Good Leinster writing, with a mild but effective twist ending. Methinks, however, that Leinster dropped one too many hints preceding this twist.

Incidentally, will someone please tell me if it's true that Murray Leinster was the man on the jet-propelled couch?

As for the fantasy, in the three Short Stories to date, we have Bradbury in the first two, and in the fourth, according to the previews in the current 3rd issue. This is certainly agreeable with me, Bradbury fan that I am. Too bad, tho, that they're not original and are being resurrected from Weird Tales as they seem to have been reprinted a few times before. However, reprints of authors not so frequently anthologized is a fine idea, and will assure my purchase of all future issues.

"The Lake", of course, has been read by probably every science fiction fan and E.C. fan old enough to have been hanging around at the time these came out. It's fantasy...the type of fantasy that Bradbury is so expert at, with nostalgia oozing out every corner as the outcome of his child-like sense of wonder that has abnormally remained with him through maturity.

On the other hand, "The Sea Shell" I am not too familiar with, but still it is up to his usual. Now that I mention it, tho, I haven't really read a Bradbury story I haven't liked, corny as it may sound.

"The sea shell roared in her ear.

"Waves thundered on a distant shore. Waves foamed cool on a far-off beach. Then the sound of small feet crunching swiftly in the sand. A high young voice, yelling:

"Hi! Come on, you guys! Last one in is a double-darned monkey!"

"And the sound of a small body, diving splashing into the waves..."

The Fabulous, the Exquisite Bradbury coup de gras.

Sturgeon appears in the current issue with his reknowned "The Professor's Teddy Bear", the story of a weird inexplicable alien in the form of a Teddy Bear feeding on the knowledge of a small boy. The time-paradox entwined into the plot is per-

fectly handled by Sturgeon, who is incomparable with this type of fantasy.

In other words, fiends, you'd be doing yourself a favor by buying Short Stories.

I'm well in the midst of the 1000 page-plus "Great Tales of Terror and the Supernatural" at the moment. This sort of stuff intrigues me, and I would probably review it here but I'm too lazy to tackle such a review, and will probably never get around to it. Tsk.

I would, however, recommend that you get it, if you have any interest, whatsoever, for good horror-fantasy. This is not of the Bradbury/Sturgeon ilk, but purely Lovecraftian. I seem to like both.

FANTASTIC, March, 1958: If one were to judge the cover by its slopped-on style, one would instantly call to mind the name Valigursky. However, the techniques are noticeably not of the unoriginal, unartistic, talentless aforementioned "artist". Leo Summers appears to be the man behind the cover, certainly not revolutionizing the field of artwork, but providing a smidgen of variety to Z-D's stereotyped covers.

Fantastic has apparently been transformed into a Dream World with a different title, as easily deduced by the fact that the "Fantastic Science Fiction" logo has been dropped to plainly "Fantastic". Fairman has begun to proclaim that his magazine will cater to fiction outside the realm of science fiction, including fantasy, light fantasy, and plain ol' damn mainstream, and the fact that the atmosphere of the magazine, on the whole, is nothing like the Fantastic of several issues back (shaking with racking sobs, I am encompassed in a deluge of my own tears...) but is replaced by the nauseous odor of ill-written rot. Let me say first, that I like mainstream and certainly have no objections to it, especially since it is literature and science fiction is most assuredly not. However, I'm not much for seeing mainstream in a magazine supposedly devoted to science fiction, or even light fantasy, for that matter. As for light fantasy, it, to me, is bilious; others like it, which is, of course, no deterrent to their intelligence level, but I myself abhor it. I'm a great fiend over horror-fantasy, a la Lovecraft, nostalgic and warm fantasy, a la Bradbury, science-fantasy, a la Sturgeon...but a la Thorne Smith? Ghod, no. For this reason, I feel Fantastic has thrown all hope of, increasing sales out the window. Oh, I'll still buy it...I'm a wretched completist -- but the majority of its readers are of the "casual" ilk, who read science fiction for its "escape" value, and who read the Z-D publications because of the fact that it takes no excess thinking to digest any one of the stories published. People like this do not go for fantasy in any way -- attested to by the great fantasy mags of the past and their low sales. Fantastic for awhile was rolling along at a rapid pace with comparatively excellent sales, but Fairman, great lover of "the light, zany type of fantasy" has fixed up the magazine so that if it continues with its present format, it will sell on tradition alone, finally not even selling. His plea for letters of helpful suggestions (and the enticing prize of \$25 for the best letter, etc.) might help, but then it is a witness to the fact that Fantastic's policy at the moment is very unstable.

ASTOUNDING, March, 1958" Monopolizing on his theme in the current 2-part serial running in Galaxy, Fritz Leiber's "Try and Change the Past" is quite the piece of trivia and something I'd never expect to see in ASF. In the closing paragraphs, Leiber dramatically points out the sheer hopelessness of changing the present/future via change of the past, serving also as a means of complete contradiction, in my opinion, of the opening paragraphs in which he explains the purpose of the Timefighters...changing the past.

Poul Anderson continues onward with the second part of his 3-part serial, "The Man Who Counts". This installment works circles around the first in pace, action, and reader-interest. Still, the wind-up could easily flop.

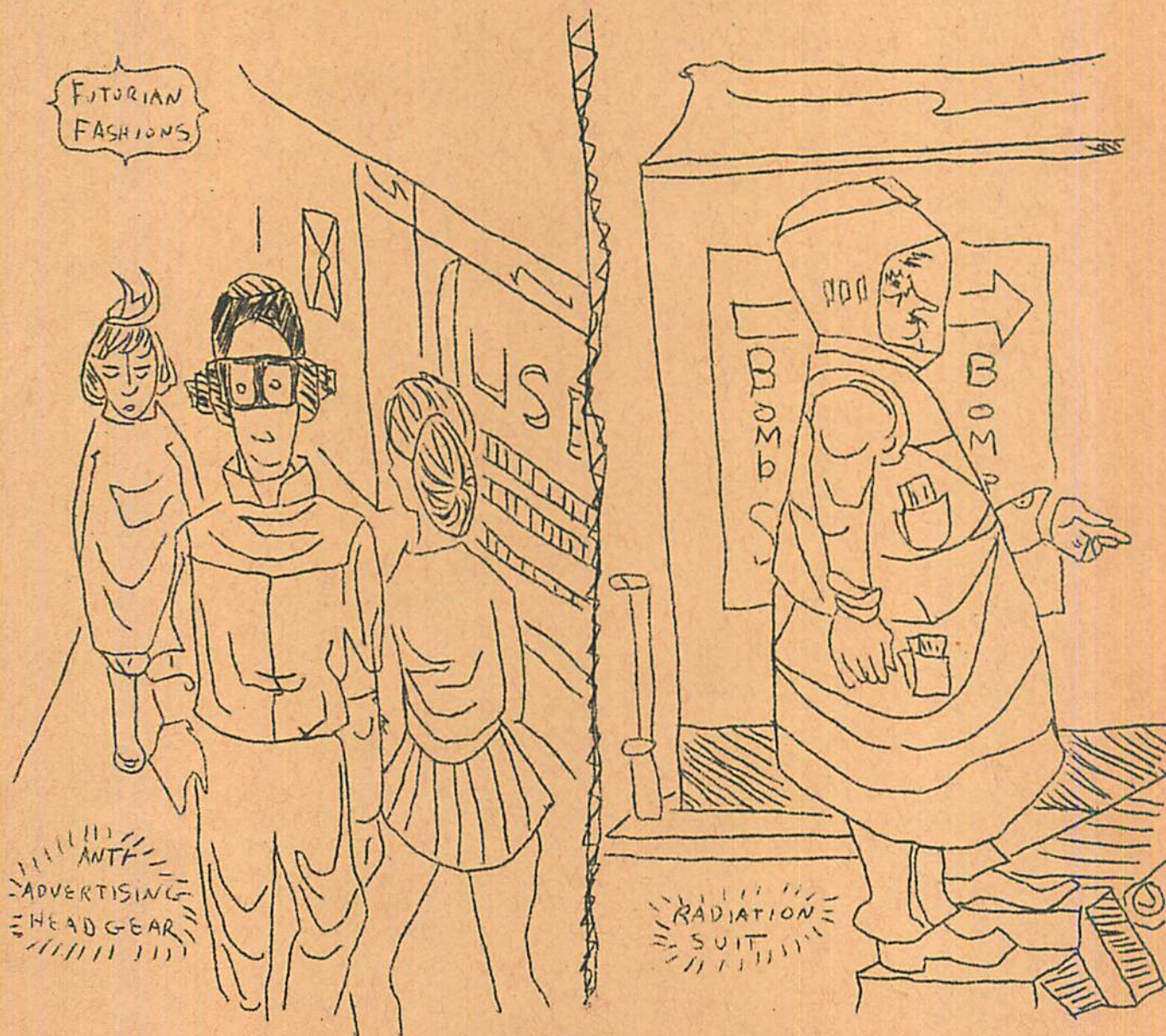
Best of the issue is "Second Game" by Charles DeVet and Katherine MacLean. Good writing is the keystone here, as the plot is strictly SFA; as with Anderson's

piece, it never drags.

