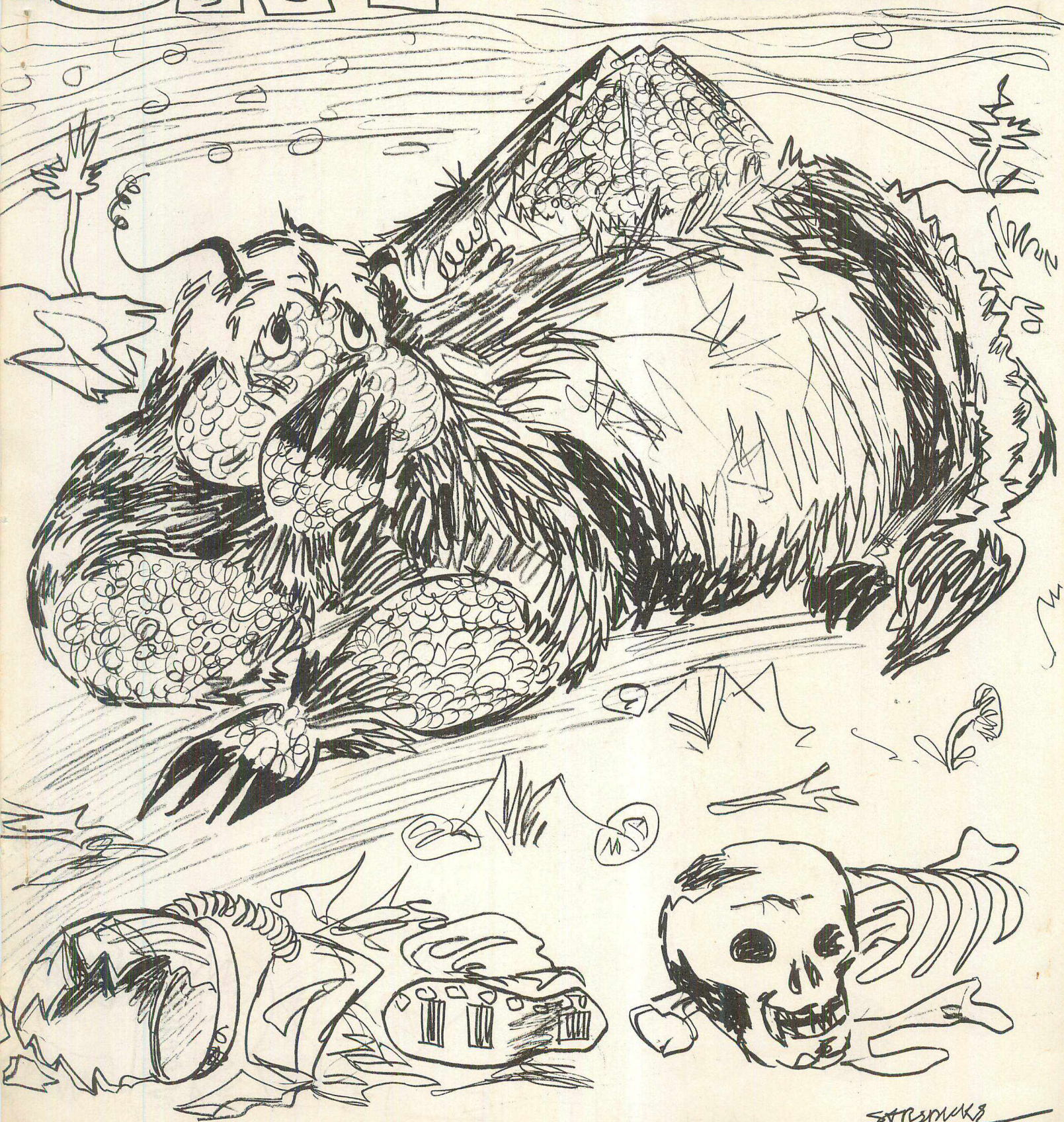


CRAZY

NO. 98

OF THE NAMELESS



STRASMOKE

CRY OF THE NAMELESS

December 1956 issue

Number 98

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NON-ROYAL FLUSH

The Wm. Austin's have nicknamed recently arrived Robert Raoul "No-Count Dracula" -- for obvious reasons.

ANNOUNCEMENT:

First hand UFO reports from the Southwest will feature their third public lecture to the Aerial Phenomena Research Group, announced Robert J. Gribble, the executive director of the organization.

Mr. Gribble says that the principle speaker for the next meeting will be Dan Fry from California, an authority on aerial phenomena.

As usual, the meeting will be held at Serbian Hall, 4332 - 15th S. On a January date to be announced later. For further information call LA 0744.

Announcement of Nameless Meetings: December 6, 1956
December 20, 1956
January 3, 1957
January 17, 1956

meetings are held in the YMCA, downtown Seattle at fourth and Marion,
Meeting Time: 8:00 P.M.

A MOST EXCLUSIVE INTERVIEW

by: Waddagobble De Gook

W. Kraus, world famous raconteur, author, and ham word juggler, reclined in the modestly velvet-lined plush-cushioned piano stool smirking superciliously at Hiram Smedley, ace reporter of the Interworld T-Videobroadcasting News Agency. Billions of ordinary people in their homes on Earth, Mars, Venus, and Pluto thrilled at their first sight of the immortal creator of the greatest works of literature known to mankind; the truly thrilling thing about Mr. Kraus was not the fact that he was a great writer. What really assured W. Kraus of undying fame for as long as mankind shall breathe was his biographical comic-strip portrayal of the greatest scientist of the 20th century, Professor Ames.

"Harumphhh!" growled W. Kraus, and billions thrilled to the first words uttered by the great man. Hiram Smedley had just completed a long eulogy, and Mr. Kraus's endearing reply would be sure to entrench him even more firmly in the heart of mankind.

"But the thing most of us are thinking about," went on Hiram, "is your famous accounts of the great Professor Ames. Every person over the age of 3 is thoroughly familiar with your accounts of how, in his last adventure, he and his two companions were served as man and eggs to a monster in the era of the Trinxer ---"

W. Kraus beamed, tweaked his goatee, and said in a low pulsating voice, "My favorite story, er, I mean historical factual account, was where he invented a space ship in the shape of a cube, and disappeared into the bowels of the Earth."

"Yes, that's my favorite too," Hiram was quick to say, and the opinion was immediately universal. "I think the most fascinating thing about Professor Ames was that in each adventure he would meet some seemingly inescapable doom, dying outright in most cases, and yet in the next episode he would appear again, as hale and hearty as ever. This has made many of us common folk curious. I wonder if you could be persuaded to tell us how Professor Ames Really died."

W. Kraus grinned widely, revealing black snoose-stained teeth. "By a sheer coincidence my imagination, er, I mean MY EXHAUSTIVE HISTORICAL RESEARCH, has finally unearthed the very information to which you allude."

Hiram's face mirrored uncontrollable passionate curiosity, "Could you ---"

Kraus had lapsed into a world of his own. He closed his eyes and leaned back, a dreamy expression on his ageless face. He narrated the story of how Professor Ames met his final fate.

"Ah, what a mad genius was Professor Ames! How great a debt the world of science owes to his indefatigable life energies. Were it not for his miraculous resurrections, science would be but a remnant of what it is today. But even Professor Ames could not escape the inevitable. He died heroically in pursuit of scientific knowledge, a martyr to higher learning.

"His last great experiment was, in some respects, the most ambitious of all his many famous exploits. Had he succeeded, he would have been the first man to cross the Pacific Ocean in a balloon. Unfortunately, he made the one mistake of his entire career, but that is perhaps excusable. You see, he had been engaged for some time in nuclear research."

"You mean ---"

"He constructed the balloon out of the lightest materials he had available."

"And ---?"

"They say he went over like a lead balloon," finished W. Kraus.

THE END

(4)

SCIENCE-FICTION

Field

FLOWED UNDER

By
RENFREW
PEMBERTON

I practically swore on a stack of ASTOUNDINGS not to do this anymore — start this column right after the last CRY was run off; it gets too much wordage this way. But, oh well. —

FANTASTIC UNIVERSE Jan '57: Bokcover; these are fun. Story behind the cover is 'WAY behind, as usual; corn must grow well on Venus. This is probably suppose to provide otherwise-absent "personality" to FU; a letterhack-mart would do more.

A nominal 128pp, nine stories and the BN side of NyCon II by 4SJ (2pp); Acky's viewpoint can be summed up in his statement "David Kyle, E. E. Evans, James Taurasi, myself and 2 others were elected Directors of the World Science Fiction Society." (Underlining is mine.) The 2 others were probably just faazans, I guess; it wouldn't do to mention their names. I dunno; 4E wasn't like that at Portland; must be the agent game. (PS -- F-T says the piece was cut. Maybe its the fault of cotton-pickin' Hans.)

