



The Cry of the Nameless

number 17

October 22, 1951

TO BEGIN WITH:

Elections at the last meeting have placed the Cry in new and far less competent hands. Perhaps by the time these fumbling editorial paws gain some amount of skill at their job we can all have another election to replace them with another pair of untalented pseudopods.

Much of the material in this issue will be a trifle dated. We are trying to tie up a few of the loose ends that became unravelled during the summer lull.

A FEW OLD NOTES

R. J. Banks Jr. of 111 South 15th Street, Corsicana, Texas told us in a letter dated June 6 that he had a fanzine called UTOPIAN. He calls it "the biggest in fandom with the exception of NEKROMANTIKON." (Toskey will love to hear that. He has a 96-paged IMPOSSIBLE all ready to go except for covers.) The price for UTOPIAN is 25¢, or if you publish something of your own you can probably arrange a trade.

David Jewett, E-305 East 54th Ave., Vancouver, Wash., announced a new fan club June 29, 1951. It had six members at the time. How are you coming along down there fellows? Let us know, will you?

Henry Lipton, 588 E. 5th Street, Brooklyn 18, N.Y., sent a card around the middle of September suggesting that anyone wanting to buy back issues of magazines and books should drop him a line saying what they wanted.

THE LAST MEETING

October 18 the Nameless Ones held a meeting in which old worn-out officers were ruthlessly replaced by fresh new officers. Only Alderson Fry, the utterly immovable, retained his position in the list of officers. Ed Walthers, aged and decrepit, presided as President for the last time as Ron McBett became the official high Nameless One. Alderson Fry, as we have mentioned, maintained his

position as President of Vice. Burnett Toskey, the doddering old Secretary, became officially replaced by Carlene Bosselman. G. M. Carr, ancient Corresponding Secretary, was wheeled from the room as her office was taken over by Wally Weber (Hey, look Ma! That's me!).

