



APR 58

C R Y

No 114

Box 92, 920 3rd Ave, Seattle 4// of the Nameless // A FenDen Publication Indeed

Each and every month, Publisher Wally Weber and his sinister henchmen are gathered together, each bringing a huge pile of leftovers, to produce another issue of C\*R\*Y. Completion of the job is announced by Toskey's ritual chant of "Today, upon the face of the earth, we have perpetrated a T\*H\*I\*N\*G!", following which, copies of the CRY are mailed to contributors and subscribers, some of which have meanly sent 10¢ for a copy and others of which have nobly coughed up \$1.00 for the yearly crop of 12. Failing to contribute or subscribe, however, does not mean you are safe: the fiendishness of Toskey is unpredictable; NOBODY is 100% safe from the CRY. One can only lie low, say nothing, and hope, with a little prayer to Heisenberg (the patron saint of subscribers).

The lettercolumn hasn't quite succeeded (yet) in crowding out our other  
C\*O\*N\*T\*E\*N\*T\*S

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Cover by Ric West. Interillo's by: Adams(31, 34), ATom (27), Barnes (5-6, 22, 30, 36), Bourne (15), Brown (25), Daigle (29), Garcone (37), Jeeves (38), Meyers (23), & Stone (33). A far CRY from the days of the Garcone-Holocaust axis.  
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A Crisis in the FenDen: The A.B.Dick has rebelled! On the tenth stencil-run (of 36), the Monster took to jamming, misfeeding, nonfeeding, printing the lower half of the stencil on the upper half of the paper, and like that. Defying both logical analysis and the Toskey Method, the machine has brought publication to a halt, two hours of dissection, adjustment, and fender-bending notwithstanding. Accordingly, the rest of the issue will be run off on Ol' Faithless at Swamp House this evening, and our ooold subscribers will understand why I'm shuddering as I type this. And the Nameless are meeting at Swamp House tonight... maybe Wally can get some of the Regulars to fill a couple of stencils to tack on after the lettercol, or publish on-the-spot Minutes, or something.

This scurvy development makes our masthead only partially correct: this issue of CRY is only partially a FenDen Publication, and mostly a Swamp House Production. Sic Transit Gloria A.B.Dick; all hail Ol' Faithless.  
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Even the Army is crossing us up these days, sending up Explorers with no regard for the CRY's publication date and tradition of immediate satellite news. Nevertheless, we'll go along good-humoredly and let you in on the scoop that Explorer #3 packs the identical fraction of Escape Energy (60%) as did Exp #1, in spite of having a more eccentric orbit due to a slight mis-timing in the firing of one stage. Vanguard runs about 3% higher, and with only 3 stages.  
 (Continued on page 14 -- a dirty trick, but we won't make a habit of it)



# THOTS UPON TAKING OVER CRY OF THE NAMELESS

(or something like that)

by  
Rich Brown

I'm mad now, dammit. Fighting mad, and I dunno who to take a punch at. I was going to sit down and write all about what I remember about how me and Meyers and Adams and Andrews and Barnes and Peltz and..well, you know the CRY group...all about how we took over the CRY. I just sat there thinking about it and kind of living it over again, just like it happened, almost two years ago today.

I remembered how it was that Bill Meyers thought up the idea; he was going to take over CRY and SAPS (at the time, FAPA, OMPA and The Cult were still going, but apparently he wasn't interested in them). I was what you might call the "Old Guard" of the CRY -- Fleischman and Deeck were there before me, but they didn't write much. Naturally, I figured I had as much right to take over CRY as Meyers did. Adams and I were second to take a crack at taking it over. Then, in quick secession, Stony Barnes, Leslie Gerber, Al Andrews, Bruce Peltz, Larry Stone, Lars Bourne, Robin Wood and a host of others were working with us to completely drown out the personality of Weber, Toskey, the Busbys, and others...I know most of you haven't heard of the later, but they were editors of CRY of the NAMELESS a few years ago, before the Big Crusade began.

As I look back, I remember how the CRY grew. When I first started getting it, why it was about 20 pp on the average (the average now, I'd say, is between 60 and 70 pages...and a monthly instead of a bi-weekly). Before the Crusade, it was mostly ditto; during it, it was mimeo with offset covers from time to time. I think the all-litho format looks much better now.

Also looking back, it seems odd that it actually worked out. I think Meyers had it all intended as a gag -- a kind of excuse as to why he had so much material in the CRY. I can't remember where the transition came for me; I think I thought of it as "a gag that just might pan out," if you know what I mean. It was, at least, an interesting topic for discussion. And, just for the kicks of it, we all contributed a lot of material, for the egoboo mainly, but also so we could keep on talking about it.

Then came this bit that makes me mad. Everytime I think about all this, the fun I've had in taking over the CRY, this pops up and bursts the bubble.

I moved to Seattle.

Well, it wasn't so much that, it wasn't a bad city, that is to say; for a fan city. It had lots of bookstores and stuff like that. I was real interested. But the main part about this is that Seattle is where Weber, Toskey, and all them lived. I remembered saying something in the letter column that I'd be moving there and how I was going to be the inside man and all.

The first thing I did was look in Box 92, 920 3rd Ave. Much to my distress, none of the Nameless Ones lived there (except, I heard later, some worm by the name of Woddegobble de Gook, or some such).



I was just going to a telephone booth to find their addresses when I noticed a tall, blond-haired lad, with a camera grafted to his chest (and a flash in his skull to match) looking at me strangely.

"You're Brown." He said. No inflection, just kind of a sighing relief, like he'd been waiting for years and years for me to come. Something in the way he said it...dead, almost.

"I'm Brown." I said, thinking of no better reply.

"I'm Weber," he threw back at me, "The whole Seattle crowd is waiting for you. Come along."

I came along, until we reached the corner, and a black Chevrolet pulled up. Never did find out who it was that drove us wherever it was we went (I don't know to this day, tho I've tried once or twice to find it).

Anyway, we took a side road out of town (this made me suspicious for a while), did several double-takes (this even moreso), and finally ended up on a highway-like affair (this eased me slightly; there were other cars, so I was no longer under the impression that I was being 'taken for a ride, as the mystery shows on T-V would have it). We went along the highway for about two hours. I tried to crack jokes and make puns, but none of them got a reaction from either Weber or whoever it was driving. I tried to have a "gab" with them; I talked until exhausted on Willis, FooFoo, Flying Saucers, Religion, and a host of other things. Weber "Uh-huh'd" me until I finally gave up. We went another hour in silence.

We stopped in front of a modernistic looking home; large, flat, with glass and wood material. Very nice.

"Go right in," Weber told me. I went right in, I recognized the Busby's, Gem Carr, and a few others from the offset covers I've told you about. They were very nice...talking, drinking, having fun. When Weber came in, he was different...more like the others. I felt..it's hard to say.

Almost before it was over, I heard some of them talking, noticed the looks on their faces; relieved sags, the sighs of burdened people. I only heard glimpses of the conversation; Then all stopped.

They were looking at me.





I had a feeling of forboding, but it wasn't as a bi-product from them. They just looked, and I stood there, being looked at. And looking back. Weber finally spoke; not to me, not to himself, not to them, not to anybody:

"Gilder, Sorenson, and Harrison used to edit the CRY."

Like Elvis Presley said in Jail House Rock; "I dunno wha' the hell yer talkin' about..."

Busby eyed me, walked up to me, then spoke in a slow monotone. "You'll find all the supplies and money you'll need at the Club House, here's the key, and the address." That's all. They all slowly left the place, except Weber, who stayed to drive me back. He left me right in front of the Club House.

I went home, puzzling it out, or trying to. I finally decided it was some sort of gag. Sure, that's what it was. It stayed a gag, until, about a week later, I decided to call Busby and borrow his ditto; my SAPSazine would be coming due soon, and I didn't want to trust Zotzi! The Busbys, Toskey, Weber, Pfeifer; none of them had phone numbers. Nor, I was told by information, addresses. I decided to meet them at the Club House.

At the Club House, I found a note, typed on the back of a Rotsler illo. It read:

"Dear Rich;

We were in your position once, so don't think we don't know how you feel. It's been a long time since we've been in your shoes, but we can go to rest now, knowing that there is someone behind who is willing to work on CRY. This month's contribs in yellow box near prozine case; money, etc. where we said.

Sorry,"

and signed by all of them. There was a P.S.: "Next CRY due on the 10th." That's all. I haven't seen or heard of them since then, either. Not even in SAPS. Guess they'll get dropped pretty soon, if they don't get something in a mailing. I haven't been able to find the streets they live on. Oh well, CRY still goes on, bigger and better than ever. With the help of Adams, Meyers, etc.

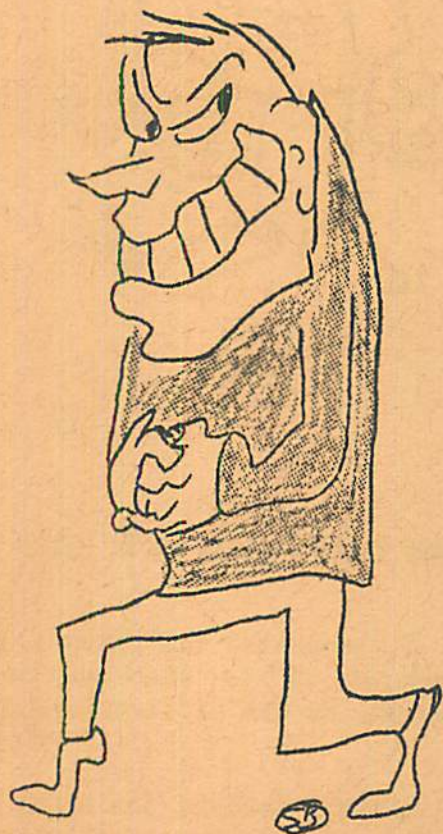
That's how I look back on it. All kind of screwy and messed up. And I remember some of the conversation that was going on, "He thinks he's taking over CRY, but CRY is taking over ----" I didn't hear the last, but I think I can fill it in. It's a question of who did what to who.

Oh, and I just heard, John Beringer, who writes those "zany" letters in CRY is coming up here. He says he is going to take over CRY. What he doesn't know.

CRY is going to ----

yeah.

- end -





For YOUR Information

(Forwarded to the CRY by the SOLACON Committee and printed here in the hopes readers will send their dollars to Rick Sneary instead of to the CRY, so our subscription list will be less and we won't have to assemble so many copies each issue.)

Our name for The Sixteenth World Science Fiction Convention combined with The Eleventh Annual West Coast Science Fiction Conference (Westercon XI) is--

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\*\*\*\*\*SEE YOU AT THE SOLACON!\*\*\*\*\*



THE SCIENCE-FICTION FIELD PLOWED UNDER  
 \* \* \* \* \* by Renfrew Pemberton \* \* \* \* \*

A VAST SIGH of relief rent the air of my favorite newsstand at sight of VENTURE, Mar '58, nearly four months after the previous bimonthly issue. I tend to assign this delay to the slaphappy distribution we've been getting lately, in the absence of contradictory data.

Algis Budrys rates the Emshever with his "The Edge of the Sea", dealing with something which didn't turn out to be a Navy rocket, washed up against one of the minor Keys along the Causeway off Florida, and the reaction to it of a different sort of guy-- a sort of Wade Harper sans telepathy-- under the gun of a hurricane. Taut, consistent, and open-ended:

"The Tall Psychiatrist", by Dick Hetschel, develops the sad tale of an undersized misfit unfairly cheated of planetary overlordship with attendant prerogatives of seven-girl harem and etc, and just might surprise you a bit. Ha.

Bob Silverberg's "Eve and the Twenty-Three Adams" borrows Sturgeon's idea of the "Crew's Girl" from a last year's Galaxy tale of note, but that's all he borrows (this gimmick was a natural for SOP in Mature SF, anyhow). You will gather that this story is concerned with sex; you will be right. Bob bears down heavily on several cliché-type deals before vigorously puncturing them to let out the hot air: the Sweet Young Teaser, and the Sordid Solution, especially. The ending is what story-endings should always be and all too often are not-- both unexpected and inevitable. Somehow this story hit me just right.

"There Ain't No Other Roads" (Robert Marner) reads well but doesn't stand up to analysis: the overshadowing factors of most of the story are too speedily superseded by the unclued Actual Situation. The Whammy-at-the-End would have been much more effective if nearly 2/3 of the story hadn't been falsely heavy on the Nasty Mean Ignorant Backwoodsmen or whatever, and the switch insufficiently weighted. All the parts were good; there are missing and leftover pieces, tho.

We faaans glee to see Sturgeon quote Bob Leman's demolition of the TIME review of Judith Merrill's recent anthology. Bless you all (no, not YOU, Luce).

Don Berry's "Intruder" is a fireworded piece which yet manages to understate its basic gimmick. I'm not sure, either, whether this is a plug or a slam.

Ol' Social-Satirist Kornbluth geclobbles the Very Rich in "Virginia"; fun.

In "The Game of Glory", Poul Anderson provides plenty action, choice background, medium-deep delvings into the Agent's conflict between Task & Ethics, and expedient dips into sexiness of the I'd-sure-like-to-but-I-better-not school.

VENTURE has been scooped out of the "Spicy Space" crown; see further on.

S F A, Apr: Format yields to Silverberg's 105-page novel "Shadow On the Stars", which is not an easily-evaluated piece of work. The trouble is, all the main human conflicts and the entire latter part of the story depend on a gimmick that does not hang together, for me: hero travels back in time to rescue his earlier self from Bad Situation, then commits suicide TO BREAK THE "CYCLE", so then all sorts of alternate selves spring up, and complications ensue. Maybe I'm just dense, but the rationale here does not hold up. Consider Heinlein's "By His Bootstraps" (the definitive meet-yourself paradox-tale): if any one of the Bob Wilsons had come to a sticky end midway in the merry-go-round, the result would have been simply that no later versions could have appeared-- the wheel would have turned until Bob Wilson went the appointed rounds and met the sticky end. Period. And so, with no "theoretical" material presented to controvert this interpretation, I'm forced to the conclusion that when Baird Ewing blew himself up in the refresher booth, he put the kibosh on his future ramblings. Bob seems to have tried to steer a course between the "Bootstraps" pitch and the branching-futures idea, but the plot is left hanging in the middle. The people are convincing enough, as action-types go, and I do like the windup, if only it had a stool to stand upon. There are several alternate explanations for the lack;



(SFA still on-griddle)

excessive editorial cutting, auctorial error as to clarity of concept being put onto paper, or sheer fast-shuffle gimmick-writing could be at fault. Or maybe, as I said at first, I just didn't see which way the ball bounced. But I didn't have that trouble with "Bootstraps", "world-lines in a plenum" and all that....

