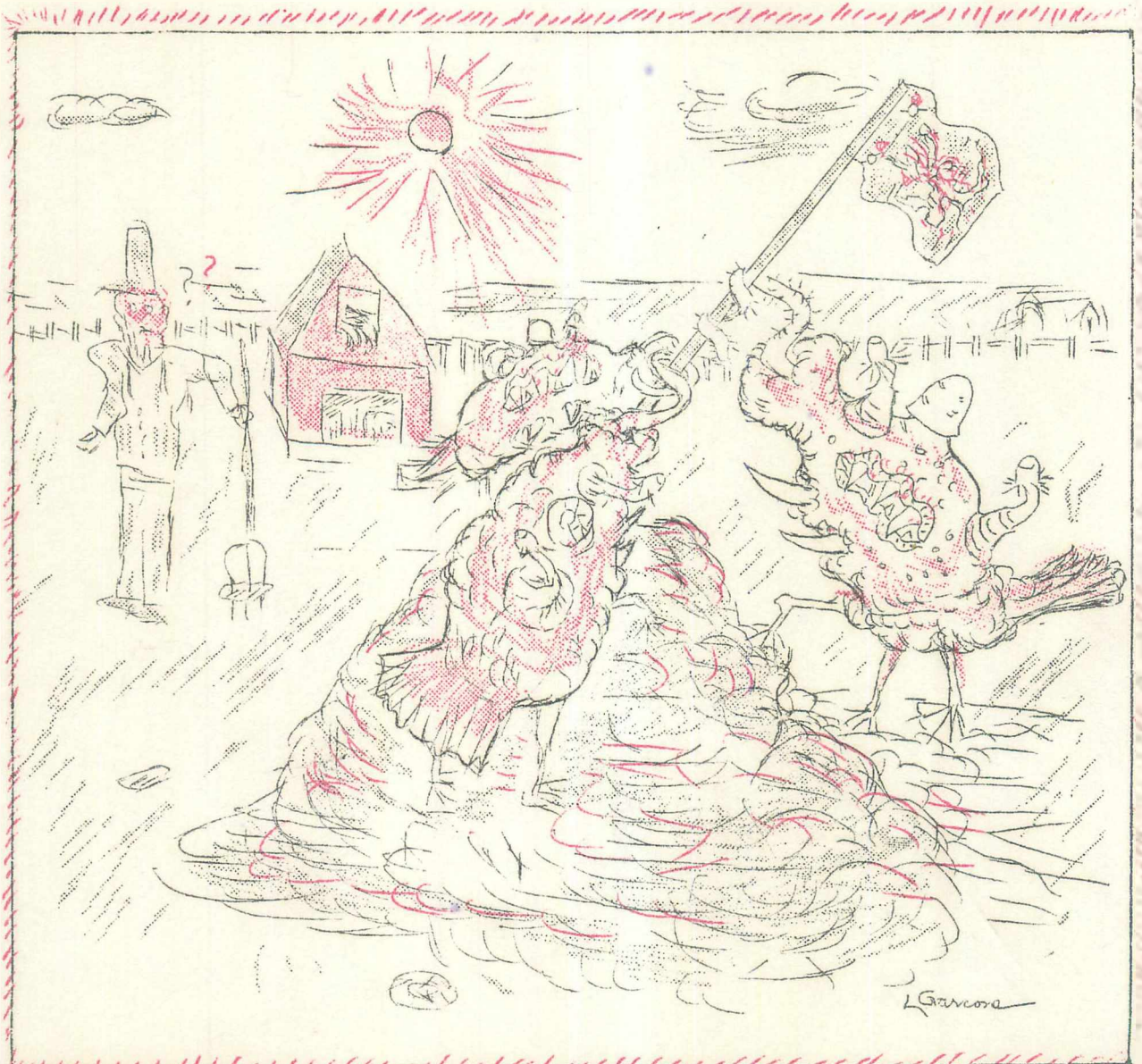
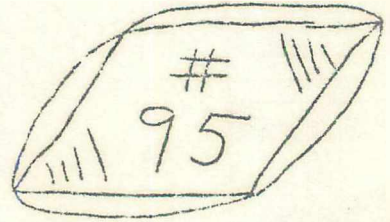


CRY of the Nameless



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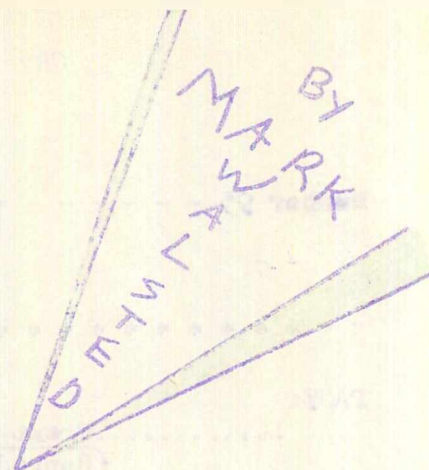
CONTENTS OF THIS ISSUE

PAGE:

- 1.....Front Cover, by L. Gareone
(Reproduced by the new A.B.Dick-Sears Roebuck two-color mimeograph process)
- 4..... THE AWFUL TERRIBLE HUMAN RAGE, an article by Mark Walsted
(Here's another article by the author of a recent controversial article in CRY. Hop to it, Mar. Deek, Moomaw, et al., but I doubt if you will be able to take this one to task too much.)
- 6.....SCIENCE FICTION FIELD PLOWED UNDER, by Renfrew Pemberton
(Reviews and views on current science fiction)
- 12.....DIGGING THE FANZINES, by Amelia Pemberton
(Fanzine reviews. A few more this time, and a few of those left out that probably expect to be in after our plea in the last CRY, but an emergency in the Pemberton family shortened the column unintentionally.)
- 15..... S-F REPORT CARD , compiled by W.N. Austin
(A rating sheet averaging the ratings of anyone wanting to submit ratings. More ratings are needed to make this venture more representative. Send your ratings post-haste to W.N. Austin, Box 969, 920 3rd Avenue, Seattle 4, Washington)
- 16..... AMAZING STORIES IN REVIEW, by Burnett R. Toskey
(Part 12: 1937. Reviews of the fiction contained in Amazing Stories during the year 1937)
- 18..... THE RETURN OF THE SPACEHOUND, a story by Otto Pfeifer
- 24..... A QUESTION OF SPACE , a story by W. Kraus
- 26..... CRY OF THE READERS, letter department
(Letters by Kent Moomaw, Wm. Deek, Mark Walsted, Joe Lee Sanders, Joe A. Blake, Marv Bryer, Larry Bourne, & Orville Mosher. Answers by Renfrew Pemberton and Burnett R. Toskey.)
- 32*...*SPACE*POLICE, a book review by Martin Fleiselman
- ILLUSTRATIONS: Marv. Bryer: Pages 15, 25
Joe Lee Sanders: pages 5, 11, 14, 17, 23; w/Susan Joseph p.5
L. Gareone: pages 1, 6, 12, 18, 19, 20, 22
Joe A. Blake: page 30
Wm. Rotsler: page 26

SUBSCRIPTION RATES: 10¢ per copy, 12 copies for \$1.00 (address on p. 32)

THE Awful Terrible HUMAN RACE



I read the latest issue of A.S.F. the first day it came out, as usual, and found a story that I always like, no matter how often it's written. I'm willing to wager most of the people who constantly read this story feel the same way also. In Astounding it's presently called "Pandora's Planet". However it's nothing more than a rewrite of the old story, "The Awful Terrible Human Race".

The appeal of this story is universal. As a great man once said in speaking of mankind, "Call him tyrant and murderer and he will adore you, and swagger about with the consciousness of the blood of the old sea kings in his veins." That was Don Juan speaking to the Devil, in Shaw's "Don Juan in Hell". Judging by the science fiction magazines he hit the nail on the head.

I first became really conscious of this story with "Pattern for Conquest" by George O. Smith. "Pandora's Planet" is an obvious rewrite of this plot. However there were many of the same theme before, and there have been many since.

I don't have a large science fiction library here, but I will list the stories that have this theme in the magazines I have.

"Pandora's Planet" - Christopher Anvil (E.F. Russell?)	- Sept 56 A.S.F.
"Citadel" - Algys Budrys	- NEVER SAILED Feb 55, ASF
"Writing of the Rat" - James Blash	- FEB July 56, Galaxy
"The Waiting Game" - Randall Garrett	- Jan 51, A.S.F.
"The Carnivore" - G.A. Morris	- Oct 53, Galaxy
"Letter to a Pheonix" - Fredric Brown	- Aug 49 A.S.F.
"The Big Hunger" - Walter M. Miller Jr.	- Oct 52 A.S.F.

as well as the one I mentioned before:

"Pattern for Conquest" - George O. Smith - - - Mar-April-May 46, A.S.F.; book

These all have the same theme. The human race is evil, or mad, or just too brilliant and conquest hungry, or even just dangerous. It's the last that really gives the appeal. We love to think of ourselves as being dangerous. Accordingly we write about an alien race meeting us, and sometimes warring with us. Many times, we are conquered after a terrific battle which is as thrilling to the average reader as a Tom Mix Western is to the average youngster. (I guess this remark dates me) Sometimes we stay conquered, sometimes we don't, but in any case in a story of this kind there's always a scene where the aliens sit around in a circle and tell each other what a tough time they've had.

Then there's that ever amusing story where Earth is the outpost, or remnant of a Galactic empire of (awful Terrible) men and another Empire has declared eternal, unrelenting, merciless war against us because ~~was~~ of our nature. "All the Way Back" in A.S.F. and "Writing of the Rat" in Galaxy are this type.

THE AWFUL TERRIBLE HUMAN RACE - (Concluded)

Another is the story where the human race is mad and is building a galactic empire by mad methods. If you wish an example, read "The Big Hunger" and "The Waiting Game".

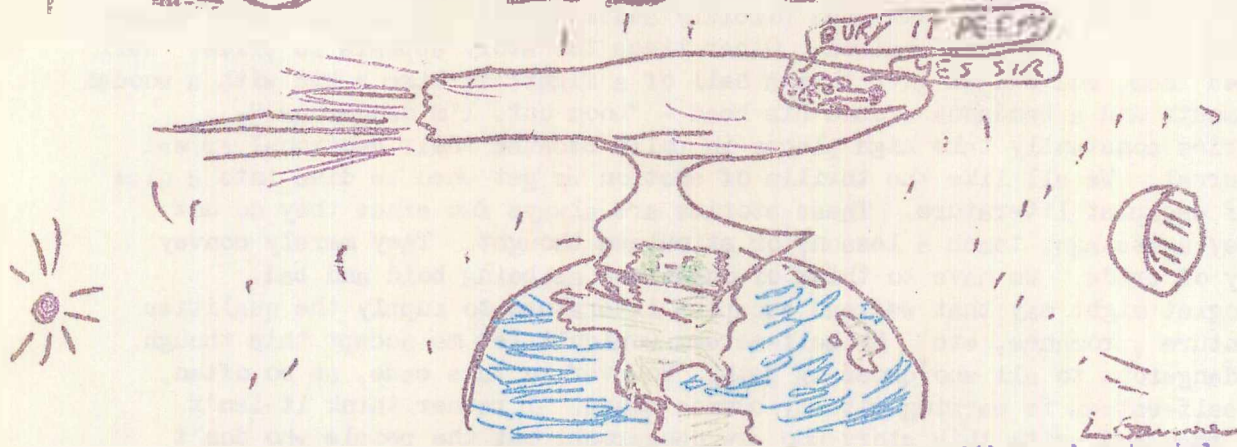
A very good example of another type is the "Carnivore" in Galaxy. The appeal of all these stories is emotional, and the last named story is one of the best examples of what I mean by emotional appeal. The reader goes placidly and tragically along, and then is made to feel a sudden surge of rage and hatred. Other times the story appeals to pride; well we almost licked them, and did we give them a hell of a fight!!!; like a kid with a wooden dagger in his mouth and a bandanna around his head - "Look out, I'm dangerous."

These stories constantly take high places in polls because their emotional appeal is almost universal. We all like the thrills of emotion we get when we dive into a nice relaxing bit of escapist literature. These stories are always fun since they do not bother to convey a message, teach a lesson, or stimulate thought. They merely convey emotion, mostly of pride. We have to think of ourselves as being bold and bad.

