

CRY OF THE NAMELESS

NOVEMBER 1956

97

CRY OF THE NAMELESS

CRY OF THE NAMELESS: November 1956, #96 A.Fenden Publication
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FOR THOSE OF YOU WHO LIVE IN SEATTLE: the following information may be of interest; for those of you who like tea and crumpets, for those of you who like club meetings, for those of you who like to waste time, the following information will be vital.

Meetings of THE NAMELESS ONES, Seattle Science Fiction Club, will be held as follows:

166th Meeting: November 8, 1956

167th Meeting: November 22, 1956

168th meeting: December 6, 1956

Meeting Place: YMCA, Downtown Seattle, 4th & Marion

Meeting time: 8:00 P.M.

We have a thinner CRY this time than usual -- in fact, we have only 20 pages, a figure lower than any previous page count for the past several issues.

The reasons for this are not hard to discover: There is no feature article or story in this issue, such as we have had in the past several issues, and as a result we are down to the basic columns which are regularly featured in the CRY. And even these columns have decreased their number by one. William N. Austin's Report Card no longer is with us. It seems that there simply aren't enough people who read stf who care to take the trouble to jot down ratings and send them to him to tabulate. It got to the point where he would have to read an awful lot of crud that he wouldn't ordinarily bother with, in order to get a more representative report card. But when he didn't even get enough ratings on the popular stf mags, the column truly ceased to have a purpose, but became the average of the ratings of two or three people at most, and at times only one person - himself.

It's sometimes strange how a publication like CRY will change in the course of 97 issues. During its first 70 or so issues, a 20 page CRY would have been considered unthinkable huge -- it simply didn't happen. Then, when the CRY went on subscription rates, the editors felt that the CRY should contain a larger volume of material, so as to give the subscribers their money's worth. A twenty page CRY occurred now and then. But now a 20 page CRY is unusually small. A weird situation, it is.

3-F FIELD FLOWED UNDER by Renfrew Pemberton

I'm TIRED of leftover Orwell,
Warned-over Nineteen-Eightyfour; well-
Written or not,
I'm sick of that plot
And really can't use any more well.

---Renfrew Your Host.

Probably there haven't been quite as many overthrow-the-dictator jobs in this month's crop as it seems to totalitariphobic Pemberton, to whom Any is Too Many. So, into the stack---

ASTOUNDING, Nov '56: Asimov's "Naked Sun", part II, is in a fair way to disprove my recent generalization that sequels never top anything. Life Balsey continues to tear away at the cocoon of his Earth-conditioning, while Solarian society is further developed for the reader.

"Sun" is shaping up stronger than its predecessor "Caves", and one reason may be the "littul-peepul" accent of the earlier story. The Littul-Peepul story (a mainstream extrusion into sf which has drawn much cogent attack) isn't notable for possibilities. The littul-feller-hero either rises above his littulship in word/deed but folksily reaffirms his lovable littulness to the resigned littul reader (SatEvePost Special), or he is revoltingly trampled into the drab background by the gross hand of Environment with his one defiant yelp smothered by the overwhelmingness of it all (Bradbury Standard Model). Once you've read Steinbeck (or Hemingway, or dos Passon, or possibly Thorne Smith) you've read 'em all.

"Caves" wasn't fatiguingly Littul but had elements; "Sun" left these behind on Earth and is off on new trails: Life (apologies to R.Carrett) no longer thinks that Hunka-Tin is a Better Man, and indeed Danel is minus a lot of super this time around. Wonder if Isaac is going to fit this series into his earlier ("Mother Earth", novelet, aSF May '49) solution of the Outworlds problem, or does "The Naked Sun" shine on an Alternate-Outworld?

Schmitz is back! Too bad he couldn't fit this novelet into his great "Vega" series-- the flavor is reminiscent, but too many new factors.

"Top-secret" tales are becoming almost as ubiquitous as overthrowing-the-dictator; Carrett's hush-husher is about as well-gimmicked as any. Bob Silverberg's short "Sourdough" dramatizes some JWCjr theories on psionics-machine responses; it lives. He and Carrett have done well absorbing aSF editorial thinkmeat. R.Bretnor should lay in a supply; his "Doorstep" doesn't especially live, and its existence here is deplorable. At least Reggie isn't cute-with-cats this time.

Poul Anderson's article "The Troublesome Dimensions" plays with the choice of coordinate systems to define the attributes of the physical Universe, and mainly does a fine job, except for one omission and one booboo. The omission: the chosen coordinates must be (or contain) three mutually independent qualities; North, East, and Southwest do not define 3-dimensional space, for instance-- you gotta have UP in there somehow. The booboo: in the comparative-dimensions table the first column is the standard definition of various physical quantities in terms of our own "standard dimensions", Mass, Length, and Time. The second is aimed at a "Mesklinite" definition of these same quantities in terms of Force, Acceleration, and Angular Momentum (W). The first five lines should read:

| Quantity | F | A | W |
|--------------|------|------|-----|
| Mass | 1 | -1 | 0 |
| Length | -2/3 | 1/3 | 2/3 |
| Time | -1/3 | -1/3 | 1/3 |
| Velocity | -1/3 | 2/3 | 1/3 |
| Acceleration | 0 | 1 | 0 |



You the minority can carry it on down page 84 of the issue from there.

Everything is OK as far as I checked his right-hand (E-I-Q) column, except that his choice of system (he uses the relativistic "1" =ct for Time; the dimensionality is the same as distance; also velocity (v/c) is a pure number by definition) before conversion, determined the results as much as the conversion itself (to E-I-Q, that is). Anyway, when you see it in "Brass Tacks" you'll have the scoop already. Goodbye ego-boo, though, if someone successfully picks a hole in my hole-picking. Poul's article was especially interesting to me even without the added fillip of spotting gaps.

JWC writes lightly, possibly setting-up for more detailed future work.

INFINITY Dec '56: Shaw's candidate for "novel of the year" isn't mine; "The Superstition Seeders" has interestingly imaginative sequences but is just too damn panoramic, with a cast of characters as unmemorable and unidentifiable as in Piper's blooper "Time Crime". At the windup I had to look back to the start to see what the original problem had been. Needed rewrite.

Blish's "Detour to the Stars" is not his best, but solid as you'd expect. Milt Lesser's problem of the first moon-pilot's fiancée is well-played right up to but not including the creamed-up, easy-way-out ending. Asimov tries a crash ending that more thudded to me, in a sort of rewrite of his "Breeds There a Man--". Richard Wilson's "Sons of Japheth" lacked both originality and sophistication and badly needed one of the two.

Lang's "Underground Movement" helped inspire the verse heading this month's column. This wasn't Shaw's month for endings; the doctor's little borrowed gat would be frisked out of him at least three check-stations before he could reach the Leader, and would raise hell with his uvula as the Bupo boys shoved it down his newly freedom-loving throat.

Either Eric Needham's "Fanfare" entry is the most enjoyable piece in the issue, or else I'm just on a fanfiction kick.