Two shorts: Allen K Lang's "Box-Garden" goofs by leaving the gimmick in an ambiguous condition; nowhere is the clue planted, that hormones can shrink adult specimens. Dave ~~Mason~~ MASON'S (you can't hardly type thru our old corflu) "Farewell Message" is a sort of junior masterpiece on the Superior Alien theme. It's not just the way it turned out-- it's more the way Dave did it---

Archibald Destiny's "The Fan Space" makes two favorable mentions of the CRY, but insists upon calling this thing a clubzine, and never mentions Box 92.

F & S F, Apr: Thish really surprised me. There's been a resurgence of the sex-stef mix lately, that would make Sam Mines blush; also, the chronic furtive pitch to some of the more widespread fetichisms has been upgraded from casual mention to near-thematic treatment, recently. I'm not griping, mind you-- like Harold Scrutiny (and UNlike Detective Guilfoyle of the Pickpocket Squad), I'm no prude; I hardly expect any readers (or even faans) to go out and commit malfeasance upon the nearest fiduciary, just from restimulation of the fetish about harems or whatever. It's just that it's all sort of unexpected.

The first F&SFtale is Chad Oliver's "Guardian Spirit", which is gripping reading, sexy only in context, and thoroughly satisfying except for a rather thinly-worked ending; howcome the lapse? ///Robert Arthur's "Obstinate Uncle Otis" deals with the power of disbelief; from the few examples at hand in recent years, I'd say that this is an "either-or" theme, to be used each five years.

Avram Davidson's "The Grantha Sighting" is a lovely bit of multi-level satire-- The Flying Saucer Broadcaster is only just a little too good to be true, and the finally-revealed motivation is fully mit der chuckles.

Kit Reed ("The Wait") is blurbed as "a young lady-type writer of 25" and (among other things) a wife. Aside from the elaborate compulsive rationale, a psychoanalyst might tab this "story" as a typical adolescent masturbation-fantasy, and I wouldn't argue. The emotional kicks are carried well, but the element of chance (upon which the kicks seem to depend) is lacking, in the description of the field and the colored strings. A little editorial work (probably a little MORE editorial work, as I doubt this hit the sacred pages untouched) could have added comprehensibility to the story's impact.

"No Evidence" (Victoria Lincoln) is more oldtime noncontroversial stuff. F&SF has carried this routine for years, and this is a fair-reading variation.

In "The Death of Each Day", Idris Seabright effectively hammers the emotions, but unfortunately not enough to numb the reason sufficiently to buy the tale. Oona & Jick had their faults, but at least they weren't so pretentious.

Mark van Doren's "The Witch of Ramoth" is masterfully-phrased but almost entirely lacking in content. A nice well-rounded empty jug, nearly.

I've GOT to quote from editor Boucher's review column, re Maine's "Spaceways Satellite" (which I haven't yet read): "Once you have swallowed all the..... absurdities, you are still faced with the plot...". I touch the head.

Arthur Oesterrreicher's "Broken Circuit" is a new twitch and too short to quibble with.

"A Deskful of Girls", by Fritz Leiber, delves deeply and suspensefully into quite a number of subconscious cesspools, while sticking close to the edge of well-not-quite sexy-stef. In (many, many) other words, nobody gets laid. There's a lot more to this tale, but no way to describe without killing it.

"Poor Little Warrior!" (Brian Aldiss): the man is terrific with words-- Here There Be Bradburys, y'know. (credits to the fine faan who used that tab first). This piece deals with the unnerving situation of shooting a brontosaurus, the sheer magnitude of dinosaur-crap, and the author's infatuation with the sound



(And on, past the League of Decency blockade, into F&SF)

of his own terrific words. Aldiss writes the way Carl Brandon would write if Carl ever came to taking himself too seriously. And py dam I refuse to believe that even the Thunder Lizard's parasites had parasites of their own, the size of a bedamnt lobster; let's be reasonable, shall we?

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The Field will be a heavy loser by the tragic and untimely deaths of Henry Kuttner and Cyril Kornbluth, who have given us much to enjoy. Never having had the opportunity of meeting either man, I feel it best to leave In-Memorial statements to folks who can and will do a better job of it than I could do, and just say: we're going to be missing these two fine people.  
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The fourth of Henry Kuttner's pb mysteries appeared shortly after his death. This series stars psychoanalyst Michael Gray as an extracurricular detective and is eminently readable. Published by Perma Books, titles are "The Murder of Eleanor Pope", ".....Ann Avery", "... a Mistress", and "...a Wife", respectively. While on mysteries, there's "The Lenient Beast" by Fredric Brown in Bantam Books.

S-F Times hath it that Science Fiction Quarterly has been folded. There goes the last of the pulps, clobbered by distribution and display problems. It was only a matter of time, to be sure, before the rest of the pulpsized zines were forced to follow Startling, TWS, Planet, and etc, but it's sad. Actually, Columbia Pubs have not only made a wise business move by dropping SFQ while up-grading SFS to monthly status, but they've also given us 2 more zines per year.

From other sources, we note that STAR SF is reported dead, and that both Shawzines have reverted to bi-monthly. This saddens Pemberton the Reader even as it lightens the burden upon Renfrew the Reviewer; we're down to 13 readable titles with a scheduled total of 108 issues per year: 5 monthly & 8 bi-monthly.

SCIENCE FICTION STORIES, May: Four installments of de Camp's "The Tower of Zanid" lead off SFS's serial policy. Recalling how four hunks of "Hand of Zei" in aSF helped launch GALAXY, I tend to reserve my applause. Here, we have left-over (from 2-part "The Queen of Zamba") Anthony Fallon as protagonist, older and more bloodshot of eye, cadging a Krishnan living and scheming toward the return of his former throne. We'll see, but jaundice afflicts the critical eye.

Ph.D.Macklin digs some chuckles from sfnal versions of earth-satellites, mercilessly quoting fictionally-garbled science that would make Hagerty blush.

"Invasion Vanguard" by T.D.Blethlen, violates the editor's avowed policy by wringing Lucky Coincidence down to its last rusty drop. /// Charles de Vet's "Postman's Holiday" --OH COME ON NOW-- ISN'T THIS A LITTLE TOO THICK?? (Much as I hate to be chewing-on people I like, this fair croggles me). There are whole paragraphs, entire situations, word-for-word the same as the author's "Delay Temporary" three issues ago; there's a lot more material that is one standard rewrite removed from the earlier story. While the plot-frame is different, the same e-t planet is used as the locale of one tale and the background of the other. WHAT GOES ON?? Well, likely it's a double-barrelled booboo-- it's easy to see how de Vet wrote a new story from the bones of a previously-written one; all writers do this at times, I imagine. But how in the worlds did Doc Lowndes goof up so badly as to accept two overlapping versions this way?? Seriously, I suppose he was just plain snowed what with all the changes in schedules and etc, and did the equivalent of answering the same letter twice. Hmm, well, I first thought I was chewing-out for an atrocity, and find I'm just wondering how this embarrassing situation happened to come about, after a closer look at both of the stories, because the deal is so obvious that nobody would do it a-purpose.



(more on SFS's Booboo of the Year): It's too bad, all this; "Postman's Holiday" is a better piece than the earlier version-- it stands alone, whereas "Delay-Temporary" was much too derivative from the FLWallace of similar title. However, while I find it impossible to dissociate the two tales sufficiently to do a good rundown on the latest version, the hassle is better publicity, anyway. Ja?

Don Hinkle's "Research Team" is largely philosophical in content, mostly understated, and a mite puzzling at the end, as planned. /// Fritch's "The Logical Life" is another of the newly-popular short bits leading to a fast but minor punchline, Peghoot-style. /// dknight opens a new bottle of vitriol to meet the needs of some crud he has on hand for review, and treats some better material with more consideration. /// Live lettercol: but RAWL, don't buy a pack of Winstons just because you're resigned to their changing of grammar by sheer repetition-- they still taste lousy. Besides, by me the Winston ad is less a conforming to usage than a deliberate degradation of it-- arrgghhh!

ASTOUNDING, Apr: EFRussell's "Basic Right" is one too many trips to the well; main difficulty is that the buildup is too long and too good for the bare mundane kicker. Maybe I'm just spoiled, but I expected better, and it doesn't really hold up that the entire human race could simply play possum thataway.

Both author and editor seem to think that more of their own shared thought hit the paper (in Jon Stopa's "A Pair of Glasses") than is evident to me. The piece goes along and goes along, heading for a dimly-foreseeable conclusion, and then takes off at a side-tangent. Aside from wordskills, it's fan-fiction.

Christopher Anvil's "Revolt!" presents (as a welcome novelty) the side of the Military in the mil-vs-civvy brannigan, in a far-space setting. While I yield to no one in full-bore deprecation of the Military Mind As I Have Known It, here is a simultaneous explanation and justification of its vagaries, in a well-chosen plot with nuts and whipped-cream on top. Jameson-reminiscent.

Poula's final installment of "The Man Who Counts" is thoroughly readable yet disappointing; the identity of the title-roler was certainly no surprise, and I rather resent the way The Problem is held over our heads for three parts and then dismissed between chapters. I have an alternate solution: van Rijn should be the Man Who Counts because when it comes time to send for help, the food has run out, and he is the only one with sufficient flesh to sustain the other two until help arrives-- then, of course, the survivors flee from each other, following rescue, from mutual distaste and shame. Also, whence cometh this gimmick that the folks can fast for six weeks without harm?? Not from the first two installments, I trow. Sloppy editorial work, here. (Blasphemy???)

The article is the first one Amelia's been able to peruse, for months.

GALAXY, May: Leadpiece "Never Come Midnight" (Christopher Grimm) turns out to be not a Nelson Algren takeoff at all, but an obscurish piece concerning the selling-out of one's race for immortality-- to a race of MONSTERS who are such only by the author's unsupported word until well too late into the story for conviction-upon-revelation. This flaw keeps the tale from watertightness.

"Or All the Seas with Oysters" is Avram Davidson on the "Mimicry" theme-- I wish I could speedily recall the tale of the old man who died and turned out to have been a large moth, all along-- but newly brought to life in the true Davidson manner. But-- bicycles?? /// "Pick a Crime" (Richard R Smith) starts out with more promise than its pseudo-"Analogue" ending fulfills.

Lloyd Biggle's "Bridle Shower" is more fun than its invasion-by-undermining-the-economy theme would lead you to believe. But I'm overflowed with fast side-twists to snappy-end an otherwise-sagging story, lately.///Richard Wilson's "The Voice of the Diaphragm" time-travels with nostalgia, romance, conflict, and by all means too damn much ambiguity. Did ANYBODY fully get it? /// Silverberg's "The Iron Chancellor" is a Padgettish robotgoof story which lets you figure the Solution, snidely waits two or three pages, and then plugs the hole. I dunno; it all seems sort of sadistic to me, Bob. Has the repairman no allies???



FANTASTIC UNIVERSE, May: del Roy presents a Campbellesque rundown on what we need to do in order to "catch up" spacewise, with numerous asides as to what "intelligence" means to various types of people (methinks it mainly means "an attribute of those who agree with ME", as Les spells it out). Well, I still say that if we're going to blame our present space-lag on the schools, let's do a bit of pin-pointing on the school which graduated Charlie Wilson, 40-odd years ago. The semi-illiterate unspelling highschool grads blinking apprehensively at the hue-and-cry going on about their ears today, are hardly to blame for non-Vanguards (or to be credited with the successful one-- and did you notice how that sneaky ol' Navy broke precedent by upheaving a satellite at a time other than just previous to the publication date of CRY?? The Russians and the Army were much more considerate). Incidentally, note that the hooraw about Vanguard being a "more sophisticated" beast, is 100% correct. Vanguard's three stages invested the orbiting elements with a few percent more energy-per-pound than did the Jupiter's four stages-- and (counting the orbiting discarded 3rd-stage) the Vanguard pushed twice the Explorer's weight into orbit.

Myrle Benedict's "Sit by the Fire" is a warm treatment of the alien-guest's problem, but would be better with motivation.///Ivan Sanderson attempts to pull a few of his previous hypotheses together by postulating a modified teleportation-ability for UFOs. Sanderson is the best writer of FU's UFO stable; he's both likable and literate. This time, he's jogging imagination to effect.

Rog Dee's "Field Report" hangs on the punchline; cute enough, I guess.

"Colon the Conqueror" (John Boardman) is another fannish parody on the late (and disputedly great) Rob't Howard's CONAN. Having tried a few of these, I see the demerits-- John can't keep a steady keel; he keeps jumping aside to take a bow for a side-gag. There are some truly terrific puns, and some less-inspired ones. However, I do think Boardman could have come up with a better bit of punchline; that is all-important in these deals, I feel, and he didn't do it.

Vincent Larkin's "Face of Evil" tends to labor mightily toward the end of producing a mouse, in the Lovecraft manner. I mean, you get this ol' "nameless evil" thrown in your face long enough, and it shifts to the "ho-hum" side. In this story, the punchline would be adequate if the buildup were in proportion.

"Bait For The Tiger" is by authoress Lee Chaytor, and a sexy-action dish it is, despite the inconclusive windup. (Tho the last-line rates a chuckle.) Here again is the fantasized sex-dream, only here it's safely up-busted by the Action, which is the usual deal. The sexwish finale-situation, with three men out to do or die for our outsize crewcut heroine, is about as Freudian as they come. Mind you, I have no objection to these sidelights-- I'm merely reporting. Stimuli for sex will always be popular in stories, and the only question is: how far does the contemporary culture let things go in the public prints?

Civilian Saucer Intelligence has hugely griped me in the past, by its insistence on long and loose reportings of saucer-sightings, which could have been boiled down to great advantage. This time, the Nov '57 New Mexico automotor-stoppings are dealt with, and it's quite readable, but for CSI's reluctance to jettison the voracity of the Nebraska grain-dealer who burned crankcase oil to make his "burned place" and then left the empty cans for the investigators to find. If there's one thing I can't stand in a hoaxer, it's incompetence.

John Nicholson's "Little Green Men" is more saucerish byplay, reducing the saucer-to-fiction count to one-for-two, this. ??? "The Beautiful Things" is a piece by Art Zirul which cynicizes more than I'd like, but which has not only a good punchline, but a nice lot of indirection preceding it.

I GUESS IT'S OBVIOUS that the controversial zines get more coverage than the straight enjoyable jobs manage to pull, mostly. That's no exact statement, either, as previous pages demonstrate. Well, let's just say that you should be careful not to take this column any more seriously than the columnist does. I do work at this, but often goof and occasionally realize it. So ask questions.



VANGUARD (#1), June: It will inevitably be said that it's a blishful thing to see the at-long-last appearance of this firstish; well, 'tis, too.

Altho the editor disclaims hitching the zinetitle to the satellite program, the Vanguard (rocket) mass-height performance, .333 batting average, and really fast results once the budgetary wraps were off, make this title a real asset as far as I'm concerned. Ye ed also renounces editorials, for the future (let's persuade him differently, shall we??, and states a preference for science-fiction with science in it-- or rather that the science-content make sense. I buy that.