The fiction runs from 2 to 46pp averaging about 13 per tale. Nourse's "Martyr" is the length and depth: here's a plot with more than the solid blacks and whites we so often settle for. The ending is unexpectedly inevitable.

De Camp's "A Thing of Custom" is more fun with alien visiting VIP's; Lion S. does this well enough to avoid the rewrites he'd do for more perfectionist editors. John Brunner's punchline came by telegraph in "Eye of the Beholder"; if he were the first on this theme he would have a terrific piece here; it's done well. If you've read any of C. L. Moore's "Northwest Smith" you'll appreciate her vignette here. Lyn Venable's "Grove of the Unborn": I don't know whether a different ending would have helped or not; the gimmick of the peculiarity of the alien race was fine, but I'm tired of losers, especially losers through their own goddam stupidity. This Tyndall was a moderately sympathetic character; why should he get so untimely arrogant all at once? "Mex" by Wm. Logan reads amateur; lots of promise but little delivery. Sort of underdone Bradbury, which is indeed rare.

"Gr-r-r" by Roger Arcot, one line from "The Compleat Werewolf" expanded into a story. My trouble is I've read too much of this crazy Lon Chaney stuff. I'll bet Boucher bounced this before Santesson got it. "The Valor of Cappen Varra": I don't know the primary purpose of Poul Anderson's research into the ways of the Northlanders but I'm certainly enjoying the byproducts thereof. This is great good fun. "Dream Town" by Henry Slesar is good fantasy of an intruder into an unexplained but vivid community dream.

Santesson is upgrading FU as far as he's gone; I would like to know, however, WHY does he have to continue the big blurbs unner the liddle blurbs?

AMAZING, Dec. '56: I said I'd do one more of these and I am. 7 stories totalling 112pp and averaging 16 -- range 8 to 34pp. I suspect three "authors": Malcolm Meade because of the alliteration and because one of "his" major characters is named Whitey Mean (Dep't of Somebody Goofed); C. H. Leslie for "his" hauntingly familiar style over an unfamiliar name; Richard Greer because I suspect his "The Great Kladnar Race" of being another direct steal as mentioned last month. Whether there was ever a story of a British garrison in desert country entitled or concerning The Great Camel Race, I do not at this moment recall, but it hath a nostalgic flavor, especially the gimmick. It's a good gimmick, too; most believable. I'd surely appreciate anyone who recognizes the sourcetale dropping me a line c/o the CRY.

Meade's "The Galaxy Master" goes quite well for Action, up to the point where the title character sets up an arbitrary ordeal for the protagonist, for no possible reason but the author's whim. It doesn't fit the buildup and it doesn't rationalize the outcome. Author and editor were both in a slovenly hurry; too bad, because this could have been quite good of its type.

Slesar's "Repeat Broadcast" wasn't much but I enjoyed it; who wants the Meaning of the Cosmos in each and every tale? As a matter of fact, all the rest of this issue is somewhat likable. Leslie's android-wife satire on Tommy Manville, Garrett's version of the perennial, future-weapon-in-hands-of-hoodlum, Silverberg's pioneers-up (and down), Greer's "Great Kladnar Race" as above-mentioned, and in a sordid sort of way, Ellison's "Tracking Level" -- though Harlan should either have done a lot more with this, or a lot less.

If you're fresh out of stf and not a purist, you'll like this stuff. If you have trouble finding time to read the best, skip it.

MADdicts will note the 'stands appearance of "Utterly MAD" (Ballantine #178, 35¢), PB series of reprints from the comicbook (good ol') days.

The Ballantine (#179, 35¢) reprint of Sturgeon's "E Pluribus Unicorn" appears to be a fulldress version of the hardcover edition, in contrast to some "cut" pb authos. These stories are almost entirely selected from Sturgeon's "freak" period, which culminated in "More Than Human"; during this phase he made most of his points about people through exaggerating his characters into unmistakable abnormality. Example: if there is one normal person in "The Stars are the Styx" I haven't been able to locate him or her. Since that time he has become increasingly able to portray more or less normal people and build stories around them. Some of these in "Unicorn" are mainly science-fiction, most are unmistakably fantasy, and two or three are hardly either but effective nonetheless. There are some very poignant bits here.

We just received another fanzine in which some lover of transplanted-Westerns and/or precious-precious-prose took off on your benefactor and mine, Horace Gold. Unless this is another bandwagon fad, this teasing-off on ol' Horace in chorus, I plain don't get it. Over the years GALAXY has had much less than its pagewise share of the field's crud. The zine got off to a beautiful start in 1950 while its major competitor was in more than somewhat of a slump (that's aSF, which was punishing us with de Camp's ridiculously-padded "Hand of Zei" at the time.) Since then Gold has had his ups and downs like any other Ye Ed, but mostly ups. One of the worst slumps in GALAXY's history took place early this year; anyone who may think I'm flacking for Gold as a steady thing may refer to the Plowing

that went on in the first half of '56. The man, said, himself, that his authors all came dry at the same time. He was rather frank in his willingness to shoot the works and the hell with the next issue when he finally got his lunch-hooks on a couple of Sturgeon pieces. It's an open secret that the \$6,500 prize contest backfired badly; "Preferred Risk" was aromatic in the wrong direction even after extensive editorial rewrites, besides being mildly plagiaristic, but when you announce a contest you have to deliver, unless you're another well-known publisher who never did tell us how the guy got his head out from between the magnetized steel beams from which he was hanging, back in early WWII. (Anybody remember that one? They printed a "list of winners" but no answers at all).

About midyear GALAXY pitched what I consider a terrific comeback, still operative. The Jan '57 issue, 74th or 75th of the mark, winds up the most potent serial of the year. Yes, I read "Double Star" and "Door Into Summer"; loved 'em. I'm not really sure yet whether I like "The Stars My Destination" or not; I'll read it as a whole in a couple of months and find out. Like it or not, this piece has as much impact (if not more) as any stf printed in the last 17 years. One member of our local stf-and-coffee club, The Nameless Ones, by no means a neofan, found herself unable to continue reading "Stars" somewhere in the first half because it had too MUCH impact for her. I'll confess I had to stop and catch my breath more than once with somewhat the same feeling, but I doubt you have the money to have hired me NOT to finish "Stars".

I'm not satisfied with the way it finished -- too many holes in the motivation. Maybe these will fill up on the reread, but Gully's turnabout is too fast and insufficiently urged, from here. Outside of this and a few other discrepancies the thing is terrific.

The rest of the issue is adequate and would get more comment in lesser company. Kris Neville's novelet "Moral Equivalent", on aliens who slavishly copy Earthly conduct out-of-context, isn't of the newest but is nicely done. The other novelet, timetraveltwitch "Butterfly 9" by Donald Keith(?), is fresher of concept but too easy. Galouye and Pohl have the shorts: deserted robots who develop religion, and the Army's ineptitude (this, I believe) in handling a quasi-mad scientist with a body-changer.

I cannot agree with some of GALAXY's critics that Gold is editing a "formula" zine; the argument stands not up under test-by-perusal. It's erratic, certainly, as with any publication trying for originality. If you want uniform quality, it's easy to find Hacktion-crud in the pure state with very little contamination by original thought. Maybe that's the goal of the Gold-haters.

I agree with them, however, that the editorials of H. L. are oftentimes birdworthy. It's been said that Horace editorializes crummily because he didn't and doesn't want to have editorials period (the readers voted for them against his desires). Some of the most picked-on Goldpages, though, strike me as being deliberate but too-mild attempts to satirize the editorials of a well-known Ye Ed who pluckily strives to think-stimulate his reading public, occasionally going into deep center field in the attempt. Horace my old friend is just too goddam subtle for the trade at times.

ASF, Dec. '56: we lead off with another of Robert/Randall's Nidorian novelets. Reads fine by itself, but as part of a series it takes 36pp to confirm what the last previous had hinted: the Earthmen are diddling the Nidorian culture for their own purposes. This particular revelation took one or two pages in the similar situation in the "Rerma shall be destroyed" job about 1951 (typist's addition -- "Blood's A Rover" - Chad Oliver - 1952) so I'm not as thrilled with "False Prophet", thish, as might be imagined. You're a goodly lads, RoRan, but make it march, please.

The shorts: Shaara's presidential-responsibility extrapolation is done with loving care. Budrys' exposition of decadence, also; presumably a takeoff on European contempt of "barbaric" America. But why?

