

Cry of the Nameless

April 1958 No. 115

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This is the 115th, or May, 1958 issue, of that Monthly Monster, known as the.....

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C	C	R	R	Y	Gestetner Press Publication,
CCC	C	R	R	Y	and a G.D.A. Affiliate.

--- To produce crudsheets from a Gestetner requires skill of the highest order.
 --- Aside from trades and the usual courtesy copies to those who contribute to our pages in any way, shape, or form, the CRY has been available for 10¢ per copy, or 12 inevitable monthly issues for \$1.00, but there are rumblings. See below.

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 Elinor Busby, Otto Pfeifer, Bob Warwick

.....ALL the pages

That last item, of course, is not really a contents-item at all; it's more the Staff. Sometimes it's a little difficult to tell the difference...

Interior illoes: Stony Barnes, 29, 41, 42, 50. Brad Daigle, 35, 37, 44, 45, 47, 48, 52. Jerry DeMuth, 51. Terry Jeeves, 37. Andy Reiss, 39, 46, 49. Arthur Thomson, 25, 38, 40, 43. Wally Weber, 12. Whew.

 Fanpubbing is traditionally a good respectable money-losing hobby.

And that's not just a lino, dads-- it's the bleedin' truth. The CRY is becoming altogether too respectable along the line of expense. The first year of subscription-type CRYs averaged 17 pages per issue, the second year 26, and the third year 31. The thing leveled off for awhile-- the lull before, and all-- 1958 CRYs average 40 pages so far, making our 10¢ price-tag a little pathetic.

What to do?? Mind you, we have no foolish dreams of making the CRY break even, but it would be nice if the income covered the postage, for instance.

One suggestion is to compress the CRY to 30 pages, ruthlessly (with a 16-page lettercol starting on page 37, thish, you can see what that would mean). Another is to raise the rate on new (and renewal) subs to 25¢, 12 for \$2, and possibly an intermediate 5 for \$1 break, tightening up a little on trades, and accepting no responsibility for contributions unaccompanied by return postage. This may seem like a drastic raise, but it's actually well in line with the going rates in the field; just shows how far behind the times we've been.

The third alternative is to continue as-is, and see if Wally can promote a second mortgage on his car. Prospects are dim on this one.

We'd like your opinions on this question, as many as possible: pro's, con's, and maybe's. We feel that the CRY has more to offer in its present uninhibited form (especially with our New Secret Ingredient, G*E*S*T*E*T*N*E*R), but in order to maintain things the way they are, the ol' Treasury needs a transfusion.

This has been another sneakypete editorial by courtesy of F. M. Busby.

THE SCIENCE-FICTION FIELD PLOWED UNDER

by Renfrew Pemberton

SFS, June: "Sound of the Wind", the lead novelet by Ted Thomas, runs over 40 pages-- "novel" length in some quarters. Thomas puts some philosophical overtones into this extrapolation of legal problems to Mars (a civilized Mars, throughly frustrating an Earth research team). His solution adroitly sidesteps the obvious, and enough basic problems are left open to make a sequel near-mandatory.

Second part of de Camp's "Tower of Zanid" reads pleasantly enough; the author is going a little easier on the Elizabethan-Krishnan jargon that made "Hand of Zai" such an ordeal, but is still padding-out like a master of the art. This 40-page installment has fully two pages-worth of plot-advancement in it, but the sidetrips are a lot of fun, at that.

If "Constabulary Duty" (Cal Knox) had the spaceships rewritten out of it, I don't see what would keep it out of the SatEvePost (I can even see the illo...).

Ralph Spencer's "Mirror" is a mixed-up little piece which ties the concept of a "negative universe" via a mirror-reversing-type field, to a foggy notion of time-travel (I think). It comes out a lot better than you might suppose, though, because it has people in it, too. //// "Lullaby", by Art Zirul, takes a new view of immortality artificially caused by a gimmick (nature irrelevant to the point).

Departments: I like 'em; see below. No, further below.

Getcha corflu here! Y'can't tell the puns from the typos without yer corflu!

Now, after proving that the Bodoni typeface does does not (chock one) print well on these stencils, we proceed to

FUTURE, June (#37): David Gordon's "Intelligence Quotient" is a quickie on the Unknown Enemy problem; I wish there was some way to poll readers and find out how many spot the gimmick ahead of time. Maybe I just read too suspiciously....

"Cargo: Death", by T.H.Mathieu, is another 40-page novelet. Looks as if RAWL is spearheading an honest count movement; geez, if he ever runs a "novel", the S-F Book Club is liable to be crowded right off the back cover. I like this trend.

Anyhow, the story is disaster-in-space-mit-complications, and again it strikes me that aSF has lost something by forsaking this sort of thing for the Significance Kick. Granted that the author got a little sloppy with the causative factors in the heat-blowup Menace (or else I'm too dense to follow his logic), but it goes well.

Joe Hensley's "Time of the Tinkers" is a very welcome switch on the theme (a switch in itself, upon an older revolt-plot) of the Disillusioned Disciple who finds that his Wise Old Mentors were, after all, Right. Joe sort of drives the golden spike on this line of thought, leaving no hocks for a switch on his piece.

"The Back of a Hand" (Ted Thomas) shows how to have sane, relaxed planetary cultures, but-- or, you try it, and let me know how it works out, huh??

"PCMI" convinces me about 98%, that Walter Mancikis is a name used on some early laid-aside, more-or-less rewritten or touched-up Kornbluth stories. I didn't catch this the first time thru "Kangaroo Court" (Feb SFQ); a second reading indicates that considerable rewriting could have taken place. "The Jolly Boys" (Mar SFS) touched off the Pemberton suspicions, and "PCMI" confirms them. It's not easy to sum up the qualities that announce the presence of an early-day version of the newly-mourned Kornbluth, but I'll try. There is, in the writing, a seeming urgency to be on and done with the story, that capsulizes a large hunk of background or development in a slangy, free-wheeling metaphor, lets it drop, and plunges ahead. There is the consistent air of much-untold, left to the reader's imagination or to go hang, for that matter, if the reader isn't up to it; it's a kind of incoherence for the reader who is not on the alert, and even the alert ones can't find the steps that aren't there at all. There's a way of hanging odd and improbable names on factions in the stories-- the names are only to differentiate, so what's it matter? (is the feeling). There's an unmistakable individuality of outlook, in the works of those Gottesman/Corwin days of Kornbluth's, and a budding mastery of the phrase-making art, that can

neither be described nor mistaken. (Of course, if I have mistaken the whole picture, well-- then I'm glad there's a new author coming up with these attributes.) A man who leans back in the saddle and writes "Space is a thin, weary substance-- partly rugous and partly squamous...."--. Incidentally, "PCMI" had insufficient touching-up to come out much of a story as such, itself; it was laid-aside For Cause.

Dick Wilson's "Just Call Me Irish" gives the F&SF touch to provide the last iota of rounded-outness to this versatile zinc. Wilson always seems to have a little trouble with over-cuteness; probably he doesn't consider it as trouble.

That cloistered savant, Dr Isaac Asimov, emerges from his ivory tower (that's TOWER, but it's too good a Freud to correct) with some cogent detail-work on how the Sun would look from the various planets. Like most specialists, Dr Asimov is able to make himself perfectly well understood in everything but his own specialty. Here, his points are well-taken and well-explained. On Biochemistry-for-the-Masses, however, he is to be shunned-- no expert can avoid the trap of assuming (somewhere along the line) that some point or other is clear to the reader, because it's so damn obvious to the writer. Anyhow, in off-specialty pieces like "Point of View" here in Future, Asimov is at his factual best.

Those of you who have not met Dr Asimov may think I am razzing him. Those of you who have met him will realize how wise I am to do it by remote control. Nobody tops Dr Asimov, that Ghod Mhan. Or at least, not very often.

The Lowndesazine Departments are about as enjoyable as any in the field; they fit the fannish frame of reference. Unlike the intrusive educational short-shorts that do lip-service to Uncle Hugo in some corners of the field, the RAWL choices run to more comfortable reading: dknight's reviews, Bob Madle's fancolumns, good lettercol's, the S-F Almanac, and editorials that discuss the interests of s-f readers as such. These are features that round out the atmosphere of a zincfull of science-fiction tales without breaking the mood. Been meaning to mention this, for some time.

FANTASTIC UNIVERSE, June: Nine stories, two articles, and reviews; this format makes for capsule-size critiques: Harry Harrison's "Trainee for Mars" goes a bit far afield to show just how realistic a training program can be; if the overall premise doesn't quite convince, somehow, it isn't from skimping on the detail work.

Bert Chandler's "Fall of Knight" is built-up too well to be wasted on such a familiar punchline. /// "Who Rules Space" (del Roy's article) re-examines the old s-f axiom that a manned bomb-carrying satellite could enforce a peace; 's cogent.

"There's Always Tomorrow": Eric Frank Russell, being solemn. I wonder why.

In "Operation Peanut Butter", Rob't F Young runs an ostensible child-and-fairies fantasy piece that turns up with an s-f kicker; not great literature, but sort of pleasant, it is. I'm a sucker for those sun-dappled pools, and all.

"Thundering Death", by Lee Priestley, is a 35-page "novel". Well, FU's type-face does put 4 words where Columbia Pubs put 3, but it still doesn't jibe well. Neither does the story, if it comes to that, what with the undefined background of a strictly regimented society that allows dissidents to go flying around on their lonesomes and smack up into radioactive wastelands teeming with horse-human (yet) hybrids. We have centaurs and ordinary horses and cute little horse-like girls and ordinary human people, all in sexual competition, one way or another. The windup-scene is quite good, but is built upon sand. All the times that bunged-up hero almost got his skull smashed-- how inefficient can a villain get? But I did like the subtle way the reader is let to know the solution of one of the hero's problems, at the end. I like this trend away from the obvious.

"Zoo" (Ed Hoch) is a double-ender, but the editor had to sour my milk by his determined and successful effort to give the piece away with blurb and title.

"Lost Aurora", by Franklyn Roberts, is a spaceman's-return job which is not as deceptive as it's cut out to be. This sort of thing is very hard to do, and hit all the readers. Either some will catch it from the start, or some never will.

In "Science and Anti-Science", John Christopher has perpetrated a fannish Thing upon the face of the earth. Are you a pseudo for Walt Willis, John? ((No.))

(the Flow still gouging FU): Civilian Saucer Intelligence carries on with more instances of UFOs that have stopped automobile engines and dimmed the lights. The Kearney, Nebraska, hoax is admitted as such this time, which tends to upgrade CSI as compared to the all-out tub-thumpers. Although editor Santesson tongues his cheek with the sidelight, "(if my friends in Seattle will forgive the expression) UFOs", and I do enjoy the good-natured way he nurtures our egoboo, I really have no gripe at one or two UFO articles in the zine, especially when the attitude is as palatable as CSI's has been, lately. The editor also bangs out some cogent reviews, and I smile a secret smile to see that he can no more resist tilting a lance at off-course windmills, than I can. Salud.

George Whitley's "The Tie That Binds" suggests that the Old Bolmondeleyan may well find his Galactic counterpart, so watch out, see.

VENTURE, May: The guest-editorializing begun last issue by inclusion of some words by Alfred Bester in "Venturings" is continued this time by Judith Morril. This has the makings of a good feature: a little more host-editorializing, with a "guest" discussion, and possibly followed by pertinent extracts from the more cogent letters of comment received. I won't go all-out and suggest a regular goshwow lettercool-- it wouldn't fit in-- but the printing of a letter or two which best advances the discussion, might well bring in more letters of comment. In this way, neither editor nor reader would be working into the vacuum that besets when no response is forthcoming.

"The Dark Backward", by Edmond Hamilton, definitely shows the influence of Mrs (Leigh Brackett) Hamilton; these two writers are better as a team than they were as individuals, for my taste. The story-- no, it won't synopsise without suffering from exposure.

Isaac Asimov's article "The Big Bang" deals well with the extreme states of matter, including "neutronium"-- but I prefer Hoyle's "continuous creation" to the "big bang" theory; it requires fewer arbitraries.

Arthur C Clarke's "Cosmic Casanova" has a very old gimmick, and I don't mean Sex, either. Though it's adequate in its own right, the predecessors loom.

"Ground Leave" (Rog Phillips) runs 36 pages and is billed as a "short novelet"; nighod, they're all going honest on us! This is a life-in-the-raw item with little resort to euphemism except, puzzlingly, in the obvious instance. However, I do not believe that the author's solution "I won't ever tell her I know" is worth two cents in real life-- too much back-pressure.

Sturgeon's book reviews, as always, are fun. The sheer word-spraying technique is fascinating; he could review the phone book and keep one interested. His views and mine are usually diverging at about a 45° angle, and I find no consistent factor in the agreements and disagreements. Yep, interesting.

Dickson's "Fleegl of Fleegl" gives less the impression of a whopping surprise-ending, than of the writer's changing his mind in mid-plot.

"A World Named Mary" (Robert Marner) is allegory-in-spaceships, rather than stf. It's also an effective exercise in characterization. What a bitch.

Isaac Asimov's "Buy Jupiter" is great for flavor and not concerned with substance, signifacance, etc. A chuckle.

Ted Sturgeon's (40-page) novelet, "The Comedian's Children", has one too many fast plot-switches-- or maybe it's one too few. I am unconvinced of the middle one-- too chancy and elaborate, with all the simple ways of eliminating any opposition, why should anyone choose the ^{one} method which, if it goes wrong, can bring complete exposure of nefarious schemes?? Why, except that authors are sometimes unreasonable in their treatment of villains? I'll bet Sturgeon didn't know, himself, which way this piece was going to turn out-- rewrote an upbeat ending because he preferred to write about a truly monstrous person rather than a monstrous-appearing person with no whammy at the punchline, and failed to patch the credulity amidships. Unfortunately, the stalking-horse part walked off with the best motivation; the finale floats unmotivated. It's a stronger story this way, if 'twere patched, but 'tweren't.

AMAZING, May: Don't flip, friends; this is a dirty trick to play on Bill Meyers, but there's a reason. Having read the longer hardcover-destined version of Amazing's novel offering for the month ("Sign of the Tiger" by Alan E Nourse and J.A. Meyer), I had to see what happened to the shorter rendition at the hands of Z-D. Frankly, I had expected a thorough clobbering of the piece, and was happily surprised that the basic story has been printed intact, within length limitations. My recall of the full-length treatment is too fresh to enable me to determine exactly what is lost by the cutting necessary to fit a prozine format; as nearly as I can tell, the basic plot-events do not suffer to any extent. The characterization is necessarily curtailed to the point of near-extinction-- here, in AS, we see the people move and talk, but we don't get the far-reaching background and flashbacks that tell us why. Also, the basic extrapolation of world trends and possibilities, which sets up the story, can only be sketched in this length.

"Tiger" is dominated by Julian Bahr, a driven man (make that, a Driven Man) in the tradition of Ben Reich, or more appropriately, Sam Harker/Reed. Unfit for responsibility under a Stability Government, Bahr fights his way to control of the DIA (a secret-police-type organization) through the compliance of his government therapist, who becomes (in her own shocked thoughts) "a Phi Beta Kappa concubine". Bahr's rise to power is just in time to meet the menace of Alien infiltration, and maaan-- all hell pops.

Unfortunately, the illo's used for "Tiger" are not only inept but inane, when it comes to depicting even general atmosphere, let alone any reasonable idea of the main characters: Bahr looks like a younger edition of Duke Handy (the new filter-tip comic hero with the built-in commercial-- ccchhh!) and Libby might as well be the canned tomatoes of the same name. Summers is listed as the culprit; oh well, at least it wasn't Kluga, the Pekinese who sells artwork like a man.

I'd be interested to see the reactions of readers who try this short job first, and the full hardcover treatment afterward.

Not to cut Villie's throat all the way, I'll just say that I found the rest of AS to be much more readable than when I gave it up in disgust awhile back. The emphasis on sextease sadism and etc is practically absent. While largely light reading, the shorts are literate and not deliberately written-down to the level of the retarded Jack-the-Ripper, anymore. In fact, all but the Slesar would be presentable in most of the middle-range zines, these days; Henry's is too predictable, and too boilable-down to short-short length, to go over.

ASTOUNDING, May: Hal Clement's "Close to Critical" (1st part of 3) leads off. This author is noted for his detailed extrapolation of physical constants into a consistent environment for his stories, an environment which plays a major role in the plot-framework. However, my background in chemistry is on the elementary side, so I'll say only that this first installment leaves two conflict-situations wide-open and in a bad way. Don't worry, though-- if Hal kills off a major character, it will be the first in fifteen years, at least.

"Special Feature", by Charles de Vet (in here, a novelet is about 25 pages-- we bring you all the news), is certainly a cynical piece. It reads very well, with good sidelights, but the actual development is to no good end, compared to the aSF Standard or what-have-you. The coup-de-grace is well-handled, but somehow it doesn't seem to be Astounding's cup of tea. I guess that's what happens when a zine gets to be identified with a Policy; when the editor veers, the author gets stuck with the critical rap.

"The Question" (Gordon Jackson) once again proves that People are Tougher than Anybody; this one is too typical. /// Frank Herbert's "You Take the High Road" may run a little too high on Cuteness ("you're soooo right"), but the gimmick is otherwise quite choice. /// If you and I both turn the page, we're more likely to retain an in-phase relationship.

(more on aSF) "Fool Killer" is the best I've seen from Stanley Mullen. Starting from a strictly-routine prison-satellite background, Mullen brings his protagonist back to Earth with a (fairly logical) license to commit one free murder, and goes on from there to show not only what this situation does to the leading character, but also to Society. This has been done before (as in the tale with the original Blotto Otto characterization), but this one does have something to add-- such as, scope.

John Rackham's "One-Eye" suffers just a little from the author's difficulty in distinguishing between characters in dialogue, when he gets carried away, but more from doadendedness of concept.

I trust that all the below-average readers of aSF (those who are not 30-year-old male graduates in engineering, earning eight thousand dollars a year) will speedily rectify their deficiencies. After all, we don't want to let good old John down, do we? I mean, man, Shape Up, or Ship Out, they say.....

INFINITY, June: Bob Silverberg's "Recalled to Life" (first of two parts) is a powerful and well-paced story, with very convincing characterization to this point, and marred only by one very damaging disregard of fact. A plot crisis hinges on an unexplained flaw in the resurrective process in one-sixth of the trials-- life is restored, but to a mindless hulk. The fact is, however, that within minutes of death, irreversible degenerative changes occur in the brain cells such that with the processes as described, the zombie rate would be not one out of six, but 100%. Anything done to avoid this (even in fiction) would have to be done within a very few minutes of death, and preferably within seconds. One measure recently come into use for operations requiring interruption of blood-supply to the brain, is the drastic lowering of body temperature to slow down all body processes. This could be worked into the book-version, but unfortunately it's too late for the present one. (Or could you bribe the printers to wedge a paragraph early in part two, describing the cell-change-freezing "shots" that must be given immediately at death if the reviving is to be successful, 5-out-of-6??) This one is too good to be coming such a correctable cropper.

"The High Ones", by Poul Anderson, has a few things to say about the ultimate totalitarian state (Big Brother was a tyro) with live types in the foreground.

"But Who Can Replace a Man?" (Brian Aldiss) says that it won't be the machines. The machine-viewpoint has been worked out nicely in dialogue and action.

Dave Mason's "Pangborn's Paradox" demonstrates that there's more than one hazard in going back timewise, to shoot grandfather. Especially right now.

"The Way Out" is Richard R Smith's alternative to the AID in forestalling interrogation by a ruthless enemy.

I must quote Helen Roake's letter, with regard to those whose bile boils at dk: "Ah, yes, Damon Knight, the dog catcher, the truant officer, the boy next door who told you when you were five years old that there was no Santa Claus". I think she makes her point quite well; don't you??

SATELLITE, June: "Wall of Fire", by Charles Eric Maine, is pages and pages about how the Saturnians invaded the Earth's Good Will Festival. There's an Obtuse Colonel and a Nice Senator and a Girl and a couple of Fellows and it goes on and on, reading rather like fun the first time, but once is plenty. Would have made a fine novelet, but is not really 90 pages worth of story.

"The Tombling Day" is by Ray Bradbury, and about Grandma Loblilly. So now you know.

"How I Overcame My Gravity", by Fitz-James O'Brien (1828-1862) is backed up by Moskowitz' article on the author: "The Fabulous Fantast".

Marion Bradley's "Collector's Item" really is one-- a story whose whammy is emotional but with the plot solidly based on logic. This, I like. Sentimental stories so rarely come off the way they're intended; kudos, miz B.