With Dean McLaughlin and Randall Garrett filling out the table of contents with a couple of stories equally enjoyable, this seems to be quite an issue for aSF; a 4 out of 5 average is not bad, particularly when the one clunker is a short-short.

PLAYBOY, March, 1958: Matheson here with "Distributor", the finest story from Playboy I've read since I took up collecting it a little over a year ago. The Matheson style is particularly distinct, which is of course far from being objectionable.

Other items of interest are: a foto of Matheson; foto and biographical sketch of Charles Schulz, creator of Peanuts; a good piece of humor by Bill Slocum; and the girl's expression on page 27. Playboy is one of the few magazines I know of actually worth the price.



FANDOM --- IS IT ENOUGH?

by Norman Sanfield Harris

The average science-fiction fan finds many satisfactions in fandom. By corresponding with other fans like himself, he learns many things that the average person his age doesn't get a chance to find out. By continually reading s-f, he develops a taste for reading in general, and becomes startlingly well educated.

You will find low grades on some fans' report cards, but you will seldom find low grades in mathematics or any of the sciences. S-f fans continuously have better than average aptitudes for these subjects, because they learn so much of applied science and scientific technique from science fiction.

Then too, most fans have a taste for journalism far beyond their contemporaries. Few average Americans could sit down and write five or ten letters a week, but for some fans this is the regular course of business, and leads naturally into an ability for writing, editing and publishing, which is why many fans end up being the editor of their high school newspaper; this either gives them the experience they need to publish a good fanzine, or else they do both at once.

Thus, we see that science-fiction and science-fiction fandom provide much for the enthusiast who is willing to put some effort into it. And yet--we wonder sometimes, whether there is enough there to take out, whether we should perhaps examine it closely, and if we might find something lacking. This analysis of the actual worth of fandom is particularly important and needed because of the trouble a new fan, or neofan, always has in getting into it in the first place. They start writing for fanzines, and doing favors for fans, and find themselves rejected, and turned back by an unbendable wall of apathy or disinterest. Some fans keep up a perennial wall of antipathy towards people they've never heard of, making fandom a thing to be feared. It is next to impossible to get anything for yourself out of fandom when everywhere you turn you meet derision and insults, hurled very often in a not-too subtle manner.

The important thing is, of course, that fandom has gotten off the track. What do we see when we open a fanzine today? We see articles about fans, and we see poetry and fiction about fans, and drawings of fans, even songs about fans. We see reviews of mainstream literature. People in fandom, instead of broadening themselves and enriching fandom with discussions of science-fiction and particularly its scientific content, persist in writing of such things as restaurants, sports cars, jazz, politics, and other things of no possible interest to a sincere, adult science fiction fan.

If you're reading this article, you're one of the people who is looking for intelligent commentary on science-fiction. You are very likely the only person within a dozen miles who has deliberately and continuously gone down to see every s-f movie that has shown at your neighborhood movieshow, and who reads the top s-f magazines every month.

But fandom doesn't satisfy some people, because they lose track of this sort of thing. They get preoccupied, not with reading s-f, but with cataloging it. They forget that their object should not be to talk to fans about fans, but to talk to fans about professional affairs in the field of science-fiction, and the meaning it so often has.

I don't want to preach a return-to-s-f movement, but I do want to ask each of you reading this article to examine everything else in this magazine, and ask yourselves: Do the rest of the contents follow the real purpose of fandom? Is this magazine helping to make fandom real and meaningful?

FOURSOME



JOHN BERRY

I read the newspaper avidly - I had a practical interest in the case - I mean, she was only fifteen years old, and she should have known that the curate couldn't really give her an audition for the choir at 11:30 pm in the middle of Hyde Park. I reached the end of the second column, where he offered to hold her glasses, when I saw the small printed note at the bottom of the page.... 'Sputnik II will pass over Belfast at 6:25 pm on Thursday 23rd January 1958.'

Digging my eyes protestingly from the page, I shot a glance at the cookoo clock, saw that, according to it, the time was 3:47 pm. Grabbing a pencil, I made a few rough calculations on the side of the newspaper (referring to my slide-rule but twice) and discovered the actual time to be 6:24 pm.

I made a great decision. I knew it was snowy, frosty, and coocold outside, and, frankly, I wanted to see if the curate had utilised any technique I hadn't heard about, but, dammit, I hadn't seen the satellite, and I was an avid sf faaan, and it was an admission of defeat to have to confess as much to the bhoys in the office that I hadn't seen it. They had.

I threw the newspaper to one side, and despite my wife's protests and horrified shouts, I vaulted the table and rushed outside. The sky was clear, a sort of dull velvet sheen, and the stars twinkled on it like jewels in a showroom. (That last sentence has the patent applied for, and is copyright.) But I couldn't see Sputnik II. I started to walk round in circles, endeavouring to sweep the whole sky in a few seconds so as not to miss the stirring sight. Quite a crowd of neighbours had collected, and stood round in a respectful circle, moving carefully out of the way as I shuffled past, my eyes pulsing with anticipation. I shot a quick glance at them during my circumnavigations, and discovered that they were looking at me instead of searching for Sputnik II. This bordered on infamy. I was just about to remonstrate, and castigate them remorselessly for their utter ignorance, and lack of something wonderful and prophetic, but suddenly discovered I couldn't identify any of them --- they were all wearing fur coats, and fur caps, and scarves. And then.....AND THEN.....

I saw it.

Sputnik II.

A bright light, high in the sky, coming from the north. I followed its steady path across the sky. I - I couldn't move. I - I was fascinated. Sputnik II was a most wonderful sight. It seemed to dim somewhat when it was immediately overhead, but as it disappeared to the south, it brightened somewhat.

Then it was gone.

I blinked my eyes a couple of times, and discovered that everything was upside-down. I had, in point of fact, performed an acrobatic feat of some particular skill. Whilst following the satellite traversing the sky, I had bent backwards to such a degree that I had executed what is known in professional entertainment circles as the 'Elongated Gut Stretche'.

What really annoyed me about it was the fact that I couldn't straighten myself out again - some little used muscles in the lumbar region had tied themselves in a knot.

Two neighbours picked me up via the judicious use of a broomhandle balancing me at the point of gravity, and levered me into my house. There, in front of the fire, my wife skilfully kicked my feet from under me, and I contracted like a rubber band and assumed my normal somewhat stooping gait.

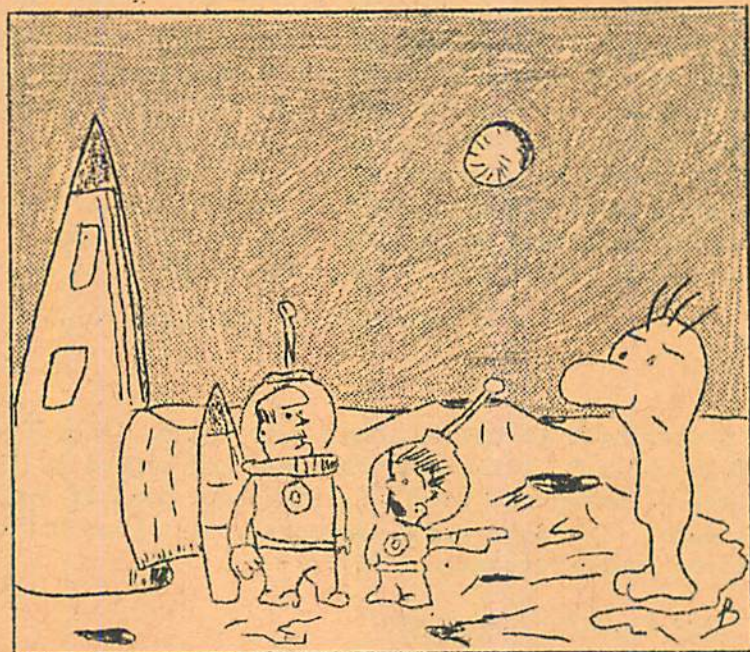
"I - I was out looking at Sputnik II," I confessed. "It was great, you know. Always told you science fiction would....."

