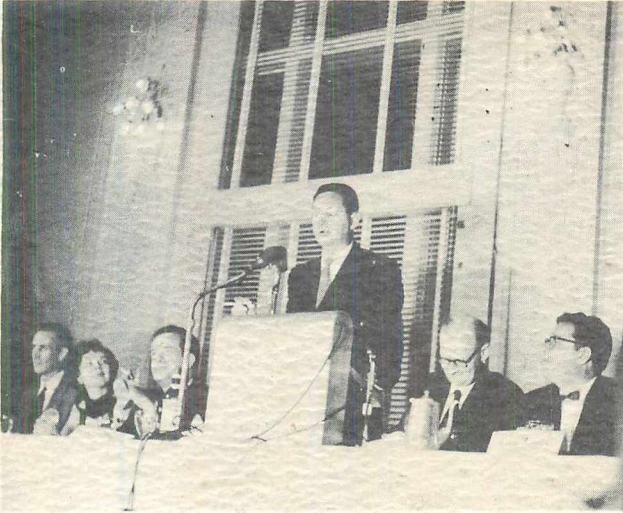


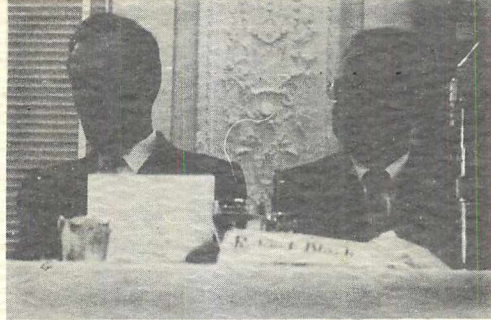
CRY OF THE NAMELESS

October 1956

#96



? ? JW Campbell R Bloch AC Clarke I Asimov



Al Capp



A Boucher



W Ley



JW Campbell



I Asimov



T Sturgeon



E E Smith PhD



Hannes Bok

CRY OF THE NAMELESS

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CRY of the NAMELESS, purporting to be the Official Organ of a group of coffeeholics masquerading as stfans under the title of The Nameless Ones, is actually produced monthly by a varying assortment of FendEnaddicts who really know better but just can't seem to help ourselves. To lend a faint aura of respectability to our shameful slavery to this vice, the CRY maintains subscription rates: 10¢ per copy, 12 for \$1.00, with a free copy for contributors of artwork and deathless prose or poesy.

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Editorial Staff this issue:

Publications Director WALLY WEBER (absconded off to Bellingham for a wedding or something, leaving production in the able hands of):

Editor BURNETT R TOSKEY (unexcelled Multigraph-typesetter and chief Turner of the Crank).

Editorial Assistants F.M. & Elinor Busby (typed stencils, provided chow, traced illoes, and like that).

Dictator OTTO PFEIFER was absent again, on the lame excuse of having six or eight teeth pulled. Last month it was being on the receiving end of an automobile collision and breaking a few ribs. Some people will do anything to get out of a little work.

MEETINGS of the Nameless Ones will occur at 8:00 pm, YMCA, 4th & Marion, Seattle, on the following days: Oct 11, Oct 25, and Nov 8. So don't say we didn't warn you. Oh yes, elections will be Oct 11. Come early and vote often.

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Send money and letters and money and artwork and money and stories and money to: CRY of the NAMELESS, Box 92, 920 3rd Avenue, Seattle 4, Washington

CONVENTION

REPORT

(NEW YORK WORLD CONVENTION: 1956)

By Wally Weber

ILLUSTRATED BY Wally Weber

Wally Conser (another Seattle fan) and myself arrived at Idlewild airport fifteen minutes earlier than we had been scheduled to arrive, primarily due to our plane's departure being delayed a couple hours. These time warps are wonderful gadgets. We saw a beautiful view of New York just before we landed. It looked like a big flat desert of snow. By the time we got under the clouds all we could see was a misty haze. But then, for a nickel I could buy a color-photo postcard.

The Biltmore Hotel was a tall building on the top of Grand Central Terminal. It was indistinguishable from the many many many other tall buildings in New York. Our room was 432. All of the convention activities took place on the nineteenth floor. As soon as we were properly checked in, we took the elevator up to register.

The New York Convention Committee was a little stuffy about that, and we never did get that elevator registered. But they did let us get sticky badges to paste on our clothes, and they let us buy banquet tickets (for \$7.10 each), and they let us purchase little pins and/or lapel buttons for the World Science Fiction Society. I have a vague recollection that the WSFS is a corporation now, but this sort of legal slush has me bored to forgetfulness anyway.

Loaded with out convention apparatus, which aside from the badges and tickets including advertizing from the various prozines and book publishers, we obtained food. The evening was spent visiting Hannes Bok and seeing a good deal of Manhattan by car in the wee hours of the morning, thanks to Frank Dietz and William Merrill.

Nothing in the way of formal programs started until early afternoon on Saturday. Jean Carroll called the crowd to order only an hour or so late, which really isn't bad for a convention, and David Kyle was duly presented with the gavel. There were words of welcome, and George Nims Raybin, who is probably responsible for introducing legal aspects into the convention proceedings that will take eternity to wear off, got the rules adopted, and a lot of that sort of stuff went on. A convention would be incomplete without this.

The roll call was to have been made by Doctor Barrett. Unfortunately, that most famous of fans had been called home in Ohio due to the death of his father, who couldn't possibly have been a fan or he would have picked a more convenient time to pass away. The roll call was given anyway. The names of the forty-eight states were called out, and thirty-eight states received answers from the audience. Canada and the United Kingdom also answered to the roll call.

Lin Carter introduced Arthur C. Clarke as the Guest-of-Honor, and Mr. Clarke told us all about how he was glad to be Guest-of-Honor and how happy he was to see us and like that. That Mr. Clarke is a real nice fellow.

CONVENTION REPORT - (continued)

I'm sorry I can't say the same for Sam Moskowitz, Anthony Boucher, and Bob Tucker. It was their job to introduce the most noted celebrities attending the convention, AND THEY SKIPPED ME AGAIN! Four conventions in a row is almost too much for me to attribute to sheer co-incidence; they must be ignoring me for a reason. Jealousy, no doubt.

The celebrity I was most astonished to see at the convention was Ray Cummings. The crowd of regulars were there of course. John W. Campbell Jr. appeared to be known by a few people.

Most of the editors and publishers were there, although Ray Falmer was not present, and I didn't see or hear of William Hamling.

There was Willey Ley, Robert Silverberg, E.E. Evans, Doc Smith, L. Sprague De Camp, Randall Garrett, Forrest J. Ackerman, Ray Van Houten, (I know how to stretch an article!), Harlan Ellison, Ted Carnell, Larry Shaw and some new fanne named Lee Shaw, Ellis Mills, Isaac Asimov, Ben Jason, Stuart Hoffman, William Grant, Mureen and

Nick Falasca, Robert Bloch, Feodor Otis Rutch, Squink Blog Oh, oh, I guess I got carried away. But there were more fans and professionals there than any of them knew what to do with. Over eight hundred of them actually showed up at the convention, and somewhere like twelve-hundred had paid their \$2 registration fee.

The late afternoon session introduced the panel of science fiction experts, which was a shrewd method used by the convention committee to fill in the gap between when a session was supposed to start and when the audience arrived. These experts, usually a panel of five, could be anything from Harlan Ellison to L. Sprague De Camp. These experts would answer questions from the audience on any phase of science fiction until there was gathered enough of an audience to make proceeding with the program worthwhile.

The two main features, as I remember, of the late afternoon session was L. Sprague De Camp's rather humanizing, "Tribute to the Late Fletcher Pratt," and a talk and movie by Giles Strickroth and Donald Markarian on the U.S. Satellite. L. Sprague De Camp described Fletcher Pratt as a gay chap who, "got an indecent amount of fun out of life."

The description of the satellite by Strickroth and Markarian were not terribly informative but were, nevertheless, interesting. It was even a bit exciting when, at one spot, the movie screen fell down from its precarious position.

A panel discussion of the satellite included Arthur C. Clarke, Willey Ley, a physicist named Alex Efron, and the two previous speakers Giles Strickroth and Donald Markarian. Willey Ley pointed out that he knew all along it was going to be a three-stage rocket; Arthur C. Clarke said he probably wouldn't be allowed to say what he knew even if he did know something about it, Dr. Efron proclaimed it a great step for mankind, and Strickroth and Markarian answered most of the questions from the audience.

Saturday evening a special film was shown called, "Longer Than You Think." It was a silent movie except for background music and remarks from the audience, and had been prepared by the Philadelphia Science Fiction Society. While it lacked

*I've read a lot of his stories,
but somehow I never pictured
him quite like that.*



CONVENTION REPORT - (continued)

a bit of professional polish, it was exceedingly enjoyable. It shuffled and dealt with the possibility of mutants with sensory perceptions extending beyond those of normal persons (their noses were about four inches long).

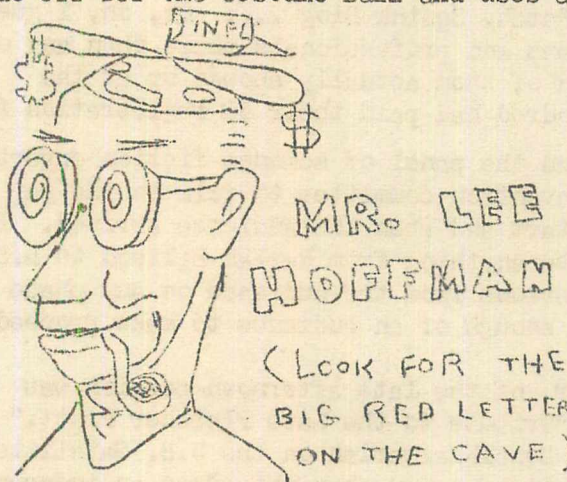
"Cliche", a science fiction ballet, was also performed to the great enjoyment of all who saw it. The adventures of Captain Hero were indeed thrilling, particularly in the seduction scene, where movie cameras went into action from all over the audience.

The Cocktail Party was something of a bust. There wasn't enough room for everyone at the bar, or even in the room where the drinks were served, and only one door was available for leaving and entering the place. Also, only two drinks were permitted each person. Cocktail parties like this will never be popular at World Conventions.