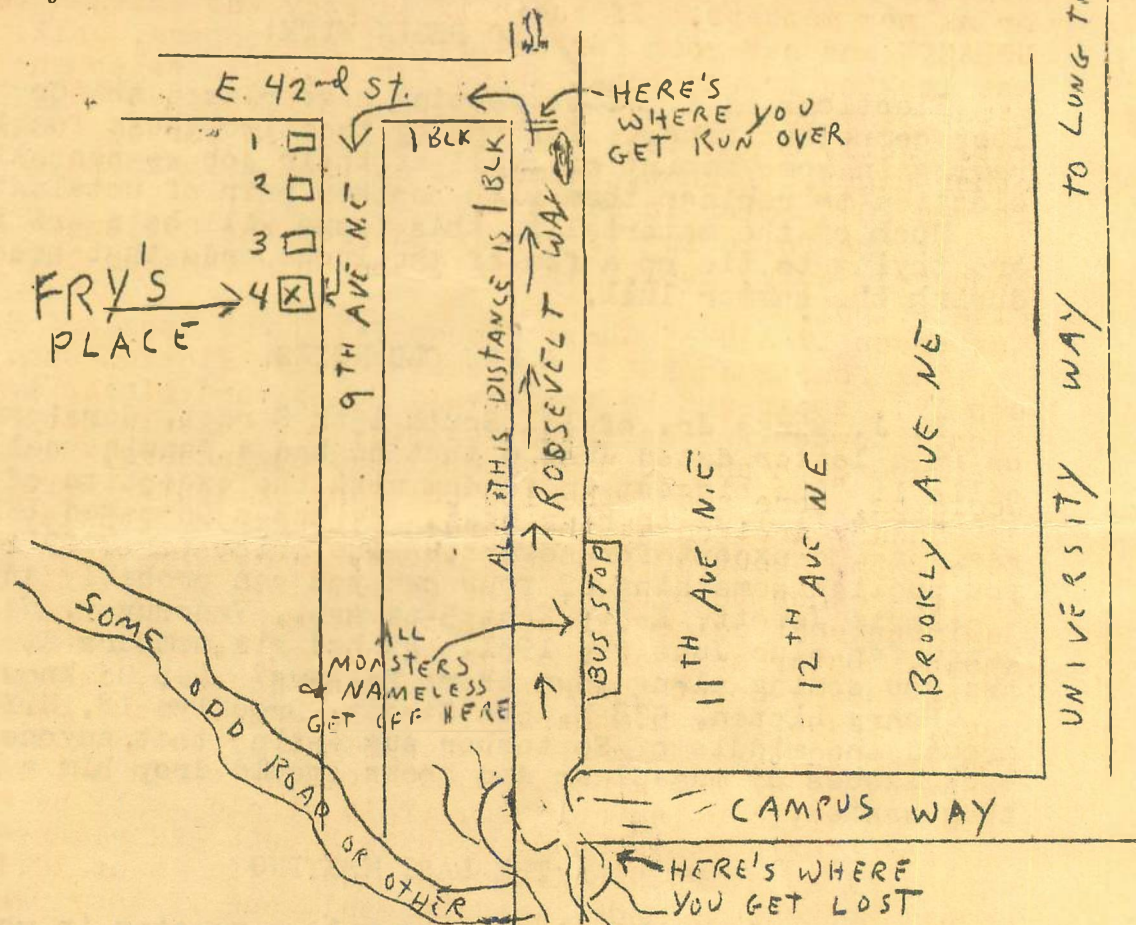
THE NEXT MEETING

Poor Mr. Fry has taken a big step in learning to smoke in silence. He let it slip that his house had a basement to it, and before he had time to make an effective protest the club had voted to meet in it.

It won't be a normal meeting, as you might have guessed. There will not be any auction or program and only the very minimum of a business meeting. The meeting won't even be held on a regular meeting night. It will, in fact, replace the October 31 meeting. That night being Halloween, it was felt that all Nameless Ones had other things to do than go to a club meeting. So don't try to come to the meeting on October 31 because there won't be anyone there. And that is no night to be lonely!

But back to the substitute meeting at Mr. Fry's basement. The purpose behind it all is to publish, or at least go a long way in the direction of publishing, another Sinisterra. Many of you are aware that our fanzine is somewhat behind schedule. Some one (we won't mention who) conceived the notion of holding a combination meeting and one-shot party during which everybody would pitch in and produce a Sinisterra or two. So that's is the object of our invasion into the house of Fry. All good little Nameless Ones who possess or can manage to obtain mimeographs, typewriters, and any other helpful equipment are encouraged to bring them along. Those who can't are still invited to bring themselves. There are other things to do beside mimecing and typing. Pages must be folded and assembled you know. And if nothing else, there ought to be somebody to keep the conversation in gear.

Now that you've all decided to be there, we'll tell you when and where to go. At eight o'clock (8:00 p.m.) on the night of October 27—that's Saturday, y'know—be at 4055 9th Ave. N.E. Below is a map drawn by the mathematical hand of Toskey to give you the details.



AND ON THE NEXT TWO PAGES:

The two following pages were stencilled some months ago and some parts of it are out of date, but it does have a number of items of interest.

Who was that benighted oaf who said that it was always cold and rainy on Puget Sound? Wish he were here frying with the rest of us!

The nameless picnic was lots of fun...outside of getting lost and finally finding each other on the south end of the wading pool instead of the north...and the slight difficulty of recognizing fellow Nameless without their accustomed clothes. (Or should I rephrase that to 'in unaccustomed garb!...?')

There have been lots of queries as to when we shall have our next meeting. Ye Olde Presidente, Alderson Fry, has been bounding back and forth, in and out of Seattle on various vacation missions, and Ye Olde Recording Secretarie still ROTCing in Texas (see below) and Ye Olde Correspondinge Secretarie sweltering over SAPS-FAPA, N3F, and NOLACON material (with overtones of SINESTERRA on the side), the functionaries who should be working up the next meeting are just not working at it. Anybody who feels like volunteering, please step right up and make the necessary arrangement for a) a meeting place. b) a program c) eats d) transportation, if any. Ye Olde Correspondinge Sec. will correspond like mad for you, Ol' pal, ol' pal...will even issue special card announcing same!

News from the NOLACON front has arrived in the form of NOLACON Bulletin #2. Harry Moore reports that they are "settling down sufficiently" with which estimate I can heartily concur! He says Fritz Leiber (Author of GATHER DARKNESS) is working up a skit (which Harry hopes won't be too 'Goshowohboyoboy' --- evidently that convention is going to be dignified in honour of the visiting press!) and they have a 16 mm projector and hope to put out a full-length, Grade A movie each day of the convention. (Harry's sweating over that one and urges anybody with movie-rental connections to give him a hand at renting some good stuff cheap.) He is still defending his right to have a teeny-bit of Dianetics for them as wants it...He lists as 'probably driving' the follows:

Hal Stevens, 685 S. 9th St., Coos Bay, Oregon

Stanley Mullen, 600 Columbia Road, Colorado Springs, Col.