"That is what I cannot understand about you," said my wife with feeling, "you are so futuristic in some respects, and so lax in others. For instance, just before you started to read the newspaper, you asked me to put a knife-like crease in these. I shouted, but you didn't take any notice."

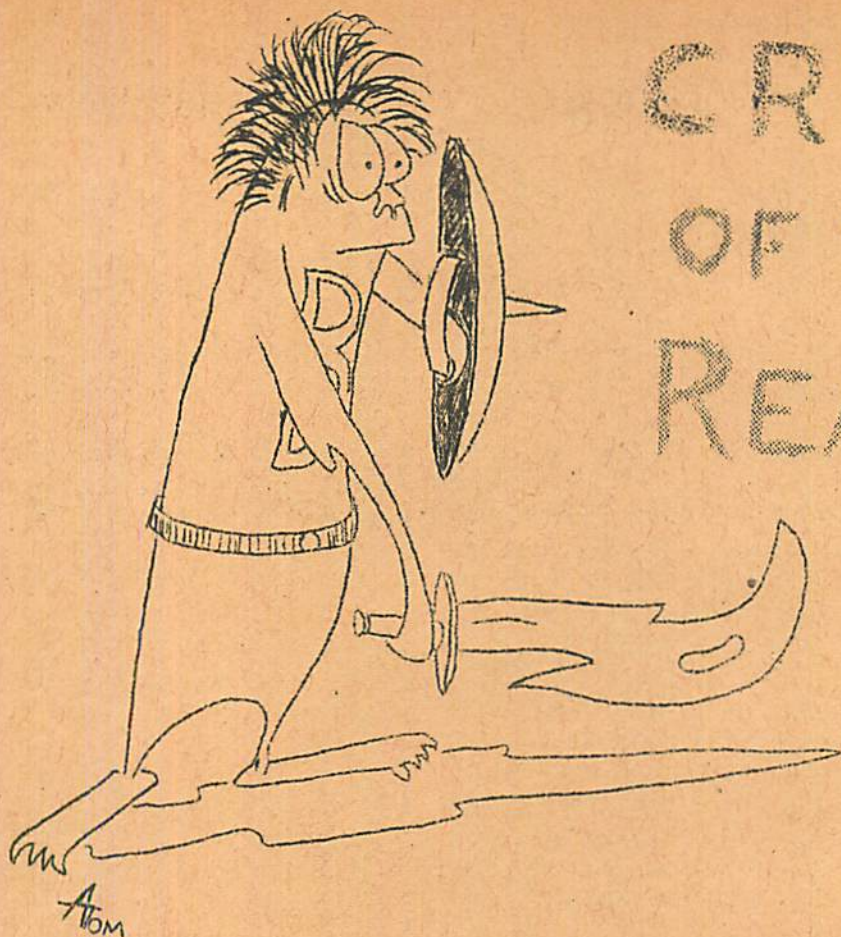
She flung my trousers at me.

I shot a frustrated glance at the frost-covered stiffened hems of my red poker-dot underpants...then, with a dawning realization, fostered by the melting glacier on my moustache, moved my eyes to the trio of metal anthropoids crouching on the sideboard. No wonder they didn't want to see anything, or say anything, or hear anything.

Suddenly, I began to see their point of view.



"Gee, Dad, it's a Whirlitzer!"



CRY OF THE READERS

conducted
by
BURNETT
R.
TOSKEY

AT LAST! AN INTELLIGENT LETTER FOR THIS COLUMN!

Hey you fellah,

For many sun me fellah get fanzine belong by you. Hoo! Me fellah read much funee fanzine belong by you and belly belong by me shake with ha. Fanzine plenty goody O.K.

But alas! One day me fellah go to place of much sweat and workee workee called M.I.T. Sun up, sun down, sun up, sun down, many many time, and me fellah no read fanzine belong by you cause scription belong by me run out.

Oh woe! Belly belong by me shake no more and in hut is no ha. So you fellah please say if is still made plenty goody O.K. fanzine and if is said yes me fellah send by plenty fast dugout many many conch shell for new scription.

Or mebbe you fellah prefer head of Japanese sojer which me fellah remove in last hubba hubba war?

Respectfully belong by you,

Jim Moran
208 Sladen Street
Dracut, Massachusetts

(((((We much prefer head of Revolutionary war sojer, General Washington, in green ink with words "One dollar" at the four corners, and signed by the secretary of the treasury. In certain instances, we will also accept head of Spanish-American war sojer, General Jackson, also. In other words, we merely want your cotton-pickin' cash. We also like letters of comment.~~xxxx~~.....BRT))))))

HOLD YOUR HATS! THE BEAN-POLE RETURNS!

Fabulous fat Ones:

You still around, tads? If so, why? I should certainly have thought that, by this time, the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Fans (and Other Animals) would have you jailed, or at least emasculated.

What happened to me, you ask — cheery as all hell that maybe you'll pick up some

CRY OF THE READERS (continued)

choice gossip. If, of course, in your inevitably churlish manner you haven't the simple courtesy to inquire, I hope you come down with an extreme case of the uglies, which you might, happily, all have acquired by now; if so, then let me wish you many joyous complications.

The amenities having been gotten quickly out of the way, we come to the heart of the matter, the very essence, the sine qua non, what you're been breathlessly waiting for — word of a new? subscriber. (I am writing this, you understand, with the perhaps erroneous, perhaps not, impression that you are still publishing. The thought comes to me that mayhap CRY OF THE NAMELESS has died indeed. (((The question is: was the Cry ever born?...BRT)))) But that's rather far-fetched, what? Anyhow, it brings to mind the comment of a would-be correspondent of mine: "CRY is already dead; it died long ago. What you are getting in the mails is merely putrefaction." Needless to say, I gave the lad short shrift.)

Yes, sirs, I am going to resubscribe. This is momentous news, surely, and there will be singing in the streets of Seattle tonight. If you don't find any money with this letter, I hope your mercenary inclinations aren't uppermost at the time, so that you will consider my good intentions.

Yours only by fortune,

Wm. Deeck
8400 Potomac Ave
College Park, Maryland

(((Verily there is singing in the streets — we are singing very sad songs. What we shall do with that 25¢ you sent us I have not yet figured out. I think you pulled this trick on us before, many long years ago — so this time I think we'll just give you two ishs — three with this letter. Wally just informed that perhaps you meant sinking in our streets — or have you heard of our Big Hole?.....BRT))))

A CONFUSED BHOY

Dear Buck and Juanita,

I made quite a botch of the Warm Friendly Greeting, didn't I? But that was intentional, since you gotta admit it's a new name for writing Namelesses with. Yes.

Cover gave me no thrill.

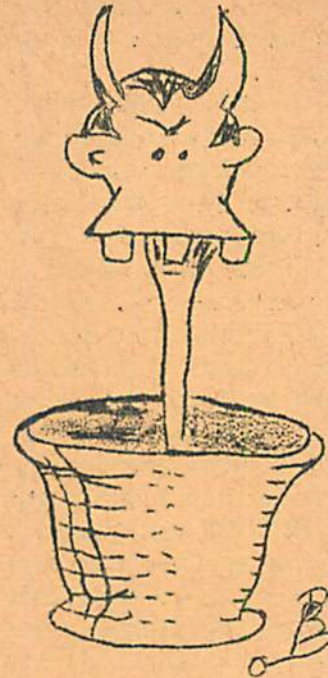
But before I go into that, which is to say this ish of CRY, I think I'll gab awhile on Sundry Subjects, such as the way the deadline for packing off letters to CRY sneaks up on one. By my calculations my letter is due to get to your place by day after tomorrow, and this after getting CRY long ago. 'Tis horrid. This is something of a Wunnerful Issue, so I should have more time to write about it. Now that I'm through crying and have been slapped (Thanks. I needed that) back into shape I shall dig into CRY 112 in search of comment.

Did I use a letterhead the last time I wrote y'all? I seem to be out of them now, so you'll have to do without one of those colorful witty Adams masterpieces. Next time not so, perhaps.

Oh, yah, the CRY.

I liked the sneaky unauthorized editorial. This should happen more often. But too much gets crowded onto the contents page.