The windup of Asimov's "Naked Sun" is much better on the stf side than as a whodunit; I doubt that mystery-writing ethics approve of practically omitting the prime villain until the last 50pp or so. Because I didn't particularly care who the murderer was, anyhow, but was rather preoccupied with Life, the Spacers, Earthfate, etc., I enjoyed quite a bang out of "Naked Sun". Elinor Busby pointed out an apparent major flaw: if Solarians couldn't stand personal presence they surely would have utilized artificial insemination to obviate the necessity of marriage &c. Mark Walsted, I understand, pointed out that Solaria had forgotten many Earth techniques, to the point that the planet's one sociologist believed he had invented the study, so that art. insem. could have easily been unheard-of by Solaria. My reaction: howcome Isaac the Meticulous didn't plug this loophole for himself, hey?

I'd have to reread the Big Three concurrent serials all-to-once, each, to try to rate them comparatively. As is, let's just say it's been great, with Bester somewhat the greatest for now.

Asimov also has an article on the odd circumstances behind the names of chemical elements, and John W. Astounding, Jr., takes a good cut at the "superiority" of the humanic sciences over mathematical techniques.

OTHER WORLDS, Jan '57: this "bi-monthly" is irregular but here is its sixth newsstand appearance for 1956, so let's don't be calling RAP a cheerful liar just yet. Here we have a little over 54,000 words of stories by contents-page count; three titles in a 98-page zine, which is of course somewhat less than others are offering for your 35¢. Unless you count pocketbooks, which are occasionally a total loss. I don't think OW is a loss; it do have a fierce flavor in the material, AND ol' Rap. Byrne's "Metamorphs" has a lot on the ball despite a certain lack of clarity; I'm still not sure I got the gimmick but I enjoyed looking for it. In general I am NOT a Byrne fan; absolutely couldn't wade through some of his more "colossal" pieces a few years back. But this one has its good points.

Rob't Wms' "High Gods" number suffers from the old trouble of Telegraphy: if you start off with the Great Race, then cut to the Earthman's War, where must you inevitably end up?? It's just that this has been done so multifariously (multiferously?? I'm tired tonight); maybe I better get off this racket before I get to seeing all similarities and no differences.

Evelyn Martin's "Ghost Planet" is a well-timed job that jumps out of the rut you think she's digging for herself. The premise of a planet on which all the working stiffs elude their trolleys is not particularly gasp-making but her treatment is choice.

That's probably all the reviews for this time; tomorrow morning I have to catch a plane to a couple-three weeks of where stf gets in about that late. It's probably incongruous, a stfan balking at air-travel, but my solar-plexus doesn't think so. Diaphragms up, all!

Out-of-Town Addenda: Got hurting for stf so badly I picked up FANTASTIC (Feb '57) — first one in a couple of years. The emphasis seems to have changed away from the morbid toward the pleasantly but determinedly inconsequential. The new editor has an aching urge to get along with his reading public, using all the weapons in the arsenal of child psychology

in his letters section. Here as in AMAZING, the "letters" appear to be excerpted lovingly from the received missives; I find it hard to believe that real people waste postage on four-line squibs as printed.

119 of 130pp are devoted to seven stories, a 17-page average. Book reviews by Villiers Gerson — wasn't Garson Villiers used as an author's name by this chain for a time? Which is for real, if either?

Aside from Ellison, Silverberg, and Slesar, the authors here are pretty anonymous outside of Z-D, so there's no way to distinguish house-names: Jarvis, Leslie, Burke and Mitchell are listed.

Ellison and Silverberg are slumming here, possibly with their rejects. Harlan's weakly-sexed "World of Women" is as routine as Bob's telepathic-monster.

Slesar's "Beauty Contest?" and Jarvis' 45-page "Biddy and the Silver Man" contain the most believable characters of the issue. The rest have been here before, and will no doubt be here again, slightly redrawn but recognizable. People and plots.

Seems as though we'll be a little behind, this month. The stf only comes in here on the boats, and it's all here that's gonna get here before deadline. So next month — just watch out.

There's a Sheckley story in the September PLAYBOY somebody left out in the hall. "Love, Inc." is skillfully done in the oldtime smart-aleck Sheckley manner which he has largely outgrown in stfzines. It's appropriate enough here, as PLAYBOY is essentially a smart-aleck zine. Let's be precise; the word is smart-ass. I've mentioned before that PLAYBOY and the likes of it are attempting to emulate the early ESQUIRE, which was quite bold for its day. The difficulty is, these entrepreneurs do not make the grade either in talent or judgment; that is, guts or brains. ESQUIRE in its heyday had belly-laugh; these things just snigger. If you think I'm kidding, look up some back-files.



— FIRST FAN EVER
TO CRASH THROUGH
THE BHEER BHARRIER! —

-pH-

DIGGING t.h.e. FANZINES

Amelia Pemberton

GRUE #28. Published quarterly by Dean A. Grennell, 402 Maple Avenue, Fond du Lac, Wisconsin. 25¢ per issue (amounts greater than 50¢ discouraged), also distributed through FAPA.

Egad! This zine is 50 pages long, and it's all good. Very good. Exceedingly good. It's beautifully reproduced (on a Gestetner) and is neat and elegant in appearance. The artwork is most fannish and by a wide assortment of folk: Grennell himself, Rotsler, Arthur Thomson, Bergeron, Damon Knight, Patterson, Jenrette, etc. (couldn't figure out who etc. was). There are articles by Dave Jenrette, Es Cole, Chuck Harris, John Berry (another one about poor George Charters!), and Dean Grennell, a poem by George Charters about Ghoddminton and mailing comments by Robert Bloch. Alan Dodd, Bob Tucker, Dave Jenrette, Walt Willis, Bob Shaw, Phyllis Economou and Redd Boggs are among those represented in the letter column.

ECLIPSE #18. Ray Thompson, 628 South 20th St., Apt. III, Omaha 2, Nebraska. 10¢ per issue, 6/50¢. Trades accepted.

Duplication on this is easy to read but not pretty. There are uncorrected strikeovers and other small messinesses. Adkins' two illos were good; I did not care for the rest of the artwork. Headings are all rather poor.

You know, I can't review this zine without mentioning that ol' Ray reviewed CRY#94 and DIDN'T LIKE IT! Stinker! Cad! Unfan!

Well, got that off my chest. Ray, you hinted that you didn't think I had read very many fanzines. You are quite right — I doubt if I have read more than three or four hundred fanzines, and most of them were apazines or CRYs neither of which can really be considered to count. But I am not really a neofan — I am more a fringe-fan gradually working into faaandom. By the way, CRY#94 not only claims to be #94 but actually is #94. The CRY used to be a very minor deal — didn't get very big until we went subscription a couple years ago — but the numbering is for real.

To return to ECLIPSE (& high time, you say?) this contains a sercon editorial re racial integration, article by Herbert Beach rebutting article by Wm. Deeck in last ECLIPSE, fanzine reviews by the editor which I didn't altogether enjoy, pleasant and interesting conreport by J. M. Graetz, and six pages of letters from the readers.

YANDRO #46. R. & J. Coulson, 407½ E. 6th St., North Manchester, Indiana. 10¢ per copy, or 12 for \$1.00.

YANDRO likes CRY. Buck Coulson! Noble, talented, discriminating and beloved fanzine reviewer!

This zine has very neat reproduction and headings, and most elegant and varied artwork. Artists are Dan Adkins, Larry Bourne, Juanita Coulson, DEA (who's he ?), Marvin Bryer, Robert E. Gilbert, Bill Harry, Brian Lumley and Joe Lee Sanders. Some illos were better than others but the

average was high.

Contents include editorials, a review of the Japanese sf movie "Godzilla" by Gene DeWeese, fanzine reviews by RSC, columns by Alan Dodd and Marion Zimmer Bradley (the latter about non-fiction of interest to fans), and letters from the readers, who include Bob Tucker.

As always, a good zine.

OUTRE #3. George Spencer, 8302 Donnybrook Lane, Chevy Chase 15, Maryland. 15¢.

OUTRES #1 & 2 were very good, but this is better. Considerably better. It is beautifully duplicated and illustrated as before, and the new varityper adds some pleasant effects. There is much more outside material, and George's own writing has smoothed out — which was all it needed.

Contents include editorial, article/story by Larry Stark about how he and some other fans snubbed Arthur Clarke at the convention, articles by Algis Budrys and August Derleth, story by John Berry, reprinted poems by Arthur Thomson and Clark Ashton Smith, and a humorous article by Wm. Deek which is considerably better written than his article in Outre #2 which was criticized by H. L. Gold in the letter column.

"When he accuses me of bad writing, though, I do listen respectfully. One doesn't mangle prose as expertly as he does without becoming an authority on bad writing. I admire and envy the lurch of his sentence structure, the gallant spurning of syntax, the splendid contempt for logic — but imitate it? No, I'm intimidated by such literary recklessness and dizzied by the scaling of these peaks of grandeur. I'll have to be satisfied with an occasional puny little split infinitive."