Next issue: "The Million Cities" by J.T.M'Intosh.

Ah, well-- another page, another bottle of corflu. Carry on---

SUPER-SCIENCE, June: "Hostile Life-Form", by Dan Galouye, is a hangover from this author's novitiate with Bill Hamling; more striking than convincing.

"Little America on the Moon" (Arthur J Burks, but let's don't blame him for that title, shall we?) is a reluctant-pioneer-woman's-ordeal story, unusual in being done without the hackneyed transforming-crisis, which appears only in context and consists only of day-to-day life, actually. Good ploy.

Eric Rodman's "Slaves of the Tree": the mind-warping Alien Menace, which has already subverted a colony and now attacks the check-up crew, is the plot. The gimmick is that the hero is different in a different way from the way I'd been led to believe he was different.

"Special Aptitude", by R.H. Hardwick, would have been one of the ironic counterpoint-pieces to keep "Dream Worlds" from being all Wet, if that zine had not mercifully been folded. This story is studded with facets which lead to a suspicion that the author is not only a pseudonym, but a dirty ol' pun.

Cal Knox ("Frontier Planet") offers the more usual reluctant-pioneer-woman piece. This gal is scared spitless by the naked aliens until after she has slaughtered a few of them and thus learned the advantages of the pioneer life: you gets to shoot all the naked aliens you wants, see?? Aw, it's not that bad, but this story suffers from being in the same issue as the Burks.

"No Planet is Safe", by Harlan Ellison, makes a good and rather tricky point, as to the indoctrination and behavior of Survey Teams which must scout the dangers of new planets and make recommendations as to colonization potential. Nice problem and a reasonable interim solution, at least.

Ted Cogswell's "One to a Customer" is a slightly subPadgett version of the sharpie-gets-outsharped drama. I'll quit throwing rocks at these when somebody comes up with one in which it is not implicit from the beginning, that poor ol' stupid sharpie will get his at the finale, as always. Stories under the Padgett by-line were good at avoiding this obvious foreboding, but few others are.

IF, June: "The Songs of Distant Earth", by Arthur C Clarke: good reading, this interlude of an interstellar stopover on a 300-year journey (suspended animation is used). But then it struck me, isn't Leon of Earth somewhat of a louse to be playing housie with the local Lora, when he has a quick-frozen pregnant wife aboard the ship?? After all, he's only been separated from his lawfully-wedded icecube a few weeks, waking time, and has very little waking time to wait for reunion. Come to think of it, the story didn't say why he couldn't wake her up awhile, also. Nope, I think a straight "Lora, this is your planet, but I gotta go, doll" routine would have left a better flavor on the tale.

Bertram Chandler's "Gift Horse" concerns some poverty-stricken colonists who latched onto a free spaceship. The title implies how they liked it once they had it. /// "Do Unto Others" (Mark Clifton) considers Do-Gooders and Alien Psychology, in farcical fashion. /// "The Day of the Dog", by Anderson Horne, is a "beware!" item dealing with Sputnik II and strange space-changes.

In "Sound of Terror", Don Berry proposes another unforeseen hazard of early spaceflight, all logical and workmanlike, and with a for-real protagonist.

Chas Fontenay's "Service With a Smile" wastes an intriguing situation on a trivial gimmick. Chas is doing a lot of coasting lately; one of these days he's going to run out of hill. /// "A Mixture of Genius" is Arnold Castle's picture of a world in which frustrated juveniles settle their grudges with guided missiles, and he does make a pretty good point at that. Are you listening, McElroy??

There really isn't as much to Don Thompson's "High Dragon Bump" as there seems to be during the reading process, but the antics and dialect are worth it. Tsk, the girl cannot sea juice the fellow even to avoid torch hair.

The administration is discovering that a Pentagon is composed of obtuse angles.

GALAXY, June: Paul Flohr's novella "Mars by Moonlight" starts with a unique situation, develops some interesting people and a suspenseful crisis, and then fuggs it all away with a super-trite explanation that would bring a blush to the cheeks of Ray Palmer. I don't know who dug up that mouldy ending, but I hope he can't find his way back there for another like it.

Fritz Leiber's "The Last Letter" is much fun, being also an acidic comment on the current willingness to raise private postal rates a solid 66% while it's sort of sacrilegious, it seems, to consider depth-bombing our economy by raising the rates on Junk Mail. Naw, Leiber doesn't say all this, but Pemberton does. Ol' Fritz just extrapolates it for belly-laughs.

Willy Ley hypothesizes Atlantis into the North Sea (around Helgoland) and as of about 1200 B.C., a switch in space-time for which he quotes authority.

Fred Pohl's "The Gentlest Unpeople" proves once again that it don't hardly pay to mess around with the nice polite natives; I'd hoped for a less predictable climax. /// "The Gun Without a Bang" (Finn O'Donovan) carries a really choice little idea through to a highly amusing but perfectly solid switcheroo.

"Perfect Answer", by L.J. Stecher, is another good idea-variant, carried with remorseless logic to the inevitable ironic conclusion.

Sheckley's "The Minimum Man" is such a close variation on Jim Harmon's idea (Break a Leg) (Galaxy, Nov '57) of the use of Accident Prone to scout dangers on new planets, that I was fully convinced that the earlier story must also have been Sheckley's, until I looked it up. Oh, there're differences enough. This is not plagiarism; it's more a step in the evolution of an Original Idea into a Stock Gimmick, all same the Crew's Girl as initiated by Sturgeon and developed by Bob Silverberg. Hmmm, small voice of accuracy says that somebody else had one of those a year or two ago, without the title. Anyhow, Sheckley's story (if I haven't lost you completely in those sidetracks) is played from a different angle, but returns to a climax that's a cousin to Harmon's.

Seems the shorts (Leiber, O'Donovan, Stecher) are the choice cuts this time.

FANTASY & SCIENCE FICTION, June: For a while there, Zenna Henderson's "People" series seemed to be in a multivalent rut. It was like Ray Nelson's "Globbly" pics: Globbly-splits-atom-with-axe, Globbly-splits-axe-with-atom, Axe-splits-atom-with-Globbly, etc, etc-- the viewpoint was a little different but the action was all the same. This isn't helped by Miz Henderson's fixed determination to utilize only teachers and doctors in the foreground.

"Captivity", in this issue, varies the script a little. This time, it's like: Schoolteacher-observes-atom-splitting-Globbly-with-axe, and besides, this one comes at a more fitting interval from the last one. They were piling up, for a while. Don't misunderstand me: these are a good story, suffering only from too-frequent reprinting with insufficient revision between appearances.

"The Dreistein Case" (J Lincoln Paine, reprinted from the Washington Star, and what was that name again??) (oh, of course-- J for Jefferson): this would be one helluva lot funnier if it weren't so nearly for-true. But that's the point. No, junior, we're not needling Security so much anymore, here in stf-- this one deals more with Pentagon-headedness in General.

"The Communicators" (Edward Aarons) might be said to deal with the aftermath of the previous story-- a world in which the U.S., having "won" WW3, is now out-classed and barred from space by nations who sat that one out. It's a sort of "Overthrow-the Dictator" piece, only making sense.

Kit Reed's "Devotion" is a biting little fantasy-- or at least it's wholly concerned with teeth-- some true, and some false. But which? Oh, well.

"Services, Incorporated", by Rog Phillips, isn't exactly the run-of-the-mill sell-your-soul-to-Satan story. In fact, Satan isn't quite what you might expect. As the blurb says, Rog has taken off on a new tangent, which is always laudable; I just wish he'd started his tangent from a different curve.

(more on F&SF, if you and I and the editor all hold out)

"Cathi" by Miriam de Ford: a rather enchanting bit on a dicotyledonous civilization, classed as fantasy not so much by its content as by an excess of folksiness. If our aliens acted less SatEvePosty, this would be stf. Cute, tho.

Karen Anderson explains in verse, why we have cats here. I believe it. damon knight's "Eripnav": fine one-page spoof.

"The Questing Tycoon" is the third Saint story to appear in F&SF. If you also are an old Saint fan, you're possibly wondering (as I am) why Mr Boucher continues to insist that he's printed all the stf-tinged Saint adventures, when the (title escapes me) tale of the ruthless Rayt Marius and the blue-tinged Death Ray has not seen print as yet in F&SF. Well, don't wait up for it, just now; go ahead and read this one.

SCIENCE FICTION ADVENTURES, June: The word is, that this is the last issue of SFA. A shame, if true and final-- not only because SFA has demonstrated that the Action Story need not invariably be inane, but also because it's an alarming sign, if Shaw has to cut down from 18 issues a year, to 6. Remember SS, TWS, & the rest of the stable?? Just now, of course, it's not a busting boom, but rather a widespread indifference displayed by distributors, as to whether publishers survive or not. It looks as if the old Newsstand Prowl is on its way out, friends; subscribe or (perish forbid) do without your stf, seems to be the trend. I doubt that stfzines as a group will be able to hold the line on subscriptions alone, without that healthy influx of now if temporary blood that stems from the stands. Anybody got any good blackmail-material to use on distributors??

If this is the last SFA, I'd like to be able to send it off with trumpets, and the like. Unfortunately, it isn't possible; here is an issue in which both novels carry one theme, and both short stories carry another-- the bifurcate issue, I guess it is.

Although the treatments and superficial circumstances differ, both John Brunner's "The Man from the Big Dark" and Harry Harrison's "The World Otalmi Made" have the same plot-- one man comes to a strange planet to carry out a mission against overwhelming odds-- and there's a girl-- and gee, dad, it's a PlanetStories story. Both. Either would have gone much better with a different issue-mate; the editing, not the writing, is on the pan here.

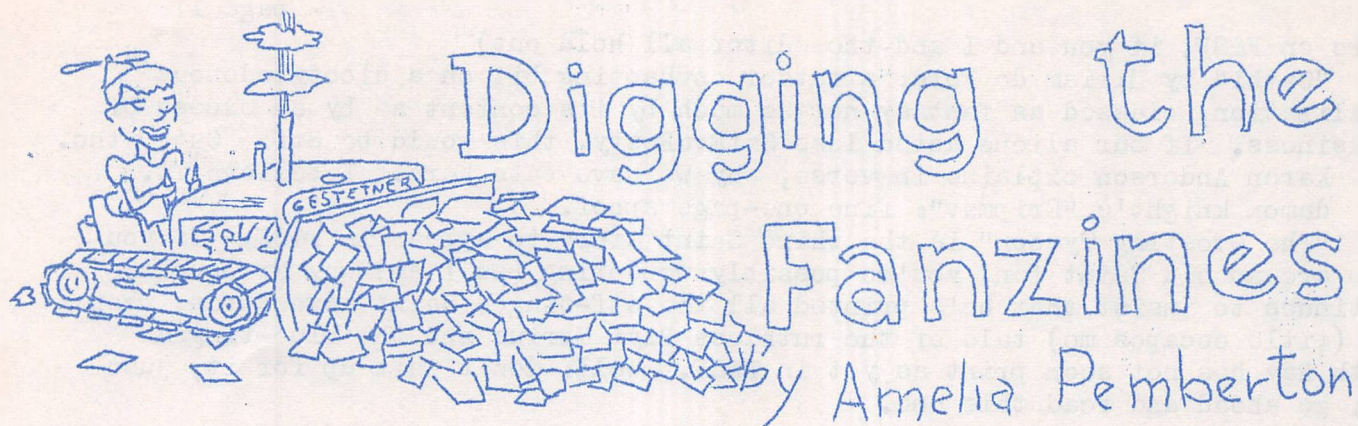
The shorts: well, they're not theme-twins, actually; they just leave the same aftertaste. "3117 Half-Credit Uncirculated" (by Alexander Blade, of all people) is a stock-piece on the crook-gets-HIS theme, and probably adapted from a tale of Hong Kong or Singapore from the old "Blue Book" or "Short Stories".

"The Reluctant Traitor", by Ralph Burke, on the other hand, deals with a loyal secret agent who is forced by drug-hypnosis to betray his Empire (to dirty ol' Earth, by the way, though it's never brought out by the author whether one side or the other is Right, if either). And like the man who sat in the fudge, his end is sticky.

Cal Knox competently reviews some books; Arch Destiny (registered for the Solacon, but I gotta see to believe) covers fan and convention news, and a pair of recent zines; the editor wonders if stf is helping to produce scientists. Well, likely not. But to judge from some of the fmz-- maaan, Larry, you're sure helping to build up sales of sports-cars and jazz records. Good question, though. Maybe the answer is that science-oriented youngsters head toward the science-oriented mags (forgetting, on the way, how to spell "science") like aSF, and enjoy stf while pursuing their pro-science bent. On the other hand, the sex-and-sadism-oriented types skulk around the woody end of the Field, and enjoy the crud that loudly proclaims itself to be the Best Science-Fiction, while

pursuing their hobbies and waiting around for the publication of the inevitable "Marquis de Sado Comics". Seek and ye shall find, y'know.

I dreamt I raised mushrooms in my Maidenform bra, in my spare time...



FANDOM'S BURDEN #1. Nick & Noreen Falasca, 5612 Warwick Dr., Parma 29, Ohio.
Free on request.

VERSUS

GROUND ZERO #1. Belle C. Dietz, George Nims Raybin, Franklin M. Dietz Jr., Apt. 4C, 1721 Grand Ave., N.Y. 53, N.Y. 15z.

Well, kids, you'll be glad to hear there's a feud brewing. The Falascas claim that the World Science Fiction Society was incorporated by just three people (Dietz, Raybin & Kyle) "for all time and for all future groups in the name of 'the good of fandom' completely ignoring the possibility that some of their fellow members might not want to have things done for their own good." They further claim that the by-laws were bulled thru by George Nims Raybin, who threatened, if they were not passed, to have the Directors vote them in later. "We did the only thing possible. We gave in to George." This is a weak point. They should not have given in to George. They should have fought it out then & there. However, the Falascas were friends with George -- they hope they still are, tho to me it really doesn't seem very likely -- & it often does take considerable time before one can get up enough steam to oppose one's friends.

The meat of the Dietz-Raybin zine is a short article by Sam Moskowitz, who doesn't mention the manner in which the WSFS was incorporated, but claims that the corporation "had my moral support all the way and still does." Sam says that the last two conventions both went in the hole, and that without the incorporation of the WSFS every convention member would be financially liable; and the convention committee members could be sued, lose their property, have their wages garnisheed. Well now! The NewYorCon lost huge pots of dough thru the unfannish foolishness of Bigger&Betterism. But the Worldcon made no such error. It was completely unostentatious. If the Worldcon could go in the hole, any convention committee could wind up holding the empty empty bag.

Sam makes another good point. "A convention committee also provides checks and balances against dishonesty. It is very easy ... to get a court order opening the corporation's books ... As a result of the scandal involved in the handling of funds ... at the New Orleans convention several fans from that city disappeared from the fan picture. There may not have been any dishonesty at all, but there was no way of checking." (Underlining mine). If incorporation tends to protect the con committee from cruel & irresponsible gossip, that's worth something too.

But the Falascas have not yet begun to fight. So far they have merely outlined the Big Picture. In the next FB I expect we'll find out what's really chewing on them.

YANDRO #63. Buck & Juanita Coulson, 105 Stitt St., Wabash, Ind. 10¢, 12/\$1.

Buck makes an excellent point about the WSFS incorporation: "if the Society has actually protected past con committees from their own bad judgement, it is equally likely to encourage future committees to make similar grandiose errors." True!

This is a real normal type YANDRO: nothing's magnificent and nothing's poor. YANDRO can be expected to keep up or improve its quality as it has inherited a big chunk of DESTINY's files plus some from INSIDE's.

METROFAN #9. March-April 1958. David MacDonald, 39 East Fourth, New York 3, N.Y.

This is the last issue of METROFAN as a generalzine. Henceforth METROFAN itself will be a six-page New York newszine, and the articles, letters, artwork etc. will be pubbed in a quarterly supplementary zine to be called m/f, and to cost 15¢.

The most interesting item herein is 5½ pp of response to the "Dave Kyle Confidential" article published in METROFAN #7. Bobbie Wild says that in 1956 Dave Kyle verbally agreed that if the plane trip showed a profit it would be put in the World Convention funds. Instead, according to H. P. Sanderson, Kyle probably paid for his own seat out of the profits; and unquestionably disposed of the rest of the profits without consulting the Convention Committee who had been relying on them for the easement of a very tight budget. As a result, the British fans had the choice of digging into their own pockets or passing the deficit on to Southgate and apparently took the former option. It's all very confusing & disconcerting, I must say.

JD #27. Lynn Hickman, 304 North 11th, Mount Vernon, Ill. 20¢.

Thank ghod Lynn has dropped the states' rights-segregation kick. He had tried to get an intelligent discussion going, but tho he got plenty of response, "Most of them just wanted to give someone else hell for his or her views." Consequently this JD has no letter column; & better, I say, no letter column than one that makes you sick to read.

This contains Ron Parker's Oklacon Report & the first installment of Bob Madle's Worldcon Report, and some editorializing by Lynn. The conreports were both quite interesting, but the best thing in the zine for my taste was the "Plato Jones" artwork. Lynn is really an awfully good fanartist -- I wish he would quit pubbing other people's artwork.

CANADIAN FANDOM #36. March 1958. William D. Grant, 11 Burton Road, Toronto 10, Ontario, Canada (after May 22nd, 47 Saguenay St., Toronto 12). 15¢, 8/\$1.

At first glance I didn't think I'd be able to get thru this CANFAN at all, because it really looked awfully dull. But when I actually sat down & started to read it I found it wasn't bad at all. Russell Spurr's article didn't interest me; and C. M. Moorhead's article convinced me mainly that C. M. Moorhead is more credulous concerning data that confirms his little ideas than that contradicts them. Everything else, including Wm. Grant's article, a reprint by Richard Elsberry, a reprinted article on the works of Jules Verne, and a story by David H. Keller, was pleasant reading.

STAR DUST #1. Spring 1958. Alvar Appeltoft, Klammerdamsgatan 20, Halmstad, Sweden. Trade or 15¢.

STAR DUST is pubbed "to serve as a connecting link with US/UK", and is all in English. Contents: fanfiction by Alan Burns & Kjell Hjalmarson, a book review and editorial by Alvar. Mimeeing is below par.

I feel that Alvar should probably be encouraged in this new venture of his; it's certainly more realistic than sending 90% Swedish zines for trade.

SPECTRE #2. Spring 1958. Bill Meyers, 4301 Shawnee Circle, Chattanooga 11, Tennessee. 2/25¢.

SPECK #2 has a bit more Meyers in it -- but still not quite enough. Other material: column by Fabulous Seattle Fandom's (& Amelia's) own Kenfrew Pemberton. Column by George W. Fields -- sample quote: "If it weren't for the material chosen from those fans collecting around a college up there with the exception of Ron Ellick, it would be a fine fanzine instead of an obligation to fellow workers." What d'you suppose that sentence means? Why does he except poor ol' Ellick? Isn't Ellick collecting around a college? Or d'you suppose he reads his prozines once & throws them away?

But to continue listing contents: facetious article by Alfred McCoy Andrews. Okay-type story by Alfred McCoy Andrews. Imaginary planet background and illo by Bill Pearson -- interesting tho not really convincing. Also pomes, good lettercol, and so forth. All in all, I liked SPECK #2 considerably better than #1.

THE SWINGING BORE #1. Wm. C. Rickhardt, 21175 Goldsmith, Farmington, Mich.

This is a "newsletter cum correspondence substitute." I don't usually mention letter substitutes, because I assume the writer is desirous of keeping the circulation down, but Wm. C. states that he wants a large circulation, maadman that he is.

Contains an autobiography by good ol' Big Hearted Howard DeVore & miscellaneous chatter. Pushing Detroit for '59 (& so are we).

DENTENTION. Michigan Science Fantasy Society, 11630 Washburn, Detroit 4, Mich.

The Misfits present their qualifications for putting on a convention, and state: "Hospitality has long been a byword of Detroit fandom... The Detroit Blog-Bucket is always full."

D*E*T*R*O*I*T is fine in "'59"

RUMBLE NEWSLETTER #10. John Magnus, Jr., 6 S. Franklinton Rd., Baltimore 23, Md.

This is about the third RUMBLE we've received, but I haven't mentioned them before because I somehow thought that it was a letter substitute instead of a newsletter.

Starts out with some chatter. Mentions math, & makes a remark which Pemby, who understands these things, claims is outstandingly witty: "I am convinced that Descartes had an even odder concept of theta than L. Ron Hubbard." It sounds sort of nice to me too, but I don't dig math -- I'm like Walt Willis in one respect -- I don't have the necessary low cunning.