Space Hero of the Galaxy is the best thing Toskey did by far while writing thish single-handed. It's really a wonderful story, full of imagination, wit, and sense of



wonder. I wish Tosk would use this style more than the one he uses with the name (and ridiculous even for a Nameless pseudonym) Bill Meyers. His writing here just isn't any good.

Pemby's good. What else to say? Nothing while in a rush. For doing doing a short column this time Pemby gets a short paragraph from Me. I guess that'll teach him what length columns to write.

Tosk's story under the pseudo "Brown" wasn't so hot. I lost whatever point there was other than the punch line, and I've gotten tired of those even when they're presented by Ferdinand Feghoot.

I wish Amelia would write longer columns. She delights, obviously, in reviewing only fanzines that I don't get. This is bad.

MINUTES was (using the term in its singular connotation here, with it as the title of a regular-or-sometimes feature, hence the odd-sounding singular verb and foolish-sounding explanation) its usual fabulous.

Since Meyers is working in that direction anyhow, why not let him do what he wants with the column? ... the Fertilizer title should fit well with whatever the column's content would be considering the Illustrious Columnist.

Then he wouldn't be hampered by a feeling of guilt, which he actually doesn't seem hampered by now, into wasting time with Z-D and Hamling. Playboy surely should have a reviewer in fandom, and who better for the job than ol' Immoral Minded Meyers?

Since mebbe you piddle didn't know, the reason they got the Jupiter-C up 90 days after the go-ahead was given might just have been because the missile was developed here in Huntsville, where Esmond Adams, one of the world's foremost rocket minds, just happens to live. Ha. Yes. And though I (of course) can't say much about my part in the building of this missile (cough, cough, the Top Secret labels and all, ya know), I'm not letting anything slip that Ike and the boys would mind in letting you know that the above-stated facts just might be significant.

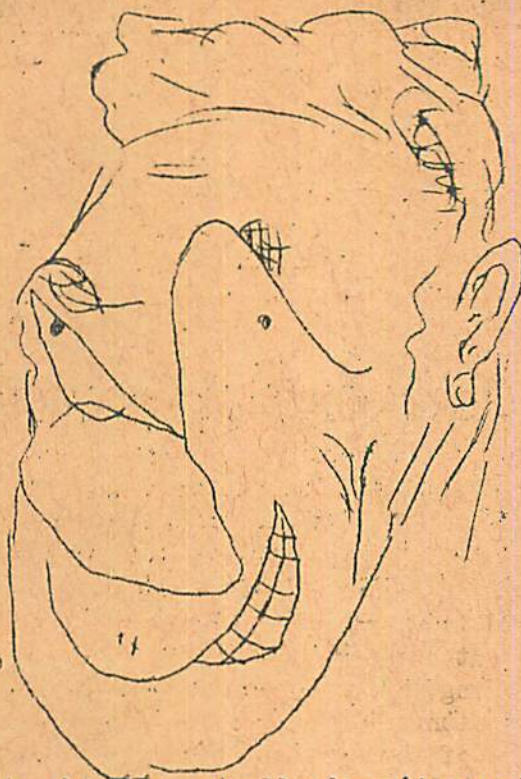
I think Rich Brown's hand-that-shook-the-hand-of-Charles-Burbee is on his arm backwards. Somebody go visit Rich and check it for him. (((Merely upside down....BRT)))

Weber's Faan Poll was good, so I won't reply to it, and I won't even say anything more about it, since I smell a nasty article on the next page.

Needless to say (wh'th'hell'd I say that?) you aren't getting out of libel proceedings just because you called a "shot libel" in an effort to get on the good side (upwind) of me. I hereby sue Nameless of Seattle for \$7,000,000,000,000,000,000,000. But I might relent if the rest of you Seattle People start being good like the Busby's, who sent me a copy of Polarity. Someday I might let everybody in on the true story of the meeting between Meyers and Adams (The reely reely reel story!). Until then my lawsuit will have to suffice. Meyers has by some clever arranging piled things high for me to do, and I can't write out the sizzling report to this highly erroneous article which is its due. Maybe just one of my Jupiter-C's, enough petrol to get it to 'Nogga, and an atomic warhead would be better. I'll think about it. My revenge unto the Meyers must be savage and personal; unto thee it shall be through the courts of the land.

And with art. More art this time as a personal blast against all. Wunnerfool.

A lettercol with lotsa Adams and no Meyers was beautiful. It should happen all the time. Drop Rich Brown, though. He had more space than me. I guess the rest of you can stay for now. But I'm keeping my eye on you, Pemby. Aside from sneaking in wordage under other names, I notice you put in a page of ramblings aside from the regular col.



But it was short, so you're still in. Just go slow.

Watch out for Al Andrews who made the lettercol this go. He's something of a Filthy Pro, but not much. More of just One to be Avoided. (Pssst...as a nasty sneaky bit of character-wrecking gossip, I'd like to add strictly off the record, you understand, Senator that Andrews reads mystery stories....)

And now I think I'll go wild and send this airmail just so you can scream and fall into a dead-faint a day or so sooner. Not the usual many-paged letter of wondrous comment I know, but it will have to suffice, since that's all there is, except for art. But the art is wunnerfool and makes up for a lot. Like, uh...gotta go. Best.

Esmond Adams
432 Locust St
Huntsville, Alabama

(((((The rest of us people don't put out anything besides Cry, except for SAPzines, which you probably aren't interested in. Looks like Richard Brown beat you out again this time, so you'd better get with it. We have heard evil rumors that Brown is going to live in Seattle, so he likely won't be too predominant in the lettercol.... unless we have him take it over on occasion (an interesting thought, that)...BRT))))))

WALLIS WILTS

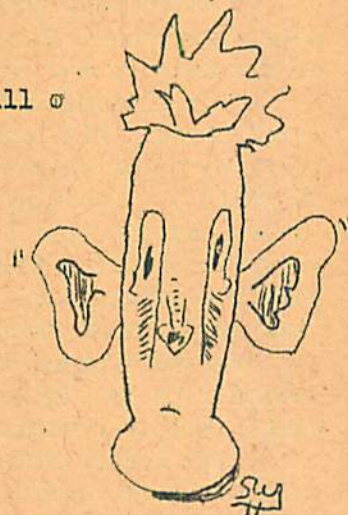
Dear Wally,

I see I have to send a letter of comment or artwork on CRYlll or I can't be sure of getting another. This fellow Taskey is a hard taskmaster; anyone would think to hear him that faneds had to eat. I have read through the last CRY with much sage head-nodding, mutterings of approval and gasps of admiration, but unfortunately in the present state of the English language none of them seem to be capable of transliteration. I think the real trouble is that I have a psychic bloc, and I attribute it to those baby-proof shoelaces you mention. That phrase has been haunting me ever since. What can it mean? I am uneasily driven to the theory that there is something secret about shoelaces which has been kept from me, some erotic mystery from which my innocence has so far protected me. But I must try to face the facts of life. You mean that...er...shoelaces reproduce themselves? The position is, I take it, that in America shoelaces are alive, little black snakes trained to enter into a symbiotic relationship with mankind, and that the right and left ones get together and produce little baby shoelaces which grow into adult shoelaces and eventually finish their days as bootlaces? If so I can see why it must be a good thing to have baby-proof ones for during the mating season people would always be being tripped up as their shoelaces entwined with one another in transports of amorous passion. I'm not sure how shoelaces are made baby-proof --- we have no snakes in Ireland as you know and I'm not clear exactly how love finds its way --- but please don't tell me because I'm sure it's cruel.

Apart from this CRY was lovely, even the monsters on the cover. L.Garcone was much the best looking.

Best,

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



(((((BRT has called me to the typewriter to answer my own correspondence. It may seem to be a noble gesture on his part, but in truth I could see that he just wanted a break in which he could indulge in his favorite narcotic. It is a pitiful thing to see how the poor man has a fit of shaking just before he takes his "fix", but one has to expect it of a person who subjects himself to answering letters in this column month after month. About the baby-proof shoelaces, I fear you have stumbled onto a terrible fact that we Americans have not consciously noticed even though the thing has been going on right under our noses -- or ankles, to be more accurate. A striking example of how an outside viewpoint can detect sinister facts in our everyday lives. I've never really thought about where shoelaces came from. Toskey, leave some of that stuff for me! WWW))))))

THE MAD CHEMIST STRIKES BACK

Dear "Society Offenders Who Might Well Be Underground, and Who Never Would Be Missed":

Hah! You must have been in a dire lack of letters, since you actually printed mine. In this you made a mistake, for it has decided me to write more of the same sort, in the hope that you may again find you need space fillers.

