

cry of the Nameless

117

July 1958



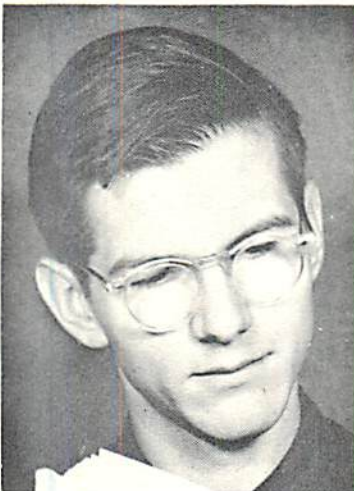
Esmond Adams



Joe Lee Sanders



Stony Brook Barnes



Dainis Bisenieks



John Berry



Jim Moran



Lar' Stone



Rich Brown



Les Gerber



Bruce Pelz, C₂₃H₂₆N₂O₄



P F Skeberdis

Yeh, guess I should've double-sidewise-spaced that line, at that, before noting that CRY exudes from Box 92, 920 3rd Ave, Seattle 4, Wn, for a paltry 25¢ per copy, 5 for a buck, and a whole fat year's output (relentlessly monthly) for \$2.

Anyway, it's not too late to mention that the CRY has owned and operated W*AL*LY WE*BE*R for nearly seven years now, and that Wally, as Publisher, allows Burnett R Toskey to function as Managing Editor and do most of the work, and F M and Elinor Busby to host a CRY-pubbing blast once each month and thus become entitled to state that THIS IS A FENDEN PUBLICATION. Well, hell, Elinor & I do manage to get a little work in on the Nemesis each month, also.

The real bloods will be off and diving into the zinc by now, but for you more timid types, here's the T*A*B*L*E O*F C*O*N*T*E*N*T*S:

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Publishing is a little early this month, for personal reasons. The August issue will be published July 27 to beat the postal raise just once, and the Sept job will be duped Aug 24th in order to get it out before we all head for South Gate. By the Oct issue we will be back in our slack and gafiated monthly groove.

COVER: Weelll, now... Photolith by Pilgrim Press. Multigraphy by Toskey.

Art Crudits: Adams 29; Adkins 30, 33; ATom 32, 35; Barnes 17; Brown 36; Bryer 31; Moran 19, 29; Reiss 15, 37; Speer 24; Luckies 2 to 1.

***** Old Fugghheads Never Die..... They Incorporate. *****
How's-That-Again Dep't: It must be a virus or something; now, of all things, the Nameless are making noises about taking over the CRY, after all these years of nice friendly free egoboo for the club. Take our word for it, fellows and gals - it's too much work anyway. Besides, "Nameless Anonymous" (the CRY gang) will give y'all good free publicity for your '61 WorldCon bid, all on our own.

Strikes us that a good fannish buildup for such a bid (for experience and prestige, both) would be to host the '59 WesterCon, but rumor mongers it that this suggestion didn't exactly inspire the Nameless. Well, if they pass it, maybe the Nameless Anonymous junta will post a bid at South Gate - for a strictly Midwestcon-type Westercon: motel, no program except some speechifying at a moderately-priced banquet, and etc. Hock, we have even lined up a ~~shabby~~ deserving faan to be honored by the title of Convention Chairman; the Fenden Fiends are hot to trot.

OTTO PFEIFER NO LONGER SELLS PROTECTION: NOW, HE'S MORE BUYING IT. ---F M B.

amelia pemberton

GROUND ZERO #2. June 9, 1958. Belle C. Dietz, George Nims Raybin, Franklin M. Dietz, Jr. 15¢, 10/\$1.

This doesn't have a darn thing about the Big Feud in it. It does have a resume of the by-laws of the WSFS, and some sarcasm directed at those agin 'em, but that's all. Probably just as well -- already I don't understand a quarter of what I know about this triangular, or perhaps quadrangular feud.

THE BELL TOLLS FOR WHOM. David A. Kyle, Radio Station WPDW, Potsdam, N.Y.

I was a bit prejudiced against this fanzine, partly because of the horrid things said about ol' Kyle by divers folk, but mostly because I asked him for the zine as soon as I heard of its publication, about the middle of May, & begged him to send it to me first-class. It arrived third-class a few days ago, addressed (to add insult to injury) to F. M. Busby, of all people! Phoo, I said, my hot little ego all blighted.

I must say, tho, the zine tended to remove the name of Dave Kyle from my list of Bad Guys, and place him, at least tentatively, on the rolls of the Good. Two points impressed me most: A letter from Harry Harrison indicates that it was his idea for members of the flight to kick in \$5 each of the refund due them as a wedding present to the Kyles. Harrison contacted most of the members, and got almost 40 signatures. Of the people he contacted, only two refused to sign. The other point -- Kyle admits that he had agreed to turn the profits over to the London Convention Committee, but states that the trip did not make a profit. The money refunded was an additional sum collected for emergency use; it was the members' own money, held in trust for them, and was not a profit.

Incidentally, H. P. Sanderson, in his Fapazine CLAUSE, admits that he was wrong in accusing Kyle of paying for his plane seat out of the trip fund. I only hope his retraction gets as wide a circulation as his original charge!

In Kyle's zine the Dietzes do not appear in too attractive a light. Kyle gave Belle Dietz a letter to type and have photo-offset.

"Imagine my surprise and natural resentment when I discovered that the letter was printed with not only my title and Ruth's title, but also 'Belle C. Dietz, Vice President, George Nims Raybin, Vice President.' I never agreed to that. And I considered it, and still consider it, a gross abuse of the use of my signature.

At the time I asked Belle, who added this misinformation to the letter for printing, why she had done it. ... She explained plaintively that she only 'wanted the honor due me for the work I did', these being her exact words."

Shortly afterwards, Ted Carnell wrote George Nims Raybin that the WSFS appointed the London Trip Fund Committee, & listed the officers as they had appeared on Kyle's letter. Belle Dietz' scrounging of egoboo proved a most effective power play!

All in all, this is a well presented, well annotated apologia. It leaves me with the impression that Kyle is essentially a man of integrity who is better suited to forming and executing his own plans than he is to working with a committee -- who is temperamentally too reticent to work well with others. I'm inclined to feel that his native reticence may well be such that the London committee were well-advised to appoint a more communicative committee for him to work with, and that you may have the dickens of a time obtaining a copy of "The Bell Tolls for Whom" from him!

Oops! Upon proofreading I find that I omitted the Dietz' address: Apt. 4C, 1721 Grand Avenue, Bronx 53, New York.

THE COLE FAX #1. Summer 1958. W. R. Cole, 307 Newkirk Avenue, Brooklyn 30, N.Y. 15¢, 6/75¢.

Heavens! I guess I don't get to quote word one from this zine. It says "Reproduction in part is prohibited without written permission." Hmmm -- wonder if I should have quoted that? So sue me.

The meat of this is a nine page article by Cole attacking Kyle and attempting to demolish Kyle's zine. I found Kyle's material more convincing, and certainly better presented.

By the way, Kyle did not mention in his "Bell" the legal suits he has been involved in. Cole does tell us about them. At the convention Kyle was issued \$50 petty cash, and helped himself to \$10 from the cash box. He obtained \$47.10 from Arthur Saha as Chairman of the NewYorCon -- whether at the convention or later, Cole doesn't say. This \$107.10 was to pay bills that were too small to be worth writing a check for. Well now! I may be quite wrong, but this is the way I picture it: Here we are at the convention. There are hundreds of people milling about. Dave Kyle is rushing around telling people they can't sit there, and performing functions of even greater value. Greeting people, coordinating this and that, paying petty bills. A dollar here, a dollar there, 50¢ another place, three or four dollars somewhere else. All this in an atmosphere of tension, excitement and noise. Is it too extraordinary that Kyle is unable to account precisely for this money? & is it too extraordinary that if he thoroly believes that every penny of that \$107.10 was spent legitimately he may deeply resent being asked to account for it? I think the suit which George Nims Raybin instituted against him (without, I believe, the permission of Anna Sinclair Moffatt) does indeed smack of persecution. I think Kyle is justified in countersuing Raybin & Dietz for conspiracy, and I think Anna is very much justified in telling Raybin to vacate the judgment he obtained against Kyle. --Which, by the way, according to today's FANAC he has done.

Cole asks that all fans write Anna to protest her decision. He seems to be quite frightened because Anna, the Society's current President, is making policy decisions. & yet he wants us to believe that New York fandom isn't trying to run the WSFS!

Well -- I don't have all the facts, and if I did have all the facts I'd never be able to keep them straight. --Pemby insists that I mention that H. P. Sanderson, who was treasurer of the WorldCon, found the Dietzes most helpful & fine people. Pemby is inhumanly fair & broadminded. -- My present tentative judgment on the whole mess is that New York City fans do seem to be an extraordinarily furshlugginer lot. You may say that Dick Ellington is a NYC fan & very nice -- but if you do I shall proudly retort that Dick Ellington spent most of his formative years in Seattle.

KIWIFAN #8. Roger J. Horrocks, 18 Hazelmere Rd., Auckland SW1; Bruce Burn, 12 Khyber Road, Wellington E.5; and John McLeod, 33 Renfrew Ave., Auckland SW1 -- all New Zealand. For 1/- a copy (whatever that may be), trade, letters of comment.

This has an exceedingly impressive cover by Michael Hinge. The effect is lessened slightly by its being on a piece of paper larger than the zine, and consequently rumpled top & bottom, but it's still most handsome. Believe I'll trim my copy. --Done. Now I can really enjoy it. It's a Maori-inspired design heavily embossed in gold. I can't imagine how it was done, and would certainly appreciate hearing.

This has 22 pp. of legible mimeoing. Columns etc. are by Roger Horrocks, Len Moffatt, Alan Dodd, Barbara Lex & Bruce Burn. Nothing is bad; nothing is top-notch. It's all quite fannish. I enjoyed Barbara Lex on the subject of greeting cards about as much as anything -- & in this connection would like to remind US fans to be on the lookout for Rotsler greeting cards. According to FANAC they're being made.

I believe this is the first New Zealand zine I've seen. Hope it won't be the last.

OMNIVORE #2. Spring 1958. Bob Ross, 955 E. Walnut Street, Frankfort, Indiana, Ken Fickle & Jim Tunis. 15¢.

Sercon -- and slanted as much to Purdue University as to fandom. Contains story & article by Ron Voight, article by Prof. Walter Hirsch on content analysis of stf, prozine and s-f book reviews. The prozine reviews, by Ken Fickle, seemed pretty fair; the book reviews, by Jim Tunis, were spoiled for me by the fact that his resume of the plot of Blish's "A Case of Conscience" led me to believe that he must have read a version pubbed in some quite different continuum.

Also contains an article by Ken Fickle about Dostoevsky. I found this fairly interesting, and am seriously considering following Fickle's advice and reading some of Dostoevsky's novels.

GHU'S LEXICON &

"QUOTH THE WALRUS". June 1958. Ralph M. Holland, 2520 4th St., Cuyahoga Falls, Ohio.

The first of these items is a dictionary of fanspeak. Altho dated 1958 it appears to have been compiled several years ago. In defining "lettercol" he states: "...in prozines they are practically standard equipment. A prozine without a lettercolumn is a fakezine, and no trufan will buy one." But I liked what he said of conventions: "Con attending is one of the most deadly of all fan diseases. Once the victim has been infected with it, no permanent cure is known. Even amputation of funds is useless."

SOUTHGATE IN '58!

DETROIT IS FINE IN '59!

The second item is a personal newsletter sent to new NFFF members as Holland's contribution to the work of the Welcommittee, and to other NFFF members who request it. Judging from this it's worth having. Holland speaks with a sort of calm good sense that's definitely refreshing. About the Falascas vs. WSFS he says: "It would appear to me that, from a technically legal point of view ... the committee did not have any authority to incorporate the W.S.F.S. However, the opponents, by participating in the proceedings and, in some cases accepting office in the corporation, in effect legalized all that had gone before."

QUIRK #4. Larry Ginn, Route #2, Box 81, and Johnny Holleman, Box 77, both Choudrant, La. For letters of comment, trade, review, 10¢.

This is a 40 pp dittoed zine, with fan fiction by Robert Shea & Joe Sanders, a Berry article, articles by Robert Coulson, Alan Dodd, John Mussells, Lee Edwards and Bill Pearson, and poems by Dainis Bisenieks and Joe Sanders. It is copiously illoed by many artists, particularly Dan Adkins, Robert Gilbert, Lars Bourne and Juanita Coulson.

The Lee Edwards item -- about an early TV appearance of Elvis Presley -- was interesting, but seemed to be a reprint and no credit was given.

I liked Bill Pearson's "A Day With Marilyn" best. It's on the spot reporting of Marilyn Monroe's shooting a few scenes of "Bus Stop" in his town and is interestingly detailed.

PAUCITY #2. Summer 1958. Larry Stone, 891 Lee St., White Rock, B.C., Canada. 15¢.

I don't believe this is quite as good as #1; it seems a more ordinary neofan-nish venture. Duplication, by ditto, is faint -- at least in our copy. I don't believe he used ditto paper. The group of satirical magazine covers by Bob Painter loses effect accordingly. Other items: an article about MAD, HUMBUG etc., fan fiction, editorializing, fannish postcards, fanzine reviews and lettercol.

I'm convinced that Larry is a neofan of very good potential, but he still has quite a way to go.

proFANity #2. May 1958. Bruce Pelz, Box 3255 University Station, Gainesville, Fla. Trades, letters of comment, contributions, 15¢, 2/25¢.

I found more of interest in this than in ProF #1. The lettercol is quite good & Bruce handled it well. There's also editorializing, verse in excessively large quantities by an Elinor Poland, a quite good sercon article by Dainis Bisenieks, book reviews, mostly by Al Andrews, Society of Gimlet-Eye Snobs (apparently a dept. dedicated to catching the movies out in goofs -- interesting), a supplement to the Kuttner bibliography, and a C. M. Kornbluth bibliography.

There's good material here -- but oh, the duplication! Bruce explains that his equipment -- typen & mimeograph -- are all borrowed -- seldom the same one twice. Then, some of his mimeography turned out so badly as to be unreadable, so he did some pages over again on a spirit duper, the mimeograph being no longer available. Of the spirit duped pages two are run upside down. This is rather inexcusable. After he ran a page or two thru, why didn't he check to make sure he had the master by the right end? Phoo; say I. But the zine is typed up neatly enough, so Bruce is clearly not altogether conscienceless. No doubt ProF #3 will be perfectly beautiful.

JD #28. Lynn A. Hickman, 304 North 11th, Mt. Vernon, Ill. For OMPA, or 20¢, 6/\$1.

Herein's continued Robert A. Madle's "A Fake Fan in London". It's cute. The synopsis of the previous installment starts out: "Robert A. Madle, decrepit relic of antedeluvian fandom, fake and fringe fan extraordinary, is talked into being nominated for TAFF. As we all know, TAFF ... was created by Trufen so that said Trufen could send Trufen to world science fiction conventions, which are attended almost exclusively by fake and fringe fen..."

Contents also include a brief article by Dainis Bisenieks, a few words from Lynn, a very cute reprinted letter from a farmer who wants some advice as to which is the best kind of hog to not-raise for government subsidy, and some good artwork by Adkins, Plato Jones, & Rotsler, and cartoon by James V. Culberson.

Beautiful duplication, as always.

