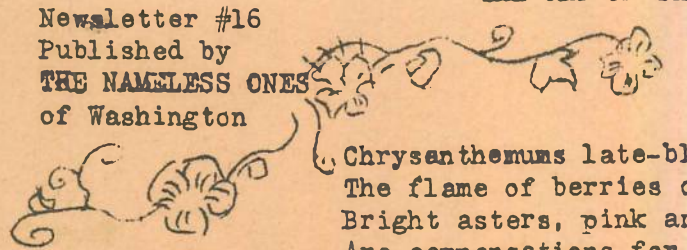


16
THE CRY OF THE NAMELESS

Newsletter #16
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G. M. Carr
Corr. Sec.
Seattle, Wash.



Chrysanthemums late-blooming; Dahlias, too-
The flame of berries on a chimney wall,
Bright asters, pink and lavender and blue
Are compensations for the winter-tones of Fall...

(to quote Julia Woodard's lovely poem as published in SINISTERRA #4 - copies still available (Plug!))

Well, Autumn is here with a rush of color and a blaze of back to school activity and high time for Ye Olde Correspondinge Secretarie to snap out of her summer silence and open the fanning season with a preliminary report of what's been going on in fandom during the summer.

As most of you doubtless know, the summer promised well with a couple of meetings off campus. But then with our President, Ed Walthers, gone to the Army Air Force, our Treasurer Burnett Toskey ROTCing it in Texas, Veep Fry vacationing hither and yon, and even our non-office-holding general factotum Richard Frahm busy with gainful employment, Ye Olde Corr. Sec. found she just couldn't manage to hold that bag all by herself and retain her always questionable sanity, too, so the club activities lagged, limped, and finally laid down and died altogether....

But elsewhere in fandom things have not been so dull. Several new feuds have sprung up to a flourish over the U.S. and environs... FAPA is being currently rocked with a recurrence of the ever lurking menace of Censorship in Fandom. It seems that a certain young wife and mother got tired of the febrile vacuities of a certain segment of the BNF (Big Name Fan) contingent, and told one of the worst offenders in the unorthodox humor line to clean up or shut up, and if he didn't, she'd sick the U.S. Postoffice on him as being too filthy for decent people to read. He sprang to his own defense with a great show of injured innocence, and offered as a plea for his own innocuousness the example of Les & Es Cole, of California, who, he assured fandom in general, would surely be of more interest to the Postal Authorities than he -- (no reply from the Coles to date!) -- and nobody would want them molested, now, would they? (That is a debatable question, but a good sample of his line of defense).

On top of this FAPA row, and almost simultaneously, NFFF found itself embroiled in a censorship squabble. It seems that one of the better of the amateur publishers in fandom, Bill Venable (Bill also had a story published in OTHER WORLDS a few months ago) turned over his excellent NFFF-sponsored ALEPH NULL to another young publisher to run off for him. This friend of his, Max Keasler, simply combined ALEPH NULL with a fanzine he was already putting out, and sent this combined 'zine off to all his and Bill Venable's subscribers (which happened to include a number of NFFF members). All would probably have gone without comment, except that Keasler had the misfortune to print an article by one John Gross which was very gross indeed, and violated almost every phase of good taste, decency, respect for established tradition, etc. etc. that it would be possible for a nasty minded little brat to think of. Wow! The response was terrific! Keasler was overwhelmed with protests. Venable likewise. The staid and conservative NFFF (being 10 years old this year, NFFF is almost venerable among fanclubs, and as respectable as the CAP...) rocked with big shudders from Rick Sneary down. Then the iconoclasts, the free souls, the 'art for art's sake' group started defending Keasler on the grounds that athiests have a right to their opinion, too, and (I quote) "Fandom isn't a Sunday School and fanzines aren't Sunday school papers. And fanzines aren't the kept press. They're one place you ought to be able to say what you damn well please without regard for anyone or anything. I do not even except the postal regulations."