First I want to berate Toskey for the chemical formulae at the head of my letter in CRY 112: I WASTED TWO HOURS TRYING TO FIND OUT WHAT THEY WERE!! Then I went over to St. Mary's Street and purchased a small predictor, or prophet, if you will, who informed me that $C_6H_5NCH_3$ is methylcinnamylamine, and that you probably meant $C_6H_5(CO)C_6H_4OH$ instead of $C_6H_5(CO)C_6H_3OH$, since the first one is hydroxy-anthraquinone, while the second doesn't balance. But, knowing that anyone connected with the CRY is definitely unbalanced, I decided you meant the second formula, and sent the predictor back to Mr. Wells for a refund.

Your mimeoed covers are improving. I liked Barnes' 112 cover illu, in spite of the fact that some character reading over my shoulder said that the illu obviously "MEANT SOMETHING." Ignoring such slanderous remarks, I slogged my way into the rest of the issue. By the time I had finished reading "space hero of the galaxy," I had lost the character reading over my shoulder. He was staggering toward the door, making loud gurgling noises deep in his throat. I couldn't understand it — "space hero" was at least as good as "Finkwater J. Goldfinch," and not much worse than "here's reward."

Was very pleased with Pemby's GALAXY reviews --- treating them as stories and authors rather than as subdivisions of H.L. Gold. There's been quite a tendency to attack GALAXY and everything published in it by way of attacking the editor.

Rich Brown: Since reading "Finkwater J. Goldfinch," I now expect you to discover other original humor. Such as the sign in the Red Light District saying "We Give Green Stamps." Echhh.

Well, well, so the crudzines have become too much even for Meyers! Not that I blame him for dropping them as the main fare; there wouldn't be any less even if he dropped them completely. Down a sinkhole, maybe. I note both Meyers and Pemby review the February aSF, with differing opinions on Poul Anderson's serial. I side with the gentleman from Tennessee, since I'm rather fond of Mynheer Nicholas van Rijn.

It's getting bad — I actually liked both Meyers's column and the "short libel". In fact, aside from the lettercol, "rendezvous with insanity" was probably the most interesting item in the ish. I don't know whether that says anything or not. Hey, Bill: Want any help taking over the CRY? The South shall rise again ... and take over Fandom. And the CRY too. Let's see — Adams is from Alabama, and so is Al Andrews, and...hmmmm.

Read ye now Der PELZ Antwort zu der Weber Faan Pole: Name: BRUCE PELZ, alias several aliases. Address: changes frequently, depending on the diligence of the local constabulary. Presently ensconced at the University of Florida, studying chemistry on a grant for the California Chamber of Commerce, so that an anti-smog research program may be started. Age: I'm in favor of it in wines, and against very much of it in women. Sex: Yes. Color of eyes: Left eye: green, Right eye: red. Other eyes: flashing orange. You see, I'm actually a traffic light. Do you read CRY?: Yes Why?: It reads like a mimeographed PANIC #14. Tastes like PANIC, too. Might even cause one. What is your name again?: C. Sangrail, alias ... Three titles for cover of CRY: 1. "Mad Dogs or Englishmen?" 2. "Take Five." 3. "Crash Priority for the Space Program." Why are you a faan? I was born unlucky. Why do you always hold a grudge?: How dare you say I hold grudges? I knew you were unfair. I've hated you ever since... Why are you so ugly?: I practice. What is your favorite fanzine?: Pro FANity. How long have you read science



fiction?: Oh, for years and years. Or at least since yesterday evening. Why not?: Why not what? When did you last bathe?: Bathe what? I'm not a raccoon. The only resemblance is around the eyes. Why not?: Why am I not a raccoon? Because I'm a cat fancier. I fancy I'm a cat. Write down everything you know: CRY OF THE NAMELESS is a blot on fandom. Did you think this poll would ever end?: Certainly; you Namelesses would only waste a limited amount of CRY space on Weber. Do not write in this space: Why not?

That should finish the Faan Pole. But good. More fun, more people killed.... Send another poll around some time.

Looks like I'm going to have to quit, since the owner of this tripewriter is screaming that he wants it back again. I may have to get out my saber to chase him back to his den.

Erratically yours,

Bruce Pelz C N N O
Box 3255, University Sta.
Gainesville, Florida

(((((Busby had a comment scrawled on your letter by the time it got to me, so I shall quote (It was he who drug up those formulae, and not me): "The formulae came from an older edition of 'Hdbk of Chem & Phys'. The translation is 'Chrysazine! Can't you hear me callin', Kairoline?' My 1945 Hdbk unfairly adds an additional HO on the front of the first one. --- FMB" ...I might add he also figured out that your formula was "Brucine" which sounds more to me like a feminine name. The best way for you to take over the CRY is for you to move to Seattle and start doing some of the work on BRY....BRT))))

AW COME MOFFAT!

Say, now...

CRY OF THE NAMELESS is a real fine fannish fanzine. I had heard of CRY before, of course and figured it to be one of the Big Name Fanzines. That is, most reports I heard were good. And after glomming thru the Feb. '58 ish--haven't had a chance to read all of it yet--methinks it do deserve to be called a Big Name Fanzine despite the lack of Big Names on the contents page. What you seem to feature -- in this ish anyway -- are the Big Name Fans of Tomorrow. You know, like Rich Brown and Bill Meyers and Esmond Adams.

And thank you for the nice review of the Sneary Writings. Unfortunately, we have word from WAW that he definitely will not be able to come to the SOLACON, much as he wants to. Getting away from his job, finding someone to look after the chillun in their absence, unexpected house repairs. Part of the "South Gate in '58" dream will not come true. But one thing for sure, we know WAW and WIFE will be with us in spirit--perhaps more so than any other absentee fan. So--as advertized in SFP, etc.--the money collected from the distribution of the Sneary Writings will be divided between TAFF and the SOLACON Treasury. Actually, TAFF will get a few more bucks out of it than the SOLACON Treasury as I am instructing the WAW Fund Overseas representative (Horrocks and Thomson) to send whatever they have collected directly to Ken Bulmer, the overseas representative for TAFF. I have maybe ten copies of the Sneary Writings left and as soon as they're gone, I'll divvy the money I've collected between these two fine fannish causes.

AND thank you for the big plug for the SOLACON. By the way we can now announce, with pride, that our Guest of Honor will be Richard Matheson!

Get a bang out of Rich Brown's account of the New Year's Party held here at the Moffatt House. (Naturally, I'd read that first...) Actually, we didn't give the party; we merely provided the space for it. The two hosts were George W. Fields and Paul Turner (the former is current editor of SHANGRI LA and the latter is ex-editor of same mag--the party had nothing to do with Shaggy....). You see, Paul was going into the Army and wanted to have a going away party. New Year's Eve seemed like a good time to have it and as he and his wife had only a small apartment, the Moffatt House seemed like the best place to have it. Meanwhile, George was planning a special Big '58 New Year's eve party



to be at his place. The two lads got their heads together (horrible sight, really —) and decided to combine the two parties. After all the Moffatt House is fairly large, not a mansion, but spacious due perhaps to lack of furniture. So they asked us and we said, Hell yes—save us the expense of giving the party and better still save us the trouble of going to either of their parties thru New Year's traffic. It is very convenient to be invited to a party in your own home. You don't have to make like a host, you can go to bed when you want or go out to a movie or whatever. Actually, we all stayed up pretty late (or rather early in the AM) as it was a fun filled affair. Rich is guilty of some inaccurate reporting, tho. It was me—not Ellik—who went around kissing all the girls for Ackerman. Ackerman authorized me to do this when he phoned he couldn't make it. If Ron went around doing the same when my back was turned he was collecting unauthorized kisses, by Foo! And as for Burbee looking like Vic Mature...hoosee, I wonder what Burb will say to this? The hot pizzas (as Rich calls them, tho I'm not sure they were pizzas) and most of the other chow on hand was prepared by Mrs. Burbee, by the way. The bit about Moffatt singing his opera (for the paper and surrounding, threatening crowd) wasn't quite right either. I did sing, if I remember correctly, excerpts from one or two of my operas as well as some of my more "science fictional" songs like Venusian Blues, etc. Also—aided by others with equally foul minds — a couple of pornographic ditties. Rich neglected to describe the shaving of Paul Turner's beard. (He decided to save the army barbers the trouble...). This was indeed a touching moment...the hum of the electric shaver...the pained expression on Paul's face due perhaps to the tenderness of the skin beneath as well as parting with the long luxuriant growth. Eleanor, his wife, didn't recognize him afterwards. She had never seen him without the beard, you see. Rather like marrying a masked man. I don't think there is any truth to the vile rumor that Ron Ellik collected the fallen hair and tried to paste it on his face in the hopes that Eleanor would go home with him. One wonders how these bits of gossip get started...