A psychologist might say that we read escapist literature to supply the qualities we lack. Adventure, romance, etc. My self-esteem wouldn't let me accept this though. Of course I'm dangerous to all who cross my path. However in this case, as so often, I'm afraid my self-esteem is warring with my common sense. I rather think it isn't the people who read and write this story who are dangerous, but the people who don't read or write this story.



SCIENCE FICTION FIELD PLOWED UNDER



This month's crop: as usual, no perfect issues, but heavy with good material. Most noteworthy is issue #1 of SATELLITE (Margulies/Merwin) datelined October. STL announces "one complete novel per issue" policy, leading off with Budrys' "The Men From Earth, precursor to "In Clouds of Glory", as of July '55 issue. Hope he writes some more on this series now he's set it up.

Phil Dick has a grimly-upbeat new idea in "Pay For the Printer"; this is the white meat of the short stuff and could be anthologized. The other five shorts in here aren't so very much. Asimov is typing with his left foot, and on a weak and watery idea to boot. Dal Stevens presents a fugitive from his F & SF funny-animal series. Arthur C. Clarke, No Less, offers a barren thing wherein H'Wood publicity for a typical "SF" monsterpiece prejudices us against all e-t's to the point where the REAL e-t's are forced to sterilize the planet.

DeCamp's "The Egg" is a pretty fair go-- Earthgirl eggsits for aliens-- egg about to hatch brainless ten-foot carnivorous reptilian infant. What with rock'n'roll (still around??) and all-- if LSpr could only have brought himself to care about this story it would have been a doozy.

And here again this year we have bigname author Craig Rice with a no-point beautiful vignette strayed from the New Yorker. Maybe your meat but more my eggplant (an un stomachable vegetable devoured by some for unspeakable reasons).

With STL, seems the novel is IT, as in pre-Merwin STARTLING; the shorts are included merely as filler. Next month's novel: "A Class of Darkness" by Phil Dick. I'll be abard.

second big deal: Bester's "The Stars My Destination", four parts starting in the October GALAXY. This attempts to top "Demolished Man" is terrific on its own hook; the officianado will find many parallels to the earlier work. Bester has steadily gained in force over a period of at least fifteen years. Have seen it rumored that this tale is also "The Burning Spear" announced for F & SF earlier and then postponed with a softpedal there. The title could fit, but several facets of "Stars" wouldn't fit F & SF too well. Or maybe the "pirating" innuendo in another fanzine had basis. I am strictly running on conjecture here, having no inside info at all. No doubt we'll see it in Fantasy-Times eventually.

SCIENCE FICTION FIELD PROVED UNDER (continued)

"Stars" and "Demolished Man" have superficial differences and basic similarities, to date "Jauntig" (TP) replacing "peeping" (ESP) as this story's added talent creates a Kornbluthian twist on the society of de Camp's "Stolen Dormouse". This protagonist, driven every bit as compulsively as Ben Reich, is otherwise his opposite. A fascinating though as yet undeveloped character is the Big Wheel's daughter-- she sees only by infra-red. Then there are the Scientific People ("Quant Stuff -- it's scientific"). I sweat for Part Two.

Sinek has a solid though uninspired novelet; Nourse's short is plausible on how come the aliens won't have anything to do with the Earthmen until Our Hero solves the gimmick. Michael Shaara and Richard Wilson prove only that it's easier to sell to GALAXY if HL is fresh out of material.

Nourse, incidentally, recently forsook Seattle for North Bend (30 miles out) without ever being subjected to a Nameless meeting. Looks as if he's smarter than we thought. Kept telling Dictator Pfeifer to put L. Garcone back on his chain and let us have the Club Straightjacket back for trapping Big Names into attending meetings. On the other hand, the Club hierarchy would soon run out of Big Names and start making the Club S-J on us rank-and-filers.

End of first page of this, and poor ol' Toskey has to put the rest on masters tape. Took -- good thing it isn't hand-gewritten. (Whaddayamean: I typed it ALL!--BRT)

Best large news is Heinlein's (part one of three) "The Door Into Summer", Oct F&SF. MR having worked over characterization in "Double Star" is now ready to give us this and stf too. And I thought "Double Star" was great stuff, as far as that goes. Well, "Door" gives promise of being one of Heinlein's better post-war stories (I'm still prejudiced toward his prewar stuff such as "Methuselah's Children", and there is somebody going to anthologize that one??); there's not too much really new in it except the people, so far, but if you let that stop you, you disappoint me.

Otherwise F&SF this time isn't too much, as per the last few months. Boucher still needs another head, like McComas for instance. Zenna Henderson's "Anything Box" is a very warm teacher-child story; after Heinlein it's the best here, but it could have gone slick. I'll make clear right now: if a story would go slick, why is it taking up space in stfzines, with their limited space and clientele? If I wanted slick stf I'd read the slicks. I read quite a number of things besides stf prozines, but the Intereelout and Colliers and etc aren't in the bundle. Also, while we're here, I'll reiterate that I think Boucher is cheating by reprinting from current "Playboy" ("The Monster Show", Charles Beaumont). Any stf reader who reads Playboy ~~strikes~~ is shocked by this reprinting. All have access to Playboy, and if we don't care to read it new, we probably don't care to read it in reprint. Playboy strikes me as a poor attempt at imitating the pre-clothes-flack Esquire of about 1936-40; it prints Audouy's gruesome for stf.

Also there's a routine withcraft deal reprinted from "Women's Journal" with a 1954 copyright. If this sort of thing must be reprinted in the so-called "Big Three of stf", what are prozines for, anyway? Can't we read all the quote worthwhile material in quotes in Women's Journal and Playboy and SatEvePost?

So write: I'm sore when the prozines of stf water themselves down to the general-public standard, and I'm doubly incensed when they reprint this diluted guff. I like SCIENCE FICTION and the hell with you Popularizers; may you get the folkay touch each and all, penicillin to no avail.

Don't alight the October IF while you're browsing. In Bryce Walton's lead, "The Happy Herd", everybody has to be happy and everybody has to be together: "Oh we're happy together, yes we are indeed, and a good thing too; it's compulsory." Our hero's troubles with this situation are pretty riotous in a heart-rending sort of way.

Eight short stories are offered this time; not even one overthrows a dictator. However, I'd like to dissect "Corbow's Theory" by Lee Wallot as a horrible example for the "lets take the Science out of science-fiction" boys. Here is a story with plausible characterization, reasonable motivations for conflict, warm human interest, and all the rest of the requirements put up to stf by people who really prefer the slicks-- yet the story is absolutely rotten science fiction, because the author builds all his gingerbread around "Corbow's Theory". Corbow would never have passed high-school physics with the makings of such a theory in his bonnet. Briefly, Corbow theorizes that he will produce interstellar speeds by simply putting spin on his rocketships, because a spun rifle bullet "has many times the velocity" of a slug from a smoothbore. Actually, of course, the rifling reduces the muzzle velocity, but adds to range and accuracy by reducing the bullet's tendency to "tumble" in flight. Corbow's ship, with its spinning exterior and stationary interior, would present tremendous difficulties in construction and would be almost impossible to steer, due to gyroscopic action. It would provide no increase in velocity whatsoever to "ordinary" ships with the same means of propulsion. It makes one sort of quietly sick.

Anyhow, though "Corbow" got space here, it's less than 1/8 of the zine. Robert F. Young has an asf-type piece on what happen to a lost race; it figures. Sol Boren's trouble-with-androids is a chuckler. Tom Godwin's spacedrive problem is well worked out. Poul Anderson, Fox Holden, and Charles Fontenay cry doom. They all do a good job of it but three of them in a row is too much. Dick Bolton's "Shock Troop" should have been in there to break up the downbeat instead of at the end of the issue. How'sa bouta lilla balance there, James L.? The letter column is fighting the battle of asf 1944: can you square the velocity of light and get a velocity? (No.)

Had you realized that Science Fiction Quarterly is the sole remaining 25¢ prozine? The November 56 FSQ offers for your quarter, one novelet, five short stories, an article concerning stf, an editorial concerning stf, Bob Madle's fan-interest department, and a letter column. Quite a lot for two-bits, especially as the stories rate fairly well with the rest of the month's crop so far.

Randall's novelet sequels his "No Future In This" (May SFQ). It's a good problem piece up to a point but spoiled for me by being more religious-stf pretending to be open and extrapolative but actually based implicitly and explicitly on the premise that one recently-existing sect is Right and everybody else regrettably in error. Now although I don't happen to agree with this premise, it may very well be the Truth with a capital T; its truth or falsity is not pertinent to this discussion. My gripe is that even if you and everybody else in the world belong to the Reformed Orthodox Christian Scientists, I have the right to disagree with you if I happen to believe that God lives in a fruit jar on the window sill with two tadpoles named Herman, and reveals the future to me on alternate Thursdays. I have the right to disagree with you right out loud and present arguments for my belief as long as anyone is willing to listen; I do not have the right to demand that anyone listen or agree with me. And neither do you and the rest of the human race, no matter how Right you "know" you are. So in this story, Jerry again protests the consequences of a religiously-motivated decision of Father Riley's, whereupon the latter "looked greatly distressed" at this "open intolerance" and Jerry apologizes quickly and "humbly". Disagreement constitutes intolerance, does it? I'd certainly hate to see an attitude like that become prevalent in science-fiction. Or elsewhere in daily life, any more than we can help. Actually, in this story, the "sanitized solution" was merely the lesser of two evils, once again proving that propaganda makes poor fiction AND vice versa.

Rainov's "Last Question" is in the old tradition -- the scope expands in each chapter until the original story-values are lost in perspective, yet the main theme remains central and grows in urgency. I liked it.

Budrys' "Calculated Decision" is a good suspenseful problem-job with a perfect ending: which is expendable, an enlisted man with IQ 115 or a robot with a general-staff-ability brain? When the general public is in on the act, that is??

M.C. Pease's hillbilly-inventor is so-so; a little extra polishing on the ending might or might not have helped. Mack Reynolds' one-pager is good enough filler. Jackson Barrow's "The Little Giant" would have been a lot better with a different answer.

Ph.D. Macklin demolishes "Golden Atom" stories and other size-changers; he forbears to call more than half the flaws in Matheson's "Shrinking Man". This is winding up into a good series, especially if you prefer verisimilitude in whatever science gets into your stf.

The covers are now getting into a color-rut, but apply well to the stories illustrated. All in all, SFQ would be missed; let's don't.

The November "Other Worlds" is the same page-count as SFQ but runs 35¢ and four stories, plus editorial, letters, "Personals" (swap column), and some flack. There are quite a few half-page photos of the lead authoress and her pals, plus one full-pager and the cover. Her (Evelyn Martin's) "Reluctant Eve" is rather enjoyable; it's nowhere near as tortuous as her last spring's "Narkeeta", though the heroine's emotional reactions are strictly futuristic SatEvePost. The hero's are more Zane Grey. RAP gave this story his "Annual Jules Verne Award"; was this ~~thing~~ an annual thing last year as well as this year, anybody? Anyhow, the gal is improving, so I hope she stays with it. Hal Annas' "My Head is Ticking" is no relation to his Novakkan series and has a few good intentional laughs. "The Dimensional Wasp" by Barry Miller suffers from histrionics of the soliloquy. Don Wilcox's "Fires of Kessa" is typical Wilcox, which by me means it's not great but manages to hold interest and enjoyment. Wilcox is definitely not Heinlein nor van Vogt, yet be it remembered that his "Voyage That Lasted 600 Years" appeared in AS Oct '40; a SF epic on the same theme appeared as follows: Heinlein's "Universe" May 41, "Common Sense" Oct '41; van Vogt's "Far Centaurus" Jan '44, "Centaurus II" June '47. Each of these is clearly derivative to the Wilcox tale; vV specifically split the concepts into two sections, using part in one "Centaurus" and the rest in the other; "Far" has the suspended-animation and the first ship being met at destination by Earthmen who due to technical progress made the trip in hours; "II" has the progressive warping of succeeding generations cut off from Earth; each has a crash-finale tied on. Heinlein developed beautifully the cut-off generations theme, adding mutations to mutineers, and we have a couple of classics. Nevertheless, Wilcox did it first and generously threw the whole potful of ideas into one story to boot. This author has a weird genius all his own, the way he leads his main characters into purely arbitrary behavior motivation, then magically has the entire story population follow these strange action-patterns-- the reader, though not logically convinced at all, still is held by the odd charm with which Wilcox invests his puppeteering. This comment is based on the above-mentioned "Voyage", upon "The Hollow Planet", "Champlin Fights the Purple God", "Land of the Big Blue Apples", and possibly one or two others. There are doubtless a number of Wilcox stinkers that ~~average~~ my point out to a nominal zero, which would be why they escape my recall.