YANDRO #65. June 1958. R & J Coulson, 105 Stitt St., Wabash, Indiana. 15¢, 12/\$1.50.

This is a pretty good YANDRO. Enjoyed Juanita's editorial and a new column by Dan Adkins. Terwilleger has an article about the crumminess of stf movie special effects. -- Guy! Be a Gimlet-Eye Snob for Bruce Pelz! -- & in the lettercol noted with pleasure Buck's answer to Geo. W. Fields re George Nims Raybin's permanent tenure as WSFS legal officer. Yup. Who else is eligible? Nobody.

Well, the newszines keep a'comin', and gladdening my fannish li'l heart.

THE SWINGING BORE #4. Wm. C. Rickhardt, 21175 Goldsmith, Farmington, Mich.

FANAC #18. Ron Ellik & Terry Carr, 2315 Dwight Way, Berkeley 4, Calif. 6/25¢.

RUMBLE #14. John Magnus, 6 South Franklinton Road, Baltimore 23, Md. which has with it

GAFIA #5. Ted E. White, 1014 N. Tuokahoe St., Falls Church, Va.

and should I mention STUPEFYING STORIES? Better not; I've no reason to believe it's for general circulation.

Last month I told you SATIA ILLUSTRATED had folded. I was wrong. Ol' Adkins wrote in to correct this error and sent illos. I'm pleased that he will be appearing in CRY. I like his artwork. He may not have it here (business of placing the hand on the heart) but his graphic skill is first-rate.

And so adieu until next month!

T*H*E S*C*I*E*N*C*E - F*I*C*T*I*O*N F*I*E*L*D P*L*O*W*E*D U*N*D*E*R

a crooked furrow by Renfrow Pemberton

Back in 1952, Sam Mines introduced SPACE STORIES as a juvenile-slanted addition to his pulp chain (SS, TWS, & FSQ). Sam had his very own ideas of how to slant for the juvenile trade; the second issue of SPACE featured Jack Vance's "Planet of the Damned", which is just about as Mature (i.e., sexy) a bit as ever came in pulp size. And a damn good story, too. Better than "Big Planet", in STARTLING, according to many. Both good stories, though.

ACE Books has removed the messy insides from both these stories and is selling the dressed carcasses back-to-back for 35¢ (D-295). Not all the guts are gone, of course, but the hollows are noticeable. First time I ever heard of a publisher censoring magazine stf for the paperback edition. If you don't care for bowdlerized versions, grub around your used-zine shop for the Sept 52 SS and the Dec 52 SPACE. Good grubbing.

IF, for August, leads off this month. Bob Silverberg's "The Wages of Death", after a rather unconvincing setting-up of the stage-props, digs into a powerful bit of character-development-under-stress and comes up with an apt conclusion. The first part, in which a completely successful leader of a colonial rebellion puts all(?) his ineffectual opponents under sentence of death when and if they are caught, is poor-- the whole deal is unnecessary from any point of view except the author's. Bob needs a spur to drive his main character, and that's the size of it. Oh, yeh-- the moral of the story: What good are Ideals to a fugghead?

Harlan Ellison's "The Sky is Burning" is a semi-mystical offering with an analogy to lemming-immolation. For a while, there, I thought this was going to be a Unique Item-- there was a whale of an inevitable (and, so far as I know, original) climax just crying to go onto the end of it. Unfortunately, Harlan swerved in midstride and had to jam a used and ill-fitting ending on it. The idea that Somebody Else Owns the Universe is all right in its place, but for this story, the capper should have been that Man's own drive to space was but the beginning of a Lemming Urge like that of the captured alien. More oomph, more irony, and a helluva lot more originality, it could have had. Oh, well.

"Specimen" (Charles de Vet) is a Tale, Told By an Alien, of an Earthman captured for testing purposes, full of rapid action, signifying that People have a lot on the ball at that. Familiar pattern, good treatment.

Lloyd Biggle's "Who's On First?" is a gawdelpus superbaserball job with a psi-deficient Galactic juvenile delinquent raising a cellar-dweller to Series competition, bringing in his buddies, and....ooog. Some of the sidelights are quite good, and this one would have been helped by having the first Galactic even more erratic and letting him stick around after all. It's the breaks.

"Rabbits Have Long Ears" is another of the Alien-Conquerors spoofs, this time by Lawrence F Willard. "The Short Snorter" (Charles Einstein) gives a new angle on saucer-visitors, but should have either played up the hints that the Venusian could be an out-and-out phony, or not allowed them to appear at all. An is-he-or-ain't-he query would have sparked up the finale.

Joseph Farrell's "The Marrying Man" is a subtler version of the Sharpie Out-Sharped, but insurance companies being what they are, I doubt that the protagonist could have worked his little swindle more than once, anyway.

"The Super Opener", by Michael Zuroy, is mild fun. Bert Chandler's "Sister Under the Skin" is mildly gruesome, and the title is inspired. "The Used-People Lot" (Irving Fang) extrapolates the Automobile Fetish some more. Virgil F Schockley's "The Downhill Side of Thirty" depicts a rather ingenious anti-Utopia and I sympathize with his poor furshluggin' hero. /// Interesting issue.

SATELLITE, Aug: J T McIntosh's lead novel, "The Million Cities", runs 80+ pages of interlocking intrigue to a sideswitch ending more suitable to a 15-page short story. By golly, once again the Universe is already subdivided. Heck, this is all well-enough done, but the explanation tends to drop the bottom out of all the emotional values previously built into the story; who applauds for lotdows?

The shorts: "Winged Visitors" (Alois Piringer) advances a novel hypothesis of Flood-induced arrested development in Homo Sapiens. H.G.Wells' "The Missing Pages" is the chapter omitted from the serialized version of "The Time Machine" when it went hardcover. I've seen this before, and can't imagine why the book-pubbers decided to leave it out.

Margaret St Clair's "The Invested Libido" has that Unfinished Touch; the story got away from its original suggestive title and opening paragraphs, and the unrelated components have not been made to fit in together. "Petty Larceny" (Lloyd Biggle)-- oh, well, maybe it's time for a Bitter Campaign against the Sharpie Outsharped in stf-- now, or any time within the last twenty years.

Moskowitz covers "Frankenstein", past, present, and future.

FANTASTIC UNIVERSE, Aug: At first I thought L Sprague de Camp's "Ka the Appalling" was going to be another Conan satire. Instead, it's more of a Conan substitute, as Hyperborean as they come, for milieu. And not bad at all. Seems our hero gets set up in the godmaking business, and then there's this bare-busted girl whose old man is holding all the aces. It's a lot more fun than Krishna..... for one thing, here we have as much plot in 18 pages as in 4 installments of those foam-rubber Krishna serials.

"Arm of the Law" (Harry Harrison) turns an experimental Police Robot loose in a corrupt Martian backwater (well, if I said "backsand", who would get it?), with predictable but enjoyable results.

"The Flying Cuspidors" is by V R Francis, who seems to have been reading a lot of Damon Runyon lately, or rather a lot of secondhand Runyon. When this new author ventures outside his chosen cornfield, he shows talent.

David C Knight's "The Amazing Mrs Mimms" survives that determinedly-blah title fairly well, as a tale of past-improving time-travelers working for an understaffed organization. The gimmick is strictly out of thin air, though.

"The Lizard of Woz", by Edmund Cooper, draws a certain snide parallel or comparison between the relative abilities (in coping with interstellar invaders) of the US, the USSR, and living fossils from the Permian Age.

John Brunner's "Substitute God" is reminiscent of the Max Larkin series and the earlier Philosophical Corps stories, in approximately equal parts. Good.

"Back to the Drawing Boards" (Harlan Ellison) is a hodgepodge of overdrawn situations, the significance of which does not quite jell at any point. I get the impression that there might have been a terrific story here, if Ellison had taken the time to put it on paper. Unfortunately, he kills it with a punchline that would be fine on a different tale, but fits here like gloves on a walrus.

Two saucer items: "Report from Brazil" by Dr Olavo Fontes, and the regular CSI department-- no Jessup to raise the Pemberton hackles. Fontes tells of two seemle paisanos whose accounts of saucer-visits jibe in spots and conflict in others, and of one apparent wiseguy who may have cashed in on an earlier report. CSI deals with some odd characteristics of saucer-sighting "bursts" with respect to geographical distribution, and gets more down-to-earth by the month. Pretty soon I won't even be able to sneer (pardon-- psneer) at these guys convincingly.

George H Smith's "Benefactor" and Richard R Smith's "Compatible" are both modest gimmick-pieces. Oddly, for such different items, the gimmicks are very similar. /// Editor Santesson reviews several books and gives thanks that now we know the saucers are all due to Annie's Daddy Warbucks. I'm glad, too.

...and PAGE 10 ...

GALAXY, Aug: Sturgeon is never at a loss for a fresh variation of his basic theme of Loneliness-vs-Unity. "To Marry Medusa" uses a veritable aristocrat of outcasts as contact-point between humanity and an all-pervasive intergalactic hive-mind. Interspersed among plot developments are trenchant vignettes of Man Today, all of which, rather incredibly, tie into the windup with no loose ends. Except one; if the fate of Gurlick (the protagonist) is to stand, why-for the flash of nascent unwinding of his snarled psyche, after the poolside payoff? It's a great scene in itself, but does not fit with the ending as published.

"Third Offense", by Chas Satterfield, seems to indicate that physical science will continue to out-strip its amorphous counterparts among the Humanities. Any culture which can dump offenders into past hell-holes for chastisement, but have no other way of dealing with psychotics.... The concept leaks water.

Willy Ley discusses problems of surface transportation on Mars and Luna, in the framework of presently-available devices. Well-thought and good reading. By the way, Herr Ley has a column in the weekly ARMY TIMES, discussing sputniks and all like that there in his own extremely readable fashion. Dig that circulation.

Daniel Keyes' "The Trouble With Elmo" has a self-determined super-computer as the Problem, and a Private Busby (take a shallow bow, Buz) for protagonist. The private started out as a master sergeant and was reduced one grade every time he failed to destroy the computer for a series of new commanding officers. The rationale is a little bit exaggerated, but not so damn exaggerated. Anyhow, this one is pretty good light sport.

"Seven Deadly Virtues" (Paul Flehr) suffers first from letting the title hang very loosely supported and wholly unexplained. It contains some quite intriguing but undeveloped ideas (such as a conditioned cultural habit of ignoring offenders against the culture until they are literally not seen), but goofs off into Action to Solve Personal Problems without ever exploiting the better thoughts inherent in the layout.

"In Black and White", by J.T.McIntosh, is a sort of softpedal Bureau of Slick Tricks. When is a benefactor an exploiter and vice-versa? And it's more fun with the wife along, too. This is a good one, friends.

In fact, mostly it's a good issue, though afterthoughts do dig the flaws.

ASTOUNDING, July: Leadoff is Jack Vance's short novel "The Miracle-Workers", in which balck-magic is "orthodox logic" and the tattered remnants of science are considered vaporous and the stuff of miracles. Aside from the provocative value-inversions, the story and characters hold considerable interest, in themselves.

"Top Rung", by Christopher Anvil, is a considerably more subtle approach to a problem which is usually junked, story-wise, into an Overthrow-the-Dictator potboiler. It's rather interesting, what the problem actually turns into.

Ralph Williams' "Business as Usual, During Alterations" takes another look at the proverbial dislocation of the economy by the Matter Duplicator. And I'm not giving anything away that wasn't already quitclaimed by the title and blurb, and I'm wondering if Campbell has a secret report showing that his readers have an average IQ of 70, the way he's socking in the heavy hints, lately. Oh, for Chris'sake, Jawn-- suppose somebody did miss the Moral of one of these little sermons-- would it break Street and perhaps Smith?? Much more of this, and I'll be able to review ASF by taking notes off the newsstand, of the titles & blurbs. And it's a damn shame to kill good material this way.

No "Murphy's Laws of Brass Tacks" this time, and JWC edges into Sky Miller's column to beat the drum for Ayn Rand's "Atlas Shrugged" (he may be right; I have not read this \$7, 1168-page epic by the author of "The Fountainhead").

(do not ask for whom the bell tolls; it is still tolling for Astounding)

Part 3 (conclusion) of Hal Clement's "Close to Critical" ends with a good punchline, and indeed, with a good entire final sequence, but the story did not come off, with me, over the too-long haul. It's possible that the mechanics of phase-change chemistry simply do not lend themselves to visualization and understanding, as well as did the problems of high-gravity in "Mission of..". At least, the author's practice of stating a physical phenomenon, deadpan, with a hint of its crucial role in the tale, and then horsing off into the other side of the plot-- then coming back many pages later to show what he meant-- well; I lost out on most of these, and I suspect that I am not alone. In this one, the plot dragged, but it wasn't dragging the reader along, too well.

Basic difficulty is that the background was a little too esoteric for 95% of the readership, but worse -- that the whole routine, including that good punchline, was about adequate for a "short novel" or at most a skinny two-part serial. P*A*D*I*N*G is the trouble with this piece; unfortunately this story is not the only offender, let alone the worst one. But here, practically nothing happens between the first installment and the windup sequence, that does more than fill paper that could have been put to better use. I may change my mind on a re-reading sometime this summer; if so, I'll admit the goof. I'm sure the tale will go better in one hunk; it was singularly ill-adapted for serialization.

SCIENCE FICTION STORIES, Aug: And while we're on the subject of over-padded serials, let's consider the outstanding candidate for the Farouk Award for 1958: de Camp's "Tower of Zanid". To begin with, this story had very little to say; four lengthy installments were used to say it. All the windup comes in the last ten pages or so, and I see no possible loss if those last ten pages had immediately followed the first ten-- or at least, followed the first installment. Two parts would have been supportable. Don't misinterpret: de Camp has made all the long dead-ended meanderings interesting, but they're mostly filler; parts two and three do nothing for the plot that could not have been done in a few short paragraphs. It's filler for the sake of word-rates and I don't have to be polite about it.

D.A.Jourdan's "Little Brother" (inversion of Big Brother, on the Watcher theme) is one of those disappointing pieces that looks to be a problem-job but ends up by forcing the first answer off on you because the author couldn't be bothered to think of alternates. OR justify his premise. Some nice work on characterization, but ptui on these sneak-up "inevitable" conclusions.

Editor RAWL makes like an apprentice Campbell, but so far has not chosen specific drums to beat; makes him much more readable, doesn't it?

Cal Knox' "The Four" is certainly a throwaway of a potentially-fruitful background, on a rather shallow misguided-rebel theme. Sour taste.

"The Successors" (Bertram Chandler) just goes to show that you can't tell what's likely to happen when you go building robots and like that. Ingenious.

Watson Parker's(?) "Age of Miracles" is somewhat fun but is mostly a nothing-piece of pseudo-stf fantasy: SatEvePost material if not so pointed in spots, and especially if a dependable grandma-type had been added, to argue with the aliens on the White House lawn. By ghod, there is nothing like a grandma-type arguing with aliens on the White House lawn, to speed the pulses of the SatEvePost. So keep that in mind, you budding money-hungry authors. (WhiteHouseLawn/Grandma.) PS. If that doesn't sell, you might try Grandpa as a last resort. Anyhow, my guess is that Watson Parker is Sheckley with a hangover. And yours?

NO MORE ROOM to start on another zine on this page, even if I had another zine, so let's just remember South Gate in '58, DETROIT IN '59, and if TAFF comes up a little short of cash, let's turn up a little of the spare cash to make it go.