The Costume Ball was held Saturday night, which was considerably earlier in the convention than usual. It was expected that various magazines and television and radio stations would cover the affair, but as far as could be determined only the fan photographers and fan press recorded the affair, with the possible exception of a newspaper or two.

There were many elaborate costumes, equal but probably not surpassing those in previous conventions. Howard and Pat Lyons were outfitted as loveable, buck-toothed mouse-like extra-terrestrials outfitted with golfing gear and wearing signs pleading, "Take me to your leader." I believe they got some sort of prize for this. If they didn't, they should have.

There were a number of Sheffy Bems at the Ball. (You'll know what a Sheffy Bem is if you've looked at many of the cartoons in Imagination.) Jean Bogart appeared as her usual lobster-colored something. I sometimes believe she takes her costume off for the Costume Ball and uses a human disguise the rest of the time.



Olga Ley was, as usual, decked out in an intricate and attractive outfit that won a prize (she must have a lifetime subscription to all the magazines by now) and drew compliments. There was some poor unidentified soul who had to walk around in a tall box with danger signs around it, but he probably brought it all on himself. Larry Shaw wore what was perhaps the most symbolic headpiece there. It consisted of a propellor beanie with Infinity pasted around the base and a dollar sign suspended from the tip of the propellor.

Sunday morning the Convention Committee had made available at reduced rates a chartered sightseeing boat, optimistically scheduled to leave at 9:30 in the morning for a trip around Manhattan Island. I suspect the boat manager was a trifle put out that so few fans appeared for the trip, but I also suspect that a majority of the passengers on the boat were everyday, common, unslannish sightseers anyway so they weren't exactly losing money on the deal. Despite a little mist and occasional outright rain, I was very much fascinated by the trip. Particularly enjoyable to my warped mind was the nonchalant manner the guide would refer to the biggest this in the world and the tallest that in the world and the most something else in the world.

After returning from the boat trip, I went back to the hotel for the afternoon session which consisted of the gap-filling panel of experts, and talk by P. Schuyler Miller, a report from England by Mr. Carnell, and a talk by Ted Sturgeon.

CONVENTION REPORT - (continued)

Mr. Miller reported that he had changed his mind about what was ailing the science fiction field since his report the year before at the Clevelation. Where before he had believed the authors were writing stories that were too obscure for the uninitiated reader, he now believes that science fiction written on the level of an every-day story loses what Sam Moskowitz keeps referring to as a "sense of wonder" that has set science fiction apart from the rest of literature.

E.J. Carnell, editor of a couple British magazines, revealed that Great Britain uses the United States as a thermometer for its publishing activities. When a number of magazines went out of business a few years ago, the British prepared to slack off on their publishing. Now that a number of new magazines are starting up in the States, British publishers will prepare to do the same. He gave the general impression that he wished the United States would make its mind up so that he could operate an efficient business for a change.

Ted Sturgeon and his disc-jockey friend took over the microphone for the primary purpose, I think, of advertising their non-science-fiction book, "I, Libertine."

A Trans-Atlantic Fan Fund report was due from Donald Ford, but he had stayed home from the convention because his wife was too occupied with having a baby to attend the convention. These Ohio people seem to have their problems.

The late afternoon session was taken entirely with John W. Campbell Jr. and his ridiculous Heironymous machine. The "machine" was built from information obtained from the patent office. Mr. Campbell also had an improved version which was somewhat less complicated to build. Instead of the usual array of tubes and wires and all, John had substituted a circuit diagram of the machine and put it in the box to make up his improved model.

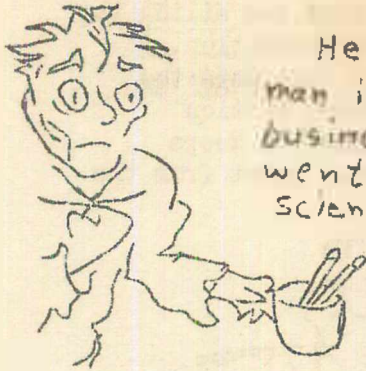
Apparently the operation of the machine involves putting a piece of material to be tested into the machine (from what I understand, a picture or drawing of the piece of material is sometimes just as adequate), turning a dial, and stroking a piece of bakelite plastic. When the "feel" of the plastic takes on a definite change, the position of the dial will determine exactly what you want to know about the material inserted into the machine. It works for Campbell's daughter, and it works for Doc Smith (much to Doc's surprise), but it won't work at all for Campbell.

At the end of his speech, Mr. Campbell and his two machines went to the small room where the cocktail party had been held and immediately was surrounded by practically everybody else attending the convention. There were more fans in the room then than there had been for the cocktail party, and there hadn't been room for another single fan in the room at the cocktail party. Wonderful what those machines can do!

Sunday evening was the fabulous \$7.10 per person banquet. Most fans will probably claim their favorite part of the convention (the official part, that is ----the part that is described in the convention booklet) is the Costume Ball. With me, however, it's the banquet. Particularly when Bob Bloch or Isaac Asimov is Toastmaster. This time it was Bob Bloch Toastmastering and Isaac Asimov being one of the special speakers. Bob Bloch talks just like he writes for fanzines, and Asimov is as good. It's nothing I can repeat with good effect. My translations always lose the important ingredients somehow, but if you've ever heard Bloch or Asimov, you'll know what I mean.



JOHN W. CAMPBELL JR.
DISPLAYS HIS NEWEST
IMPROVED HEIRONYMOUS
MACHINE



He was a big
man in the cartoon
business until he
went to that
science fiction
convention

This banquet had, as a special speaker, Al Capp. From what I understand, the Convention Committee were pleasantly surprised when Al Capp accepted their offer of a free meal in return for a speech. If we can believe the man, Li'l Abner's creator is a science fiction fan. At least he told those of us present at the banquet how he often is berated by his daughter for leaving his lurid science fiction magazines lay around in plain sight when her boyfriends called.

As a cartoonist, it was natural that he confined most of his comments to science fiction artwork. He explained that he thought science fiction artists were in the one field that permitted complete freedom of expression and inventiveness. There was, perhaps, a bit of propaganda in that, for a bit later he expressed the hope that all science fiction artists would realize how well off they were and to keep the hell out of the cartooning field.

Isaac Asimov, the next speaker, explained to us what a miserable trick it had been to make him have to speak right after Al Capp. By the time he finished, nobody felt a bit sorry for him because he had practically ruined their sides from laughter.

Randy Garrett was called upon to recite one of his famous poems pertaining to the convention. To his embarrassment and everyone else's disappointment, he forgot a part of it and hadn't been prepared with a copy to read from. He had not been told that he was to have been on the program at all, which certainly accounts for his lack of preparation. He made a comeback later, however, when he and Asimov tortured the listeners with a duet, singing, "A Conventional Tale," the words to which had been printed in the Convention Booklet.

Arthur C. Clarke gave his address as Guest-of-Honor, and then the awards were presented. They were, as well as I can remember them, as follows:

Damon Knight, book reviews
Bob Silverberg, most promising author
Murray Leinster, novelette ("Exploration Team")
Willey Ley, feature writer
Ron Smith, fanzine (Inside)
Kelly Freas, artist
J.W. Campbell, Jr., magazine (aSF, as if you didn't know)
Arthur C. Clarke, short story ("The Star")
Robert Heinlein, novel ("Double Star")

The trophies were awarded in a rather sneaky fashion. Since not all of them had been made up, there was only one trophy available at the time the awards were presented. As a result, the trophy would be presented and, after the photographers had their fill of pictures, the trophy was snatched away from the winner in order to be presented to the next award winner.

A table just in front of the speakers table had been reserved for persons who wanted to take pictures. Since both Wally Gonser and myself had cameras with us, we were eligible for and did not waste time taking advantage of a place at this table. For this reason I highly approve of a photographers table at all forthcoming banquets.

At ten o'clock Monday morning there was to have been a Business Organization Meeting. This was to carry on the system that had worked so very well at Cleveland the previous year when all business matters were discussed in the morning and all that took place in the afternoon was the actual voting. At Cleveland the discussions had taken place as planned and the afternoon session had taken place without any

CONVENTION REPORT - (continued)

delay or fuss because of it. At New York, however, the system was a complete flop. L. Sprague De Camp performed admirably as chairman of the meeting, but unfortunately was up against overwhelming odds. Apprentice politicians apparently worked their way into the proceedings and, for no determinable reason, did everything possible to delay discussions.

Eventually one of them struck on the idea of a quorum.

By the rules, a quorum was described as half of the registered members. Since over eight hundred persons were known to have been at the convention at one time or another during the weekend, the fifty or so persons at the meeting did not represent a quorum, so L. Sprague De Camp had no choice at all but to call the entire meeting invalid due to insufficient attendance.

Actually, however, he and everybody else was relieved to have it ended because

the discussions would never have ended at the rate they had been going.

The afternoon business meeting went smoothly by comparison. Among the items defeated was a motion that if the World Convention should go outside the continent of North America, some regional conference should be given official recognition by the World Science Fiction Society as the North American convention for that year.

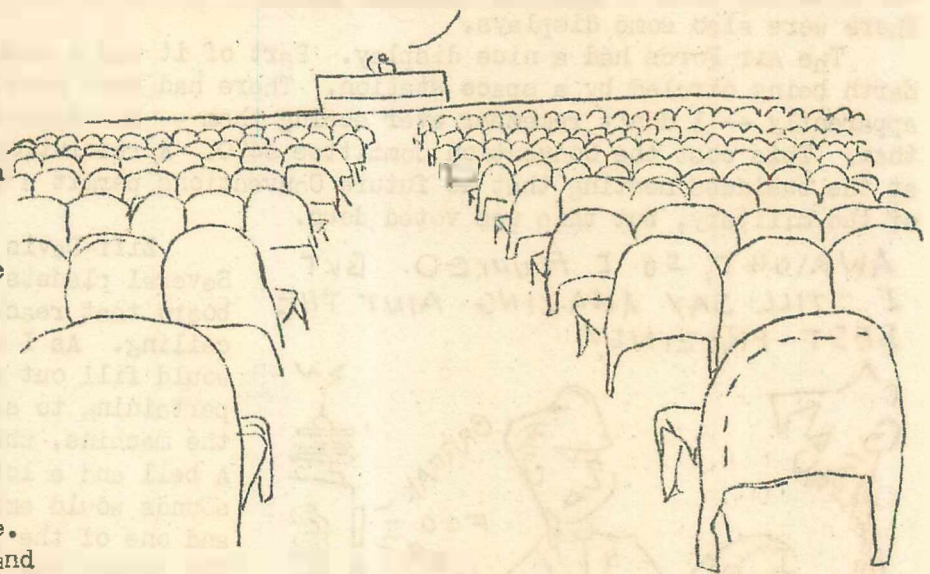
Two localities bid for the 1957 Convention site. London was one and Berkeley-Oakland was the other. Fan sentiments were visibly on the side of London, and even Anthony Boucher, who put in the bid for Berkeley-Oakland, made the point that the bid was primarily to provide at least one stateside site in case London for some reason might decide to wait another year. The results of the vote were 203 for London, 65 for Berkeley-Oakland, and 3 void (for reasons unknown).