Leadoff is Chandler's "SOS, Planet Unknown", a castaways piece with Sturgeon-esque overtones and a finale that required a second reading for comprehension-- I think. If he means what I think he means, it's good.

"When the Shoe Fits" (Gunn) parlays a Cinderella allegory into the exploitation of alien planets, with the shared-woman theme (once again) as background.

Raymond F Jones (where you been, man??) has "The Strad Effect", a sort of psi-ers psi-tale with a nice kicker./// De Camp will have the regular article run, in here; this one, on heredity & variations, is scooped in one particular (a correction as to the number of chromosomes in the human) by this month's aSF.

And del Rey has the bookreviews: this set was obviously written and intended for earlier publication; here's one dep't hit badly by the delays. Good but late.

Richard Wilson's "Farewell Party" is too short to dissect without spilling all the blood. Nice vignette, but title appropriate to background & not theme.

It's difficult, so soon after the death of the author, to be objective in reporting on C.M.Kornbluth's "Reap the Dark Tide"; there's a tendency to take the easy way out by lapsing into eulogy. This story is so arranged as to depict two divergent cultures, thoroughly and with remorseless logic, though possibly the extrapolation for the first would not stand under a facts-and-figures analysis, and the second is pure biting satire. Although there's a competent plot (of the Bear-Trap persuasion), the two backdrops steal the show. Ending is a "Syndic"-variety bit of open-ending, which could have used a sequel, perhaps.

Provocative first issue; may it be followed by many further ones.

F & S F, May: Second time this zine has straddled the CRYdeadline so's to put two issues in one column. Oh well-- I can take it if you can, as the actress said to the bishop. Anybody reading Charteris anymore, by the way??

Sheekley's "The Prize of Peril" is a rugged extrap from current TV sob-contest trends into a sort of Robinson's-"The Hunting Season"-situation (aSF, Nov '51), or to go farther back, "The Most Dangerous Game". (Now who did write that one?) I think writing this column is bad on my memory; too much, too often, maybe.

Cogswell's "Things" openly retreads the "Shottle Bop" (etc) theme to an all-too-typical UNKNOWN ending ("Hell is Forever", forinstance), but ingenious.

"Gorilla Suit", by John Shepley, is thoroughly appealing in its utterly deadpan phase-quadrature attitude, until it sags into a non-sequiter New Yorker finale (or maybe I just didn't get it). /// Avram Davidson increases his show of versatility in "Up the Close and Down the Stair". I'm not sure whether he has engineered a powerful switch-ending here, or simply finagled his hero into such a hole that not even the author could afford to stand by him any longer. Potent.

Dickson's "A Matter of Technique" is a rougher version of slick-sexy-stf, but not much. Somehow, after all that buildup, a muted paragraph or two in the gap unmarked by even a row of asterisks, would have (possibly) made the windup more convincing. The displacement of this clincher to an earlier part of the story is indeed a subtle move, but tends to flatten the ol' credulity somehow.

"The Duel" (Joan Vatssek) starts out as a misty mediocre ghost-thing with magnolia blossoms and all that, but winds up sharper than expected. Promising.

William Morrison handles "The Science Stage" with fittingly ungentle hands. Let us, you and I, see what is to be on the other side of this page.



Well, looks to be just some more on F&SF over here.....

"Over the River To What's-Her-Name's House"--- what a great ol' title! Will Stanton's story here, deals with the overgrowth of folksy ways to deal with our ever-mounting problem of coping with this mess called civilization (Rotten stuff; wish I had a barrel of it). Deft, needling with insight, and a choice finale.

"Have Your Hatreds Ready", by Brian W Aldiss, is a perfectly OK-type story, but I don't see why he put it on another planet and insisted on slanting it for the limited sf-market, when it is so obviously contemporary in theme, treatment, characterization, attitude, plotting, dialogue-jargon, prototypes, and--- can you think of anything I've left out? The insertion of futuristic gimmicks to disguise this grey-flannel tarboosh thing as science-fiction is somewhat offensive, and tends to lower this reviewer's evaluation of an otherwise-good piece.

Ron Goulart's "...and Curiouser" is a different kettle of neuroses, placing a thoroughly fouled-up marriage on a far planet and bestowing upon the wife a miraculous ability to change her size. Ends grim, but probably just as well.

The editor's "Recommended Reading" is, itself, recommended reading.

"Rump-titty-titty-tum-TAH-tee" (Leiber) is a fascinating variation on the compulsive nature of the Perfect Symbol. Remember Kuttner's "Nothing But Ginger-Bread Left" (aSF Jan 43)?

Karen Anderson's "In Meroriam: Henry Kuttner" utilizes the titles of many Kuttner and Kuttner-Moore tales as phrases in the poem, and thus makes a few lines as evocative as pages of straight descriptive text could have been. GOOD.

Competent enjoyable issue, but possibly overbalanced in the retributive-downbeat direction with bitter aftertastes. Seven tales (out of ten) have it.

That's all the reviews for this time, so I'll leave the rest of this page to the nefarious purposes of the CRY staff.

-----Renfrew Pemberton-----

EDITORIAL (cont'd from page 3): Having announced intentions of putting four or five probe-rockets near the moon, I cannot understand the Pentagon's obdurate insistence on not hitting Luna with one, on the grounds that "there would be no value" in doing so. Looks as if the brassbound brains haven't learned much about prestige and propaganda since 4 Oct 57, doesn't it? Dream on, Little Toy Soldier; dream on. ("...red with rust, and his musket moulds in his hands"...EF) The immediate impact (of hitting the moon so's it shows) on the minds of two billion people more or less, is a "value" that the Pentagon could consider.

Too late for Miz Pemberton's column is something from Peter F Skeberdis. Apparently assembled with the lights out, it breaks down to a REJECT #2 cover, an ABJECT #1 cover & page 2, pages 3 through 8 (not in order) of a CROAKER ish, two page-11's of something (back-to-back on the same sheet) starting a Coulson column, an illo'd p23 of something else--- with some of these in backwards. It would appear that young master Skeberdis, dissatisfied with Amelia's reviews of his zines, has stapled together a handful of his miscellaneous leftover sheets, just to see what we'd say. Well, what'd <sup>you</sup> expect we'd say, Pete?

No column from Bill Meyers this month. It could be that Bill has been snowed under by the SAPS deadline and by SPECTRE #2, which should be appearing soon (don't blame Bill for the delay on Speck, or for sad spots in the ditto'd portion of your copy--- it's a long sad story, with a large harrassed cast of characters). Anyhow, we expect Bill will be back with us next month.

Rich Brown still hasn't appeared in Seattle; his piece on pages 4-6 would indicate that he might have talked himself out of the whole idea. Huh, Rich??

SouthGate in '58, and John Berry for TAFF! Don't forget, now...(F.M.Busby)



The Misadventures of

# STINKWATER J. GOLDFISH

by Bruce Pelz, although he feels it would be safer for him if Rich Brown took the blame.

Stinkwater J. Goldfish left his apartment for his evening walk around the park. The park was on the other side of town, so his walk was a rather lengthy one.

\*\*\*\*\*

As soon as Mrs. Goldfish was certain that her husband was out of the building, she lifted the telephone. She was quite adept at this, having lifted several things earlier that day from various department stores. It was the work of a minute to dial the number of her paramour Stanisloue Wczyinski, the Czechoslovakian Don Juan, who had a reputation for being one of the greatest lovers in the world, although he was only five foot three.

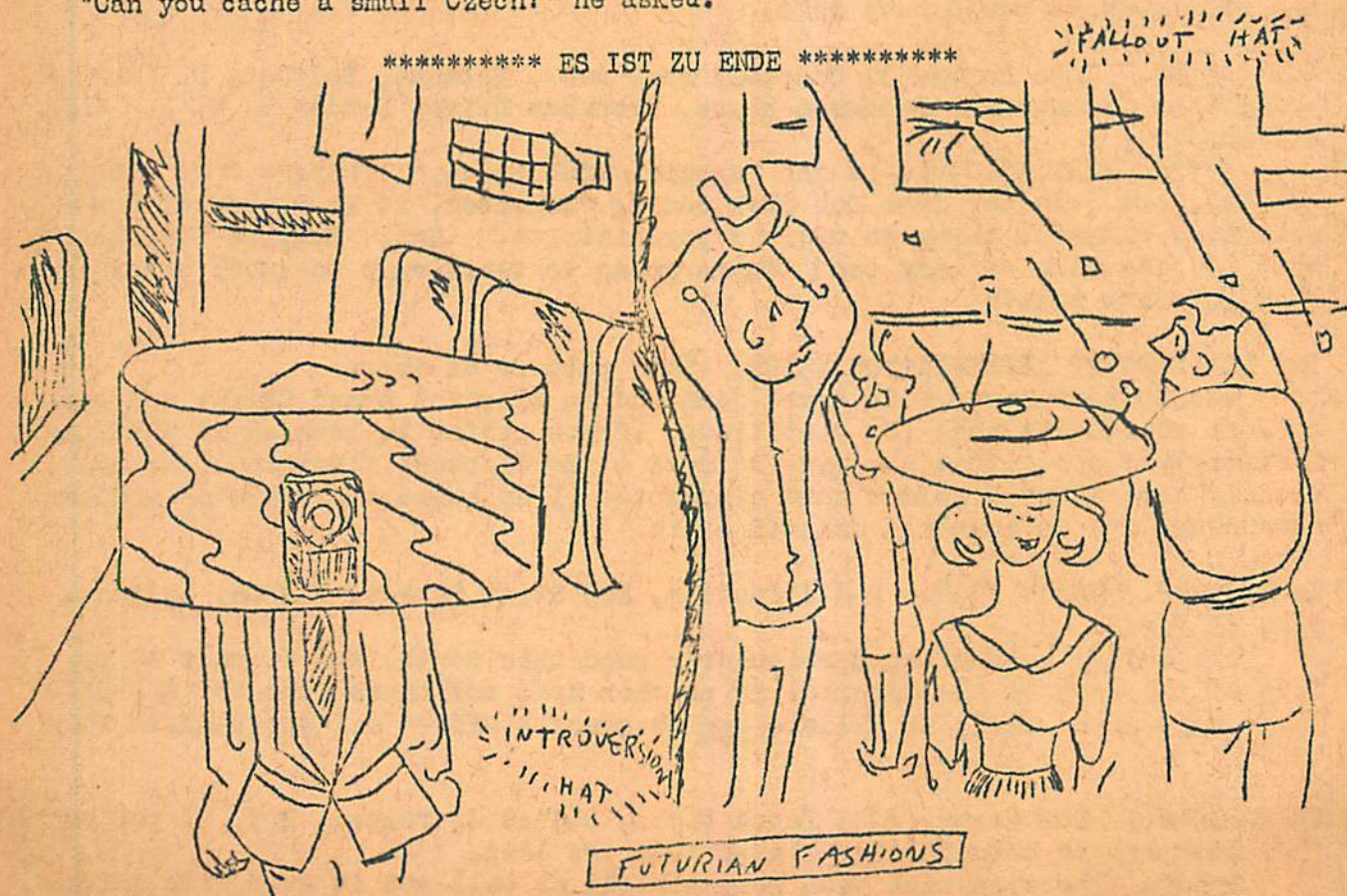
Stanisloue had been in the Goldfish apartment only five minutes when there was the sound of a key turning in the lock, and Stinkwater entered. Stanisloue fled down the fire escape as Stinkwater ran for his shotgun.

He was fifteen floors down from the Goldfish apartment when Stinkwater began climbing out on the fire escape to give chase. He would have to hide! Quickly! He rapped at the window on that level of the fire escape, and a huge brutish face peered out.

"Woddayawan'?" the face inquired in the cultivated accents of California. Stanisloue leaped through the window and turned to the owner of the apartment with fear in his voice.

"Can you cache a small Czech?" he asked.

\*\*\*\*\* ES IST ZU ENDE \*\*\*\*\*





## DIGGING THE FANZINES

amelia pemberton

BRILLIG #11. Lars Bourne, 2436 $\frac{1}{2}$  Portland St., Eugene, Oregon. Trades, contributions, letters of comment, 15¢.

Well, I guess Lars must be in good with the post office again; because I'm inclined to believe if he'd had to take this one in to be approved of & they'd read it, it wouldn't have been. There's a bit by Don Stuefloten which uses not only that word which saddened Guy Terwilleger when he found it in MANA #1, but other words, too.

Various other things: Lars tells of his meeting with Stuefloten & the weekend they spent together in Portland, Archie Mercer starts a serial about that Courtney whose boat was sawed, Dick Geis is represented by a political poem and an article about a play, John Quagliano has a story that should have been worked over a bit, and there's articles about jazz from Jerry DeMuth and Mervyn Barrett.

One line in Geis' article strikes me as most mysterious: "...Didi has a disease which results in his having go off stage to defecate." Good grief! If he telling me (at this late date) that healthy people defecate on stage?

SPHERE #9. January-February 1958. L. T. Thorndyke, P. O. Box #196, Cantonment, Florida. 20¢, \$1.00 per year.

They're still using just one side of the paper, & I'm still profoundly disapproving. The repro is beautiful, however.

Piece de resistance herein is a story by Guy Terwilleger. It's not uninteresting, but is poorly motivated & poorly written. Of course, if it had been good it would have sold.

VERITAS #7. John Berry, 31 Campbell Park Ave., Belmont, Belfast, N. Ireland, and Arthur Thomson, 17 Brockham House, Brockham Drive, London S. W. 2. OMPA & friends.

A fine VERITAS, this is the "special FEUD issue." There's more about budgies, and a letter from Bob Shaw ending "Remember, it is no longer considered a shameful thing to visit a psychiatrist." Hah. Budgies (parakeets, that is) can talk -- they can! We're going to teach ours to query wistfully "Can Bob Shaw talk?"

THE RON BENNETT APPRECIATION ISSUE. Same pubbers as above.

Ron Bennett has a wife named Joan and an elephant named Cecil; and one, both or neither is real (or fictitious, if you prefer to look at it that way). I strongly suspect that the wife is real & the elephant fictitious, as men usually have wives & seldom have elephants. I am aware that this is mundane reasoning, and am heartily ashamed of it.

YANDRO #62. March 1958. R & J Coulson, 105 Stitt Street, Wabash, Indiana. 10¢, 12 for \$1.

The letter column was particularly good this month, and it runs 10 pp. Most of the rest of the material is neither here nor there (tho the STF-INI-TIONS were great stuff, if fillers can be great stuff -- & I guess maybe they can).

CRIFANAC #6. Tom Reamy, 4243 Buena Vista, Dallas 4, Texas. 25¢, \$1 per year.

This one is considerably better than the last.