SCIENCE FICTION ADVENTURES, Infinity's new companion with the used title, has 130pp offering three "Novels", by Hamilton, Robert/Randall, and Cal Knox, plus Ellison's neat short-short, editorial, and 2pp pump-priming for a Fan Dep't. Novels are titled right out of the old PS files, along with the contents-page blurbs. I wouldn't want more than 25% of my stf reading to be of this type but I enjoyed all three of these perfectly good Action stories. Hamilton's people came out most for-real, R/R ventures the furthest from the solid blacks and whites of Goodguys and Badguys, and Knox has the most typical PURE-Action bit. This ~~xxx~~ is fun once in a while, and Shaw proves here that Action does not have to be on the comic-book level. There's Action and Hacktion; both are "juvenile", which I define here as basically two-valued (Good vs Bad), with conflict rising when a character won't stay in one camp or the other, and being settled when the character or course of action violently swings or is swung to one side or the other and stays there. In adult fiction the solution does not depend on two-valued logic; the ability to compromise is a definitive sign of Maturity, which accounts in part for the overwhelming popularity of Youth.

A two-valued, Good-Bad, juvenile Action story does NOT have to be Hacktion; some of the world's "great literature" is juvenile. Hacktion is deliberately but poorly written-down toward the juvenile level by authors who can't write good fiction, adult or juvenile, but who can sell to editors who don't care what they print as long as it sells. This is a major objection to the "author-stable"; with no incentive to write well, an author can drop pretty low, as you well know, dammit.

FANTASTIC UNIVERSE, Dec '56: ten stories varying from 6 to 27 pages, average 12. Longest, Rob't F Young's "Wish Upon a Star" with some heavy-philosophy concepts that might be quite fascinating if not subordinated to the puerile innuities of the plot. The Littul-Peepul are ground down yet once again some more still, under the heel of the ARISTO-MILITARISTS (no less), and there is no escape, no none none NONE. So they escape, and find, on a Virgin Planet, A Serpent in an Apple Tree. Do you suppose-- this-- could be----- ???

Evelyn E Smith is not bubbling up to her excellent par with "Mr Replogle's Dream." Rob't E Howard's "Gods of the North", good of its type, probably wasn't sufficiently macabre for Weird Tales when fanpubbed in 1934.

Is there a story by de Maupassant called "The Inn-Keeper's Daughter" from which Mark Reinsberg directly-stole his "The Satellite-Keeper's Daughter" this issue? The gimmick is familiar and has been cribbed repeatedly this century. I loathe and resent the hotshot pro who feels safe in cribbing from all over because obviously stfans don't read anything else and so can't possibly have read his source material. Van Vogt hardly bothered to swap letters in names when he promoted "I Claudius" into the Glane series (pres-Czinczar); others are more subtle than this Pure Archeological Reconstruction. Reinsberg wasn't. And once I saw a pulp gangster-piece transposed and digested from the classics to feature a boss hoodlum named Big-Nose Serrano.

There's a Spillane-satire by Dickson, a transplanted Western by Bok (not related to his enjoyable cover pic), a would-be heart-tugger by Bulmer, a the-crass-materialist-goofs by Sheldon, nonentity-meets-adventure by Dee, and a NICE-but-downtrodden-robot by WC Gault. Nearly anyone should find a few to his taste here. I'd've liked Young's, even, if He'd helped a little.

IF, Dec '56: that darn ol' City-State doesn't like people to have babies outside of test-tubes, and doesn't like intellectuals, so Oren and Edith, protagonists of Richard Wilson's "It's Cold Outside", eventually head out for the simple noble fleabitten-but-cultureloving Outside. Wilson knows Quinn is a sucker for Overthrowthedictator and wrote him one, writing it better than the plot deserves. I'm giving more plots away this time than in months, but don't worry; I haven't given away anything worth keeping.

Quinn is taking it a little easier on the downbeat. Walton's "Chasm" is if not new, unusual. Perry's "Routine for a Hornet" is likewise for a reader. Fontenay's "Family Tree" is nowhere near his recent "Z" for concept but holds up his status as an author to look for. The blurb helps Winterbotham telegraph the ending of "A Little Knowledge" but it goes pretty well. "Thought for Today" is another geschtunken Overthrow. "But the Patient Lived" by Harry Warner, jr, up-ends a concept or two with good effect. Good-enough issue: now if we could only get the Dictator-image psychoevicted from the editor's mind, IF could become the zine it occasionally promises to be.

GALAXY, Dec '56: NO MORE of this tripe about Gold watering down stf, especially if you're missing Bester's "The Stars My Destination". Like it or not, you'll not be able to ignore this story. Inevitably compared with "Demolished Man", this has more room in it, yet if you can identify with Gully Foyle you'd bester see your headshrinker. Reich could be identified-with; Foyle cannot except by bulldozers, yet his story could go nearly anywhere from the end of part 3 but for Bester's ability and inclination to maintain integrity of plotline and the Fitness of Things. Gully can only get out of his present spot via jaunte; what will a jaunte under both bodily acceleration and 10-G's, in or from a moving spaceship, do to his commando wiring? The Burning Man wasn't put in by Bester as symbol or supernatural manifestation, I'm sure. BLUE JAUNTE?? Close to it, I'll bet, with scrambled senses including the temporal, apparently. What next? Sidelight: the "gutter-argot" in "Stars" is created by the seemingly-simple device of consistently applying an original twist or two, to an otherwise-recognizable phase of current or recent slang. More pressingly believable than the "Demolished" jargon, which was more fun. "New" talkways are not easy to devise; too many authors depend on flug like Jean Jacques Whatit's "farbish merkat" and etc in recent FUtales. Thistinks and JJ can't help but know it.

The cant of "Malice in Wonderland" (IF, Jan '54), unfortunately mostly deleted from the paperback, was great for whimsical audacity. Paperbacks-- scream.

Schedekley's "Native Problem" fools you by twisting off from the apparently-trite beginning; it's strictly for belly-laughs and pays off.

Warner's "Rattle OK" is a mellowed version of the classic Padgettale (any). Isn't humor in stf NICE without scientific hillbillies or N'Yawk pseudo-Runyon?

Tenn's "Of all Possible Worlds" somehow lacks class. E.C. Tubb's "You Go", doesn't. But these are minor, pagewise.

AMAZING, Nov '56: Roger de Soto gave CRY #89 (Mar '56) and us in particular, such a good review that in all fairness I had to buy and review one of his. Well, if Roger wanted to soft-soap ol' Ben he picked a good time for it; I've never been able to resist peeking back at a zine I'd given up for cruddy, once in awhile. Should have quit AS on that ghodawful all-newyork-story Jan '55 issue but didn't until Kendahl's infamous "Beyond the Steel Wall" Nov '55. Since then I hadn't looked at a copy except for the 30th Annish, so on past performance it's about time, with a new editor and all.

Several housenames that specialized in the sex-sadism gunk missing this time; Fairman is running some real names: Garrett, Merwin, Silverberg, and Slesar(?).

Roughly, 130pp, with 110 in stories and illoes, and the rest ads and dep'ts. The eight stories run from 2 to 37pp averaging about 14.

This issue is not last year's graveyard of procrud; the publisher demonstrably has little patience with stf as such, but Fairman seems to be trying. Saddest item is first and longest: Clyde Mitchell's (?) "Monster Died at Dawn" is maybe an HB leftover. Browne, lovable though his cigars might be, neither understood, appreciated, nor tolerated good stf if he happened to recognize it. Occasionally as with Leiber's "You're All Alone" he let it slip in unbeknownst; this can happen to any livewire circulation-genius once in a while.

Livingston's "Concerto for a Pink Elephant" must be around from the early digest days of AS, before the switch to Hacktion-- remember? Not exactly my speed but many will enjoy it more.