Registration for the London World Convention began almost immediately. The cost of registration was \$1, with another dollar to be paid at London by each person who actually attended the convention there.

E.J. Carnell, who put in the bid for London, made the somewhat mysterious claim that a convention in London would be similar but different in comparison with past conventions. There was an estimate of the cost of chartering an airplane from New York to London at \$115 per person one way. It was doubted, however, that the same deal could be obtained on the return trip since it would be difficult to get all the fans to return to New York at the same time.

There was little left of the Convention after London received the vote. There were some panels and Ed Woods annual talk on fanzines, but for all practical purposes the convention was done. Perhaps that's a little narrow-minded. At eight o'clock in the evening there was a play called "The Makropoulos Secret" by Karel Kapek, opening at the Provincetown Playhouse. It was part of the convention program and may have been a highlight of the Convention, but unfortunately I did not attend.

WON'T SOMEBODY PLEASE MAKE
A MOTION TO ADJOURN?



CONVENTION REPORT - (continued)

So far I have only described the official Convention program. This is to show that I am an unmatured neofan who grimly attends each session and has nothing to do with the sordid outside and underside activities that are always rumored to take place at these World Conventions.

There are, however, a number of things to describe other than the official program. For instance, there were the usual amateur and professional magazine and book dealers selling their wares. Ron Smith had a table where he sold back copies and subscriptions to Inside. Fantasy Times had a table stacked with their issues. There were also some displays.

The Air Force had a nice display. Part of it was a mechanized affair showing Earth being circled by a space station. There had been some mannikins in the display apparently -- I don't remember ever seeing them -- but apparently somebody stole them. This cost the Convention Committee \$450. A resolution had been brought up at the business meeting that no future Conventions permit a display by any branch of the military, but this was voted down.

AWRIGHT, SO I FLUNKED. BUT
I STILL SAY AMAZING AINT THE
BEST PROZINE!



Ziff-Davis had a monstrous display. Several planets were shown on a huge board that reached practically to the ceiling. As I understand it, participants would fill out answers to questions pertaining to science fiction and set the machine, which was called "Amazivac". A bell and a lot of science-fictionish sounds would emerge from the machine and one of the planets would light up. The better the score on the answers, the higher up on the board the planet would be. You would then receive a card describing your score which you could have pinned to your clothes for the remainder of the convention. Never did have the courage to try the thing myself.

There were a batch of green-face characters who were a source of irritation to everyone passing through the display room. They were selling a record which they proclaimed to be science fiction. It sounded like a standard popular song except that at too-frequent intervals there was an unnerving cross between a hiccup and a screech interjected into the music. This was played on a 45rpm player operating through a portable radio at maximum volume.

And of course there was that skiny character who always walked around trying to sell copies of Suisterra to everybody. Wotta pest he was!

Way back at the start of this article I mentioned that Wally Gonser and I visited Hannes Bok. Rather than end this article and let you get back to your moonshining -- or whatever you do when you don't read this thing -- I'll tell you about that. You see, Hannes Bok's mother, Julia Woodard by name, is a member of our Seattle Science Fiction club, The Nameless Ones. Being the mother of a professional artist and author, she is the only celebrity we have in the club. (G.M. Carr is only an associate member. She never comes to meetings.) Well, it seems Julia hasn't seen her boy for something like fifteen years, so she wanted Wally Gonser and me to see Hannes when we got to New York. We promised we would.

When we registered Friday afternoon, we naturally ran across Frank Dietz who sold WSFS pins at the end of the table. Frank, we knew, lived very close to Hannes and we felt we needed him to guide us safely through Manhattan's transportation system. He did far better than that. He had a friend of his, William Merrill he calls himself nowadays, drive us out in his Buick. This was done later in the evening after Frank was done with his duties at the registration table.

CONVENTION REPORT - (continued)

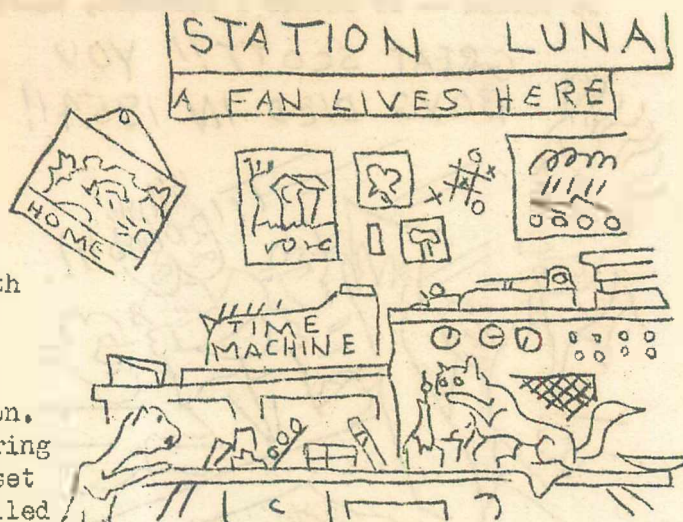
We went through all manner of strange and fantastic scenery until we arrived at a fairly narrow street with a building on each side. It was actually several buildings, I suppose, but to me it looked like one solid wall on each side with entrance steps at frequent intervals and the whole construction riddled with windows. I never saw such a place. But then nowhere in New York did I see anything that resembled anything anywhere except as a gross exaggeration. With what I can only describe as unerring accuracy, Frank picked out the right set of identical entrance steps and travelled up to the buzzers. Hannes must have been expecting us because he wasn't home, but he had spoiled his escape by leaving a note to the effect that he would return. Frank left a note to warn him that doom was upon him and that we would be waiting for him at Frank's place.

Frank then led us to his room on the opposite side of the street. As soon as he opened the door we were aware that Frank had house pets. It turned out they were cats. Frank immediately put his air conditioner into operation and attended to cleaning out the cats' box. In a little while conditions were back to normal and if the cats could stand us, we could stand them.

Frank had quite a laboratory. I wouldn't call the room I was in anything else. In the middle was a work-table. Any other purpose it might have could only be secondary. There is just enough unused floor space to walk around this table if nobody else is in the room. I don't remember particularly what took up the other side of the room, but the part that fascinated me was the recording and playback equipment that took up my side of the room. Quite a lot of it is built in and it all looks fearsomely complicated.

Frank lost no time setting to work soldering wires together and fixing things up for recording Saturday's sessions. He has recordings of previous Conventions going back to Ghu only knows when. I don't suppose he stops to wonder what he is going to do with all those tapes or we would be out of a Convention recorder. He also has a lot of pictures on the wall, some of which were made to show up under a "black light" he happens to have laying around. Altogether, it's a fantastic place inhabited by a different being -- the owner, Manager, and operator of station LUNA, science fiction's own recording studios. But then, this is in New York.

Hannes was not long in arriving. My first sight of him was something of a surprise. The only picture I can remember seeing of him is in Sam Moskowitz's book, "The Immortal Storm", and I had expected Hannes to be a thin, seriously intense type who talked in whispers with a British accent. Don't ask me why; my imagination gets out of hand, I guess. At any rate he isn't thin at all. He's not fat either, but he looks like he's headed in that direction. His hair is snow white, like Julia's, and if he has a worry in the world he keeps it off his face. He is intense, but not seriously so. He's more gayly intense. Hannes gives the impression of being curious about everything and everyone in the world. He talks fast, and I swear he could make a lecture on barn cleaning sound like the most interesting speech. Everything he says sounds interesting whether it is or not. Nope, he doesn't have any sort of accent (I still don't know why I expected one). He doesn't even have that Eastern pronunciation that was so easy to detect among many New York fans.



CONVENTION REPORT - (continued)

We talked -- or rather I listened, Wally Gonser spoke, and Hannes carried the



the conversation. Frank Dietz mumbled something from among his wires, soldering iron, and cats. William Merrill just sat there realizing he hadn't slept in some time. Finally, after Hannes had paged through the Sinisterra we have given him, and we had talked some about Julia and Seattle sunsets, the three of us left Frank and William to see Hannes's apartment.

He lives on the fifth floor of an elevatorless building. We looked at Wally Gonser, who has only one lung, and asked, "Can you make it?" He answered, "I'll try," and when Hannes and I had finally struggled up to the fifth floor he was waiting for us there.

I don't know if Hannes has any walls in his room, but man has he ever got the paintings! It's like an art gallery in there. I keep wondering why a guy who turns out stuff like that isn't featured in every art gallery in the country, but then I suppose that's one of the reasons I don't make my living as an art critic.

Hannes knows more than a little bit about astrology, as those of you who read Mystic probably know by now. I know there isn't anything to astrology because my high school physics teacher assured me it was all nonsense, but I went along with Hannes, as did Wally Gonser, when he took down our birth dates and gave us a short history of our lives for about ten or twenty years and threw in a forecast for 1957 for good measure. I can't say much about 1957 yet, and I won't say anything about the history. But like Wally Gonser remarked later, he comes uncomfortably close in places. Before I make an official statement, I want to check in with my high school physics teacher again.

Oh well, I suppose Hannes has a right to his little eccentricities, like giving out horoscopes and sleeping on plywood. So help me, Wally Gonser and I flopped down on his ordinary looking bed and about jarred our teeth loose. It might not be a bad idea at that, though. At least a person would be glad to get up in the morning.

Frank Dietz finally came and fetched us or we might have been there all night. To tell the truth, it was the wee morning hours when we left. William had gone to sleep in the car and had to fight for consciousness again. It was a dirty trick making him drive us back to the hotel after that, but I was willing to be cruel rather than find my way back by myself.