I have a bone to pick with Tom, & might as well get it over with quickly. He says we said (re CRIFANAC #5) "this guy can't write, can't spell and can't staple". The actual words were "This guy can't spell, can't punctuate, can't



make a sentence, and he can't even staple." Tom, I don't blame you at all for not bothering to look up the review & get the exact words, but when you quote from memory use quasi-quotes like this ". When you use straight quote marks the quotation must be exact. (Remember the quasi-quote, dear neofen, and save yourselves a lot of trouble.)

Herein's an interesting story by Charles Beaumont, which Reamy implies was too avant-garde for professional publication. It has some Besterian fireworks (& aren't you proud of me for not saying "pyrotechnics"?) but my impression is that the reason it's not publishable is because it's built around a very poor, completely unbelievable gimmick. Actually, there's such a wide range of stf mags these days any really good story should be publishable somewhere.

Tom Reamy's story is good; Harlan Ellison's the elaboration of a joke that was going around a while back; Greg Benford contributes faaan-fiction that's really cruelly treated by Reamy -- pubbed in three sections, no less. There's divers other material, mostly interesting, and an excellent tho too brief letter column. I wouldn't complain about the shortness of the letter column except that Reamy -- that misguided youth -- mentions that he left out part of it in order to make room for some more movie reviews. Movie reviews! Who could care less about movie reviews! -- the Reamy's are zestfully written.

Beautiful reproduction & artwork -- the zine is obviously terribly expensive to publish. Personally, I think 'twould be more fannish for Reamy to put out a neatly mimeod zine & spend his dough on hooch & wimmen & sports-cars & like that; but he has a right to make his own decisions.

He's plugging "Big 'D' in '59" -- DEE-troit, no doubt. These gallant Texans!

Well, all in all, CRIFANAC #6 is probably worth your quarter, but he still can't staple...

OOPSLA #24. January 1958. Gregg Calkins, 1030 Third Avenue, Salt Lake City 3, Utah. 15¢, 2/25¢, 4/50¢.

Here's a real, real good OOPS. Everything in it is delightful. The best item -- Walt Willis' "The Harp That Once or Twice". There's also a particularly good Berry tale, "Egoboo Brummell", poems & editorials by Calkins, an amusing collation of Oklacon info by Bob Tucker, and a very fine letter column.

Calkins writes about his letter column: "The letters that get printed are those that have something to say. Obviously everybody cannot be an OOPSLA columnist; moreover, most people don't have the time or the things to say necessary to comprise a full-fledged article. Are these people to remain stifled, their ideas and comments unread and unheard, merely because they have only a few lines instead of a few pages?" This is very sensible -- attention, Bob Leman! -- and implies clearly why a good lettercolumn adds so much to a fanzine.

HYPHEN #20. February, 1958. Walter Willis, 170 Upper Newtownards Road, Belfast, N. Ireland. 15¢.

Gee I wish I could review HYPHEN without using the words "magnificent" and "superb". Really I'm beginning to feel a bit self-conscious about saying that HYPHEN is magnificent and superb every time -- however -- it's still true.

Bob Shaw tells about fans' dreams, being out-gluttoned by the Calkins, and outfoxing a salesman in Pocatello, Idaho. Very fine. Vincent Clarke has a review in question & answer format of a book called "Science & Fiction",



by Patrick Moore. This book sounds incredibly pretentious & ill-informed; the review is delightful. Then there's an article by Mal Ashworth, eight lovely pages of lettercol, and the usual HYPHEN backcover --

AMOK #2. Don Powell, Box 7311 N.T.S.C., Denton, Texas. 15¢.

This is pubbed by an organization called the Black Book Society.

I enjoyed a poem by Don Parker, and "I Remember Mu-Mu." An article by B. Brodneaux Barnes, "The Science-Fiction Film - Boon or Blight?", starts off: 'In this chaotic turmoil which we abstractly classify as "life", the tantalizing and unanswerable question makes itself manifest: "Be Man the master or slave of his conscious endeavors?" and it doesn't improve. I thought perhaps Barnes was trying to be funny, but Pomby who with great fortitude read the thing thru assures me not. Apparently this unfortunate youth has simply swallowed a dictionary.

"The Adventure of the Remaining Man", a Sherlock Holmes parody by Sir Henry Smith-deVille, I didn't read. I don't feel a strong urge to read material by obvious pseudonyms. I read fanzines primarily to get acquainted with fans; and consequently anonymous or pseudonymed material has less attraction for me,

TAKE-OFF #2. Alan Dodd, 77 Stanstead Rd., Hoddesdon, Herts., England. 15¢.

Except for a goonish story by Ron Bennett and a page of movie review this is all fanzine reviews. There's 49 fanzine reviews in all if I counted accurately; so if you really crave fanzine reviews this zine might well be worth your 15¢. For me their value was lessened by Dodd's frequent omission of zine numbers & by his liking almost everything whether written in English or not.

A couple quotes: re Bob Leman's VINEGAR WORM -- "...a humour fanzine a la MAD. It's difficult to pinpoint his humour -- you never know when he's being serious - and he never is." VINEGAR WORM had at least one article that was frankly sercon, and the zine's humor was (thank all the fannish ghods that be) as little like MAD as possible.

Re Boyd Raeburn's Worldcon report: 'Most amusing to British fans will surely be his reference to small boys at London airport going around saying "Daddoh, Daddeh" - it makes one wonder what Boyd actually expected them to say. Not, "Aw gee parp" surely?' This "Daddoh, Daddeh" business implies appeal to the male rather than to the female parent, and it also implies an appeal made more or less in vain; in fact, it implies that family relationships are quite different in England. I thought Boyd's reference to the small boys saying "Daddeh, Daddeh" was most amusing too -- & it made vivid to me the fact that England is still essentially a patriarchy.

PROFANITY #1. March 1958. Bruce Pelz, Box 3255 University Station, Gainesville, Florida. 15¢, 2/25¢.

This has a very striking cover silkscreened in four colors. Reproduction is below par mimeo. The major item is a bibliography of Henry Kuttner; this, the very lengthy indeed, is admittedly incomplete and Bruce is hoping for additions so that he can bring out a supplement.

READERS' DIGESTED #3. Leslie Gerber, 201 Linden Blvd., Brooklyn 26, New York; and Andrew Reiss, 741 Westminster Road, Brooklyn 30, N.Y.

This is a 1/4-sized fanzine with inadequate inner margins; words get stapled on & lost. Duplication & typing are below par. I think a quarter-sized fanzine is worth doing only if it's absolutely impeccable -- READERS' DIGESTED is not. I'd be interested in seeing an improved version. Had more to say; ran out of space. Sorry, kids.



## M A G N E T

Ivor J. Alexander

In the shadow of the porch, I knocked upon the door,  
And the knocks sounded strange on this hot  
Broiling day of summer. For everywhere was  
Silence, save the crickets and the breeze.

The big door opened with a scrape and rattle,  
And there stood Mr. Horley in the shade.

"You came," he said. "Good man.

Come inside and have some lemonade.

"How are you keeping?" said he, and he gave  
Me lemonade, whereon I quenched my summer thirst.  
He gave me bread and cheese and  
Joked.

"But come and see the Magnet," he said.

"Time enough to talk of olden days

When the even' comes." He left the kitchen then,

And I followed, down little stairs and steps.

I heard a humming in the cellar, and there before my eyes,  
Was one great ring of metal plates and bars,  
In midst of which was one great ugly hole,  
Dangerous, frightening, like an open mouth.

(Electric wires were everywhere,  
Condensors, switches, also there.)

I had to speak loud over the hum  
If Horley were to hear.  
"What is it for?" - my shouted words.  
But the only sound was hum.

Mr. Horley had not heard, for he was bending  
Over the magnet's rail, and looking  
Down into the hole below. "What is it for?"  
My words were feeble in the hum.

And Lord! (Great balls of fire!) Mr. Horley fell!  
Right into the terrible hole, and was whirled about.  
"Mr. Horley!" I screamed,  
But could not hear myself.

The machine played with him in it's mouth,  
And he was whirled about, bashed against the sides.  
Then one leg, and then the other,  
And his arms and head, were separated.

And the machine whirled and hummed,  
And rolled the parts about,  
Till some time later there was  
Just a mass of slushed up protoplasm.

I had to drink something, and even as  
I drank lemonade, in the kitchen,  
I could hear the machine, whirring, humming  
In the cellar just below my feet.

Then I left the house, closing the big door,  
And stepped out in the broiling summer heat.  
I walked across the yellow grass, and then  
My footsteps were crackling on the road.

So it was that I walked on down the road,  
And finally the humming was no longer in the  
Summer air, and all I heard was the  
Crickets and the gentle breeze.



## X I X U T I S

by Wally

Weber

## March 2, 1958 Meeting:

The March 2 meeting of the Nameless Ones didn't open, which was as usual, at the home of Jerry Frahm. Members of the Nameless were gathered from the far corners of the world. Mr. Swearingen arrived after his long trip from Cougar Mountain, G. M. Carr came from far-away Ballard, and even Richard Frahm came from... cops! I guess he lives with Jerry. Well, anyway many members appeared, some of whom had not been around for quite some time.

The business part of the meeting was quickly dispensed with by having Mrs. Carr volunteer her place for the next (March 16) meeting. She suggested that everybody read, "Brave New World," so that a t... packed discussion of the novel could take place at her meeting.

Much of the conversation at the meeting centered about the works of art which appear in generous quantity in the house of Frahm. Mrs. Frahm was forced to reveal her two-volume account of a recent trip to Europe. Opinions on the manuscript were divided. Mrs. Frahm insisted its main commercial potential would be realized in its value as a non-habit-forming method of inducing sleep. Most of the others, however, thought it to be interesting and sufficiently candid to be a good book. In the interests of public information (I am not nosey for myself alone) your Secretary personally investigated a portion of one volume. The sample proved to be quite well written, but its commercial value is doubtful because -- let's face it -- it just was not science fiction.

A mysterious, covered object in a darkened room aroused your secretary's curiosity. The object, when uncovered, turned out to be a parrot named General. Usually the Frahms never have General and Jerry both uncovered at the same time, but since the evening was a special one the risk was taken.

Refreshments arrived upon the scene, and it must be said that when Jerry Frahm provides refreshments, the refresher should be prepared for a banquet. The refreshments spread in glorious profusion over a full-sized dining table and overflowed into the surrounding landscape. Meats, cheeses, breads... every imaginable delicacy. Even little tomatoes, individually shrunk by native head shrinkers no doubt. All this was arranged in such artistic beauty that we hated ourselves for destroying it. We hated ourselves as we fell upon it and carried it away, and gorged ourselves upon it, and we hated ourselves again and again as we repeated the process a second and third time.

About the time when we were too stuffed to go back for fourths, Jerry appeared with the fifths. He mixed together a concoction in his portable caldron by candle light while chanting the magic words, "Cherry Jubilee!" Our consciences would not permit us to take any more food, but this new thing...well now!

The meeting closed with a demonstration of mental telepathy by Jerry Frahm and Wally Gonser, and Richard Frahm and Ed Wyman. Since the demonstration was preceded by a private conference between the two individuals in each pair, the demonstration was judged to be of a rather primitive form of mental telepathy. A brass doorknob had an adverse effect on the Frahm/Gonser demonstration, while a quick switch of coverless Infinity magazines gave Ed Wyman some trouble.

And such was the lot of the March 2 meeting of Nameless Ones.



## MARCH 16, 1958 A.D. MEETING OF THE NAMELESS ONES

Before recounting the March 16 meeting, it will be well to explain the manner in which these minutes of it have been affected by it. To begin with, several members have noted a certain resemblance between what was being reported in the minutes and what actually happened at the meetings. In order to put a stop to this dangerous trend, a volunteer committee was set up to isolate your secretary from the actual meeting and to assist in deciding what should be put into the minutes so that the report could be purely objective and unhampered by facts. The following resulted:

Mark Walsted, Otto Pfeifer, and Burnett Toskey were the first members to arrive at the March 16 meeting of the Nameless Ones. G. M. Carr and Frank Carr were there before them, but only because they happened to live there. Although the meeting was supposed to start at 8pm, the trio of members did not arrive until 8:05. This was due in a large part to a miscalculation of the time it would take to scale the lofty peak on which the House of Carr resides. Indeed, the fact that they were no later is a tribute to the mountain knowledge and climbing skill of Burnett Toskey.

In order to revive the exhausted climbers, Frank went to his secret bheer still in the basement. Mark went with Frank. It seemed to take them quite a while to get the bheer. Meanwhile, Burnett and Gem worked out an agreement to disagree with one another. The disagreement agreement became complicated, however, when Gem pointed out that in order to preserve her standing as an unpredictable woman, she would have to somehow find within herself the strength to agree with Toskey on something. It was not agreed that her agreeing to disagree would be sufficiently agreeable to either satisfy or dissatisfy the agreement. (THIS minutes committee has GOT TO GO!! --WWW)

When this complex discussion was still incomplete, Mark and Frank returned as best they could in drunken disorder, bearing bhrew both inside themselves and more accessible containers. Simultaneously Wally Gonser and Jerry Frahm arrived, and they right off pitched themselves into the brew. (So help me, that's what the committee decided, "pitched themselves into the brew." Didn't even call it bhrew! --WWW)

By the time Flora Jones, Rose Stark, Ed Wyman, Geneva Wyman, and Wally Weber arrived, they could not get inside without trampling the prone body of Wally Gonser which was occupying its usual place -- the floor. Hardly had the trampling ceased and the guzzling begun when Dick Nulsen arrived. Being Dick Nulsen, it was not in him to enter without first ruining the evening.

"Is this the science-friction club?" he asked.

"No," answered Toskey, who cannot tell a lie because he doesn't know any.

"I thought you guys were too slippery to be a science friction club," commented Mr. Nulsen, thus ruining the evening and making it possible for him to enter.

A woman who probably doesn't want her name mentioned in the minutes -- although it already has been, first sat in a loveseat with Frank Carr (not realizing that Mrs. Carr was taking in every word), and then, fickle as can be, went straight over to Mr. Nulsen and carried on an intimate conversation with him. The content of these conversations could not be decided upon by the minutes committee due to a disagreement between them and Federal postal regulations. Besides, the ORY is a family magazine.

Refreshments (in addition to the bheer) consisted primarily of cumquats and sunflower seeds and were available in huge quantities throughout the meeting. The bhrew was most popular, however. The program consisted of the usual variety of discussions. Frank and Mark plotted in the kitchen to overthrow all governments while in the living room G. M. Carr and a Nameless woman held Black Mass. Otto Pfeifer and Wally Weber were the soberest members present, and Otto was so plastered that he thought Weber was drunk. Burnett Toskey tried to incite a riot because the secretary refused to reveal what number of meeting it was. Somehow it was decided that Wally Weber would sponsor the next meeting at Swamphouse, and that pretty much ended the March 16 meeting. After all, things can only go so far.

honorable secretary, Wally Weber





# Cry of the Readers

(conducted by BURNETT R TOSKEY  
— who hopes to hold the Cry down to  
30 pages this time.)