RUMBLE is evolving into a letterzine. Letters are quoted from George W. Fields, Rick Sneary, Harry Warner, Dick Geis, Rich Eney, & Redd Boggs. Boggs doesn't seem to care for RUMBLE, and intimates as much so forcefully that it's not surprising Magnus' feelings were hurt. Magnus defends his zine, as is his right, but ends up with the words: "Weinbaum, Kuttner, SFA, Kornbluth, Boggs." The implication is of course "Boggs, you're dead." Somehow I'm not amused. About Weinbaum I couldn't care less: he was dead long before I ever knew he lived. But with my heart still a little sore for Kuttner & Kornbluth (& SFA too, for that matter) I find this small attempt at humor in the worst possible taste.

The zine as a whole is fairly interesting.

BERRY for TAFF -- Give the Goon the 'Gate!

Twig #8. Guy Terwilleger, 1412 Albright St., Boise, Idaho. 15¢, 2/25¢. (No larger subscriptions accepted).

Here's a good humored zine with very good duplication, nice artwork, and some rather interesting material. But there's one big flaw. The writing is not what it should be. I'm going to do something now that I'm not planning to do again. I'm going to go thru Twig page by page and list every really conspicuous example of poor writing. In future reviews of this zine I shan't mention the writing quality unless, as I hope, I'm able to congratulate Guy on a marked improvement.

"The Phantom Never Dies" -- Laurence K. Randall

"The ignominious abhorrence of his acid-eaten face..." Huh?

"As a result of this taunting, Lon never frowned upon human misery..."

"Vaudeville having succumbed to its near death..."

"As a father and son relation, they were close."

Actually, this was a very interesting article.

"The Perfect Night" -- Colin G. Cameron

"...Olson pushed the scientist, who promptly fell backwards over the conference room ottoman with a loud crash and crunch as his glasses fell and were smashed to oblivion by his posterior end." Here Colin was trying to build an atmosphere of tension and impending doom. You can't have impending doom and posteriors in the same scene! I don't think you can even have things crunch, unless they're bones.

"They took a few more lungsful of air, unnaturally savoring the sweet smells they had not noticed before" These men are about to go on the first trip into space. What's unnatural about their deeply savoring the sweet smells of earth? What could be more natural?

These flaws of connotation are not serious. Colin will improve almost automatically with a bit more practice.

"Leaves" -- Guy Terwilleger

"His Son of Berry is up to his usual high standards, which is always enjoyable." His standards is, is they? But even if noun & verb agreed the sentence would not be right.

"Vince has a keen interest in his zine, and time will do wonders for it." Yup-- time kills lots of interests.

In another review Guy uses the word "pretentious" where he probably means "ambitious".

"Having suffered through one of these deplorable affairs, it is easy to see his point."

"As I See Fandom" -- Tim Simpson

"I was tired of the drudge of everyday factors..." "drudge" is a verb, not a noun, but even if the sentence were correct it would still be clumsy and affected. "The 'boy' has called too many times, and his 'pied piper' act falls on deaf ears." Here he's trying to be suavely allusive, and it isn't coming off. The two allusions have nothing to do with one another and don't fit what he's talking about.

"...humor that is funny without intentionally being so. Take Max Shulman's satires, H. Allen Smith, or Cornelia Otis Skinner..." Max Shulman, H. Allen Smith & Cornelia Otis Skinner are unintentional humorists? I don't know what this guy means, but whatever he means he certainly isn't saying it.

Most of these errors are due to the writer's trying to write with elegance before he can write with competence. I think I'd prescribe shorter words, shorter sentences, and more frequent recourse to the dictionary. I'm really bugged by the goofs of Simpson and Terwilleger. Both these men are high school teachers; both have presumably had seventeen years' schooling. I can't help feeling that after seventeen years of education a man should be able to write his native language with very few mistakes.

BRENNSCHLUSS #3. Ken & Irene Potter, 72 Dallas Rd., & Dave Wood, 4 Coverdale Rd., Both Lancaster, England. "This one is for free. Next time one shilling or at least write."

Everything in here is moderately enjoyable, and fairly even in quality. Material is by Nigel Lindsay, Ken Potter, Irene Potter & Dave Wood, with quotes from Mal Ashworth & John Berry. I suspect that this is a zine that will grow on one & if it grows on me I shall never consider amputation.

Illos are by Dave Wood, and are very cute. Duplication is by Gestetner, but as they have a new duper they haven't mastered yet it's somewhat below par.

TRIODE #13. Spring 1958. Eric Bentcliffe, 47, Alldis St., Gt. Moor, Stockport, Ches., & Terry Jeeves, 58, Sharrard Grove, Intake, Sheffield 12, Yorks. American subs to Dale R. Smith, 3001 Kyle Ave., Minneapolis, Minn. 20¢, 6/\$1.

Yeah -- this zine is definitely a good one. The serial, "Beloved Is Our Destiny", is wonderful, and is beautifully illustrated by Eddie. John Berry's little story is real cute. Then there's debates by Eric Bentcliffe and Sid Birchby about whether the Russian satellite is a Good Thing, and about whether Space Flight will kill Fandom. Fairly interesting. Then there's chat by Terry Jeeves, and a good lettercolumn. This is a well illoed, well duplicated zine with good and varied material.

MIMSY #1. Steve Tolliver, 733 N. Findlay, Montebello, California, & Bjo Wells. 15¢.

Reproduction on this dittoed zine is well below par, and some -- perhaps most -- of the material was written on master. This contains faan fiction by George W. Fields, an interesting article by "that Ackerman of Distinction, Forrest J." concerning the origin of "Famous Monsters of Filmland", and a few minor items. Illos, by Bjo, are good.

GRUE #29. Dean and Jean Grennell, 402 Maple Avenue, Fond Du Lac, Wisconsin. 25¢.

Heck, this is just too darn good. Fifty-six pages of good stuff, for Pete's sake! I can't do justice to it.

Item: "The Biter Bit" -- a synopsis by Bob Tucker of the script that will probably be written for the movie version of his "Wild Talent". Wonderful -- and wonderfully illoed by ATom. Item: "The Fallen Mighty". This is a set of three articles on old western stories. A photograph of Redd Boggs holding a WILD WEST WEEKLY leads off, and I must say I was pleased with his appearance -- he looks like he sounds. I was a bit prejudiced against his article on WWW at first, as Coslet was a bit tedious on the subject in SAPS last year. Boggs, however, I found more exhaustive and less exhausting. His article is thoughtful and informative. The second article is Wrai Ballard's "The Shaming of Cassidy" -- a comparison of the radio-TV-movie Hopalong Cassidy with the original Hopalong. I like practically everything Wrai writes, but this is definitely Ballard at his Best. Dean Grennell rounds off the set nicely with an article about Mulford's and B. M. Bower's books which actually makes one want to read them. Item: Bob Shaw writes a hilarious profile of John Berry. Sample: "Into his hobbies John pours that same energy with which he applies himself to writing and ghoominton. One time he was interested in model airplanes and he made so many that his house looks as though it had been hit by a swarm of robot locusts." Item: Jenrette story -- slight but cute. Item: "The Goldfish Bowl" -- Fred Chappell -- this I really didn't altogether like. Chappell is too critical of Moskowitz' "The Immortal Storm". For example he criticizes Moskowitz' split infinitives. I

think the split infinitive is idiomatic -- offensive only to the pedant. Admittedly Moskowitz' writing style is clumsy; in the second part of "The Goldfish Bowl" Chappell satirizes it very effectively, except for the excessive and improbable misspellings. Moskowitz does not spell anywhere near that badly -- he is about average, as fannish spellers go. Moskowitz, in "The Immortal Storm", was considerably above average in his ability to hold this reader's fascinated attention. Items: Miscellania from Grennell. Most interesting. AND last and surprisingly enough rather least, a good but staleish lettercol.

Reviewed the whole zine! I'm really surprised at myself.

INNUEENDO #7. February, 1958. Terry Carr, 2315 Dwight Way, Berkeley 4, Calif. Trade, letters of comment.

This has a lot of good material in it. Chas. Burbee's "The Mind of Chow" is burbeeish. "Alexander", a comic strip by Terry & Bjo Wells, is very cute. Warner's column was good, as always. The lettercolumn was fine. Terry's editorial was the best thing in the zine.

But the zine was spoiled for me by a most unpleasant article by Peter Graham. Graham paid a visit to the neo-WSFans last summer. They received him with reasonable friendliness & hospitality; he repaid their kindness with this article, which dwells at great length on everything about them which displeased him. Oddly enough, two faults of which he accused them were pomposity and destructive criticism. His article is quite pompous, and never have I read criticism more destructive. One thing that sickened me: the article is illustrated by cartoons by Bob Burleson. I suppose Burleson gave the cartoons to Graham during his visit, little knowing the sort of article they would be used with. This seems to me an unforgivable breach of faith. I would dearly love to meet the neo-WSFans at Southgate; I have no desire to meet Peter Graham.

SPHERE #10. March-April 1958. L. T. Thorndyke, P. O. Box 196, Cantonment, Fla. 20¢, 6/\$1.

Still not much personality. But I'm getting used to it. Perhaps some day I'll get used to the editor's faunching all over the letter writers and all the fanzines he reviews but I hope not. I'd hate to lose my taste to such an extent. (I'm sorry, SPHEREans, I'm still mad at Peter Graham).

This has lots of cute li'l jokes & linoes which lighten the atmosphere somewhat. The duplication is still magnificent, illos quite pretty, and they're still (ugh) using just one side of the paper. Major item is a story by Ed Chamberlain. He builds a mood rather effectively and then, just when you expect the story to begin, stops.

ABERRATION #3. Kent Moomaw, 6705 Bramble Avenue, Cincinnati 27, Ohio.

I liked this zine very much (I'm beginning to forget Peter Graham). It contains a cute li'l Berry-tale, a rebuttal by Ted White, Bill Pearson and Vernon L. McCain to an article by Bob Silverberg in the previous issue, a story by Dean Grennell, excerpts from the letters of an "Adam M. Ehrlich" and a poem. And some editorializing. I liked the editorializing best, I believe -- the poem least. I always like poems least. Second least, the Grennell story, which was awfully long for such a flabby punchline. Second best? Oh -- everything else in the zine.

Well! Six pages of fanzine reviews! I'm fantisted by the scoop and power of my message...

HALF - GOON WILL TRAVEL

-- the 'Nooga Caper

TO: NW Pemberton, op.

No, I ain't a member of the GDA, but I hope to be, see? I've always thought I was pretty good at the detecting and investigating game, and I've done my best to copy the way the Chief and the regular ops work. But there's been no word from headquarters yet, so officially I'm not an op. So I'm forwarding this report to the nearest Top Member of the GDA with the hope that it will eventually get to the Chief.

You see, I know the Chief has got the West Coast, the Midwest, and the North-east part of the country pretty well covered with ops — but there's no one to keep an official eye on the South. And I told and I told him — the South is the danger area, where all sorts of rebellion can begin. The perfect spot for the Antigoon to get a foothold.

My suspicions were first aroused when I began to see one name under most of the long letters to prozines. They were increased when that same name started to boast that he would "take over" the nationally famous, pro-Goon fanzine CRY OF THE NAMELESS. I decided that there would have to be an investigation of whoever was using the name Bill Meyers and the address that was given as Chattanooga, Tennessee.

I managed to hitch a ride with the local underground organization, which was headed for Chattanooga to a regional cell meeting. A master of disguise, I just made them think I was part of their crew — crafty look on the face and all. The only time they came close to finding me out was when I tried cramming snow into my spare zap-fuel tank. But I explained that it was a small vodka cooler, and they left it alone, evidently hoping to swindle me out of the vodka later. Hah!

- * * * * *

When we finally got to 'Nooga — it's perched way the heck on the top of a mountain — the driver went directly to the place they were to have the cell meeting, in an old abandoned church. I got out my map, protractor, and compass (and vodka) and quickly calculated that I was within striking distance of Shawnee Circle.

First to make sure of the quarry. I picked up the phone and dialed.

"Hello."

"Meyers?"

"Uh — " hesitation. "Yes."

"Good. Stay there, I'll be right out."

I commandeered an out-of-state car and gave him the directions. It was only about a mile, and about a half-hour later that we pulled up in front of The Lair. A quick reconnaissance revealed no one around the outside, but there might be any number inside. I checked my weapons — two throwing knives and a gas-operated zap. Then I strode up and beat a tattoo on the door. (Marlboro Man, y'know.)

The door was opened quickly, and I jumped aside just in time to avoid the rush of a huge hound that would have been more at home on an English moor. I plunged through the still open door and closed it, with the Beast on the outside. Breathing a sigh of relief, I confronted the individual who had opened the door.

"You're Meyers?" He nodded. I made a careful survey: built on the order of a Brando, minus say about eight years; inkstains on hands, callouses on index fingers; slightly haggard look. Obviously a faan. Faaaaan.

"I'm Pelz. Florida. Collector." He nodded again; even here I was known.

"I'm interested in collecting certain old and rare literature which I was told you might have. But I only deal with reputable sources. And there's a rumour that you belong to N-thr—"

"Not so loud!" he interrupted. "Let's go into the library."

Suspicious, I motioned for him to go first. Sure enough — there was a henchman lurking in the library. But he saw I had the upper hand (the one with the zap in it), mumbled a few words, and left.

Meyers denied the rumour, using some excuse like not renewing membership. As we got down to business, I took note of everything around me. I thumbed the release of my snooper-cam, and got several pictures of the interior of The Lair and its occupant for the files.

The subject of conversation began to turn, slowly. First, music: classical, popular, rocks-in-the-head 'n roll. Then religion. Then, with the uncontroversial topics exhausted, Science Fiction. Proazines: which ones, how good, who, when, why. Comics: ditto. I surreptitiously hid a couple of ECs under my coat. And finally, the subject I'd been steering toward all the time — Fanzines, Fandom, Faaans.

At this point I made a mistake — I mentioned seeing a couple of his letters in proazines.

"A couple!" he exploded. "Why, I've had at least one letter in my own name in each proazine of the last year or so! And when you consider all those under pseudos like E. Adams, and R. Brown, and — and —" he began to splutter.

I quickly apologised for such an under-estimation, but he continued to rant on: "I've just about crowded all the rest of the hacks out of the proazine lettercols. In another year, I will have them all to myself! Then wait and see what happens — I'll use the cols for advertisements to increase my collection, and as HUGE plugs for my fanzines!"

"Speaking of fanzines," I said, hoping to divert him, "You belong to SAPS, don't you?"

It was no use — his ravings just took a new turn and continued on.

"Yes, I'm in SAPS, and it won't be too long until I'm in control of THAT, too. Then I'll take over FAPA — I'm already high on the waiting list. I'll have to leave OMPA for the Anglofen — I'm no good at Ghoddminton. And finally, with the APAs as my tools, I will be able to take over CRY OF THE NAMELESS without it taking me over!!"

The situation was clear — this was the greatest danger to Fandom yet encountered. Something would have to be done quickly. I drew my throwing knife and hurled it across the room, but a sharpened typewriter key met it in midair. The other knife was stopped by a duper handle.

Just as I drew my zap, Meyers pulled out a giant, machine-gun style zap from the bookcase. I realized that he had more range and more firepower than I did; only my special attachment and secret fuel could save me!

He fired first, and as I ducked the spray I returned the volley. But when I fired, a streak of flame shot across the room and melted his zap in his hand! Shocked and beaten, he surrendered.

I extracted a confession of his activities and an oath that he would give up his maniacal plans. They were both written on six-color duper master and signed in corflu, so they will stand up in any fannish court anywhere. The Menace of Meyers is under control.

That's the report, NW. I borrowed a hardhat from the underground gang and made it into a spinner-hardhat. Then I flew back to Gainesville. It's been rather dull here lately — nothing worth investigating except maybe the underground mob. I'll look into that sometime.

Oh, yeah. The zap attachment and fuel. It really isn't much — just a sparker under the nozzle, controlled by the trigger, and some calcium carbide in the water-pistol. That gives off acetylene, which burns quite well. I SAID the zap was gas operated, didn't I?

Bruce Pelz
Gainesville $\frac{1}{2}$ op

C₂₃H₂₆N₂O₄

by Bill Meyers

I think it might be wise to first rid myself of the February and April F&SFs, two zines I thot I'd never get since the world-reknown newsstand foul-up barred their presence from the local dealer in such atrocities.

Let's pick up only the high points, shall we? Yes, let's.

Silverberg's "The Man Who Never Forgot" is one of the best short stories I have read by him...probably The best, as I can think of no other that I have enjoyed as much. (As a matter of fact, there are very few that I even enjoy. But as that is immaterial, let us return.) I'm not sure whether this idea is radically new but I do know that to my recollection I have not encountered it before and it held my most avid interest for that reason. (Somehow I feel this sort of sentence should be backed by a wan smile, a slight bit of meditation with right index finger placed firmly on the forehead, and at last the uttering of something like, "Tho I do remember something similar to this general idea and plot development by Hackworth Q. Rotprose in the October '42 issue of aSF on page 116"....) But as for the story (ah yes, the story, the story) it was handled exceedingly well with some of the most illustrious mood-emitting passages I have seen brought forth by Agberg.

Charles Fontenay's "A Summer Afternoon" is good jolting fantasy, the type that is used as the inevitable short-short in a ghost story anthology.

Chad Oliver was rather disappointing in his "Pilgrimage"; I think he does his best work in novelettes. In novels, what he has to say is dragged out a bit too long, in short stories, he hasn't enough room to develop anything worthwhile. (Yes, I can hear your screamings...with the exception of his classic "Didn't He Ramble") In novelettes, however, he is quite Bradbury-like giving his own feelings on matters not dealing with the physical sciences, as in for example his "Guardian Spirit" in the April issue. It is full of "Life! Life! What is its purpose?" but even so is transformed into an excellent novelette with Chad's fluently well-written passages such as:

"Why had his people thrown all their energies into bigger buildings, more powerful ships, more intricate engines? Why did his people spend all of their lives grubbing at jobs they detested, their greatest joys coming from a slickly gutless mediocrity on the tri-di set? What had they mistaken for progress, what had they sacrificed to that strange god? How had it come about that pleasure had become something to snatch on the run, between business appointments, between the soggy oblivion of sleeping pills?"

And as I said he was a good deal similar to Bradbury in his style, I can't resist this as evidence to that contention:

"How do you speak of these things to another? How do you tell of blue skies and sunlight and the laughter of love? How do you tell of the joys of just being alive, of knowing that the world of winds and trees and mountain streams is yours to cherish forever? How do you tell of a love that endures for all the years, for all the springs?"

If you're like me and you're weary of sociology, ethics, and technological trivia masquerading as science fiction, you'll look forward to a Chad Oliver story as much as I do.

And it's amazing to read a short story by Brian Aldiss in the same issue which is mentioned as being reminiscent of Bradbury while Chad Oliver, tho maybe not like Bradbury in technique as much as Aldiss, is certainly of the identical type insofar as his contentions and ideas of what makes up good science fiction. Aldiss probably hates the smell of cut lemons.

A beautiful splatter-effect painting on the cover by Freas.

SCIENCE FICTION STORIES, June, 1958: Nothing of special interest this time with the exception of the second installment of the deCamp serial (in which our prota-

gonist is taking his good time in getting around to doing anything in particular) and an interesting editorial, as usual.

The real clunker of the issue is "Constabulary Duty" by Calvin M. Knox. Speaking of the mundane disguised as science fiction! It's stories like this that prompted me to stop reading most of the prozines, and apparently I'm not safe from them even in SFS. Let's get on the ball, RAWL; this sort of thing is mediocre for Fantastic Universe!

IF, June, 1958: Mel Hunter botched a chance for a panoramic scene with a very poorly done painting lacking any conception of perspective or depth.

"The Songs of Distant Earth" by Arthur Clarke leads off and is as good and unique as you might expect from him.

Two good short stories in a row, it seems...Bertram Chandler's "Gift Horse" was also quite good. Time travel to the very distant future...mankind extinct... nothing left but robots...universe expanded to such proportions that it has almost lost all contact with itself...and so on. It's been done before, but I'm always a sucker for it.

A very good issue of If despite the fact that there is nothing else worthy of mention.

ASTOUNDING SCIENCE FICTION, May, 1958: After Poul Anderson's flop with "The Man Who Counts" it appears that Hal Clement's "Close to Critical" will make up for lost time.

"The Question" by Gordon Dickson could hardly be expected to appear in ASF with deplorable action, adventure, and like that, but I suppose Dickson's writing swung the deal. All in all, it's wholesome fun even though "the question" is not worthy of the lengthy attempt to answer it.