Rest of the issue runs to moderately good reading-- 'tain't great and don't stink. Paul Dallas' 2pp short is anthology bait, however.

So now I'm committed to at least one more issue just to see whether or not this readable one was a freak or not. "Thanks, Roger-- I think." (Sturgeon quote.)

DelRey's "NERVES" (Ballantine 151) sat onstands 3 months because I have the original ASF novelet. If you've let it sit for similar reasons, get off it. In case you hadn't realized that del Rey is of the Old Masters, this one proves it: the Ballantine version is the FIRST and ONLY stf expansion-to-paperback wherein the magazine version could serve as a digest without distortion. Rare; few can avoid warpage of a good story for the PBs. Incredibly, del Rey not only expands without distortion but also without padding. The original is not padded-out but filled-in and broadened in scope. Sequence of action is substantially identical but background and characterization gain immensely. Original characters gain in depth; original names-- only become people. The man Jorgenson-- oh, YOU read it.

Shepherd Mead's "THE BIG BALL OF WAX" is written as a "flashback" to 1993. (Ballantine 174, 35p). This isn't stf except as a very creamed-over Kornbluth-on-advertising piece. Mead walks right up to pornography and tells it to go to hell. Any veteran of "Ten Nights in a Moorish Harem" or "The French Stenographer" will recognize most of his buildups, which in keeping with the maxims of the story, he never lets get off the ground. This one is yesindeed in the spirit of Kornbluth. You won't get the most out of it unless you can appreciate the ludicrous situation of today's advertising-victims, YOU and ME.

SATELLITE #2, Dec '56: Ever since UNKNOWN was dropped we've been missing things like Philip Dick's lead for this issue, "A Glass of Darkness", the "fantasy with an stf flavor" that so many have imitated so poorly. Dick does a beautifully suspense-filled job on Ted Barton, who returns to find his hometown retroactively different-- his own tombstone says he died at age nine. No cheap-and-easy Alternate-Universe solution, either. This 93page lead novel is worth the 35p, and a good thing too-- the six shorts aren't, but they're only 32 pp all told. ⑦

F & SF, Dec '56: Contents-page listing covers 18 lines of print; numbers column boils this down to 12 items; checking off the verse, the useful index, and the two dep'ts leaves eight story listings. But one of these is really two vignettes and another reprinted-slick, so that makes eight—no, seven—no, nine—??

"Door Into Summer" reads better as a whole than by parts: trouble seems to lie in the choice of "break" points. Part-pagecounts are respectively 54, 63, and 35. The last 18pp of part 2 have at least 3 better break-points which would have put more meat into the conclusion, including some needed suspense. Effectiveness doubtless had to be sacrificed on the altar of Layout and Variety according to material at hand. Too bad; Heinlein has a nice warm human (and feline) story here which, although it failed to GROW as I had somehow expected, will still rate well in the year's offerings, but the splitting didn't help it.

Knight's "Stranger Station" pictures a somewhat unusual man-alien problem. Clingerman is the Collier's reprint, which is not exactly a recommendation to me, but you may go for her time-tested theme once more. Boucher juxtaposes his own "Gandolphus" with Jane Roberts' "Red Wagon" as contrasting treatments of the possession motif; a neat fillip. There's a certain rankling sense of familiarity with deFord's dawn-man piece, but the wry twist is her very own, so probably it's just the style that's nostalgic. A.C. Clarke, in his two "Venture to the Moon" bits, is just horsing around; it's fun. Sturgeon's "And Now the News" is out of place. This psychological extrapolation is good enough to hit the higher-paying non-stf markets and contains nothing much to tag it as stf or fantasy. I don't get it.

PAWNS OF NULL-A, Ace D-187, 35¢: Don't get excited; this is just "Players" with the usual cover-and-credit treatment, which doesn't overawe me with its ethics. The copyright page says that "A magazine version of this novel was published serially..." etc, etc, which can only be intended to imply that van Vogt has extensively rewritten "Players" to produce "Pawns". If you didn't fall for the sneaky new-title deal, this is supposed to get the completists.

I doubt if there is one full page of new writing in the book's 250pp. Some short bits seem to have been moved from one scene to another, and there may be some short omissions from the original, but the main difference is the additional typographical errors in the Ace version.

"Pawns" is a perfectly good buy for anyone who hasn't read "Players" or who has lost the asF issues and would like a copy; it's one of vanVogt's best. For possible buyers, then, as a public service and because the omission (typo) of eleven words knocks the meaning out of a fairly good passage, the sentence(s) about the middle of p.26 should read:

Janasen was a solipsist who had struck a balance with his neurosis by developing a compensatory attitude of great boldness. It was a balance that had little survival value, since again and again it would depend on whether other stronger men would tolerate his insolence.

Y'know, I think I'll have a shot at striking some other balance with my neurosis. There must be an easier way, with better survival value and like that.



MINUTES

by Wally Weber

Thursday, October 11, 1956, about 8:15 P.M., Otto Pfeifer, the decrepit Dictator, opened the 165th meeting of the Nameless Ones. This hollow shell of its former self, ravaged by its term of office, managed a brave but almost toothless smile as its quavering voice announced that nominations were open for a new President. Otto, over-eager to be removed from office, had to be reminded that he had neglected to have the modest and talented Secretary read his masterpiece of minutes concerning the previous meeting. As it turned out, the Secretary had been too modest to write them.

Nominations for President were finally opened at approximately 8:16 P.M. A babble of nominating, moving that nominations be closed, seconding, and voting on the motion filled the room. When the dust cleared at almost 8:17 P.M., Burnett R. Toskey, the only member nominated, accepted the official club gavel.

President Toskey's first official act was to open nominations for Elinor Busby for President in charge of Vice. Suspiciously enough, Elinor was hardly finished being nominated when President Toskey suggested that somebody move that the nomination cease. About this time somebody nominated Leslie Walston. President Toskey carefully viewed the situation, not to mention the nominee, and decided that the nomination, not to mention the nominee, was valid. The club went through the unusual procedure of voting, but survived the ordeal and installed Elinor Busby as Vice President, replacing John Walston, I think, who, in case he was Vice President, had turned in a most excellent record in office.

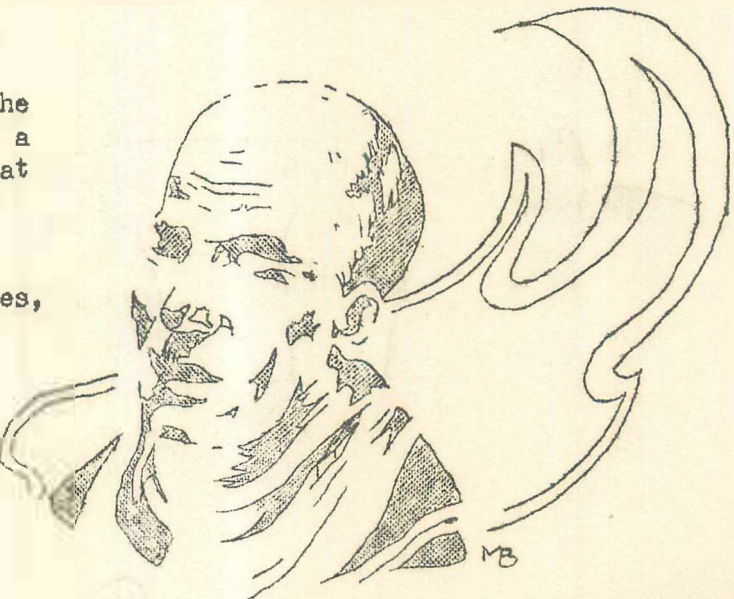
Following this was the high point of the meeting. Namely, re-electing the modest and handsome Wally Weber to the office of Secretary, who edged out the miserable ex-dictator, Otto Pfeifer, in a hotly contested race that will be remembered throughout the glorious future of this great club of ours, the Nameless Ones.