Well, I've written more than I intended to...Anyway you know I appreciated CRY.

Best Wishes!!

Ian Moffatt
13202 Belcher Avenue
Downey, California

((((It struck me as I read your letter that everything in the Cry #112 appealed to some one person strongly, as Brown's did to you. One might conclude from this that we had a pretty well-rounded issue — balled up, in fact. Thanks for the nice letter and the kind words; but if you want more Cry's you gotta either write letters or sub...BRT))))

BROWNE AGAIN

Lucky Nameless Ones;

Yes, indeed you are lucky to have two letters, two beautiful illustrations, and two beautiful pieces of deathless fan prose, in this issue numbered 11 (which, of course, adds up to two)2(which is another way of saying two.) Two toot!

I like Stony's cover. I've seen better from him, but I like this. Heh-heh. I can't help but notice that the CRY is accented in large type while the "of the nameless" is infinitesimal. 6 point type, no doubt. (((6 point Multigraph type...BRT))))

Yes, but HOW MUCH DOES PFELFER SELL PROTECTION FOR? I have two brass buttons and an old "I like McCarthy" sign he can have....

Es Adams piece was so useless that I liked it.

Pemberton (hoo-hum) I liked, and as usual I agree with him mostly. The 3rd of the "Alice" series, the atrocious, was a vast improvement over the second...the second was absolutely klfrsk, or, as Bob Silverberg once said about a story in PLANET; hack hack hackhackhack!!! And, doggone it, I liked "Big Sam Was My Friend". It was so deathly moody...and it fitted my demoniac mood at the time.

And now to Goldfinch. Eh. Note second deathly installment of said wonderful-type crud.

Well! I'm catching up on the undegtable (or whatever it used ta was) Amelia. I've read six of the nine zines reviewed. So a few comments; yes, Phillips article in TWIG, along with Honey's, seemed more of a mumbo-jumbo of intellectual words. As I've said often before, I'm not an intellectual — I'm a slob. SPHERE never ceases to sicken me.

All of the Astronomical importance of SF and Why It Is Ghreat Literature...phag! I like sf, but I am reminded, somehow, of STAR ROCKETS... I also enjoyed SWORS and would recommend it to any fan unconditionally. The paper in VAMPIRE may be "the worst I've ever seen," but it's not the worst by far... Why, old SFBULLITEN used some paper of lower quality, not to count SF, later named (of all things) VAMP, later named VARIOUSO. I could go on. And Amelia, you forget the BIG part... Joe Kennedy will have an article in the next issue. Imagine! JoKe hisself... maybe he'll stay! Goshgollygeewhiz, with guys like me in fandom, we need someone to take the place of JoKe, and who could do it better than JoKe hisself!? Agreed in re: Yandro and Void. So.

Keep Weber On The Job... throw the NAMELESS meetings out of kiddlediewhack, do something, anything, but keep MINUTES coming.



"Your Friend As Always" is good -- very good and keep more stuff like this in the CRY. Then I won't have to send more of my junk.

"Edmond Hamilton..." sez Bill Meyers "usually seems to write space-opera of a higher quality than the crud Swain, Blade, and the usual hacks..." Interesting. Interesting, because Blade is a house-name which is used, nine times out of ten, by him, Hamilton, that is. Also, you might look up the Amazing that has Robert Sheckley's "Beside Still Waters," which, not only being a story of much to high a quality for Amazing had a digest-size illustration by Finlay which far surpassed those now in IF, and many of those that were in the old fantasy pulps. Most recent pulp sized illustration by Finlay was in an OW not to long back. But OW has folded, or so I hear...

YEA VERILY, DETROIT IN '59.

FAAN POLL: My name is Claude Deglar, and I live (yes, really) upstairs over a vacant lot, and I'm only three years old. I think I have a sex, but mommy hasn't told me which yet, I read CRY OF THE NAMELESS because it prints my crud, and my name is still Peter Vorzimer, I'd like to see CRY improve by becoming the official organ of the Space Patrollers Knitting and Corresponding club, and I think the cover title should be (1) Art Expressing The Feelings Of An Artist Who Thinks The First Trip To Mars Will Be A Failure, (2) Bidge, or (3) How To Bleed In One Easy Lesson. I'm not a faan. I'm a faan. I've held greeps, but grudges are too grimy. You're jealous. My favorite fanzine is Gemzine, and it's my favorite because I like the starling qualities with which she puts forth such undefitable logic. I do not read science fiction because it

is not a True Form of Literature. I bathed last month. It is expected of us Juvenile Delinquents. Everything you know. No, but I got a pleasant surprise.

Enjoyed Meyers bit, tho it proves all the more that he is much like Glenn King. Tch. I bet he don't smoke or drink bheer. A prude. The DeMolay, at least here in Californy, is very ungh all right, but for the opposite reason Meyers seems to have. I belong to a club, The Chessmen...real cute way we have of letting somebody know we don't like 'em ...they get a little card that says "Check-Mate." Which, in case some of you less-bright people out there don't know, means, literally, "The king is dead." But Pasadena Hoods aren't as bad as LA hoods. Or so I've heard.

Now on to the sad sack dept. We breeze past ATom's highly enjoyable comments, and thus and so into Bruce Pelz's: I've had some personal correspondence with you in N3F, and from what I have thus far found, you are fairly logical, more than fairly intelligent, so WHY, WHY WHY must you say that you like Holocaust? I mean, FEH!

Es Adams: Fie on you and yours. And you know what I think of Bill Meyers. Infy is in the Big Three, or haven't you heard? Tied with Galaxy for third, it did, and with Galaxy going the way it is..need I say more? #Agreed. Drop this stupid feud. Merritt Shmeritt. Let's get to something interesting...like which is better, blog or xeno.

Stony Barnes: This is no place to tell you, but I'll probably be delivering your mags to you in person by the time you get this issue of CRY. I think I can talk my parents into stopping by Grants Pass. I'm pretty sure we'll be in Seattle, but we aren't completely sure where we'll be. So keep sending mail to this address, and as soon as I've settled down, I'll send out a large quantity of "Here-I-Am" sheets.

BRT: I've got the "Star Kings" but couldn't get interested in it. Shaver wrote good stuff, admittedly, but he also wrote crud..i.e. "The Crystalline Sarcophagus" "Formula From the Underworld", "Zigor Mephisto's Collection of Mentalia", "Witch's Daughter", "The Red Legion", "Daughter of the Night" (December '48 -- sports a beautiful McCauley cover, tho), "Gods of Venus", and others. As far as I'm concerned, Shaver did get to a happy medium as far as plot was concerned; either too much, or not enough. Not that I don't admire you for saying you like him.

Divided we fall...but together we stand! Comon Bill, Es, we'll settle our other differences elsewhere; for now we must take over The Cry. Already I have myself in a position to be an agent, to get them to take me into their confidence and then..ah!...knife them in the back. Lessee Bill, you can be the editor, Es the Art Editor, and I'll run the letter column...the rest(Toskey, the Busby, Pembertons) will be used to supply the money and the necessary slave labor...

You know, some people have the nerve to tell me I need a new typewriter ribbon again. Can you imagine the nerve of such people?

Deploribus neofan, Rich Brown
127 Roberts St
Pasadena, California

((((We don't have to worry ~~you~~ about you knifing us in the back --- when you join Fabulous Seattle Fandom, you swear by terrible bloody oaths. Seattle telephone numbers change on March 16, so if you hit town after then, use the new phone book and if before, use the old. F.M. Busby, Burnett R. Toskey, and R.D.Pemberton are listed, and Otto Pfeiffer may or may not. I disagree on some of the stories you mention. I thought "Gods of Venus" was spectacular and wonderful and goshwow and it's sequel ditto. I also liked the first and last stories in the All-Shaver issue, though the two middle ones were a bit sad. I don't remember enough of the other two you mention, though I seem to remember liking them. But those two were shorter and he was not always at his best in short lengths(Though "An Adam From the Sixth" was a masterpiece). I also remember with great fondness his story "Exiles of the Elfmounds". Ah well. It takes all kinds....BRT))))

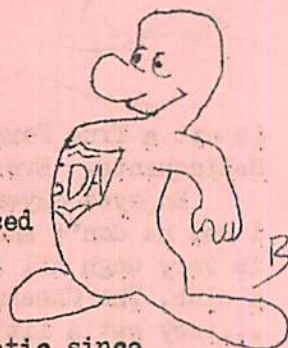
COMES THE RETRIBUTION!