GALAXY SCIENCE FICTION, June, 1958: In "Mars by Moonlight" Paul Flehr succeeds in building up a convincing setting and creating some fairly plausible characters. After 10 or 15 pages the story takes a turn even for the better with a thot that, unfortunately, came to the reader sometime before it did the essential characters: "Maybe we're not on Mars!" Or more fannishly, "Maybe this is all a hoax!" This goes on for about another 10 or 15 pages with things looking up all the time and suddenly everything collapses, with the most disgusting finale imaginable, bringing into play little parasitic skulls who have taken over the earth, enslaved the good Earth people, and most important of all ruined a potentially good story with the most cliché-ish, Madge-type endings that could ever be expected after starting out with an interesting narrative. Even unto the last line, one has the distinct impression that he is reading Imagination, the only means of assurance that he is reading Galaxy being a quick glance at the cover and title page. "Hardee turned away — toward the laundry chute, and toward a new life." My ghod. I am surprised that the last line was not "Hardee faced his new destiny, with grim determination." Or "We'll lick those aliens and win back our planet yet! thought Hardy as he turned away toward a new purpose in life."

Fritz Leiber's "The Last Letter" could best be described by saying that it would have been a natural for Martin illustration. That's enough description for anybody.

The two short stories other than this were, as expected, mediocre. Even Pohl's "The Gentlest Unpeople" was very disappointing in its triteness.

Fortunately, all was not lost...Sheckley's "Minimum Man" was an example of superior writing and, as usual, if Sheckley cannot think of a completely new theme (as he has done so many times before) he will at least write of a completely different variation. Even tho it was in all seriousness, humorous spots were many, most especially the grande climax wherein our ill-fated hero is chased over an alien planet by a robot gone berserk. I'd recommend this to anybody.

PLAYBOY, April, 1958: Lead-off story which usually promises to be very good is atrocious this month. Herbert Gold's "Weird Show" is just too hackneyed and too trite and holds such a sadistically unsurprising ending (which is even more disturbing when one realizes that it was meant to be a surprise) that I am appalled by Hefner's taste. Perhaps this was his off month.

"The Short-Short Story of Mankind" by John Steinbeck does not altogether make up for it tho it does make a good try. The deterrent in this is the presiding optimism, although I must admit, it's a refreshing change.

The amusing thing about Playboy is its psychological technique of trying to impress the reader that because he reads this particular magazine he is an impressive urbane intellect. And it sells.

PLAYBOY, May, 1958: Good to see something in the editorial that runs like this: "We've always felt that this exciting brand of storytelling (science fiction) was particularly masculine in slant, and s-f has been, and will continue to be, a vital part of Playboy's entertainment package." Okay by me.

We have three authors known for their stf in the table of contents, Anthony Boucher, Alan Nourse, and Pat Frank. Unfortunately, Pat Frank's was not stf but was a Mike Hammer-type waste of time concerning the well-worn detective-and-willing-girl "plot".

Nourse's was better than this, thankfully. A Playboy version of the pact-with-the-devil, that which is also well-worn but is usually entertaining if done right. This was, and will no doubt make an appearance in F&SF sooner or later.

The Boucher article is the type of thing you read so much of nowadays. Science fiction patting itself on the back for predicting satellites, space travel, etc. As expected from Boucher, the article was more interesting and better all-round reading matter than anyone else could ever hope to write on the subject. He digs back through old science fiction in search of correct prophecies as energetically as a neofannish Moskowitz.

The only Fabulous Cartoon thish (usually there are two or three at least) is by Gahan Wilson who is similar to Charles Addams in ideas but is even better as a result of his weird sense of humor.

Tho weak on pornography this time, a very good issue.

But let us leave the 'zines for such things as hardbounds.

Ghost stories and Gothic fantasy, like anything else, can be taken in too large a dose. I'm afraid that's what I did when reading the 1000-page plus "Great Tales of Terror and the Supernatural" and even tho some of the all-time classics were repeated there, I didn't get as much out of it as I might have if I'd read a story here, maybe a couple of stories there, etc. Out of that particular collection, the stories which I would recommend would be Lovecraft's "The Rats in the Walls", and Machen's "The Great God Pan". There were many others, but these two appealed to me more than any of the others, and were most effective, even tho they were near the end of the book and I had grown rather tired of it all.

Lately I managed to dig up two ghost story collections that I would immediately have passed by if they did not contain a fair amount of Arthur Machen and Algernon Blackwood. Almost all of the other material ranged from mediocre to very poor, and the most nauseating thing of all was that the editor (Basil Davenport) was a great fan of ghost stories told orally, not those read (from which originated the titles, "Ghostly Tales to be Told" and "Tales to be Told in the Dark") and was obsessed with the urge to describe in detail to the reader how the story should be told in such an oral manner, and how it should differ from the story, giving at the same time a complete summary of the story and its ending — before one read the story! Bored with the unlimited babblings of this idiot, I thankfully took the precaution to ignore all of his "helpful" prefaces.

As for the stories themselves, Machen and Blackwood proved to be their usual excellent selves with "The Wendigo" by Blackwood and "The White Powder", "The Black Seal", and "The White People" by Machen (quite a colorful author...).

The best of these was undoubtedly the Blackwood story, a tale of the lonely North Woods in Canada and the unseen things that lurked there, their frightening appearance left to the imagination, a technique most effective in this type of story and one which, I'm sorry to say, Lovecraft did not use often enough. The thing about an author of Gothic fantasy is that his talent is obvious in his ability to build up in the reader a fear of the unseen, the unknown, but if after succeeding in telling his reader of what a horrible terrible ghod-forsaken entity it is, he tries to describe it, the results are inevitably ludicrous. This, then, is why I consider Machen and Blackwood to be better writers than Lovecraft & Ghads, Inc., why a good piece of horror-fantasy takes infinitely more patience and effort, why it is so much easier to completely botch a fantasy story than a science fiction story, and why fantasy is literature and science fiction is not.

But to get back to Blackwood, he is not always such an excellent writer. My personal opinion is that he spent far too much time on his John Silence stories, and not enough on his "unknown things" theme. As it is, he only turned out three of this type, which, to my knowledge, met with great success, "The Wendigo" taking place in the isolated North Woods, "The Willows" on a weird island in the Danube, and another extremely rare and hard to get one that I have not read, concerning such things in the Gobi Desert.

The Machen stories were all excellent, as I have said, much more Lovecraftian than Blackwood's (only naturally, since Machen was HPL's idol and the most influential on his writing /or so I have read/). "The Black Seal" touches on a Blackwood theme with "unknown things", etc. but these things being more known than Blackwood's, their being elves, witches, leprauchans, etc. The main theme is that all of these creatures populate isolated places where humans fear to tread but who literally tear out the living soul of any person who does dare to tread therein. The good thing about this particular story was that the hero got his in the end, but good.

"The White People" (also by Machen) is one of the weirdest things I have ever read, delving into the original true definition of Sin. It is extremely abstract reminiscent of the story "Boy in Darkness" in the Ballantine pb of "Sometime, Never". A couple of friends have pointed out passages supposedly illustrating Machen's "subconscious sex repressions", but I won't dwell on this. The main thing is that if Machen did have such repressions, it was all for the better, as the story had quite an effect on me, and apparently, on the editor of this book, also. To quote him: "It is the only story which has ever led me to go shame-facedly out and look for someone to talk to before going to bed."

There were a few others that were not hardly as good but were as entertaining as might be expected, those being Manly Wade Wellman's "Where Angels Fear" (adapted from Unknown), "The Gentleman from America" by Michael Arlen, which is not necessarily a ghost story but which carries as much impact with the thought of being by oneself in a large lonely house with a homicidal maniac slowly coming up the stairs. Also "The Yellow Wall-Paper" by Charlotte Perkins Gilman and "The Whip-Poor-Will" by James Thurber, both of which convincingly narrate the abstract thoughts of a person going insane. The former is extremely good.

Finally, we have "By One, By Two, and by Three" by Stephen Hall which proved to be quite dull for about the first 25 or 30 pages. And then came the passage which completely changed my opinion. I've got to quote it here:

"For a moment I stood in the doorway, holding my light high, and gazing round me into the great cavernous room...Then I glanced up at the windows, whose grating were now and then made visible by a flicker of summer lightning across the sky, and as I did so I

suddenly heard a crash as of glass, far up in the house above. Then, as I still listened, came a faint sound of footfalls rapidly growing louder, as if something was coming down the winding stair with long leaps.

"I did not stop to face whatever this might be. I did not pause to think what I should do. In a blind and fortunate impulse of overpowering terror I flung the heavy door to, plunged the key into the lock, and shot the bolt home.

"...As I gave the key a last turn, something came against the iron outside with a thud that almost shook the hinges loose. Then there was a moment of quiet, and I, listening behind the door, could catch a quick, hoarse heavy panting, as of some beast of prey. Then came another great shock, and another and at every blow the good door creaked and shook, but held firm. Next there was a grating, rending sound, as if teeth and claws were tearing at this last obstacle between my life and its destroyer, and still I stood silent, transfixed with horror, as in a nightmare, expecting to feel the fangs of the unseen Thing close through my throat.

"...The sound of tearing ceased; I heard one deep, snarling growl of disappointed rage, and then the quick steps seemed to recede up the stair."

"Only for a moment, however, my candle, which was a mere stump, suddenly flared, flickered, and left me in total darkness, made darker by the little patch of sky seen through the nearer window, across which still ran an occasional flicker of summer lightning.

"In trying to strike a light I dropped the match-box on the floor. While I was groping for it I suddenly looked up and saw two eyes.

"Two eyes, I say, but they were rather two flames, or two burning coals... I heard the sound of tearing and wrenching at the outer grating...The outer bars were old and rusty, strong enough to resist any common shocks, but not to hold the unknown might that was rending at them. I heard them, creaking, cracking, and then — oh, Heaven! — the whole grating gave way, and I heard it ring as it was hurled aloft and fell far out on the stones."

I'm sorry to quote at such length there but actually a good deal of that was cut out, but not enough to eradicate the terror it conveyed. This is one of the few passages from ghost stories that I have ever read that have, I will admit, given the sensation in the spine that is supposedly so common with things of horror.

And I'm just cruel enough not to relate what happened in that dark wine cellar.

RECOMMENDED READING: (Purpose of which is to let the reader know the stf that proved most enjoyable over the past month)

"The Man Who Never Forgot" by Bob Silverberg; 2/58 F&SF

"A Summer Afternoon" by Charles Fontenay; 2/58 F&SF

"The Bundu" by Jane Roberts; 3/58 F&SF

"Guardian Spirit" by Chad Oliver; 4/58 F&SF

(The above 4 were not from the past month, but since I just read them, and since they're all such fine stories, I couldn't resist.)

"The Songs of Distant Earth" by Arthur C. Clarke; 6/58 If

"Never Come Midnight" by Christopher Grimm; 5/58 Galaxy

"The Minimum Man" by Robert Sheckley; 6/58 Galaxy

"The Question" by Gordon Dickson; 5/58 aSF

/Ed. note: Our trans-continental telepathy didn't function properly last issue, and as a result Bill anticipated the wrong deadline and his column missed last issue. He informed us along with this issue's column that we shouldn't run the reviews for last issue because they would be dated. So naturally we are running most of them on the next page anyway. It isn't that we think they are worth running; anyone can see we are desperate for material to pad out this skimmy issue. -KWW/

AMAZING, April, 1958: Not reading these current "book-length novels" I've only gathered in as vague a manner as possible what the plots seemed to be about. However Buck Coulson has brought to my attention that they are the prototypes of Hollywood screenplays — or, as the case may be, television plays which is more probable considering the current formulation of the program, "Amazing Stories." This issue's "novel" by Irving Cox ("One of Our Cities is Missing") appears to be following the formula which Coulson ascribed in that it is similar in general respects to a crudfilm which, unfortunately, had a title that escapes me at the moment. "Target: U.S.A." or something. Obviously, it concerned the long-awaited attack on our fair country by, oddly enough, B-24 bombers, P-51 Mustangs, and even a few USAF trainers thrown in to inject a few laughs in the mad foofaraw. After scanning through the first three or four chapters, I gathered this impression, therefore, I might be wrong about the thing as a whole as I couldn't force myself to continue any further.

Speaking of prop planes and all, this reminds me of an old '48 vintage Sturgeon story a friend was describing to me. It had extrapolation to beat all..one example was the aircraft of the next few decades which undoubtedly would be propelled by supersonic propellers. Uh-huh.

Fairman is taking time with Amazing, hiring different and more capable artists, transforming practically the whole magazine into a compact monthly with very small type containing at least $2\frac{1}{2}$ or 3 times as much material per issue as previously. This whole idea is fine but the fact remains that he is purchasing the same crud. Oh, to have someone like Shaw or Lowndes do this with their zines.

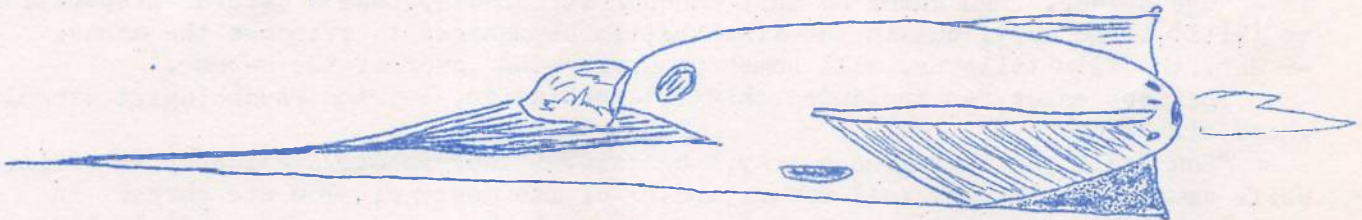
FANTASTIC, April, 1958: This, on the other hand, is getting progressively worse. It's apparent by just thumbing through it. Surpassing even the lowest issues of all (circa '55 and '56), Fantastic is growing more abominable month by month. The title change to "Fantastic Fact & Fiction" sounds none too appealing, personally, as it emanates an air of "Fate" or "Mystic".

The "fact" this issue is, surprisingly enough, by good ole Eric Frank Russell, The Author Who Wrote "Nuisance Value" in the Jan. '57 aSF. "The Creeping Coffins of Barbados" is light and interesting, and (thankfully) of a different mood than the "Your Coffin May Be Next" sort of thing one might expect to find.

IMAGINATION, June, 1958: Handling is going off the deep end with these articles. I realize he must keep up with the times by imitating his chief competitor, but still it's rather amusing to think of the times he has screamed about his magazines' action, adventure, etc. and how one must go elsewhere for articles on technical science. Apparently, his policy has been reformed with the Bott series of articles, that are about as technical as one can get in any science fiction magazine without dissolving into textbook material.

Bloch is superlative with his best routine, the Q & A bit. I notice a fine review of CRY, at last.

Here's a switch. Latest story: "Come Into My Brain!". Aw, gee, fellas, make up your mind, do you want me out or in?



THE INCREDIBLE MEANING OF IT ALL

interpretations of something or other
by Hal Lynch

The crowd erupted from the theatre, having observed a Mr. Carey shrink incredibly. Among the departers were a gaggle of fen, indistinguishable from human-kind but by the odd shapes of their skulls.

The Social Thinker gazed upon the multitude with scorn. "The peasants believe they have merely seen a melodramatic science-fiction film," he said.

"Poor clods," observed the Philosopher.

"Yeah!" cried several young fen simultaneously. (Some are born clever, some achieve cleverness.)

"The canaille saw only the obvious — a man shrank," continued the Social Thinker. "I daresay they even missed the uppermost layer — the science-fictional explanation stated in the film. The deeper meanings — those unstated — they missed entirely."

"Completely!" cried all the clever young fen.

"The inner significance of the film was quite apparent to me," said the Psychologist.

"And to me," said the Social Thinker.

"I didn't quite grasp it — that is, all of it," said the Quiet Neofan. "Just what was the hidden meaning? I read the book, and I don't remember Matheson —"

"It was not stated in the book either," said the Philosopher. "Nevertheless it was there. Quite apparently. One need only read beyond the melodrama."

"Exactly," said the Psychologist.

They all went into a Bar, the better to think. Or to talk. They ordered refreshment.

"The film is obviously a social allegory," the Social Thinker explained from across the foam. "Mr. Carey represents Man, of course. The new world of our times — the expansion of our science and technology — cause Man the individual to grow ever smaller and smaller in an increasingly complex universe. His role in society decreases; he feels he has lost his importance in his own family. In his own home he is little more than a doll, living in a doll's house, while his wife runs the real household."

"I see," murmured the Quiet Neogan.

"Then comes the A-bomb — for science, a historic step forward, but from it Man only comes to feel terror. This is symbolized by the Cat."

"A traditional symbol of atomic energy," muttered a sardonic voice from the rear. The speaker was suppressed.

"Man," continued the Social Thinker, "feels even more insignificant in the dawning Atomic Age. He thinks of these new energy sources as too Big for him to control. Now a second, and greater horror, menaces him: the H-bomb, symbolized as a huge spider. Man knows he must conquer it, or die. Man's careful preparations to kill it go awry, but in the final battle he manages to overcome the menace — Man, the film tells us, will somehow survive the power of the H-bomb."

The more eager fen applauded this interpretation, but the Psychologist sternly shook his head.

"How sadly you have gone astray," he said. "Your interpretation of the film, while amusing, lacks any real understanding of its message. You are correct in saying that Mr. Carey represents Man. However, we have here, not a social allegory, but a psychological one — an allegory concerned with the age-old battle between the Sexes."

"Man, we see, loves his wife at first, as she loves him. She seems to look up to him, to think him Big. But soon Man becomes aware that he no longer commands the respect he formerly had — in her estimation he has come down a bit. Quarrels over shirt-launderings and so on, lead to a break in their marriage (symbolized by the loss of the wedding ring). He feels guilty, goes to a doctor, gets no help, and begins to feel even less manly than before. Passing crowds seem to jeer at him — the little Man. His dalliance with another girl, more his 'size', does his self-respect no good, and he's soon convinced he's unworthy of her, too.

"He returns home, but his wife thrusts him away, into a symbolic little 'house' of his own. Then she goes out and returns in another form — a huge, menacing Cat. Our Man flees in terror from the female sex. Yet deep in the cellar of his subconscious he knows he cannot live without Love, even though Woman now seems as repulsive to him as a great spider, constantly trying to embrace him. He knows that the female spider devours its mate, yet he is so tormented he makes up his mind he must seek out what he fears.

"My friends, I need not describe for you the detailed sexual significance of Mr. Carey's fight with the spider. It is neither more nor less than a depiction of the sex act, with the embarrassed and unwilling, yet driven, male in an inferior role. When it is over he feels at last a release from his fears and tensions. He is at last at peace with the Universe,"

"How interesting!" said the Quiet Neofan.

"How able," said a Collector of note.

"And how unfortunately mistaken," said the Philosopher.

"Indeed?" sniffed the Psychologist.

"Quite so," said the Philosopher. "Here is no Freudian Fable — our film deals with grander matters. Sex is entirely subordinate to the true theme. This film is actually a sublime evaluation of Man Approaching Doom — Death and Transfiguration of The Hero. Here is the story of a man — any man — struck down with an incurable disease — any incurable disease — including, of course, Age."

"Ahh," smiled the Quiet Neogan.

"As soon as he learns his illness is incurable, Our Hero realizes that he must part with his wife — the wedding ring incident. His world, like all those of the ill, has begun to shrink. Facing his end, he no longer cares about the affairs of the larger world, about business, about his friends, the whole big world of his former life. His vision has grown narrower, his life has grown smaller. He goes to doctors — of course they can do nothing. He runs off and meets a girl who for a little while takes his mind off his approaching Appointment. But his life grows shorter every hour.

"Soon he is bedridden. Now his whole world is bound by the four walls of his room. He lives entirely in this little 'house' now. Then comes Pain, to torment him as a Cat plays with a helpless Mouse.

"But soon even Pain no longer matters. Our Hero has squeezed his consciousness into a tiny box. Outside it, Death, a great spider, vainly claws at the walls, but the Hero knows Death's entrance is only hours away.

"Then he makes the decision — to cast away fear and go to seek Death, to challenge Death. In this fearless facing of Death he conquers it, and is united beyond it with the Universe itself. Beyond death he discovers the road downward into the infinitely small leads ultimately to the infinitely large — Our Hero, transfigured, is One with the Universe."