Bill Venable hastily retrieved his property and even took over Max Keasler's FANVARIETY (the fanzine that started all this roil) and by dint of hard work, good sense and a lot of pull among the big-name fanzine writers, succeeded in putting out a couple of above average FANVARIETIES that would be a credit to any club. But the damage was done. NEFF was shocked to the core and no amount of public or private apology would be sufficient to close the score without a gesture of repudiation from the officials of that club.... The last I heard, they had decided to spare Venable's neck from the axe, but were mapping out the most effective spot on his wrist for an official wrist-slapping campaign. You might see some as this as reflected in Rog Phillips' "collum" in AMAZING. I heard that he had been notified by Howard Browne to administer a verbal slap-down to all who had a hand in such goings-on. (By the way, the offending issue of FANVARIETY is on file in our NAMELESS fanzine collection over in the Library. I think it was the June issue. Now don't all run at once!)

There have been a series of conventions, too, this summer. The season started off with a week end at Indian Lake in Ohio, then went down to Calif. for a 'conference' there, then the big International Convention in London set all the overseas fans off to a good start, which culminated over Labor Day in New Orleans.

I had a card from Harry Moore which reflected a pleased satisfaction at the successful outcome of the NOLACON, and, I suspect, is touching off another feud. I expect we will hear all about what took place at the NOLACON from many, many sources, and even have personal reviews when the Speers and Ed Walthers and Bob Rosling get back, (which should be any day now.) But I am particularly interested in an interesting behind-the-scenes tidbit. As some of you may know, it was announced that Sam Moscowitz's "IMMORTAL STORM" would be mimeographed and sold as a complete volume at the NOLACON. There were a number of individuals working on this project, including Dick Frahm, Wally Weber, Toskey, and Ye Olde Corr. Sec. Well, the 'STORM' never made it to the Nolacon. It got waylaid. So Harry Moore blithely disclaimed all responsibility for the time, money, and effort spent in preparing the manuscript for sale, and dumped the whole project. I quote you his card verbatim:

"Dear Gerty-Mae (He don't know it, but them's fighting words!)

Burwell's wife didn't let him come to the Nolacon with the IS --- she got sick. Psychosomatic sabotage, no doubt. Anyhoo, this makes the opus no longer a Nolacon project. So better fight it out with him re your share of the proceeds of what will be no doubt his private production and sale of the thing. Ah, yes, you made the beeg BEEG mistake not coming. The Nolacon promoted not one, not two, but THREE grade-A movies: The Day the Earth Stood Still, When Worlds Collide, and A Child is Crying, by Ted Sturgeon. Had also the films mentioned in the 3rd Bulletin.

Next year: dancing girls, movie stars, parades, cannons, searchlights--- aahhhhhhhhhhhhhhh-hh-hhh. Chicago. This year will be all over LIFE. And not a single goshwowboyoboy writeup---really excellent coverage. 2 of the Editors of the Times Picayune are fen, plus directors of 2 radio stations here. We had em by the umbilicus.

Harry"

Of course, we are all delighted that the NOLACON was a success -- but it will be very interesting to see if Burwell and all the fellows who worked on this IMMORTAL STORM promotion will take the brushoff lying down. I got took for \$14 myself -- to say nothing of the work and worry. How much other kids put into it, there's no telling. Well, we'll see. Harry may reconsider after he's had time to cool down a little.



Well, so much of that for National news... now back to our NAMELESS ONES.

We had a very nice letter from Phil Barker in India. He is settled in a hotel there, waited on hand and foot by Indian 'bearers', sweltering in the Indian heat, and busily engaged in absorbing Indian culture and enteric germs... If I can prevail upon some kind soul to reproduce the entire 6 pages of mimeographed legal-size sheets which contained his letter, I'll be glad to send you a copy, but he wrote the most fascinating letter I've seen for a long time. No use trying to retell it in a few words, it would just spoil it for you.