## TANGLED IN BRYERS

Dear ,

I believe that Harris in his article "Fandom --- is It Enough?" brought up some fine points --- but the real reason fans are unable to discuss serious subjects such as S.F. is their appalling lack of intelligence. That's the reason why I've invented an intelligence test which will prove to a fan whether or not he's capable of discussing such things as space satellites, or it can even predict whether or not a fan will become a BNF.

Although written not verbal, I expect this test to become every bit as popular as the Binet test (I still think Stanford was a loony).

FOLLOW DIRECTIONS AND DON'T CHEAT (Big Brother is watching you!)

### MATHEMATICS:

1. If an airplane travels twice the speed of a boat, and the plane flies 200 MPH, how fast does the boat fly?

(multiple choice) A. B. C. D. E. (Check your choice.)

2. If a cubic foot of water weighs 1 pound, and a cubic foot of steel weighs seven times as much as a cubic foot of water, how much does a cubic foot of steel weigh?

A. B. C. (only three choices this time.)

3. If John Champion can talk twice as fast as Joe Sanders (while holding his tongue) and Joe can talk half as fast as Billy Meyers and Bill can talk one third as fast as Rich Brown and Rich can talk faster than Pemberton, Toskey, Coulson, Weber, Berry, Willis, Harris, Bourne, Adams, Pelz, Moffat, Gerber, Hope, Adams, Moran, and bean-pole, how fast does Garcone talk?

A. (This is a tough one; there's only one choice this time so think carefully before answering)

### ENGLISH: (correction: EGNLISH) Directions - pick the correct word in the parentheses.)

1. YNGVI (was, were, is, have, it's crackers to slip a rozzer the dropsy in snide) a louse!

2. Who (sawed, mawed, elawed, broad) Courtney's (throat)(moat)(boat)?

Directions for the following: Unscramble the words in the right hand column to match up with the words in the left hand column.

#### Right col.

1. Degler
2. Hall
3. Vorzimer

#### Left col.

2. A jerk
2. A jerk
3. A jerk

AND THAT'S THE TEST. I wish I could find a way to grade it!

Sincerely, Marvin Bryer  
1396 Hamilton, #7

St. Louis 12, Missouri

P.S. I would like to supplement this with an ESPy type of test. LISTEN! I am now



writing on a separate slip of paper a letter from the second half of the alphabet, now one from the first half, now another from the first half, now one from the second half of the alphabet. WHAT FOUR LETTER WORD DID I WRITE? (Due to postal regulations I have not been allowed to print the answer here.)

(((((Strangely, we didn't get anywhere near the storm of protest on the Harris article that we expected. Glad to hear from you again; your sub is all but run out, and we have used up all your illos.....BRT))))))

COYOTE PELZ

Dear C.H.s:

Your <sup>9</sup>20 zine improves at a fantastic rate -- no, make that "an astounding rate"! Help stamp out Z-D mags. Number 113 was at least twice as good as number 112. The fact that my letter in 113 was twice as long as the one in 112 is purely coincidental.

My meager chemistry knowledge wilts at the obvious superiority of the Busby Mind. "Chrysazine" and "Kairoline" -- very, very good indeed. On the other hand, I take umbrage (it's an addiction) at the suggestion that Brucine sounds like a feminine name. If you must know, the formula is a small advertisement for PROFANITY --- the Bruce-zine. Soon, if not already, a copy of the aforesaid magnificent publication will be delivered to your door, for your esteemed perusal.

Now, to attack CRY 113: Passing through Amelia's column, which is STILL one of the best fanzine review columns I have been able to find, we arrive at the territory of Renfrew the Plowman, who seems to have hitched the Plow to a wild bull this time. Or maybe a wild hare. The main thing that seems to be clouding the vision of Piers Pemberton is the prevalence of Sputnik-doom-cryers. I join him in the beration of such characters. (((As do I also...BRT))). And bye-the-bye, why has no one cited a story called "Stamp from Moscow" by Steve Benedict in ASTOUNDING for January 1953? It clearly predicted that the Russians would sneak up on us in rockets. In the matter of lousy prozine distribution, I can sympathize --- there are about eight prozines, including all Columbia publications, that are not available in this section of the country. I think it's a plot.

Oooooogg. I see that Rich Brown DID find some more original humor. Wurra, wurra. Bring on the next stallment. On second thought, maybe I'll write the next stallment.

Bill Meyers new title seems to be OK -- fits in with the others. Just be careful of any typos in the last word. Deliberate or otherwise. I hope both Pemby and Bill review the May ish of FANTASTIC UNIVERSE. I have been wishing most heartily for quite some time that FUniv would quietly drop dead --- preferable at the completion of a volume, so that it wouldn't give me binding difficulties. But if future issues can publish stories like most of the ones in the May ish, I will be happy to see the zine retain life and good health. Of course, the doubly-dommed UFO articles still abound, but "Colon the Conqueror" and "Face of Evil" make up for them.

O Frabjous May! More Berry! Cackle. Snicker, wheeze, haw-haw-haw. It was THAT cold, huh? Atomillos, too. Marvellious.

As a member of the Florida Speleological Society, I am interested in any sinking done in the streets of Seattle. Might be a whole new cavern system opening up. What news? What news? We have diving crews and exploratory teams available. Just call. We're the only underground submersive organization that's not being investigated at the moment.

Letter col: Es Adams: Huntsville also has a large speleo organization, which may be used to investigate YOU. Trying to take over the CRY is one thing, but trying to assume credit for MY ROCKETS is quite something else again.

Rich Brown: Me logical or intelligent? I've already disproved both of these wild



charges by writing to the CRY in the first place. So if I want to like a Holocaust illo, I shall proceed to do it. Why, I might even become so insane as to comment that I like one of yours. Such as the cover for CRY 113. THAT I like. How is my taste in art, now?

And speaking of the artwork in CRY 113, I shall venture my invaluable (that's IN-, not UN-!) opinion on the top illos: ATomillo p.24, Rich Brown's cover illo, and Daigle's p.23. Then there is the question of the variety of colors in the paper used. I don't mind the yellow and the white, but the orange, pink, and whatever p.34 was printed on have got to go!!

Hmmm. Only FOUR plotting to take over the CRY? Something must be did -- we need at least seven. All disloyal fans must rally to the call: The Aliens Shall Take Over The Cry of the Numbskulls! And C<sub>9</sub>H<sub>20</sub> is nonane, in case you haven't looked it up.

Bruce Pelz C<sub>23</sub>H<sub>26</sub>N<sub>2</sub>O  
Box 3255 Univ. Sta. 4  
Gainesville, Florida.

(((Why bother wishing hard luck to certain prozines? Nobody says you gotta buy them even if they don't quit. Hey, fellow, why not send us a pic of you for our coming fotocover of our letterhacks? We've got several now, but not nearly enough. We've asked Bill Meyers at least twice for his pic, with no result; so I guess we don't want his mug on our cover after all. Sorry for all those paper colors --- we ran out of our regular stock and had to use what we had on hand. I worry not particularly at the moment about the fact that Russia got a satellite up first, since we seem to have them outnumbered in this respect at the moment; what worries me more is the cessation of satellite activities in Russia after they had announced they would send up one a month --- are they lousing up like we did on a couple, or are they preparing to go to the moon?....BRT)))

O WHERE O WHERE IS BROWN???

Dear..dear..oh dear, I can't think up anything original this time around...;

Here. I'm here, not there. Yup, still in Pasadena. AHM A CUMMIN'..AHM A CUMMIN'.. YE'LL BE SEEN' DICKY BRUN..

Actually, this moving business is a mess.

Well, anyway, to CRY #113. Hmmm. I guess my sig is a little too small, but otherwise, I'm perfectly satisfied.

Oh yes, white stencils. BDC maybe? I've come up against the BDC's myself, and while they're OK for typed stuff, I had a hell of a time cutting art on 'em. Give me a good ol' Vellam just any old day...(Undoubtadley everyone in fandom who has been using Vellam Stencils will stop. Ah well.)

Aha! Six of eight 'zines have I see this time around. Agreed (naturally) in re: HYPEHN..'twas there that I found where to get into OMPA..thanks, Walt..A below par YANDRO is still better than..well, I won't name any names, but only two zines mentioned this time could possibly beat it; even when below par...METRO..well, depends on how interested you are; me, not very. Agreed re: SIGBO and FANAC..on with FANAC, why not? Fandom is in need of a fannish newzine to maybe take the place of FANEWS, FA, or like that...

I agree with Pemberton, Harlan, just whathell does the alien want with a mutant leopard? To keep him company? No, he doesn't want that. To start a jungle? Leopards? Monkeys? Still don't get it.

Ugh. Finkwater is, of now, terminated. But just for the record, how did Cotton Thorne end, Harlan? Not that it was particularly..uh..hot, but...

Yes, yes, yes..the more I read Weber's minutes, the more I think I'm going to like it there, the more I want to ek..wait, I'm typing too fast..sloooooowww ddoowwnn now, I like this. I've said it before but I like it.

Citizen of the Galaxy; useless, mad-pash, re-hash. Oh, Heinlein's style is as good as ever, but if you want style, why not Bradbury, Steinbeck, Saroyan, Faulkner.

Now, as to Norman's shorticle, I admire him for his opinion, but I cannot agree with him; I have in my collection some of the earlier, more "sercon" zines; their value is useless now. Reading a review of PLANET, Sept. '49 or of some now obscure movie or book is remourseful. Now I have nothing against serconzines; I edited one myself y'know,



but to restrict it to just talk about sf..that's something different again. Admittedly, sf is a fine subject to talk about, but there are other things, too. SKYHOOK may be tops in sercon zines, but I'll take CRY any day; in SKYHOOK you agree with the writer or you don't, you have a point of great science fictional interest, or some-sech like that. With CRY, you can do this, or you can explain how to cook your crottled greeps (in an automatic crotter, as I've said).. or you can even voice a gripe about fandom being to fannish. Now like I say, Norm, I'll honor your opinion; you can keep to the real sercon zines if you like; but as for me, I think it's unfair to myself not to partake in the humor of Willis, Grennell, Shirley Shaw(Lee Hoffman), etc. and also see what Boggs has to say. And you? Oddly enough, I goot OOPSLA in the mail the same day I got CRY, and, in Willis' "The Harp that Onee or Twice" lies an answer to Norman. Quoting him out of context, he sez: "And if some of us don't run much about sf in our fanzines it's because we can find things that are more fun to write about than exactly how one hack differs from another." And who is to say what fandom's object (if it has an object) is or its purpose (if it has a purpose)? Wait a second here...Let's cut it short.

At last, CRY is one of the Ghosen Few. Hope Berry will continue with more of his stuff; after all, if I'm going to take over the CRY, it will have to print good material.

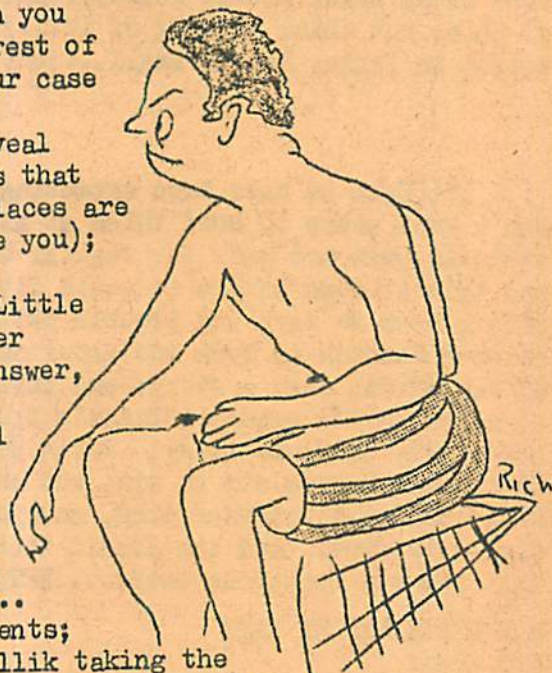
Es Adams: I agree with you, Es, you should sue the Nameless Ones, but why let them o. off with a mere \$7,000,000,000,000,000,000,000, when you could have, say, 10% of all their prophits for the rest of your life? You could easily retire..I'll handle your case ..along with my own....whatsay?

Willis, at last the time has come for me to reveal the strange powers the ancients possessed...it seems that any fan would be able to tell what baby-proof shoe laces are (but then, you're a Roscoeite, so I can hardly blame you); they're 50% alcohol.

And you Bruce Pelz; Yes you can come into our Little Group. I've contacted Al Andrews via personal letter about coming into it also..Robin Wood is still to answer, and if Meyers and I can ever get Glenn King to fork over a dime for a copy of CRY...yes. As to original type type humor, I heard this one, but it deserves publication somewhere: "I don't care who you are, fat man, get those reindeer off my roof!"

As to Len Moffat, when he says "Brown writes a lousy article," I can only agree with him. However.. lemme see here, if I can take up some of his statements; Unless you've grown a bushy tail recently, it was Ellik taking the unauthorized kisses...I know it was Ellik because..because..because he had a bushy tail. Dammit, it was Ellik. I think. I'll have to write him and see. He'll deny the thing, of course. Wouldn't want to get reported to the NAAKSA (National Association for the Advancement of Kiss Stealers of America). Damn his bushy tail, anyway. Sure Burbee looks like Vic Mature..in the face..short cropped hair..darker complection.. and..and..well, maybe not exactly, but..Besides, if Rick Sneary can say Bob Tucker looks like Frank Sinatra, then I guess I can say Burbee looks like Vic Mature..short cropped.. and like that. Like I said in the article, I never had Pizza before, so I dunno if they were Pizza or not. Ted Johnston said they were, and Ted is known far and wide as being a great pizza lover. Whatever they were, they were good, but once I retain my tastebuds I shall think twice about eating strange foods. All I remember of your "selections" from your opera's or songs or whatever, was the one from the Upper- (not to be confused with the lower-) Ketchicallicanese (I'll be damned -- I sure as hell can't say it, but it looks like I've come pretty close to almost spelling it right, like). The other stuff you are right about..I forgot and must claim a poor memory...

BRT: Was looking through "Gods of Venus" "Witches Night" and "The Red Legion" trying to remember what it was made me dislike them...I read them all last summer, so





they are a little vague in my mind...all I remember about GOV (and also another I mentioned "Daughter of the Night") was that it was terrifically under-plotted..both..I finished them, but they weren't finished. I mean, I just sat there looking dumb, saying "So what?" Much ado about nothing. Of course, this is just what I remember. I'll have to re-read them and give you some specifics.

Stony Barnes: Ok, Barnes ole man, you get the job as art editor, along with Adams and anyone else who wants the job. Just as long as you keep accepting my art, that it. Ok, you're with us. Ok...