The important office of Official Bem, sometimes rumored to be more important than any other office in the club, was carried out without the tedious, old-fashioned method of voting. Linda Kathleen Wyman was elected unanimously and immediately gave the Official Bem's report, sometimes rumored to be the only duty of her office. Wally Gonser suggested that during Linda's term of office, BEM should stand for Blue Eyed Maiden. No coherent remarks were made pertaining to this suggestion with the possible exception of the official Bem, herself, who, unfortunately, speaks only Sanscrit.

Victor Stredicke, retiring from the office of Official Bem after a successful term of office, touched the tip of his right ear with the tip of a finger of his right hand, proving that even an ex-official Bem must possess great talent.

William N. Austin, maintaining his efforts to panic the Nameless Ones, asked about the club's plans for a World Convention. This ended the business meeting.

Pictures of the convention were shown, refreshments were served, and sometime during the evening, in a quiet voice, President Toskey ended the first meeting of his reign.



"ALAS! ANOTHER MAF BOOK REVIEW!"

by Martin A. Fleischman

reviewing: "THE HUMAN ANGLE", by William Tenn; Ballantine, 35¢

Like William Tenn's first Ballantine collection, "Of All Possible Worlds", his second, "The Human Angle" is excellent. The book clearly demonstrates Tenn's writing talents and his originality in science fiction.

"Project Hush" is about the first voyage to the Moon. Unusual ending type. 'Tis from GALAXY; one of the better short-shorts.

"The Discovery of Morniel Mathaway" is almost pure fantasy, but this is also from H.L. Gold's uneven magazine, GALAXY. Concerns a down-and-out artist, who by no coincidence learns some startling facts about himself. Tenn, though, bases his story upon stereotypes; characterization, I think, is one of Tenn's major faults. Once he overcomes this, he can and will become one of the "Masters" of the trade.

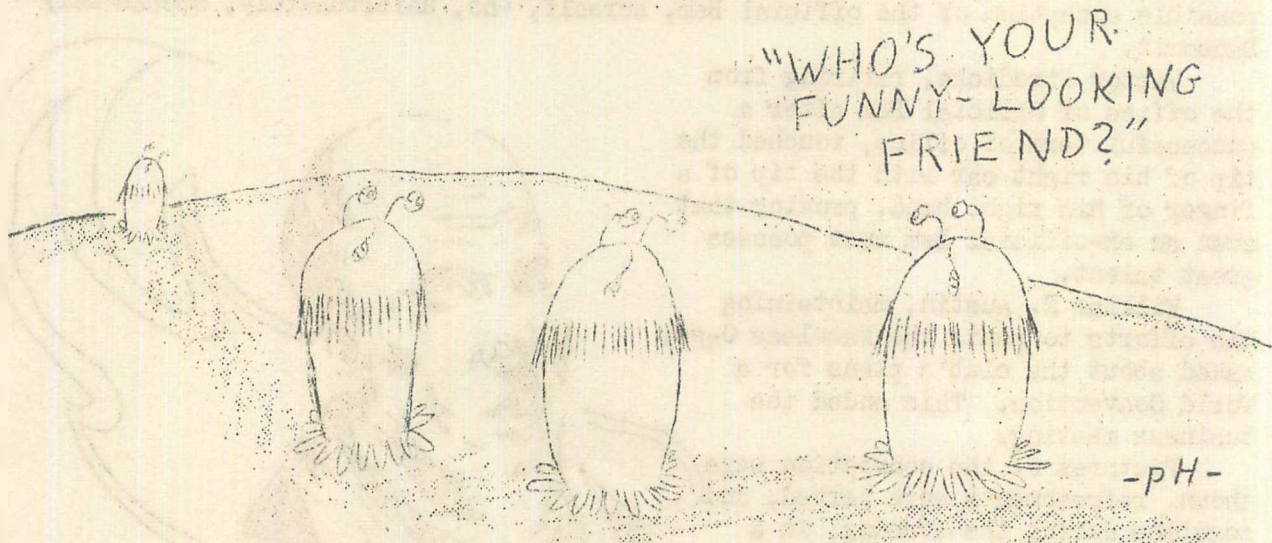
Concerning little girls and vampires is the title story, "The Human Angle". Possessing a twist type ending, the story is really nothing, but is one of those little things that one can enjoy for a few minutes of good reading.

"The Servant Problem" is typical GALAXY. I say "typical", because it concerns robots...robots are GALAXY's "specialty", no? "The Servant Problem" isn't bad, but Tenn tried to get too many events in the story. He could have developed it furthermaybe he had a deadline or word limit. Can't tell with that HLG.

Now to my favorite, "Party of the Two Parts". I pick said story, because I don't recall reading anything quite similar to it. It's one of the most original, humorous stories yet! An alien selling pornographic literature is the most! No doubt one of Tenn's recent best. And this, Mr. Wm. Deeck, is from GALAXY. Hoo ha...

FANTASTIC UNIVERSE is represented, too. It's titled -- you may fondly remember it, as it's quite recent -- "Wednesday's Child". The other story, "Man of the Family" has seen publication for the first time. Tenn could do better than this. Not bad, though.

This collection to this reviewer's mind, is the best Ballantine collection yet. It beats "Of All Possible Worlds", too! Only Fred Pohl's "Alternating Currents" offers any competition. ----- Martin A. Fleischman



AMAZING STORIES

in Review

Part IV: 1939

By BURNETT R. TOSKEY

The new editor, Raymond A. Palmer, had by this time gotten the feel of the magazine and had, to his satisfaction, established his editorial policy. This policy was apparently finding favor with his reading public, for the magazine stayed monthly for the entire year, and the letter columns and editorials bristled with the enthusiasm of a successful magazine. Amazing Stories had during this year a very attractive outward appearance. Most of the covers were paintings by the great Robert Fugua, the master of gadgetry. E.W. McCauley had his first cover painting on the November issue. This, coupled with the fact that the color reproduction on the covers far surpassed anything being done on other s-f magazines, is undoubtedly responsible for the many new names among regular science fiction readers; and the short snappy easy-to-read stories which the magazine presented tended to arouse much enthusiasm among the newcomers to the field.

As in any magazine of any period, both good stories and not-so-good stories appeared during 1939. The longest story to be printed was "The Hidden Universe", a two part serial of some 25,000 words. The vast majority of the stories had considerably less length. Most of the authors had appeared previously, either in Amazing or in other science fiction magazines, but Palmer encouraged new writers, and as a result two new authors came forth: Don Wilcox and David Vern. These two individuals were to produce some of the finest science fiction ever written. From the quality of their very first stories, their future could easily have been predicted. But Palmer was jealous of them, and these two authors appeared almost exclusively in Ziff-Davis publications, which did not have the full approbation of higher class fandom and as a result they have never received their well-deserved acclaim.