RAP, head bloody but unbowed, prints the replies from ERB, Inc. to his "Tarzan On Mars" proposal. As could have been predicted, manager Rothmund doesn't feel like cutting the cake. He seems to feel that ~~Byrne's~~ the Byrne piece is an insult to the late great; it may well be, by my own opinions of some of SJ's stuff in OW, but it can't be much more insulting than some of the syndicated-comic trips that ERB, Inc. has allowed. Or the movie and/or teevy cra-- er, crud, that's around. So now RAP figures on using a different name for his hero, such as HBrowne's Tharn or such, or at lastditch an all-new character. No delayhead he, Palmer will of course make it perfectly clear to his reading public that this great, deathless piece of fiction would have been "Tarzan on Mars" had ERB, Inc. consented. This publicity won't hurt his circulation any at all, and he will clearly be abiding by the copyright laws because he has given you a blow-by-blow description as to why the hero ISN'T Tarzan. You suppose that's what RAP was after all along, maybe?

SCIENCE FICTION FIELD PLOWED UNDER (Continued)

"The Golden Kazoo", John G. Schneider, DELL D178, 35¢, is not stf at all except that the story occurs in 1960. It's a neoKornbluthian tale of the complete domination of politics by Madison Avenue (advertising) in the 1960 election. Somewhat sexy, considerably humorous, absolutely non-vital, it's good fare if you want to wander a little way back toward mainstream reading but not too far.

Yesterday I went over to the PanDen and read "The Cometeers" by Williamson, aSF 1936 from Toskey's collection (I put 'em all back, Tosk, unharmed). I'd read one or two installments awhile back, when the story was five or six years old. You know, some of this old stuff isn't bad reading at all. Sure the characters are strictly from Zellerbach (paper company). Sure it's baldly the good guys vs the baddies. And for sure the goodies always win, in serials particularly. But it's fun anyway. You know what? I think I catches where this "sense of wonder" went. There's a Difference between stf and mainstream. Early stf didn't have much else except that Difference: space travel, superweapon, telepathy, etc. And it DID NOT MATTER that the background, the characterization, was fragmentary if not omitted-- the reader had the imagination to fill all that in for himself in his reader-identification. If he couldn't imagine the inner-workings for himself, he didn't have the imagination to enjoy the DIFFERENCE that made science-fiction, so he didn't read it. The last few years, we have been sold the idea that science-fiction must not only provide the Difference that makes it stf, but it must also provide for the mainstream-type reader all the background which this variety of hanger-on requires to make him real to himself. He can't identify until you tell him in detail just who he is; he doesn't have enough drive to fill in omitted details to his own pattern and make the story HIS. He's a pliable cuss if you don't stretch him too far; he'll identify with anybody if you spell it out thoroughly enough to cover him warmly with ready-made ideas and emotions; just don't leave his quivering little feet sticking out in the cold, because he certainly can't come up with anything to warm them. Of course this ability to identify with any and all thoroughly-delineated characters might be considered just a bit schizoid, but don't mention it out loud -- we're trying to build up circulation, you know. I can think of one story where complete identification could be relatively disastrous: get a copy of James Gould Cozzens' "Castaway" (it's in paperback as well as hardcover) and read it through ALL BY YOURSELF, having no words with anybody from the time you start it until you're through the (shudder) ending. Then drop me a line about characterization and reader-identification, will you? It should be interesting.

November's FANTASTIC UNIVERSE continues to show the benefit of new leadership. Why this should be, when Margulies' SATELLITE indicates the good effect upon old leadership, of a new magazine, is a puzzle. Either it's because Leo needed Sam Jr. back again, or else it's like trading-off baseball players; trade off a shortstop to a competing team and his batting average goes up fifty points, especially against you.

Bok's covers for FU are both striking and pleasing; it's not always the same thing. Two "Short Novels" are featured; at 31 and 25 pages, "novelettes" would be a kinder term. Judith Merrill's "Exile From Space" could use a little more background somewhere in the story: who are THEY who dump this girl on Earth? The ending is a little cryptic, also, but the story as a whole is a well-considered piece with more pleasant surprises than loopholes. Michael Chabon reads a great deal like LScieCamp in his "Conquest Over time" in which the fiercely competitive Earthman seeks the first commercial contract with a new planet whose guiding star is strictly astrological. Whoever hung the nonsequiter title on this piece, instead of something apropos like "The House of Huck", is a meathead of the first water. Couldn't have been the author.

Harry Harrison's "Velvet Glove" must be a novelette in this league with its 17 pages. The downtrodden noble robot in a better-than-average discrimination-satire plus Action. The other eight stories occupy fifty pages; we can probably get away with calling them "shorts" until the next inflationary step. Eventually we'll be faced with the "full-page novel", I suppose. FU isn't the only offender -- the situation just happened to come to mind. Anyhow, the shorts run pretty well here. Eric Frank Russell goofed badly by using an obscure punline on an otherwise interest-holding shortie -- maybe it's excruciating in British, or maybe I just haven't been around.

SCIENCE FICTION FIELD PLOWED UNDER (Continued)

Though Santesson retains the redundant two-blurb system, only two of the eleven stories are blurbed (I'm still referring not to the liddle blurb, but to the BIG blurb UNDER the liddle blurb) in the traditional fruity FU manner. Presumably these blurbs were written before Margulies left, and Santesson had to use them or throw them out, lest their over-ripening dispel the spell with a smell. Or are unseen noses sniffing us from afar?? (Partial plagiarism)

Even Hunter becomes Hunt Collins and "Malice in Wonderland" lifts the 1947 Padgett title "Tomorrow and Tomorrow" in the Pyramid (G214, 35¢) Giant rewrite of the best story IF ever ran (Jen '54). The book's 155 pages contain approximately twice the wordage of the original "short novel". I find the flavor diluted in the longer version. Much more background is given, more behind-the-scenes on the Rec side, for instance. Characterization is enriched, and some roles are altered a bit. A certain amount of the verbal spice has been dropped in favor of a couple of solidly lewd episodes. The verbal taming is unusual; I thought magazines were taboo-ridden and paperbacks were wide-open. Summary: I preferred the IF rendition; Amelia feels the book version is a great improvement. You takes your choice.

"To Live Forever" by Jack Vance, Ballantine #167, 35¢: this tale of longevity dependent on social classification is brilliantly written in patches. Especially toward the beginning, Vance is in his painstaking "Dying Earth" form. Later he seems to be writing under a deadline; he turns the crank and the plot moves along accordingly. There are holes in this story you can drive a critic through, but they won't bother you much until you've turned the final page and get to thinking over the entire book. Didn't live up to my expectations, but maybe I expect too much for 35¢.



"HERE, NOW!"

DEWORK BY

Amelia Pemberton



STELLAR #9. Larry Stark and Ted E. White, 1014 N. Tuakahoe St., Falls Church, Va. 15¢ copy, 2 for 25¢, 5 for 50¢.

For 15¢ this is a very good fanzine buy. It is a 58 pager with excellent reproduction and good artwork. Artists were Dave Rike, Jack Harness, Larry Bourne and Ron Fleishman. It contains three fannish stories, including Carl Benson's "The Daring Young Fan with the Three Speed Mameo" which is a reprint and worth it, being an excellent parody of Saroyan. Possibly the most amusing thing in the zine, however, was a satire on Peter Vorzimer's ABSTRACT. It might have been more proper not to have identified the satirized so definitely; James P. Zrovimer's ABSTRACT can stand on its own merits.

A round robin serial "The Death of Science Fiction" strikes me as distinctly furshlugginer; the rest of the zine is highly recommended.

FANTASY-TIMES Vol 11, No. 254, First September Issue - 25¢. Published by FANDOM HOUSE, P. O. Box 2331, Paterson, New Jersey.

This is their 15th anniversary issue, and has 30 pages and a cover with photos of diverse fans. It contains articles by Roger Dard, Ray Palmer, James V. Taurasi, Robert W. Lowndes, Thomas S. Gardner, Arthur Jean Cox, Robert P. Mills, Bill Blackbeard, Donald E. Ford, Larry Shaw, and Sam Moskowitz. These articles are all most interesting and informative.

The price of normal-size issues of FANTASY-TIMES is still 10¢ an issue, \$2.00 a year.

USIDE #16. September 1956. Ron Smith, Box 356, Times Square Station, New York 36, N. Y. 25¢ an issue, 5 for \$1.

This is a beautiful little photolithed zine with some wonderful material in it. I particularly liked an essay by Larry Shaw on "The Hunting of the Snark" entitled "The Baker Murder Case" in which he proves first that the Boats murdered the Baker, and then that the Baker was himself Snark and Boojum. Ah yes.

Also rapturously appreciated was Dave Jenrette's "People to Avoid at a CONvention", cartoons of: card player, fan of the golden age, artiste, fan who honors dead author, man asked to say a few words, fans about to make history by publishing fanzine during convention, lost soul, buskater, and house detective. VERY fine.

The artwork is really outstanding, and of course the photolith treatment does full justice to it.

This zine is very well worth 25¢ to any trufan.

ECLIPSE #17. Ray Thompson, 410 South 4th St., Norfolk, Nebraska.
10¢ an issue, 6 for 50¢.

This zine is legible but not pretty. Very mysterious. The margins are justified, the typos numerous, and the strikeouts entirely uncorrected. What's the matter, Ray? Ran out of correction fluid?

The material is interesting enough -- quite fannish. A little article about this and that by Martin Grastz, fanzine reviews by the editor, second half of an article by Wm. Decek, letters from readers, and a little fannish verse.

The artwork, by Larry Bourne, Dave Rike, and the editor, is all rather messy and uninspired.

All in all, I consider that this is a pleasant average fanzine.

SIGMA OCTANTIS 5. John Mussella, 4 Curve St., Wakefield, Mass. Sample copies free, sub. rates on request.

In CRY #91 I reviewed SIGMA OCTANTIS 4 and was unenthusiastic. In SIGMA OCTANTIS 5 Gary Labowitz reviews CRY #91.

"Containing some miserable artwork, CRY is the 0-0 of an esoteric group, The Nameless Ones. The club's practice of rotating editors is probably responsible for its 0-0's weaknesses. Some material of interest."

Gary, you don't know how esoteric we Nameless Ones are. Not all of our members read science fiction; one of them, Linda Wyman (fellas, she's young, pretty and single!) doesn't even read. Lest you suppose her stupid, I hasten to add that she's about two months old and has only come to the last three meetings. Because before that she wasn't hardly born. She's our youngest member -- our oldest are in their 70's, I believe. The vast majority of we Nameless however are between 15 and 55. What draws all these folks together? Certainly not science fiction. It can't be the coffee and cookies either. The aforementioned Linda always brings her own refreshments, drinks it right out of the bottle, and never offers anyone a nip.