BRT: Now things are undoubtedly blacker...count 'em: Me, BEMeyers, Es Adams, Bruce Petz, Robin Wood, Stony Barnes, Al Andrews...and others will join in once things get going..there may be six of you, but there's eight of us...So watch it, see..bazooka, Fool! we'll just walk right in...

Jim Moran, John Berry, Larry Stone, Leslie Garber, and Pete Hope: I have nothing whatsoever to say to you, but that I might as well give you egoboo (out of the graciousness of my black little heart)..thank you, one and all...I know you are all overwhelmed at this, but think nothing of it...just contribute to the FooFoo movement -- no contribution to large, non to small...just as long as it's money.

deploribus neofan, Rich Brown  
127 Roberts St  
Pasadena, Calif.

(((Here we have been expecting you any day to show up in Seattle, and so now I don't know where to send this at all! You're a cummin'; but WHEN??? Those white stencils were not made for regular USA type mimeo's at all. We had to cut special holes and trim it down before it would fit our machine. I forgot the brand name -- But ATOM didn't seem to have any trouble putting his artwork on it. As far as I'm concerned, All science fiction is much ado about nothing -- the question is, is it fun to read? "Gads of Venus" was only a story; and certainly it was unfinished, for the rest of the story appeared in the sequel ("Titan's Daughter", Sept '48), and the two stories taken together are really only one story. Robin Wood and Al Andrews have lost touch with the Cry, so that still leaves six to six, but only one of you is coming up here -- and then our influence will rot your mind, and you will become one of us, and we will be seven, and they only five. And I'm afraid that the monster Garcone will allow no other art director than its own monstrous self.....BRT)))

#### HOW DEECK WAS MY FAT?

Fat Ones:

And so it comes. Issue #113, and how did you get that far? Especially without your noisiest critic, me?

Things haven't changed much, even though you appear to have a crop of new writers who range from naiveevto repititious. Perhaps it is an improvement; I shall wait before judging too harshly.

Predator Pemberton is a fellow I much admire, although, as in the past, I find myself disagreeing with him 90% of the time. This disagreement is a healthy one, I think, for it keeps me just a little bit more critical of science-fiction stories. Whereas I used to read stories semi-uncritically, only giving value judgements, I am now able, following the methods of the Predator, to substantiate my judgements.

Pemberton will no doubt be interested to learn, if he hasn't already, that Leinster's Satellite novel, "The Strange Invasion," has been published by a pocket book concern, Grown. It would be interesting to have him compare the two. While he's on that project, he might also compare the magazine and pocket version of Man of Earth, by Algis Budrys. I ask Pemberton to do it because I was able to get through only 10 pages of "The Strange Invasion" in Satellite, and I wouldn't read Budrys' novel again.

CRY of the Readers has grown a bit since I've been away -- and all for the worse. The letterhacks are, for the most part, mere gossips, interested only in their petty feuds. Feuds aren't bad as long as they are interlarded with some thoughts, so that others could become interested in them. But you haven't any of that type.



One writer, Larry Stone, endeavors to be a bit thoughtful, and ends up being ludicrous. (When you haven't practiced thinking, it comes hard.) He states that "the general public does not hate the 'Egghead' of its own volition, but at the urging and with the encouragement of the ad-men, politicians, etc., who are, themselves, intellectuals." That's good for many a giggle. I don't know the "etc." are, but if they are anything like the politicians and ad-men, they aren't intellectuals either. Perhaps Mr. Stone equates a college education/degree with intellectualism; it seems likely when he says politicians are intellectuals. He must then include every idiot and conformist teaching high school today.

It's manifest that Mr. Stone does not read the Congressional Record, a daily or weekly newspaper, or the speeches and voting records of his Canadian politicians. Politicians and ad-men are anti-intellectual because, from all the evidence that both groups have furnished, they are not intellectuals and could never hope to be intellectuals. They are not committing suicide by attacking intellectualism; they are guaranteeing their existence.

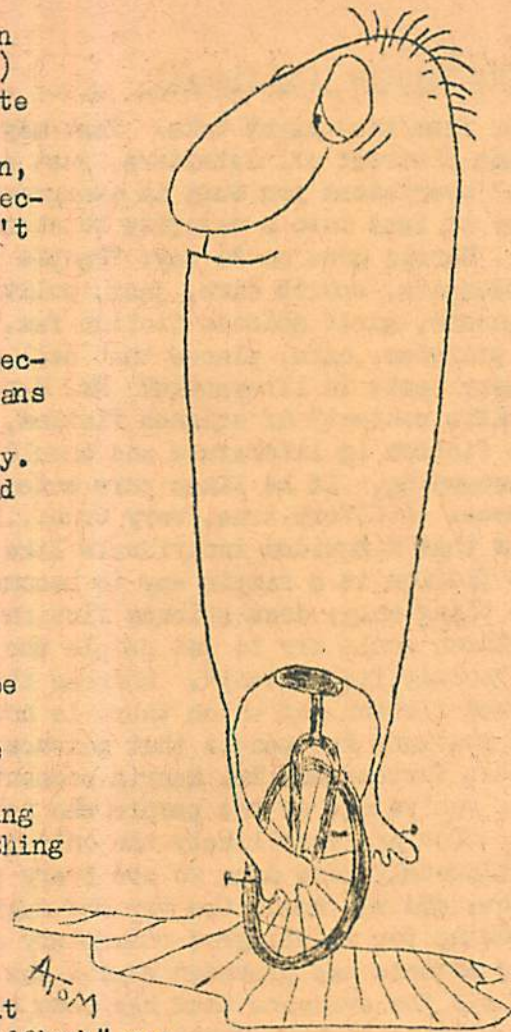
Bill Meyers does a good job on "Cultivating the Current Crop," but it's overdoing a good thing just a little I'd say. A nice long book criticism would be just the thing for Mr. Meyers.

When are the young fans going to realize that humorous fiction is very difficult to write? "The Adventures of Finkwater J. Goldfinch" was as described: the "second of a very dull series." The first, which I happily missed, couldn't have been worse; indeed, it was probably on the same level. Poor.

"Fandom: Is It Enough?" should have been subtitled "We, the Chosen Few." Mr. Harris reminds me of the youthful, idealistic Wm., the Worldsaver. I carried on indignantly like that some years ago. Fans are too egocentric, I would charge, frothing at the mouth like mad. Fans are also nasty, suspicious, narrow-minded, and too damn cliquish. Yes, the wonderful Wm. was the Harris of yesterday, a bit nastier and probably more prolix. I still believe all I said about the fans -- it's grown worse now -- but age has quietened me down a little, and being unsuccessful in bringing about changes in fandom has quietened me down even more.

Harris differs from me in that he praises the science fiction fans, says their intelligence is way above the norm (a claim given the shrill backing of fandom, an obviously partial group, but no other individual or group that I can think of), and all in all gets maudlinly sentimental about the whole thing. This is manifestly a hypocritical posture, after ladling out very thickly the praise.

Unfortunately, Mr. Harris makes some assumptions which are certainly moot, if not positively wrong. Thus he says: "Some fans keep up a perennial (sic) wall of antipathy towards people they've never heard of, making fandom a thing to be feared. It is next to impossible to get anything for yourself out of fandom when everywhere you turn you meet derision and insults, hurled very often in a not-too subtle manner." Now it may be possible to be antipathetic to someone or something you've never heard of; although it would seem that if you haven't heard of someone, you have absolutely no thoughts of that person. Of course, if you have heard about the person, you will have thoughts about him,





whatever form they might take. That may be an overgeneralization, however, implying that fans distrust all outsiders, just as his other statement about "derision and insults" everywhere you turn is overgeneralized. He has obviously exaggerated the minority of fans into a majority to strengthen his case,

Mr. Harris goes on to say: "People in fandom...persist in writing of such things as restaurants, sports cars, jazz, politics, and other things of no possible interest to a sincere, adult science fiction fan." That is palpably false. Since when were music, politics, cars, places that sell good food of no interest to adults, no matter what their taste in literature? Mr. Harris also wants to have more discussion of the "scientific content" of science fiction, which implies that he is probably unaware that science fiction is literature and should be discussed as such, JWCjr. to the contrary notwithstanding. If he likes pure science he should read text books and leave literature alone. (((Very true, very true...BRT))) One of science fiction's main troubles today is that misguided individuals like Harris have spread the idea that reading science fiction is a simple way to become a nuclear physicist or biologist. One thing, and one thing only, does science fiction teach: Do not fear science. But Harris and his brethren would try to get people who fear science to read science fiction because of its "scientific content". Whereas they should keep absolutely quiet about the science in science fiction (of which there is not too much anyhow), and thereby let science fiction convince the people that science is all right.

A bit further on, Mr. Harris comments with brave immodesty: "If you're reading this article, you're one of the people who is looking for intelligent commentary on science-fiction. You are very likely the only person within a dozen miles who has deliberately and continuously gone down to see every s-f movie that has shown at your neighborhood movieshow, and who reads the top s-f magazines every month." While it is certain that I am looking for intelligent commentary on science fiction, it is moot whether Mr. Harris's article has provided what I was seeking. For Mr. Harris seems to feel, in the face of all the evidence that has been presented, that there is something laudable in viewing science-fiction movies. To go "deliberately and continually" is, I imagine, the height of interest in science fiction, and also the height of idiocy.

Since Mr. Harris assures us that he does not "want to preach a return-to-s-f movement," I am somewhat at a loss as to what he thought he was doing. Certainly everything he said led in that direction. Maybe even he doesn't know.

Then comes the wonderfully ironic touch, most likely unintended. He asks the people reading his article "to examine everything else in this magazine, and ask yourselves: Do the rest of the contents follow the real purpose of fandom?" In his article he contends that the real purpose of fandom is an interest in science fiction (and I go along with him there, disregarding how badly he stated his case). Yet his article is not "intelligent commentary on science-fiction" even granting the adjective "intelligent"; it is a commentary on fandom.

Well, it appears I have gotten carried away. It has to have been a good issue for the ineffable Wm. to have written so much. But the fingers are weary now, and errors multiply.

Mine sincerely,

Wm. Deack  
8400 Potomac Ave.

College Park, Maryland

(((A beautiful new type-face you have, sir Wm -- too bad I couldn't stencil your letter with one like it. This month's lettercol ought to satisfy you more -- it seems weightier with thought than usual. Mostly our letterhacks just seem to have fun; if you don't like our lettercol, you are in the minority. Your comment to Stone is well-taken, I think; but at times I think that politicians consider themselves to be intellectual -- lots of them have a superior attitude. I have had 8 years of college but I don't consider myself an intellectual in the least. And being a scientist, I can also vouch for the fact that the scientific content of science fiction is virtually nil. To me, science fiction is fanciful romance and nothing more -- I make no distinction between science fiction and fantasy -- it's only a question of degree, for who knows what may or may not be possible in the future, and when? I would not say at all that



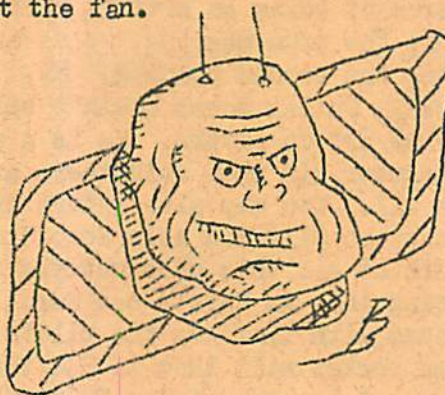
purpose of fandom is an interest in science fiction; it is more the common bond that unites fandom --- interest in science fiction is the means rather than the end. Fans have many ways of expressing themselves, some by reading copious quantities and keeping up, others by writing sercon-type pieces, and others who just write about whatever they please --- yet without an interest in science fiction there would be no communication between fans. They divide themselves up and form groups, sometimes by common mundane interests in addition, (such as Pogo-fans or Mad fans), and others of widely divergent interests (as FAPA or SAPS). To tell the truth, we expected no serious comment on the Harris article --- we expected everyone to brush him aside as a fugghead who was behind the times (which he is, in my opinion) --- but joy! Look at this lettercol, and see what that little one page article did to our lettercol! Too bad NSHarris didn't write in for a copy of this issue --- he's sure missing his egoboo.....BRT)))))

AS BIG, BAD, BRAVE, AND BOLD A BIMBO AS EVER BUNNED A BITE....  
Gents,

Renfrew Pemberton says---very validly---on page 9 of the March 1958 issue of CRY OF THE NAMELESS, anent John Campbell and Lester del Rey's explanation of How The Russians Beat Us---"where were all us wiseguys, just before it hit the fan, hey??"

I would like to say where I was before it hit the fan.

I was writing an article entitled "The By-Product of Science Fiction" which was published in the 13 August 1956 issue of "Chemical and Engineering News" and reprinted in the April, 1957 issue of "Fantasy and Science Fiction" in which I deplored the anti-intellectualism of American culture before sputnik. I didn't I didn't mention anything about Russia because frankly I didn't know anything about Russia, but frankly, gentlemen, we're not in trouble because Russia's going fast, we're in trouble because we are going slow, and in my article I pointed out why.



In fact, when Camerarts recently published a one-shotter The Race for Space, they asked a number of people to write post-Sputnik articles for them with all the wisdom of hindsight. They were satisfied with one pre-Sputnik article, mine.

Now this is not to boost my own wisdom---though every one knows that I yield to no one in my admiration of Asimov---but simply to uphold the honor of science-fiction.

Yours, Isaac Asimov  
45 Greenough St.  
West Newton 65, Massachusetts

(((Just where did science fiction come into the picture? Except that you, a stf author wrote it, and it was published in F&SF. Where is the fiction? As I mentioned before, I'm wondering if we aren't making another mistake now by piddling around with these little satellites, while Russia could easily be working on something more spectacular, such as a permanent satellite(manned, even), or a manned flight to the Moon. How long is it going to take us to get off of our lead-lined duff?....BRT)))))

HORNY BROOK

Dear Staff of cRy Fo ThE NaMeLeSS,

Rich has reason to be proud. His cover is hotsty totsy. 3 cucumbers in a bottle 'o gin. It's snide to slip crackers, a rozzer, in dropsy. Not to many fanzines this issue. Poor A.P. Perhaps if I sent her my new monthly, VAMPIRE TRADER, it would cheer her up. Then again....

Renfrew bored me to death this time, but Finkwater Goldfinch brought me back. Hooray for RB again. I'm gonna have to send CRY a continued adventure series such as this.

WW's minutes are becoming a gem of a column. Keep them if you have to twist his



other two arms off in the process, 'cause they're faanish. Cultivating The Crop, huh? Seems almost as though Meyers is beginning to like his hobby, fandom.