This time everyone applauded, with the exceptions of the Psychologist and the Social Thinker, who began an unfortunate wrangle with the Philosopher that lasted far into the evening.

But late that night the Quiet Neofan lay in bed staring at the ceiling, then suddenly leaping up, cried "No! The real meaning is that Carey represents Fandom, and the spider —"

Poor chap went mad. An unfortunate case, really. Especially when anyone with any sense knows the film means —

accurately distorted by Wally Weber

[Editorial note: Since meetings of the Nameless Ones have progressed along with technology to the point where it is virtually impossible to describe their complex details in a small amount of space, and since we are making a determined effort to hold this issue of the CRY below 0.06×10^3 pages (critical mass), an impartial board of bored boardmembers have selected a single meeting to be reported this month rather than the entire three meetings that have taken place since last issue. Their selection of the April 10 meeting was truly impartial, because there was no meeting that night. For this reason, we wish to announce that the April 13 meeting report is being substituted for the April 10 report.]

Meeting "A" started taking place April 13, 1958 sometime after 8:00 p.m. in Apartment 307 of the Cornelius Hotel. The attendance was a bit low despite the fact the apartment was on the third floor. Ed, Geneva, Doug, and Linda Wyman were there first — probably due to the fact they lived there. Rose Stark was also present, and was considered by all to be the most important member present, for she had brought the refreshments. Wally Weber was also present, primarily for the purpose of consuming the refreshments and secondarily for the purpose of obtaining inspiration for a new set of minutes.

Meeting "B" started taking place April 13, 1958 at an undetermined time, probably before 8 p.m. high atop Cougar Mountain. The attendance was lower in number but higher in altitude than that of meeting "A", and consisted of John and Kathleen Swearingen, Hazel Story, and Dick Nulsen. Preparation was underway at the beginning to relocate meeting "B" to the Cornelius Hotel and combine it with meeting "A". Since it was known that Dick Nulsen was capable of taking the wrong turns and becoming hopelessly lost when trying to find his way off of Cougar Mountain, a plan was formulated to prevent this from happening. Kathleen and Hazel were to ride with Mr. Nulsen to give him directions, and John was to pioneer the trail with another car. The expedition set out. John Swearingen was well on his way down the mountain when the thought came to him that if Dick was following him, he should be able to see the car from time to time. This was not the case, however. Suspecting all was not going according to plan, Mr. Swearingen turned his automobile about and began the search for his missing followers.

At meeting "A" a tranquil conversation was winding its way from subject to subject until it got to suggesting programs for future meetings. Mr. Wyman said something to the effect that he knew a fellow with some pictures to show and, with a little prompting, Mrs. Wyman was talked into calling the gentleman up to find out when he could show his pictures to the club. As it turned out, Eddie Olin was quite willing to show the club some pictures that very evening if we would but come out to his place. The members thought the matter over, considered every angle of the idea, and after about five seconds decided to accept the offer. In just a short time a note was prepared and attached to the door of the apartment explaining what had happened to the meeting and where to go to find it.

Meanwhile, back on Cougar Mountain, John Swearingen had located his lost wife and friends. Dick Nulsen had skillfully backed into a ditch in such a manner that four people were incapable of placing it back on the road, and had chosen not to follow John by foot. As things turned out, the United States Army was required to encourage the car out of the ditch. It is not known how the Army happened to show up at that particular time and place, but Mr. Nulsen will no doubt claim he would never have backed into the ditch in the first place if he hadn't had the backing of a trustworthy organization to get him out.

After the Army had left, it was discovered that John's car was not operating very well. Although it was not exactly in prime condition, Mr. Swearingen did expect it to hit on more than just one cylinder. Fortunately the trip to Seattle was mostly downhill, but Mr. Swearingen (a far-thinking man) was thinking of the return trip.

Somewhat undaunted, but not anticipating a perfect evening ahead, Mr. Swearingen once again set out for Seattle, this time with Mr. Nulsen and the girls doing a better job of following.

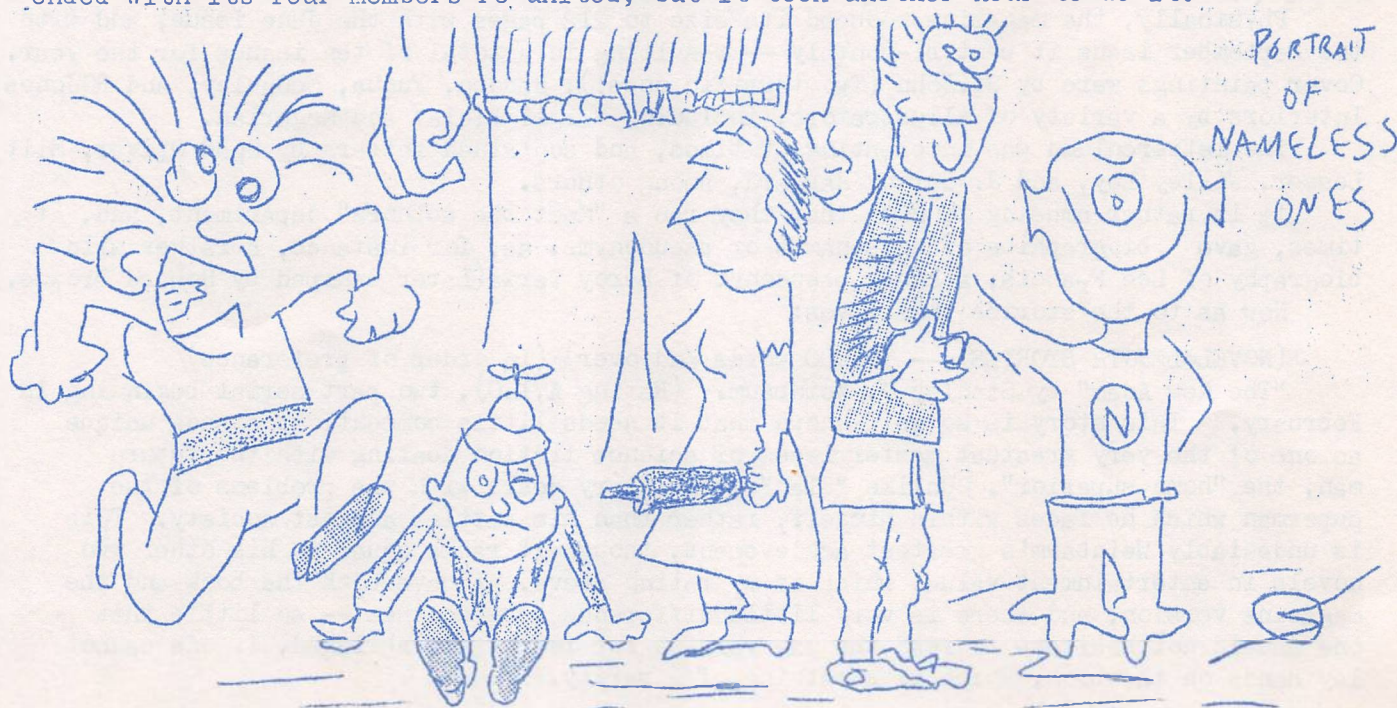
During this eventful period, meeting "A" had relocated itself at the home of several prize cats who tolerate the company of Christina Egner and Eddie Olin as sort of slaves. Having somehow gained entry without allowing the exit of any cats, the members of meeting "A" arranged themselves in the darkened room so that they could have a view of the venetian blind upon which the pictures were being projected.

The projector looked like something a Martian might use to disintegrate Earthlings with. It contained a monstrous bulb such that anything left in the projector too long would be cremated. This applied to human hands as well as pictures, and Eddie was quite pleased to turn the job of working the bleeding beast over to Doug Wyman, whose young hands would heal faster.

Also watching the projections were Mr. and Mrs. Wishart from the fabulous city of Belfast, Ireland. Mr. Wishart was carefully cross-examined for knowledge of Berrys, Willis', etc., but he cautiously disclaimed having any association with such people.

Having had a fascinating evening, the members of meeting "A" returned to the Cornelius Hotel, picking up Wally Gonser on the way, to consume the tasty refreshments Rose Stark had furnished. Jerry Frahm arrived a short time later to help clean up the crumbs, and the meeting ended with a discussion of B-52 jet bombers.

Back with meeting "B" again, Mr. Swearingen coaxed his one-cylinder car into Seattle with Dick Nulsen and the girls following all the way for a change. In due time they arrived at the Cornelius. While the other three went up to 307, John chugged off to find a service station that could improve the performance of his car. After traveling a considerable distance to find a place that was open on Sunday night, he had to patiently wait for the attendant to work on his car between servicing the cars of other customers who had traveled a considerable distance to find a station that was open on Sunday night. At last the motor was made to hit on at least four of its six cylinders and John returned to the Cornelius. He found nobody home and gathered from the note on the door where the rest of his party had gone. A phone call to Eddie Olin confirmed his worst suspicions; meeting "A" had just left and Dick, Hazel, and Kathleen had not yet arrived. Meeting "B" eventually ended with its four members re-united, but it took another hour to do it.



AMAZING STORIES

IN REVIEW

by Burnett R Toskey

Part 18: 1943

(AUTHOR'S NOTE:) After a long absence of 8 months, this column has now returned. To those of you who will undoubtedly scream that it STILL hasn't been absent long enough, I say: true. However, it shall here be noted that we, the publisher's of Cry do not publish said rag for the purpose of amusing our readers, but rather to amuse ourselves --- and provide ourselves with an outlet which, if released upon mundane society, could spell the end of civilization as we know it. It follows, therefore, that when I complete the reading of a year of Amazing Stories, a wave of sadism invariably overcomes me, and the irresistible Urge to torture you, the readers, with my thoughts on same. And torture it is, for you, I know, for 1) my reports are as boring as I can make them, and 2) My critical evaluations are so lopsided, when compared to any set of criteria used by any intelligent s-f fan, that you will be utterly disgusted. They (my opinions) nevertheless, represent my actual opinions.

The year 1943 was notable in several respects, for the Ziff-Davis magazines. Chief in interest was the publication of Weinbaum's classic novel "The New Adam" and the publication of Burrough's last (so far as I know) story, "Skeleton Men of Jupiter". Above and beyond these two single items, two authors shine through like beacons throughout the year in the department of book-length novels: David V. Reed and Don Wilcox.

Never before or since has David V. Reed equalled the output, both in quantity and quality, that he did in 1943 --- four long booklength novels, all of them excellent. Two of these appeared in Amazing Stories, and the other two in Fantastic Adventures. Don Wilcox, not to be outdone, had six novels published, though they were not as lengthy as Reed's; only two of these Appeared in Amazing. David Wright O'Brien was beginning to improve, but Leroy Yerxa had begun to turn out a lot of potboilers. House names and pseudonyms began to run wild during this year -- I have deciphered those that have come to my attention. Festus Pragnell finished up his Mars series, and A.R. McKenzie finished off two series: The Juggernaut Jones tales, and the last "Luvium" story, all typical of McKenzie, and unlike other authors to a high degree.

Physically, the magazine reduced its size to 212 pages with the June issue, and with the September issue it went bi-monthly -- resulting in a total of ten issues for the year. Cover paintings were by St. John (Two terrific ones!), Hadden, Fuqua, McCauley, and RGJnges. Interiors by a variety of illustrators, including Virgil Finlay and Magarian.

The lettercolumn was interesting at times, and contained letters by Chad Oliver, Milt Lesser, Willey Ley, and J. Harvey Haggard, among others.

It is rather amusing to note that they ran a "Meet the authors" department, and, at times, gave biographies of housenames or pseudonyms, as, for instance, a rather wild biography of Lee Francis, a known pseudonym of Leroy Yerxa (Later usurped by Howard Browne.)

Now as to the stories themselves:

(NOVEL-LENGTH STORIES --- 30,000 words and over) (In order of preference)

"The New Adam" by Stanley G. Weinbaum. (Rating A,1.0), two part serial beginning in February. This story is so well known that it needs little comment; it stands unique as one of the very greatest masterpieces of science fiction dealing with the future man, the "homo superior". Unlike "Slan", this story deals with the problems of the superman which he faces within himself, rather than his battles against society. This is undeniably Weinbaum's greatest achievement, though it ranks equal to his other two novels in entertainment value, which is my rating above. I have both the book and the magazine version, and there is very little difference between them -- so little that one should not hesitate to read the mag version for fear it is abridged, if one cannot lay hands on the book, which is something of a rarity.

"Empire of Jegga" by David V. Reed (Rating - A,1.4), a 90,000 word novel complete in the November issue. A wildly improbable plot, the abundance of fantastic concepts, and the author's method of unraveling the mystery piece by piece make this one of the most fascinating stories the magazine has ever run. It is enhanced by Reed's smooth and brilliant style, and his ability to create unforgettable characters. It is discovered that the Solar system is much smaller than we suppose it to be, because of the lens effect of our upper atmosphere, and that all the planets of the Solar System, including the Moon, are inhabited by various types of humanoid races, all interfertile, and all under the domination of the Empire of Jegga(Mars). The atmosphere of Earth is so thick, however, that their plastic ships burn up on contact --- and the Empire covets Earth with a passion. The story concerns their attempts to pry the secret of heat-resistant metals out of the captured Earthlings (From the first Earth-Moon expedition). Palmer now claims to have written the last few pages himself, and takes the blame for the bungling thereof, but, while the characterization loses a little of its fire toward the end, the ending could only have been conceived by Reed, methinks, and was not far off from the point where Reed left off. (I think I have pinpointed the place).

"Dr. Varsag's Second Experiment" by Craig Ellis (David V. Reed), (Rating A,1.5), August issue. A gripping and powerful story about experimentation on human beings, narrated against a background of the underworld, but from a sympathetic viewpoint. It answers the question of what the most cunning and dexterous thief could do if he were endowed with the strength, engineering skill, quickened perceptions, and burrowing instincts of the mole. Even Fort Knox would not be safe from such a man. Only rarely will a story delve as deeply into the human soul as this story does. Stories of this high quality are only rarely found in pulp magazines.

"Warrior of the Dawn" by Howard Browne, (Rating A,1.6), two part serial, December 1942 and January 1943, and reviewed in the previous installment. (Cry 106).

"The Great Brain Panic" by Don Wilcox, (Rating A,1.8), July. Original and fresh sfictional concepts, which are yet simple, combined with Wilcox's typical style of narration, are enough to give any story an excellent rating. It tells of a planet which has the peculiar quality that anyone who lives there will achieve a stature in direct proportion to his intelligence, and will turn blue if his thoughts are evil. Here lived midgets one foot high, who strove mightily to keep their minds utterly blank, and giants 500 feet high. And in the jungles were hordes of Blue savages. A short novel.

"Earth Stealers" by Don Wilcox (Rating A,1.9), June. One of Wilcox's more famous stories, though not one of his best --- though in its own way it justly deserves its fame. We start with a race of super-beings who have learned how to communicate with some intelligent "microbes". The microbes, in turn, find that a race of "fleas" -- formerly thought of as pests -- are intelligent. The fleas are themselves in communication with a strange race of microscopic "one-cells" who, finally, discover a strange two-legged form of life on an electron. Many pitfalls are open to an author who attempts to write a story with this idea ---- and Wilcox easily avoids them all --- which is something of a remarkable achievement, to say the least.

"Priestess of the Floating Skull" by Edwin Benson, (Rating B,2.4), two part serial beginning in May. I think Ray Palmer wrote this story, but I'm not sure. It is a short novel of a couple of Russian spies in Berlin during World War II, aided by a radio capable of detecting the thoughts of certain people (The only sfictional concept). The story is interesting and smoothly written, but is weak on a couple of points of logic.

"That Worlds May Live" by Nelson S. Bond (Rating B, 2.4), a long novel complete in the April issue. It is a pleasant interplanetary story concerning a plot to shrink the Solar System so small that it will burn itself up. Unfortunately, the author's familiarity with astronomical language is inept, in this story, and there are many opportune coincidences. But the story is not clumsy, and flows in typically smooth Bond style.

SHORT STORIES; "B" Rating (Recommended). (In order of preference)

"Skeleton Men of Jupiter" by Edgar Rice Burroughs, February. So far as I know, this is the last published story (except for reprints) by the one and only Burroughs. It is obviously the first section of another John Carter novel. With the whole new world of Jupiter awaiting him, who knows what mighty adventures might have become available to the Burrough's fan. And in this short story, Burrough's imagination does not fail; and the story flows in typical Burroughs manner.

"Warrior Queen of Lolarth" by Ross Rocklynne, May. Rocklynne has a talent for writing an exciting story which is consistently well thought out in every detail --- and these attributes are not missing in this story. A girl is kidnapped into the dim past to a strange civilization which was later trampled out by the dinosaurs. The hero, a war invalid who can't even walk, follows her, finds her transformed radically. The reader is kept on a high note of suspense; the explanations at the end are not only believable, but downright inevitable.

"Collision in Space, by Festus Pragnell, July. This is not a Don Hargreaves of Mars story -- the only such story by Pragnell in Amazing (though one other appeared in Fantastic). It is a rather tantalizing glimpse at the strange civilization of Jupiter through the eyes of a captive Earthman, a Jovian socialite fallen from grace, and a strangely sympathetic Jovian female jewel thief. A high point in the story occurs when the hero is hung in the meat locker of some weird inhabitants of the upper Jovian atmosphere who fish for land creatures (including human-types) with invisible hooks.

"C" rating (Readable, but not worth discussing) (In order of publication.)

January: "The Lost Warship" by Robert Moore Williams

"Queen of the Flaming Diamond" by Leroy Yerxa

February: "Phantom Transport" by Leroy Yerxa

"The Persian Carpet" by Dwight V. Swain

March: "The Metal Monster" by E.K. Jarvis (Robert Moore Williams)

"Bring Back My Body" by David Wright O'Brien

"The Money Machine" by Clee Garson (David Wright O'Brien)

April: "Juggernaut Jones, Warrior" by A.R. McKenzie

"Enigma of the City" by Chester S. Geier

"Never Trust a Demon" by Robert Bloch

"Daughter of Destiny" by Lee Francis (Leroy Yerxa)

May: "The Machine" by Robert Moore Williams

"Twisted Giant of Mars" by Festus Pragnell

"Juggernaut Jones, Draftee" by A.R. McKenzie

"Death in Time" by William McCown

June: "Conspirators on Phobos" by Festus Pragnell

"Me the People" by Emil Petaja

"Pacifist of Hell's Island" by Robert Moore Williams

July: "Juggernaut Jones, Commando" by A.R. McKenzie

August: "A Patriot Never Dies" by Frank Patton (house name--possibly Ray Palmer here)

"Pop Gun" by Francis Wilson Powell

"The Degenerate Mr. Smith" by William DeLisle

September: "When the Darkness Came" by William DeLisle

"Luvium, the Invincible City" by A.R. McKenzie

"War Worker 17" by Frank Patton (Ray Palmer for sure on this one)

"Lunar Vengeance" by Thornton Ayre (John Russell Fearn)

"The Devil's Planet" by David Wright O'Brien

"Madcap of Mars" by Festus Pragnell

November: "Juggernaut Jones, Pirate" by A.R. McKenzie

Don't let the titles scare you away from the Juggernaut Jones stories -- they have absolutely nothing to do with Earth-type wars. They are amusing stories, very short, about the trials and tribulations of an airplane salesman on other planets. Many of the

stories listed above would be rated higher (or lower) by other people, no doubt. The remaining stories in the magazine are "D" stories (ordinary), and not worth mentioning as such, except for two

"E" stories (inept)

March: "Bill Caldron Goes to the Future" by Paul Miles

July: "The Man Who Lost His Face" by Helmar Lewis

The Paul Miles story, Palmer Claims; was written by a very young boy of 8 or 9.

There are no stories with rating "F" (Evil) or "G" (Blecchhh).

By sheer coincidence, I have also finished reading Fantastic Adventures for 1943, so next month you will also be plagued with the next installment of my review series for that magazine.

-----*****-----*****-----*****-----*****
(((Forgive the bad grammar in places in the above report --- on-stencil composition,
you know, does that at times....BRT)))

THE REJECTED REJECTION SLIP

by Wally Weber

Dear Sir _____
Madam _____
Faan _____

We have received your contribution of _____ artwork _____ poetry
 _____ fiction _____ article
 _____ damned if we could figure out
 what it was.

entitled _____, and we found it to be exactly what we have been wanting for the past _____ years. At long last we have received a contribution that we can reject.

In order to be eligible for rejection, the following qualifications must be met.

1. The material must be disgustingly unoriginal.
2. The material must be in fantastically bad taste.
3. The material must be so poorly executed that it staggers the mind.
4. The material must not be of sufficient quality to even be of use as covering for bird cage floors.