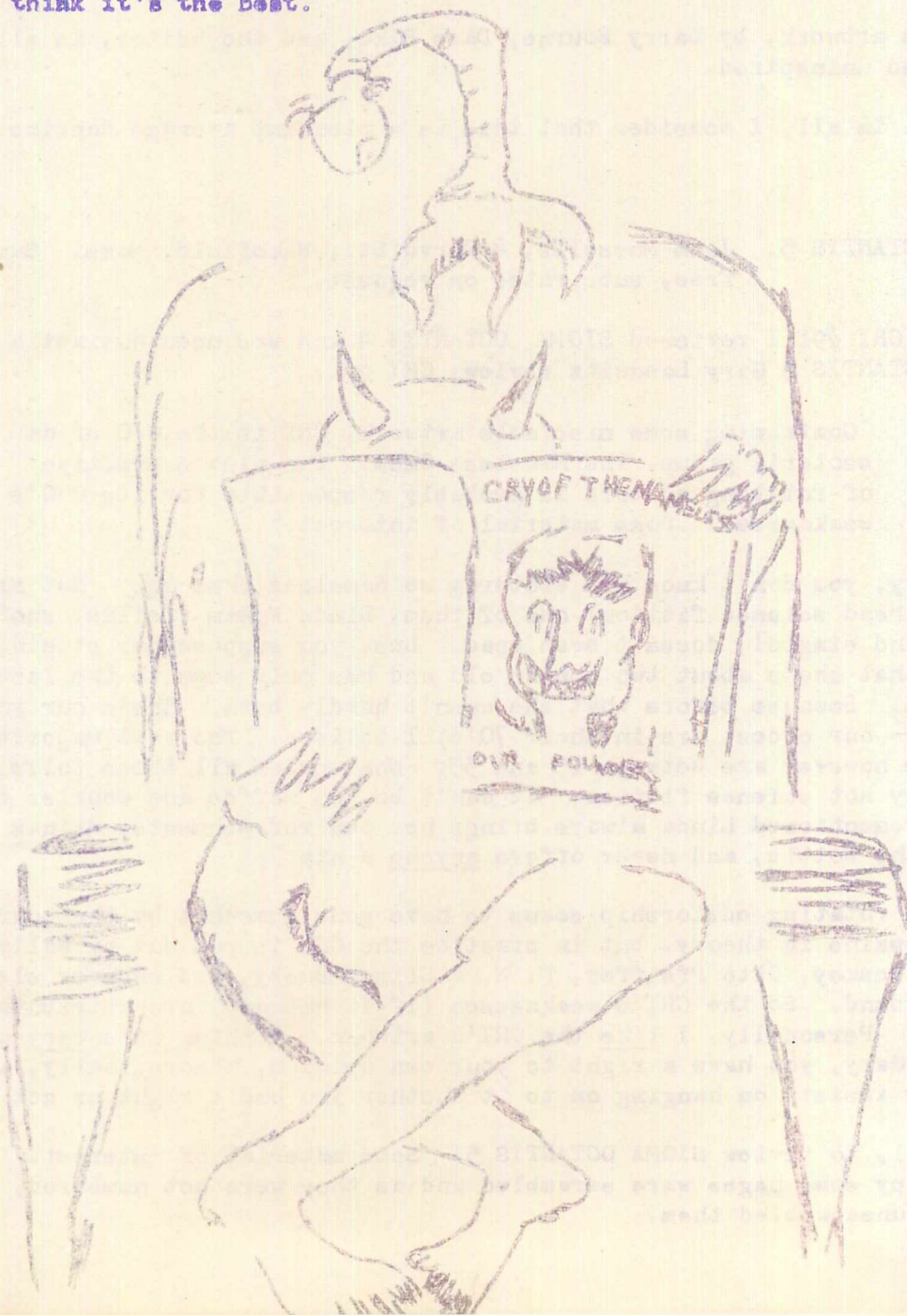
The rotating editorship seems to have gone somewhat by the board; it still remains in theory, but in practice the CRY is put out by Wally Weber, Burnett Toskey, Otto Pfeiffer, F. M. & Elinor Busby, and whoever else happens to be around. So the CRY's weaknesses (if it has any) are attributable solely to them. Personally, I like the CRY's artwork. I think it's very nice. Of course, Gary, you have a right to your own opinion, theoretically, and would probably insist on hanging on to it whether you had a right or not. Phoo.

Well, to review SIGMA OCTANTIS 5: Some material of interest. In the CRY's copy some pages were scrambled and as they were not numbered, we have not yet unscrambled them.

HYPHEN #16. August 1956. Walt Willis, 170 Upper Newtownards Rd., Belfast,
N. Ireland. 15¢ a copy.

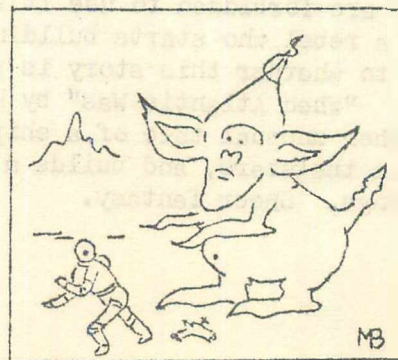
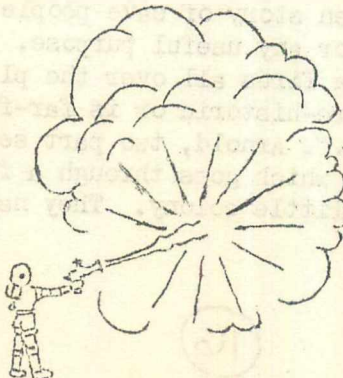
Seintillating as ever! This is the first HYPHEN since the birth of the latest Willis tad, Bryan, around the first of the year. AND well worth waiting for. It contains a photograph of Irish Fandom together with explanations of; an article by James White entitled "The Not-so-hot Gospeller, or, The New Luke in Irish Fandom" assessing "the shanges wrought by that arch wroughtier, John Berry"; a story by John Berry about the night Heinelein didn't come, "What the Butler Saw, or, Twilight of the Ghods" (a Goom Detective Agency Exploit); Bob Shaw's column, "The Glass Bushel," which tells, thish, of his trip to Canada and his lovable co-worker; shapter one of "The History of Irish Fandom" by George Charters; and divers letters from famous fen, editorializing by WAW, and of course, the customary HYPHEN bascover.

All fanzine lovers -- in fact, all fanzine tolerators -- should subscribe to HYPHEN. I think it's the Best.



S - F REPORT : September
(Average Ratings of Current S-F Magazine Fiction - compiled by Wm. N. Austin)

<u>ASTOUNDING</u> Sept., 1956 (58:1)		<u>OTHER WORLDS</u> Sept., 1956 (#39) #18	
B- Pandora's Planet, nt (Anvil)		B- A Witch in Time, ss (Locke)	
R- T. Swamp Was Upside Down, nt (Leinster)		D+ Cat Astrophe, ss (Williams)	
C+ Margin of Profit, ss (Anderson)		D+ T. Timeless Man (2-of-2) (A...)	
C* Dust Rag, ss (Clement)		+ D- Sven, sss (Tabakow)	
G- Mind For Business, ss (Silverberg)		<u>SCI. FICTION STORIES</u> Sept., 1956 (7:2)	
E- Pate de Foie Gras, feat (Asimov)		+ C Galactic Chest, nt (Jimak)	
<u>UNIVERSE</u> Sept., 1956 (6:2)		+ B- Social Climber, nt (Lesser)	
B T. Big Wheel, nt (Gunn)		+ C T. Songs of Summer, ss (Silverberg)	
C When I Grow Up, ss (Lowe)		+ C+ Consumership, ss (St. Clair)	
C- Quiz Game, sss (Russell)		+ C T. Other Army, sss (GH Smith)	
C T. Unprotected Species, s nt (Sturgis)		+ C Co-Incidence, sss (Booth)	
C+ Lords of Gestation, ss (Springer)		<u>ACE</u> (May 1956) D-162	
B- Wireroad, ss (Correy)		+ C- T. Man Who Lived Forever, nov (Hunger & R de W Miller)	
C T. Celebrated No-Hit Inning, ss (Pohl)		+ C+ T. Rare Anomaly, nov (Sohl)	
C Collector's Item, sss (Young)		<u>ACE</u> (June 1956) D-164	
C Political Application, sss (Peterson)		+ C Mankind On t. Run, nov (Dickson)	
D- Satan & His Comrades, ss (Bennitt)		+ C- T. Crossroads Of Time, nov (Norton)	
<u>FANTASY & S.F.</u> Sept., 1956 (11:3)		<u>ACE</u> (July 1956) D-169	
B Operation Afreet, nt (Anderson)		+ D- Star Bridge, nov (Williamson & Gunn)	
B- Flying Dutchman, sss (Moore)		<u>ACE</u> (Aug., 1956) D-173	
C Lonely Road, ss (Wilson)		+ D Overlords From Space, nov (Kelleam)	
D+ T. Past & Its Dead People, s nt (Bretnor)		+ C- T. Man Who Mastered Time, nov (Cummings)	
D+ Verb Sap? sss (Boyd)		<u>ACE</u> (Sept., 1956) D-176	
B- T. War In t. Air, ss (Cassill)		+ T. Green Queen, nov (St. Clair) (rating = C)	
D Stardust, ss (Seabright)		+ D 3,000 Years, nov (McClary)	
C- (D, B) AXER, ss (Ev Smith)		<u>BALLANTINE</u> (May 1956) #147	
<u>GALAXY</u> Sept., 1956 (12:5)		+ B+ T. Bright Phoenix, nov (H. Mead)	
A- T. Other Man, nva (Sturgeon)		<u>BALLANTINE</u> (June 1956) #151	
C- Verbal Agreement, nt (Sellings)		+ B+ Nerves, nov (del Rey)	
B- Chain Reaction, ss (Ellenby)		<u>BALLANTINE</u> (Aug., 1956) #159	
C- Nothing But t. Best, ss (Cogan)		+ B T. Human Angie, coll. (Tenn)	
C+ Human Man's Burden, ss (Sheckley)		+ <u>BALLANTINE</u> (Sept., 1956) #167	
B- Seeing-Eye Dog, ss (Galouye)		+ B To Live Forever, nov (Vance)	
<u>GALAXY NOVELS</u> #26 (out 5/9/56) n.d.		+ <u>GOLD MEDAL</u> (May 1956) 3-577	
B+ Chessboard Planet, nov (Padgett)		+ B T. Shrinking Man, nov (Matheson)	
<u>OTHER WORLDS</u> June 1956 (#38) #17		<u>RATINGS: A: Excellent; B: Very Good</u>	
C+ T. Grove of God, ss (Williams)		<u>C: Good; D: Neutral</u>	
C T. Steogar, ss (Storm)		<u>E, F, G: Not so Good</u>	
C T. Timeless Man (1-of-2) (Arcot)			



AMAZING STORIES

An Review

By
BURNETT R. TOSKEY

Part XIII: 1937

Of this year there is little to say. The magazine during this year is virtually indistinguishable from the magazine that was published in 1936. The stories, illustrations, and features followed the same trends as they did in 1936, and on the average the fictional content and the illustrations were of about the same quality. The publication schedule remained bi-monthly throughout 1937, as it had in 1936. About the only difference one can discover between the two years is the different stories and illustrations themselves.

As in 1936, the quality of the stories was reasonably high. This was a fairly good period for the magazine, with the poorer stories in the minority. 1937 did, however, produce one novel-length story, and started another. A story by Weinbaum also appeared in Amazing for the first time, though it was one of this great author's weaker stories.

NOVEL LENGTH STORIES

"By Jove!" by Walter Rose, L.D.S., R.C.S. (Rating A,1.9) three part serial beginning in February. As you might expect from the title, this story concerns Jupiter. A minimum of characters of Earthly descent and the Jovian critters reminiscent of Weinbaum's "Martian Odyssey" make this an extremely pleasant story to read. Perhaps a little prosaic to most of you stuffed shirts out there, but I enjoyed it a great deal.

"Zagribud" by John Russell Fearn (Rating B,2.0) three part serial beginning in December. This is the sequel to "Liners of Time" (May-August 1935) and very similar to that prodigious work in most respects. The villain returns from the dead, having been killed in the previous story, and the hero is catapulted from one narrow escape to another, usually escaping only through the providence of some extremely lucky coincidence. The girl in the story might just as well have been a man for all the love interest there is in the story. Naturally Justice triumphs in the end.

"B" Stories (In order of preference)

"Antares Tryst" by Richard Tooker, August. Tooker here exhibits the same magnetic style of writing that was exemplified in "Moon of Arcturus" (June 1935) and the result is a truly beautiful piece of story-telling that is a real pleasure to read.

"The Fireless Age" by David H. Keller, M.D., two part serial beginning in August. Here is a well-written story of cave people who worship fire as a god but who are forbidden to use it for any useful purpose. True to the tradition, there is a rebel who starts building fires all over the place. It is open to question as to whether this story is pre-historic or is far-future.

"When Atlantis Was" by H.F. Arnold, two part serial beginning in October. A rather unusual tale of a ship which goes through a fault in time, meets a spaceship from the stars, and builds a little colony. They name this colony "Atlantis", of all things. Sheer fantasy.

AMAZING STORIES IN REVIEW (Concluded)

"The Planet of Perpetual Night" by John Edwards, February. Believe you me, this planet is so dark that you can't see your hand in front of your nose. Flashlights don't even work here. Rather strange critters inhabit this place. One of these races has a nice little habit of attacking the other race and eating them. As you might expect, a group of Earthmen find the place and make friends with the persecuted race. What fools, they.