The summer correspondence, naturally, was very heavy. As I said, if I can get some help in copying up these sheets I'll dribble it out to you in the succeeding CRY's... Ed Walthers, our President, surprised us by returning from the Army Air Force in mid-August. I hoped he'd call a meeting, but he only stuck around long enough to catch up on his reading and hop a ride to the NOLACON with Mr. & Mrs. Jack Speer and Bob Rosling. They should be back any day now, so no doubt you'll be hearing all about his adventures in the Air Force as well as his report on the NOLACON. He got a medical discharge -- seems he has asthma and the Army let him go. Anyway, he's back and we're glad of it.

Julia Woodard has moved. Her new address is: Mrs. Julia Woodard, & Kathleen Owens, 2844 - 31st W. If any of you fans living out in that direction will remember to pick her up when the meetings start again this fall, I'm sure Julia will appreciate it.

Glenn Lasater also has moved. His new address is 1849 N. 53rd, Seattle 5, Wn. Telephone, ME 9043. Glenn has attended our meeting only once, because he worked night shift last year, but now he says he'll be free to attend and wants to know if somebody wants a ride. Either way -- he'll ride with somebody else if preferable. (Dunno how he drives - never rode with him, so can't offer any suggestions as to which would be preferable.) All he wants is somebody to go with because he doesn't like to drop in unattended. Scared of us boogeymen, no doubt. Or else he thinks maybe nobody would speak to him if he didn't have somebody to introduce him. He doesn't know us, does he?

I suppose most of you Seattle NAMELESS know that Bill Austin has sold his Wolf Den Book Shop. Last I heard he was still in Alaska helping the fisherman can their catch... He's expected back with the rest of them next month. I suppose it is no secret by now that he and Delcie Stuart are serious about each other. Delcie is living at 4327 W. Brandon and is looking more beautiful than ever. She has inherited the publishing bug from the rest of us and is working on her own little fanzine 'Delspeil...' Anybody interested in giving her a buzz on the phone, her number is AV 6938.

Jerry Frahm just sent in a notice of change of address. I'll bet he would not be at all mad if some of you NAMELESS would break loose with even a penny postcard and write to him at:

pfc Jerome A Frahm, 19405945,

3415 Tech Tng Gp Lowry A.F.B. Denver, Colorado.

I heard that he was scheduled to attend the NOLACON, but that is just grapevine so I don't know whether he got leave and went or not. If so, he was to have been picked up by Jack Speer and the gang on their way down. Hope he made it.

I've been getting notices from the FAN VETS, an organization of stfans who are in the service, and since we have so many of our boys in the armed forces, I'd like to quote a portion for the benefit of any such who might happen to see this CRY and be interested in FAN VETS:

"Readers are again reminded that we will be happy to receive the present address of any service fan who might be interested in whatever FAN-VETS can do for him. Service Fans do not have to be members to receive our services, and we are willing to take care of any of his science-fictional requests that are within our power to grant." Hope some of you drop a line to RAY VAN HOUTEN, 127 Spring St. Paterson 3, N.J. and take advantage of this organization.

Speaking of vets, etc., here's a letter from Roland Porter (he's the fellow that donated his stf collection to the club when he went into the service, remember?) Well, this letter is too interesting to ignore, so I'll include it even though I wasn't intending to include summer mail....

Dear GMC

The Cry came in the mail today, battered and bedraggled, but beautiful. Thanx a lot. Don't know how long it had been on the road, but it had been forwarded three times and sent to the wrong place once. I've been moved around a lot and my mail doesn't catch up with me with any great degree of regularity. I have two possible transfers coming through that would establish me somewhere with a reasonable certainty of staying from one day to the next, but haven't heard anything from either of them, although one was in the works when I left Elmendorf, probably they haven't caught up with me either.