Dear Wally,

CRY arrived today....and even anticipating the wrath of my boss for being late at the office, I wouldn't leave the house till I flipped through it. You'll never keep up this schedule, bho, you'll never keep it up. I recall the hey-day of ORION...back in '54, '55...on the dot it came out on the exact date of its announced schedule...now see what's happened.

But I'm hoping you do, nevertheless...especially since the rest of fandom has hit a new low of hibernation. Never known things so slack...only TRIODE and RET out on this side of the Atlantic since the WorldCon.

You'll already know about the attached...I mentioned it in an airmail to the Busby's ...I was going to send this airmail, too, and actually had it weighed, but I recoiled in horror when I was informed of the cost, so even though I wanted this to get to you in an attempt to catch the Feb CRY, I couldn't make the sacrifice...I just sent it normally, via, the sea, and used the rest of the money to buy a new suit.



---but that's how it goes sometimes) ---

I hope you like the attached....it all revolves around a rather obscene joke about the effect of cold weather on brass monkeys, although I've put it in a much more subtle way. It's Atom illoed, too...I think you'll be able to use the stencil, if not, you can cut it out and affix it to one of your own.

Thanks for the nice words re- the reprint -- it's rec'd much ego-hoo.

Cheers,

John Berry

31 Campbell Park Ave

Belmont, Belfast, Northern Ireland

((((Don't mention the CRY's schedule; it is a thing we try not to think about any more. A long while ago -- at least it seems like a long while ago -- when the CRY first went subscription, I looked to the monthly schedule as a limiting frequency. Sometimes we would skip a month, but never would we publish more than one issue each month. As it turned out, we did miss a month or two when we were younger and more carefree. As time went on, however, the CRY developed a personality of its own. Since then, we seem to have lost control. Each month, no matter what our other obligations, our financial status, or our state of health, the CRY is published! There are months when one, or even two, of us succeed in our plans to escape, but even then the CRY is published and none have escaped for two months in a row. It has truly become a frightening thing. Teskey and I once attempted to pierce the veil of the future to determine where it will all end, but all we could see was our feeble selves, struggling in our wheelchairs, on our way to the Fenden to produce another issue on schedule. # At this moment of writing, we have not yet attempted to match your stencil to our mimeograph machine. We can see no unsurmountable problems in store, but to be on the safe side we will thank you and ATOM now, while our thanks is still heartfelt. If you will shuffle through the pages of this issue, you will find out how we made out. WWW))))

BARNESTORMED

Dear Brainless Ones,

Oop, guess that should read "nameless", but, what's the diff? Anyway, Congratulations! At last you have a more than worthy cover on CRY. Very commendable. Now that the artistic content of CRY has gone up, the competition for cover credit will triple, I'm sure! Even me is enclosing another choice tidbit for consideration. You're even beginning to use my interiors. Goody. More coming up, no doubt.

On with the issue. Great idea of Busby's, having a short editorial on the bottom half of the contents page. Why not make this a regular feature? I enjoyed this one very much. Say, I got a good idea just now. Why not change the meeting place of the Nameless again? Like to Grants Pass, for instance. Now there's a good place for the meetings. Why, there are plenty of fen in G.P. right now...why I can think of...of at least...ahhh...22! Yessir, there's Mike Klose, and me, an Mooah Barnes, (that's my goat, she ate one of my AMAZINGs once) Anyhow put it to a vote. Maybe it'll even be GRANTS PASS IN '59!

Thought the illo on page 5, Es Adams', was the cutest in the issue, (next to page 40) the story was pfetty fair too. Renfrew's col seems to hit me better each issue. Maybe he's growing on me. (or versa vica)

Rich Brown's "Amazing adv's of Finkwater Goldfinch" is one of the best noted so far in Cry. (Out of about 5 issues) and if he can keep up a monthly pace, he's got himself a fam! Of course, if it hadn't been for Rich, I wouldn't be a fan nohow, so maybe I'm predijiced (?).

WELL WELL WELL\$ BLESS MY LONG WOLLIES\$ AMELIA LIKED VAMPIRES\$ Anyhow, at least. Even though she "feh's" the paper, repro, etc, she does claim to have enjoyed it. We're pretty sure to have a ditto on the last issue, #3. And there are pipples who think the VAMPIRE covers are better than the CRY covs, not counting the photo jobs. Heh heh, I wouldn't say that about my favorite fanzine. (Next to VAMP that is.)

Hooray for Wooly Webfoot or whatever-his-name-is! Real live minutes from a real live Nameless meeting! This isn't exactly what I'd been led to expect though. No drunken brawls? No scandals? Pretty dull, if ya ask me. Fear not, one of these gay days, I'll

... ..

see ya at the SOLACON and then, hold on to your self-winding, shock resistant, beanies!

Spreading the fertilizer is better suited in its smaller space, and also this gives room for one-shots like PEMPY's on page 21.

Brown's

"Fannosh New Year"

Puts him in the race for the overthrowing of the CRY staff, and in the lead, it seems. Well, at least I should make art ed, I got the most in 112.

Noohah. Can you imagine what a fan'zine Rich and I

could put out together, using his mimeo, and Vampie Inc.'s hecto? (Rich-if you think this idea has possibilities, contact me at once, via the G.P. County Hoosgaw!)

Bourne's illo on page 24 and Weber's Faan Poll, almost killed me off! This is FAGGASH! (((((That was Brad Daigle, not Bourne--more of Daigle thish....BRT))))))

Cry of the Readers, as usual, was the most interesting feature. Hah! I see at least someone agrees with me. Bruce Pelz, $C_{23}H_{26}N_2O_4$, Bully for you. (Your check will arrive presently, but when referring to me, I wish people would use my first name. I read the letter twice before I found out who "Barnes" was, not used to that name. Es Adams has an interesting letter, and keep your eyeballs on him, he had $4\frac{1}{2}$ pages thish. More than me. I'm gettin' there though. Remember: Vampire bats bite you on the big toe. (anyone who is dumb enough to disagree on this, I suggest you look it up in the dictionary and stop reading rubbish like VAMPIRE, fmz of the incredible.)

Oop, another letter from friend Brown. Watch that kid. I AM INSULTED! At the head of my letter, you print in caps, BABBLING BROOK, and then at the bottom of the next page Al Andrews mentions a babbling idiot. This is slander! A hex on you all! May you be forced into pubbing CRY weekly!

AGAIN ON PAGE 36! "babbling idiots!!!" Are you guys mad? Are you trying to discourage me? It won't work! Never say die! I'm going to devote all my extra time, hereafter, in taking over editorship and publishership of cry. (Rich-maybe we should get together, arm my motor scooter with a bazooka, and storm Seattle. Whattayathink? We could give 'em 10 days notice to clear outta the FENDEN, and then....)

Well, nuts to you, Son of "The Kid"

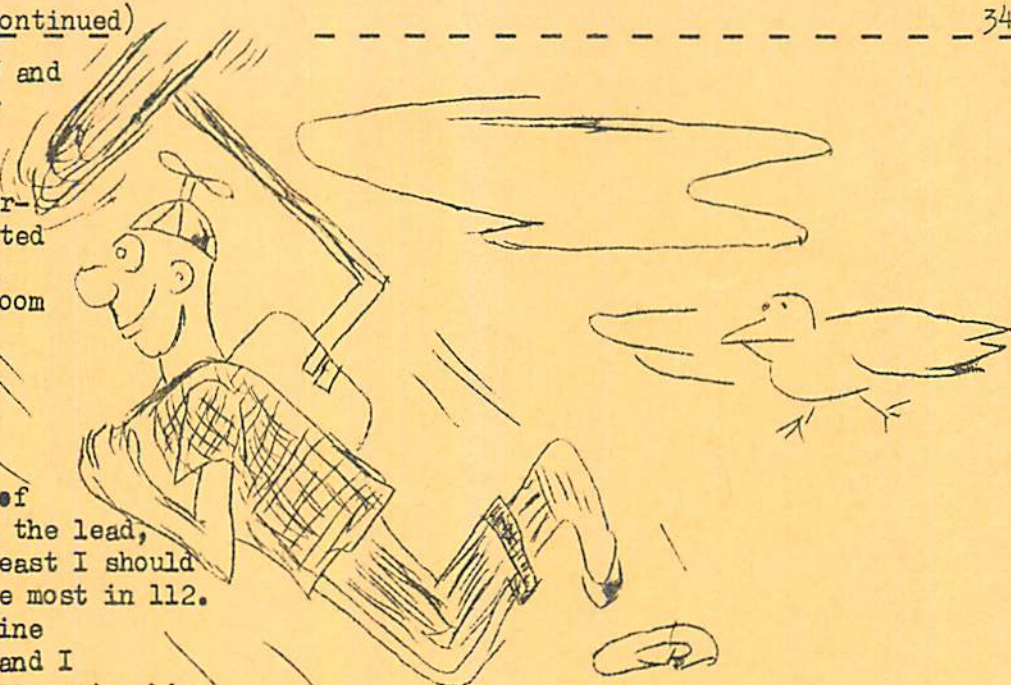
(((Stony Brook Barnes
1102 Jumpoff Joe Creek Road Rt 1, Box 1102
Grants Pass, Oregon Grants Pass, Oregon))))