"On the Planet Fragment" by Neil R. Jones, October. The best of the Professor Jameson stories up to this time. Another author finally succumbs to the influence of "The Martian Odyssey" and uses his own peculiar talents to good result.

"C" Stories (In order of appearance)

April: "Twin Worlds" by Neil R. Jones

"The Chemical Murder" by Eando Binder

"Shifting Seas" by Stanley G. Weinbaum

June: "Murder by Atom" by Joseph Wm. Skidmore

"The Crystalline Salvation" by George H. Scheer, D.Sc., E.E.

"Crawling Terrors" by Edmund Schueler

August: "Cupid of the Laboratory" by William Lemkin, Ph.D.

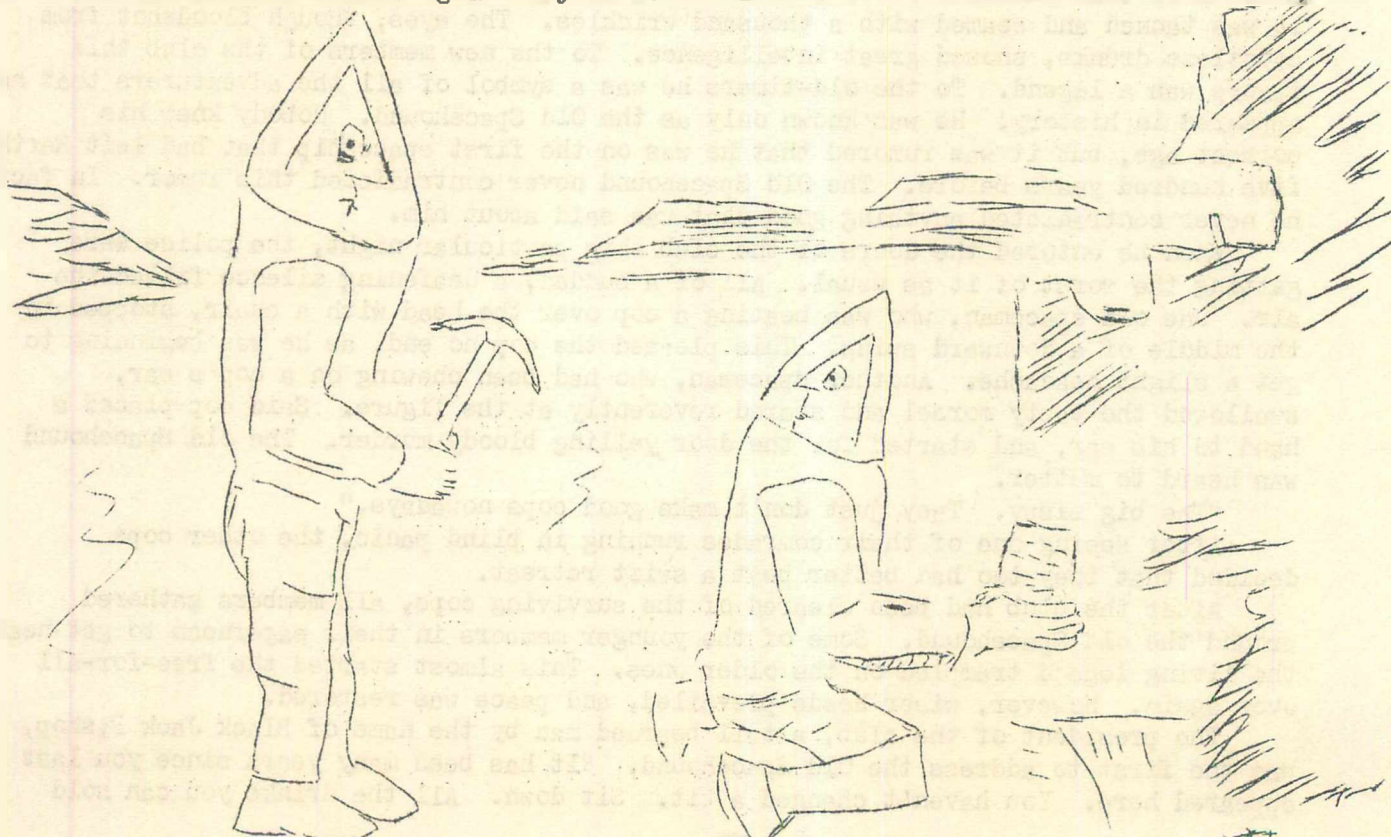
October: "The Last Ice" by George H. Scheer, B.Sc., E.E.

December: "The Hyriad" by Harold S. Sykes

"The Radium Doom" by Milton R. Peril

"Blue Beam of Pestilence" by Eando Binder

There were no "E" stories, so the remainder of the stories published during 1937 were "D". Of interest are the two Professor Jameson stories in addition to "On the Planet Fragment". A rather curious item is the story "Daughter of Luna" (August, a "D" story which had a sequel in April 1938 with the same identical title. The offending author is J. Lewis Burtt, B.Sc. Note also the rising ability of Eando Binder.



"The First sign of intelligence! It's a T.V. schedule CARD."



THE RETURN

OF THE SPACEHOUND

NEW A STORY
By
OTTO
PFEIFER

The Spaceman's Club in New York was a regular hangout for the men who returned from trips to the distant planets. They would sit around and tell stories of their many voyages and many adventures with the female sex on the many thousand inhabited planets. Usually toward the end of an evening, when they were all fired up with drinks made out of many strange concoctions, they would have a good lusty free for all. This unfortunately would cause the whole police force to lose an evening's sleep. This was not the only disturbing thing about it. Usually the police would be on the losing end, with many members of the force laid up for quite a while. Consequently, the force was always under strength. For some strange reason the police chief did not view the Spaceman's Club with favor during evenings like this.

It was during one of these free for alls that a figure entered the club. This figure was a strange one indeed. It resembled that of a man, but no one could be quite sure that it was. Of medium height, it walked with a swagger and a roll that seemed to give the impression that this person had spent quite a bit of time in space. Looking at this person's face, one could not determine the proper age of the individual. It was tanned and seamed with a thousand wrinkles. The eyes, though bloodshot from countless drunks, showed great intelligence. To the new members of the club this figure was a legend. To the old-timers he was a symbol of all the adventurers that had appeared in history. He was known only as the Old Spacehound. Nobody knew his correct age, but it was rumored that he was on the first spaceship that had left Earth five hundred years before. The Old Spacehound never contradicted this rumor. In fact he never contradicted anything good that was said about him.

When he entered the doors of the club this particular night, the police were getting the worst of it as usual. All of a sudden, a deafening silence filled the air. One old spaceman, who was beating a cop over the head with a chair, stopped in the middle of a downward swing. This pleased the cop no end, as he was beginning to get a slight headache. Another spaceman, who had been chewing on a cop's ear, swallowed the tasty morsel and stared reverently at the figure. Said cop placed a hand to his ear, and started for the door yelling bloody murder. The old Spacehound was heard to mutter.

"The big sissy. They just don't make good cops nowadays."

After seeing one of their comrades running in blind panic, the other cops decided that they too had better beat a swift retreat.

After the club had been cleared of the surviving cops, all members gathered around the old Spacehound. Some of the younger members in their eagerness to get near the living legend trampled on the older ones. This almost started the free-for-all over again. However, wiser heads prevailed, and peace was restored.

The president of the club, a tall bearded man by the name of Black Jack Bishop, was the first to address the Old Spacehound. "It has been many years since you last appeared here. You haven't changed a bit. Sit down. All the drinks you can hold

THE RETURN OF THE SPACEHOUND (continued)

are yours free."

This was quite a statement, considering that the Old Spacehound was said to have drunk many bars into bankruptcy.

"It has been a long voyage and I am a bit thirsty. You can start by bringing me five bottles of good Scotch. That should hold me until you can get some liquor stocked up," the Old Spacehound ordered.

There was a murmur from the oldtimers of the club. They knew that when the old Spacehound ordered like that, he was about to talk of his latest adventures. Black Jack Bishop showed up with the scotch and was sent in search of all the liquor that was in the club.

The old Spacehound raised one of the bottles to his lips and with one good swig killed the whole thing. He put the bottle down and appraised the group with his bloodshot eyes.

"I'm just an old spacehound, and nobody ever pays any attention to me," he remarked. The group around him knew that this was an old line. Nobody knew better than the old Spacehound himself that everybody in the club paid all sorts of attention to everything he said.

"Did I ever tell you of the time that I got stranded on the planet Epsilon with a group of beautiful women?" he asked.

"I haven't heard it," cried a man that looked like he was in his seventies.

"Quiet, Sonny, you're too young to hear about such things," the old Spacehound silenced him.

"Would you tell us about your latest trip?" another of the group asked.

Before the old Spacehound answered him, he raised another bottle to his lips and killed the contents with as much gusto as the first. After wiping his lips he looked at the person who had just spoken. "So you want to hear of this last trip. Well, sir, I'll tell you about it. But first those with weak stomachs better leave. I don't want them to be getting sick. It's quite upsetting you know. This reminds me of a time when I was sitting in a bar on Venus. This young fellow stepped up to me and---"

"Please sir, would you tell us about this trip?" an impertinent young lad interrupted.

The old Spacehound looked at him with a cold, glassy stare. The impertinent young lad slunk away to a corner to himself, never to be heard from again.

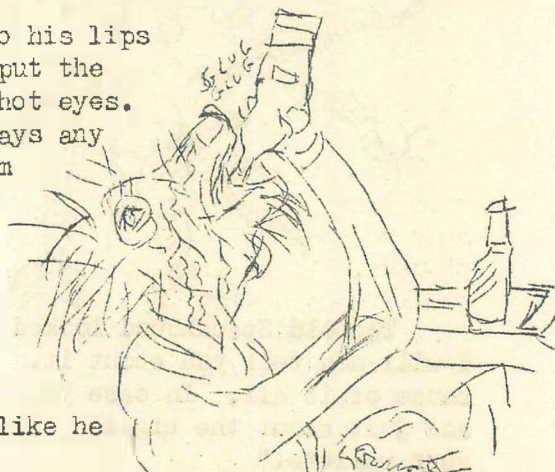
"Now as I was saying, this young fellow stepped up to me and asked if I had ever been to Pleneth. Well, I had been there two or three times, and this young lad reminded me of an old buddy of mine. But then you wanted to hear of this last trip," the old Spacehound went on.

Black Jack Bishop showed up laden with bottles of every shape and color. The contents of these bottles were as varied as the bottles themselves. He set them on the table in front of the old Spacehound.

"That's a good lad; this should hold me for a little while. Now you better get something to drink for these lads here," the old Spacehound ordered.

Just then the front door of the club burst open and one of the weirdest beings ever seen entered, yelling, "Where is he? Where is that old coot? Just let me get my hands on him."

This last would have been a sight to behold because said being had no hands. Tentacles, yes. In fact he was overladen with them. He looked like an octopus who forgot to stop. Along with the tentacles he had four bulbous eyes. His body was not anything that could quite be called a body. It was more of a heap of gelatinous matter. There was no mouth visible, but judging from the angry bellows coming from him, a person knew that one was hidden somewhere.

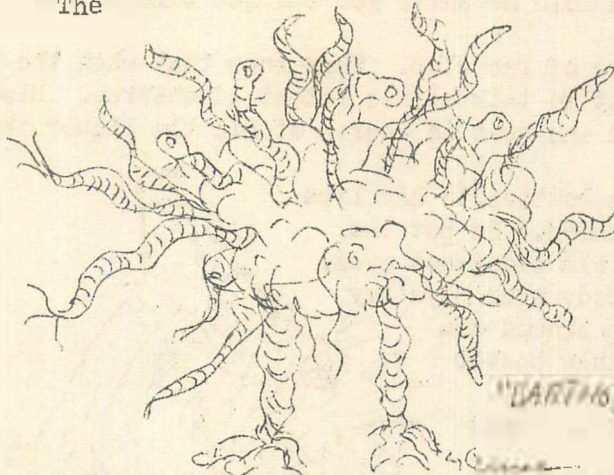


THE RETURN OF THE SPACEHOUND (continued)

As he slithered rapidly into the main clubroom he saw the old Spacehound. He stopped and drew himself up to his full height of three feet.

"So there you are," he cried triumphantly. "Did you think that you could get rid of me this easily?"

The



The old Spacehound looked up in surprise. "Barthoj! Where have you been? I missed you after that small incident on Hendrick's Planet."

"You missed me; that's a laugh. You left me there to face the consequences," Barthoj howled angrily.