We are delighted to report that your contribution has met these exacting qualifications with flying colors. It is so bad that we are not content to merely not print it, but are mailing it back to you before it rots completely away. We thank you for thinking of us, and we appreciate the effort you must have put into this work in order to make it so unbelievably bad. We will appreciate your next contribution even more if you will send money instead.

Sincerely yours,

FENDEN PUBLICATIONS
Cry of the Nameless Div.

(((Typists note: We of Seattle have prepared a different rejection slip than the above for actual use --- we were divided on this one(two for-two against). In order to see a copy of the one we are actually using, it will be necessary to submit something to us that we don't like, for one reason or another. On the honor roll in this respect are, so far: Stony Barnes, Ivor J Alexander, Bill Meyers, and Rich Brown.))))

As a fan who almost became a faned, I've given some thought to the peculiar business of fan publishing. "Business" is hardly the word, for a fanzine is almost invariably a losing proposition. Even if the price is pegged to cover the cost, there are trades, sample copies, and contributor copies. A faned will almost invariably receive most other fanzines, and their cost may as well be figured into the accounting. The only possible way to break even is to price the zine above cost and depend on the subscribers to bear the cost of trades. Ask almost any faned how hard it is to do that.

To me, one of the funniest parts of many a zine is the section titled "Why you are receiving this zine". Some of the alternatives are purposely funny, but the unconscious humor in some of the plaintive pleas is the best. Any person who gets a zine in the mail knows perfectly well why he got it. Either it's a sample, a trade, a subscriber's copy, a contributor's copy, or simply one sent free to a personal friend. In any case, he knows that the editor wants something in return: money, a zine, comment, or at least acknowledgement. It's all right to remind a subscriber of an expired sub, but no request marked with an (x) will get anything out of the totally disinterested person. You can't make him care whether he gets the next issue or not.

Without any further botheration, fanzines should simply be sent to those people who show, one way or the other, that they do care. A sample copy is a means of searching for such people, and is in itself a personal gesture. In the age of mass-produced "personal touch", "custom styling", and similar perversions, a sample fanzine is one of the few items that has not been sent out merely in the hopes of getting some money. Cash would be useful, of course, but reader response is the faned's most valuable return. Imagine a fan whose zine has a paid circulation of, say, a hundred, loses him no money, and brings only a letter or two for each issue. The poor chap would go bugs from sheer frustration!

This is an imaginary, extreme, and perverse case. But there is almost always some mental pain in fanzine publishing. Ideally, it acts as a goad, driving the editor to greater effort (and sometimes to gafia). Eventually, he hopes, he will reach the ideal state: a zine distributed to a goodly number of true fans, who always contribute enough to make the zine interesting.

For those who don't thrive on too much struggle and pain, the easy way out appears to be the amateur press associations. They are assured of being in a group truly interested in fan publishing. There is, of course, the matter of waiting lists to the established ones. But if the situation is bad enough, what's to stop a fan from persuading others to form a new association? The advantages are worthwhile. But I suspect that efficiency is not a strong motivating force in all fans. Individuality is the keynote - a fan wants the success of his zine to depend entirely on his own efforts.

But think how easy it would be! You assemble the zine, but, instead of laboriously stamping and addressing the whole batch, you ship off a bundle to the editor. Then, periodically, the editor ships bundles of zines to those who would get them all anyway. And you can still send out copies to those who aren't in the association.

Come to think of it, press association mailings should not be restricted to members. The idea of a sort of clearing house to handle sample mailings has been proposed somewhere, can't find where. And Arch Destiny proposed, in the March '58 SF ADVENTURES, to provide sample copies to interested readers. I hear that SFA is to be discontinued, which will be the end of that unless the Fan-Space is moved to INFINITY. I'm not sure it would be of any great advantage to fandom - the self-discovery of a trufan comes without any help. But it would at least be worth a try.

If ever I make another try at fanzine publication, which will be when I have money, mostly, I'd very much like to join up with an APA. I have some doubts about what I could do as an editor, but since I go in for writing fannish material, I may as well run it through the duplicator myself. But in the meantime I save myself that trouble by contributing to other fans' zines. With contributor copies, "pleas", "bribes", and some I've actually paid for, I hope to keep a good number of fanzines going my way.

So, just to remove all doubt, I announce myself as an interested fan. All fanzines gladly received. Hope to hear from you-all sometime, eh? ((506 S. Fifth Ave.
Ann Arbor, Mich.))

ze end

INFORMATION FOR CONVENTION-GOERS a Cry public service

Fans will find it easier to get to the World Science Fiction Convention this year, due to the extensive plans made by the Solacon Transportation Committee, headed by Frank and Belle Dietz and George Nims Raybin.

For those who would like to travel in the style to which many fans would like to become accustomed, there will be two air coach fan-flights from New York with the usual stops along the east-west flyway. If interested, contact Belle Dietz, 1721 Grand Ave., Apt 4-C, Bronx 53, N.Y. Info on trains and buses will later be available from the same source.

For fans in the Cleveland-Detroit area a Travelcon motorcade is planned, which will leave Detroit August 24 and return Sept. 7. For this, write: George Young, 11620 Washburn St., Detroit 4, Michigan.

In other parts of U.S. and Canada Share the Ride clubs are being set up. Registrations are now being accepted from drivers and would-be riders. A committee will try to match up rides wanted with rides available and notify both parties. This work is being done mostly by volunteers in the National Fantasy Fan Federation because it was the only national club with the personnel and facilities to handle the details. The service is available without charge, however, to all fans without regard to club affiliations.

For this service fans living in eastern Canada and the U.S. east of the Mississippi should contact: Frances L. Light, 3715 N. Marshfield, Chicago 13, Illinois.

Those in western Canada and the U.S. west of the Mississippi should contact: Mrs. Bennie Edwards. P.O. Bin 6, Ridgecrest, California.

In order to give the committee time to process the registration cards, it is requested that all cards be in by July 15. If you cannot make it by this date, they will do their best for you regardless, but the sooner you get your cards in, the better chance you have to get in a club.



"Aren't we fortunate in having these charming Earth people for dinner, Dear?"

"DETROIT IS FINE IN '59"

WE, THE UNDERSIGNED, SUPPORT A DETROIT CONVENTION!

NEW YORK AREA

Horace L. Gold
Larry Shaw
Lee Hoffman Shaw
Judith Merrill
Frank R. Paul
Edd Cartier
Fredrick Pohl
Willy Ley
Hans S. Santessen
Thomas S. Gardner
Frank Dietz
Belle Dietz
George N. Raybin
Gerry de La Ree
Dick Ellington
Pat Ellington
Ian Mc Cauley
Bradford Day
Dave Mc Donald
Bill Donahoe
Dave Pollard
Tom Condit
Art Hayes
Mona L. Rhines
Ken Beale
Sany Cutrell
Walter N. Eble
Kay Brickman
Mary Dziechowski
Deanna Levine
P. C. Steinbrunner
Arthur Zinil
Edmund Meskys
Russell Blackwell
A. Blackwell
Henry Smith
Dave Smith
Fred Shunaman
Angelina Mando
Elaine Phillips
Leslie S. Gerber
Andrew Reiss

ILLINOIS AREA

Lynn Hickman
Carolyn Hickman
Jim Harmon
Mel Korshak
Nan Gerding
Paul H. Rehorst

TORONTO

William Grant
Gerald Stewart
Boyd Rayburn
Ron Kidder

Washington D.C.

Bob Madle
Richard Eney
John Magnus
Ted White
John Hitchcock
Bob Pavlet
Jack Harness

SEATTLE

F. M. Busby
Elinor Busby
Burnett Toskey
Wally Weber
Otto Pfeifer
William Austin
Delsie Austin

CALIFORNIA

Stanton A. Coblentz
E. E. Evans
Thelma D. Hamm
Margaret ST. Clair
Mildred Clingerman
Ben J. Stark
Dave Rike
Carl Brandon
Terry Carr
Peter Graham

PITTSBURGH

P. Schuyler Miller
Dirce Archer
Marion Mallinger
Beatrice Taylor
Jack Price
Robert Delgade

CINCINNATI

Donald E. Ford
Lou Tabako
Stan Skirvin
Dale Tarr

CLEVELAND

Nick Falesca
Noreen Falesca
Steve Schultheis
Frank Androsovsky
Russ Winterbotham
Ben Jason
Virginia Rycroft

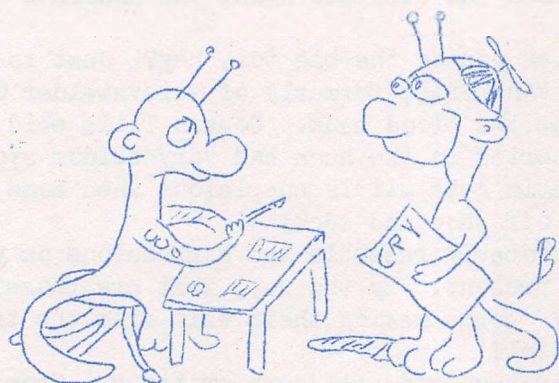
PHILADELPHIA

George R. Heap
Herb Schofield
Irwin Heyne
Betsy Curtis
Jean Bogart

OTHER AREAS

Edmond Hamilton
Leigh Brackett
Nelson S. Bond
Charles De Vet
Ralph Holland
Gregg Calkins
Janie Lamb
Nancy J. Share
Stuart S. Hoffman
Wrai Ballard
Lillith Lorraine
Rich Brown

Be a fan of distinction. Mail a postcard stating that you will support a Detroit Convention in 1959 to ---M.S.F.S. Headquarters, 11630 Washburn Street, Detroit 4, Michigan.

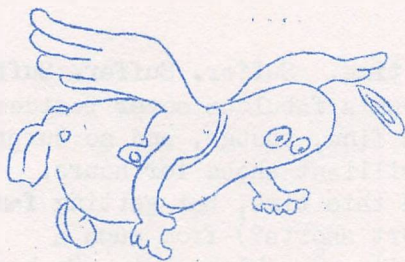


"I SAY TO HELL WITH THE INVASION, SIR.
I'VE FOUND SOMETHING BETTER!"

CRITICAL MASS

Hi, gang!

In #113 you reported that Rich Brown was headed for Seattle. After reading The Adventures of Finkwater J. Goldfinch, I hope he'll continue right on through and into Puget Sound like a good little lemming. If you don't pry loose this series, this barnacle in the anus of progress, I shall weep hysterically for at least half an hour. Thirstily I searched for a drop of sincere literary endeavor in this barren waste, to no avail, thought I. Then lo! a sustaining oasis in a cruel and trying desert. Mine parched eyeballs, filmed with the sterile dust of boredom and revulsion, twitched with life anew; I had found The Word, pregnant with meaning, the savior of the whole atrocity, --END--. Smiting my anguished and somewhat bony breast, I send my keening cry on high, Sink the Fink!!!



The minutes of the February meetings made good, imaginative, completely upsetting reading. Linda Wyman probably gave her lachrymal glands a good workout because she was taken aback at the utter confusion which seems to be the bill of fare at meetings of the cabala. Imagine, talking about fish, parrots, and milk trains to Ireland when you should be considering such weighty topics as "The Moon -- What In Blazes Do We Do When We Get There?" Poor dear. It's a pity my well-padded shoulder is way up here in Olde New Englande. I'm an expert consoler of nice-ly-put-together young ladies. Linda is nicely-put-together isn't she? Huh? Huh? (slobber)

What, oh what, does gafiating mean? Is it simply a nonsense word, on the idea of one grunch but the egg-plant over there? Is it a product of Wally Weber's brilliant but hopelessly twisted mentality? Might it be a code word giving the location of the fleet to red-starred submersibles lurking off the coast, you sniveling traitors, you? Tell me, tell me, before I do something drastic like going to church. (((GAFIA stands

for "Getting Away From It All", meaning Fandom; the word, and its derivatives, is almost as old as fandom itself....BRT))))

Norman Harris and I are as one when it comes to opinions about some of the jazz appearing in many of the fan publications. I get awfully tired reading about segregation and other timely subjects, interesting to be sure, but not proper material for a magazine supposedly concerned with the sundry aspects of S.F. Hmmm. While we're on the topic, who seems to be more interested in exhibitions of writing backwards and inside out, the history of the Columbia River, and the balmy weather? (Right now it's 32 in Dracut, with 8 inches of snow.) What esoteric group gets more fun out of trampling tired-blooded

CRY OF THE READERS

conducted
by
Burnett R. Toskey

Wally Gonser than our of discussing what they liked and disliked about the Monolith Monsters?

So Stony Barnes thinks that vampire bats nick you on the big toe, hey? Just to check, I dug up a distant relative, Count Thila von Moran, formerly of Grievswalder Oie, Transylvania, and presently on the night shift at the blood bank. Cousin Thila said that in his prime he usually went for the carotid arteries in the neck and very seldom stooped to dine at the toe. Apparently the intended victim gets mildly suspicious when some leering stranger flaps down and tries to wrench off shoe and sock.

The Brown cover is not bad a-tall. It'll probably resemble the expressions on your faces when you get an illo I'm sweating over at present. By the way, what are those long diddles coming out of the recently removed head? Worms making their exit from the trichina-infested brain? Or something equally as delightful?

Ren Pemberton has dispatched his usual exhaustive and well-done critique. Crom Dhu! How does his eyesight stand the strain? I fear that his epics are wasted on me, though. Being a poor struggling student, I just can't indulge in a buying spree. The fact that many authors deny their androids a navel rots my socks too, Ren. Think of the terrific industry which might spring up if the critters were endowed with even a poorly executed umbilical scar --- synthetic belly button lint!

My strength is like the strength of ten,
Because my heart is pure.

Jim Moran
208 Sladen St.
D_racut, Mass.

(((You might have to compete with Wally Weber for Linda's favor --- although he may have lost interest in her, since a couple of years ago she ~~wxx~~ became old enough to walk. Concerning your other note, perhaps if we send it first class, it should get there in five days, and your extra buck will go much farther. It regularly goes out 3rd class, which admittedly is unghodly slow. Airmail isn't really necessary to get it to you in good time, is it now? If you still insist on airmail, let us know.....BRT

THE PLAGUE OF LOCUST ST.

Wh-wh-wha' say?

Ha. No letterhead for you poor, art-starved folk this time. Suffer. Suffer. Suffer.

I didn't much like Rich Brown's fabulous cover besides the wonderful white paper. That was fine, though, and so surprising that I sat there admiring its brilliant sheen for hours.

Inside front wasn't so good this time, but getting fanzine sex short-shorts ("Who wears short shorts?) from such a literary name as Steinbeck is quite an achievement. So keep the inside fronts coming, what say?

Why can't Busby be hilarious all the time instead of just occasionally? He always slays me with his nasty remarks about dear ole Cry on the contents page.

Amelia must be getting weak. She reviewed five fanzines this time around that I get, an unheard of total. Good reviews, too, I judge, which doesn't mean much, but it is nice for once to be able to compare ideas with the Hallowed reviewer. Rah. But longer reviews, I implore, and more of them. Hog lotsa space like Renfy.

And by golly there's ole Renfy hisself when I turn the page. And I think I'd send him free copies of my fabulous Sf Mag were it the case that I had such.

The second of the dull series by Richard W. Brown Truefan (strange name) benefited greatly from being duller than the one before, and I managed to like it. Not so sickeningly clever. Just sickeningly typical of Brown Truefan, which is only acceptable when I read the stuff half asleep.

The minutes were fabulous. It's really not fair, you know, to mix Weber in with the



likes of Brown, Meyers, Daigle, Barnes, Pelz, even Ole Es. He cheats and is funny occasionally so you can't throw stones at him quite so easily as we Screaming Wits. Cheating. Yes. Very poor sportsmanship on Weber's part.

Meyers has lost all life. He no longer screams foolishness. This could be construed as cheating, but with everybody else denouncing him, I'll go along with him on the changes in his column. And he's a horribly pitiful figure there with tremendous sobs wracking his prostrate form as the Bag tortures him with rare old pulps. But that's the way it is when you get the habit -- just can't shake the monkey. At first you can be happy with one or two late SF QUARTERLY's, and there's always a dealer to let you have those first ones so cheap. But it works up, and when you have '27 AMAZING's, and the price is up, you've really been hooked, and there's no way to quit. You just go on half living, fearing the day you won't be able to get what you need, and knowing that day is getting nearer.

Agried with the fiend on Matheson's fabulous "Distributor," though. Playboy really has the finest sf and borderline work, you know, with some awfully shaking shorts of a type nobody else uses, not even F&SF.

I went wild over Berry's little article because it lacked the stirring "And I realized that Man had put that dot into the sky, Man had conquered Nature, Man had come of Age." note that marks good writing. I guess I'm just subversive, but admitting that I'm stirred in any way besides having my stomach churned is beyond any serious consideration.

Atom's work was fine, too, the one at the top of the letcol being short of fabulous by nought, and particularly beautiful for being in a different vein from anything else I've seen Atom do.

Oh Foo Foo. Now I've run into the first two letters, and they killed me, too, but damfimgonna say so after just finishing up goshwowing for two straight paragraphs. But tell me, fabulous fat fellah, are all your subscription renewals such dry notes?

Poor Tosk. He can't even look forward to getting a couple of letters in the mail from Willis, Berry, and the like. No. They write Weber. It's plain to see that this club is very clique-ish, and class conscious, and discriminating. Maybe I could get Weber ruled a monopoly so he'd hafta let Tosk read the good letters, too. I'm very fair minded, a veritable Wrecker of Foolish Prejudice.

Just wish there weren't so many n----- in Alabama.

Ha. I said it. Now to be denounced. Anybody know whether there are any of our dark friends in fandom? (((I know of only one.....BRT)))) That's something I've wondered about. I'm not really especially prejudiced.

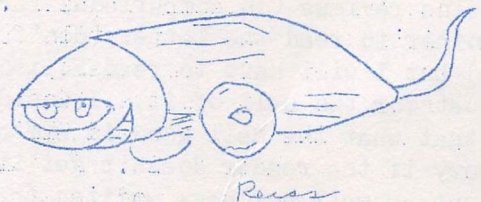
Mebbe we oughtta let Pelz in with the plans for taking over the CRY. Could be behind that stupid exterior there's the mind of a mad scientist, and these little inferior numbers may really mean something. So Pelz can blow up Seattle.

But I'm beginning to see the futility of it all. Lately I've been contemplating forgetting the whole thing, and setting out to conquer HYPHEN.

Brown's UPA-ish bit of art on page 29 was fine, probably the best thing in the issue outside Atom and, naturally (even in my modesty), Adams.

Fifteen rahs for Len Moffat. Obviously a deep thinker.

Ha. Consensus of opinion from the tasteless critics that correspond seems to be that Adams is a superb craftsman of the short novel form, a writer of breathless prose, a quality writer who still has that touch to appeal to the larger audience. Like not all of them screamed "Yarghhhblazzle."



No tears please, but we have reached the end of another superb epistle from Adams, chock full of intriguing comment, controversial opinion, sharp and biting satire, and assorted drollery. Best

Esmond Adams
432 Locust St
Huntsville, Alabama

(((The "Dear Wally" on letters from Berry et al, is a farce -- the mail is mailed to Cry, and as a result, Wally is usually the last one to read it, among us Seattle people. If'n you want my SAPzines, you might try sending a little money to spend on the postage -- as for the others, you'll have to contact them independently for negotiations of this nature (c/o CRY, if you don't know their address).....BRT)))

THE MUTHPIECE OF CHICAGO

Att'n Nameless Ones!

I never got CRY #112 (February). Are you trying to cut me off just because I didn't reply to #111? Or are you trying to stop me from replying by not sending issues? It's a plot!...a fiendish Seattle plot against myself and Chicago fandom. Are you trying to cut off Chicago from the rest of fandom in an attempt to stop us from getting the '59 Worldcon? But no matter how hard you try we shall always be one step ahead of you.

I think I have finally figured out why you choose to call yourselves the Nameless Ones. It results from an inferiority complex. You don't feel sure of yourselves in fandom and thus try to make up for it by pubbing regularly every month. This inferior feeling is so strong that you don't even feel worthy of having names like everyone else. Thus you choose to call yourselves the Nameless Ones. Simple isn't it. Now that this has been revealed, you and all your readers can relax. Aren't you glad you have someone like me to solve these highly complex, psychological problems?