That's when we got the tour down Broadway, through Times Square, and by the docks. New York at night is more alive than Seattle at noon. These Easterners mustn't know how to ~~ack~~ I reckon.

The Convention was a good one as usual. It didn't appear to me to be so overwhelmingly professional as a number of fans had feared. There were the usual drawbacks, however. After the Clevention in the Manger Hotel, the Biltmore Hotel just didn't have it as a Convention Hotel. Some of the rooms, I understand, weren't air conditioned. The so-called Grand Ballroom where the Convention was held certainly wasn't air conditioned. The Convention was held on the nineteenth floor and the elevator service was s-l-o-w. Room service cost a small fortune. It wasn't a terribly hotel by any means. I'd judge it to be about average. But I think Conventions do much better in smaller hotels.

CONVENTION REPORT - (concluded)

The New York Convention was as interesting as any, better attended than most, and was over \$1000 in the hole on the last day. How they finally came out, I don't know. Their big unexpected expenses were \$250 for an orchestra, \$450 for the stolen Air Force Mannikins, and about \$700 for unsold banquet tickets. In addition their auctions were very poor. Harlan was having trouble getting \$20 for paintings that would have gone for \$80 at other Conventions.

Now that the World Convention is a corporation, the debts could be avoided by filing bankruptcy. I understand this could interfere with future Convention committees obtaining hotels and services for future conventions. The last I heard the Convention Committee at New York was going to make good on the bills somehow if they had to dig into their own pockets.

I hope they come out on top because they put on a wonderful Convention.

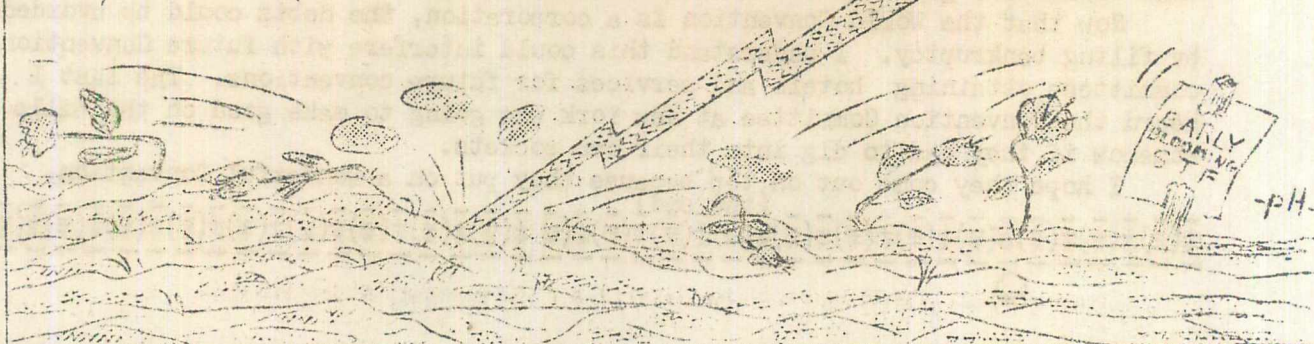
(the end)

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# SCIENCE-FICTION FIELD PLOWED UNDER by RENFREW PEMBERTON



SUPER\*SCIENCE FICTION, v.1, nr.1, Dec '56, 35¢: out locally Sept 26th. This zine was announced sans-title in the second-July issue of F-T; I recall but now unfind a later F-T squib noting the newcomer's nonrelation the earlier pulp of similar title. Two novelets, 3 shorts averaging 20pp each, and five short-short factuials with little-or-no sensationalizing horsepucky.

Almost any of these SSF stories would draw a solid "C" rating in a more versatile publication, but all this dead-serious action-stuff in one package adds to a lower composite rating than that of the individual stories, with this carping critic. The protagonists win in Slesar's and Winterbotham's novelets, lose in Silverberg's, Ellison's, and Lesser's shorter, and was this not the pre-WWII formula? And didn't it get a little tiring then, too? Next issue, to get the best results from my 35¢, I'll read one story from SSF between two or three others from less monotonous publications. It's too furschluggin' grim all at once like that. Grim cover by Freas.

Uninformed Renfrew your Host can provide only the following tenuous tie-ups to previously-existing prozines: F-T credited ~~the~~ SSF to Crestwood Publications at 1790 Broadway, NY; title page lists (dummy?) Headline Publications at the Columbia Pubs address (same as Lowndeszines) 1 Appleton St., Holyoke, Mass., with editorial offices 1790 Bdwy as above per F-T.

SCIENCE FICTION STORIES, Nov '56: attractive Emsh cover, not up to the Huly standard but pleasant. The 87-page Judith Merrill novel "Homecalling" just misses all-time greatness by ending-development omission. The plot is too lovingly handled to give away by synopsis here, so let it ride that some of the basic problems of little marooned Deborah are sidestepped in the finale. Just a couple more welldone pages could have mostened "Homecalling". As is, it's, with the year's best.

Leinster and Robert/Randall offer entertaining shortstuff; Alfred Andrews (the real McCoy) present typical filler, though at least Merwin is not so DAMN typical. The RWL editorial takes off from a JWC piece in a May "Saturday Review" and makes a good point. RWL is crowding JWC's editorials for thoughtishness lately; this is high praise any old place.

I've enjoyed almost everything Asimov has written for sixteen years, including his "Parodies Tossed" entry, "How to Succeed at Science-Fiction Without Really Trying" this time. Couldn't help but notice it doesn't conform to standards of rhythm and meter that might be asked of you and me.



All in all, one of the most readable zines of the month.

FUTURE #30 lagged #29 by seven months, proving itself truly occasional as material warrants, rather than annual or semi. De Camp's 38-page leadoff "New Arcadia", of a newsscribe embroiled in the hassles of a Utopian-seek-group of Earth-exiles, is overly-padded with action sequences. Some of these are superfluous if not extraneous but this could be forgiven if the punchline were of larger caliber instead of being fit for a one-pager. The story is nowhere near as action-padded as "Hand of Zei" or even "Queen of Zamba", but deCamp's been getting away with murder this way for years, so it's more noticeable on him.

Seven short (4 to 20 pp) stories range from Fred Pohl's masterfully multivalenced saga of the irresponsible timetraveller to Henry Joseph's well-phrased but nothing-much invasion piece. There are good things here by Asimov, Garrett, Russell (a non-typical), Silverberg, and Coppel. Garrett extrapolates from (and quotes verbatim for half a page) a recent JWC psionics editorial; logical, and good stf. Silverberg's "Venus Trap" (cover story) is the nearest to hacktion-stf here; doesn't stink but is not fitted to the "quality" mag of the Columbia line. Bob Madle has TV/movie news and reviews 3 fmz. RWL does a fine job on howcome stfzines aren't perfect even when the editor DOES care. Some apt definitions, too.

MAD #30 rocks with a leadoff feature on "Elvis Pelvis" and rolls from there. Kurzman is onstride for sure with the 25¢ size; I hope it's only an ugly unfounded rumour that the Playboy crowd is buying him out.

It may or may not be a proud and lonely thing to be a fan but it's surely interesting about now, with top-name serials running simultaneously in the so-called "Big 3". So far it looks like Bester, Heinlein, and Asimov in that order, but not all the precincts are in yet. Isaac is under a handicap in that his background is previously laid out and does not allow for jolts of the scope that Bester and Heinlein are out to deliver. Mind you, "The Naked Sun" will doubtless be well up among the Year's Best, but I'll be surprised if it makes any All-Time lists, as the other two well may. It's not the writing that limits Asimov, it's the known framework-- the first of a series may hit the top ranks, but a sequel seldom breaks through.

ASTOUNDING, Oct: JWC's squib is on thin grounds this time; maybe he is deliberately bucking for a large controversy. "Naked Sun" is a must if you're reading any stf at all. Budrys has a happily non-typical tyranny piece. Huffily using both their full names, Garrett and Silverberg vary the "Cold Equations" theme. John Hunton (who he? we know him?) fictionalizes weights-and-measures to good effect. Thomas' "Ceramic Incident" is typical aSF filler, which is not a slam at all; some aSF fillers could easily top off some extant zines; Thomas is batting low-man in a very hot league. V.A.Eulach debunks the photosynthesizing plant-man e-t and does an interesting and thorough job of it. This reads a lot like Richard H Macklin, Ph.D., on invisibility and size-changing in recent SFQ's, but maybe it just hinges on similarity of approach. Anyhow, it goes to show that the spread between pulp-size and "highbrow" isn't necessarily as great as some would let on.

GALAXY, Nov: Fred Pohl's "Man Who Ate The World" is in the "consumership" framework he used a few months back. In that one our hero saved the poor

from having to live on caviar, by introducing the use of robots as consumers as well as producers. This one straddles the changeover, dealing with one of the upheaval's casualties. It figures.

The short stories by del Rey, Tubb, and Silverberg are all well-conceived but I really enjoyed only the latter.

Bester, part two, is the bestest: Gully Foyle is further developed, manipulated, educated, tortured, and in the process does a few things to some of the other people. It takes awhile for the impact to wear off and the knobs to protrude, but eventually some queries arise: with no previous hint to the reader, is it legitimate to be wired-for-Superman late in part the second? If so, why can't the immeasurably more powerful opposition counter in kind? How come Jisbella reacts so vengefully to the sight of Gully's face when she'd been well warned in advance? The money, yes; it's in character. Well, this is minor; only the artificial invincibility goes down crosswise in my craw. I haven't written Jiz off as jetwash yet; the way Bester is clobbering his people she'll probably be a ghastly mess, but I look for her to show up again later. Anyway, "Stars" packs a terrific punch-- too early yet to say whether it will top "Demolished Man" and more a matter of personal taste at that, but if you miss this one you may as well get on back to the SatEvePost and let it go.

Hate to disappoint all you loyal readers, but I can't chew out F & SF for you this time. Mainly because for November it's an "All Stories New" issue with the Heinlein middle-part taking about half the page count and a little more of the points. This is easily Boucher's best issue for six months, living up to the zine's title, for one thing.

Dan Davis of "Door Into Summer" is a close relative to the protagonists of "Gulf" and "Puppet Masters", more rational than most folks but capable of plenty human error here and there. Likely his responses are what Heinlein feels what be appropriate to himself in the fiendish situations he dreams up for Dan; hard to say how much of the actual Rob't is built into Daniel.