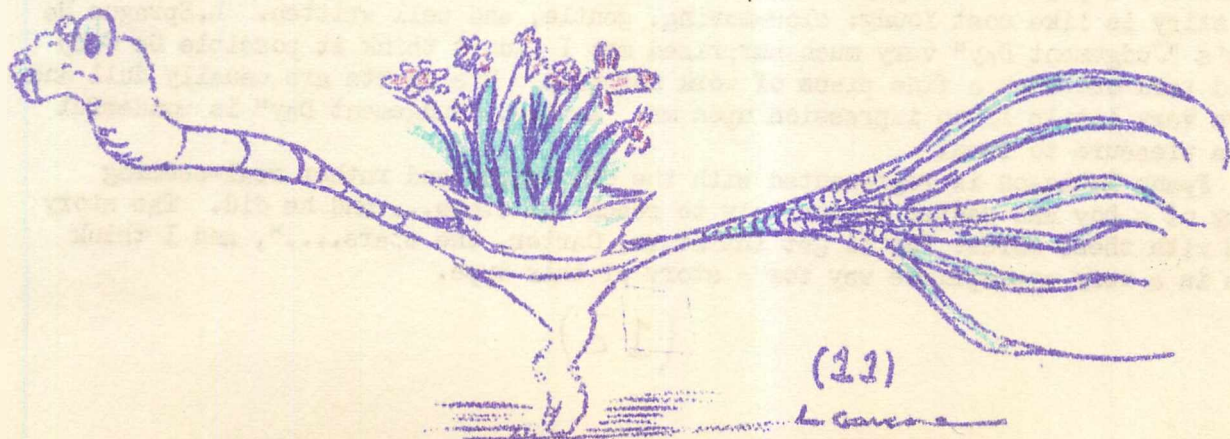
Deek, I love you — but I couldn't help quoting that. You gotta face facts, kid. H. L. Gold can write.

Other letters are from Leeh Shaw (indeed a good-humored and condescending BNF), Larry Stark, Boyd Raeburn, Ted White, Ron Ellick and Wm. Deek.

BRILLIG #5, Nov. 1956. Lars S. Bourne, 2436 $\frac{1}{2}$ Portland St., Eugene, Oregon. 10¢.

This contains an editorial, movie reviews by Georgina Ellis and Larry Sokol, mood piece by Don Stuefloten, articles by Guy Terwilliger and Richard Geis — neither of which I liked — and a letter section.

Geis' article was a plug for agnosticism. Terwilliger's article, purporting to be about the science fiction field as a whole, showed outstandingly poor critical judgment. He condemned GALAXY utterly, and speaks well of IMAGINATION, IF, FANTASTIC UNIVERSE and INFINITY — all of which are, in my opinion, vastly inferior to GALAXY. He speaks of "the completely incoherent ramblings so often found in Galaxy." What the hell is he talking about? He doesn't mention a single story, by name or content. Personally, I doubt if he's ever read GALAXY. Probably somebody told him it was no good and he's based his judgment on that. It reads that way to me.



UNDER the STARS

(Book reviews by Martin A. Fleischman)

For a long time, 1956 will be remembered as the year the science-fiction recession ended and six new magazines were added to the list. At this writing, five of these zines have appeared and have already taken on a personality all their own. Although most of the fiction featured are fairly competent jobs, they are no match for the superior novels published this year.

Without hardly any doubts whatsoever, the top novel is "Double Star" by Robert A. Heinlein. Originally serialized in ASF, Doubleday published it as a hard cover book and I understand it is that company's most successful title to date. A tale of suspense and interplanetary intrigue, Heinlein tells the story convincingly and his descriptions and characterizations make for novel that perhaps falls under the category of "Classic".

*****Leigh Brackett's moving tale of simple life, forbidden knowledge, and two boys' endless search for the truth, "The Long Tomorrow", comes in second, and if not for a surprisingly weak ending, would perhaps tie with "Double Star". The book is full of soft, gentle touches and demonstrates the simple style for which the Mistress of Space Opera is known. Unfortunately, the book does lack real characters (except for Granny), but in this case I think we can neglect this just once.

*****Although Frank Herbert (to me, at least) is an unknown writer, his Doubleday novel (and isn't it ironic all these are from Doubleday?) "The Dragon in the Sea" is no second-rate job. Recounting the adventures of a future American submarine in wartime, Herbert makes his story read like that of a master of the trade. This novel would make an excellent film; I sincerely hope some studio grabs it up. If done properly, this could be a great asset to SF as would the delayed "The Demolished Man".

*****In his FOR BEMS ONLY column, "Books for Bems Only", Kent Moomaw makes the following statement: "Dikty will have to go some to match this ("SF: The Year's Greatest Science-Fiction & Fantasy", Judith Merrill) as the cream of the crop, tho he'll probably include "Allamagoosa", "The Short Ones", and "Dance of the Dead". " Although anthologist Dikty has not included the aforementioned three stories in his yearly collection, "The Best Science-Fiction Stories & Novels, 1956", he has compiled a representative line-up of the year's best, and the stories featured are of a higher quality and more entertaining.

Though stories such as "A Canticle for Liebowitz", Walter M. Miller, "The Game of Rat and Dragon", Cordwainer Smith, which make up a small part of the Dikty book, received "Honorable Mention" with Merrill, the contents of both volumes contained different stories. This was indeed wise of Dikty for who would care to read the same story in two anthologies appearing within a few months of each other?

A run-down of the stories...

My favorite is Robert F. Young's slow-moving but interesting story of Sarith who headed for a planet on a psychiatric mission but arrived on the primitive planet Earth. The story is like most Young: slow-moving, gentle, and well written. L. Sprague De Camp's "Judgement Day" very much surprised me; I didn't think it possible De Camp could turn out such a fine piece of work nowadays. His shorts are usually dull and leave very little if no impression upon me. Anyhow, "Judgement Day" is wonderful --- a pleasure to read.

Frank Robinson is represented with the convincing and rather real-seeming story of a boy who wanted desperately to reach the stars... and he did. The story ends with these words: "He'll get the stars, Carter, the stars....", and I think this is a very appropriate way for a story of this type.

"Under the Stars" (concluded)

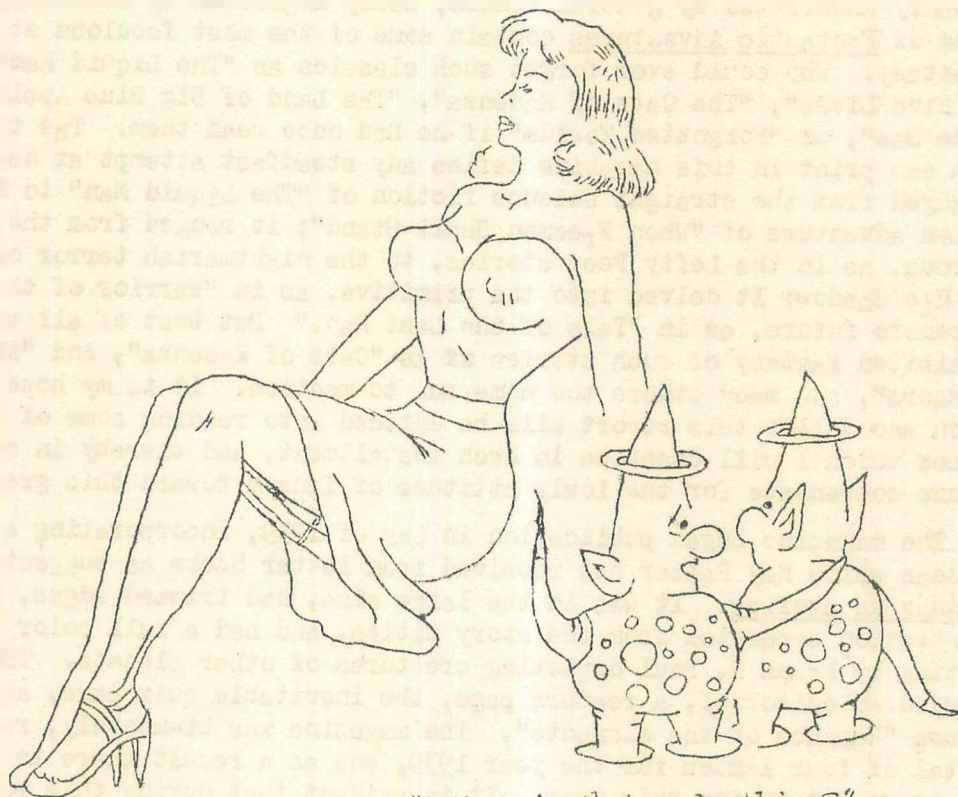
"You Created Us", Tom Godwin, is the finest story I've read by this top-notch writer who appears so infrequently. Another mutation one, but Tom's writing keeps you interested, and a nice climax is provided to give you a bit of a scare.