"Simmer down, son," the old Spacehound said soothingly. "I thought you were right behind me when we escaped."

Needless to say their audience was intrigued by this conversation and remained "BARTHOJ" and expectant, hoping to hear about this adventure of their living legend and his odd looking companion.

The old Spacehound looked around at them. "You wanted to hear about my last trip. I will now tell you about it. This fugitive from a box of JELL-O standing by me was the cause of it all. In case you have been wondering, he is a native of the planet Jerrkke and just about the biggest criminal that has ever escaped from there. So hang onto your wallets."

"The biggest scoundrel of all time is standing right by me," Barthoj informed them, looking meaningfully at the old Spacehound.

Ignoring him, the old Spacehound took another bottle-emptying drink, and started his story. "Well, lads, you may remember when I left about two years ago. I didn't have any idea where I was headed for. I found myself nearing the system of Janus, and remembering that there was a small inhabited planet there, I landed —"

The small spaceship landed and the lone occupant got out and sauntered over to the small building at the end of the landing field. He entered the building and found it empty. He looked around the one room and his eyes lit upon a bottle on a shelf; he went over, took the bottle down, unscrewed the cap, and sniffed the contents. Satisfied at what the bottle contained, he raised it to his lips and drank deeply. He dropped the bottle and turned around suddenly as he heard a small noise behind him.

A figure was framed in the doorway holding a menacing blaster on him.

"Just what do you think you're doing?" the figure asked.

"I'm just an old Spacehound, and nobody ever pays any attention to me," was the reply.

"Well, if you don't clear out of here quick, this blaster is going to pay a lot of attention to you."

The old Spacehound shrugged and started to move off. "Now don't get your dander up, sonny. I just landed from a long trip and I was a mite thirsty," he told the figure.

"If you know what's good for you, you will take another long trip right off this planet. We don't like snooping strangers around here," the figure warned the old Spacehound.

"Alright, sonny. I will be leaving after I have made a trip to the local bar," the old Spacehound replied.

Leaving the building under the watchful eye of the man in the doorway, he headed for the nearby town. Once inside the town his vast experience quickly led him to the bar. Upon entering the bar, all the occupants glanced up at him and quickly glanced away. The old Spacehound was not the easiest thing on the eyes. Especially if those eyes belonged to someone who has been imbibing.

RETURN OF THE SPACEHOUND (continued)

As he headed for the counter to order his drink, the old Spacehound noticed a girl sitting at a table crying her eyes out. Now most everybody will agree that this is a most difficult feat to perform, as the eyes are pretty well attached to their sockets. But this girl was doing a pretty good job of it. Since the old Spacehound had a weakness for pretty girls, he headed towards her to find out what the matter was. As he drew close he saw that she was not an Earth girl as he first supposed. She resembled an Earthling in every way except that she had technicolored hair, thus marking her as a native of Jezren, a planet that was not too far away from the planet that they were now on.

Pulling up a chair and sitting down at the table across from the crying girl, the old Spacehound asked, "Now me pretty lass. Just what seems to be the trouble?"

Startled, the girl looked up. "You ought to know. You're probably one of them," she flung at him.

Ducking, the old Spacehound shook his head. "You ought to be careful, throwing you're words like that; you might hurt someone. You are wrong though, as I am not one of them, whoever they may be."

"I'm sorry, but I am beside myself with grief, and I'm not sure of anything any more," she apologized.

Squinting his eyes, the old Spacehound looked to see if she was really beside herself. Not seeing anything different, he decided that he would need a couple more drinks first. The girl started crying again.

"Maybe I can help you if you tell me what your trouble is," the old Spacehound offered.

"I don't think that anybody can help me, but I will tell you the story," the girl said. "My name is Irannie, and I work as a singer in this bar. I was doing all right until one night I fell in love with a handsome young man who came in here. His name is Tom Borcett, and he is a Space Ranger. He came here to investigate the report that this is a hangout for space pirates. He was working undercover, and finally managed to get in with a suspicious bunch of men. That is the last time I have seen him." As soon as she had finished, she started to cry again.

The old Spacehound shook his head sadly, and wiped some tears from his eyes. "Just stop crying, me lass. I will help you get him back," he stated bravely. The old Spacehound was one who let his emotions get the better of him.

At this point the bar doors opened up, and a thing slithered in. Looking up, the old Spacehound cried, "Well, blast my jets. If it isn't Barthoj, the terror of the playpen."

Barthoj slithered over to the table. "Don't tell me they are letting wobbly old men run around the spaceways now," he answered back.

"Who are you calling a wobbly old man? Why, you poor excuse for a jelly-fish, I can tear you apart and sell you for sandwich filling with one hand tied behind me," the old Spacehound retorted.

Before Barthoj could answer back, the old Spacehound was busy trying to tie one hand behind himself. Finally giving up, he spoke to the girl. "This character thinks that he is a great criminal; I bet he has something to do with your lad's disappearance."

"But I had nothing to do with anyone's disappearance," Barthoj protested.

"You're lying in your teeth, and you know it. That is a sure sign of your guilt," the old Spacehound accused.

"I just this very moment was released from the pokey, therefore I had nothing to do with this no doubt great crime," Barthoj still protested.

"I don't think that I should believe you, but I will give you the benefit of the doubt," the old Spacehound grudgingly conceded.

"I don't think that this is doing any good. You're just wasting your time arguing," Irannie broke in.

"You keep out of this. After all, this is my story," the old Spacehound told her. "Do you want to hog all the lines?"

THE RETURN OF THE SPACEHOUND (continued)

Very much chastised, the girl started to cry again.

"Oh well, you may have something to say now and then," the old Spacehound told her benevolently. He then told Barthoj the whole story.

"Isn't there a happy ending?" Barthoj asked when he had finished. "I just hate stories without happy endings."

"There isn't one yet. You have just volunteered to help me get one."

"I guess if I am going to stay around in this series, I will have to help you out when you blunder into something," Barthoj said resignedly.

They all started to think about how to start out on a search for the missing space ranger, when the bar doors opened again. The figure that entered was the same figure that had accosted the old Spacehound earlier. He looked over the occupants of the bar and furtively sneaked back out of the place.

"Now there is a suspicious looking person if I ever saw one. I bet he knows something about this crime. He is the sneakiest looking criminal that I have ever seen, except for you, Barthoj," the old Spacehound confided in a whisper.

"You're right," Barthoj confirmed. "He is the mayor and chief of police on this planet."

"Oh."

"Look, there is one of the members of the gang that my boyfriend joined," Irannie said, pointing to a person that was just leaving.

"Come on. Let's follow him. He might lead us to our happy ending," the old Spacehound cried, shaking with excitement at the thought of an exciting chase.

They left the bar in hot pursuit of their quarry. Once outside, they followed him through alleys, up streets, and down hills. One time he entered a building and went into a small room. This momentarily held up the chase as there was a sign on the door marked "MEN" and since Irannie was with them, they had to figure out a way to get past this predicament. In the meantime, their quarry came out and headed for the street. Finally he came to a stop in front of a large building, and after looking suspiciously around, he entered.



Our three defective detectives followed him in. Once inside they saw that the building was a big warehouse, and in the middle of it there stood a group of vicious, beady-eyed men conversing in low tones.

"There he is. Save him somebody. Save my Tom," Irannie cried out.

The group turned at her words and advanced slowly towards them.

Barthoj pulled out his blaster. "Step any closer and you're all dead," he warned.

"If they step any closer, you would be the only one dead," the old Spacehound told him.

"Why?"

"Because you're holding the darn blaster backwards," the old Spacehound informed him.

At this point the group of men jumped them and in the ensuing struggle the three dauntless individuals were overcome.

When they were all tied up, Irannie started to cry. "Oh Tom, I'm afraid that I have spoiled things for you. I have exposed you. Now you will never be able to prove that these men are space pirates."

"Who us? Lady, you've got it all wrong. We're not space pirates," one of the men said.

"You're not? Then who are you?" the old Spacehound asked.

"We are space rangers. We've been trying to get the goods on this guy who calls

RETURN OF THE SPACEHOUND (concluded)

himself Tom Borcett. If anybody has seen his video program, they would know that he is the only criminal around here," the man informed them.

Irannie started to cry again. ----

"So that's the story behind my last trip," the old Spacehound finished. The group around him drew their breaths and heaved a big sigh of relief. This was the reason that the old Spacehound was their hero. He had such believable adventures. He faced all dangers bravely.

Black Jack Bishop made another of his appearances laden down with more liquid refreshments for the old Spacehound.

"Is that the planet where Barthoj was imprisoned when you left him?" Black Jack asked.

"That it was. This old coot left me to cool my heels in the clink. It was such a small thing too."

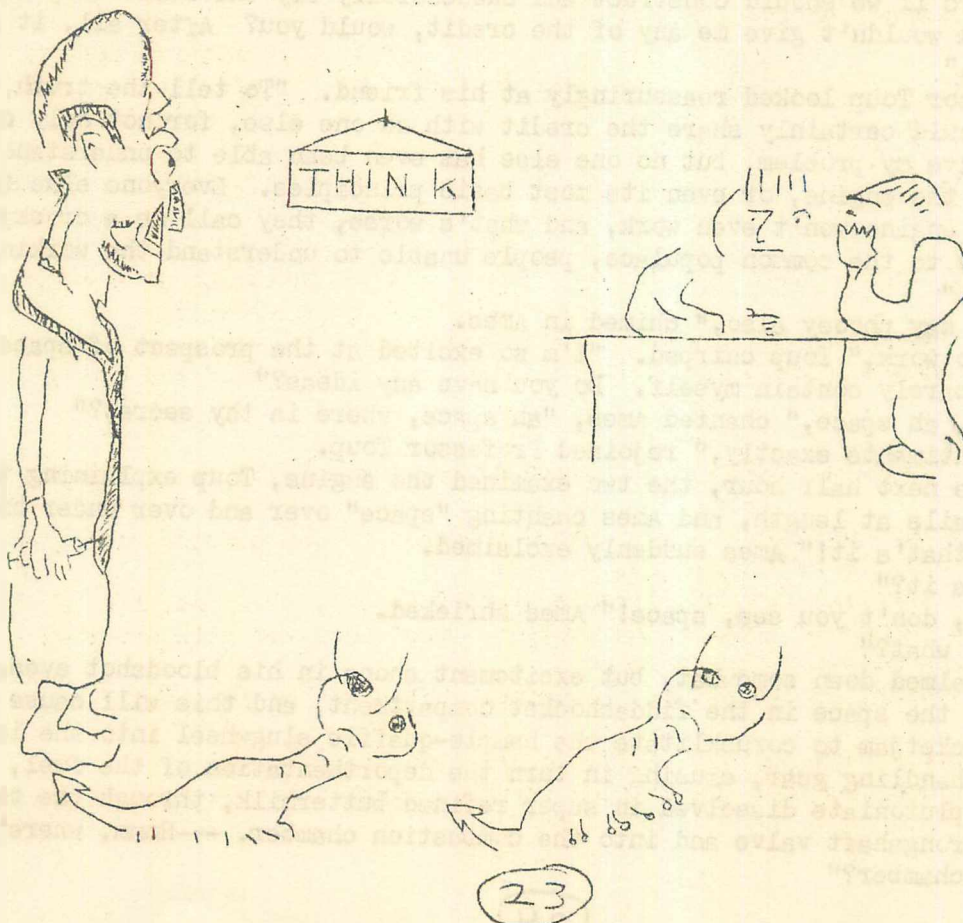
"What did you do?" the group asked collectively.

"Well, when the space rangers led Tom Borcett off to face trial, Irannie started to cry again. Since Barthoj can't stand to see a woman cry, he blasted her," the old Spacehound explained.

THE END

(AUTHOR'S NOTE: This is a sequel to a story that never was and never will be written. However, watch for the sign of the old Spacehound. He will return.)

"THERE'S SOMETHING ABOUT
SMITHERS THAT I DON'T TRUST."



SADERS

A QUESTION OF SPACE

by W. Kraus

Professor Ames was in trouble. He had nothing to do. And for him to have nothing to do could lead to disastrous consequences, such as starting him to work on some fiendish invention. His mind was in the proper emotional state for some of these fiendish ideas to start up. He was seated in his study, hand on his black beard, his eyes wandering over the ceiling, seeking inspiration. Inspiration never had failed him before, and it would not fail him now.