NIL ILLEGITIMUS CARBORUNDUM

..and, according to my polydactylous helper, PAGE 12...

(Further material having arrived after all, Renfrew Your Host continues...)

F & S F, August: Heinlein's "Have Space Suit - Will Travel" is doubtless to hardcover as a high-level juvenile, but "high-level" is the key term. The initial buildup on this piece is lovingly detailed, so much so that when the action sets in, it seems rather Wham-Bam in contrast. It must be hell to write for serialization; my hunch is that the entire story-line has been warped to provide this end-of-installment punchline. Have Deadline; Won't Talk Plot.

First reaction to Bob Mills' "The Last Shall Be First" was that while I hoped he'd continue on the course of being a Writing Editor, he didn't have much of a start. However, on rereading in order to see what the gripe was, I liked his little weirdie a lot better. It sort of soaks in.....

"The Devil and Mrs Ackenbaugh", by Leslie Jones (Mrs), tells rather effectively of a lady who supped with the devil with too short a spoon. On principle, I don't think much of the theme, but must admit enjoying the treatment.

"The Edge" (Matheson) concerns impingement of probability-worlds, on the personal level. Mostly effective and well-done, except that his characters are certainly inhibited types, to do so much staring at each other with Wild Surmise, rather than taking the "Now look, friend, let's straighten this out" tack, in the early parts where the situation is relatively simple.

Alex Apostolides' "Sandy Had a Tiger" is a mighty fine job on the theme of "the kids dig the supernatural", except that Sandy is mighty precocious, age 3.

Boucher's reviews are as-usually worthwhile; I'm glad these are to continue while Mr B takes a leave of absence from the editorial chair.

The Avram Davidson who presents "Great Is Diana" is not the quietly skillful man who first appeared with "My Boy Friend's Name is Jello" and "The Golem". Those stories moved with a graceful canter - here, and in the "Culpepper" thing, Avram is sawing too hard on the reins. "Diana" is an extended anecdote, and in depicting the fuggheaded attributes of his narrating and commenting characters, Avram somehow neglects to make his point. Probably four-the-hard-way, at that.

C S Forester's "Marjorie is Still Waiting" would be a perfectly fine little occult-mystery twitcher if it weren't for that non-sequitur next-to-last hunk of paragraph. Probably this is all for added mystification and Sense of Wonder, but it only leads me to wonder Why Bother with this right-angled twist?

"The Horsenaping of Hotspur" (Chas G Finney, the Dr Lao chronicler), aside from a noggin of overcuteness amidships, of the Thornton W Burgess variety, is a real choice hunk of rambling. Especially liked the kicker.

MARVEL, Aug (#1): Burks' "Survival" deals with conquered Americans going underground to avoid extermination. Eventually they develop to conquer all in their environment, except (good punchline) their own cultural momentum.

"Dictator of the Americas" (James Hall) concerns Overthrowing, parallel universes, size-changing rays, ivory-fleshed girls with pale cones of breasts, and come back later when I'm in a calmer mood.

Bob Kenyon's "Dark Heritage" isn't a bad treatment of alternate futures and how to stop wars, and all, but it all seems to end up out at Moot Point.

"Through the Time-Radio" (Stan Coblentz) proves once again that future survivors of our present mess will be horrified at what we did to ourselves, if we're really stoopid enough to go ahead and do it.

Leon Byrne's "Monsters of the Mountain" is about what the title indicates, but if it weren't that "Avengers of Space" was by Kuttner, I could probably keep a straight face and not admit that this is the August 1939 Marvel I'm discussing.END.

Bill Meyers, at the business end of the plow

A new prozine makes an appearance: SPACE TRAVEL looks to be as bad if not worse than its horrifying predecessor. As if space opera hack were not bad enough, regular readers of this magazine are now treated to fiction limited only to space travel, its aspects and its possibilities, all of which are near-contemporary. This I do not like, even if I couldn't care less what Hamling decided to publish.

The major deterrent to present-day science fiction is the fact that science has caught up with science fiction. It used to be that upon reading each new science fiction pmz, at least one new prediction was brought forth that was in itself a startling and otherwise never before heard of scientific concept. This was what made science fiction what it was when good stf was being written, and is also a goal which present stf editors have strived for and have not come close to reaching. As Larry Shaw said in one of his Infy editorials about a year ago, trips to Mars, the Moon, etc. are old hat to even the newest science fiction readers and to produce any semblance of the sense of wonder of long ago, imaginations of science fiction writers as well as readers must encompass greater concepts than ever before. I wasn't altogether behind this premise at that time, but am so now due to current events being what they are. Of all times to try to inject new vitality into stf, this is it, with science, itself, speedily forging ahead of science fiction. But instead, a new campaign has been asserted, the purpose of which is to please the masses more than ever before, consequently drawing stf away from the fans as well as intensifying the utterly poor quality -- if indeed there is a vestige of quality left -- in present day science fiction. Here we have Space Travel, the purpose of which is to present "timely articles to keep abreast of current developments and research." I have little compassion for people who must stoop to a magazine such as Space Travel to keep abreast of current developments. And in another place, in a place where I would least expect to find a leaning to the contemporary, we have Future, "The Space-Age Magazine". So that's what is left of a literature that was a literature...a few mouldy plots centering around the latest missile development interspersed with timely articles to keep you abreast of these developments. A form of writing (questionable in itself) printed for the purpose of pleasing the suburbanite commuters, the majority, the meatballs who spend a tough day at the office and spend their nights watching television while beating off the kids...reading timely articles to keep them abreast of current technological developments riding to and from the day-by-day existences. I have heard from several sources that this is a time to feel proud that one has been reading science fiction, a time to shout that one was around when it was ridiculed, a time to seek revenge, a time to carry magazines home from the newsstand with the cover turned out instead of in. Yes...a time to be proud, when science fiction has once and for all been accepted by the man on the street, a terrific goal that; and at the same time it is ridiculed..and it justly deserves to be..by the people who once staunchly stood by it.

In Future, Asimov continues his series "Point of View". Fairly interesting stuff, but covering too many pages to keep up a steady interest in what Ike is trying to bring over.

The editorial is composed of a brief run-down of more fiction from the year 1928. RAWL asks cynically in his closing sentence "Anyone for the good old days?" All I've got to say is that at least the old days were good.

RAWL has lost something vital to his zines with the departure of knight, and for that matter, so has Shaw. But it couldn't be helped, and I weep little, for knight should be able to do things for If that Quinn was never able to do. Let's hope knight keeps up his reviews.

The rest of Future shapes up with several long epitaphs to Ray Cummings, Orlin Tremaine, Henry Kuttner, Bob Olsem, and Lord Dunsany, another installment to "Science Fiction Almanac" (a welcome addition indeed), and the lettercol. 42 pages out of 130 are non-fiction this time, and the more that ratio becomes nearer to equal, the better.

As an interesting sidenote, check the coverx for the February Satellite and the cover for the October 1953 Startling for a startling resemblance.

(end)

by Burnett R. Toskey

Part XIX: 1944.

This year was a bad year for Amazing Stories, firstly because only five issues were published, dated January, March, May, September, and December, and also because the stories themselves were in a slump of some kind. Contributing greatly to this slump was the special story assignments for two of these five issues: Every story in the September issue was written by a soldier -- however a look at the contents page reveals that the contents were entirely written by three people under various pseudonyms, except for one additional short story by William Lawrence Hamling. The December issue was a special war issue -- every story had a war background. It seems reasonable to me (and the issues bear out my contention) that authors are not greatly inspired by such assignments. One new author made his appearance during this year and is eminently worthy of mention, not because he made any significant contributions to the literature, but because of the incredible volume of his output -- Berkeley Livingston. At heart, Livingston was a pure adventure writer, and was more at home writing about South Sea adventures, or adventures in other primitive locales, than at attempting to depict aliens or space opera.

Ray Bradbury had stories in his usual style in the May and December issues, but they rate "D" with me, and are not mentioned below. I very seldom can enjoy a Bradbury story.

Fantastic Adventures did not suffer the same slump as did Amazing, except for the fact that only four issues were published -- storywise, it was a very good year indeed for FA, as you will see from my column next issue.

Even Don Wilcox was in a slump, insofar as Amazing was concerned, for his two inconsequential stories this year are certainly not of his usual calibre; in FA, however, he more than made up for these with his incomparable "Cats of Kadenza".

The March cover was a magnificent St. John, and the May cover was a magnificent spaceship painting by Malcolm Smith -- one of the finest ever drawn. The other covers are not even worth mentioning.

In the January issue there were letters by Joe Kennedy, Willey Ley, Chad Oliver, and RICHARD S. SHAVER; in March: Joe Kennedy, Art Rapp, Chad Oliver, and Phillip K Dick; no recognizable names in May or September; in December a letter by Gerald Waible which is really a story satirizing an October FA story ("Martian Adventure"), and very amusing.

The letter by Shaver in the January issue occasioned extensive private correspondence between Shaver and Palmer, with the result that the December issue announced the coming of what we now know as the Shaver Mystery to be begun with the March 1945 issue -- of which I shall be saying more in succeeding installments of this column.

Two novel-length stories (over 30,000 words) appeared this year in AS, both of them quite good; but none of the short stories are worth discussing to any length, although some of the "C" stories listed are amusing in places.

NOVEL LENGTH STORIES (in order of preference)

"Murder in Space" by David V Reed (Rating A,1.7), complete in May issue. Here is Reed's (real name: David Vern) last long novel for Ziff-Davis. It is a well-plotted murder story in an outer-space background, narrated with the ease of Gardner and with the complexity and humanitarian touch of Ellery Queen. As with many Reed novels, the sf-content becomes submerged in the characterizations and in the mundane-type plot (in this case, the murder). This novel was later reprinted as a Galaxy Novel -- which is a rather good indication of its quality. Though you note that I do not rate it as highly as I do most of his other novels.

"Intruders from the Stars" by Ross Rocklynne (Rating = B,2.3), complete in January, is a well-paced action story in typical Rocklynne style, following a story-pattern derived from Weinbaum's "Black Flame" to some extent. The woman in this case is the empress Bess-Istra, who, with her alien cohorts, descends upon Earth, and, hampered somewhat by distrust and jealousies among these aliens themselves, and the hero's unreasoning stupidity, manages to put a stop to World War II and bring about an everlasting peace on Earth. This would have been enjoyed more if the hero had acted more rationally. But still good.

"C" Stories (in order of publication)

January: "The Mad Robot" by William P. McGivern

"Phantom City of Luna" by P.F. Costello (house name -- possibly Geier)

"Island of Eternal Storm" by Berkeley Livingston

March: "It's a Small World" by Robert Bloch

"Magnetic Miss Meteor" by Don Wilcox

"Crossed Wires" by Leroy Yerxa

"Journey in Time to Cleopatra" by Helmar Lewis ((?))

May: "The Headless Horror" by Helmar Lewis

"The Constant Drip" by Berkeley Livingston ((amusing))

September: "Star Base X" by Robert Moore Williams

"The Thinking Cap" by William P. McGivern ((amusing))

"Warburton's Invention" by Russell Storm (Robert Moore Williams)

December: "The Man Who Hated War" by Emil Petaja ((extremely short shocker))

"War Criminals of Renault Island" by C.A. Baldwin ((?))

"Truk Island" by Berkeley Livingston

There are no "E" stories; so that all the unmentioned stories are "D" stories. I have been asked why I never have any "F" or "G" stories. The answer is, in the main, that I rate stories on the basis of how much pleasure I get out of reading them; and since I enjoy reading stories, it is seldom that I ever read a story that I wish I hadn't read. "D" signifies "neutral", which means that I got nothing out of the story. A "C" story is one that is enjoyed, but not enough to comment on at any length. An "E" story is a story in which I have to struggle or skim through in order to finish; an "F" story rating is reserved mostly for stories which are extremely amateurishly written, pointless, boring, and have no ideas at all. A "G" story is a story which turns my stomach. Because of the fact that Amazing is a professional magazine, few stories of the last two types are encountered. Also, due to the difference in length, a novel length story will almost invariably provide me with more enjoyment than a shorter story, and as a result my ratings on novel length stories fits a higher standard of comparison.

" ES and THE QUIET NEOGAN "

by Colin Cameron

They laughed in my face when I told them

That I was the little fan who didn't know the meaning
Of the 'Quiet Neogan'.

I have searched the confines of my fannish knowledge

But nowhere, in convulsion or remembrance

Can be found its significance.

I've never read Shaver or Wilcox, but Sturgeon and Lewis:

Their tales from memory I would name.

But Shaver and others --- to me they're the same.

I know nothing of Hubbard and his followers;

I've never bothered, for I'm stumped by Dianetics

But just ask me a question on Synergetics!

Don't I know what the average fan should? Have I strayed,

Past an object that should have received consideration?

Something worthy of closer observation?

I try to be friendly, but lo!: their laughter daunts my plans

If they would only answer, with taunts and jeers sans

If they would only tell me: "Who are the Quiet Neogans?"



COVER STORY.

by John Berry

Dear Wally'n Toskey'n F.M & Elinor Buz'n Otto'n Warwick etc,

Ghod, that BERRY for TAFF bacover fairly jolted me. The postman actually knocked on the door this morning, instead of bracing himself against it and forcing my mail through a very small aperture, which is his usual technique. He invariably bundles my mail up into a roll, pushes one end into the letter space, winds his right arm round and round and smashes the end nearest him with brutal force. It's downright dangerous to be in the hallway when he's due. A CRY OF THE NAMELESS propelled at considerable velocity, and stuffed with something as potent as a Pelz fanzine is most disconcerting early in the morning. We even had to leave our living room door open, to save the panels being mercilessly battered by supersonic mail. Once, the postman even reached the back garden.... the mail went right through the house via open doorways and windows, and finished up in the next door neighbor's greenhouse. Of course, the postman has good reason to be vindictive. He has to walk a couple of hundred yards uphill just to put my mail in the letter box....very few of the folks round Campbell Park Avenue get mail....they're all too old and conservative to have Final Statements of Accounts, like I keep getting.

But as I said three or four hundred words ago, this morning all was different. So my wife tells me. I was still in bed. I made her get up first this morning. She's very lazy. Dead lazy, you know. So lazy, in fact, that I had to ask her three times at 3AM this morning to put my slippers on while I popped to the toilet. I heard what happened when the postman came, tho'. He knocked with a certain reserve, something like the way the Rent Collector does...sort of subtle and suggestive. It couldn't have been quite like the rent collector, though, or she'd have never opened the door. Very shrewd she is. Can tell the rent man a mile off.

"Good morning," he said (the postman, by the way, I hope you're not confused), "er, here's a magazine for Mr. Berry. Er, excuse me for asking, but is your husband the John Berry referred to in those big red letters on the back of the magazine?"

"Certainly," replied my wife. I could hear her bra string humming, so she must have been sticking her chest out with pride.

"Oh," said the postman, suitably impressed, "he seems to be a big noise in this G.D.A. I've often noticed the initial letters G.D.A. on the addresses of his letters."

My wife sometimes gets annoyed at fans putting the Goon or G.D.A. on my letters.

"Well, thankx you, good morning," I heard her say.

But the postman must have been smitten with curiosity. "But, er, hope you don't think I'm impertinent, but what does TAFF mean," I heard him ask.