*****Andre Norton's latest novel, "The Crossroads of Time" is a vast disappointment. Whereas her "Space Police" collection was received rather well by me, her own novel bores me. A non-original plot -- a chase through time and parallel worlds --- and writing that seems as tho Norton wrote the book in a few days, makes me wish this story wasn't included as one half of an Ace Doubienovel.

** *The other Melf, "Markind on the Run" by Gordon R. Dickson is entirely of a different calibre -- which is most excellent. Dickson depicts a dictated society where the law requires people to move every few months, and for my money he has succeeded in writing an enjoyable "society" story. The writing is quite heavy, unlike most Doubienovels. You'll re-read this again and again.

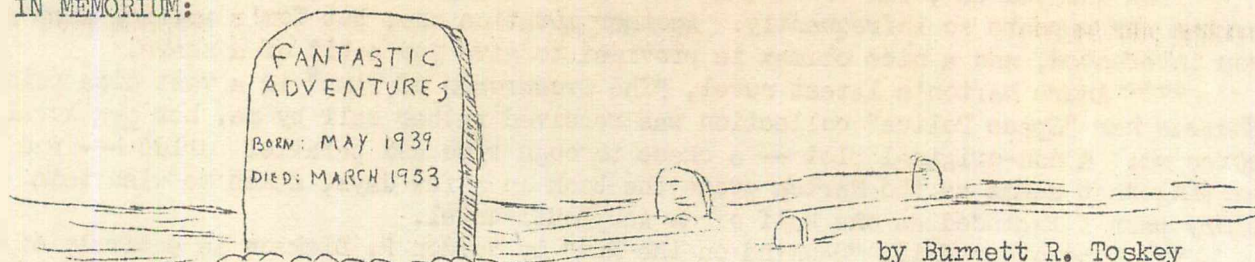
*****Like William Tenn's first Ballantine collection, "Of All Possible Worlds", his second, "The Human Angle" is -- in general -- excellent. Eight stories -- most of them from Galaxy -- are included, and I'd pick "Party of the Two Parts", a story about an alien who of all things sells pornographic literature, "Wednesday's Child", and "The Discovery of Morniel Mathaway" as the best of 'em.

THE END



"What is that ugly thing?"

IN MEMORIUM:



by Burnett R. Toskey

Part I: 1939

Fraeludium

In May of 1939, Raymond A. Palmer, editor of Amazing Stories, and the Ziff-Davis Publishing Company brought forth into the world one of the greatest science fiction-fantasy magazines ever published. This statement is, naturally, biased. It happens to be my personal opinion. In the eyes of general fandom Fantastic Adventures is generally regarded as one of the worst publications ever to pretend to aspire to the hallowed ranks of the austere science fiction field. I personally have a very tender regard for Fantastic Adventures, for it was a copy of this magazine which had the dubious honor of being the first fantasy magazine upon which my eyes laid rest. At a later date, when I "discovered" science fiction, so to speak, it was Fantastic Adventures and Amazing Stories which occupied my almost undivided attention. It is my steadfast opinion that these two magazines are sadly underrated by general fandom, sadly neglected by anthologists. The back issues of Fantastic Adventures contain some of the most fabulous stories in all of fantasy. Who could ever forget such classics as "The Liquid Man", "The Man With Five Lives", "The Cats of Kadenza", "The Land of Big Blue Apples", "Princess of the Sea", or "Forgotten Worlds" if he had once read them. The type of stories which saw print in this magazine defies any steadfast attempt at description. It ranged from the straight science fiction of "The Liquid Man" to the science-fiction adventure of "When Freeman Shall Stand"; it ranged from the ridiculously humorous, as in the Lefty Peep stories, to the nightmarish terror of "The Man Who Lost His Shadow"; it delved into the primitive, as in "Warrior of the Dawn" and into the remote future, as in "Tale of the Last Man." But best of all was the wild uninhibited fantasy of such stories as "Cats of Kadenza", and "King of the Dinosaurs", and many others too numerous to mention. It is my hope that those of you who follow this report will be enticed into reading some of the better stories which I will describe in each installment, and thereby in some small measure compensate for the lowly attitude of fandom toward this great magazine.

The magazine began publication in May of 1939, incorporating a great number of ideas which Ray Palmer had received from letter hacks as suggested improvements for Amazing Stories. It was in the large size, had trimmed edges, had the cover illustration separated from the story titles, and had a full color series of painting by Frank R. Paul depicting creatures of other planets. The departments included an editorial, a readers page, the inevitable quix page, and a pictorial feature "Romance of the elements". The magazine was bi-monthly, resulting in a total of four issues for the year 1939, and as a result there is not a great deal to report on for this year. It is evident that during this year the magazine was in its formative stage of development, and while a few good stories appeared, the true aspect of the magazine did not begin to emerge until about two years later.. During 1939, the magazine printed stories which were but little different from the stories in Amazing Stories, with slightly more accent on adventure. There were no novel-length stories printed during the year.

IN MEMORIUM: FANTASTIC ADVENTURES (concluded)

"B" Stories (in order of preference)

"The Scientists Revolt" by Edgar Rice Burroughs, July. Here is a story by burroughs which is so utterly different from anything else he ever wrote that it would be hard to detect his style. The story had a mixed reaction from the readers. It is probably the highest quality story of the year. It reveals Burroughs as a master of the "twisted dimensions" type of story, and it keeps you guessing from the beginning of the story to the end.

"The Golden Girl of Kalendar" by F. Orlin Tremaine, September. A very enjoyable story. It is a strange combination of pseudo-science, adventure, and primitive life. It reveals Tremaine as a writer capable of creating lifelike characters involved in a mixture of fantastic ideas, and yet incorporating the whole in a beautiful and compelling narrative.

"The Empress of Mars" by Ross Rocklyne, May. This story found considerable favor with the readers, and it is well-deserved. The action is fast, furious, and intelligent; the writing is filled with verve. A very satisfying story.

"The Man from Hell" by Polton Cross (John Russell Fearn), November. This story is not quite as good as the three stories described above, but is a taut story, realistically developed, and with both scientific and fantastic phenomena. It received high praise from the readers.

"C" Stories (in order of publication)

May: "Revolt of the Robots" by Arthur R. Tofte

"The Invisible Robinhood" by Eando Binder

"The Sleeping Goddess" by Maurice Ducloux

"Adventure in Lemuria" by Frederic Arnold Kummer, Jr.

"The Mummy of Ret-Seh" by A. Wyatt Verrill

July: "Intrigue in Lemuria" by Frederic Arnold Kummer, Jr.