One thing of possible interest in the realm of the Nameless is a portion of a little indoctrination speech we got while I was up at Ladd AFB just outside of Fairbanks. The officer giving the little speech about they have a good base and lets keep it that way etc. etc. emphasized in his speech that if we saw any flying saucers, or other unidentified phenomena in the air we were to report it immediately. I gather from this that project saucer hasn't been dropped as the Air Force press agents want us to believe and that the unidentified objects etc. are still around and being reported occasionally. Another item, the radar operator here was talking the other day, and as nearly as I can quote him he said, "Funniest damn static I ever saw — just like a flight of planes at about thirty or forty thousand feet going about two thousand miles an hour headed straight north."

Funny thing, but one of the things I miss most up here is a good bull session. In this little outpost where I am now there isn't anyone with enough education or background of reading to be able to bat the breeze about the things that used to be of interest in the after meetings confabs at the Lun-Ting. In desperation I've read the MIT radar book from cover to cover and am about to start on either Brandt's Introduction to Spoken Chinese or Korzybski. There aren't any good books out here either. The books I've mentioned are all my own. The only thing that I've seen in the way of Science-fiction is one copy of the Martian Chronicles in a pocket edition and on that nobody thinks its any good except me. There is almost universal agreement that it is distinctly inferior to Copper Creek Canyon, etc.

I've more or less set my mind to the production of science fiction or fantasy plots, but haven't come up with any good ones yet. Been thinking about the possibility of another article, although I know they don't come off so very well. Has anyone considered the possibility that Deimos and Phobos are artificial satellites or that the logical place for Martians to colonize would be Mercury, that you probably wouldn't need artificial satellites to hop off of Mercury, that some thirty years from now the megawatt peaks we've been tossing out on our radar sets are going to be reaching nearby stars where they will possibly be detected by non-human radio astrophysicists and obviously identified as artificial, in fact, if these quaint specialists are on some of the nearest stars they might make it here in thirty years or so. These and a lot of other thoughts might go to make up an article, or I might yet write that one I've been thinking on about how to make a robot. My tentative robot M-1 is about ten feet long, six feet high, and four feet wide and runs on wheels. Think I've cooked up some miniaturisation techniques and logical thought circuit ideas that might make one feasible for a couple of billion or so. Anybody want to invest?

Glad to hear that smiling Phil Barker got his Fullbright, or is it Fulbright? scholarship. Next time you send out a Cry could you manage to enclose his address if you have it. Think I'll send him a long windy letter. It'd be one way to pass the time and then I have a thought or two on cultures I'd like to try out on him.

It seems that the cry that I have came out some time before June 6th, so you can see that the mail is sort of slow up this way, especially since this is written the same day it came in — July 14.

Think I'm going to have to cook up some scheme for having magazines etc. sent in to me on a regular basis, but it'll have to wait until I'm reasonably certain that I'll be in one place for a few days at least.

Well, I seem to have run out of thoughts for the day, etc., and can't even comment on the current stories so will sign off.

Best regards and all that,

Roland L. Porter

P.S. This thing has gone unmailed for some time and I've moved again. Think there's a possibility of my settling down for a few months though. I'm now back in business running IBM machines at headquarter for the Alaska Command. The address below should last for a week or so anyway and I think that it'll last for the rest of my tour in this unhappy hole.

cpl. Roland L Porter

AF 39209842

27th Statistical Serv. Flight

% Postmaster, Seattle, Wash.

I can't lay my hands on Phil's address at the moment, but he is attending the Lucknow University, Lucknow, India, and staying, I believe, at the Carlton Hotel. I doubt there are very many Fulbright Scholars named Phil Barker attending Lucknow University, so I should think a letter addressed to him here ought to reach him -- or at the hotel. By the way, I thought Carlene and Ren were a committee of two to keep you supplied with stf -- any report on that, kids?