My wife pondered. Folks say they can hear me thinking. They say my brain makes noises as it ticks over. But this morning I could actually hear my wife pondering... a subtle alienation of the minds, mebbe, like these ESP chaps are always talking about. That reminds me, I must renew my FATE sub. "Well, it's a sort of organization," she said. "This year, someone from Great Britain is going to America as a sort of representative. My husband is one of the nominees."

I heard the postman push his hobnail boots against the door so's my wife couldn't close it. "What I cannot understand," he said, "is why he has to go all the way to America to get a gate. No one can deny you need one. I mean, look."

I heard the upper vertebrae in my wife's neck click as she turned her head round to look at our front gate. It was valiantly trying to support itself on the bottom hinge, and the bottom layer of paint was just beginning to see the light of day after ten years. "No, no," she said, stamping her feet, "Give the goon the gate' is a slogan which means, 'send my husband to South Gate.' It's a place near Los Angeles, and a chap lives there called Sneary and he can't spell."

The postman pondered over this. I slithered out of bed. I had to be in the centre of Belfast within twenty minutes, and I had to shave, have breakfast, and read whatever mail had arrived. I mean, I didn't want to have to rush at the last moment. I dragged on my trousers and staggered downstairs. I saw my wife holding a fanzine, which at that time I didn't know was CRY. All I could see was the big juicy red legend. JOHN BERRY for TAFF. I leaped over the bannister and pulled it out of her hands.

I saw it was from the Nameless Ones.

"May the Pemberton's dachunds never get rabies" I screamed at the top of my voice in sheer unadulterated bliss, "and may Toskey's GLABBERGASTING never wither... and may Weber buff the farbles off templates to his heart's desire,... and may Pfeifer always be a SAP. May Roscoe shower his blessing on the Seattlites for ever."

Then I saw the postman.

I don't think it was so much my personal appearance, although rampant hair, hollow eyes, untidy moustache, torn vest, un-creased trousers and dirty toes may have had some effect on his general condition. I think it was my verbal utterance shook him up most of all. I mean, there was no need for him to be on his knees; the mailbag wasn't all that heavy.

I reached over, lifted him up, put his cap on straight and shook him by the hand.

"Thank you for bringing this superb creation," I sniffed, sentiment getting the better of me, "and if I get the gate, I'll send you a postcard."

The broken man made his way to the nearest chapel, and I returned to bed to read CRY, sacrificing my breakfast to do so.

.....

It is a proud and humble thing to be a faaan. That is a phrase often quoted, and maybe ofetn reiterated without much thought, just said for the sake of saying something. But it makes me proud and humble to see for myself this most artistic and vibrant bacover on CRY, and to even consider that I have friends so many thousands of miles away willing to go to all that trouble and expense to try and get the goon to the gate.

NAMELESS ONES....I SALUTE YOU.

John Berry

((Editor's note: Actually, John, that bacover was done on our multigraph, and cost us virtually nothing except a little effort to set up the type....BRT))



A NIGHT ON BALD MOUNTAIN

by Jim Moran

"Dunno why you fellers come all the way out from Washington to see what went on up here last week, but since you're so het up about it I might just as well relate the whole story. Well, it seems that last Saturday night, we was up here in my shack on Bald Mountain, Zukie Keokuk, Rabbit-Ears McKeen, and myself, chewin' the rag as we are wont to do of a Saturday night. It was about eleven o'clock, give or take fifteen minutes, pretty dark outside, overcast, and with a strappin' wind blowin' up. Things was awful quiet. Zukie had gone and cornered hisself a fair-sized horsefly and was concentratin' on tyin' a piece of toilet paper on the end of a long thread connected with the fly's leg. (It only had one left, as Zukie had picked the other five off it.) He let it go, and I'll be swamped if the fly didn't look like one of them aeroplanes pullin' a sign that you see at election time down at the county seat.

"Now we was settin' there, sorta chucklin' at the sight of the pore fly strugglin' mightily to keep in the air with that piece of paper weighin' him down when, just like that, from outside come the gosh-awfullest roar I ever did hear and the sky lit up the color of pistachio ice cream and the cabin shook like fifty-odd wild critters was tryin' to get in. Upon hearin' all this racket and whatall goin' on outside, the three of us aim for the door to find out what in thunder the trouble is. And do you know that no sooner did we get that door open than everything quiets down and you'd never tell there had been such goin's on a mite before. Only thing, there was a sharp smell to the air like you find around them electric machines in the power station up at Fred's Jump. 'Well sir,' says Rabbit-Ears, 'figger it must have been one of them spudnicks them Roosians are always shootin' up'. 'Either that or one of them big rocks that come a-tearin' down from the sky, one of them meatears I think you'd call it,' puts in Zukie. I agreed it must have been either of those two as I couldn't think of anything else it could be.

"After all the excitement, I opined a few pulls at the old jug would help quiet our nerves, so about ten minutes later we're all settin' round the table again, not talkin' much, sorta thoughtful like. Rabbit-Ears was squattin' there, pickin' at the bandage on his left big toe where he stepped in a varmint trap up at Beanbucket Creek. Zukie was preparin' to jump another fly that was a-crawlin' up his pantsleg. Now without no more warnin' than when we'd heard the caterwaulin' outside, the door busts open and this here big drunken feller is standin' in the doorway carryin' on like he'd been bit by a swill beetle. He was really oiled up good, as he had on clothes the likes of which I never hope to see again. His head was inside a big grey kettle with a glassed-in hole cut in it for him to sight through, and he was wearin' a suit of armor like Sir Lancelot and them fellers 'cept it looked more like it was made of inner tubes. Tied on his back was two big tanks with hoses runnin' into the kettle, so I figgered he must really have loved his likker to tote it around with him like 'at. Anyhow, the feller was standin' there flappin' his arms and hootin' somp'n sounded like 'People of Earth, take me to your leader', in a queer soundin' voice. In the meantime, Zukie and Rabbit-Ears and me are settin' there takin' in the show he's puttin' on.

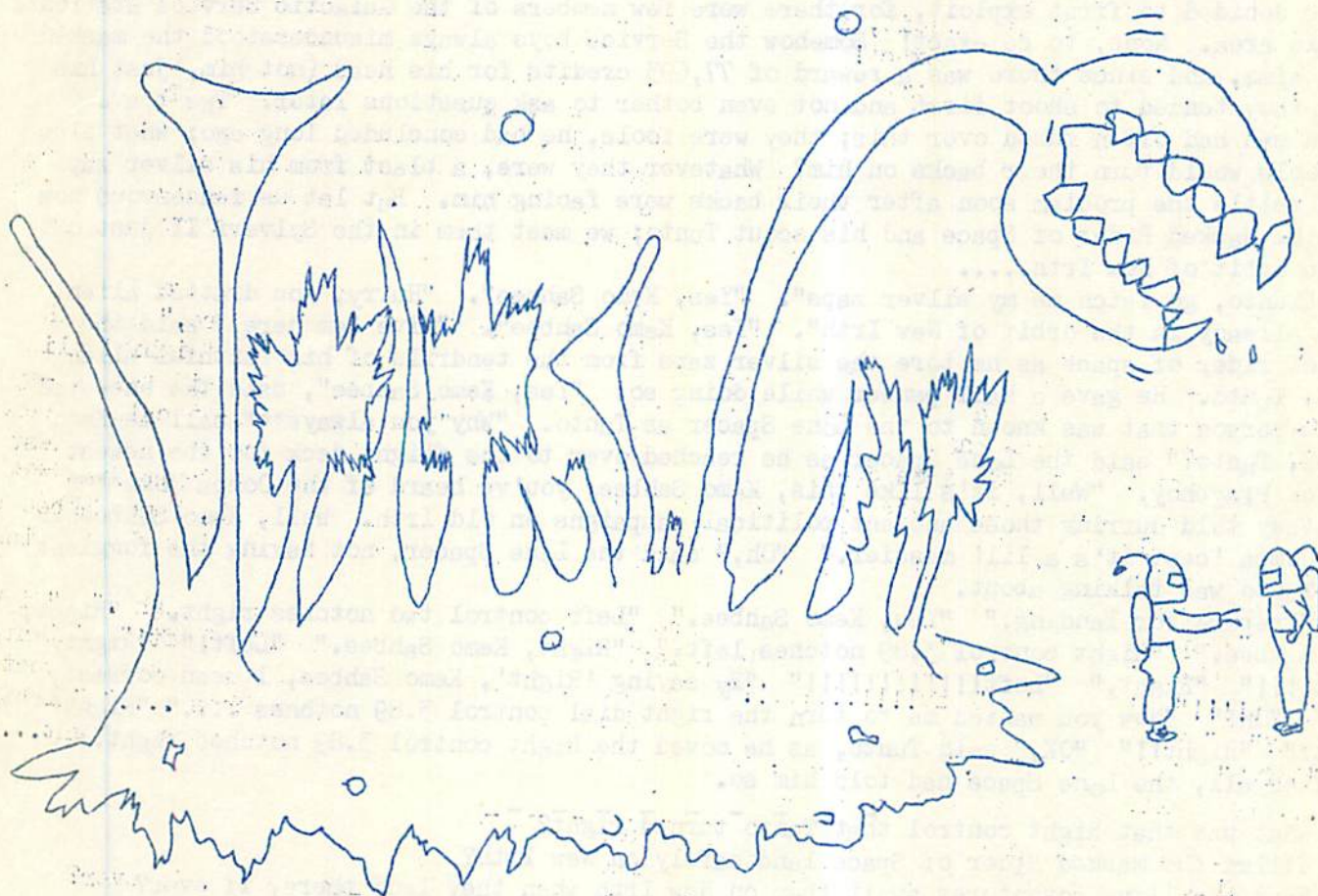
"All at once, this here drunken feller rummages around in a knapsack hangin' at his side and comes up with the meanest lookin' pistol I ever did see and points right smack dab at the three of us. Well, sir, Zukie lets off a yip and lights out for the window I boarded up last summer when the last pane of glass in it got broke, and he goes right on through takin' most of the timbers with him. Rabbit-Ears is just settin' there shakin' all over and sweatin' from every pore like the time we saw that there Bridget Bardo at the movin' pictures in town. As for myself, I sets hands on the nearest thing, which happens to be the jug, and lets fly with it.

Now I figger that feller was up to no good, 'cause he was packin' dynamitex on him.

The jug no sooner hits him on a box with a lot of knobs on it which he had strapped to his belly than he ups and disappears in a flash of light. Not more than ten seconds later, the same old green light and roarin' come back, and this strange lookin' thing like a big silver egg goes shootin' straight up from down the road a piece and is gone quicker'n you can say Lucius Fernwhetzer, who happens to be Mayor. That feller was blown to I-don't-know-where, as all we could find of him was that kettle his head was stuck into.

"Well, that just about sums up the whole of it, gents. Why sure, I guess I can go to Washington for a spell. Never been there, but I hear it's a pretty nice town. Mebbe I'll drop in on the President while I'm lookin' around. You say you want that crazy feller's kettle, his helmet -- that what you call it? Why shore you can have it if you really need it that bad -- it's over there under the bed. I shore hate to part with it though. Best chamber pot I ever did own."

(the end)



Bill
Ernest



JAM

"YES, SMEDLEY, BOTANICALLY THIS PLANET IS SINGULARLY UNINTERESTING"

FORWARD: Out of the future come tales of a masked man and his trusty alien scout, Tunto. Together aboard their worthy spaceship, Sylverrr II, they will fight a never ending battle for life, liberty, and the Galactic Citizen' way of life. Come, let us go to those thrilling days of futureyear. With thundering rockets at the speed of light and a hearty blast from his solid sterling silver zap guns.....The Lone Space rides.....

New Houston in the state of New Texus in the country of New Amerika on the continent of New North Amerika on the planet New Irth in the solar system of New Sol was a ghost town. Technically it was not a true ghost town, for a few stragglers were holding out. The town would have been dismantled and taken away long ago for vital building materials except for the fact that it would take a vast amount of still more precious rocket fuel to cart away this conglomeration of junk. So these stragglers remained on, the vilest of men (and women too) they were, living in a state of lawlessness for so long that they knew not even the simplest of manners. This was the land where two zaps beat four aces and where the only thing that beat two zaps were two zaps that were drawn faster. It was here that the Lone Spacer decided to first exploit, for there were few members of the Galactic Service stationed in this area. None, to be exact! Somehow the Service boys always misunderstood the masked man's aims, and since there was a reward of 77,693 credits for his head (not him, just his head) they tended to shoot first and not even bother to ask questions later. The brave masked man had often mused over this; they were fools, he had concluded long ago; what else but fools would turn their backs on him? Whatever they were, a blast from his silver zaps would settle the problem soon after their backs were facing him. But let us rendezvous now with the Masked Rider of Space and his scout Tunto; we meet them in the Sylverrr II just out of the orbit of New Irth.....

"Tunto, go fetch me my silver zaps". "Yes, Kemo Sahbee". "Hurry, you dratted alien, we're already in the orbit of New Irth". "Yes, Kemo Sahbee". "Give 'em here," said the valiant rider of space as he tore the silver zaps from the tendrils of his faithful alien scout, Tunto. He gave a half psneer while doing so. "Yes, Kemo Sahbee", said the one-eyed purple person that was known to the Lone Spacer as Tunto. "Why you always*** call me Kemo Sahbee, Tunto?" said the Lone Spacer as he reached over to the flight deck for the newest copy of Playbhoy. "Well, it's like this, Kemo Sahbee; you've heard of the Oompa joke**** that they told durring those ancient political campaigns on old Irth. Well, Kemo Sahbee is like Oompa 'cept it's a lil' messier." "Oh," said the Lone Spacer, not having the foggiest what Tunto was talking about.

"Prepare for landing." "Yes, Kemo Sahbee." "Left control two notches right." "Right, Kemo Sahbee." "Right control 3.89 notches left." "Right, Kemo Sahbee." "Left!" "Right." "Left!!!!" "Right." "Left!!!!!!!!!!!!!!" "By saying 'Right', Kemo Sahbee, I mean correct, See?" "Oh!" "Now you wanted me to turn the right dial control 3.89 nothhes" "Right!" "Left?" "Right!!" "OK," said Tunto, as he moved the Right control 3.89 notches right.... ...after all, the Lone Space had told him so.

What was that Right control that Tunto turned right? -
Will the Masked Rider of Space land safely on New Irth?
What thrilling adventures await them on New Irth when they land there, if ever?
Tune in next Ish for the next thrilling installment of THE LOOOONE SPACER!

***Even in those far off future days when man has conquered the far off Universe, grammar is still a Lost Art.

****Students of 20th century humour should know this simple joke. For those of you that don't, the punch line goes: "Don't step in the oompa".

((((Editor's note: Future installments of this story will appear in the Cry only over our dead body.)))

by Will J. Jenkins

(Being an imaginary report of an unreal meeting of fictitious people in a nonexistent city.... clearly the product of a diseased mind.)

There were six fans (five men and a girl) of various ages in the room. The chairman, whose name was Howard, had been trying to open the meeting for the last ten minutes. Finally in desperation, he banged an empty beer bottle on the table. "Okay, okay, knock it off. Knock it off! Let's get this show on the road, or we'll never get out of here."

Jim, reaching for another bottle, said, "What's the reason for this meeting, anyway? I didn't think we were to have another gathering until next week."

Howard said, "An important matter has come up which Bill thought we should take under discussion. You tell 'em about it, Bill."