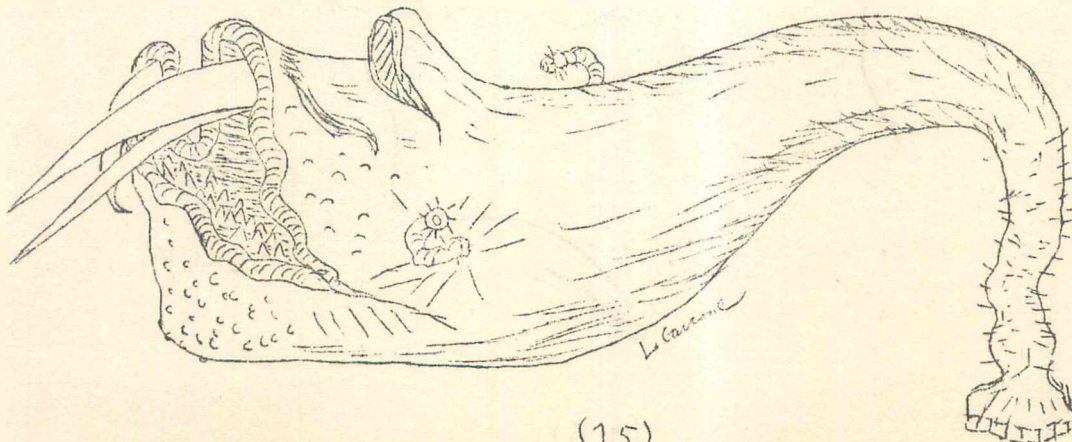
"Invaders from Sirius" by Ed Earl Repp

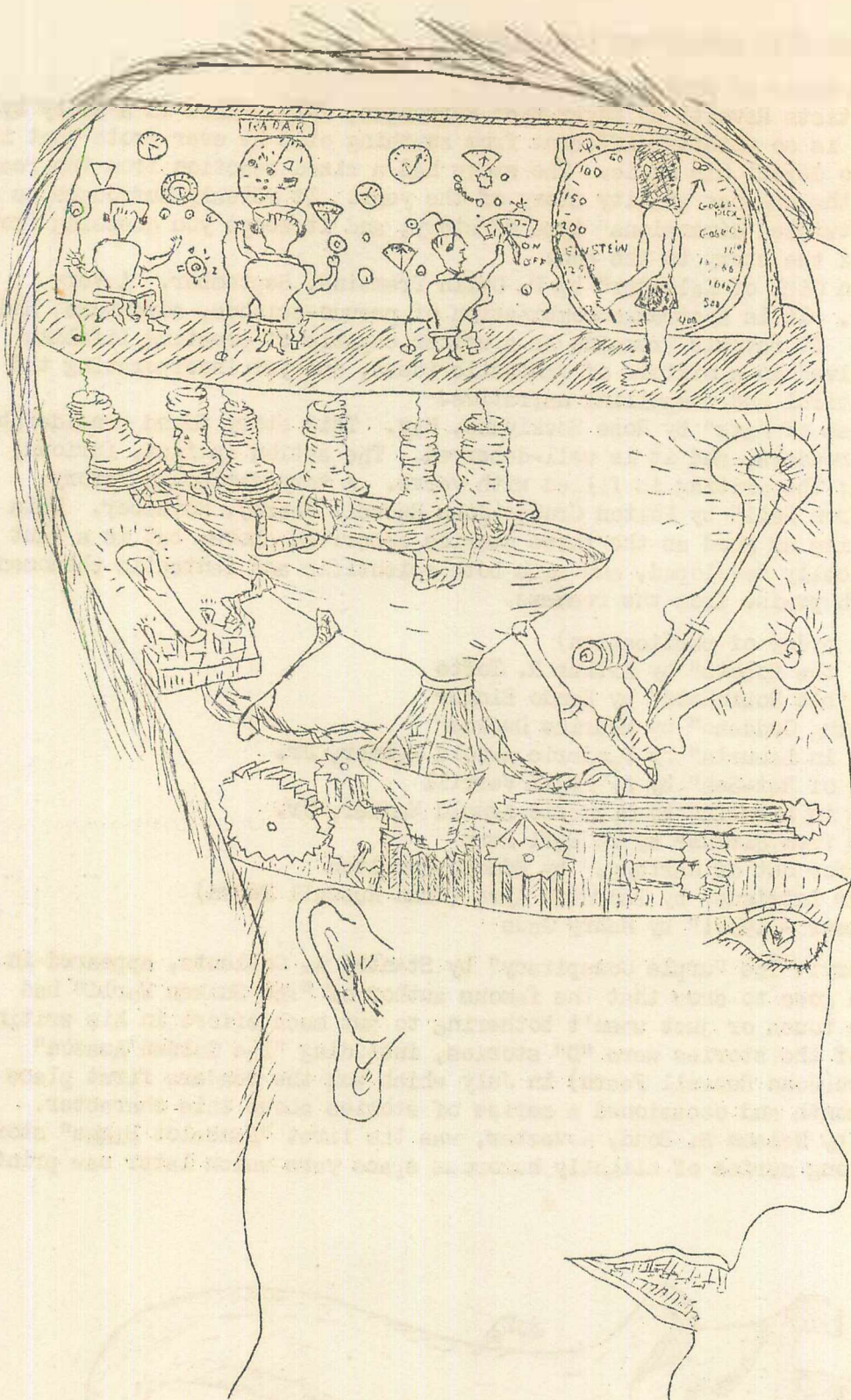
September: "Horror out of Carthage" by Edmond Hamilton

November: "Lunar Intrigue" by Thornton Ayre (John Russell Fearn)

"Pioneer - 1957!" by Henry Gade

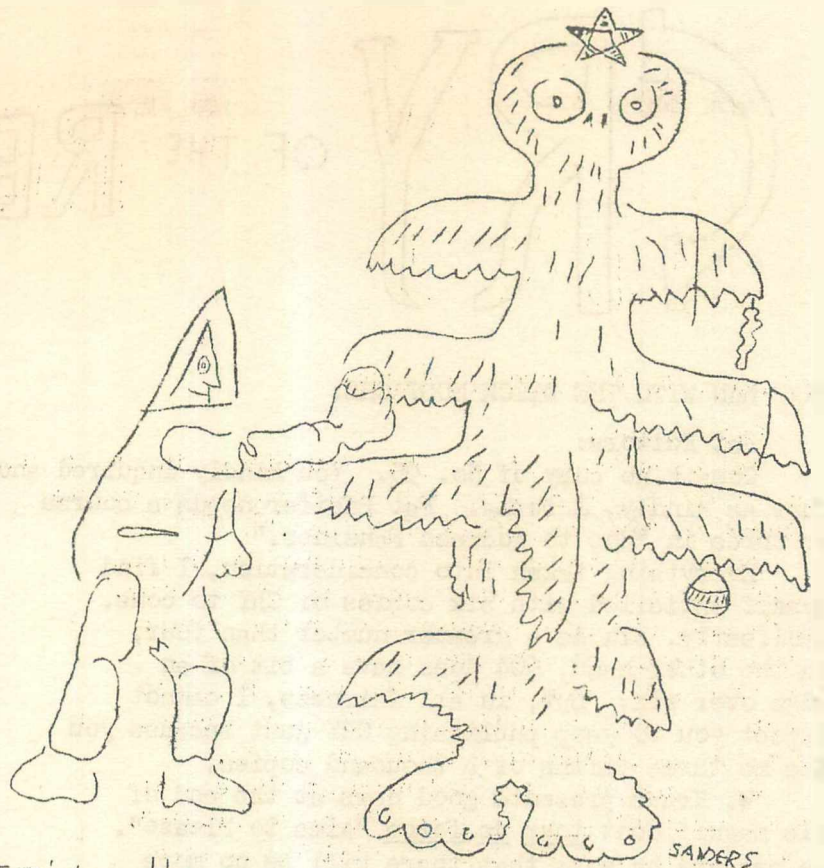
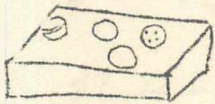
An "E" story: "The Purple Conspiracy" by Stanton A. Coblentz, appeared in November, which goes to show that the famous author of "The Sunken World" had either lost his touch or just wasn't bothering to put much effort in his writing. The remainder of the stories were "D" stories, including "The Golden Amazon" by Thornton Ayre (John Russell Fearn) in July which won the readers first place vote for that month and occasioned a series of stories about this character. "F.O.B. Venus" by Nelson S. Bond, November, was the first "Lancelot Biggs" story, which began a long series of slightly humorous space yarns which later saw print in book form.



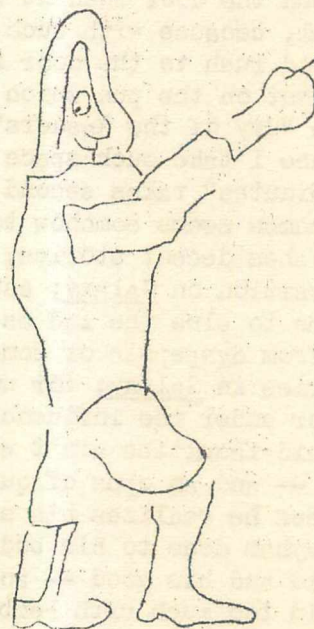
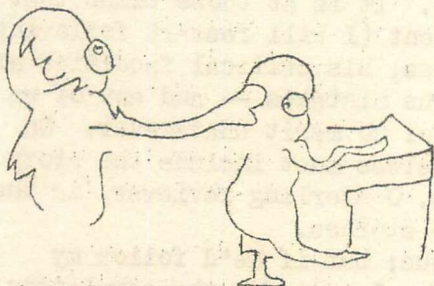
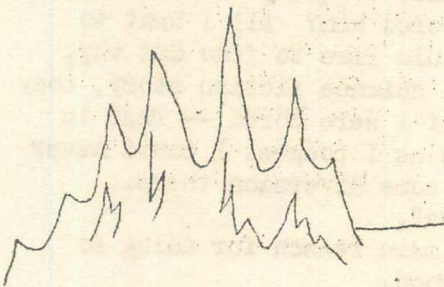


Portrait
of
Toskey

NOEL



"PLEASE, HOLD STILL"



A B C D
8 5 @ 40
 $1 + 1 = 2$
 $1 \times 1 = 1$
 $1 \div 1 = 1$
 $1 - 1 = 0$

SANDERS

"A — B — C — D — UH — UH"

CRY OF THE READERS

THAT MAN WITH THE DEECK MUSTACHE:

Fat Editors:

Cometh no copy of No. 95. You kindly inquired and, just as kindly, I reply. Fat Pfeifer needs a course or three in "How to Address Fenzines."

Everything taken into consideration, I find myself satisfied with six copies of CRY to come. Manifestly, six is a greater number than four; on the other hand, 604 does have a bit of an edge over six. But, in all fairness, I cannot expect you to keep publishing CRY just because you owe me three fifths of a thousand copies.