The story line takes off on an unexpected tack toward the end of this part, disappointing me at the time of reading as I was looking forward to the development of the plotline as was. Reconsidering, though, I only hope the conclusion is long enough to fully exploit ALL the potential story-value of the situation. The new twist will pick up some dropped clues of part one.

Boucher's suspense-killing blurb at the end is unforgivable.

The three shorts, by Young, Diskson, and Seabright, ARE F &/or SF as abovementioned. Each has its own special whammy and a fierce flavor on it.

In a group of related short-shorts, Asimov, de Ford, and Cogswell have created 3 treatments of an "ideal theme" first stated by Cogswell (Boucher explains this fully so why should I?). Though one of my usual pet hates (Satan-pacting, if you must know) is basic to each of these, I enjoyed all three immensely.

G. Harry Stine (odd that he turned out to be Lee Correy but NOT GOSmith as his "Galactic Gadgeteers" would have indicated) narrates rocket-goofs and why your takeoff to Mars may be a little unnerving if not discarnating.

Boucher, reviewing, upends oracle Philip Wylie's "The Answer", but is otherwise fairly well pleased with the crop, listing several items of real interest to (relatively) neo-fen without access to back-issue files.

His beef at Wylie may well be more doctrinal than literary. Good blow, though.

The Seattle TIMES now carries PEANUTS and POGO both. My cup is full.

R. Pemberton

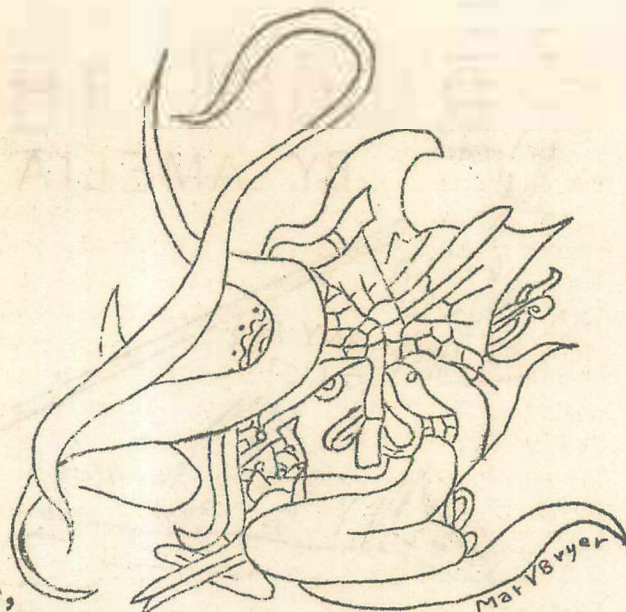


# MINUTES

of the 161st (ugh!)  
MEETING of the (ech!)  
NAMELESS ONES

by the one and only  
SECRETARY

wallyweber



Otto Pfeifer, the lowly Dictator, closed the 160th meeting of the Nameless Ones and opened the 161st meeting of the Nameless Ones, on September 13, 1956.

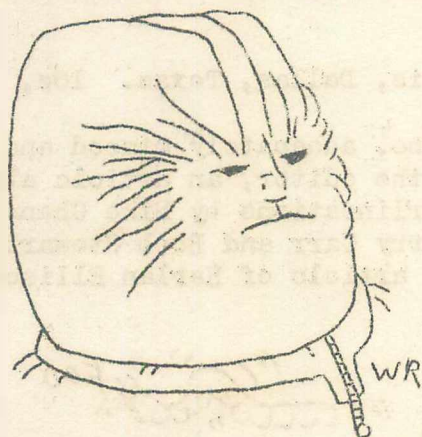
No minutes were to be had and no business worth mentioning was discussed. The whole purpose of the meeting was to pay tribute to modest Wally Weber, the only important person from Seattle to attend the World Science Fiction Convention in New York. When asked to report on the Convention, this genius fan quickly agreed and spoke for over an hour on the disgraceful behavior of Wally Gonser at the Convention. After Mr. Gonser made his belated appearance at the meeting, Mr. Weber spent several minutes giving a detailed run-down of everything that happened at the Convention.

Larry Johns was high-pressured into promising refreshments for the next meeting, the members were warned by the loathsome Dictator that club elections were forthcoming, and the meeting was adjourned.

Impartial Secretary,

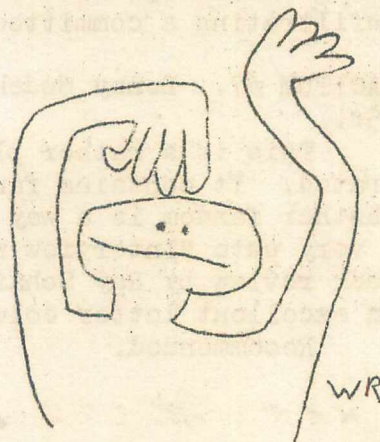
Wally Weber

(Editor's Note-- Although it is extremely unlikely that Marv Bryer intended the above illustration to represent our Dictator, our Secretary, or even one of our meetings, we somehow felt that it is quite appropriate to this page.)



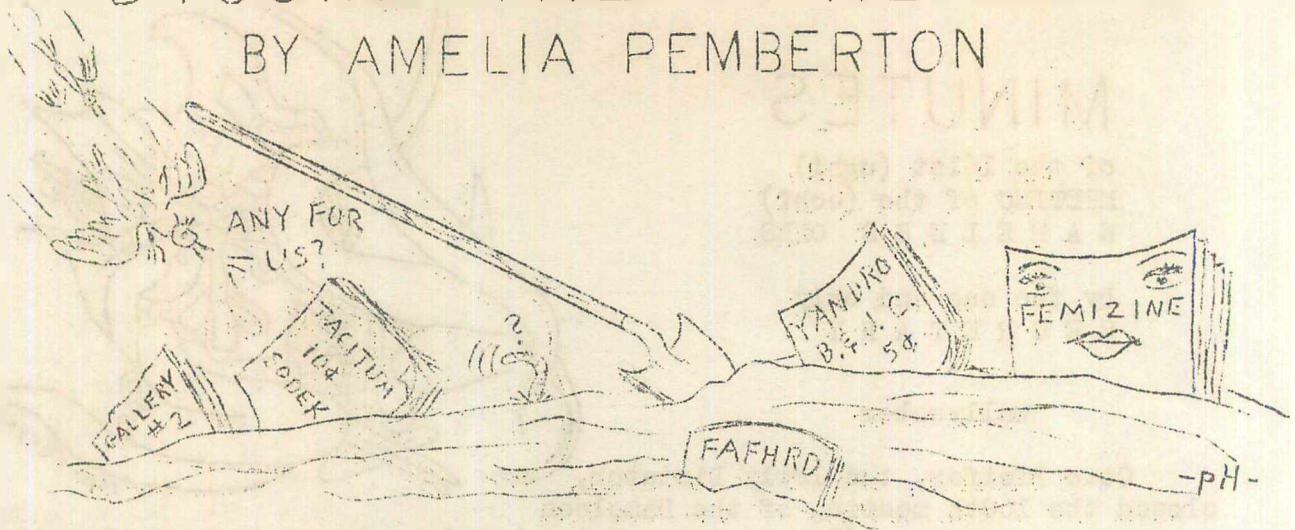
AND?

(17)



# DIGGIN' THE FANZINES

## BY AMELIA PEMBERTON



YANDRO #42. July '56. Robert & Juanita Coulson, 407½ E. 6th St., North Manchester, Indiana. 5¢ per copy, 50¢ per year.

Beware of YANDRO. It grows on one.

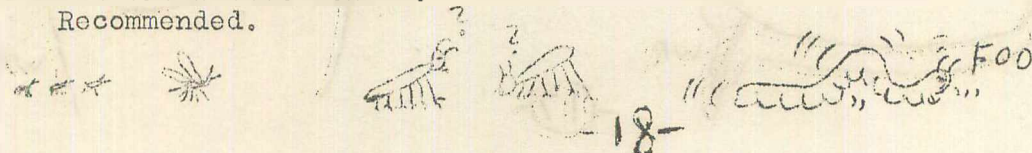
YANDRO is a neatly mimeod zine with handsome artwork by a wide variety of artists -- 11 in this, including CRY-contributors Marv Bryer and Joe Lee Sanders. There is fanfiction by Thomas Stratton (which got many loud yuks from Pemby) and Ricky Ertl, editorializing, poem, and letters from readers. There are also two articles: the first, by Alan Dodd, is a review of the movie "1984". I did not care for it. I did not agree with his statement that, in the novel, "Orwell made it quite clear that Smith never fell in love. He was only committing sabotage..." I thought, on the contrary, that Orwell made it very clear that Smith and Julia were in love. The climax of the story, where Smith and Julia are completely and utterly broken by their betrayal of one another, is meaningful because they had been lovers -- had they merely been paramours and co-saboteurs the point would have been rather blunt. & I particularly didn't like ol' Dodd's stating that the days of "1984" are practically upon us. Phoo to such unseemly gloomsters!

Dave Jenrette's article "Report on Censorship" was rather short, being an excerpt from a letter. It was an enjoyable account of his infiltrating a committee on censorship.

TACITUM #7. Benny Sodek, 1415 S. Marsalis, Dallas, Texas. 10¢, 3 for 25¢.

This is a rather pleasant little zine, adequately mimeod and illustrated. It contains fanzine reviews by the editor, an article about whether fandom is a way of life and interlincations by Mike Chandler, a very cute "Interview with a Fan" by Terry Carr and Boob Stewart, a book review by Ray Schaffer, a reprinted article of Harlan Ellison's, and an excellent letter column.

Recommended.





GALLERY #2. Summer. Chuck Derry, 1814 62nd Avenue., Cheverly, Maryland. Distributed to OMPA and interested friends. Contributions of material welcomed.

There's not much to be said about this zine. As Derry has recently purchased a Gestetner, the reproduction may be expected to improve greatly -- right now it's no better than average. The typing is rather poor, which does not help the effect.

Derry is so darned economical with his headings that it is not always easy to find out where one item ends and another begins.

PLOY #6. June 1956. Ron Bennett, 7 Southway, Arthurs Avenue, Harrogate, Yorkshire, England. American representative, Bob Pavlat, 6001-43rd Avenue, Hyattsville, Md. 15¢, 4 issues for 50¢.