Bill rose unsteadily to his feet and finished what was left in his glass. "You all know it's my job to open the mail. Well, this morning we got a questionnaire signed by Will Jenkins, and..."

"That's great!" shouted Mary.

"Wait a minute," continued Bill. "It was signed by Will J., not by Will F. Now the question is, should we (as Howard thinks) print this guy's name without his middle initial, or not? If we do, it will give folks the impression that Murray Leinster is supporting us."

"Isn't he?" asked Mary.

"Not that I know of," Howard answered. "Or at least he's not fighting us."

Fred, who had been sitting quietly in the corner wiping beer off the sleeve of his English jacket, said, "I think the whole thing is dishonest."

"It is not," cried the chairman. "If we were to change his name to something like, oh, say Harlan Ellison, that would be crooked. But this is his real name, so we're not lying, and we can't help it if the fans get the wrong idea."

"Yes, and Chicago has all those pros backing them," someone muttered.

"Chicago's already had two Cons," Mary said, "And I don't think..."

"Save it for publication, dear," said George. "Does anybody know this Will J. Jenkins?"

Fred, who was lighting up a Player, said, "Yes, I met the bloke on the London trip. He's a quiet, soft-spoken chap. Bit of all right, although he does want getting used to."

Jim turned to Fred with a pained look. "My God, Fred, it's been ten months. When are you going to drop that fake British accent?"

"Wot? Wot?" Fred wot-wotted.

Howard, trying to keep order, said, "I understand this Jenkins is a member of the Philly SF Society."

"Yes," said Jim, "and didn't he have something to do with the '53 Philcon Progress Reports?"

Howard said, "I talked to Alan Nourse about that. Alan told me it was Will's job to go through the reports and misspell all the words."

"From what I remember about them, he's at least competent," said Mary.

"This doesn't solve our problem. Do we knock the "J" out of him or not?"
The question from the chair raised a mild laugh.

"I move we put it to a vote," said Fred.

"All right. All those in favor of printing Will Jenkins' name without the middle initial so signify by raising your hands."

"Three to two in favor. Motion carried."

"Hold on a moment," said Mary. "If we go that far, why don't we add an "F"? We can always say it was a typo, or a mistake, or something. And I can't really see how it can make that much difference to either of these Wills...."

(and so on, far into the night.)

THE END

M I N U T E S

reported by Wally Weber

Before we get involved with the complex business of reporting on meetings of the Nameless Ones, conscience dictates that we warn the reader (we are positive a reader exists) that lightening-like changes in policy have taken place since the last issue of CRY. In an effort to pad out skimpy issues such as we have had the last several months, these minutes will be the expanded, unabridged versions that ordinarily would only appear in the paperback reprints. Also, it has been decided that rather than reporting only one meeting each issue, all meetings of the Nameless Ones will be covered in the CRY. (Despite this ruling, only the most recent meetings will be reported; this is a gross breach of contract for which the CRY is to be congratulated.) We suggest the reader stock up on refreshments and pills to combat sleepiness since, barring unforeseen circumstances, there will be no break for commercials.

Minutes of the June 8 Meeting.

Flora Jones was hostess at the June 8 meeting of the Nameless Ones. Having been hostess at previous meetings of the club, she cannily arranged to have the meeting take place somewhere other than at her own home. For this reason the residence of Mr. and Mrs. William Cowling, the son-in-law and daughter (respectively) of Flora Jones. [Note: With the last sentence, we have used up our quota of direct mention of Mrs. Cowling's mother's name. This quota is established by friendly agreement and can only be exceeded at considerable risk to your Honorable Secretary's health. --WWW/] Mr. and Mrs. Cowling, being fairly shrewd, arranged to be out of town during the meeting.

There was a certain amount of tension among the members due to the presence of a trouble-maker by the name of Burnett Toskey. Noting that he was keeping the members on edge and knowing that he had come for some sinister purpose, the hostess confronted him at last and demanded that he say whatever he came to say and get it off of his chest. Burnett reluctantly agreed, but was immediately restrained when he attempted to remove his shirt. Evidently the Nameless were not ready for a bare-chested Toskey, although his purpose couldn't have been as sinister as all that.

A kitten arrived about this time, apparently to relieve the tension. At first everyone except Otto Pfeifer and the kitten believed that Otto was mowing, but everybody was too polite to mention it and too tolerant to stop him. The kitten eventually revealed itself by climbing onto Wally Gonser to avoid the friendly clutch of Linda Wyman, but the membership thought blaming Otto for the noises was such a good idea that the motion was made, seconded, and passed that anything wrong at the meeting would be Otto Pfeifer's fault by official decree. This, incidentally, was the only official business voted on during the entire meeting.

The June issue of the CRY was distributed at the meeting, and Rose Stark became concerned about the cover. More specifically, she became concerned about the part of the cover on which the ATom critter was sitting. If it was a shadow, it had spots which the critter didn't. It may have been developing fluid, or perhaps one of the more vulgar possibilities was the answer. At any rate it diverted the members from more destructive areas of conversation.

Bob Warwick was re-introduced to the members. Almost none of the members recognized him, which goes to show that if you don't attend meetings at least once every five or six years the clubmembers tend to forget you.

The subject of the CRY came up, and there seemed to be some question in the minds of the members as to whether or not the fanzine was still a club publication. The general consensus of opinion was that the connection between the CRY and the Nameless Ones was thin if at all. Geneva Wyman thought that if the CRY had become a private

publication, no longer under club control, the word Nameless should be dropped from the title. Most of the other members agreed, although no official action was taken. Thus the CRY OF THE NAMELESS remains a private publication no longer under club control but with the title unchanged.

Otto Pfeifer wanted Wally Gonser to autograph his (Otto's) CRY. As a matter of fact, he (Otto) wanted him (Wally) to autograph his (Otto's) CRY with his (Otto's) name. As a way of revenge for his (Wally's) hurt feelings, Wally (he) complied by autographing the CRY backwards and upside-down.

About this time Wally Weber, who was hurrying out of the room to get material for these minutes, knocked Linda Wyman to the floor. This incident would not be reported here if the attending membership had not insisted upon it and threatened to revoke Weber's exclusive franchise on reporting on Nameless One's meetings. To add insult to injury, the story which Weber left the room to here had to be censored from the minutes due to United States Post Office Regulations.

Wally Gonser announced that the next meeting of the club would be held at his home. Up to the time of the announcement he had shown no indications of mental abnormality.

Somehow the discussion of science fiction started. This sort of thing has been happening at every meeting lately. Bob Warwick, whose last Nameless meeting was far in the past when discussions of science-fiction actually took up the majority of some meetings, joined in the conversation on science and fantasy. The problem came up whether a story could be called science fiction if the science in the story was 100% factual. Jules Verne was cited as an example, although some of the members were willing to doubt that Jules Verne's science was 100% factual. The group did not arrive at any satisfactory solution and finally had to change to subject entirely.

Burnett Toskey demanded to know why the club was censoring all mention of the Nameless One's plans for a world science fiction convention from the minutes. The hostess stated that the convention plans were being withheld from publication until something definite had been established. Burnett disagreed with this philosophy, reading excerpts from letters to prove that the mention of such projects in the minutes would be good publicity. Nothing definite was concluded, so there is no way to determine whether or not the censorship applies to these minutes or not. If it is voted at a future meeting to maintain club secrecy, we trust the reader will submit to a short treatment in our unpatented memory erasing machine.

Various methods of raising funds for the proposed Seattle worldcon were discussed. A plan was evolved to save, collect, and sell old paper. Otto Pfeifer's suggestion that we limit our collecting of old paper to paper money was rejected as being too practical.

A short, inconclusive discussion of a convention site, and a convention program took place, followed by a discussion of how difficult it is to get people to work together. Club projects, such as movies and dinners, came into the conversation. The idea of holding a Westercon even received a mention. In general everything mentioned was approved. Should everything planned come to pass, the club would have trouble putting on conventions frequently enough to use up the money raised.

The gruesome possibility of having to incorporate to handle the taxes on the vast amount of money to be taken in. It was suggested that Jack Speer be contacted for free legal advice on the prospect of incorporating, or possibly finding some method of beating the government out of taxes completely. One point was raised in a private conversation that if a good method for completely escaping taxes could be discovered, the plan could be sold to raise the money it would save taxes on. Some doubt existed that Jack Speer could be persuaded to provide the details of such a plan free, particularly if he knew of such a system to begin with.

In the course of these many planning discussions, the rather sore point of the club having been referred to as a "Tea and Crumpet Society" was brought up. John

Swearingen was particularly upset when discovering he misunderstood the phrase. He had been very much in favor of the "Tea and Strumpet" society. In general the members of the club objected to the implications of Tea and Crumpet Society. A few members objected mainly because it could be proven that tea had not been served at the club for many meetings, and nobody can remember when the last crumpet had been served. Most of the members were more disturbed by the psychological aspects of being a Tea and Crumpet Society, however, and felt that the heavy responsibilities of planning conventions and fund-raising campaigns entitled the club to a more respectful reference.

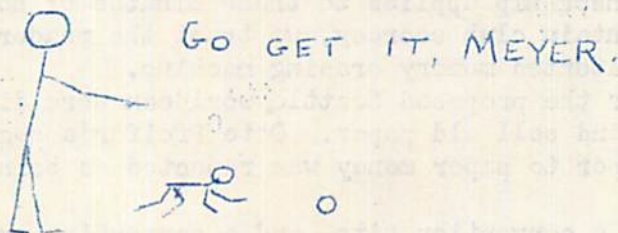
About the time the plans for a city-wide membership drive were being worked over, the hostess began to dish out the strawberry shortcake. This much more important item of business took priority over all other business, and the members cooperated to a greater extent than at any other point during the meeting.

Ed Wyman provided entertainment during the refreshment by somehow converting clothespins into rocketships and launching them from the edge of his coffee cup. [Note: not a tea cup or crumpet cup, but a coffee cup. -- WWW] An ample supply of clothespins for this purpose was obtained by Linda Wyman from an unknown source. We trust that Mr. and Mrs. Cowling will know where the clothespins came from when they return to their home.

After the refreshments were consumed, the strawberry-shortcake-stuffed fans began to depart, apparently feeling it necessary to break up the meeting before the June 22 meeting, not to mention the fact that Wally Weber had an appointment with his barber, Wally Gonser (unpaid advertisement).

Honorable Secretary, Wally Weber

[Note: Dick Nulsen ordinarily is mentioned in the minutes, primarily because he attends so many of the meetings. Although he attended the June 8 meeting, he did not qualify for mention in the minutes due to his departure during the early part of the meeting for the purpose of viewing a mere TV program featuring the greatest man in the world. Certainly the reader will agree this is a pretty shoddy excuse for escaping a Nameless meeting and will appreciate our efforts to keep these undesirable types out of the minutes. -- WWW]



THREW SICK AND SIN

(A tale of nausea concerning the
210th meeting of the Nameless Ones, by a comparatively innocent observer...)

Lars Bourne

Somehow it was decided that I was to go to a Nameless meeting. I don't quite know how this came about, and I don't know why anyone else wanted to go, but I do know I was elected, and was expected to say something about the whole fooferaw. To the credit of my perpetrators, they did warn me about the affair, in mystic, unenlightening terms, but they did warn me. I keep saying this over and over to myself, not willing to place the blame on any one person, because the nameless Anonymous peoples. responsible parties being Bob Warwick, Buzz and Elinor Bussy, and Wally Weber, are nice people and I'd hate

FANDOM AND MOMISM

by Norman Sanfield Harris

There is a saying in fandom that all fans are intelligent people -- indeed, far more intelligent than the average person. Fans, so goes the saying, are "slans" (referring to an early story by A.E. Van Vogt, author of "The Mind Cage"). Though you'll find few fans who agree that fans are mutations, most of them will stoutly maintain that the interest shared by all fans for the future is indicative of a dynamic interest in mankind and in its purposes, aims, and realities. In other words, fans think of themselves as genius-level people.

In many cases this may be so, even though many fanzines never mention science fiction or the future or mankind. However, it seems a curious anomaly to me that these "intelligent" fans exhibit so many pseudo-intellectual tendencies, among them the one hinted at in the title of this article.

Momism, in case you don't know, is a state of mind first pointed out by Philip Wylie (author of "When Worlds Collide") in his book, "Generation of Vipers". Wylie casts aspersions on the attitude held by so many Americans that mothers are to be loved and honored. This, he claims, is a bad thing.

Now, many people have taken Wylie's negative attitude to heart, despite the obvious implications such an attitude has on the very structure of society -- the familial-centered structure which puts emphasis on the home and its beneficial effects on the development of the individual. On closer examination, one finds that the people who echo Wylie's bitter denunciation of mother-love are precisely those who must have come from bad families where the nurture-patterns of society have broken down and who have consequently, from being raised in broken homes, grown up to be disillusioned members of society -- indeed, antisocial. It is no surprise, then, that these people raise cries of "Momism" and sneer at even such well-deserved rest-days for mother as Mother's Day. They never had a good home and a mother to love and to be loved by.

Though such people are to be pitied perhaps, they are certainly not to be emulated, and I regard the tendency of pseudo-intellectuals to decry mother-love with complete distaste.

What does all this have to do with fandom? It's obvious. Many many fans exhibit just such antisocial tendencies as are exemplified in decrying Momism -- for instance, the constant tilting-at-windmills of the people who shout in fandom that "fandom is just a hobby", and those whose upper lips curl at the mere mention of a fanzine which fulfills its obvious purpose in discussing science fiction.

We may draw a parallel between anti-Momism and anarchism, both being antisocial attitudes, and in the same way we may regard pseudo-intellectualism as a whole as being similar to "fannish" fandom, for both are calculated to contend and uphold the idea that one is superior, more blasé, more cultured than those who are sneered at. It is indeed a shame that "dannishness" has made such inroads in fandom, even to the extent that neo-fans often accept the insipid sneering of the "fannish" fans without due consideration of the whole state of mind exhibited by such people.

One sees evidences of anti-Momism everywhere in America today -- it even pervades the dialect and regional expressions of America today. Often, for instance, I've heard people cursed as "Mother-lovin' so-and-so's". The effects this whole antisocial attitude, and others which are similar and, indeed, connected with it, have had on present-day America are obvious. Ask any police officer, or juvenile authority. It is significant that the strong rise in the juvenile delinquency rate in recent years has followed the publication of Wylie's "Generation of Vipers" and the dissemination of its tenets, among them anti-Momism.

Ask any juvenile authority what is the main cause of juvenile delinquency. He will tell you it is broken homes. This is not surprising, considering the tendency of the young pseudo-intellectuals of today to turn away from their mothers and their whole family, meanwhile muttering, "Momism" with distaste. This is the burden which the "Mom" of today

must face, and if many of the "Moms" of America have not been able to overcome it, can we blame them?

Similarly, the way in which fandom has been infiltrated by antisocial "fannish" fans who sneer at science fiction, insult new fans (the new blood which fandom so desperately needs), and claim that science-fiction and all discussions which arise from it of mankind's future are unimportant -- the prostitution of fandom, I say, by these people is a sign which gives the serious individual in fandom much pause to stop and contemplate whether or not fandom can long endure such weakening forces within. For just as American society has been weakened, so must fandom be inevitably weakened if the "fannish" coterie is to continue its dynasty of BNF's and other person's of near-worship and complete awe.