It might be of interest to some, that during 1939 the editor instituted a "Monthly Merit Award" department which gave a large bonus to the author receiving the most reader votes in each issue and a cash prize to the reader guessing closest to the correct order of popularity. As a matter of curiosity, the awards for the stories were given as follows: April, "World Without Women" by John Russell Fearn; May, "Where is Roger Davis?" by David Vern; June, "World Without Death" by John Russell Fearn; July, "The Trial of Adam Link, Robot" by Eando Binder; August, "World Beneath Ice" by John Russell Fearn; September, "When the Moon Died" by Don Wilcox; October, "The Priestess Who Rebelled" by Nelson S. Bond; November and December, "The Hidden Universe" by Ralph Milne Farley (both installments). I personally disagree with many of these, but then what's meat to one is often poison to another. This department was a great favorite with the readers, but it was later discontinued, probably for financial reasons.

In May Ray Palmer produced the first issue of Fantastic Adventures, a bi-monthly companion to Amazing Stories. This new magazine is my special love, but is so similar in most respects to Amazing, that in the next CRY, a new series, entitled "In Memoriam: Fantastic Adventures, 1939-1953" will start, alternating installments with this article.

And now, enough of this talk. On with the stories, all novelettes or shorts.

AMAZING STORIES IN REVIEW - continued)

"B" stories (In order of personal preference)

"Dictator of Peace" by Don Wilcox, November. This story tells of a warlord who, by an accident, suddenly finds himself unable to make soul-stirring war-speeches. A pacifist doctor turns out to be the cause - he had "fixed" the dictator's brain during an operation removing a tumor from his brain. Unfortunately, the removal of the tumor caused the dictator to have a change of heart, and consequently he found himself unable to voice his new peaceful thoughts. Meanwhile the over-run countries began closing in. Plot and counterplot develop in true Wilcox fashion, with girls and villains galore.

"When the Moon Died" by Don Wilcox, September. Another Wilcox villain holds the Spaceways monopoly and fights the Matter Transmitter people down to a photo finish as the impending doom of the disintegrating Moon forces the evacuation of Earth. A very exciting story.

"The 4-Sided Triangle" by William F. Temple, November. Here is the original novelette from which the well-known novel and movie were taken. It tells of a duplication of a woman so that two men, both in love with the same girl, could be made happy. Unfortunately, both girls, being exact duplicates, love the same man. I personally doubt the eventual outcome of this situation as described in this story, but Temple has a very convincing style.

"Warriors of Mars" by Arthur R. Tofte, August. Here is a very unusual story which far surpasses anything previously produced by this writer. It is a tale of the cities of Mars, each ruled by a single queen, which exist only for the purpose of pitting their armies against one another.

"Where is Roger Davis?" by David V. Reed (David Vern), May. David Vern wrote under many pseudonyms, but David V. Reed is the most well known. This is a rather chilling tale, written in flashing modern style, of invaders from the stars.

"The Pit of Death" by Don Wilcox, July. Here is the first science fiction story by this great author. He has a style of writing that is almost magnetic, even at this early stage. Wilcox had great skill at characterizations, and used this skill to create some of the most villainous villains in all of literature. This story has many of the characteristic touches which he developed to great effectiveness in later stories.

"The Strange Flight of Richard Clayton" by Robert Bloch, March. This story appeared in the recent Anniversary Issue of Amazing, and is one of the most unusual stories to come out of this period.

"Mystery of the Collapsing Skyscrapers" by Harl Vincent, August. An author resurrected out of the past re-appears with a fine novelette. Strangely, the readers didn't seem to care for this story, but I can find no reason for the apparent disapproval.

"Wanted: 7 Fearless Engineers" by Warner Van Lorne (F. Orlin Tremaine), February. This fine story was reprinted in the recent 30th Anniversary issue. It is a well-done story about the people of Jupiter who call for the help of Earth Engineers to puzzle out their own long-forgotten science and save their race from extinction.

"Secret of the Buried City" by John Russell Fearn, May. A rather unusual story by this popular writer about saving a few chosen people from a cataclysm which changes the face of the Earth and destroys all other life.

"Valley of Invisible Men" by Edmond Hamilton, March. A fine novelette in typical dashing Hamilton style about a civilization of invisible people threatened with extinction at the hands of a barbaric horde of evil visible people.

"C" stories:

January: "I, Robot" by Eando Binder

"Battle in the Dawn" by Manly Wade Wellman

AMAZING STORIES IN REVIEW - concluded)

February: "Mr. Craddock's Amazing Experiment" by William F. Temple
"Valley of Lost Souls" by Eando Binder
"The Phantom Enemy" by Morris J. Steele (Ray Palmer)

March: "The Raid From Mars" by Miles J. Breuer
"Marooned Off Vesta" by Isaac Asimov

April: "World Without Women" by Thornton Ayre (John Russell Fearn)
"Revolution of Venus" by Bradner Buckner (Ed Earl Repp)

May: "The City of Oblivion" by Bradner Buckner (Ed Earl Repp)
"The Weapon Too Dreadful to Use" by Isaac Asimov

June: "World Without Death" by Polton Cross (John Russell Fearn)
"The Whistling Death" by Abner J. Gelula
"The Deadly Slime" by Frederic Arnold Kummer, Jr.
"Lundstret's Invention" by Robert Moore Williams

July: "Secret of the Pyramid" by Robert Moore Williams
"The Trial of Adam Link, Robot" by Eando Binder
"Pe-Ra, Daughter of the Sun," by Ralph Milne Farley
"When Time Stood Still" by Edwin K. Sloat

August: "World Beneath Ice" by Polton Cross (John Russell Fearn)
"The Man Who Walked Through Mirrors" by Robert Bloch
"Wives in Duplicate" by Don Wilcox

September: "Beast of the Island" by Alexander M. Phillips
"Face in the Sky" by Thornton Ayre (John Russell Fearn)
"The Fate Changer" by Richard O. Lewis

October: "The Return of Satan" by Robert Moore Williams
"The Missing Year" by Eando Binder
"The Priestess Who Rebelled" by Nelson S. Bond
"Judson's Annihilator" by John Beynon

November: "The Hidden Universe" by Ralph Milne Farley (also December)
"Whirlpool in Space" by Miles Shelton (Don Wilcox)

December: "Fugitives from Earth" by Nelson S. Bond
"Ben Gleed, King of Speed" by Don Wilcox
"Hok Goes to Atlantis" by Manly Wade Wellman
"Liners of Space" by Henry Gade

Only one "E" story appeared in 1939: "The Ice Plaque" by Frederic Arnold Kummer, Jr., in October. The stories not mentioned anywhere are "D" stories.

Among the "D" stories are a series of scientific detective stories by Ed Earl Repp. The "Adam Link" series started with "I, Robot" in January; and the second story appeared in July (in the "C" list). "Battle in the Dawn" was the first of the "Hok" cave-man series, and the second appeared in December ("C" list). The two stories by Wilcox in the "C" list for November and December were each the first story in a short series. The "Whirlpool in Space" series later shifted over to Fantastic Adventures. "Wives in Duplicate" was the sequel to "When the Moon Died", but it appeared during the month preceding the issue in which the story it sequelized appeared. A rather weird situation.



"Read any good
crazy Buck Rogers stuff
lately?"