(((The pic above was in light pencil on thick cardboard -- wouldn't show through the mimeoscope at all. The result is sheer guesswork. It looks like we have four of you plotting to take over CRY. You are banding together. Things are beginning to look black. But you forget one thing: There are six of us. So watch it, see...BRT))))

STONE DROLLERY

Dear, droll people,

Ummmm. This letter in the latest CRY, from Heather Robson. Does this make me Controversial? Gosh. In all seriousness tho, I must apologize for the name-blackening I dealt to perspicacious Victoria fandom. Actually, though, at the time I left, there was no serious interest in fandom there, at all. Now, it seems, there is great activity. As to "Berbershop fen," the word I used first was "Barbershop," and stemmed entirely from



the fact that there is a barber in Victoria who is apparently an avid reader of sf. So there.

Now, to CRY #112. Bigger and bigger, you are getting, which pleases me no end, as I like to get my dime's worth, indeed. Stony's cover was very nice, tho I wish someone would buy him a new ruler, as the one he used for that border has obviously seen many, much better days. I like all his illos in this, by the way; they certainly brighten up the place, no?

Of contents, great variety and much MOXIE. I luvved Esmond the Outlaw's story; his writing style borders upon the Strange and Wonderful. Pemberton is terrific as usual, giving much chewy inside info. Munch. Then Rich Brown approaches, bringing his little hunk of Wonderful Humor. Ha. Fmz-reviews, again, in quantity, and now that I have actually read some of the zines she reviews, I can argue. Actually, I contend, it is not fair to criticize hecto repro on grounds of neatness, for results are highly erratic. All this as a prelude, I guess, to the fact that PAUCITY is hectoed, but also to prove that I, too, can be observant.

MINUTES seem a little tame after last month's spectacular, but still good. And then ... You may have noticed that I've been slathering the praise on rather thickly up until now, seemingly in an effort to soften the blow, here: I liked everything else in the issue except "Your Friend as Always." It sickened me, and disgust is not too large a word to use for my feelings for it. The overall effect is very nauseating, and although I can see the point, which is a rather cute one, I still didn't like it. At all.

I like to see Meyers commenting on the artwork, here, as his thoughts are very interesting. I would be in favor of seeing him forget about the crudrags and comment on old sf and artwork and other interesting, offtrail stuff.

I haven't read "Revolt of the Shadows," but still am rather in sympathy with Edmison. Rich Brown's other piece, here, was kind of personal minutes, and interesting.

WEBER FAN POLL...Great! Truly wonderful, and deserves widespread recognition, or something. "Rendezvous with Insanity" was also enjoyable, but did you notice the even more fabulous article Adams had on the subject in the lettercol of HUMBUG #4?

Lettercol—Gee, ATomart. I don't know, though. Once you start using this really fabulous stuff, what shall all we untalented line-benders do with our doodles. You'll start making comparisons, and rejecting the lowly crud.

Stony Barnes has done a column "The Booby Hatch" devoted exclusively to MAD, HUMBUG, etc. This is not a plug for my rag, you understand, just a topical sidelight of passing interest. Er..heh,heh. Forget to mention whom he did the column for. PAUCITY, fools.

My comment on anti-intellectualism was an attempt at drollery, of course, but this is truly a serious question. Most serious of all is the fact that the general public does not hate the "Egghead" of its own volition, but at the urging and with the encouragement of the ad-men, politicians, etc., who are, themselves, intellectuals. Rather like suicide, I would say, like the horn of a cow growing back into its brain, and killing it.

So once again, Stone Breaks with Tradition, by ending a letter on a serious note, instead of the customary boff.

Facetiously,

Larry Stone

891 Lee St

White Rock, B.C. Canada

((((ATomilloes we have --- but we'll only use one per ish unless we get lots more, so we still need other doodles. The photo of you is the best rec's so far. We have you, Rich Brown, Jow Sanders, Stony Barnes, Es Adams and still room for more. How about in Meyers, John Berry, Bruce Pelz, Deeck, and whoever?.....BRT))))



Dear, dear, Nameless Ones,

Today I received my first copy of Cry of the Nameless. Oh, hail. I have learned the true meaning of life — to put out a 'zine with the merits of Cry of the Nameless. I do not throw words around loosely — my best publishing efforts are beside COTN as comics before Rembrandt. This is the apex of fan publishing. How much is a sub? Meanwhile, here is a dime for the next issue (it's worth five times as much) and my greatest thanks for enlightening me. I feel like dropping publication of my own 'zines entirely and devoting my efforts to COTN but alas! I am committed and I have too much fun pubbing my own mess-sheets. However, any assistance which I can offer to you is yours. I'll give subscriptions to Readers' Digested for half price to any of the Nameless Ones! I'll even write for you (if you can stand it.)

I am not saying all this in return for the nice plug you gave my The Croaker #4 (and I bless Peter Skeberdis for sending it to you!) I sincerely mean it. I am devoted to Cry of the Nameless. All thanks for sending it.

Sincerely yours, Leslie Gerber
201 Linden Blvd
Brooklyn 26, N.Y.

((((I am suspicious of people named Leslie --- are you boy or girl? The type of contribution we cherish more than anything else is LETTERS. I see Buz forgot the sub info last ish; should be there this time. While I think of it, I have a request to make of all CRY readers who have 1957 ish: Terwilliger wants something from CRY from 1957 for his anthology of fmz reprints "Best of '57" deal. Any ideas anybody? About all I can think of are "Puberty met a Bear" (Pemberton) and Wally's "Minutes", both from the April issue. Perhaps we could tally this as a "reader's preference" deal if we get enough suggestions — that is, submit the material suggested by the most people...BRT)))))

HOPE ALMOST LOST

Dear Nameless,

The 20th already -- and no Cry! Howcome?... Oh... I just looked -- my sub seems to have run out. Mea culpa and all that. So here's another \$1.

Hmmm...limited sub-list...active correspondents...guess that leaves me out. I don't think I've sent even 1 letter of comment in a year or so of getting issues. But all good things come to an end: so only 2-days-before-Washington's-birthday resolution will be to plague you (& perhaps drive you to non-exist).

Besides, you now have a fanzine: a Berry story!

What is Toskey doing with a Boy Scout hatchet?

Your technique for holding Garcone at bay is all wrong -- just leave it alone with Holocaust. On second thought, perhaps not -- is Garcone male or female?

G.M. Carr's dolls don't look like voodoo dolls. But here is a hair and a nail-clipping. We'll see if they work.

As to #111 itself - gaghh - yellow paper, that is Meyers story: let's have more details. Fanzine column enjoyed as always. How 'bout keeping it this long? Prozone reviews - OK, I guess, but not worth getting the mag for. Minutes have that distinction. I have an idea - the Presidents of the Nameless Ones now form an executive board: they can expel the remaining associate members(non-voting). But what then????

Secret Weapon - horrible, horrible, worthless, et al.

So Harlan is doing it now, huh? Attacking a criticism of his work? Maybe another nice feud....

I won't honor you with more comment now, because I want to mail this now. Then maybe I'll get Cry #112 soon.

Tell me - why does Bourne sign letters Sine Cera (other than obvious): What is deep Freudian significance of "Without wax"? (See -- I know Latin too).

Pete Hope
15 Claremont Ave.
New York 27, N.Y.

((((You almost got squuz out thish -- but Wally says put you in, even if we have to send out Cry in envelopes this time. I'm not sure that Garcone has a sex...BRT)))))