And a few more assorted addresses from Florida to Massachusetts! Nobody is listed from Washington, either in the car pool as driving or as new members. If there is anybody who intends to drive to the NOLACON and has room for additional passengers, well, Bob Rosling was looking around for transportation. His telephone number is Ke 6199. (By the way Harry says it hasn't reached 100° in New Orleans yet. Well, I can tell him it was 100° in our car going home the other night. I know, because I carried a thermometer all the way. It was 20° cooler in Ballard.

(Note: the following is reprinted from the Outlander News Bulletin Number 1, July, 1951. We aren't the only fans on this side of the Mississippi.

Westercon IV A Good Show: George Pal Guest Speaker: San Diego in '52!

The fourth annual West Coast Science Fiction Convention (Westercon IV), sponsored by the Elves, Gnomes and Little Men's Science Fiction, Chowder and Marching Society, was held in San Francisco over the June 29th and 30th Weekend. Two Outlanders, Rick Sneary and Stan Woolston, were among the 150 odd fans present. Herewith their report.

Sneary arrived at the Garden Library in Berkeley Friday evening, June 29th. About 40 fen were there, E.E. Evans of LA being the first out-of-towner to arrive. (The GL has lots of stf titles) About 50 3-Dimensional color slides of the Norwescon and the Little Men were shown. Later some of the fen adjourned to D.B. Moore's residence, where Sneary spent the night. Anthony Boucher, LeRoy Tackett, Hans Rush, Claude Plum & others played records, drank beer and yakked. It was learned that Wilmar Shiras was not expected and that the hoped-for preview of Pal's WHEN WORLDS COLLIDE would not be shown as the film was still being colored. (This stfpic will be released in Aug.)

The Little Men's Rhodomagnetic Digest had planned to run an editorial about THE GALAXY but H.L. Gold (in about 10 letters of which he had photostats made) said he would sue if they used the editorial. Boucher thinks Gold takes things too seriously. Later Boucher revealed that the MAGAZINE OF FANTASY & SF regretted passing up Bradbury's "Way in the middle of the Air". Boucher is interested in more "little animal" stories (hurlers, etc.) for the mag.

The formal program started before Noon. Chairman Tom Quinn introduced Honorary Chairman Anthony Boucher, after saying that con. was a trial run for the 1953 world convention which Frisco wants. Five men from Oregon and Paul Gordon, Bill Cox, Mel Brown, & Roy Squires from the LA area were among those present. A panel book discussion included Evans, Boucher, Sam Peoples, Kepner, Quinn and Rodger Nelson of San Diego, who won the 1952 Westercon bid by acclamation. Sneary reminded everybody of "South Gate in '58"

R. Bretner, an intelligent but "wandering speaker" talked on the "Future of STF", asking everybody to propagandise and teach stf. Next a forum was held. Ideas discussed: Expanding field environment of man makes his end impossible..STF goes beyond Plotto; introduces new ideas...Effect of Psuedo-science on stf is like dianetics.... Identity of reader with hero essential...Extrapolation today is at a minimum

Bidding at the Auction was healthy. Outstanding items were a Bonestell original, originals by G. Faraco and a Bradbury manuscript.

Margaret St. Clair started a "wild research" for story ideas but said the ideas offered were not strong enough. Quipped she didn't see why men should get beautiful girls when the women didn't get beautiful men. She chews gum when writing. Finds writing fun but thinking sometimes miserable.

The Psychological Aspects of STF was discussed by Dr. Bernard I. Kahn. Fact and Fantasy. Stf an old subject, ie figure out what people will do. They have three ways to react: Fight, run or associate. He said s-f and fantasy were as old as history and religion.

A recording of a Dimension-X program was played. "The Barnhouse Effect."

Boucher spoke several times during the con and at the fanquet that evening. (Sunday was evidently spent in informal fangabbing, motating, recuperating, etc.) George Pal was presented with an "Invisible Little Man" award for his fine work in producing adult stf films. Pal said he was being typed a science fiction movie produced and was proud of it. He gave much credit to writers like Heinlein, Balmer and Wylie and showered a great deal of praise of artist Bonestell. He said Bonestell was already at work on the sets for his next production which will be "H.G. Wells "War of the Worlds."