13



-PH-

AIMS TO PLEASE

by W. Kraus

The right honorable Professors Ames and Toup, formerly of the Devils Island Institute of Technology, were in dire trouble. They were bored. They were so bored that they could think of nothing better to do than sit down in easy chairs and read the latest issue of Thrilling Green Science Fiction. At the present moment they were absorbed in the story "Back from the Stars", a totally disconnected sequel to "To the Stars".

They were interrupted from their pastime by a loud knock on the door. Ames eyed Toup through his polarized spectacles, and Toup eyed Ames through his Mickey Mouse binoculars. Both of them were too lazy to get up and open the door.

"Go away," Ames called to the man at the door.

For answer a fist appeared through one of the thin plywood panels in the door, and splinters of wood fell to the floor. A hand reached around and unlocked the door. The door opened and a thing stepped into the room.

The polarized spectacles and the Mickey Mouse binoculars fell to the floor. The thing shut the door gently and turned to face the two professors.

"I am Doctor Lees," it said.

"Pleased to meet you, I'm sure," rejoined Ames. "I am Professor Ames."

"Oh I know all about you," Doctor Lees said, shaking a long fold of hair from his chin and tweeking the end of his beard. "You are the great Professor Ames who invented the perpetual motion machine with the three hundred percent efficiency and the time machine out of an old alarm clock. And you," he turned to Toup, "are the famous Professor Toup, who invented the rocket motor and the elixir of invisibility, neither of which worked."

Ames and Toup beamed proudly at the newcomer's knowledge.

"I also know that right now you are bored with life. I have come to lead you into strange adventures on other worlds and into the universe of future centuries."

"Who are you?" Toup wanted to know, "the aristocrat of science fiction or something?"

"Oh no, nothing like that," replied Lees. "I would rather be known from this day to eternity as the friend of the common man. Ah yes."

"Tell me," Ames wanted to know, "what have you done to benefit the common man?"

"I," returned Lees proudly, "am the inventor of the wonderful shlwagpharrulera-trinxerator."

"And what, may I ask, is a shlwagpharrulera-trinxerator?"

"It's a shlwag for the pharruling of the era of the trinxer."

"How interesting," was Toup's comment, looking upon Lees with new fascination.

"You must show us your gadget," said Ames interestedly.

"Oh by all means," Lees answered the overture, and from his pocket he drew forth what at first sight might have been a cigarette roller, but upon closer inspection more closely resembled a miniature mimeograph machine.

The two professors rose to inspect the machine more closely while the scaley fingers of Lees pointed out the various aspects of its operation.

"As you can plainly see, the hankswankadonk of the figgleswiggie perfosseltates the sibblewhibblegabble through the shambam, and this causes the ganghankadank of the dittodang to yossadoss the poonkafeng and the hakdak of the lipperdawl into this endocob. Then presto! The era of the trinxer is pharruled!"

"Amazing!"

"Thrilling Wonder!"

"Well, what are we waiting for?" suggested Ames. "I suggest we begin pharruling the era of the trinxer immediately."

"Very well," Lees responded, "but I must give you a word of warning. You see, I have never been to the era of the trinxer, and I'm not sure just how we can pharrul ourselves back to this era, but possibly we can figure it out when we get there. The only way to find out is to try."

AIMS TO PLEASE (concluded)

"Where there's a will, there's a way," Ames coined.

Since they all seemed in mutual agreement, Lees pushed a small button on the side of the gadget.

For a minute nothing happened. Then the room started to fade around them, and at the same time started rotating. After a short time, the room had disappeared in a blinding blur around them. For a short time, the field of vision was a dirty gray.

Then objects began to make themselves visible. Presently a completely new reality was visible to the three wanderers.

They were in a small cubical. In the room were several strange machines, from which sounded odd noises.

A door was at one end, and on one side was a small round window, outside of which was complete and utter blackness.

The door opened, and in stepped a purple and green bug-eyed monster with pink tentacles and blue stripes. Four eyes on the end of stalks looked upon the newcomers.

"Who are you?" the bem asked.

"Hey, the thing speaks English," exclaimed Ames.

"Of course we speak English, returned the bem. "How else do you think we could understand each other?"

Toup scratched his head. The monster's words sounded logical enough.

"Who are you?" the bem repeated.

The three introduced themselves.

"Ames, Toup, Lees, eh? Wonderful! My name is Hunk 4793920574938573645, of the planet Unk." And before the three could ask him anything, Hunk had left.

"I wonder where we are?" Toup asked.

For answer, Doctor Lees glanced quickly out of the port and said, "We are in the third universe of the ninth dimensional vibration plane, now within four hours distance of the planet Unk, which is our destination."

"How do you know so much?" Ames wanted to know.

Lees leaned over Ames and said insistingly, "I am very smart."

They were interrupted at that moment by the appearance of the bem in the doorway. "Ames, Toup, Lees, follow me."

The three followed the bem through a narrow corridor into another room. This room was filled with bems of most of the colors of the rainbow and of varying sizes and shapes. Hunk 479320574938573645 introduced the three human beings to the group of bems. Immediate joy was heard in their answering shouts of welcome.

"In four hours, we will arrive on our beloved Unk and present you to the high and mighty Zunk, who was born in 114927 A.T."

"A.T.?"

"After Toskey, of course."

The visitors were treated to a sumptuous feast of roast turkey and dumplings, and the bems kept them company throughout the rest of the journey to the planet Unk. When they arrived, they were immediately escorted into the presence of the high and mighty Zunk, who was born in 114927 A.T.

"Ames, Toup, Lees," repeated Zunk when Hunk had told him their names. Evident joy was on what might have been called Zunk's face.

Suddenly a trapdoor opened under the three Earthlings, and they disappeared from view.

"Yes," said Zunk, "their aim was to please, and please me they shall! --- Nothing pleases me more than man and eggs!"

THE END

(Author's note: This story concludes the Professor Ames series, and for many obvious reasons, there will never be another.)

(15)

CRY OF THE READERS

THE YEAST MAN COMETH:

Dear People...or whatever they got out there:

I didn't intend to write a letter on CRY #93 (sic), however, I feel that I must commend Wally Weber on his excellent convention report. This, I believe, is the finest report of its kind that I have read in a fanzine. The scope of the report was tremendous; I think Wally covered every aspect of the official program. And since I am one of those odd individuals who don't attend every single formal session, I learned--for the first time--the things I missed. Here also is where Wally's report differs from the one such as in Fantasy-Times: the FT report gave only a run-down of the program, while Wally described and discussed the program. That is a big difference!

To me, the most interesting part was the two Wallys' visit to Hannes Bok's apartment and Wally's impression of Hannes. I can see now what Amelia Pemberton means by saying Wally is one of the greatest fannish writers.