This zine wasn't as good as I expected it to be. It does have some good material in it, including a con report of the Kettering gathering by Archie Mercer, a pleasant enough column by Dennis Tucker, and some fanfiction and letters -- but it somehow doesn't manage to cast its sparkle across the Atlantic ocean, and I seem to sense the editor wasn't really trying to. For example, there is a page of photographs of what are presumably British fen, and nowhere are they identified. One feels that the editor believes that the readers he cares about will recognize 'em.

FEMIZINE #9. May, 1956. Pamela Bulmer of Tresco, 204, Wellmeadow Road, Catford, London, S.E. 6. England. Subscription Agent (West): Eva Firestone, Box 515, Upton, Wyoming. 15¢ per issue.

A large part of this is taken up with a discussion of Joan Carr, at that time recently discovered to be not the fiancée but rather the hoax of H. P. Sanderson. Although I had never heard of Joan Carr I found all this moderately interesting.

There is a considerable amount of good material in this zine, articles informative and fanciful, and an amusing Nashish poem by Roberta Wild. I rather disliked an article or story "And She Said" by Sandra Lawrence which struck me as being shrill, in poor taste, too determinedly humorous, and not at all improved by being broken in the middle to insert two completely irrelevant songs. But it was funny.

I don't much care for the all-we-girls-together tone of the zine.

FAFHRD #4. May 1956. Ron Eliik, 277 Pomona Avenue, Long Beach 3, California. FAPA, also exchanged for letters of comment, other fanzines, reviews, contributions, etc.

This contains a knowledgeable article on SF publishing by a man connected with an SF publishing house -- quite interesting. Then Des Emery reviews something old, Feb. 1938 TWS, and something new, Leigh Brackett's "The Long Tomorrow." A thorough job. Lars Helander writes the first installment of a series on Swedish science-fiction. Then an article about Belgian fandom by Jan Jansen. Then a letter column.

This is a reasonably okay zine. It's not very madly amusing, and it's not the cosy sort you snuggle up on the sofa with, but it's neat, well-reproduced, elegantly illood (Denniss Morton, DEA, Capella, Bourne & Rotsler), and I would doubtless speak with greater enthusiasm if I were reviewing it first instead of last.

GOOD NIGHT ALL!

# A Convention Tale

By Randall Garrett

Rising Early, after drinking  
Till an hour after dawn,  
We discover we're still stinking,  
And our appetite is gone.

Though our nerves are in a mess,  
We proceed to try to dress.  
Then, about an hour later, we get in the elevator,  
And go down to breakfast feeling nearly done.  
Sitting at the breakfast table, we discover we're still able  
To enjoy a clever crank or pithy pun.  
At the table we discover we are with  
The ingenuous and witty George O. Smith,  
And across from us, a fellow named Del Rey,  
And that super rocket-expert, Willey Ley  
Suddenly, without preamble, we meet up with Mr. Campbell  
Who is telling Isaac Asimov how cultures should be steered.  
From a group of fans emergin', we discover Teddy Sturgeon,  
And we think he's H.J. Campbell, just because he has a beard.  
Then we see the time is fleeting, so we go down to the meeting.  
There we stay for half an hour and some knowledge we receive.  
Then we meet with Gordy Dickson and we find that he is fixin'  
To adjourn down to the bar -- and it is noon before we leave.

Oh, the public always pans all the science fiction fans,  
For they think we're adolescent and we haven't any sense,  
But we pay them no attention, for, when we're at a convention,  
A All the talking is delightful and the pleasure is immense.

After luncheon, making merry on a double Tom and Jerry,  
We are sitting at the bar with David Kyle.  
And along comes Philip Farmer, with his wife, who's quite a charmer,  
And we chew the fat with Bixby for a while.  
To the meeting we return at two o'clock  
Just in time to hear a speech by Robert Bloch.  
Then a final lecture winds it up at three  
Done by Edward Elmer Smith, the Ph.D.  
In the hall we speak to Mari Wolf, or maybe Ollie Saari,  
Say "Hello" to Tony Boucher and to Judy Merrill too.  
And then by a stroke of luck or something else we meet Bob Tucker.  
He and Marty Greenberg drag us to the bar to have a brew.  
Then we follow Bob and Marty to a room where there's a party,  
Everybody starts to drinking, and at half past three or four,  
With a pleasure that's emphatic, we retire to our attic,  
For they've run all out of liquor and there isn't any more.

Oh, the public always pans all the science fiction fans,  
And the magazines and papers think we're probably insane.  
But we pay them no attention for, when we're at a convention  
We are having so much fun that we can laugh at their disdain.



S - F ANTIQUES

(book reviews)

by William N. Austin

MORTMAIN, by Arthur Train

(New York, 1907) (Rating: C-)

In this collection of eight diverting stories, only the title piece, a novelette, brushes s-f in approach---and even in MORTMAIN, the veneer of super surgery wears off when the much-harrassed hero awakes to find it was all but a vivid ether dream.

Okeh, but not enthusiastically recommended to any but Arthur Train completists.

INSIDE EARTH: Two views

Ghu only knows how many stories were published about unknown worlds existing inside our planet before the advent of the popular Pellucidar series by Edgar Rice Burroughs twenty or thirty years ago. Two rather ancient tales came to attention recently.

Shortest and, perhaps, best was Willis G. Emerson's THE SMOKY GOD, which crams a full measure of action and excitement into 35,000 words, and is further aided by a convincing scientific basis for the adventure.

Four times as long, William R. Bradshaw's THE GODDESS OF ATVATABAR emerges as a meticulously detailed report of a similar voyage into the inner-earth regions, with special emphasis upon the anthropological observations of the protagonist---with the heavily-laden trowel of the author's philosophical concepts showing plainly on nearly every page. However, this proves a fascinating tale withall---the more so because of forty-four vivid plates and the richness of background, rather than for convincing characterization.

(THE SMOKY GOD, by Willis G. Emerson, Chicago, 1908, Rating B+)

(THE GODDESS OF ATVATABAR, by William R. Bradshaw, N.Y., 1892. Rating: B)

THE MAN WHO ROCKED THE EARTH, by Arthur Train & Robert Williams Wood

(New York, 1915) (Rating A-)

This novel, one of the most eagerly-sought items in the science-fiction collecting field, is a fast-moving and well narrated yarn, involving thermic induction, the quantum theory, and an attempt to pacify a wartorn world with a threatened destruction involving atomic fission. The characterizations are varied and interesting, and the narrative packs considerable excitement into 50,000 words.

Addenda: COSMOPOLITAN in 1916-17 published a sequel never appearing in hard covers -- "The Moon Maker".

THE MAN-WOLF, by Erckmann-Chatrian

(in the Lock&Key Library: Modern French Stories, N.Y., 1912)(Rating: F)

A very dull, rambling tale of a family cursed by a thousand-years-weeping wolf woman, a Black Forest locale. Judicious cutting of the 35,000 words might have made it acceptable for Weird Tales, circa 1928 --- as a short story.

BLACK SPIRITS AND WHITE, A Book of Ghost Stories, by Ralph Adams Cram

(Chicago, 1895)(Rating: A)

This tiny volume of ghost stories apparently represents the total supernatural story output of the author best known as an art critic. These six are marked with a talent of narration seldom attained and rarely exceeded in the field of supernatural fiction.

THE SEA LADY, by H.G. Wells

(London, 1902)(Rating: B)

Despite its 301 pages, this engaging tale about a mermaid who takes up residence in England to supplement her education and in so doing, broadens the outlook of her landlubber acquaintances, does so in less than forty thousand words. This definitely is one of Wells' better flights into fancy.

# AMAZING STORIES

*In Review*

By Burnett R. Toskey

## PART XIII: 1938:

This is the year in which the great change took place. The February and April issue of Amazing were published by the Teck Publishing Company, and the magazine was edited by T. O'Connor Sloane, Ph.D. The familiar blocked letters of the title on the front cover, and the familiar motto: "Extravagant fiction today --- Cold fact tomorrow" appeared for the last times. The June issue of Amazing Stories was a totally different magazine, utterly different in every respect from the magazine which had borne the same title for twelve years. Even the price was changed, reduced from 25¢ to 20¢. Only the size remained the same. The magazine was now published by Ziff-Davis Publishing Company, the same company which published Amazing Stories today. The new editor was Ray Palmer, whose only connection with the magazine up to this time was the story "The Symphony of Death" (December 1935). The cover was now printed by a much better printing process, and the drab reproductions of hastily drawn Morey paintings were replaced, in the first two Palmer issues, by actual color photographs, and for the remainder of the year by excellent paintings by that master-of-machinery Robert Fuqua. The back cover was changed from an advertisement to a scientific series of paintings. The paper was changed to an apparently lower grade, but even so it was more pliable and easier to handle. By far the greatest change, however, was in the contents themselves. The editorial, rather than being a scientific lecture on some odd subject, became a rather chatty affair, discussing plans for the magazine, the stories in the current issue, and then generally giving brief discussions on various topics of interest. A "Meet the Authors" department was instilled, as well as a correspondence corner and other minor features. The letter section suffered a slight setback, but editorial comments made it somewhat livelier than in the old magazine.

The stories themselves went generally backward in quality at the very first, and by the end of 1938, the quality still had not improved greatly. It must have found fairly widespread approval, however, for the magazine became a monthly in October, after having been bi-monthly since July 1935. Palmer's editorial policy became "action science fiction" rather than "scientific science fiction," and it was rather a shock, in reading through the issues of 1938 chronologically, to find such startling dissimilarities in the stories of the Sloane Amazing and the Palmer Amazing. In short, a new era had begun. Amazing Stories had undergone the same change that Wonder Stories had when Thrilling Publications took it over and thereby created Thrilling Wonder Stories.

Another innovation inaugurated by Palmer, even at the outset, was in the use of pennames. It was at times rather amusing to read a fictitious biography and see the fictitious or posed photograph of a mere pseudonym in the "Meet the Authors" department. Where possible I will try, on stories mentioned, to indicate the author's real name where he used a pseudonym.

There were no novel-length stories printed in the magazine during the year except for two installments of "Zagribud" by John Russell Fearn which, since it started in December 1937, is discussed in the preceding installment.