A few general comments on #'s 111 and 113: The fiction wasn't bad except for Rich Brown's Goldfinch crudbit. That bit with the building falling I can remember first seeing in a Marx brothers picture which came out about 20 years ago. In that Harpo was in the same position as Finkwater and when he stepped aside the building shook, a few bricks fell, and then the whole damn thing came toppling down. It would not have been as bad in Brown's tale if he had at least written it better, with a little subtlety. But as it is-- arghhh. Berry's yarn was good but what's the "obscene joke about the effect of cold weather on brass monkeys" that goes with it? (((Where have you been, son. Can't repeat the joke here, since this is a family magazine...BRT)))

Amelia's fmz reviews are still far too short, and the prozine reviews (in comparison) far too long. I don't bother to read the latter (don't read stf at all anymore) but I will have to read Ellison's "Shadow" story just for the hell of it. I would like to say though that what the hell good is symbolism and meaning in a story if the reader doesn't get it? The writer then might just as well not have written the story (except for his check) and kept the ideas sealed in his brain. Now I'm not saying that it should be made nice and obvious tho like in those old morality plays. But perhaps I'd better not say any more till I've read Harlan's story.



You seem to get carried away with yourselves in the letter column. I like long letter columns but this is just too much. How about editing out some of the less interesting and more repetitious stuff?

Can "Norman Sanfield Harris" be serious? If he is, he must certainly be a neo. He says that "By corresponding with other fans..he learns many things...the average person his age doesn't get a chance to find out." And he "...develops a taste for reading in general and becomes startlingly well educated." I agree with this quite a bit. But then how can he from this condone interests in anything other than s-f. I think fandom is a way for persons with more than an average interest in what is going on about them to get together. So why should they confine their discussions and such to stf and only stf. I don't know the more I read by neos the harder I think it is to note a difference between a neos writing and someone trying to satirize a neo's writing. A neo's writing reaches such a ridiculous extreme quite frequently so that it's impossible to satirize it. But then this wasn't real extreme.

How about getting more and better filler illos? Too many of the ones you run are just scrawlings.

Sincerely,

Jerry De Muth
1936 Sheridan Road
Evanston, Illinois

(((Since you don't sub, you had no letter in #112, no zine of yours reviewed in #112, etc, there was no reason to send you same. We who publish Cry call ourselves Fabulous Seattle Fandom. The Nameless Ones is the local tea-and-crumpt society masquerading as a s-f club---getting its name originally because they couldn't think of a name for the club. I'm afraid there's nothing you can do to change the way we handle the contents of the Cry. We pub only for the fun of it, and so we enjoy getting carried away --- ~~xxx~~you might say that we are fantisted by the scoop and power of the message....BRT))))

THE THOMPSON EFFECT

Dear, Wally, Burnett, Lorence, P Holacust, Otto, Buz, Elinor, Renfrew, Amelia, Bill, Dick, Ed and Mrs Wyman, Jerry, Flora, Wally Gonser, Geneva, Doug & Linda, JOHN SWEARINGEN, The Grand Coulee Dam, and Uncle Tom Cobliegh an' All,

It's a bit much, you know! Here I was conjuring up in my mind just what phrases I would use in my letter of comment on the Cry that arrived in at the beginning of March, when 'thud' on the 29th of March Cry 113 fell exhausted through the letter box. I opened the door and looked



out to see if I could see Toskey 'poor fella' running off with a cleft stick in his hand and blisters on his feet, but there was nobody. -- Just how are you getting these things here? Have you a pull at Cape Canaveral? Don't get me wrong, I'm not complaining. Far from it. Cry has somehow crept under my stiff British upper lip aloofness and become my favorite fmz from Seattle--as well as POLARITY--- I hasten to add. I have not allowed the fact that the esteemed editor of Polarity..to whit. Mr F.M.BUSBY has allowed naked foto's of himself to appear of fmz covers., to mar my enjoyment of POLARITYOh, you want me to talk about Cry!

Well, firstly I'm glad to see Mr Weber did not allow time to stand still and has gotten TWO minutes in this latest ish--I say latest ish fearfully--looking over my shoulder at the mail box incase there's yet another issue smiling smugly at me. But here's a point. Mr Weber in his minutes makes a mundane statement..to him atleast.. in which he says "...back to their mundane every day jobs of testing Phod Powder. TESTING PHOD POWDER!! Little did he realize the reaction these words would cause in Brockham House! For years

the secret of Phod Powder testing has been lost to us, and here it is being practised all the time in far off Seattle! Many

years ago in the remote Highlands of Scotland my ancestors practised this ancient art, then through the wars and bloody battles with the English the makers and testers of the product were gradually hunted down and killed off. Only in the ancient texts smuggled out of the country by escaping Scotsmen were the formulas and testing processes kept safe. But these too, over the years became lost to the phod powder testers descendants. Till at last I myself am the only true descendant of the Uachtery Muchty phod powder testers of '45.

I can only beseech Wally humbly to once more return the testing formula to its ancient home and fulfill once more my hereditary title of PHOD POWDER TESTER to the Scottish Kings. (He might also tell me what Phod Powder does. That too has been lost in the mists of antiquity..and I wouldn't like to go around testing it all over the place and not know just what was happening).

Did I say I enjoyed the Fmz and Prozine reviews--well I did. I don't get the US zines, but I like to read up what's said on them, especially Renfrew's and Bill's personal approach to the stories.

Cry of the Readers. Hey, wha' hopped to my lil' bem. Oh sure it's drawn ok on the stencil..no complaints there. But I'm sure its hair was combed when I sent it to you! Obviously it has received a severe fright by being confronted with Seattle fandom. This here Jim Moran who has the first letter this issue talks just my kind of language--I think. You're not the only fmz to have ESMOND ADAMS writing exclusively for you. RETRIBUTION too, has a letter in print of this boy's. And Ghod help us, I borrowed a couple of HUMBUG's the Mad type zine, from Vince Clarke-- and there was letters from Esmond Adams in them.

All the other letters were enjoyable too. Oh by the way, I sent Ethel Lindsay our Retribution fmz reviewer and GDA first aid nurse, several copies of Cry in with some other fmz, and poor girl, she has become a Cry addict. Even going so far as to review several issue in her column in the next Ret out in April. I don't know whether I can break the addiction to Cry that she has succumbed to, or whether it would be best for me to continue to send my copy over to her. I guess I'll have to keep sending my copy over to her to read; they say the effects of a cure from reading Cry are worse than the effects given by reading it.

But enough for this month, it's snowing to Blizzard outside and I better go out and see if my Gutterimbucles are covered up; they're very delicate yet at this time of



the year and snow might have an adverse effect on their growth, though I'm quite proud of the fact they measure 16 feet around the base even at this early stage.

Hoping you are the same

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

(((((Wally says he'll be glad to trade you the secrets of testing phod powder for a dozen Gutterimbucle seeds. We got your huge packet of illos, and thanks a million --- by some strange coincidence, every one of the fellows portrayed has mussed hair. If you want, we can send you back the originals to prove it (including the one you mention), after we have them used, of course. Maybe they ran into stormy weather crossing the Atlantic. If Ethel Lindsay is young, pretty, and unattached, she can move to Seattle and help us put out the Cry if she want to.....BRT))))

BOYFOOT BARE WITH DEECK...

Fat Ones:

No. 114 arrived on a Saturday this time. This is no good at all. I won't have it, you hear/ Saturday is a day of recovery, a day for quiet and serenity. The only noise I like to hear is the soft pop of my .45 with silencer as I pick off the cute little kiddies who play their frantic games under my window. But you mailed Cry so that it would arrive

on that day (a bunch of bloody sadists, you are; and I deeply regret it isn't your blood). Could you, perchance, fix it so that Fry could come on a Monday or any weekday? Or are you, since you are so busily moaning about the number of your subscribers, trickily trying to disillusion me, hoping thus that the thrill of seeing my name in print will come second to my desire for peace?

It won't work.

Best thing in the issue was Alexander's "Magnet". Magnifico! Normally I am against the type poem that Mr. Alexander wrote. But he was very successful in achieving his mood right at the start. His "Great Balls of fire!" in the 9th stanza, though, disturbed the mood; yet it was only a momentary lapse. Another lapse came in the 11th stanza: he should never have used "protoplasm"; it, like the "Great balls," just shouldn't have been there. All in all, however, it was far above normal fan poetry and compared quite favorably with most professional poetry.

The Penultimate plows, and he doesn't make me mad. How in the world am I going to be able to write letters that I can mail without suspicions that I'm slipping if somebody won't make me mad? I interest myself in things that make me mad for the most part, leaving eulogy for the meek at heart. A good fight is like a good woman:

You may get hurt, but, oh, the satisfaction!

However, the female Penultimate makes up for her (sibling's, father's, husband's?) lack. In her review of the fanzine "Amok!" she remarks that she doesn't read pseudonymous material because she likes "to get acquainted with fans." Aside from her deluded desire to get to know fans -- who, in my experience, are either twelve-year-olds or raving idiots, and sometimes both -- her admission that she doesn't review, because she doesn't read, stories and articles by obvious pseudonyms is galling. Amelia is a good reviewer --- wouldn't read her reviews if she weren't -- but biases won't help make her a better one, and she could be a better one. Pseudonymous material quite often is very good; and if Amelia doesn't read them, how is she to inform us, so that we can get the zine in question?



Criticism should be above bias. No fair asking why I'm no critic.

Need I mention the cover? Since you used it, you must have known it was good.

Mr. Brown wrote a rather humorous story, and I liked it not only because he mentioned my name.

I feel that I owe it to my conscience to comment on corpulent Toskey's remark that he might do some reviewing of the old Amazing's again. Toskey is a good writer, and he has some very thoughtful comments on the letters received scourging Cry; but don't let him bring back "Amazing Stories in Review." He shouldn't be bothered with something as dry as that, and my masochism hasn't developed sufficiently to allow me to read it.

Yours by mistake, Wm. Deeck
8400 Potomac Ave
College Park, Maryland.

(((((In view of the above, you will no doubt be overjoyed at the appearance of the very column you ask not to appear, so that you will have something to be mad about in your next letter. You live so far away that I have little doubt that, considering the way the P.O. handles 3rd class mail, we could mail it any day of the week here and have it delivered to you on Saturday. You could always leave your mailbox shut during Saturday, or arrange with your local P.O. not to deliver to you. Also I am not corpulent....BRT))))

FLORIDATED

Dear C.H.s:

Again the contents of the mailbox are extracted with a loud CRY of delight. #114 has arrived, with even more ~~trash~~ material by the inimitable Pelz. Where will it all end? Probably in gafia, but don't get your hopes up yet -- that time is nowhere in sight.

Aweel, en garde #114: The cover was quite good, but parts of it looked like disconnected gadgetry with no interlocking of function. So I'm wrong and it's an actual photo of a Gromvelb Station on Capella VII $\frac{1}{2}$ -- but that's still what it looks like to me.

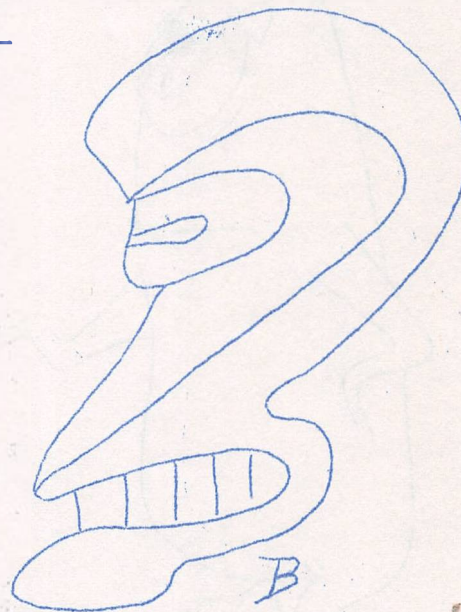
"Thots Upon Taking Over COTN" --- wonderful! I just hope this doesn't mean that Rich has given up trying to take over. When he writes like this, I am quite willing to let him have control all to himself.

Since I have agreed with so many of Pemby's reviews, it came as a bit of a surprise that I should disagree rather violently with him on the May FUniv. The primary source of this disagreement is Boardman's "Colon the Conquerer." I enjoyed this bit quite thoroughly -- puns, punchline, and all. I think that in a parody of a character rather than of a story, the punchline is really less important than the various sidelines. Even the main plotline should yield to the tangents. Hmmm. On reviewing the differences between my opinion and the Pembertonotes, it doesn't seem like a very violent disagreement after all. Oh, well. It takes me a while, but I get there. -- As the bishop said to the actress. Viva El Santo!

Amelia's fanzine reviews still good. But uncommentable.

"The Magnet" left me cold. It progresses steadily from nowhere to nowhere, and did so in free verse. Eh/ (Shrug.)

MINUTES were again excellent. Y'know, pipples, I might be inclined to disbelieve in such meetings -- after all, they do tax the imagination quite a bit. But I have attended meetings which are only one step below yours -- no refreshments served. Otherwise it would be a toss-up whether the meetings of The Nameless Ones were further off the track than those of the Florida Speleological Society. I may write up a meeting sometime, just for comparison, and send it in with signatures of witnesses.



And now we come to the most important part of the CRY: The CRY of the Readers.

Rich Brown: Whuffo the termination of Finkwater? Just when I was getting to enjoy disliking it. Offhand, I don't think there will be any more stinkwater, either. Never can tell, though. I appreciate your letting me into your Takeover Task Farce. We are going to have to round up a couple more members, tho -- Meyers has pulled up short. Also, I like the reindeer gag.

Tosk, I don't quite understand your comments on Asimov's letter. Previously, it looked like the question was "Why didn't the characters who now give good reasons why Russia got ahead of us in the satellite program give these reasons beforehand?" So Asimov says that he did write a pre-sputnik article on the subject, and you demand to know where the FICTION is. It looks like a switch of emphasis, to me. Or have I misread something? (((Yes...BRT)))

Les Gerber: The dropsy is on the way, not in snide. I appreciate your kind words.

Does anybody happen to know if "Gordon Aghill" is one of Silverberg's pseudos? The translation of the last name is quite a lot to ascribe to coincidence.

Not too many good interillos this time. I did like Stony Barnes' p.5 and the Garcon-illo on 37. I wonder if Larry Stone's illo is supposed to indicate that only highbrows read the CRY? ((exit, pursued by hurled brickbats)): Erratically, Bruce Pelz C. H. N. O.
Box 3255 Univ. Station
Gainesville, Florida

(((Aghill-Silverberg is suspicious isn't it. Mebbe one of our readers will verify or now, as the case may be. There certainly seems to be a variety of opinion on "Magnet". I agree with you -- but then I dislike most poetry.....BRT))))

LONG AND BROWN

You guessed it;

I'm still here. Yeah, well like shades of Peter Vorzimer, and all like that. Right now I'm in Bell Gardens, but my address remains the same; it'll be a couple of months until we get there, I'm sad to say, I really am.

Dept. Of Making Meyers Jealous: In the meantime I've been having a wonderful and simply frajous time, not to mention fannish. I've been going to the LASFS and a club here in Huntington Park; not to mention, just a few weeks ago, when we stapled MIMSY. I say "we" meaning George Fields, Ted Johnstone, Bill Ellern, Steve Tolliver...Bjo Wells. And me, natcherly. Oh I could speak of many frajous **fannish** things, that make this Way of Life such a wonderful things; of the BWAPA; of how Steve Tolliver had had "The Harp Stateside" for some months without knowing it; How Taj and Bjo always have a pad on hand for quoting possible linos; of Barny Banard's fabulous puns; of my talk with Roy Squires; of visiting the Alexandria Hotel and talking with Rick Sneary, and how Stan Woolston and I were going to force Bjo to join the N3F; or how I won "The Mind Cage", Van Vogt's latest book, in 4e Ackerman's "raffle"; or..but the time will come later for that; but it just seems that little trivia like this is what makes fandom fun, no?

No matter how you look at it, I'm going to have to say something about the CRY, so I might as well start now. The cover is one of those simplicity things; I really like it. I keep thinking I've heard of Ric West, but I might have him confused with Ric Adams -- and this is confusing, because I can't think who Ric Adams is, either.

Both the Pembertons and Weber are especially good, but provoke no comment.



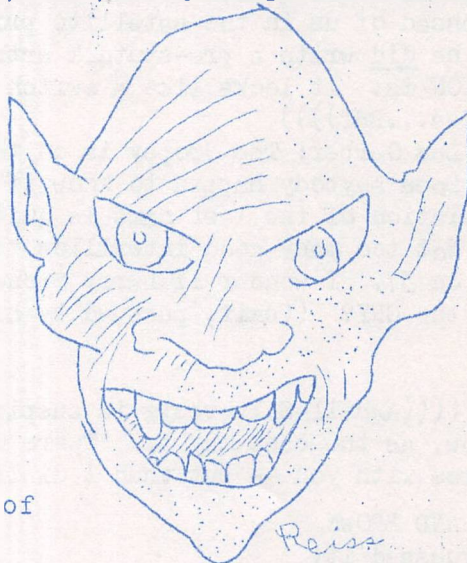
Pelz's piece I won't comment on; I'd feel silly if I said the same thing he said to me when I was in his place...but that's exactly how I feel.

Ivor Alexander (that is a pseudo if I ever heard one; a combination Jorgenson and Blade)((((Could be; the Victoria B.C. bunch sent it to us...BRT)))) writes a good poem; tho like so much other poetry of its kind it doesn't resolve. In fiction and in music, I don't mind this, so much, but in poetry, it always leaves me cold. Still a good poem, tho.

LOOK OUT! DUCK! RICH BROWN HAS FOUND "CRY OF THE READERS" AGAIN!

Marv Bryer: I hate to be the one to tell you this, Marv, but your questionnaire did me no good. Honestly, I hate to tell you this, but you should no better than this. Next time you'll do better if you underline where inflection should be made; otherwise your questionnaire's, just like this questionnaire, will be useless. But for your own information, if the inflection of the sentences were on the first syllable of the fifth word, I'll say "yes." On the other hand, if the inflection is on the the fifth syllable of the first word, then the answer is a definite "no."

Bruce Pelz: If you like my cover, you must have Impeccable Tastes. The thing that gets me down about the Satellite business is mainly this; around here, before Sputnik, to talk about Russia would be passed up with a remark something to the effect of "Aw, we can beat them any day of the week"; all this in spite of my pointing out that Russia has many times our manpower (with Red China) and nearly as much (or maybe more) arms. Of course you know what the Chinese said when the Japanese invaded ("Today, ten Japanese die. Also today, ten thousand Chinese die. Pretty soon, no more Japanese."). And it's true -- but no one would recognize it. Now great Foo, I'm all for confidence in



one's country; confidence, not blind Letgeorgedoit-whyshouldIcareanywayitus. When Sputnik went up, people began to think (and I think rightly so) that maybe Russia is something to worry about. Now that we've a few satellites up, the comment is

the same as of old; "We can beat them any day of the week." If it comes to that, I hope so, I dearly hope so.

Willy Deeck: Quite the contrary, old man, I think CRY of the Readers has improved greatly; of course it's mostly a matter of tastes -- acquired tastes; I come to Cry just as you left, and if anything, I think the writers who write to CRY do so because he/she enjoys it. Writing for The Cry is just about my major fan activity and it will probably remain so, despite all the editing and publishing I do. Yes, my deepest secret stands revealed; I'm in love with Cry of the Nameless.

Stony Barnes: Gee, all this egoboo, and for me, too. Yes indeed, I'm bringing my bonified Mickey Mouse Bazooka and you should at least equip yourself with a Davy Crockett Atomic Powered Gattling Gun; I'll then pick up all the fans on the way to Seattle -- the rally shall be in front of the FENDEN; there we shall stand; Bazookas (etc) in one hand, Zap-guns in the other, waving our spears aloft.

Len Moffatt: Now you've gone and done it, Len, with your "Perhaps I am allowed to say 'Blameless Ones,' since I like your rag..." Fans far and wide will come just to see what will develop from this; They were proud of their fanzine -- they were the Shameless Ones.



They had no purpose for their fanzine --- they were the Aimless Ones. They allowed nothing lewd in their fanzine --- they were the Profaneless Ones. Their fanzine was wild -- they were the Tameless Ones. Oh, what Grennell, or Willis, or Leman could do with this! (((Their fanzine was unknown --they were the Fameless Ones; they published for non-profit, --- they were the Gainless Ones. I think you've covered the field, bhoy...BRT))))

Larry Stone: I hate to disillusion you, but you probably won't get many (if any) subscriptions. When I first came into fandom, I bought subs to Cry, Yandro, and Etherline -- I never got Etherline, by the way, and it's been over a year since I sent for it. And except for Hyphen, I've never subbed a fanzine since; I trade with a lot of fanzines, but those that won't trade or exchange for a letter-of-comment, I don't get. The only reason my fanzines are free is because I know darned well that unless you get something with top-botch material, you're not going to sell a darned thing.