Before I close, there are a couple of items more I'd like to mention. One is that the final issue of NEKROMANTIKON is finally out. A super-duper big issue, with front and back covers by Ralph Rayburn Phillips, black and white lithograph on very heavy paper, almost cardboard weight. Twenty four (24) stories, 3 articles, and seventeen (17) poems, one by G.M. Carr. I felt highly honored to have one of mine appear in such distinguished company. *This makes NEKROMANTIKON a collectors item, and this last issue in particular. If you hurry and send to Baalister your 25¢ plus 8¢ postage, you might, I say, might possibly get one. He said in his editorial that he didn't think there would be many left over. But he is a mighty nice guy and would no doubt return your money if he is all sold out. Or maybe send you a backissue if you specify second choice. (1905 Spruce Ave, Kansas City, Mo.)

*This doesn't mean my poem, but the fact that NEKROMANTIKON is now suspending. For more of my poems, see SINISTERRA, which is not suspended as far as I know, but might as well be for all the work that has been done on it this summer. Last I heard it was all stencilled ready to be assembled and run off, but so far as I know it is still reposing in peaceful solitude in somebody's desk or wastebasket....

Speaking of SINISTERRA (which I do at every opportunity) have you got your copies of #3 and #4? Good selection now available, but won't be for long. If a committee ever gets going on SINISTERRA #5, I suggest we mail out sample copies of the SINISTERRAs on hand to all and sundry as advertising... at least that would be better than let them lie around and take up room underfoot. Lots of brains and hard work went into those 'zines, they deserve a better fate. Get your copy while the getting's good. (Plug!)

I received a letter from 20th Century Fox giving advance information about the stf film "The Day The Earth Stood Still." That was one of the movies previewed at the HOLMOON, so I suppose we'll get a first hand report from the boys when they return. However, I can give you a few excerpts from their advance publicity so you can hunt up your copy of The Day The Earth Stood Still and see if it fits.... "Over Washington, D.C., a low humming sound becomes a terrifying whine as a giant flying saucer settles gently to the grass between the Washington Monument and the White House. For two hours it remains motionless while Army tanks and heavy guns stand guard around its gleaming silver sides which apparently have no doors, hatches or openings. Then, suddenly, the ship's dome splits open, a ramp reaches out and a figure, apparently human, steps out followed by a nine-foot robot..... The robot itself is a fine, albeit costly, example of movie magic (sic). Made to look like "fluid metal", it walks and moves its hands

without moving its arms, giving an eerie half-human appearance. In the story it is an immovable object and irresistible force in one.. Its single, lucite eye glows with blue-light whenever its angred, disintegrating everything it suffuses... Designer (sic) "imagination" ran riot in constructing the interior of the picture's "off" the same... it is a distal grid of... dark... Clear Lucite controls move at the wave of a hand. Dials and charts are carefully calibrated. In the center of the control room is a... to keep imaginary dust off imaginary instruments. Surrounding this is a... glass walls, dome-shaped. They slide open and closed ostentatiously... Well, that's what Hollywood made of "The Day The Earth Stood Still." Now I'll go home and see what I would have done with it. At least it was nice of 20th Century Fox to consider us NAMELESS as worthy of personal attention as the potential public for their film. Goodness only knows, Dimension 7, Rocket Ship LM, The Thing, and the Man from Planet X were certainly panned enough by sf fans that we should be glad if even one story reached the screen without being changed out of all recognition. Maybe this one is it.. maybe.

Well, so long for this time. As soon as the boys get back and make arrangements, I suppose we'll have a meeting and get started on the campus again. One of the first bits of business will be election of officers, of course, so it isn't a bit too soon to be thinking about who will be your new Corresponding Secretary. I've had it since 1949, and while I've enjoyed every minute of it and gave the job my best, I freely admit I'm looking forward to receiving THE CRI from somebody else for a change.... Besides, I suspect I'll be too darn busy with NEFF to do justice to the job.

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Jewsletter #16

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"The Pen is Mightier than the Sword" -- but also more expensive! Do you realize that an average issue of THE CRY requires 2 reams of paper, a half pound of mimeo ink (approximately; $\frac{1}{2}$ on the paper, the rest on hands, face, clothing and surroundings) and many hours of work?