It's not surprising that the "fannish" fans do not realize the strain they are throwing onto fandom, for they never stop to seriously consider fandom, or, one suspects, anything other than themselves. I don't mean to say that "fannish" fans are purposely trying to ruin fandom, for to say such a thing would indeed be fuggheaded, simply because of their attitude that fandom is just a hobby and therefore unworthy of deep consideration.

Somehow, the "fannish" element in the larger body known as fandom must be made aware that they are undermining the whole structure. Perhaps this article will help.

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OF SEARCH, IN WONDER

by Dainis Bisenieks

All the discussion of "sense of wonder" in science fiction that I have ever seen pays little attention to its general nature. In discussing the development of science fiction, one can forget that there was a sense of wonder before there was science fiction, historically or in the experience of the individual reader. Tracing its development in the individual, we can find out how it is associated with science fiction. And since the loss of this "sense" is an important theme, maybe we can find out what finally becomes of it.

Nochild, except for some ~~un~~fortunates who are congenitally defective, is without a sense of wonder. This naive curiosity and joy in sense experience is the basis of the child's learning process. All other learning is only conditioning. The dull child is, by definition, one who has little curiosity or interest in his environment. And the vitality of a bright one can be the joy -- and sometimes despair -- of the parents.

The active imagination is stimulated by incomplete sense experience. Toys and entertainments which are too literal and detailed don't keep a child's attention for long. Parents who don't realize this are often disappointed when a child shows no interest in a new, complicated, and expensive toy. Television, again, captures the attention only by unceasing variation. Nobody would think of watching the same show over and over, while an interesting book can be read repeatedly, and a good toy gives almost endless pleasure to a child.

When the child learns to read, a whole new world is opened. His first books catch his attention by pictures, but illustrations soon become only an aid to the imagination. Through the author's words, the reader is transported into a world of adventure. The unsophisticated reader is no judge of style and characterization. He prefers those books which offer the greatest freedom to his imagination, those which take him into worlds of fascinating adventure.

Comes the time when the youthful reader meets science fiction. Science fiction offers even wider vistas to the imagination. Heroes tower above the reader, and even if the authors make them two-dimensional, the reader's own imagination gives them solidity.

With growing maturity, the general run of science fiction becomes unsatisfying; the reader comes to recognize and look for good style and characterizations. A science fiction story may still offer light entertainment, but no longer stimulates the imagination. The fannish attitude of derision toward most science fiction and the s-f reader who actually likes the stuff is an expression of this. Fandom is brought together by an interest

in S-F and maintained by this and other common interests and attitudes. The sudden extinction of science fiction would probably be instantly fatal to fandom. After all, fandom is a way of life... For many fan, S-F is only the means by which this way of life is taken up --- I think Moskowitz' history of fandom (THE IMMORTAL STORM --- every fan should own the book) supports this view.

Critics claim that the sense of wonder has gone out of S-F, but what most of them mean is that the sense of wonder has gone out of them. Yet there is some truth there, for S-F has left behind most of its towering heroes....But still, the heroes are a small loss to the genre. If s-f keeps developing, as I think it will, there is no danger of it losing the power to fascinate the readers.

If the sense of wonder hasn't gone out of S-F, but only out of its readers, where has it gone? There is no reason why it should be lost; in fact, the sense of wonder can develop to the point where it is the most important quality one can have. But it doesn't develop without cultivation. The child in whom it has been neglected deserves pity; the youth in whom it has been replaced by a tough pseudo-maturity can become a danger to himself and to society. The adult in whom it has withered lives without joy.

I have been reading a book: THE TESTIMONY OF THE SPADE by Geoffrey Bibby, dealing with archeology in Northern and Western Europe. I found it fascinating. The author emphasizes the study of people, rather than places --- the true archeologist sees each site as a place where people lived lives rather than a jumble of ruined buildings and artifacts to be restored (at least on paper). Far from being a "dry as dust" study, archeology can be one of the most fascinating of sciences. The true archeologist has a dedication to his work: that through his efforts the people of the "dead past" should live again.

This book conveyed a "sense of wonder" as few books I have read ever did. But the important point is this: the book was no mere work of fiction, but a scientist's story of his own field of interest, told engrossingly. The science of archeology is there to be studied and practiced, as there are other sciences. All it takes is a disciplined sense of wonder....

The proper approach to science education is just beginning to be realized by many educators: to present science in a way that interests the student, to stimulate exploration and research (instead of just giving demonstrations)....and yet instilling self-imposed discipline: the approach can be applied to all education! It's a pity that there are so few teachers who have the dedication to do their best to interest students.

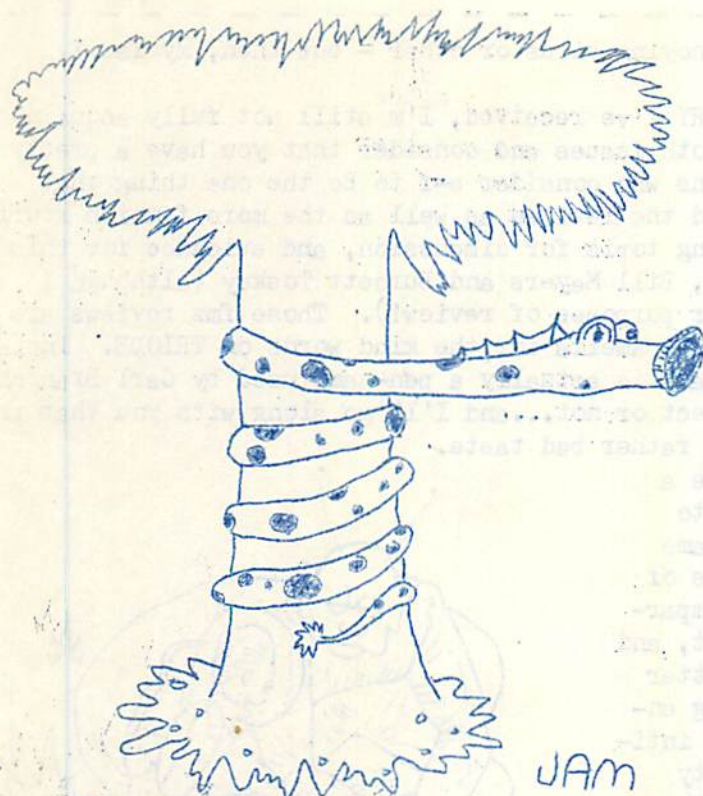
A sense of wonder added to intelligence (there are many definitions, any one will do): that's what makes the scientists. The sense of wonder, or whatever you choose to call it, is not equally vital in all sciences. The more mathematical and descriptive accuracy are essential in the science, the less indispensable the sense of wonder. But it is this sense of wonder, a fascination with the unknown, that distinguishes the scientist from the technician.

In the form of concentration of interest, perseverance in study, and systematic application to work, discipline is indispensable to a career in science or any other field. Without it, the person is nothing but a dilettante. Even a universal genius like Leonardo Da Vinci could not have been without a degree of discipline --- yet he had the advantage of living in a day when men's knowledge was limited. The universal genius has no chance to exist today because of the unimaginable increase and specialization of knowledge. The problem will get worse in the future. The need now is for nonspecialists, or at least specialists in several fields, who can apply knowledge of one specialty to another.

(Some people say that the books of Charles Fort have a high concentration of potential s-f ideas. The notebooks of Da Vinci belong right up there with Fort!)

S-F fandom started with groups interested in the advancement of science. It's questionable whether the development of fandom to its present state was inevitable. But even so, although fandom may not be primarily concerned with science, we, as science fiction readers, are to a good extent in scientific occupations. And if a sense of wonder is vital to an interest in science, and is an important factor in science fiction, then.... The premises are there. Make your own conclusions.

(the end)



CRY of the READERS

conducted by BURNETT R. TOSKEY

((Note: the lettercol is shorter than usual this time, not because we are clamping down more(although we ARE), nor because few people wrote this time, but because we are pubbing a little earlier

than usual, and, as a result, there hasn't been allowed enough time for the usual bunch of letters to get here. The reasons for pubbing early are too complicated to explain here. However, NEXT month we are also pubbing early, before August 1st in fact, but the reason for pubbing early next time is the same as the reason for mailing male and female rabbits separately; i.e., to avoid the mounting postal rate. So get letters for the next ish in as early as you can....BRT)))

KONING TOWER

Dear Amnesiacs,

Ooog! Another group-zine. They are popping up rather frequently these days...but then, when you reach #114 it could be said to be more of a wheezy uphill climb.

Toskey leaves the impression of being more of a figment of a communard mind than a real person. I should believe in Garcone more readily.

Renfrew (now I see how "Northwest" started) Pemberton seems rather sober; I cannot believe he is the fellow Busby makes him out to be in RET; in fact, I don't believe CRY.after all, RET is a GDA pub, and the GDA is always honest.

In the illo on 15, that is indeed a fallout hat; I could fall out of it very easily.

I quietly enjoy your stupendous letter column. I am trying to ignore the ominous growling from the direction of the trunk in the corner. My ghod! No nono...it's out, crawling toward me, rolling across the floor, all white and lumpy... I knew that flimsy trunk would never hold my golf ball collection!

Sinceahly

John Koning
318 S. Belle Vista
Youngstown 9,
Ohio

((((For your benefit, I shall endeavor to be real once in a while...BRT))))

THE BENTCLIFFE OF STOCKPORT

Dear Blokes and Blokesses,

Even though this is a little belated, I'd like to say thanks for CRY115....for awhile I didn't think I was going to get round to writing you on



this issue - I've been in bed with some annoying virus or other - but then, my family motto is better ~~late than never~~ late than never.

As this is only the second issue of CRY I've received, I'm still not fully acquainted with you all, but I've certainly enjoyed both issues and consider that you have a pretty good fmz there. Not being one of those fans who consider s-f to be the one thing that should not be mentioned in a fmz, I enjoyed the reviews as well as the more fannish stuff.

Science-fiction can make an interesting topic for discussion, and evidence for this point of view is amply provided by Renfrew, Bill Meyers and Burnett Toskey (although I don't know how he can read AMAZING even for purposes of review!). Those fmz reviews are well done, too, and I'd like to say thanks to Amelia for the kind words on TRIODE. Incidentally, Amelia, I'm told that 'Pete Graham' is actually a pen-name used by Carl Brandon, but am not sure as to whether this is correct or not...and I'll go along with you that the INNUENDO article on the WSFans did leave a rather bad taste.

The MINUTES by that fan who looks like a camera, were darn funny; I think I'd like to attend one of your meetings. Y'know CRY came in about the same time as the current issue of METROFAN, and provided a most startling comparison. CRY has a most pleasing air about it, and makes me eager to know the participants better -- METROFAN, well, that's a different thing entirely...suffice it to say that there's an intimation that NY fen indulge far more in petty politicking than anything else, and, from the impression given by this fanzine I wouldn't be particularly eager to want to know any of them. Probably that's a rather rash conclusion, but it is the impression given to Overseas fen, I think...who are 'out of touch' to a degree.

And now...if you'll forgive the phrase, a FEW OFFICIAL TYPE WORDS....as you may have heard, I'm the Secretary of the new British Science Fiction Association which was formed at Kettering this yearx! We are inviting Stateside fans to join the B.S.F.A. for \$1.50, which should be sent to the Treasurer: A.H. Mercer, 454/4 Newark Rd, North Hykeham, Lincolnshire, England. This entitles them to (among other things) the quarterly Journal of the BSFA, VECTOR, edited by E.C. Tubb. ((We had to resist the temptation to call it AUTHENTIC S-F)) There are quite a few BSFA projects being sorted out and you'll be hearing about them before long....this, you can be assured, will be an Association which will do things rather than spend its time electing bods.

Best Wishes

Eric Bentcliffe
47, Alldis St.
Great Moor, Stockport,
Cheshire, ENGLAND

(((((You'll note that Larry Bourne gives a more critical report on one of our meetings. Wally, however, has a talent that would enable him to make even an old ladies sewing club sound like a vastly entertaining and fannish get-together.....BRT))))))

MOFFATT GETS TOFF

Dear Creators of CRY,

This is the way to Do It. No, not what you are thinking -- but the way to keep CRY to Thirty Pages: Don't just copy on to stencil everything submitted for publication, be it letters or other material -- EDIT! The prozine sections could be shortened without harm to 'em-by avoiding duplication on the part of your two reviewers, and your policy of using only the best letters or those letters of general interest to the readers and not printing the strictly egoboo letters should enable you to keep the lettercol to 9½ pages of



interesting and entertaining reading.

Oh, I know your answer to all this. You probably do not have the time to really work at editing a monthly fanzine, and who wants to make one's hobby a job of work anyway? There is also the fear of tromping on someone's toes when you edit their contributions. So don't take my suggestions too seriously. I like the mag the way it is now and there is the possibility that too much editing would destroy the happy, carefree, free wheeling atmosphere of CRY. As usual, the mag remains one of the most entertaining in the field today.

I would like to use the rest of this letter, tho, to talk about an idea which should be circulated throughout fandom. Briefly, leave us have TOFF instead of TAFF. TOFF -- TransOceanic Fan Fund...any ocean, but with particular reference to either the Atlantic or the Pacific. Our fan friends Down Under, in New Zealand and Australia, deserve a chance to participate in the Fetch a Fan To The Convention deal. Some of them already contribute to TAFF, but none of them are qualified to stand for TAFF and have the chance of coming to a Worldcon. So starting next year, let's get it changed to TOFF and have Horrocks or one of the other Kiwi or Aussie fans on the ballot! How about it, fans and neighbors?

Sincerely,

Len Moffatt
10202 Belcher,
Downey, California

(((((We edit away huge slices of many of our contributions mercilessly. We're not afraid of tromping on their toes, being as how they aren't in any position to tromp back! Haven't you noticed how I've been trimming down your letter each time? I presume that you intend to put the TOFF business to vote at the Solacon, wot?....BRT))))

35MM CAMERON

Dear Weeping Unnamed Personages,

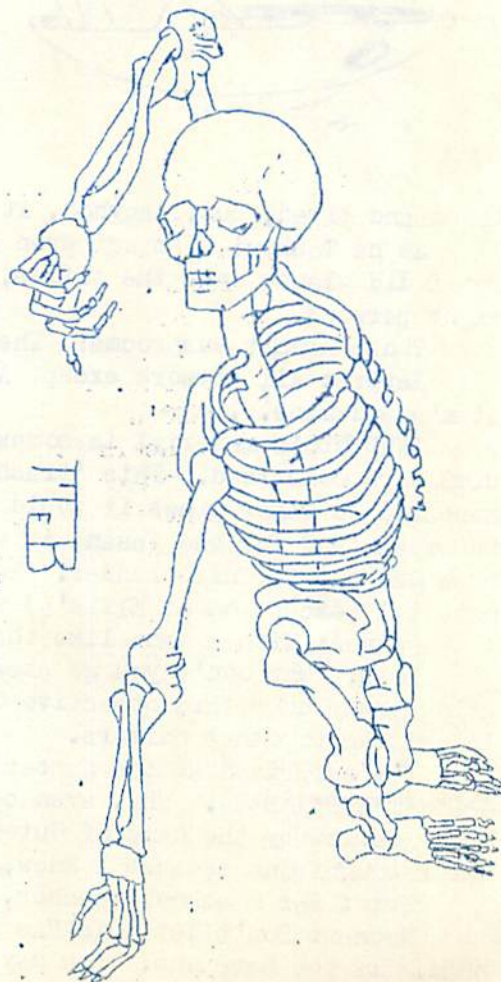
Out of the night, when the full moon is bright, slashing, clawing, crushing foes asunder, through the gully, across the gorge, with the thundering sound of hooves, the jingling of spurs, the smell of gunsmoke, slashing, biting, crawling, now riding, now walking, up-up-and away!, faster than a speeding bullet, more powerful than a speeding locomotive, able to leap tall buildings at a single bound, look, up in the sky! It's a new CRY reader...namely, me:

For some strange reason or another, this is the first issue of CRY ever to reach my dungeon.