The telephone rang. Languidly, Ames reached over to one side and picked up the receiver, dragged it into position, and said "Hello" into one end.

An excited voice answered. It was professor Toup, and he was as excited as an inventor with a new revolutionizing gadget about to reach completion. In fact, that was exactly the case with Toup. Ames promised to go right over to his fellow mad scientists laboratory.

Later the two were together in a compact little cell, examining the masses of machinery that surrounded them.

"You see," Professor Toup was explaining, "what the principle behind this engine is, now? The cam jacket collides with the garlionshaft here, causing the Phluskin swagwheel to propellate the gimblebelt. Perfectly clear so far, right? Now. This whalfurrel flaggerator percotrades into the excoriosis of the diplinurge causing the thalameratrixor to shimborbletate this vishordle. You follow so far?"

"Oh perfectly." Ames' voice was bland.

"Now here is the difficulty, one which I have found so far to be somewhat insuperable. The obvious purpose for which I have constructed this engine was to propell spaceships. But I can't figure out how to do it. Think of the glory that would be ours if we should construct and successfully fly the first ship into space!"

"Oh you wouldn't give me any of the credit, would you? After all, it is your engine."

Professor Toup looked reassuringly at his friend. "To tell the truth, my friend, I could certainly share the credit with no one else, for not only can no one else solve my problem, but no one else has even been able to understand the workings of the engine, or even its most basic principles. Everyone else tells me that the engine won't even work, and what's worse, they call me a crackpot! I say phooey to the common populace, people unable to understand the working of great minds."

"And I say phooey also," chimed in Ames.

"But to work," Toup chirped. "I'm so excited at the prospect of space travel that I can barely contain myself. Do you have any ideas?"

"Space, ah space," chanted Ames, "ah space, where is thy secret?"

"My sentiments exactly," rejoined Professor Toup.

For the next half hour, the two examined the engine, Toup explaining the smaller details at length, and Ames chanting "space" over and over under his breath.

"Hey, that's it!" Ames suddenly exclaimed.

"What's it?"

"Space, don't you see, space!" Ames shrieked.

"Space what?"

Ames calmed down somewhat, but excitement shone in his bloodshot eyes. "Look! We increase the space in the fiddashocket compartment, and this will cause the gambol sprocketjam to corusklitate the hample-quaffle slugwheel into the left rear rocket jam handling gear, causing in turn the deportmentation of the fuel, rado-urano-plutoniote dissolved in super refined buttermilk, through the top jimwheel sprongshaft valve and into the combustion chamber. ---Hmmm, where's the combustion chamber?"

A QUESTION OF SPACE (concluded)

A sudden light shone on Toup's face. "By God, I believe you have it! The only trouble is that I haven't any combustion chamber!"

"Well, we can postulate one for the present and attach it later. Now to continue ----"

Ames continued talking for the next hour and a half, explaining the details of his plan. Toup now and then nodded his head in agreement. There was an ever-growing hope shining in the eyes of both.

When Ames was finally finished, he and Toup stood long with their arms around each others shoulder, each envisioning the great glory that would be Man's once he had conquered space.

Months of construction followed, and the two professors watched as their life savings departed down the pockets of the various contractors who came to work on the spaceship. Scientists came now and then to scoff at them, but Ames and Toup heeded them not. They would look at the scoffers with a smug expression on their faces and think of the day when all of those stupid people would be forced to eat their words.

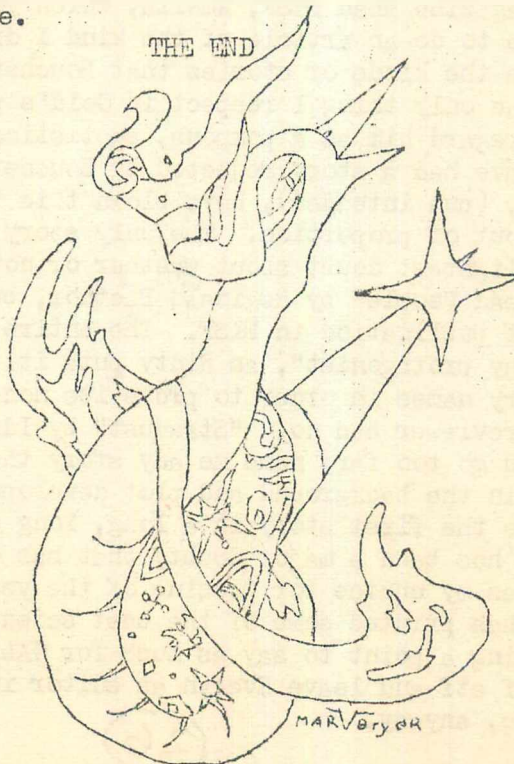
At last the great ship was finished. It was in the shape of a cube twenty feet along each dimension. The date was set for the takeoff, and the two spent the intervening time in preparation for their great journey. They offered to take anyone else who cared to accompany them, but for some reason, no one seemed to put that much faith in the invention. By the time of the takeoff, however, their project had achieved enough notoriety to collect a considerable crowd of onlookers. Policemen tried to warn them to keep clear in case of an explosion, but few people would even give the scientists credit for being able to produce an explosion.

The great moment arrived, and Ames and Toup exchanged a last handshake, and then Toup reached over to pull the lever which would activate the engines.

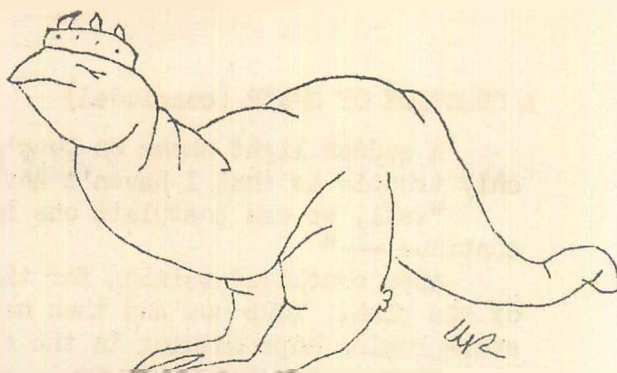
To the onlookers on the outside, a strange sight was presented. There was a puff of smoke, and after the smoke cleared away, the giant cube was gone. Complete astonishment swept the populace, and for a while it was thought that perhaps the thing had worked after all. But then they saw the hole in the ground where the ship had stood.

It was a square hole.

THE END



CRY of the Readers



Dear Ones:

Marv Bryer's cover on CRY #94 is the best you've had since I began receiving it, and fully deserved the fancy treatment it was given. Even the unruly lettering around it did not detract from the beauty Marv's illo gives this cover. If you don't badger this boy for more of the same, you're certainly missing a bet.

Hubbard Green sounds like a pseudonym for someone, but I won't go into that. I will congratulate the author of "The Guardian" for his undeviating style in following the illo, utilizing every detail of art in his story. (I've got it! Green is a pen-name for Frank Belknap Long!) In doing this, the story is exceedingly well-done. As a story, apart from the picture, it even stands up fairly well, with a fine element of suspense throughout. The weak point comes in the ending, for even though I can't think of a better one, I do not feel satisfied with the climax Green provided. Over all, judging from the things Green was out to accomplish, "The Guardian" is good amateur science fiction.

Joe Lee Sanders is either the most talented or the most infantile artist the CRY has ever featured. (Hard to tell which, by today's art standards.) He simply cannot draw. Yet I laugh like a loon at virtually each one of his cartoons! Both of his cartoons in this issue really broke me up. This boy should be a gag writer, and get someone else to do the drawings, I would say; his wit is certainly too good to keep hidden.

The prozine reviews are still great, though my opinions are far from the same as Pemberton's

Now...I am most gratified that Amelia Pemberton got a few laughs from "How to Crack GALAXY" in BRILLIG, for that was the article's principle aim, admittedly. However I meant exactly what I said about GALAXY, if only slightly exaggerated. GALAXY is far more of a "Typed" magazine than F&SF, Amelia, which you want me to blast. It would be virtually impossible to do an article of the kind I did on Gold's magazine on that of Tony Boucher because the kinds of stories that Boucher runs are far more varied than those in Galaxy. The only thing I respect in Gold's position are his wordage rates; outside of that, I regard him as a pompous, egotistical, offensive blockhead.

Renfrew must have had a story rejected by Boucher to turn so suddenly sour on F&SF. You, Rinty, you dog, (pun intended), have blown this "the fantasy in F&SF ain't fantastic" bit way out of proportion. The only story in the latest issue of which there is even the slightest doubt about whether or not it is fantasy in nature is "The Past And Its Dead People" by Reginald B. Ethnor, but even this is not so mainstream as to be unworthy of publication in F&SF. The entire story hangs on that element "of ESP of the bitchy protagonist", as Rinty puts it. And resorting to calling the characters in a story names in order to prove its non-quality is about the most fuggheaded thing a reviewer can do. "Stawdust" by Idris Seabright isn't stf? Oh come now, Rinty, you go too far; name me any story that couldn't be written mainstream with a few changes in the background and plot development. Besides, "The Past And Its Dead Peoples" is the first story in a long, long while (I can't even recall an instance when there has been a major doubt) that has even aroused the slightest uneasiness. F&SF was my choice for prozine of the year in the WorldCon Achievement Awards voting, and has printed some of the best science-fantasy of the year already. It would be stretching a point to say as much for GALAXY; Horace Gold should follow Howard Browne out of stf and leave Evelyn as editor in chief. She's probably doing most of the work now, anyway.

CRY OF THE READERS (continued)

"Art Work" deserved that non-intended E- more than the E- you've now given it. Blish really had a clinker in that one. The rest of Austin's reviews are okay, though I disagree on "The Claustrophile" by Ted Sturgeon, "Stroke Of Genius" by Randall Garrett and "Death Of A Dinosaur" by Sam Moskowitz most emphatically. I just don't have the time to rate every prozine I read for Bill, however, though it might help get my opinions met a little more closely. Looks like I'll just have to remain a dissatisfied customer.

"Flash Gordon And The Tournaments Of Mongo" one of the best stories of all time. Now really.....

"AMAZING In Review" still interests one who wasn't around in 1936, such as I.

"Final Inscription" is the kind of junk that is supposed to be wonderfully hilarious, but which seldom if ever is. You were certainly on the ball, editors, in warning us not to read von Spencer's tale, and I'm very sorry I didn't observe the warning. Very sorry.

"Tempus Ex Machine" is baffling, but effective. I liked it, but for Ghu's sake don't ask me why.

All in all, this is a very good issue of CRY, one of the very best in months. But why...why...don't you get some lettering guides? Those headings look so amateurish. (I know why not? CRY's certainly not a prozine. But you know what I mean.) A dime or reasonable facsimile thereof is enclosed for CRY OF THE NAMELESS #95. Goombye.

Regards and all,
Kent Moomaw
6705 Bramble Avenue
Cincinnati 27, Ohio

(Actually, Kent, I didn't turn "suddenly sour" on F & SF so much as build up from a mild gripe to a loud scream over a period of several months, due to aggravated repetition of trends that curdle me. No doubt my plow gets into a rut((pun inevitable)) at times, but each issue of each zine is dissected as nearly on its own merit as my subjective viewpoint allows. The only editor who had the opportunity ((and used it)) to reject my material this year was R. W. Lawndes a few months back; doesn't seem as if the column has reflected undying enmity for this.

Austin's department is not a review but a composite of ratings submitted by faithful drudges. Bill is always pleading for ratings from more people to give a better cross section((he has to read two zines he detests because he gets ratings on them from only one other person, and enthusiast)).

One thing we love about your letter -- it clearly shows you read the CRY thoroughly and evaluate what you read. This is the contributors and editor's delight.

You don't really have to be sore at F & SF with me if you don't want to.)

- R. Pemberton

Dhear Nameless peoples:

Have received that odorous O-O again. Called Cry it was. A good cover for a big change tho I don't think Marv did such a good job on it. All the interior art was from bad to horrible except for that one by Bryer.

The material was all jumbled up as usual tho some of it was good. I think you should stick to multigraph. That was the best repro for cry I've seen yet. Might be a bit hard setting but just think what a fannish impression you'd make.