My goodness. Poor Outlaw. If he can't do any better than "that" on page 26, he'd better start drawing with one of his hands. "Fandom--Is It Enough" sounded like a semi-intelligent article. Is this a first for CRY? Seemed to me that it would have looked better in SPHERE. But, it caught me off guard, and the point went home. I guess I'll have to give up talking to fans about fans, and start talking about pro affairs, like the man says. After all IS IT NOT THE TRUE PURPOSE? Do you realize, Nameless Ones, that your mag does not conform to Harris' true purpose (((Thank ghod!...BRT))) You shall regret this unfannish behavior! It's for the CAUSE!

Yes comrades, it's lughy for you that you ran that true scientific article, on the glorious SPUTNIK 2, or you would have been shipped to Siberia, sure ans sure as the moon is made of green cheese.

CRY OF THE READERS starts off good with Atom's illo. Why doesn't Garcone give up this mad farce of being an artist. All he ever draws are sea scapes, and they become boring to SF, the true meaning, readers. Jim Moran's letter brings even more fannish results after the second reading. Ho.

Obviously, Outlaw Adams doesn't believe in meaningful, SF art on covers. He is a peasant. We shall remember him when volunteers are in need for Sputnik III. You may also inform Mr. Pelz that the cover on #112 did mean something. It is the aftermath of all this unscientific fanac that has been going on. As Harris can readily explain, goofing around with fanzines the pilots of our first manned rocket will land in Seattle, instead of the moon, and be asphyxiated by the burning of chicken fat-kerosine, used in the power driven beanies of the Nameless.



Even if BEM, OUTLAW, and Rich Brown do take over CRY, their victory will be short-lived. You see, I had intended on storming Seattle on my motorscooter over the spring vacation from school, but gas costs  $\frac{1}{2}$  a mile, and I eat once in a blue moon, so couldn't afford it. BUT, that doesn't mean I've given up. Rich may stop by here on his way to Seattle, and well, you can expect to be massacre any day now, unless you surrender the FENDEN unconditionally.

Don't hold your breath---

Short Horn Kid-  
Stony Brook Barnes  
Rt 1, Box 1102  
Grants Pass, Oregon.

(((As I see it, we shall continue our prozine reviews from now until Eternity freezes over, but our lettercol seems to be unrestricted, as well as our various unsolicited contributions in the way of articles, stories, etc. By the way we have some material of yours on hand which we are going to reject --- we are waiting until we can get a rejection slip printed up.....BRT)))

#### THE ICEBERG DRIPPETH

Dear Nameless:

Si I have expized, have I? Meseemeth you've forgotten to credit me for one of my published letters...but I enclose a buck herewith for another twelve issues (or thirteen, if you decide I have an extra coming to me.) Thankee for the kind words in the latest issue. In these hard times any good word is welcome. All best, Bob Silverberg

(((Checking back, my bookkeeping is correct --- but then you really don't deserve one for this one, so now everybody's happy, wot?....BRT)))

915 West End Ave.  
New York 25, New York



LEN THE BELCHER

Dear Nameless Ones,

Perhaps I should say "Blameless Ones" as I like your mag, and would be hard put to find something to criticize--If I was one of these fancritics who just have to criticize for the sake of being critical. (Hmmm, one could call that sentence a critical mess, couldn't one?) Anyway, Old Big Hearted Len (((So you ARE in favor of Detroit for '59, ... ..BRT))) never goes out of his way to find fault, and methinx CRY serves its purpose very well. Page after page of interesting material (with maybe one or two exceptions but these can be excused on the grounds that the other stuff is interesting), interesting to me, anyway... Why? Because your two best items are items I like to see in any fanzine, and not all of them have 'em. Some, because it isn't their policy to have 'em and others because they just aren't lucky enough to have 'em. I refer, of course, to the excellent prozine coverage and to the lettersection. Not that the fanzine reviews aren't well done either, but there wasn't enough of them this time. (((There seldom is....BRT))) (It's Number 113 I'm talking about, son, the one with the Frenchman on the cover...)

Oh, if I wanted to be a real sercon fancritic, I would say that the mimeeing was spotty in spots, that some of the illos were crudely done, that Rich Brown's Goldfinch stories are old hat stuff to this frustrated vaudevillian and stuff like that there, but what the hell...there was so much other good stuff in the 35 pages that such complaints would be mere carping, a fishy pastime at best...

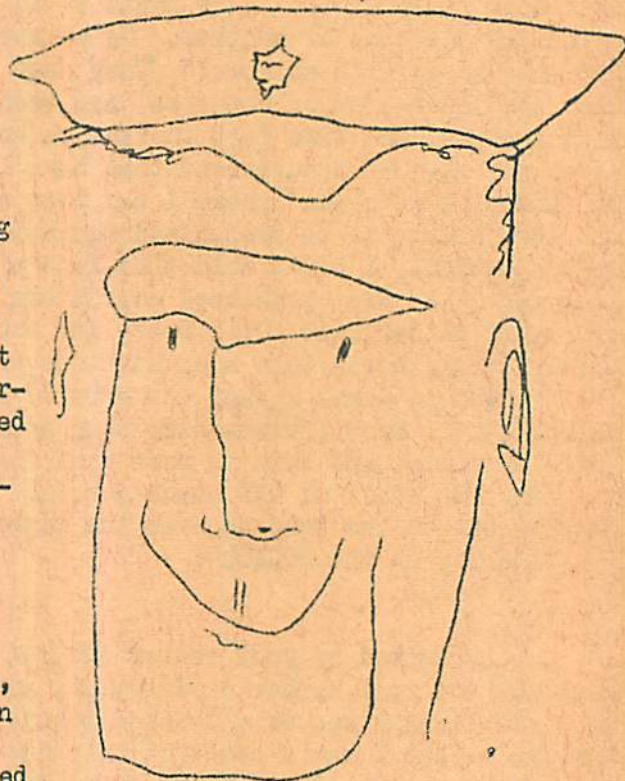
By the way, Harry Warner's article on Palmer appeared originally in the 5th issue of my now currently suspended SCIENCE FICTION PARADE, early last year. I don't know whether Harry sent RAP a carbon of the article (which I titled "The Catlike Dinosaur") or whether RAP "stole" it out of SFP, without giving SFP credit. Didn't make any difference to me, long as he gave Harry credit for writing it, and I agree that the hermit of Hagerstown did a fine job. I too was surprised that RAP had used it as part of his editorial and that he printed it without any comment of his own. Most un-Palmer-like, but I think that was when he had announced (for the umpteenth time) that he was through with the s-f field, that the fans didn't appreciate all the years he had given to it, etc. If RAP did lift the article from SFP, instead of getting it direct from Harry, he prob'ly felt that a mere fanmag need not be credited -- and I couldn't care less.

Gad, I'm almost sorry I mentioned SFP now, as the mag is definitely in suspended animation until after the SOLACON. Then I'll publish one more issue, assuming I can find a non-biased reporter to do a short SOLACON report for it.

I just won't have time to put out a regularly scheduled mag, and I admire the way you folks manage to keep CRY on a regular basis. (((The difference is, no doubt, that our project is not a one-fan operation....BRT)))

Weber's minutes remind me of the old LASFS minutes that were published in the old Shangri LA and Shangri L'Affairs. They always manage to be amusing even tho one doesn't know the people mentioned in the Minutes.

However the tone or spirit or whatever yawanna call it of CRY somehow reminds me of the old Outlander Mag, tho I can't put my finger on the why of it. Perhaps it is the informal approach you take to fanning and fanpublishing and the fact that several persons have a hand in putting the mag together.





To answer Norman Harris' question re contents of CRY, I would say Yes. Or to put it another way: IF the real purpose of fandom is to discuss pro s-f then CRY is answering that purpose with its promag reviews. On the other hand, IF the real purpose of fandom is for fans to talk to each other about anything and everything (including s-f but not s-f all the time), CRY has that too, as witness the fanzine reviews, the lettersection and the Berry amusing fiction. But IS CRY helping to make fandom real and meaningful? Well, now it seems real enough to me and much of what is said in CRY has meaning even if it doesn't feature long, dry scientific articles. Said articles would interest only a small portion of fandom, those who are interested in math, etc. (((I am a mathematician, but still scientific feature articles are boring....BRT)))) And more power to them, naturally but let's not expect all of us to be mathematicians and technicians and scientists and would-be scientists. Science fiction, first of all, is a form of reading matter, and the one thing all fans have in common is the love of reading imaginative literature. You don't have to talk about it ALL the time to enjoy reading it, so if fans find that they have other common interests, like jazz or mainstream stories, or Pogo, or wothavia, that's all the better. But I've heard this cry ever since I've been in the field, the old cry (not to be confused with the mag of the same name) of "What has this got to do with science fiction?" I've heard it in FAPA and at LASFS and I've prob'ly hollered it myself at one time or another. Of course, what Mr. Harris seems to be asking is "What has this to do with science?" They just isn't any answer to that one, buddy. Some of the fans (like some of the pros) are technicians and the like but many if not most of them read s-f and take part in fannish activities as a hobby, meanwhile earning their bread and oleo at occupations that have little or no connection with Science or SF. To me fandom is a "place" where I can meet and discuss all sorts of things with people who are less likely to be prejudiced against using the imagination than the non-reader of s-f or the nonfan. I don't hold that fans are "Starbeggotten" or super mutants but for the most part they are openminded characters who know how to have a good time with each other, who would rather ride their hobby for the fun of it rather than attempting to push the reluctant old horse into some nebulous crusade.

I want to thank T<sub>o</sub>skay (or Weber?) for the excellent editing job he did on my letter in No.113. I know I wrote more than appeared in print, yet even to me the letter seemed quite complete, and this is more than I can say for many an editor, that's for sure.

May the staff of CRY stand straight and true for a long, long time (except for the members who do the bending over the mimeo and typers...)

See you at the SOLACON!

Len Moffatt  
10202 Belcher Avenue  
Downey, California

(((Prompted by your letter and Pemberton's OW review in the last ish I sat down just now and read Warner's editorial, and honestly I can't for the life of me understand what you thought was so all-fired pointed about it (both of yez). Warner draws an amusing analogy -- but I can't see that he's damning RAP at all --- and actually he says exactly nothing at all in it. The one point Warner seems to try to stress is that Palmer was not sincere in his beliefs that he was accomplishing great things in science fiction, and I refuse to believe this. In a sense, the point Warner makes about Palmer not having discovered any stf authors who are considered "great" today is true --- but only in a sense. Palmer's writers stayed mostly with Palmer, and were frowned on because of this, but in my opinion are as great as Heinlein or Van Vogt, as, for instance, Don Wilcox, Richard Shaver, David W. O'Brien, Leroy Yerxa, --- and others. So that makes me an egg-head. But I don't care, cause I have my curious pleasures. I agree with you almost entirely in your commentary on Harris' article. But as I've said, the question "What has this to do with science?" has no answer in all the s-f field --- for the amount of science in science fiction is exactly zero. I checked back on your letter, and suddenly remembered I had intended to use the parts I left out to blackmail you with --- you had compared the relative merits of two women's cooking --- and I would threaten to reveal this to the interested parties, for certainly neither party (being both female) would admit to so much as even being the equal of the other.....BRT))))



## RETURN TO THE STONE AGE.....

Nameless and phantom creatuers,

This will no doubt arrive too late to make the lettercol, but I figure it's about time I let my sub do some work, for a change. Reason for the lateness is that my copy has been borrowed and I wanted to wait until it was returned before commenting. It hasn't yet, so I'll have to rely on my memory.

Lemme See: I remember the cover, which was one of the best I've seen on your zine. Brown's new signature, though, looks like long division (or square root if you must). All I can remember of the contents page is "distributed from" and the comment on how controversial this was.

The fmz reviews (Blush)... I'm really glad PAUCITY was liked, but what I want to know is, "When am I going to sell any?" I mean it quite seriously when I say that I haven't sold any to fen; there are many left, a steal at 15¢. (Now you just watch Toskey edit that out; the only relevant part of the whole letter.) (( Fooled ya, I managed to sneak it in for you, OP. ))

However, there seems to be a blank spot after that..... I just don't seem to remember..... The prozine reviews are still excellent, but I dread the day when only one zine will show in your town, and Pemby will have to ad-lib through several pages. It just might happen, the way distribution is going, these days.

By the way, what happened to Toskey's AMAZING review thing? The last one I saw was quite a few months ago.

The ATOM cartoons were very nice, very cute. The little cartoon (by Daigle, if I remember) about "Gee dad, it 's a Wurlitzer!" was cute, too.

I recollect, now that there was another "Finkwater J. Goldfinch" story, and "Foursome," which was good, and the controversial type article which I thought was slightly too short to drive home its point, and far too short to discuss adequately some of the interesting side-points, only hinted at. Since I don't have it here I won't commit myself any further. I intend reading it again, tho.

Lets hope this fannish re-telling of old jokes doesn't get too popular. As my part toward stamping it out, here is one, told stfishly, that should nauseate you all:

Thomas Horst was a stubborn man, which was why he was the only man in the whole town to still have a butler. Robots had taken over all the domestic duties of the day, but stubborn Thomas insisted on keeping his butler, whose name was Nuer. Well, Horst grew old and died, and was buried on his huge estate. When Nuer died, he asked to be buried beside his former employer and friend.

As the robots and people go by the graves, the comment: "I wonder why there are so many flowers growing there? They surely must use good fertilizer." is voiced. Old-timers are quick to answer:

"Yes, it's Horst's man Nuer."

Get it? Horse manure? Ha? Maybe it is a good thing that this letter will





never be published.

"C'est drôle, n'est-ce pas?" (French 20)

Larry Stone

891 Lee St.

White Rock B.C. Canada.

(Agreed, you did do your part toward stamping out fanaticism with that joke. Any more like that and you may wind up with a life time sub to the Cry. Since I didn't want to drive my typewriter to frustration, I shall ignore those pound signs at the end of your letter. OP.)

(((((I did n't think anybody remembered so far back as when I ran my column on Amazing, and particularly I am amazed that anyone would want to actually see it again. By sheer coincidence I was remarking to Chief editor Wally the possibility that I might be able to read through another year and do another column within the next few months...which ought to kill it for good. From my own experience, seeking a new fanzine is slow, but eventually subs will begin to trickle in, especially after you get a few reviews in prozines. Reviews in fanzines will get you some, but mostly they get you letters, tradezines and like that....BRT))))))

STRAINED THOUGHTS FROM A CAN OF BABY FOOD.....

Dear Brainless and therefore Luckless Ones,

The sight of my letter in print and Toskey's unfortunate(for you) admission that letters are your most cherished contribution has inspired me. The only thing that saves you from a twenty-page letter is my current lack of paper and ineffective old typewriter ribbon

Toskey, tak-tsk. I am a boy, as anyone who knows me will tell you ( only be sure to tell me in advance who you are going to ask so that I can bribe them before you get to them.) For proof, read the current (#3) issue of Readers Digested which contains a story which any female editor would have ripped to shreds.(plug)

If Toskey ever says anything like "Maybe we can keep it down to 30 pages this time." again, I'll have him shot.