LOVE that cover by ATOM! All ATOM works are great, especially the covers. The female that the little fellow took a picture of doesn't appeal to me. But then, I'm not a Bem. Or am I? I like that look of mildly lascivious desire on that foam-flecked face. Gads! Hair even on the toes.

Even though this is my first CRY I think that I can say that 25¢ is by no means too much to pay for a fifty-pager. Of course the repro and art are nowhere close to comparison with SATA or others, but the written material makes up for every last bit, and perhaps actually is worth more than 25¢. I don't know how you survived for so long with the 10¢ price and I'm in perfect sympathy with the price change.

I enjoyed Pig Eyes -- er, Pemby's lil' prozine reviews. I subscribe to no prozines, so the only way I know when to buy a particularly good issue is through fan prozine reviews. Instead of just taking one fan's word as being so, I get many reviews together, then, if the favorable ones



coincide, I usually buy the rag. I seldom have cause to be sorry. I once subscribed to GALAXY. When the sub ran out, I never renewed it. I had much more fun reading the propaganda Gold sent out to get me to sign up again. In fact, it ran out a year ago, and I'm still getting propaganda. Who is covering up?

Amelia seems to have a rather small amount of fanzines to review, but in those three pages she does very well. I hadn't even heard of THE INCOMPLETE BURBEE, but after seeing what it's like, I just might get it. THE BEST OF FANDOM -- 1957 is justly named. It is the best of fandom. Everything in it was enjoyable. Only trouble is, there are too many "bests" to choose from. To have a really complete collection would take many dollars and probably several hundred pages. The art was cut crudely, but with the quality of the material, who cares? Maybe the next year's ish will have better art.

Does anyone know who Pearson sold his ditto to, and if he did after all?

The minutes of the Wheels of IF (Irish Fandom) and the Nameless Ones were both fascinating, especially the latter. Wally Weber has a distinctive and thoroughly enjoyable writing style. Keep it up!

Unfortunately I can't be so egoboostic about Meyers' column. As has been said, it is but a poor parallel version of Pemby's column and should be eliminated.

John Berry was typical of his Good Old Self. He seems to have a knack for humorous fiction. But was this fiction? It is written so unbelievably well that it seems real. Never can tell when Berry is telling the truth or not....

I am not jealous! I have no sister!

I had fun reading Brown's adventure. But again I must ask, is it true? Did it happen? I may even begin to like Brown's writings, if one of these days he answers my letters.

Pylka used just the right amount of space for his Brinkwater J! Holdclinch adventure. The punchline was

tried and tired, but...anyhoo, it was passable.

Ah ha Toskey! I'm not even going to read your column! What 'chu gonna do about that?! But I did glance over the titles, noting that you got all of the pseudonyms attached to the right persons.

Those aren't mushrooms! They're toadstools...

Meyers: ALL artwork except AToms should be banned. That is, all artwork except Atom's and mine...

INNUENDO's material is somewhat unworthy of print, but that's only as far as other zines are concerned. This 'trash' is actually faaanish genius in a faaanish mag. Had it appeared in other zines it would be panned and banned. But because INN is soo faaanish, by the faaan and for the faaan, it will be appreciated by only the faaanish at heart. Have to cuss GWF out for his blunder. He should have mentioned that by normal fan standards the material (exception of Ellik's) was unworthy for print. A faaan would go mad for it.

Jeeves: With a name like that, who can be blamed for mistaking you for a neofan?

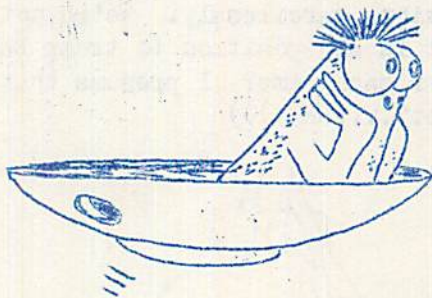
Pelz: Why don't you go ahead and do it? (Re the "Get out of my...!" collection). I'm going crazy over this Objective Objection slip. Think I'll have it printed up and use it in writing to other editors.

I'm surprised at the number of fen that have never heard of a Gestetner ('scuse: G*E*S*T*E*T*N*E*R). Why, even before I was a fan (way back then) I knew what a Gestetner was. Fellow by the name of Gutenberg or something similar showed me how it worked, but I never bought one because I knew, with typical fannish intuition, that it would never survive.

Twig: For a school teacher, as far as spelling you're really sic! Sic, sic, sic...

Moomaw: Don't let this "As I look back over my fannish career..." crud go to your head. If you have one. You may be a BNF, but you're not the Kent Moomaw Bhoy Genius that you think you are.

Barnes: Care to join the 'Purple Order of the Hektograph: Sponge'? Many openings. All pore members welcome. But for heaven's sake, wash your hands before you come in! You



must be a pen-name for a farm.

Brown: Now how is it possible to write terrific fiction and such good letters and still write so immaturly in YOUNGFAN? I don't understand it. Are there two Rich Browns?

I've got a photo of Leslie Gerber right here on the desk. Nice of her to send it. At the bottom is the real name of this person, Jayne Mansfield. Oop. Wrong picture...

Hey! I just took another look at that ATom cover. Bhoy! What art! Goshwowboyohboy! I just finally figured out those three strange objects lying so complacently on the ground. No, not mushrooms or toadstools. They are belly-button plugs to keep the belly-button lint from falling out.

Best---

Colin Cameron
2561 Ridgeview Drive
San Diego 5, California

(((((If you want to find out whether or not Pearson sold his ditto or not, you might contact him or Dan Adkins, whose letter follows. As for Meyers, he seems to be using his column for more than just reviewing zines these days, and as such is neither parallel nor poor (but then he never was poor, I don't think).....BRT))))

DANGEROUS DAN

Dear Nameless Ones

Noticed in the June issue of CRY that Pemberton mentioned that SATA has folded. Now, this rumor has been going around ever since Bill and I came to New York and it isn't true... HONEST! We are going to print the next issue and it will be out probably in August. We never have rushed to get SATA out as we both are quite active in other things and the work on SATA takes awhile. But it will be out.

Best,

Dan Adkins
360 West 45th St, #A-1
New York, New York

(((((I can well believe that you take time and pains to do SATA; glad to hear it will appear again soon. Thanks for the terrific illos --- we would like to see your illos appearing regularly in CRY, so send us all you can spare. We like your work very much..BRT)))

UP IN THE SKY! IT'S SKEBERDIS!

Furthur blubberings from the exaulted one with the undeveloped photographic memory:

Nameless Beings!,

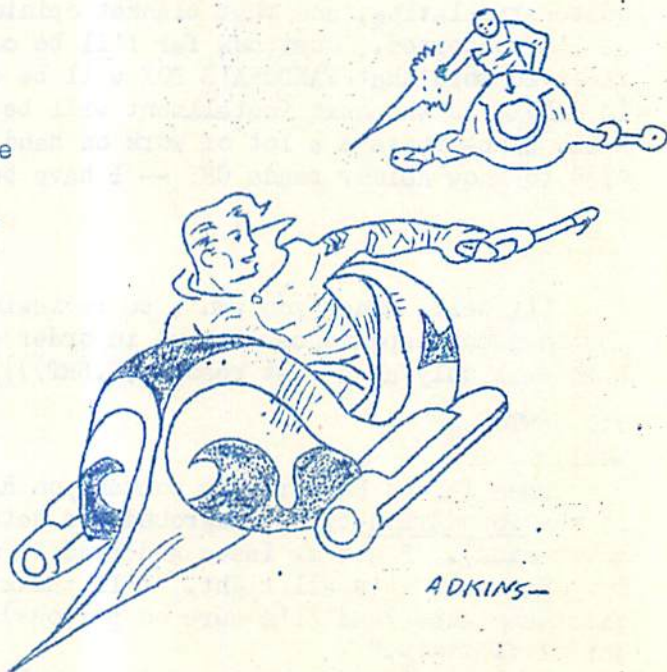
Here I were a sulkin away in me cave --- No Cry! Whot happen I theorisicized??? Here be it the 17th & no Cry! Hark --- was ist dis? What dat noise? Mus be whind. No, it postmand --- we have knew postmand now --- he no like last one --- last oned wuz foolish enuf tew kum in when I ask him tu --- made good soup! Lil' tho (meat, not soup). Should reccumend golf style carts fer all postmend --- saves on leg musclls, not so tough thetaway. Wonner what kum teuday? Mus look, 'cuse!

Heh, here be "Cry #116" (+ cover of #115 too, thanx!). Ghood cover I like Atom cover. Maybe he cum + do artwork me?

Was ist dis? Me letter printed? You make big mistake, I no write like that. You makum fun of me spellink. I spelled bettern' thet! Yew no du this on next letter, Huh?

Me marry Gerber? (C'use me whilst go I + laugh to death meself). Gerber is jus knot me type --- she too tough. Not nuf meat on bones! 'cides she horrid looker! Sides she Bred on Beech-Nut (chewing tobacco) + I wuz bred on Neech-Nut (bhaby food) --- this makes us incompatible.

Good Barry article, he write like --- like a feller name of Hortipence Slingenger who write fer Horse Growers Semi-Quarterly. Verrry ghood! Tea casks dew make fine desk,



I use orange crates + bed slats -- bed slats courtesy of somebody's bed (too dark to see whos when I appropriate them). Orange crates which contained apples (not now as I eat long ago them) which were on loan from some trucking company -- had a flat tire outside me cave in Michigan wilds -- left it unguarded to go to gaspumper station -- heh -- never did miss them. I no thiefed! I return when thru ifin I find properly trucker!

Berrys wife sound untrufoanish! He should put him foot down -- later after he pick self from floor he should tell who's boss! -- and when he pick self from floor again he should have enuf of showing whose boss.

Me wunner on sanity of Gerber + Reiss, these typical Brooklynite? Maybe they should go + live in cave like me and become more mature in thot. Go back to cave of ancestor + renounce worldly vanities of prozines + fmz ('cept CRY). Go back + live like savages.

If cave um not um available um, tree will dew -- pickum nice bhig tree mit large broad branches -- easier to sleepum on! "Cry" has many uses in tree or um cave. Makeum nice thatchum for thatched roofs. Nice to startum fires to keep warm with by. Helpum while away hours leering at girl illos likeum one on cover #116. Good for um making shoes out of -- white paper wearum longer!

Must go + get dinner -- got some snails neck soup if you want big bowl -- also worms tail stew. Very good! Smack, smack.

Till then -- Peter Francis Skeberdis
450 Bancroft St
Imlay City, Michigan

(((((The above letter is strictly sic (and you can interpret that in two ways) this time; believe me it was a job. Next time I may not feel so energetic. So watch it, see. I mist send a warning immediately to the Detroit people...BRT))))))

BLOCH AND TACKLE

Saludos:

No, it's not because some of my yarns are mentioned that I'm interested in those old prozine reviews -- with the exception of my daughter, I'm not necessarily proud of my creative efforts of 15 years ago. But I find 1958-oriented critical opinion of 1943 material quite stimulating, and that blanket opinion pretty well covers the JUNE issue of CRY as far as I'm concerned. Just how far I'll be concerned is a matter of conjecture: recently received word that FANDORA'S BOX will be chopped up into kindling along with other features in MADGE, so the next installment will be the last, far as I know. Which may be just as well, since there's a lot of work on hand here and time is getting more and more limited. Glad to know Asimov reads CRY -- I have been trying to improve this man's mind for years.

Best, as always,

Bob Bloch
P.O. Box 362
Weyauwega, Wisconsin

(((((Well, since you won't be reviewing us anymore, perhaps we could persuade you to continue correspondence with us in order to ensure continuing to receive Cry; use ~~xxx~~ hard cash only as a last resort...BRT))))))

FIG NEWTON

Well,

When I read Pemberton's comment on Randy's NO CONNECTIONS, that was the first I heard of the Foundation-type background and naturally I jumped. I had not yet read the yarn (I'm way behind). I got my issue and read it and darned if it isn't so.

However, it's all right. I'll think up other things to write somehow and as Randy's first sentence read (I'm sure on purpose): "Imitation....is supposed to be the sincerest for of flattery."

Pemberton's adverse comment on my POINT OF VIEW: MERCURY was justified, I think. (Surprise, surprise, I'll bet you thought I'd never admit being wrong.) At least when I reread the article myself, months after it was all fresh in my mind, I bitterly-regretted not having added some diagrams. When (and if) the time comes for book publication, I may add diagrams, if I am allowed to.

Yours,

Isaac Asimov
45 Greenough St

((((As you see, Mr. Bloch, we have this boy Asimov brainwashed..BRT)))) West Newton 65, Mass.

HE AIN'T SO POOR

Seattle Critters;

CRY OF THE NAMELESS \$116 is real sweet, with ATOM on the cover, and John Berry and Walt Willis inside, not to count the regulars. In one word of excaimious joy, wow.

Crafty. That's the word for them Nameless people. I may well sue them. Notice the finesse with which they have, on the contents page, such things as "Cultivating The Current Crop...by Bill Meyers..." "F*A*N*D*E*N*G*O...by John Berry..." and then comes "The Inside Dope...rich brown..." No by-line! As the rich brown is the inside dope, and not what the story was really about. You shall pay for this dearly, nameless pippie, with your own dear blood... (((You note that you were the only one who caught that meaning!...BRT)))

Renfrew's column is as good as ever, tho the best thing in here is of a fannish nature; the bit about Graham and all. Yak.

7 out of 11 fanzines this time. Amelia always has me Beat (I'm always Beat, maaan). But maybe you noticed it too, Amelia. Seems there's a new fandom coming in here -- it's about time. However, I'm beginning to see a resemblance between it and 7th Fandom (if you believe in 7th Fandom), and if so, I'm glad I'm going into the APA's. It's worth dying, if 7th Fandom lives again... Actually, tho, it's hard to tell whether or not they may be kidding. Dunno. It Beats me...

WW & WW, of course, are both wonnerful

Just like Meyers to find some way to brag about his #1 Amazing. I told him once that it didn't impress me, since 4e Ackerman has several. I'll never forget his reply.

Berry's piece has inspired me into writing a long poem on my fannish experiences. Too long. Not Berry's piece, my poem.

Hey, wow. Toskey reviewed a story that I read, "Return to Lilliput." Unfortunately, I agree with him.

BEMeyers: Please, be honest, but I must know. We have been friendly enemy's for so long, that I can trust you to be truthful -- (1) was I as bad as Gerber? (2) am I as bad as Gerber? I am sick of my early CRYletters... it's so damn easy to see that I was trying to Say Something Funny, and it all wound up as a Big Nothing. My letter this issue seems to have slipped back into the old style. Feh.