### "B" Stories: (in order of preference)

"Greta, Queen of Queens" by W.K. Sonneman, February. This story is the sequel to "The Council of Drones" (October 1936) and is every bit as good. Like its predecessor, this is not just a story about bees, or about men transferring their intellect into the mind of a bee, or vice versa. This is a story about intelligent bees, a new race which was created in the first story. A real solid science fiction story.



## AMAZING STORIES IN REVIEW (Concluded)

"Revolution of 1950" by Stanley G. Weinbaum, two part serial beginning in October. Almost anything written by this author is bound to be good, and this story is no exception. Strong characterization, believable plotting, and otherwise excellent writing make this a very good novelette.

"A Summons From Mars" by John Russell Fearn, June. Fearn was the only writer to appear uninterruptedly during the big changeover in the magazine, but in this story he exhibits a style so utterly different from "Zagribud", a serial which ended with the last Sloane Amazing, that one would think it had been written by a different person. Here is a fine short story showing that Fearn could circumvent his usual devices of lucky coincidences when he wanted to.

"C" Stories: (In order of publication)

February: "Spawn of the Ray" by Maurice Duclos

April: "The Music Monsters" by Neil R. Jones

June: "The Master of Golden City" by Polton Cross (John Russell Fearn)

"The Vanishing Diamonds" by Charles R. Tanner

"The Space Pirate" by Eando Binder

August: "Secret of the Observatory" by Robert Bloch

"Time for Sale" by Ralph Milne Farley

"The Blinding Ray" by Alfred R. Steber (Ray Palmer)

"Kidnappers of Space" by Thorp McClusky

October: "The Gland Superman" by Ed Earl Repp

"Horror's Head" by Lieut. John Pease

"Locked City" by Thornton Ayre (John Russell Fearn)

November: "Monstrosity of Evolution" by Thorp McClusky :

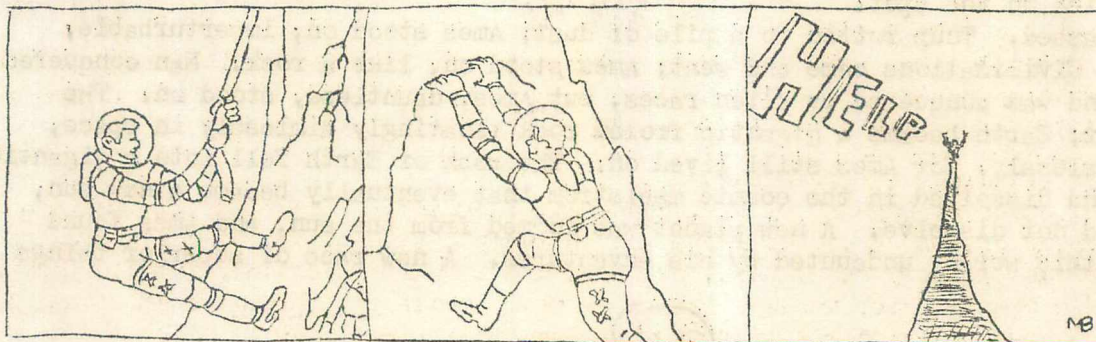
"The Secret of the Ring" by Thornton Ayre (John Russell Fearn):

December: "Ghost of Mars" by Festus Pragnell

"Master of Telepathy" by Eando Binder

"Kiss of Death" by Neil R. Jones

The remainder of the stories published during 1938 are "D" stories in my opinion. There are no "E" stories. Opinion on the letter columns disagrees with me in a number of instances. "Ray of Eternity" by Richard Tooker (November) found quite a bit of favor, as did "The Man Who Lived Twice" by Edmond Hamilton (November). Many of the stories, in particular "The Man Who Ruled the World" by Robert Moore Williams (June), "Outlaw of Space" by Wallace Quitman (August) and "Horror's Head" (listed above) aroused a bit of adverse discussion because of supposed slams against various types of political doctrines. Notables participating in this fracas were Donald Wollheim and Bob Tucker, and, of course, the editor. Most letter writers wildly acclaimed "Secret of the Ring" (November) as the best story of the year. Worthy of note is the story "Ghost of Mars" by Festus Pragnell, listed above as a "C" story. This is the first story in a series about Don Hargraves of Mars. It should also be mentioned that "The Music Monsters" by Neil R. Jones (April) was the last Professor Jameson story to appear in the magazine. Palmer later promised another one, but the promise was never fulfilled.



## WHO GOES WHERE?

By W. Kraus

Professors Ames and Toup were sitting in the sumptuous living room of Toup's bachelor's establishment. Silence reigned for the moment while the great minds mulled over the problem that faced them.

"There are a number of ways," Ames finally said, "which we could try to make ourselves invisible --- we could somehow increase the space between our atoms so that light will pass through without interruption, or we could speed up our vibration until we are an invisible blur."

Toup looked sceptical. "The first one would demand that we disrupt our bodily cell structure, and the second might propel us into the fourth dimension."

"Well, why not try to make a cloak of mirrored reflecting surfaces and wear that. --- that would work, wouldn't it?"

"You forget, my dear Professor Ames, that such a cloak would of necessity have to cover the eyes, and as such you would be totally unable to see where you were going."

Ames pondered for a minute, a rapid glow of disgust spreading over his face. "Who started us talking on this anyway? Ha! I've got it!"

Ames reached for the telephone, thought for a second, then dialed a number. After a few clicks, a voice answered.

"Hello, Kraus? How do we make ourselves invisible? --- What? --- Figure it out for myself? --- You mean we --- But you can't mean it! --- You do? Gad, what a relief! --- Thanks, pal."

Ames hung up, a beautiful smile playing over his face. "Toup," he trilled, "we are under our own power! Think of it, man; no longer are we puppets to that ham, Kraus! We are to figure out our own way to become invisible! Isn't that wonderful?"

"Well," Toup ejaculated, "in that case I can try my theory of nuclear repulsivity and apply it to cellular bombardment. This will, of course, produce invisibility. It's something that ham, Kraus, could never have thought of if he was given a million years, but now that he's not writing our story any more, we can act our natural selves."

Inflamed by their newly found freedom, the two set to work on Toup's theory, and after working in unison for several hours, they finally produced a vial of amber liquid. Before anyone could think, Ames had lifted the vial to his lips and taken a swallow of the liquid.

Immediately afterward, Ames froze into immobility, the vial grasped tightly in his hand. Toup stood aside, watching with scientific curiosity the changes that were supposed to take place in Ames. But Ames did not turn to an invisible man --- he just continued to stand there like a frozen statue.

"Well, say something! What are your sensations?" Toup wanted to know.

Toup tried to take the vial from Ames' hand, but the hand was frozen so stiffly about it that such an act was impossible. Further exploration of the statuesque Ames revealed that he was as cold as ice and as hard as a brick. Ames had turned to stone!

Toup died on the spot.

Time passed. Toup rotted to a pile of dust; Ames stood on, imperturbable, immovable. Civilizations came and went; Ames stood on, like a rock. Man conquered the stars and was conquered by alien races, but Ames, dauntless, stood on. The Sun died out; Earth became a gigantic frozen rock floatingly aimlessly in space, but not Ameslessly, for Ames still lived on. The rock of Earth fell into a gigantic whirlpool and dissolved in the cosmic maelstrom that eventually became a new sun, but Ames did not dissolve. A new planet was formed from the sun, and Ames found himself on this world, undaunted by his adventures. A new race of superior beings



## WHO GOES WHERE? (concluded)

rose up from the tiniest of cell structures to domination of half the universe, and Ames watched from the cubical in which they placed him. The other half of the universe was controlled by another race, an evil power-mad race that wanted to control the whole universe and kill off all other races. The evil race was more powerful, more inventive, and more intelligent, so naturally they conquered the whole universe and killed off all other races. All except Ames.

The evil race recognized Ames as the god of the race they had conquered, and tried to destroy him, but Ames was indestructible, so the whole alien race was killed off in the attempt.

More eons passed, new suns, new planets, new universes were formed.

New civilizations came to life.

And then Ames came to life.

He immediately set himself up as the emperor of the universe, seeing that all the people of the universe regarded him as a god, since his history had been written by succeeding generations and retranslated by succeeding races.

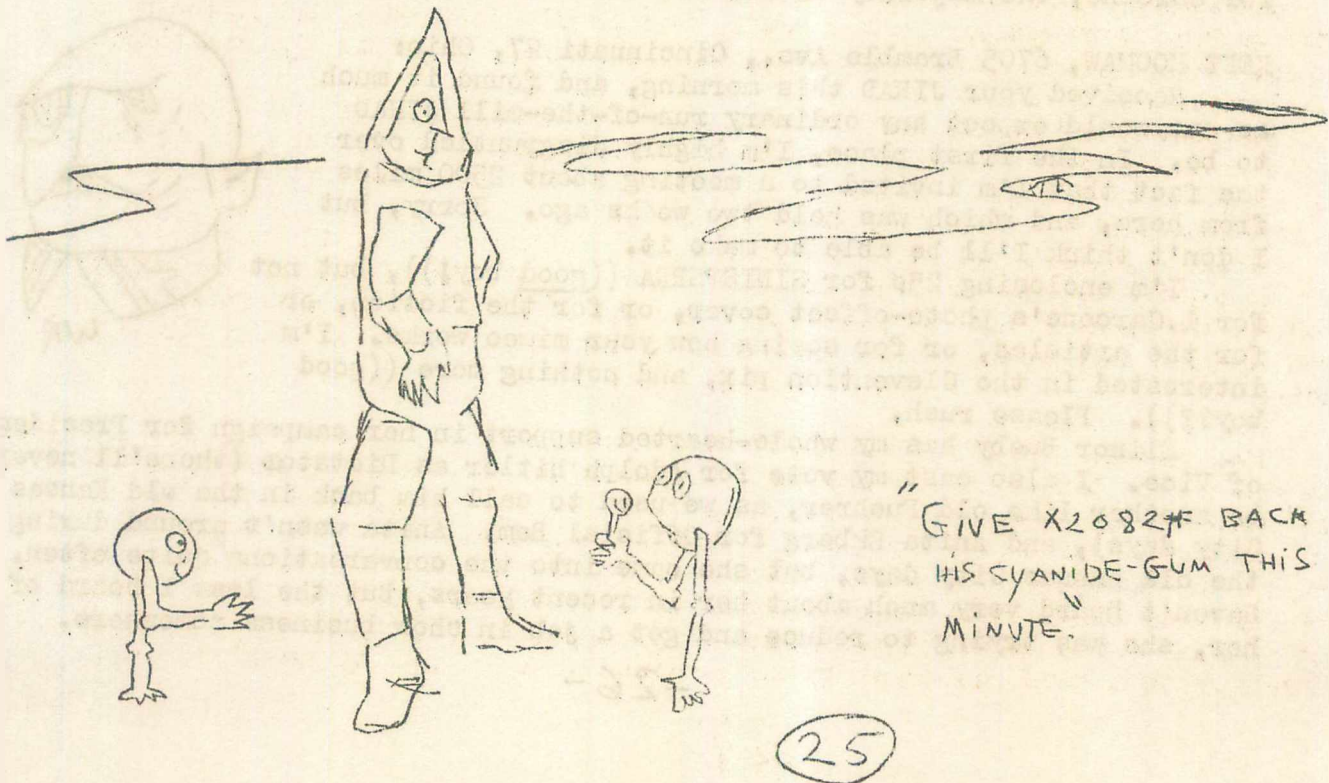
Ames was supremely happy. Everyone in the universe was happy, for was not their emperor a god? And who would rule better than a god? Ames had not a single enemy in his entire empire.