Leslie Gerber: If I were to take your comments seriously, I would be deeply hurt by your "Brown is no artist." comment. You can't please everybody, they say, but you can try. And in that cover I did try -- I sweated black blood on the thing. Ah well. I know that if I said what I felt like saying -- "Go hang from the ceiling and drip green," -- I'd be an A-class fugghead because I "can't take criticism." In the famous words of Robin Wood, Bilge.



Not that you'd be in much of a position to make that statement. I don't mind it so much when someone says they don't like my art, because whether it's good or bad, someone is either going to like it or dislike it; but when they say it is "bad art" or that I'm "no artist" (tho I've never claimed to be) without qualifying themselves, it pickles my blood. I also disagree with you on the Finkwater series; it was downright lousy. You are not the only one who would like to see The Cry without me in it. All this raving about your fanzine(s) are really hilarious... I'll give you the same advice that Meyers (and many others) gave me, "Grow up." Grow up before it's too late.

Bill Meyers: 'Tis good, I must admit, to have you back. I wish you'd mingle with us peasants again. By the way, you hit almost exactly what I had in mind when I invented that signature. It mostly comes from comments you made to me -- at least the radical bit. Scientifically(?) it reads the radical of RiB over Null-A. It describes me almost perfectly -- I am a radical who enjoys humor, but my personality is rather Null

(& Void). Dig?

Terry Jeeves: Yes, I meant to mention that about the Goldfinch bit in my last letter -- Eva Firestone sent me MOTLEY, in which your story appeared. I heard the story myself, from a girl friend of mine, and that it at least deserved writing up. I wish I'd employed the levity and shortness that you did, though.

Lt. Col. Waddagobble de Gook: Or, the Englishman who's mother beat him for being a carnivorous old soul because he admitted that he 'ated everyone?

Burnett R. Toskey: A story doesn't necessarily have to be fun to read to be good, nor good to be fun to read. I re-read "Daughter of the Night" and it wasn't fun to read, and good only in a "literary" sense in that, much like a lot of main-stream literature, the plot never started, ended, or went anyplace --- things just "happened". I personally don't think this is a good thing in any sort of fiction, unless you've the style of Bradbury, the humor of Saroyan, and the simplicity of Steinbeck combined. Shaver, if he had it, didn't show it in "Daughter of the Night". Palmer always seemed to me to be a guy who honestly wanted to please himself and others. He had to rely on a certain amount of hack-work because his rates weren't high enough; his rates weren't high enough because his circulation wasn't big enough; his circulation wasn't big enough because he had to rely on a certain amount of hack-work, etc. He went to extremes to get his readers, and that displeased fans. I honestly think the guy tried -- to damn him for that would be sure fuggheadedness and neofannishness on anyone's part; you can't do that to someone because they tried -- and failed. I think I have said,

twice or more, that I'd like to see your column re-installed. I have to find out what we agree and/or disagree on. # Yeah, I saw a review of CRY OF THE NAMELESS in either SFBulletin or Dimensions, back around '53 - '54. Was surprised to find, tho, that it was all ~~xx~~ litho. Or was it Multilith? Printed?

I've rambled on for about enough, I say, trying to think up something I can ramble on for another four pages... Deplorius neofan, rich brown(The great trufan, and BNF, who knows nothing, sees little, tells all)

127 Roberts St
Pasadena, California

(((Cry wouldn't hardly be the same if you stopped contributing, Rich. The other material you sent has entitled you to a place on our honor roll (people receiving our rejection slip). As you note, my AS column is re-installed for the nohce --- no doubt you are waiting with bated breath for me to get up to the Shaver era. The Cry whose review you read was probably one of the few which were run off on a multilith at the General Electric offices here in Seattle -- a clubmember works there(Royal Drummond); it was only a few pages of local club news at the time. How do you like our "new look", with our Gestetner, now?....BRT)))

COME HEATHER

Dear Nameless Ones.

This cover, by what unthinkable error is it on CRY? I'm almost sure that you could never have intended that this really true art should be on CRY. Isn't it your policy never to put good art in or on CRY?(((No. Art (Thomson) is in Cry, and he is a ghoud man..BRT))))

On page 14 I discover that the what-ever-it-was-on-page 3 was an editorial. I should have guessed it but if I had it probably would have turned out to be something quite different. Things in CRY are like that. It was a very interesting editorial, informative too.

About these"THOTS UPON TAKING OVER CRY OF THE NAMELESS". I don't believe the CRY could possibly do this. I shall prove it can't when my friend Eugene and I come to Seattle if Rich hasn't already.

Pemby's reviews were as always, excellent. But I have found something to disapprove of anyway. I suspect Renfrew of being redundant. "undersixed misfit unfairly cheated of planetary". Is it possible to be fairly cheated?

Stinkwater J Goldfish is even worse than Finkwater J Goldfinch which was bad enough.

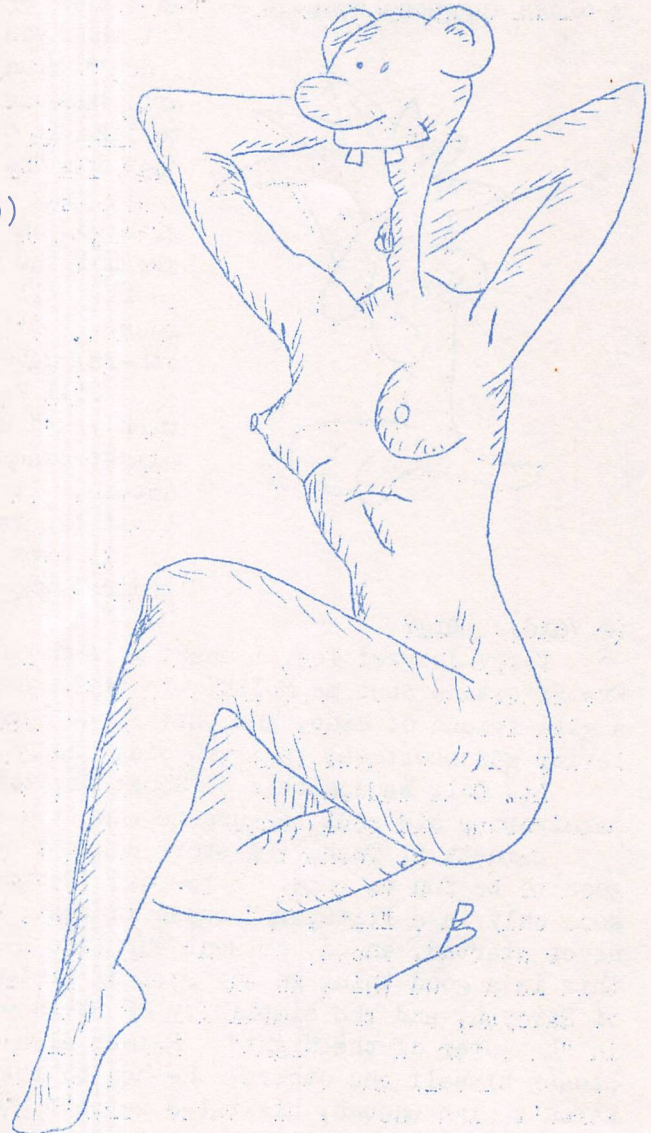
Amelia's reviews are all very good.

"Magnet" is terrific.

These MINUTES are confusing. I thought you people were all serious types.

Marvin Bryer's intelligence test is the most intelligent intelligence test I've seen yet. It's sure to be every bit as popular as the Binet test, whatever that is.

Now whatever does Wm. Deeck think an intellectual is? My dictionary defines one as, "one having the power of understanding." I thought politicians have that. In their



speeches they lead one to believe that they are IT, or at least have IT. Don't they?

I was rather glad Meyers' reviews were missing. Lately they have become morbid, sort of. It was all very well when every one except Bill knew Z-D and that sort of stuff isn't worth reading. But now he knows the egoboo isn't worth it, his reviews aren't worth reading. He didn't read Amazing the last time he reviewed it, I'm quite sure, because Amazing wasn't too bad at all that issue, and it did deserve a better review than he gave it. Poor Amazing.

Are there many bookstores in Seattle that sell science fiction?

Happy trails to you until we meet,

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

(((((There are dozens of bookstores in Seattle that sell s-f books, and about six where you can get old s-f magazines. How about sending us a pic of you for our foto cover --- so far we have all males (except for Lebbie Gerber's aunt --- unless the pic is of Leslie Gerber and her nephew), and this will never do, you know....BRT))))))

SMART ELLIK

Dear Fabulous Seattle-Fandom:

It has recently been brought to my attention (Len Moffatt screamed at me) that Rich Brown is flaunting my name in the pages of CRY, and that I have not defended myself. Len didn't put it quite this way. He said something more on the level of Rich Brown has been flaunting HIS name, etc. Let us reconstruct the scene:

It was New Year's Eve, 1957-8. We sat quietly (some singing, some necking, some playing poker, some drinking) in Downey, on Belcher Street, awaiting the new year, which approached apace.

Ackerman called. I cannot come, he said, because of the fog. The fog is so thick, said a fellow who just arrived, that I cannot see my glasses. Don't worry, Forry, said Len over the phone, we won't curse your memory, all is forgiven.

But the girls, shouted Forrest J Ackerman. The girls will go unkissed on New Year's Eve, and this must not be. Len, my trusted friend, will you be a buddy, and kiss all the girls for me?

Len looked up, gazed around the room, and leered at the telephone. Taking the leer for an affirmative, the Number-One Fan hung up, and naught was further heard from him.

Forry says he can't come, said Len, loudly, and that I am to kiss all the girls for him. Somebody screeched, but that wasn't polite, so Len started in.

Now, about this time, I had an idea. It was the precise negative of a theorem first proposed (to my knowledge) by A E vanVogt in VOYAGE OF THE SPACE BEAGLE, where an important man pushes his way through a crowd, and a less important man follows him, as an assistant. Being a thorough student of fantasy, I recalled this. As Len began to smooch his way around the room, I started in from the other end, and worked my way right up to three-quarters through (he's much slower than I) before anybody noticed anything amiss. One particular miss, that is to say, who had been first in line, and was still recovering from Len's moustache when I tried to force my wrongful amors upon her.

I confess, and I denounce Rich Brown as a false-hood carrying reporter, unworthy of the name. Indeed did I kiss (slurp!), but to be entirely honest, it was that old space-dog Moffatt who had the permission. With one thought I leave you--"That which is stolen is twice as sweet as that given freely."

As sincerely as possible,

Ron Ellik
2315 Dwight Way, #104
Berkeley 4, California

(((((Thnx for the amusing letter. No doubt Rich Brown may have yet another rejoinder -- the original article was several months ago....BRT))))))



Reiss

LITTLE MISS MOFFATT

Dear CRY People,

I am being flooded with fanzines, and I like it. What I don't like is the fact that I don't have the time to write a nice, long letter to each one of 'em, everytime around. I could break down and send Money...but then my beer budget would suffer. Anyway, I hope this note will suffice to keep my name on your mailing list. (((For this CRY, anyhow...BRT))))

Thank you all kindly for the full page SOLACON plug. A page like that in every fanzine being published would help the convention immeasurably....

No time for detailed commentary on the contents of #114. Did enjoy most of it, tho...but let's get on to the lettercol, which continues to be one of your best features.

Ron Ellik informs me that he did collect unauth-
orized kisses at the New Years bash. My argument with Rich Brown was that if Ron was collecting kisses he was doing it on his own and not under the authority of Forrest J Ackerman.

Why should my being Big Hearted have anything to do with which '59 convention site I favor? At the moment, I got nothing against any of the three contenders; plenty of time to decide between now and voting time which one to vote for... So please don't put words in my mouth. It ain't nice.

I don't think Warner intended to damn R&P in the much-discussed editorial. He was just giving a Warner's eye view of Palmer, his relationship with fandom, and how one fan (Warner) reacted to all of this. I wager a goodly number of fans agree with Warner's views. I don't agree with your opinion that Wilcox, Shaver, etc, are as great as Heinlein or van Vogt...but that too is a matter of opinion. If you like the stuff turned out by the R&P stable of writers, fine and dandy. So they are great, in your

opinion. But most fans are of the opinion that Heinlein, van Vogt, Sturgeon, etc. are the great writers of s-f, so yours is a minority opinion, I'm afraid. But more power to you for sticking by your opinions and not being afraid to say what you like regardless of the pressure of "public opinion". Guts like that you can't hardly find anymore.

Again, many thanx for CRY, and a glance at the calendar tells me tha #115 should be arriving soon... Hoo boy. South Gate in '58!

Len Moffatt
10202 Belcher Avenue
Downey, California

((((I'll admit that the highbrow authors achieved a higher literary standard, but this, to me, often puts limitations on the amount of enjoyment one gets reading them. For instance, Heinlein's stories are of high quality, but I enjoy reading a wild Wilcox fantasy much much more. I get the distinct impression that most fans have never read any of the old Amazings and those who have, had made up their mind previously that they weren't going to like them. Wilcox and Shaver exhibited more imagination in the five years or so of their heyday than all the authors of aSF have in twenty eight years.....BRT))))

BABY FOOD

Dear Fameless Ones,

Congratulations on the high-class cover; it's a very fine piece of work and it's very well reproduced. I think that at least something in Cry should be serious, and the cover is the best place to be serious.

Not only had Busby better not make a habit of continuing the contents page editorial, I'm not sure it was a good idea in the first place. Now Buz is going to start getting ideas

about taking over Ery, and there are enough of us already! I said I liked the contents page editorializing, and I do, but only on the contents page. Get in line, Buz, or else!

I am convinced that Cry is the outstanding humorzine published, exclusive of Inside, which is a satirezine. Everything about it is funny except that which you Nameless are careful to keep sercon. Even the SOLACON page, as humorless a thing as I have seen (though quite called-for) was brightened up by some anonymous humor.

Rich Brown's piece was very effective but not original and had anyone else written it it would have stank. Even as it stands it wasn't so hot.

Note to Rich Brown: I know you're going to be furious with me after seeing my letter last month, but I've changed my mind; I like that cover after all, although it's not as good as the current one. I apologize.

Note to Pemberton: I didn't think "Shadow on the Stars" had any value aside from its entertainment. Silverberg is one of the best writers in the field, but here he was writing for money. His "Recalled to Life", now running in Infinity, seems one of the best novels in years.

Bruce Pelz has outBrowned Brown; his Stnkwater J. Goldfish story was as good a Feghootism as I've seen since THE VINEGAR WORM.

Lars Bourne's Futurian Fashions are not only corny, they aren't drawn especially well, either. To Bourne: How about a copy of BRILLIG for li'l ol' Gerber, eh?

Ivor J. Alexander's pome was good, but I can't tell if it's humor or serious. I think a funny ending would have done more for the pome than the inconclusive ending used.

Note to Alexander: If I missed some of the subtlety, I'm sorry.

Minutes were their usual funny selves. Weber could be another Mark Twain if he wasn't a science-fiction fan.

Note to Weber: Let's start a motion to make the letter "h" the letter of fandom, Let's start writing "fhandhomh." We can even tell fellow-fans to go to h...

It is strange that while some people mentioned my name in this Cry nobody wrote anything about me except in the answer to my letter.

Pelz, I make five plotting to take over the Cry. I'm sure there must be two more somewhere.

Toskey, I read "Gods of Venus" and it bored me so much that I had to force myself to finish it. The only Shaver which I read which even approached decency was "The Sun Smiths" from OW, and that was good only until the middle of installment 2. Shaver just can't write!

Now I know what Pfeiffer sells protection against; having a letter headed by one of his headings. I am getting sick of that baby food joke. Where would you all be without baby foods?! (Keep it quiet, but I was raised on Beech-Nut.)

E Pluribus everything

Leslie Steven Gerber
201 Linden Boulevard
Brooklyn 26, New York

(((((I haven't read "Sun Smiths", but I've read "Gods of Venus" and its sequel twice, and I have a violently different opinion of it. I'm afraid Busby takes extra room for his editorial whenever he feels like it, and we haven't either the desire or the ability to stop him.....BRT))))

PAUCIOUS

Nameless? Ha, YOU LIE!!! All of yez have names....

One of these fine issues I'm going to get a letter there too late; mebbe even thish, huh? Well, I'll try to be short (about 5'9"); maybe you'll be able to squeeze me in after all. I don't weigh much. Sure like that cover, and all of a sudden, too; without any warning. More?

THOTS ON TAKING OVER THE CRY! Yeah. The prozine reviews continue to be my favorite



part, even more'n the lettercol. Fanzine reviews are better than many I've seen, which admittedly isn't a large number. READER'S DIGESTED is a fmz which seems to be getting muchly shortchanged wherever it's reviewed. Personally, I think the news and Book-reviews make up for the poor repro, almost. And MAGNET by Ivor Alexander, is wondiful. I met Ivor whilst in Victoria Easter; he seems a sensitive, dedicated sort, and talented, besides. He's writing for their fmz, "WHEN??" I understand. Should be good.

Wm. Deeck strikes me a telling Blow. I've never really pondered my definition of an intellectual. I don't necessarily equate it with a college degree; I'd say it's more a matter of attitude. I guess the entire argument rests on what is my definition. And I agree, CRY

is no place for serious, thoughtful discussions; in fact, the reason I have avoided other lettercols (YANDRO, for instance) is because their letters have to be intelligent and thoughtful. I like the CRY lettercol much better. And I do too practise thinking -- I think big thots. For instance, when the first satellite went up, I thought to myself, "Boy!" I think like that almost constantly.

Bring back Esmond Adams. Yes. Missed Meyers' col, but enjoyed his letter, with egoboo for moi. Ahem, I won't say a thing about PAUCITY, except that if anyone is interested, pls drop me a line for sub rates and a sample. I've given up hope of selling any; I've learned my lesson. Gafia doesn't loom, tho.

Rich Brown shouldn't be so flippant about handing out egoboo-- 'tis a precious commodity. Nice when unearned tho. Enjoyable letter from Barnes. Gee that's sure surprising. Yet I understand VAMP sold out.

Yeh, I did promise to keep this short. Vill Kvit'

Lar', the twice-shortened Lawrence, Stone
891 Lee St.

White Rock, B.C., Canada.

(((I don't know whether we'll get more stuff from Ric West or not -- he's eyeing the pro markets. His other stuff I've seen makes that cover look amateurish by comparison. To me, an "intellectual" is someone who spends most of his social time trying to impress other people with ~~this~~ knowledge, either real or assumed....BRT))))

DEPARTMENT OF UNPRINTED LETTERS (Quotes and comments on the squuz-out letters)

Ivor J Alexander(c/o Robert Foster, 2955 Tudor, Victoria B.C., Canada): Thought our front cover was "...sensational, and not only is the repro classy, but the picture itself has power and is indeed worthy of the Cry. Well done, Ric West." Also plugs his forthcoming fanzine entitled WHEN, as do THE ETERNALS (537 Victoria Ave., Victoria B.C., Canada)

Stony Barnes:(Rt 1, Box 1102, Grants Pass, Oregon) and Lar' Stone have this to say of each other's fanzines: "Stoopid, sub-moronic-assenine crud! That so-called "fanzine" of his is so idiotic that, compared to MINE, the goo-sheet isn't good enough to make decent confetti out of!" But boys, did you read each other's minds, eh?

Andrew Reiss(741 Westminster Rd, Brooklyn 30, New York): complains about not getting Cry in return for his zine, READERS DIGESTED, which he co-edited with Gerber. Well, fellow maybe we should have, but due to the difference in volume between RD and Cry, we can't very well, in all fairness, give two copies of Cry for one lil RD. We generally give out one Cry for each fanzine reviewed, except in special cases.

Peter Francis Skeberdis((606 Crapo St., Flint 3, Michigan): claims that Leslie Gerber is a girl, and that the pic we have is her and her nephew. Sounds reasonable to me.

Pics received for our fotocover: Joe Sanders, Lar' Stone, Rich Brown, Stony Barnes, Bruce Pelz, Leslie Gerber, & Esmond Adams.

Pics we still would like to get: Heather Robson, Wm. Deeck, Bill Meyers, Hal Lynch, and/or whoever gets here first to fill up the page. Pubbing date July or August ish.

vote

JOHN BERRY

for

TAFF

With the Chief Himself, at Southgate, the GDA will be much better prepared to cope with subversive elements such as house-detectives.

'give the goon the 'gate!'

*---Northwest Pemberton
Seattle GDA Op.*

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