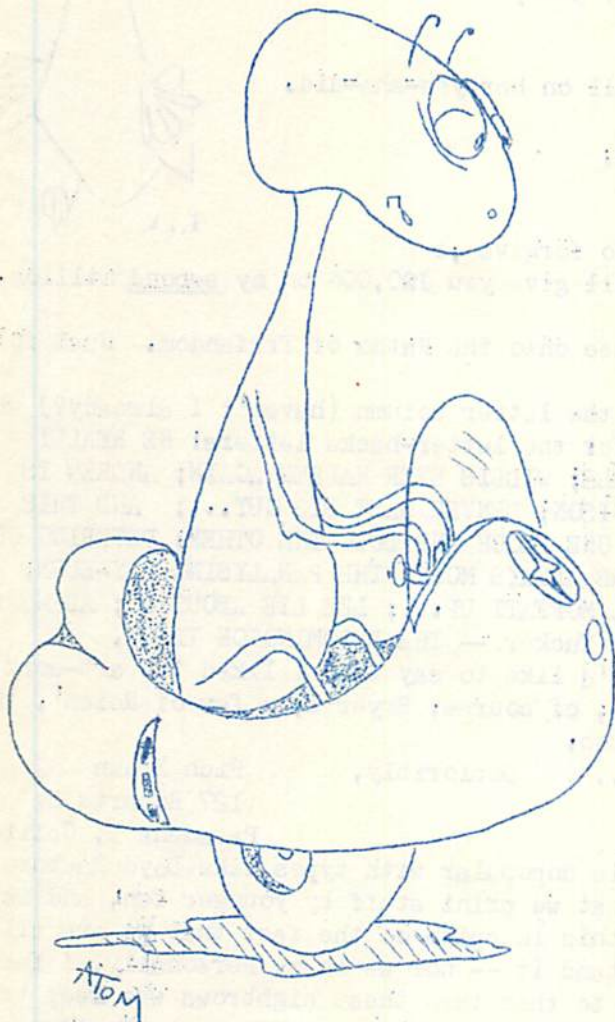
You Jeeves, and you, Weber, are about as subtle as Bourbon and beet juice.

I'm afraid, gang, that it's too late to take over the CRY. The way these issues have been going, it is quite easy to tell that Harlan Ellison, CRYsubber, has already made his move, and completely ingulfed the Nameless people, and is now using the CRY as a continuation of SCIENCE FANTASY BULLETIN and DIMENSIONS. If so, forget what I said, Harlan; I think 7th Fandom was just wonderful. (((Ellison has dropped off of our sub-list...BRT)))

Bruce Pelz: If you ever get a good biblio, how about sending me one. What I really need is a good bibliograph. # The Shaggy Dog story in this issue isn't too bad -- it is, at least, short and to the point. I write them to danged long.

Walt Willis: I understand you once got a phone call from Harlan Ellison. Wow. #Ho, so you even have bested Jeeves and wrote the story before he did. Fascinating.

Andrew Reiss: And that, M'boy is why I will be able to take over the CRY and you not.



If you kick out the prozine reviews you will lose many fans who enjoy them.

Wm. Deeck: I was always of the opinion that "Wm." was for worm, but I would never tell you, since 'tis your Wrath that I fear, most of all. -- "Readability" depends on the reader, and naturally there will be differences of opinion, as even there is over great writers. Other than this, Toskey has covered my argument beautifully.

Boyd Raeburn: You are wrong. Cry is Important. Cry is Excellent. Cry is Faanish. (If you were indeed a Trufan you would have heard of the many, many fans who put Cry in their Bheer) Cry is All. #Gee, that's ghodly of you. You mean you really admit that Stone and cet. exist if they appear in a faaaanzine.

Len Moffatt: Little Miss Moffatt

Sat on Len Moffatt

While having blog and crottle greep

Along came CRY

And Len was so spry

That he jumped up and she fell on her yes-she-did.

Rick Sneary: There is a man named Rick Sneary

And another man named Shaw (Larry),

Put together under Chinese Law,

And you will have a Rick/Shaw.



----- FooFoo forgive ,e

Gerber is, of course, a cheap-skate. I will give you \$20,000 on my second million. I gave up on my first.

Es Adams: Most certainly, I can direct thee onto the Paths of Trufandom. Just follow the gold-brick road.

And of course I will be glad to take over the letter column (haven't I already?) when I make Seattle. Already I am pondering names for the letter-hacks letters: HE REALLY JEEVES -- IN THE GROVE, SOLID; FURS & ANIMAL PELZ; WILLIS EVER HAPPEN AGAIN; ANDREW IS THIS, IF I MAY ASK; CUT THE DEECK or POTOMIC POISON; DENVER WAST DIS GUY...; AND THIS GUY, TWIG, AND HIS WAR MACHINE; MORAN MORE; UP ONE BLOCH AND DOWN THE OTHER; PETERING OUT; MOO-MAW, THE COW/BOY; THIS BARNES ME UP; SANDERS ALWAYS MORE; THE PARALYSING RAY-BURN; HE LAY TOASTING TO A RICH BROWN; IF YOU DO, YOU'LL MOFFATT UP...; LES LIE ABOUT IT; ADAMSsite BETTER, etc. And if you ever get a letter from Tucker -- THE BLOOMINGTON IDIOT.

To stretch this letter a leetal further, I'd like to say that I liked the art-work of Atom, Adam's first piece, both of Barnes', mine, of course, Bryer's, a few of Reiss', the one by Stiles is extry good, and Stone is ok, too.

And now, dear friends, comes the parting... Deplorably,

Rich Brown
127 Roberts St
Pasadena 3, California

((((It has come to my attention that Cry is unpopular with types like Boyd Raeburn, Terry Carr, and the like because of the fact that we print stuff by younger fen, and it disgusts them even more to realize that we do this in spite of the fact that we are all in the age bracket 29-35. They just don't understand it -- nor we them. Personally, I feel that our circle of contributors have more life to them than these highbrows who keep trying to run us down. We owe the present success of the Cry to people such as you, Es Adams, Pelz, Walt Willis, Stony Barnes, Art Thomson, John Berry, etc. We would much rather inspire talents such as these than try to cater to people who have shut themselves off from half of the world....BRT))))

FRIED REISS

Dear ---

It was a beautiful day at the start. The sun wasn't shining tho, and I should have taken that as an omen. It was too dark out for anything else to happen other than what did happen. I had left my house early that day. I had missed the mail. I had an enjoyable morning. Then I returned home and inspected my mail. On the top of the pile was an innocent looking letter. Then I lifted the letter, dropped it on the floor and staggered back, clutching my fevered brow with one hand. CRY had arrived.

I had expected it to come sooner or later. It is, after all, a monthly. It wasn't even CRY itself that worried me particularly. I like CRY as a whole. It's just that I knew that on one page in the issue there would be a Stinkwater J. Goldfinch thing, or a derivation thereof.

There was.

On page 21. There it was. Big as life. Right after the Rich Brown thing. Gahhhhh. I thot that Bob Leman in VINEGAR WORM #2 had ended for all time that obnoxious thing known as the Feghoatism. He didn't. I dropped onto my bed and lay there sobbing. Sob.

COVER: Another ATOM masterpiece. Keep it up. Always have ATOM covers, and as many interiors by him as possible. He's the best artist in CRY, bar none. (even, ahem, myself.) Who stenciled the cover on? It's a very good job of stenciling.

CONTENTS PAGE: Well, it's finally happened. Old CRY has upped its price. Tsk. Tsk. A grand old tradition in fandom has come to an end. No, you aren't complete shnooks anymore. Not much.

PEMBERTON: I've said it before and I'll say it again, I jest don't like prozine reviews. What business do you have discussing s-f in a fanzine. Ghoo! lord.

DETROIT: Yep, yep, yep. Detroit is pretty good for the con.

AMELIA: Well, more fanzine reviews. Ever blessed ish, rain or shine, Amelia is on hand to pan somebodies fmz. Mine in this case.

WILLIS: I like Willis' writing, and this case was no exception. Get more Willis and more Berry.

MINUTES: Minutes were their usual entertaining selves:

MEYERS: More prozine reviews. Gech. This collumn should be called: "Cultivating the Current (((censored)))". I still say, can the prozine reviews and fill up the space with faaaaaaan fiction.

(Berry, Willis, etc.) The current crop is 1926? huh?

Whatever Meyers did along this line, Toskey did it first. Hehchchchchchch.

BERRY: What can I say about Berry? He's good. He's enjoyable. This wasn't Berry at peak form, but even poor Berry is ghoo. More Berry, eh gang?

TOSKEY: Vaguely amusing. Very little to it, really. But you can't take it out, cause then CRY won't be bulky anymore, and you'd have to go back to charging a dime.

Now then, on to CRY OF THE READERS. On good lord. It's finally happened. COR has taken over most of the space in the magazine. It was inevitable, I suppose. There's really not much to komment on here. Fornowthen

Andrew Joel Reiss

741 Westminster Road

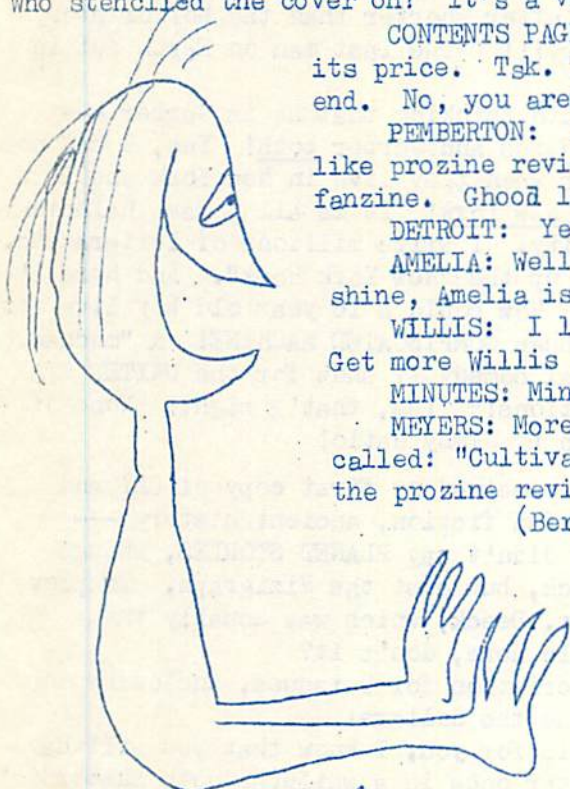
Brooklyn 30, New York

((((Whether you like it or not, the prozine reviews are here to stay --- but then, they shouldn't bother you too much, being as how you can simply pass over them. We couldn't very well use the space for something else, since we usually print all the stuff we get each month (the acceptable stuff, that is). Yep, I covered 1926 first, all right. But both Meyers and Lowndes do it considerably different from my manner of review...BRT))))

department of UNPRINTED LETTERS (with slightly longer excerpts this time:

JOE SANDERS (R.R.#1, Roachdale, Indiana): ...And at last we come to Burnett R. Toskey. Toskey, who likes the Ziff-Davis zines... Toskey, who doesn't like modern science fiction... Toskey, the dirty swine who edited my letter!.. I still like the column; I disagree with your judgements, but I enjoy the writing and the synopsis.

Toskey, I can't figure you out! On page 27, you say: "In story writing, it is strictly artifice to have things happen just because the author says they happen... etc". Yet, on page 23 you praise a story which "...tells of a hidden civilization under arctic ice, its



Reiss

queen who rides on a white tiger... etc".

((((The key word in my statement you quote is "just". Certainly, any story exists only because an author creates it; what I was referring to were instances occurring after the story gets under way where something happens for no logical reason. "The Ice Queen", in spite of its being wild fantasy, was beautifully and logically constructed, once you accepted the basic framework of the plot and the characterizations of the people therein...BRT))))

STONY BARNES: (Rt. 1, Box 1102, Grants Pass, Oregon): Oh oh, that Pemberton's askin' for it. She keeps saying my mags are "for and by young neofen". Well, when she sticks her fat nose in the June VAMPIRE TRADER, she'll notice Alan Dodd, Lars Bourne, Bruce Pelz, Rich Brown, and Alfred E. Newman! Who would have the guts to call these "young neos"!

Hah! I just figured it out! A horror story one letter shorter than the horror story one letter shorter than the worlds shortest horror story!!! "The last man on Earth sat in a cave --- the women were searching ---"!!!

This Andy Reiss is OBVIOUSLY trying to fool you into thinking that he is Gerber --- it's impossible that he could be Gerber, because I am Reiss and Gerber both! Yes, I can now let out my great secret. How can I be Reiss and Gerber when they live in New York and I in Oregon? Elementary my dear Toskey, there really is no New York! It is all a mass hallucination, which I have conducted through my vast superior mentality. I write millions of letters etc. every day, sending them to millions of people, keeping up the "New York Hoax". And here I've had you all fooled for hundreds of years! Whats that? How could a 16 year old boy live for hundreds of years? Well, I'm really not a boy, but a huge COMPISCATED MACHINE! A "mechanical brain" who has been putting on this huge, super colossal comedy TV show for the UNITED STAR SYSTEM NETWORK called "Earth --- Its Trials and Tribulations!" Yes, that's right! None of us really exist. It's all a massy illustrated cartoon by Jimmy Hatlo!

DONALD FRANSON(6543 Babcock Ave, Hollywood, Calif): I received my first copy of CRY and glanced thru it, saw prozine reviews, fanzine reviews, fan fiction, ancient history --- SCREWY LETTERS??? I looked again at the cover, but it didn't say PLANET STORIES, though the BEM was reminiscent. I thought spice opera was back, but just the Vizigraph. To prove my point, that the letters are screwy: the letter of Wm. Deek, which was usually the nuttiest one in THRILLING WONDER STORIES, looks sensible here, don't it?

I can't write a screwy letter, so here is my subscription for 5 issues, enclosing one dollar. Be sure to register the issues when you enclose the dollars.

((((Cry letterhacks, here is your meat; I leave him for you; I know that you will have no mercy. Actually, we only get a really "screwy" letter once in a while(as note Skeberdis' letter thish); actually, most of us are just in this for a good time....BRT))))

DAINIS BIENIEKS(506 S. 5th Ave, Ann Arbor, Mich): I almost agree with Moomaw on mine "Prospectus". And nobody's written to me as a result of it. Scared away by the level of writing in it. Comment from Rich Brown was appreciated; actually I know very little about the APA's; OMPA was the kind I had in mind.

It would be interesting to know what is the basis of fact behind Berry's writing on his life and hard times.

And then there is the last half of the zine. The letter section. I am overwhelmed. But the amount of wordage can't be much more than in prozines of the Heyday of the Letterhack. And even then some fen suggested devoting the mag to nothing but letters... Beware: this can develop into an oversize round-robin and nothing more. Or is that what you want?

((((The size of the lettercol is determined exactly by the amount of good letters written to us and not by the amount of space available. As I mentioned earlier, we have a shortage of letters this month because we are pubbing earlier than usual. I have taken up the practice of editing out all but what seems most interesting parts of the letters --- which accounts for why I've chopped these last few letters up rather than lack of space.which winds this CRY on page 38 this issue, which may seem skimpy for 25¢, though when you consider the photolith cover, we're still losing money on this issue. Next month we'll no doubt have several late letters commenting on #116 from the regulars from far away, such as Es Adams, Bruce Pelz, and the like, and may make next issue larger than normal...BRT))))