And then one day, Ames had a visitor. The visitor had a water pistol in his hand. He pointed the water pistol at the head of Ames, and pulled the trigger. Water splashed over Ames. Ames fell dead.

The assassin pocketed his water pistol and stepped into a metal cubicle, shut the door after him, twisted a few dials.

A few minutes later W. Kraus stepped out of his time machine and laughed his head off.

THE END



# CRY OF THE READERS

(Turn the radio up a little louder; I can still hear the neighbors complaining about it.)

LARS BOURNE, 2436 $\frac{1}{2}$  Portland St., Eugene, Oregon:

Have received yet another Cry of the Nameless and am amazed at the improvement. You have in my estimation improved of 1%. Keep it up and who knows. In three years time you may do as well as the Saturday Evening ghost did.

Read the awful terrible human race by Walstead and found it interesting. By the way Roscoe says hello to Walstead.

I also read Digging the fanzines. Thanks for reviewing Stellar. The skunks didn't send me a copy of their effort even when I had my art in it.

Good reviews but could be better.

Gee I guess that's all I read. I'll have to read more one of these days.

Be sure and keep up the good (or bad) work and I hope you receive many many fanzines.

I must say that your art is terrible. None of your artists with the exception of Bryer who is your only good artist, are worth the ink to drown em in. I sort of like Garcone's stuff; if he only knew a few fundamentals he would make a wonderful artist. So would Sanders but he doesn't know which way is up either.

Sine Cera,

Larry

((of course, some of our Readers Cry louder than others. Well, Larry, while it's true that drowning in mimeo ink might be an ecstatic death for Garcone, the majority of our art staff would prefer beer. OK??))

KENT MOOMAW, 6705 Bramble Ave., Cincinnati 27, Ohio:

Received your JIHAD this morning, and found it much as one would expect any ordinary run-of-the-mill JIHAD to be. In the first place, I'm highly disgruntled over the fact that I'm invited to a meeting about 2500 miles from here, and which was held two weeks ago. Sorry, but I don't think I'll be able to make it.

I'm enclosing 25¢ for SINISTERRA ((good boy!)), but not for L.Garcone's photo-offset cover, or for the fiction, or for the articles, or for seeing how your mimeo works. I'm interested in the Clevention pix, and nothing more ((good boy??)). Please rush.

Elinor Busby has my whole-hearted support in her campaign for President of Vice. I also cast my vote for Adolph Hitler as Dictator (there'll never be another like old Fuehrer, as we used to call him back in the old Kansas City days), and Anita Ekberg for Official Dem. Anita wasn't around during the old Kansas City days, but she came into the conversations quite often. Haven't heard very much about her in recent years, but the last I heard of her, she was trying to reduce and get a job in show business somewhere.





(MOOMAW, continued):

Wonder how the old girl made out?

Regards and all,

(Series of scratched-out famous names, followed by) Kent Moomaw

((Actually you didn't miss much by your unavoidable absence from that meeting, Kent. These "half-CRYs" of which JIHAD was one are occasionally distributed to all subscribers on the theory that if the deadbeats get them for free, why should the paying subscribers be spared? Besides, Weber hates postmen and wants them all to get flat feet. Maybe one of them bit his dog. Who are we to complain as long as he pays the postage? But really, you can't vote in our elections if you won't come to meetings. I don't think this Ekberg girl could have done very well in show business; she doesn't appear on any of my stereopticon slides.))

MARTIN FLEISCHMAN, 1247 Grant Ave., Bronx 56, New York:

Dear Ones Who Unfortunately lack a Name:

Hark! The fat mailman (reason he's fat? 'cause he eats too much) has once again delivered his most precious parcel, CRY of the NAMELESS! The issue has arrived, therefore it is time for a missive which unfortunately you will have to listen to.



The cover, ah the cover. Frankly, Ones, I haven't the faintest idea what it is meant to represent. L.Garcone impresses me as one of your better staff illustrators; glad to see he's doing more. But L., let's have some covers with some meaning.....

I'll have to admit it; the Walstead article "The Awful Terrible Human Race" was... yes, it was a bit more interesting than his former article "Science Fiction or Fantasy" in #93. Yes, it was better, but it leaves this impression upon me: so what? Big deal, so the stories you so kindly listed all have more or less similar themes-- big deal. Ahweel, we can't all be great writers.

I believe Renfrew Pemberton's "Science Fiction Field Plowed Under" is your most entertaining, well constructed, important, sound feature. While I, like Kent Moomaw, disagree with some of Pemby's story evaluations, I find that he is a fairly able critic. I think, though, he should be a bit more specific; that is, he should give a little more story background. Maybe he should, maybe he should not... who am I, a mere bhoy, to judge?

A question, skinny editors: why do some people spell thanks with an 'x'? It certainly is not a shortening of the word; I can see thanx but not thankx. ((Hw abt tnks or tnx?))

Another question, boney editors: why do some nasty people who are associated with the CRY, constantly call Wm.Deeck fat? I had the pleasure(?) of meeting said person at the Mycon II, and he certainly does not suffer from the condition of the body known as being fat. Indeed! If you want the naked truth, he (Wm.) is quite skinny. Fat indeed!

"Digging the Fanzines", I must say, lacks something. I don't quite know what "something" is, but... Mebbe it ain't none of me business, but the review of CRY in Sigma Octantis (how dare Mrs. Pemberton call John's zine bb its rightful title?) was written by John Mussells Himself-- not Gary Labowitz. Gary does the column; John usually adds a few of his own fmz reviews. I do agree tho, in Amelia's (pardon the use of your first name, Amelia) answer to John.

(FLEISCHMAN, continued):

"Amazing Stories in Review" is steadily improving. If I was back in the old days I could comment more thoroughly on BRT's opinions. But alas! I am not!

"The Return of the Spacehound" is one of your best stories. I don't usually enjoy CRY's featured fiction (except for work by W.Kraus): this was really enjoyed by me, though. The Kraus story this: nice.

You're nuts, Wm! GALAXY is a good (shood?) magazine. I am only recently reading it (never used to) and it is to me, the most enjoyable mag on the stf market. Not my favorite, but most enjoyable.

Kent Moomaw is right, right, RIGHT!! Joe Lee Sanders can not draw! He has absolutely no art talents whatsoever! I told this to Jerry Merrill of FBO, and he says "maybe I don't appreciate the modern agle" or something of that sort. He (Joe) does do humorous things, ~~it~~ but the drawing of it... ugh, ugh! (Whazz matter— didn't you know I'm half-Indian?...?)

I take my leave.....

All my love,

Martin Fleischman



((All this "fat" stuff began with Wm. his own self, in his last two or three letters. Last ish, following his letter, we tossed back a few synonyms for his future use. Unfortunately we don't have Wm's usual scorcher for this department; dunno whether it's because we're publishing earlier this time or whether he's still holed up with the Unabridged, preparing a topper for us.

Your review of Tenn's "Human Angle" and accompanying note came today. We're holding the review for the next CRY rather than overpad fat #96. #97 promises to be skinny unless Pemberton gets to running off at the Olivetti the way he used to do, so the review will come in very handily then. And you see, it's possible to use "fat" and "skinny" in meaningful context at that. ### Weber will have to straighten out the financial aspects, meaning that he's probably lost all the subscription lists so you'll likely receive the CRY unless and until you take out an injunction against it. Don't let anybody else in on this soft touch though, Marty.))-((Late bulletin: no mss from Deeck because Pfeifer addressed his last CRY to Mo. instead of Md.)) BOB COULSON, 407 1/2 E 6th, N. Manchester, Indiana: (Bob, it's a dirty trick to quote excerpts but I want to wind up on this page):

You get a whole 24 issues of YANDRO for your buck. We lose money, of course, but not as much as you might think. (Plug noted, into the PS):

Last ISFA meeting broke up at 3 a.m.— and some of the members had 60 miles or better to drive... We had a rousing religious argument going; Protestant vs Catholic with the Catholic side taken by an agnostic, a deist, and a nominal Methodist, since no Catholics were present to defend themselves.

To Mark Walstead I'd recommend reading "Who Speaks of Conquest" by Lan Wright, NEW WORLDS #46-49, if he can get it. There is a tale of "the awful terrible human race" which assumes that practices similar to those of Hitler will be necessary in a human Galactic empire which is supposed to be viewed sympathetically. One of the more astounding versions of the theme.

To Renfrew Pemberton: what's wrong with F&SF reprinting from PLAYBOY? After all PLAYBOY reprints from F7SF.. or if it doesn't, that's about the only mage that's escaped. Sure PLAYBOY is available to anyone— who cares to plank down 50¢ for it, that is. I don't... read most of the fiction elsewhere and can get pictured nudes for less. And can't see the average fan picking up WOMEN'S JOURNAL even if it does have an stf story.

"AS in Review" (still should be "A Science S" interesting as usual.

Enjoyed "Spacehound", but the other story left me with a question: did Ames use his own money on the spaceship or did he let Toup pay for it?



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