Sine Cera
Larry Burt
2435 1/2 Portland St. Eugene, Oregon

(Most of us disagree with you on Marv's cover drawing. If we were to do the CRY in multigraph, it would have about four pages. Besides, it's the material that counts most. "Golden Atom" didn't make much of a fannish impression -- BRT)

CRY OF THE READERS (continued)

Fat Editors:

Now this is a cover that am a cover on #94, tads! However, just what it is meant to portray is somewhat vague. It appears, after a thorough survey, to be a castle on the moon? A castle on the moon?! Oh well; claim poetic license and see if I care.

As soon as I comment on one issue, another (in which my mailman thoughtfully conceals a rock) is tossed at me. It seems that in these hectic months I've done nothing but comment on CRY.

I don't know who these people are whom Toskey is polling, but it is quite likely that they are the same ones being polled by fat Harold Stasson; in other words, they ain't too bright. Were these the same people who put Vance and Hamilton in the top ten of favorite authors? If so, there is now absolute proof that they're all addled.

So the lead story was written around the cover. So the setting ain't the moon. So I'm an ass. So just for that I shall certainly not read the lead story.

Pemberton, old sock, will we ever come to a complete agreement? Let us hope so. Some day, soon let us hope, you will become enlightened and not say of the September issue of Galaxy that it was "grade-A." Sch (You think I ought to quit and come back when I learn to type?) Sheckley's miserable opus about the quick-frozen brides would be turned down by the SatEvePost, and quickly. Any comparison between Galouye's "Seeing Eye Dog" and Terhune's novels is purely accidental; the two are alike only that they were both printed on paper. I concede that Galouye's dog was more human than his people, but even the dog was a mockery of characterization. Nearly all of Galaxy's stories deal with robots disguised as human beings.

How, fat editors, could the killing of one's grandson make one disappear, vanish, or disintegrate? Admitting the likeliness that when one kills his grandfather, before said grandfather has started the chain of one's production, one will no doubt disappear, how can the murder of a grandson, who had absolutely nothing to do with one's being born, in any way effect the murderer? I think it would be best if you'd reject a short story like TEMPUS EX MACHINA, nobody can be that hard up for material.

Letter column had a few laughs, but I can not see what motivated you to include that letter on top of page thirty. A four line request for the magazine is certainly not interesting to the readers of CRY.

That pun on page twenty-five stopped me from finishing "Final Inscription." Maybe I'm lucky.

Again a cartoon was the best thing in the issue. I refer, of course, to the one on page twenty-seven.

Wm. Deeck
8400 Potomac Ave.
College Park, Maryland

Rebuttal by Rotund Renfrew (your heftisch Host): The portly polls are not being taken by tenuous Toskey at all, but more by Otto Pfeifer, the plump president of our chubby club. My choices for top avoirdupoisish authors didn't place too well either.

Well, wide Wm, I should certainly hope that Galaxy and other better prozines will continue to feature stories that "would be turned down by the SatEvePost". What but SatEvePostishness and the like, do you feel is ailing the paunchy prozine field lately? This overfolksy stuff (Easter eggs from space on the White House lawn with Grandma Goozle to the rescue, etc) turns my stout stomach.

Re "Tempus Ex Machina" -- we couldn't reject it; Kraus was turning the crank for the last issue. Somebody gotta work; who should it be -- me??

Nevertheless, dumpy Deeck, we appreciate the obese overtones of enjoyment in your lardy letter. With bloated breath we await your overstuffed opus on corpulent CRY #95. -- Ren the Pem.

CRY OF THE READERS (continued)

Dear Editor,

I was rather disappointed in the response from my article on Science in Science-Fiction. I had hoped to stir up an interesting argument, besides just taking a pot shot at a sacred cow, for my own amusement. Apparently, though, the only ones who disagreed, and had energy enough to write and say so, were a few people whose only argument was "There is so."

You occasionally run into such people in argument. They have strong opinions, and no facts to back them up. Prejudices is another word for opinions in the last sentence. Occasionally in an argument with this kind of person they even stop arguing the point at hand and attack the other person. "It seems that so-and-so is such-and-such." You can't argue with people like this, without unconsciously descending to their level, and I prefer not to stoop so low.

Since, therefore, I must regard a possibly controversial article as a failure in stirring up an interesting argument I wrote a non-controversial article on an interesting point that struck me, and here it is. It's called the "Awful Terrible Human Race" and I think you'll agree that it shouldn't stir up any argument.

If I get around to it I'll write about the early history of Flash Gordon next. I don't imagine there are too many fans who are really familiar with the very early Flash Gordon comic strip when Alex Raymond was drawing it. Did you know, by the way, that one of the earliest appearances of flying saucers was in this comic?

Sincerely
Mark Walsted

(Walsted's second article, described in his letter, appears in this ish -- BRT)

To the NAMELESS ONES

How,

WADDYA MEAN "NUTTIER THAN A FRUITCAKE" ?

Cry gets better by the issue. The covers are superb. The fiction is mostly good. I especially liked your lead story in #94 by Hubbard Green and also the stories by "W. Kraus" whoever he really is. They're good.

I LIKED Walstead's article in #93 even if I didn't altogether agree with him. Let's have more articles.

I am sending in another quarter for Sinisterra in case you forgot about the first one I sent in (I am nutty!)

You'll also find a half a buck enclosed for the following back issues of the CRY that I inquired about six months or so ago. I would like #'s 81, 83, 84, 85, and 86 if you still have them. You can send others if you don't. Thanks a lot.

Your nutty friend (?)

Joe A. Blake

9 Mt. Guyot St.

North Brookfield, Mass.

((Wally is sorting through back ish of CRY to see if we have the ones you want. We didn't forget about your first quarter. How could we; we published your letter, didn't we? We'll probably send you the new issue and the previous issue. This will serve you right, for sending in two quarters, that is. SINISTERRA is out, so you should get your copy any time now --- BRT))

P.S. What's all this about Cry being a local interest zine? Since when is North Brookfield, Mass. been a suburb of Seattle???? -- Joe A. Blake

((Rog Phillips started this idea in his reviews in Other Worlds some time ago, and since then we have been doing our utmost to live it down --- BRT))

(29)

CRY OF THE READERS (continued)

Dear Nameless Ones.

This is first of all a rave.

Marv Bryer's Cover is wonderful!!!!

And "The Guardian" is very good. I will expect more by Green or you can expect a flood of very nasty letters from me. But, oh that cover!

Secndly it is a gripe.

"Virtually identical". Well! I know I have had a bad memory but I don't remember my cartoons being quite that terrible. Do you mean "in essence or effect"? In that case I accept your remarks. Heck, I accept the fact (and I thought that you did too) that the drawings often suffer in the translation from original to mimeo or ditto. The fine points are either glossed over or ignored altogether. So, if you please, use a little more care in tracing the artwork and everybody will be happy.

And by the way. Here are 2 more cartoons for you to butcher.

yours,

Joe Lee Sanders

R.R. 1, Roschdale, Indiana

((Having answered you personally for the most part, about all I have to add at this point is an apology. I see by a previous letter that we owe you a copy of SINISTERRA, which you have already paid cash for. You should get it before long -- BRT))

Dear Wally:

CRY of the Nameless looks pretty good. Like "The Guardian" even though pages 7 & 8 were missing.

Drop me a postcard to remind me to send you the next issue of CREEFANAC (might also include some news). Fanzines I receive go to my club's auction, so generally forget who I owe.

Sincerely yours, Orville W. Mosher
429 Gilpin Ave.
Dallas 11, Texas.

((What! You mean to say you don't keep the fanzines you get? tsk. Sorry about your defective CRY. I can't figure out how that one slipped by us. We'll probably send you another one, one of these days, when we get around to it --- BRT))

Dear no names,

Was surprised to find my illo photo-lithoed. Many thankx and especially to Sir Victor Stredicke. Had I known how it was to be reproduced I would have done it better and with much more detail.

I enjoyed "The Guardian". Also thankx to Joseph Blake for informing me that the cover for Cry #92 was a picture of Hermann Shmakoff in his sinking machine.. I had been led to believe it was Myron Cowznofski.

Got no time for nothin' cept a few cartoons.

Sincerely
Marvin Bryer
1396 Hamilton, Apt. 7
St. Louis 12, Missouri.

((Those two latest cartoon will give us trouble, I predict, but we'll try --- BRT))



Remember:

A glopKf is a
Smooted's best
Friend. - Joe A Blake

(30)

CRY OF THE READERS (concluded)

(The following letter was received too late to include in the last CRY:)

Dear Editors:

I dread the visitations of the postman; for it appears that you are tireless and apt to keep sending Cry's for many years. And that appearance is enough to make me forego construction on my bomb shelter. I should save my life for this?!

If it's one thing I like, it's extensive letter columns...especially those containing my missives. Therefore, you fulfill one condition and put me in a state of euphoria; but you neglect the other condition, which neglect makes my euphoria somewhat less than perfect. One whole page of letters! Surely you receive more comment than that. Or are you afraid to print it?

If you recall, I sent you 15¢ (in round figures). I have had, I believe, three letters published. So, mes amis, where does that leave fat Wm.? In the credit or debit column? If it's the latter, please get your able mathematician (whose cries of anguish were heard when I first subscribed) to figure out how much you are going to soak me.

It was worth the price of the magazine for that cartoon of page -- oh, that's right; no page numbers. Well, the cartoon followed Toskey's always boring column "Amazing Stories in Review." It was utterly fabulous; even the punctuation was gripping. (((Twas a cartoon by Marv Bryer you are referring to here --- BRT)))

There goes old Renfrew P. again! I think he's deliberately out to annoy me. I quote my boy Renfrew: "The August Galaxy is one of the top issues of the year for any prozine, if not the best." (The italics are his, and he can have them.) Tenn's idea is, I'll grant, brand new; but it does not necessarily follow that the treatment was good. Do you not care, Renfrew, my old, if characters don't act in character? Do you actually feel that Grandall was the type to throw away his weapons, even after all those startling (pause for laughter) revelations that everyone had given him a grand screwing? If so, you'd better think again, or harder, as you may prefer.

But Renfrew, old thing, if you care to say that this ~~xxx~~ was one of the best issues of Galaxy for the year, I probably shall agree; for there was no Gold editorial. e "Master of the Monsters" was sheer drivel, although I have no doubt that a dedicated masochist would enjoy it.

Mr. Walsted, somewhat close to a child genius, goes on for some two pages quite meaninglessly. So? I'll grant that he proved exactly what he was trying to prove, but why he did it shall be left for posterity to discover. Surely it is possible to prove that science fiction is not science fiction by using the definition given in the first paragraph. But do you accept that definition, fat editors? I know I don't; and I can probably name numerous fans who won't accept the definition as stated. As I say, it was meaningless, except of course to those deluded few like Mr. Walsted who accept that weak definition.

This issue is not up to the last one, but you got a better cover.

Reasonably
Wm. Deeck
8400 Potomac Ave.
College Park, Maryland

((We hope this letter column is more to your liking. According to information I have available, you sent us thirty cents (\$.30), according to your letter in CRY#91. You have had letters published in #91, 92, 93, 95. This means that you have only been charged one (1) issue on your .30 subscription, since contributors get free issues, according to our unstated policy. Hence you are paid up to #98, unless we print more of your letters, which we hope to do. The .30 was paid at the time when rates were 2/.15, so it is good for three more issues. --- BRT))

SPACE POLICE:
a book review, by Martin A. Fleischman

SPACE POLICE by Andre Norton, World Publishing Company, \$2.75.

Competent Miss Norton has once again come up with one of the most enjoyable juvenile anthologies yet. Miss Norton also proves she is an able anthologist as well as writer. (Personally I feel she is a far better anthologist than a writer.)

Of the nine short stories that make up this 255 page volume, only two stand out as "stinkers": Jack Vance's "The Sub-Standard Sardines", a part of the "Magnus Ridolph" series from STARTLING, and "Bait" by Roy L. Cloggh. The former suffers from unreal dialogue and the usual stereotypes found in the majority of Vance's space operas, while the latter strikes me as being just plain old uninteresting. I attempted to finish the story four times, but was forced to abandon the cause every time. And it's funny -- "Bait" was the first story I read.

Of the six other stories, my particular likes were James H. Schmitz's great old "Agent of Vega"; James Blish's always readable, "Beep"; and Kendall Foster Crossen's "The Closed Door". (The last story isn't what most fans would call "great", but I am a sort of prejudiced when it comes to Crossen.)

Read this book; I don't think you'll regret it. And, oh yes, if you like Virg Finlay (like me), there's a beaut on "SPACE POLICE"!

-- Martin A. Fleischman

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