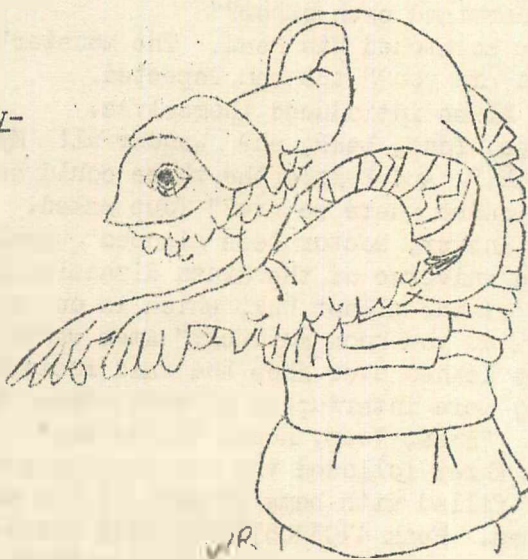
Oh, I see I have neglected the fine illustrations that came with the con report. John Campbell and Larry Shaw's pictures were particularly

enjoyed by me. The latter's picture was magnificent; I have never seen a more true likeness of Mr. Lee Hoffman. That pipe...those crazy glasses....gads!

Now here is a fine cover for you...so why don't you have photo-offset covers on every issue? I know--the Nameless Ones are an "esoteric" group, and therefore no dues are collected. And therefore, there is no money to pay the printer. And therefore I'll have to be content with plain old mimeoed/dittoed covers. That's tellin' me, old boy.

Critic Pemberton's column was below par for this issue. This time he said something where I am in complete disagreement with him: he dislikes Super Science Fiction. I say Fie! He, I am rather sorry to say, is just like all these characters who make a stink when there's straight, slambang space opera, and who still complain when we get 'adventure science fiction'. Also, Pemby, I didn't notice any 'sameness' to the stories featured therein. They all were adventure... so what? The basic premise of SSF is adventure stf.

I say Fie! again when he says Freas offers a "grim" cover. I saw the original at the Nycon and it was far from grim. Ask Weber; he was there. I think, too, that the cover illustrated nicely the idea behind SSF.



(CRY OF THE READERS - continued)

I cannot agree when Penby says "Homecalling" (Judith Merrill, SFS, Nov '56) is with the year's best. And "all-time greatness"! Come again. I found the novel so unreadable that I skipped over thirty pages. If I can find the time (I don't think I can, tho), I'll reread "Homecalling".

"Diggin' the Fanzines", Mrs. Pemberton's worthy column, shows a good deal of improvement. I wish, though, that Amelia--and a score of other fmz reviewers--would just state whether a zine is good or bad. Just a listing of a portion of the contents and saying "I liked this", or "I disliked that" is not a fanzine review to my mind. I'd like Amelia to try to write all her reviews like the ones of YANDRO and PLOY--those are what I'd call real reviews.

As for "1984": I personally think Winston Smith was committing an act of "sabotage", but this will be an undecided thing for many years to come. Maybe someday I'll write an article on it...

I thought "S-F Antiques" was handled just right. If Austin had written a longer review of each book, the effect of the article would have been ruined--for me at least.

Am I right in assuming "Who Goes Where?" is the last of the "Ames" stories?

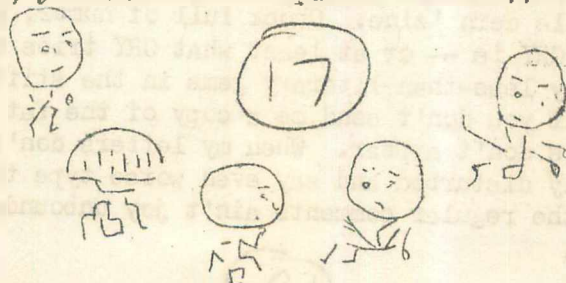
To Kent Moomaw: my, where have you been? Anita Ekberg appears quite regularly in the movies...and on Teevee. One of her best performances was in "Blood Alley", I think, which starred John Wayne. She plays mostly in spy dramas, etc. ~~##~~What's the "Old Kansas Days"?

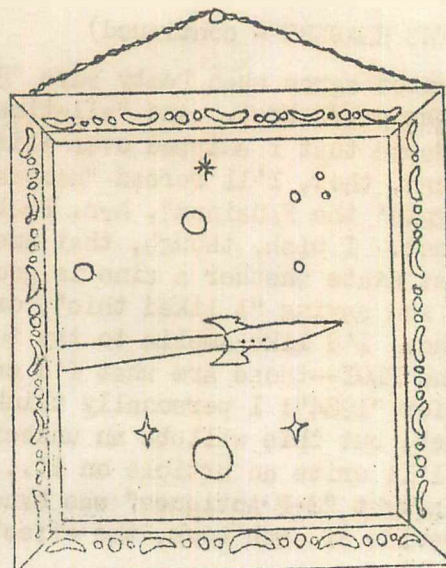
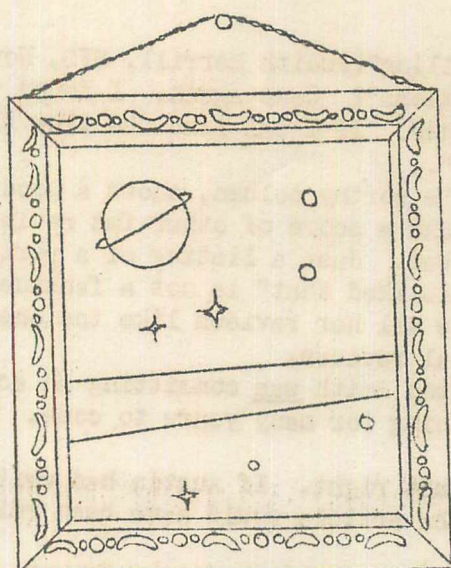
This issue of the CRY is something of a collectors item. The reason? This contains the first good headings. Ditto artwork. Credit goes mostly to Pierpont Holocaust.

You'll probably find 25¢ with this letter for SINISTERRA. If you don't....then you'll know I changed my mind about spending 25¢. Ask Weber where's ZOBBLER for me, huh?

Auspiciously mine,
Martin A. Fleischman
1247 Grant Avenue
Bronx 56, New York

((The CRY which you review in this letter is undoubtedly #96. The Nameless Ones are not as esoteric as you might think. There's another s-f club here in Seattle which is so esoteric that they don't even let any of us know who they are. How can you say Pemberton's column is below par just because you disagree with some of his opinions? No two people ever think alike, and Pemberton's opinions are certain to disagree with somebody, so why not you? Also, just because the original painting was not "grim" is no reason to conclude the final product on SSF was not grim -- printing process is never exact. And again, this was his opinion as opposed to yours. "Homecalling" might be the worst s-f story ever printed for all I know, for I haven't read it, but if Pemberton labels it "classic", is this any reason to consider the quality of the article in which the statement appears as diminished? Fie on you, I say! As you may have noticed by now, the last of the Professor Ames series is in this issue. Kent Moomaw's remarks about Anita Ekberg were probably facetious. For some unknown reason, Wally is hoarding his copies of ZOBBLER, and he refuses to mail any of them out. Rest assured, when he decides to send some of them out, you will not be spared. --- BRT))





MB

\$15.00 For the set.

CRY OF THE READERS - continued)

AND NOW WE HAVE EVIDENCE OF THE DIGITAL DEXTERITY OF DUMPY DEECK:

Fat Editors:

What crass pettifoggery is this, wild tads of Seattle? What craven knavery is being foisted upon my naive and angelic-like dome by you scavengers of the Northwest? Fat Pfeifer is soon to breathe his last if he errs in addressing my copy of CRY again. Toilet tissue don't come cheap in these parts.