W. Kraus presents good news at the end of his magnificent tour de force "Aims to Please". In essence he says that there will be no more stories in his puerile series devoted to the Professors Ames and Toup. While on the series, I should like to query Comrade Kraus: How did Ames return to life after you had so brutally murdered him? All I want to know is How. Also, while we are on inconsistencies, I should like to find out why, if Ames and Toup were so bored to have to resort to read a science fiction story, they did not eagerly open the door when it was knocked upon. If I were bored -- That is purely hypothetical, because with such facile, alert brain as I possess I could never be bored --- I would rush to the door in hopes of finding some diversion there.

I shan't comment on the pun which ends "Aims to Please".

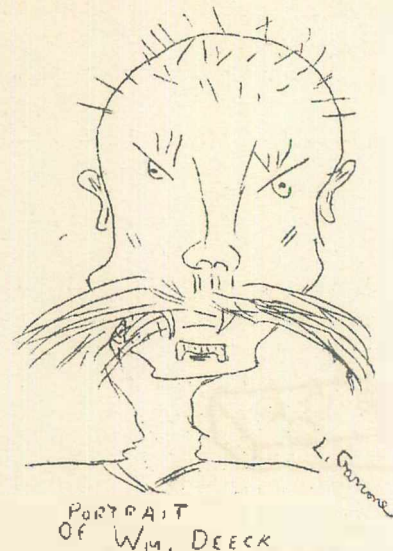
As usual give "Cry of the Readers" first place. The main reason for doing so this time is because I take much space and I'm so damned good.

Again, the "Minutes" takes second place.

Martin Fleischman seems somehow to have gotten the impression that I think Galaxy never publishes decent stories. Young and corpulent Martin seems to have misconstrued my position on Galaxy; and I should like to take the opportunity you have not offered me to clue the lad as to my stand. Comrade, there are times when fat H.L. suffers from dyspepsia or some other malady. It is at those times that he includes good stories in Galaxy; far under the influence of his malaise, his critical faculties are impaired. When said faculties ain't working right, he mistakes -- and any of us might do the same -- and an opus of quality for one of no merit whatsoever. On regaining his senses he realizes his error, but nonetheless must include the story of merit or see mayhem done to his budget. And that, O sterling reviewer, is the sordid tale of Gold and his good -- and infrequent -- stories.

Can't complain too much with Pemberton this issue; but if He'd follow my usual practice with serials, he'd be much better off. I wait for the completion of the serial before reading it. Just a hint from one who knows.

Satisfactorily mine,



CRY OF THE READERS (continued)

Wm. Deeck
8400 Potomac Ave.
College Park, Maryland

((Wally Weber addressed the second copy of #95, and I personally just addressed and mailed a third. Addressing is now out of Pfeifer's hands. The answer to your first question about Professor Ames appears elsewhere in this CRY. As to the second, they maybe were bored, but the story explicitly states that they were too lazy. Like you, I think that reading serials by the installment is for the birds and, apparently, Pemberton. No author conceives of his story as disjoint, so why should a story be read disjointedly. One can get a much clearer picture of the author's story by reading it at one sitting than by spreading it out over several months.-----BRT))

REMEMBER - "A GLOPKE IS A SNOOTEDS BEST FRIEND." (quote by Joe A. Blake)

Dear Crying Ones,

Received Cry #96. WHAT, NO LETTER FROM ME?

Oops, I didn't write one did I. Oh well,

First Sinisterra. Terrific cover. All stories and articles good. Especially G.N. Carr's. Put me down for the next issue.

Second #95. Didn't like the cover. Quite a difference between that and the one Garcone did for Sinisterra. The departments were all good as usual. The article was good. The fiction was better than usual. I await the return of the Spacehound but how can Prof. Ames return? On one story he disappears in a hole in the ground and in the next he is killed with a water pistol (???). What's Kraus going to do?

Third #96. The photographic cover was superb. All departments and fiction were good as was the convention report.

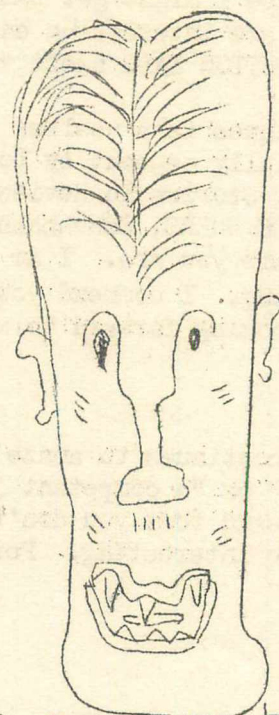
Now for a few comments. Are W. Kraus and BRT the same thing? (Thing was unintentional, honest). Are Squink Blog and Malcolm Willits the same thing? (Thing was unintentional, honest).

I hope SF Antiques will be a steady dept. WNA and wot happened to the report card?

Your artwork has improved greatly in the latest and I like your neat headings.

Toskey is doing a good job on Amazing in Review. I hope when he runs out of Amazings he does a column on some other zine.

I await another article by Walsted.



Portrait
of Joe Blake

Rockets awayyyyyyyyyYyy,
Joe A. Blake
9 Mt. Guyot St.

North Brookfield, Massachusetts

((Glad you liked Sinisterra, but don't hold your breath waiting for the next one. As far as I'm concerned there will never be another. Any material we get that's good we'll put in the CRY. By now you know what Kraus did with Professor Ames. No, W. Kraus and BRT are not the same thing, nor are Squink Blog and Malcolm Willits, as you can easily see by the differences in spelling. "Antiques" was apparently a one-timer; the Report Card folded from lack of ratings from fans. As you see, I've already embarked on a yearly column on another prozine. --- -BRT))

THAT MAN IS BOURNE AGAIN:

I am very sorry not to be able to comment on your wonderful mag sooner, but the fact is, I've been more than busy with college & such. However, now that I have gotten to it I might as well do some commenting.

THE SCIENCE FICTION FIELD PLOWED UNDER I didn't read again. I don't consider it too turrible interesting. But Pemberton does a competent job.

Amelia's column I always read. Not because she is such a good reviewer but mainly because I might get pained sometime. (I am egoboo mad, you know). Still, her reviews are interesting enough.

SF antiques is a useless column. Hoo wants to read about the past all the time, especially segment by boring segment.

WHO GOES WHERE. Echhhhhhhhhhhh

Lara Bourne
2436 1/2 Portland St.
Eugene, Oregon

A black and white line drawing of a character's head and shoulders. The character has a large, rounded head with a small, pointed nose and a small, closed mouth. The hair is depicted with several long, straight lines radiating from the top of the head. The character is wearing a simple, rounded garment. The drawing is done in a minimalist, sketchy style with clean lines.

(20)

CRY OF THE READERS (continued)

THE MAN WHO EXISTS:

All right youse guys, what gives?

You know I exist. Now don't try to deny it. You sent me CRY OF THE NAMELESS #97. I'm writing you in a white heat of confusion, without even having read the ish yet, so don't expect comments. Don't expect coherence. Expect questions.

What happened to #96? Has the Post Office triumphed again, and once more fouled up the Schultheis mail? Let's see. I gave someone a buck at the Newyorcon for a year of CRY; I forget who, now. Didn't get a receipt, dammit -- oh no you don't! I can hear your shriek of joy: "Ah ha! We have him there!" I think it was you, Weber. Yes, that's it. I'll blame you -- Anyhoo, that was for twelve issues. Also I see "(10)" on the mailing label. Can this mean that I have ten issues to go on the sub, and that #97 is therefore the second sent?

So what happened to #96? I was so looking forward to that con report. And a photo-offset cover yet. Sob!

Look, send me a copy of #96, pliz, even deducting it (again?) from my sub, if necessary. I WANT THAT ISSUE. Also, let me know what back issues are still available. I want them too. I will even pay for them, fantastic as that may seem.

And speaking of back issues, when I forked over the dollar at the Newyorcon, whoever it was that accepted it -- Ah ha, Weber! I see you trying to sneak out of the room --- mumbled something more or less coherent about sending me the available back issues of SINISTERRA --- gratis! Awright, we can do without the whoops of raucous laughter. (Come to think of it, I believe that SINISTERRA #8, which I received at that time, was supposed to come off the CRY sub. That would explain the absence of #96. Possibly, you hadn't proceeded to add my name to the subscription list yet. Um yes. By the way, did I mention that I'd like a copy of #96?) In any event, I've just been ransacking the house for the copy of SINISTERRA #5 I thought I had. Can't find hide nor hair of it anyplace. Sooo, any chance of getting copies of SINISTERRA #5, #6, and #7? Will be very happy to pay for them if you can find any available.