Hooray for Busby's editorializing on the title page. Keep it\*\* it belongs there. Only one comment; I liked " Spreading the Fertilizer" better as it seemed to express Meyers' purpose and attitude better.

Brown is no artist. He's all right for interior blobs, but you should be able to get better covers. Barnes isn't bad, Bourne is good, Wheeler is good(he has the cover of MISC #2---plug) and ATom is great--- maybe you can wangle an ATom cover.

Hmmm--- I think I'll dissect this from the front. I like Pemberton's reviews very much and I hope fervently for a review of Readers' Digested (10 for 50¢ or 5¢ each ---plug again.) (( These free plugs are going to start costing you...OP)Glad to see that Metrofan got a review as the members of the S.F. Circle are proud of the job he does. I don't speak as official spokesman for the Circle but the consensus of opinion in the circle is very much pro-Metrofan and we hope it gets all the attention it rates. As for mentioning 'zines, I think Pemberton should mention all the 'zines she gets as they are probably sent for review and in hope of being at least mentioned. Of course, it's up to Pemberton, but if she mention everything else, she'll have to mention Readers' Digested and MISC.

I like the other Pemberton's reviews also, as I seldom have time to read everything in the S.F. mags, even the ones I buy. I use the recommendations of reviewers to determine what to read and what to skip. I don't think that you need





two reviews of each magazine in one zine--- either publish another one(don't throw things, I don't really mean it.) or divide the magazine field in half gine Pemberton half and Meyers half. This would also save Pemberton the anguish of reading the zines he doesn't like.

Info for Pemberton: Flying Saucers from OTHER WORLDS is indeed dead, Cal Knox is a pen name for Robert Silverberg, Leinsters "The Strange Invasion" is to be further expanded into a novel("The War With The Gizmos" for Gold Medal) Saturn has not used ad will use no reprints, as of about a week ago no work at has been done on the next issue, it will remain irregular, and unfortunately, Star has gone kaput. Comment for Pemberton: Why should you be to hellangond out of the Solar System? I LIKE "The Science-Fiction Field Plowed Under."

Rich Brown's first Finkwater J. Goldfinch was a steal of the old pun, but the second was downright lousy. It isn't dull, just inept. If you'll use that then maybe you'll use one of my stories. Maybe, I said.

The minutes were funny. Period. The gag in the second paragraph was even used by RAP once. Too bad.

I have a feeling that Meyers didn't read the March AMAZING at all. Although the novel was crummy, the shorts were the best I've seen in AMAZING in years.

Where did you dig up "Fandom--Is It Enough"? Is it a reprint from an old fanzine? Did one of the Nameless Ones get drunk one night and write it? I have read this article about five times in different words, and I'm surprised you had the nerve to print it. Ugh!

John Berry is a riot. I am a comparative newcomer to fandom, but I have sent for my first issue of Retribution already. I can tell that I'll like it.

Cry of the Readers was quite interesting this time around. Noticed that Toskey of the Witty Caption was stumped by my letter, Why not, GHOD! SOMEBODY LIKES US? I like Toskey but he gets to self-confident at times. Does he really expect to get away with something like AW COME MOFFAT!? I didn't even get it the first time around. Second time around, I got it. Third time around I wanted to give it back.

I hope Es Adams wins his suit.

If Jim Moran wants to get rid of the head of the Japanese sojer, I will take it in trade for a lifetime sub to Readers Digested.

I hope Bill Meyers sues Es Adams.

Just for spite, why don't you cut Meyers, Adams and Brown completely out of some ish. I'll write their stuff for you.

Any chance I can trade a sub to Readers Digested for Cry of the Nameless I'll also trade a sub for any fanzine.

Pelz's answer to the Weber Fan Poll is a classic. So is the Poll.

I really wish you would leave Brown out for once.

"Gods Of Venus" stank.

I get all sorts of illos I can't use for Readers' Digested which uses no art except covers and MISC. which uses little, so I'll send it to you. You use art everywhere.--what a waste of space.

Could you use a photo of me(with my beautiful aunt) for your cover? By the time you use it, I'll be well-known and despised enough by readers of Cry to warrant a pic. I Hope.

E Pluribus Underwear,  
Les Gerber  
201 Linden Blvd.  
Brooklyn 26, N.Y.

(Yeah, you can send in your pic to our Rogues Gallery. If your aunt is really beautiful you better cut her off of the pic otherwise you may expect a visit from Toskey....OP) (((The Harris article was sent to us from the outside, and almost



we didn't print it --- some of us were against printing it: lucky for us we DID, now, seeing all the comment we got on it. To tell the truth I forgot completely to title your letter last ish --- you can thank Otto Pfeifer for your title this time. Self-confident? me? Of course I am! I'll tell you a secret: I'm really smart!.....BRT))))

## OH WHAT DID TENNESSEE?

Dear Anonymous Atrocities (This must have been used before; I'm never original.)

After missing a couple of lettercolumns I suppose it's time to get back into the old rut. After ceasing to write letters of comment, I didn't think I'd ever write CRY again. With everyone clamoring over my not writing, and knowing that there would be great wailing and gnashing of teeth at my semi-gafrated state, I decided never to write again, but become another Deek, and let them all suffer. However, the way I interpret the blatherings of the young fools in your letter column, there is great rejoicing over my absence. Inevitably, then, I must return.

Actually, I'm not in the mood for writing a letter of comment (I never am)

Cover: This is indeed of Rich's best work. It reminds me of Bourne, somewhat. And if it reminds me of Bourne, it's good. I find the signature vaguely intriguing. It emanates all sorts of connotations...like: Is Rich Brown really a radical? Is he a square? Is his thinking rational? And what about the Null-A in the denominator? Does this indicate that lovable Rich does not care for Aristotle? Or is it that his bottom begins with "A"? I could go even further, but I'm afraid it would become vile.

Glad to see you're at last out of yellow paper. I don't really care that you tacked on several sheets of trash on the end this time...but how about a return to white with the next ish, huh?

It sickens me to see Rich Brown moving to Seattle when Glorious I will probably never make it. Now, I guess Rich will take over the CRY with no effort at all. How revolting. The idea of Rich Brown as a co-editor of CRY OF THE NAMELESS is enough to turn one's hair white. And he'll have access to all the glorious stf of the Fenden. And the countless bookstores. (((Not as many bookstores as there are in L.A....BRT))) And the illustrious Fen. While here I have no one but the Bag and this leering huddle in the corner to turn to. His living in Pasadena amongst LASFS, and all the fen and pros is enough to make one bubble over with jealousy. And now that he's moving, and with all the countless number of places to move to, it has to be Seattle! That Brown is a blight on my ego if there ever was one.

Um. Fmz reviews show improvement this time. Amelia has still to shake the recital-of-the-table-of-contents mode of reviewing, but has entertainingly branched off into some little tangents that offset that particular fault. I agree with her on PAUCITY. Aside from the hekto, it was surprisingly good if faanishness is your cup of tea. Stone shows great potential.

And here we have the best Pemby column in many an issue. Unfortunately, there were only three issues he reviewed that I had read, so I couldn't appreciate it to the greatest extent. Funny how he seemed all hot over Leiber's "The Big Time" in the last column but seems dejected this time. Howcum? I thot it turned out rather well, after an exceedingly dull first installment. Loved his review of Saturn article. Personally, I think the only people that have really contributed to the ideas & theories-of-the-cause& effect of the satellite are Campbell in ASF and Willis in OOPSLA 24. As for the distribution situation, it's worse than ever here.

Brown has something on the ball with this Goldfinch bit. I hate myself for liking it. The Minutes were masterfully done but I'm afraid they provoke no comment.

Harris's article was so serconish that one is led to believe that it is intended to be funny. (((I wondered about that myself...BRT))) Actually, I don't object to it,





BUT THINK THAT WHAT HAS BEEN SAID HERE HAS BEEN SAID BEFORE -- and has been condemned as being fuggheaded, of course. (((Pardon the caps on the line above....BRT))) Fandom has done a lot of things for me...it's given me a cynical view of the outside world, as a result of it I've become an introvert, and am mentally chained to the pile of prozines and fanzines waiting to be read, so that I rarely get a glimpse of the outside world. However, fandom has been a help to me in ambition so that I draw occasionally, read profusely, and am developing some sort of a writing!style that even tho it might not sell to the prozines will get me fanzines for letters of comment. Otherwise, I'd probably be the normal ass now, the perfect specimen of mediocrity. I know I'd never make the hood & sideburn clique (thank ghod), so rather than be average (oh, what a thot!) I prefer to go to the other extreme. And I like it. Harris is wrong in his analysis as far as my personality goes. I make only average grades in mathematics while in English I seem to be a real Wheel. Personally, I think he's definitely wrong there; that stf develops ones interest in mathematics, that is. Science fiction for me, has interested me intensely in writing, (((That is exactly what it did to me also!...BRT))) but as for mathematics, I'd do better in that if I didn't read stf.

Berry's "Foursome" was Berry at Berry's best. I usually like his work a lot better if it concerns something of a more stfish nature such as this.

THE INIMITABLE DEECK HAS RETURNED! (((sic...BRT))) Oh, joy. The One Who Writes Letters is in our midst! Why not do away with all the letters, fair ones, and just print Deeck's? An incomparable lettercol that would be... (((verily....BRT)))

Pelz was good. Get him to write a report of his v&sit with me; I'm afraid I'm too lazy, unless he absolutely refuses. The true story must be told.

For some reason, I don't care for the title of "Big Name Fan of Tomorrow". Maybe because tomorrow's too far off, maybe because according to Moffatt, Brown will be, too. And if Brown ever becomes a BNF, one will know that Fandom is on its last legs.

RICHARD BROWN: Well, undoubtedly, if "Blade" is a house name for Edmond Hamilton then he tacks the olde noj de plume on the worst of his material. Because I still hold the contention that the stories appearing under the Hamilton by-line are more enjoyable than the ones by "Blade". 'Twas no free-wheeling statement...I've noticed it ever since I began reading Hamling's rags. Me? A prude? What an interesting thought. I guess with my disliking "mainstream people" like I do, I must give that impression. Pardon me while I suppress a small sob. Sorry, but you'll have to leave me out of your vile plans for overthrowing the present CRY staff. I've come to realize that it would be too much work to take the thing over. I'm having too much hell with my own two zines.

STONY BARNES: Are you sure you're not a pseudonym of Robert Lee? Both of you seem to be trying desperately to get under my skin for what reason I have no idea. At any rate, you're not making much progress in doing anything but amusing me.

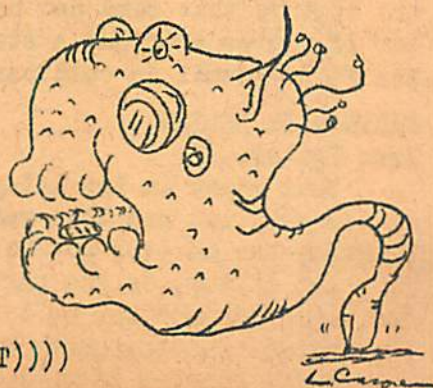
Say, wasn't that Moomawish? Hooah.

Well, for awhile there I thot Stone was showing fine taste in liking my column, but I find I cannot sympathize with an Ellison sympathizer. There's hope for him, tho.

Yours,

Bill Meyers  
4301 Shawnee Circle  
Chattanooga 11, Tennessee

(((Gads, Bill, we were getting along so well without you, but just when we thought we could save our page count, you show up again. Bt this time I have great hopes that the Cry will be kept under 40 pages. About your picture for our cover -- perhaps you'd better not send one after all. We have received confidential letters from several subscribers who have specifically stated that they could not bare to look upon a pic of you, for it would make them gag; maybe they have a point. Your column didn't get here in time(in fact, it still hasn't come)...BRT)))





GARRY ON JEEVES!

Dear Wally,

Many thanks for the issue of Cry..(etc) number 112. Does this really mean (I can't believe it) that this is the 112th issue?? Surely no fanzine can have lived that long, it just isn't natural...unless (impossible thought) you actually stick to a schedule. Anyway, whatever the reason, I like it.

Space Hero had a message...I think, but I must have missed it, as I'm impervious to messages even when they are there, so if it didn't have one, then that explains why I couldn't find it...doesn't it? I liked the ploughing up of the S-F field, and I'm pleased to see that at least one fanzine can mention s-f and get away with it. Whenever I do that in Triode, some cluck writes in and wants to know, "What the hell...etc."

The Adventures of Goldfinch seemed horribly familiar right until the end, and then I knew why... I used the same story with a different setting for a story in Mike Gates 'zine which appeared at the Worldcon. Be interested to see if you get any time bombs over that one.

I enjoyed the fmz reviews, and other prozine ratings (or slatings), and to be honest if cruel, the only thing in the mag that I didn't like was the art-work. The main trouble seemed to be the scraggly line cutting used. It gave the impression that the art work was bunged in in haste, and wasn't worth the trouble of cutting a stencil. This attitude was very apparent on the cover. You can get away with it for a comic illo, but if you tackle a serious type doofer as you did on the cover, then the stencil cutting (and art work) must be up to a decent standard. This was a great pity, as the red printing gave an air of distinction not borne out by the accompanying illo.

On the credit side (very much so) goes the size of the issue. A welcome change these days is a thick fanzine, when Postal rates are making a most effective slimming course with most other publications. To my mind, a publisher is better received if he reduces frequency of publication, rather than number of pages. Reducing the number of pages and keeping the same schedule only results in a loss of variety within the mag, whereas a thicker issue at twice the interval not only allows for a greater contrast of material, but probably saves postage over the two thinner issues.

With which potent thought, I'll leave you. Very best wishes and thanks again for the magazine. It's a good one.

Yours, Terry Jeeves  
58 Sharnard Grove  
Sheffield.12. ENGLAND

(((Cry #1 was dated January 1949, and its schedule has been everywhere from weekly to quarterly --- but we have a relentless monthly schedule at present. Comparing the cover of 112 with the original -- I can detect no difference. This is the second our history that some neo has tried to tell us that our illos aren't cut properly --- but if you've ever cut a stencil yourself, you'd know that it is not the easiest thing to see faint pencil on cardboard through the mameoscope...Ah well.....BRT)))

TAKEN WITH RELISH

Dear Editor,

Your story in the latest ish about Finkwater J Goldfinch reminds me of when I was in the army and had this rather dense sergeant under me --- considering what happened, I wonder how he ever got to be a sergeant, but the army does odd things, sometimes.

But anyway, on one particular occasion I told him that the general was coming through for a big inspection, so I told him to muster the men together so that I could look them over first. The sergeant said, "Yes suh," and left.

A few minutes later I went out and found the company in a horrible mess -- all plastered together with gooey yellow stuff. But the sergeant explained everything.

"Well, suh, you told me to mustard the men together!"

(((Did he ever catch up?....BRT)))

Lt. Col. Waddagobble de Gook