Was this Weber one of the group of fat cats who went about obstructing people's views, blinding their eyes with the dazzling flash of a minor atomic explosion emanating from an attachment to a camera, and in other ways literally making asses (some of which I'd liked to have kicked) of themselves at the convention? If not, then I enjoyed the cover.... even the negroid Al Capp and friend, neither of whose faces were distinguishable.

Toskey, in his ever "interesting" "Amazing Stories in Review", says, and I quote quite fiendishly, "A 'Meet the Authors' department was instilled" in Amazing. It is evident that Toskey, boy bore, needs to be "stilled" and quickly if you please. I don't care if he is stilled in or out. He does prattle quite solemnly about nothing, n'est-ce pas?

I got an over-loud impression (Who are you to say my impressions ain't loud, churls?) from W. Kraus's "Who Goes Where?" that the author is unusually enamoured with his name; that the author wrote said story for a two-fold purpose: primo, to see his name in print often; secundo, to use the pun "aimlessly...but not Ameslessly," which was the best thing about the story. However, since I for one abhor puns, you can just imagine how I felt toward the story.

"Cry of the Readers" always distinguishes itself in CRY. Usually it is the best thing in the whole dern 'zine. Chock full of humor, human interest, and typos, it typifies all that CRY is -- or at least what CRY tries to be. I especially enjoy seeing one of my less-than-literary gems in the stiff-upper-lip letter column. But regard, churls: if you don't send me a copy of the fat 'zine, then I can't comment and my letters don't appear. When my letters don't appear, I get all kinds peeved and emotionally disturbed and say even worse type things than I regularly do (and, God knows, the regular comments ain't joy unbounded.) Ware be, obese tads, or comes a reckoning.

CRY OF THE READERS - continued)

Right good cartoons haphazardly thrust in with the con report. Can't say the same for the report itself. The good con report should run somewhat like this, with fewer words if possible: "Went to the con. Had a good time. Wish you'd been there. You were? Glad I missed you." As I say, it's a trifle long; but I don't feel like going all-out for brevity tonight.

Pemberton apologiz~~es~~ because he can't criticize F&SF? Pemberton cheers nearly each and every issue of Galaxy: Pemberton's cup is full with PEANUTS AND POGO, tho it would be more appropriate to have it flow over with hemlock.

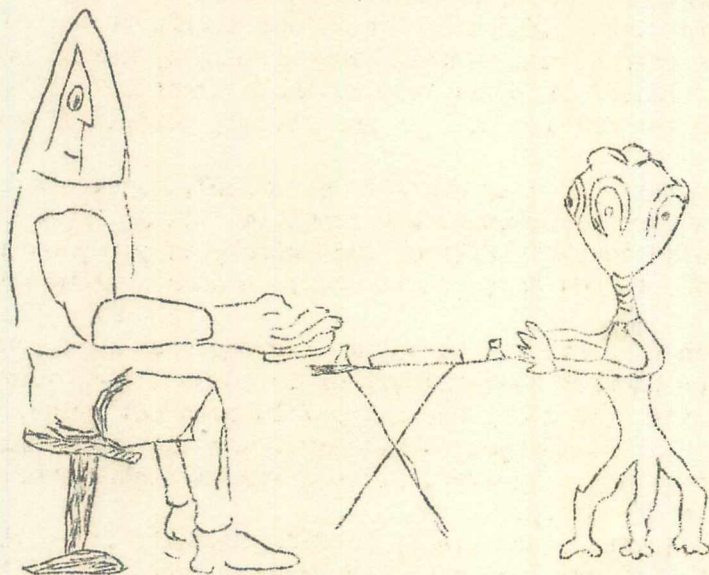
Give Weber 2nd place with his "Minutes". No.1, of course, goes to your corpulent, and sometimes violent, correspondents; they do suffer, you know.

My typing was, and still is, getting worse than usual -- which is, you'll agree, pretty abysmal and irritating -- and I was going to quit at the end of one wonderful page, but I run over. How now?

I don't know what my standing is in re future copies. Your able (chuckle) mathematician has not yet advised this poor soul if said soul is arrears. Therefore, I shall figure it out for myself. Lessee now: I originally contributed a munificent sum of twenty-five cents (25¢, \$0.25), which shock up, if you recall, your boy with the abacus. The twenty-five cents entitled me to two, three, or two and one half copies. (This question of the number of copies I could have for the burning has never been satisfactorily settled; quiet reigns in Seattle while your humble boy prestidigitator of the numbers silently munches his nails.) But aside from the cash which I so benevolently bestowed on you, I also had had an ungodly number of letters published, which, or so rumor has it, entitles me, the ineffable Wm., to a free issue. Then, too, there is the looming question of the misaddressed CRY, for which I shall never forgive you. Thus, with this quarter of a dollar (twenty-five cents, 25¢, \$0.25) you will find enclosed, I figure -- and this is to the fifth decimal point -- you owe me 604 issues, give or take 600. And let your fat adder try to dispute that!

Bet you wished I'd closed on the first page, don't you?

Economically yours,
Wm. Deeck
8400 Potomac Ave.
College Park, Maryland



((Blame R. Pemberton for all the typos in the letter column last issue. If you abhor puns, then taking note of your third paragraph, it is evident that you hate yourself intensely.

Every time you talk about the number of ish you have coming, you tell us you have sent us a different sum in the past. Luckily we have the correct figures, and our records do not lie. We remailed you a copy of #95 -- haven't you received it yet? If not let us know -- you had two letters in it! According to our figures, you have exactly 6 (six) issues coming, as of now.

If you complain further, we'll be happy to send you our adder -- but be careful - it's poisonous.

---- BRT))

".... AND THIS GAME IS CALLED 'SCRABBLE'."

CRY OF THE READERS - continued)

AND NOW A FEW KIND WORDS FROM MOOMAW, TERROR OF THE MAU MAU:

Dear Ones:

I'm not using a typer for some very good reasons, so these comments on CRY #95 will be necessarily shorter than the long, detailed ones you like. Asi es la vida, and all that jazz.

You had good repro this time, for a change. Even your headings look halfway decent. I do not, however, like the combo of dittography and mimeography. One or the other, but not both.

Say, that was certainly a masterful review of SIGMA OCTANTIS #5 that Amelia did. She spends her space plugging CRY and arguing with Gary Labowitz, then sticks in three lousy lines about the mag itself. Isn't that nice of her? I may sound bitter, but that's only because I am, having had a long 10 page story in that ish of SIGOCT, and having received no egoboo whatsoever for it. Ghu

Both stories were miserable. I'm getting highly disgusted with CRY fiction.

I'm not enclosing money, since you supposedly credit free ishs for letters, but I'll send along a copy of ABERRATION in a few weeks.

Re CRY #96: Your best cover to date, of course...photos of individuals are much better than long shots...conrep too disorganized and forced...sidelight on Bok Wally's only good part...Hooray for the lettering guides!...Garrett poem tops, through no fault of your own, it being reprint...rest of stuff pretty much ecc-h-h-h...

Luck (You need it),
Kent Moomaw
6705 Bramble Avenue
Cincinnati 27, Ohio

((I'm afraid you'll just have to put up with the combo of ditto and mimeo -- it's the most efficient way of publishing a large zine -- this way two of us can be printing it at once. Besides, we like a little color and variety. What do we need luck for? CRY had been going for 97 issues now, and it has achieved so much momentum that it will continue to be published even after it loses all its subscribers -- financed by Wally's Boeing paycheck if necessary ----BRT))

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