I presume that Mr. Weber, if he is not now reading this letter, will have his paws on it eventually, so: (censored)



Yours Truly
Stephen F. Schultheis
238 Trumbull Avenue SE
Warren, Ohio

((The P.O. must have fouled you up on #96, cause we sent you one. Howsomever, we have now sent you another --- let us know if you don't get it. Most of the back issues of the CRY are still available back as far as #75 which was the first subscription issue. The first 21 of these (#75 through #95 inclusive) will cost \$1.00. Previous to #75, the Cry was free, but there aren't too many available, and they are mostly 2 to 6 pages each, and are mostly on local doings. However if you are a glutton for punishment, we can gather up as many varieties as we have (probably 30 or 40 issues) and send them to you if you reimburse us postage. Back issues of Sinisterra are also available, with the possible exception of #1. What gives anyway? Are you a type which is trying to get a complete collection of fanzines, or something? It seems to be the only explanation of why you want all those back issues of the Cry without having read one. ---- BRT))

CRY OF THE READERS (continued)

THE EX*DICTIONARY WRITERS AGAIN:

Dear Cryers,

Cry #97 received here today, Blue Monday, but really the Tuesday after. My name has a nice number after it, 25. Your estimate of my age perhaps? If so one compliment deserves another, so I thought it high time I sent along a missive. The cover was a pleasant reminder of whereto Futurana, as its tank is almost up to the models we have here at the Fourth Armored on Fort Hood. Approve your new talent -- with color he could compete in pro-leagues.

This issue of the Cry proves my contention some years ago that the lil ol news;etter could do bigger and better things than announce the local meeting of the Nameless cheese and cracker society. With established features, some of the native wit and personality of the Nameless is beginning to show this. Needless to say in the last issue, I was delighted to read Weber's report of the convention. What always delights us nameless is to know that Weber is so articulately articulate. Also the meeting, etc. with Hannes. We, being in this particular form, could only hope to see Hannes, but using Weber's and Gonser's bodies made that particular meeting more possible and delightful. We're glad we thought of sending Weber, but how did Gonser do it? -- Hurrah for the Nameless! And now on to London!

Gonser, I miss your particular type of coffee -- and Larry Johns, I miss your pumpkin cookies. Could I induce you to send me the recipe? (Now, BRT, blue pencil this if you must, I know the nameless is not a recipe society, but you have to admit Larry has no peer in the cookie making department.)

No mention in your election of the treasurer, ex- or new. Did Drummond finally get off to Mexico? If so, Weber did you get a raise? All that paper -- and ink! What's happened to Austin, a convention indeed! -- Well, why not you guys, if Wally got a raise you might be able to make it! --

Of course, I realize the Nameless is no place to make personal contacts but -- where's Julia Woodard (((Mother of Hannes Bok -- BRT))) and Flora Jones? Now that astrology and numerology can be mentioned in the Nameless, perhaps we'd better take a recapitulation and have Flora Jones give us a run down.

Texas is another state like California. One hears so much about its muchness, that one comes to jeer. As in the case of my own experience in Calif. -- I came with a sneer, but I'll leave with a cheer! What a fabulous state!

There is a store in Killeen called Craig's. Craig's started as a small newsstand, and magazine stall. The whole inventory was not more than \$50 -- and it was run by one man. Today Craig's is similar to a big town drug store and the small town general merchandising store combined. One can get almost anything there, and it is such fun to browse and shop there!

One evening my husband and I -- after buying a pan for cake, a fountain pen, razor blades, gun shot, pliers, and a wrench, oil brush, etc etc ended up in their lovely grand magazine and pocket book section. It is a quiet alcove -- with a library type entrance presided over by a nice looking human female. My husband is an avid reader of historical novels and was seeking some. I sat down on a little child's chair in a corner and he started bringing me science fiction. Soon my lap was loaded. For those of you who have wide memories you will recall my lap is ample! At any rate I sat there thinking My, what a bonanza -- and when am I going to read all this? Old and new, anthologies and new shorts. Well, he must love me after all, I mused, as the p.books kept arriving in my lap. I sat as one who has realized one's dearest desire and had no other recourse but to die -- Finally he said he was ready to go --- was I? I stood up with 10 or 12 25-35¢ p.books in my pudgy fist which I had gleaned from the lot --- Oh, he said, are you going to get all those? I thought you were short of money. Gads, if I got them, I'd have to pay! It was a nice dream -- I got two. "World's out of Mind" by J.T. McIntosh, and the latest copy of Galaxy.

CRY OF THE READERS (continued)

Still read and enjoy ASF, Galaxy, and F&SF. The three serials are a great incentive and quite a grand experience to compare simultaneously, so to speak.

I do not agree with Renfrew P. about Foyle. One can identify and does! -- Who does not have, at sometime in his life, a drive toward a specific goal which puts a fine focus on the goal -- and makes everything else out of focus or non-existent. Who, at some time or another does not have a submerged devil mask which, if emotions and tensions are not carefully controlled, becomes all too visible? Ah yes, Gully Foyle is very human and believable! Bester, in my book, has done a good job on teleportation and like Renny says a good try at language projection.

"Door Into Summer" by Heinlein I've finished and try not to sentimentalize over just because it's by Heinlein. -- I suppose the greatest thought one can glean from all this time travel and people juggling is that if one turns away from enough of the wintry doors, expertly judges the cool sunshine of the spring doors, and is not fooled by the deceptive lushness of autumnal entrances, one can and will find his "Door into Summer". ---

For those who care -- we all are having our usual loud boisterous, busy life. Edith is trying to promote a "good" flute (\$300-\$1200) and as a clincher wins a seat in the regional band. Sergeant Stroud is with the Armored Infantry and trying to transfer to guided missiles. Still a very good and devoted soldier. Jo Ann is doing very well in Jr. High and has had her first dates -- non-edible variety. Mae is alternately flunking and passing -- A's and F's in school; Mickey & Dierdre having quite a time sharing swings and slides, pushes, slaps, and namecalling with the other army brats and yours truly is very busily engaged in bringing a new creature to the light of day -- plus a little adventure in girl-scouting.

Just so part gets into the Cry and let you do typing etc. I'm sending along some dough. And in my spirit join you in an occasional meeting.

Fondly Yours
Evelyn Stroud
914 Kern Road
Killeen, Texas



((Well there it is, all of it! The only changes I made were to correct some of the grammar etc. We of the Cry have adopted a policy of printing letters to the Cry either in toto or not at all. R. Pemberton slipped up on Coulson's letter a few issues back when my back was turned. Wallis Weber and Gonser were only two of the Nameless to go to the NYCon -- also went Malcolm Willits, and Jim Gaylord. Our club treasurer, Royal Drummond, is now occupying a voluntary appointime office, just as Weber is Chief of Publications and Gonser is Chief Coffeemaker. The "25" after your name was the number of Cry's remaining on your subscription, but now that you have sent us another buck, you'll probably not be quite so flattered with our estimate of your age. It might amuse you to know that you have the longest term subscription of anybody, except for two lifers(L.R. Foos, and Ray Hale by name).....BRT))

CRY OF THE READERS (concluded)

THE BOY WITH THE QUEASY FEELING:

Dear Friends...or maybe enemies:

You seem to have completely misunderstood my remarks concerning Renfrew Pemberton. Perhaps I should have explained myself...First off, I did NOT say the column was below par becuz I happened to disagree with some of Pemberton's statements. What I meant to say was this: the column was below par thish due to the fact that it was unusually dull and incomplete. Also...when I said the cover of Super Science Fiction was "far from grim", I was under the impression Pemby was discussing the theme of the cover. Now do you comprehend. Seriously, tho, let's forget the whole messy thing occurred, huh? Because I've heard some very nasty stories about what you Nameless Ones do to people whom you dislike. Leave us depart and be comrades once more, becuz, frankly, I don't feel like being eaten alive...

Random thought: hokum you guys never got a name. Hey--wait, you do have a name! The Nameless Ones is the way I survey the matter. Who thought up the name Nameless Ones, anyhow?

Another random thought: what is the 'R' for in Toskey's title?

Have no particular comment to make on any of the featured material, except the following: Loved the Marvin Bryer cover(the guy's in every fanzine I pick up), altho it would have improved the appearance if dittoed. That the minutes were great; it also proved once and for all that the Ones are esoteric besides being eccentric. Pemby took the honors; Kraus was as ever. And Toskey's FA column sounds intriguing; I always liked the old FA better than the pulp A3.

Say, Plez tell me what happened to the three page book review I sent you???

Martin Fleischman
1247 Grant Avenue
Bronx 56, New York

((Apologies are hereby tendered from me to you as to my faulty interpretation of your previous letter, but you must admit that you gave the impression that I had mistakenly received. We've decided not to put Fleischman in the next loaf of bread we bake. Way back in 1949, the club went on for months trying to decide on a name, and we were so nameless during this period that we decided to make it official. My full name is Burnett Roland Toskey. Your review is in thish. ---BRT))

from: THE NAMELESS ONES
Box 92, 920 3rd Avenue
Seattle 4, Washington

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