Finally the fans were treated to a free theatre party where they saw the superb french fantasy movie Orpheus.

Several Wroth-While Announcements have come in the mail.

Friends and Acquaintances of the Author
Willy Ley

Will be interested to know that
we are publishing

Rockets, Missles, and Space Travel

The publication

date is June 29th, 1951

Secondly From the Seattle Public Library Report comes the info:

and we quote "Science Fiction is replacing adventure and western stories as favorite fiction fare. The Most popular Non-fiction books for 1950 were Velikowsky - Worlds in Collision, and Hubbard - Dianetics.

Finally we have an ad from a fellow who is collecting info on flying saucers

Flying Saucers

Would like to exchange FLYING SAUCER

Newspaper clippings with an sf reader

who collects them, for planned fanzine.

Anyone who wants to sell saucer clippings

I can pay 10¢ cash plus postage for each

different 1951 saucer clipping. Write to

E. Rockmore, PO Box 148, Wall St. Station

New York 5, New York.



"IT MUST BE LOVE!"

THE GREAT ROCKET DEMONSTRATION

When Burnett Toskey was sentenced—oops! I mean sent—to Texas for a while this summer, he had the good fortune to witness the take-off of a rocket. Here is a portion of the letter in which he described that stirring event. (It might help you to know he did it in the course of his R.O.T.C. training in the wilds of Fort Bliss.)

"On another occasion we went to White Sands proving ground to see the take-off of a rocket. This matter bears going into somewhat for it will give you a vivid picture of military efficiency and precision. As you might suspect we were forced to get up at 4:00 A.M., eat breakfast (raw hash with salted pineapple overlaid with catsup, mushroom sauce and whipped cream), then we waited around until 7:00 before the trucks were ready to take us at a speed of approximately 10 miles per hour for the hundred mile trip. How we ever made the trip in a little over two hours and a half is beyond me. We were still in Fort Bliss when we reached our destination, of course, for Fort Bliss, like many other features of Texas is the largest thing of its kind in the world. White Sands proved to be a desert of red sand. We were a long ways though from White Sands National Monument which I saw several years ago, and the sand there actually is as white as snow. Anyway we were at the part of White Sands where the sand is red. On our way to the place we saw the V-2 rocket which was supposed to take off. It was about 50 feet high and about 5 feet in diameter. Pipe scaffolding was all around it and it looked exactly like the rocket in "Destination Moon." Bluish silver in color with the fins etc. Almost exactly like the rocket on the cover of GALAXY for "The Fireman." Anyway, to get back to the story, we went past the rocket for a distance of about 4 miles from which distance we would observe the rocket. On the way, of course, literature on the rocket was passed among us, boasting of the rockets fired previous and which attained a height of 125 miles or so. Well there we were seated atop a dune of red sand. The loudspeaker boomed, "Minus fifteen minutes!" We sat atop the red sand dune, waiting tensely, our minds wandering, our eyes closed. Others slept in the trucks. I was out on a sand dune, sleeping of course. Who wasn't? Thus we were for five minutes. The loudspeaker said, "Minus ten minutes!" We slept on for another five minutes. The loudspeaker said, "There will be a delay. Stand by for new time of take-off." We wait for 2 more minutes. The loudspeaker said, "New time—minus twenty minutes." We resumed our sleep. The sound, "Minus ten minutes," awoke us for an instant. Finally the speaker said, "The time has been delayed again; new time of take-off 1430 hours." That meant we would have to wait until 2:30 to see the take-off. It was now 10:30. We went back to sleep. Fifteen minutes later we were awakened by the loudspeaker once more and we were informed that 2 rockets would take off: the first one at 2:30 and the second at about 12:00 noon. For a half hour we waited. Finally we were instructed to move into the general area of the loudspeaker for an important announcement. We moved in. When we got there we were told that we would not be able to wait for the take-off at 12:30 but that we were to be extremely fortunate to witness another demonstration at 12:00 noon. This one, however, would not be a V-2 but would be a "Nike," a U.S. developed rocket which was 10 feet long and one foot in diameter. It would achieve a height of one mile above sea level (the ground was already 3,000 feet above sea level). This was to be a magnificent spectacle, they said. We accordingly placed ourselves once again on the tops of the red sand dunes of White Sands desert and went back to sleep. "Minus forty-five minutes!" sounded, they told me later. Well, to make a short story long, fifteen minutes later the loudspeaker rasped, "Minus 30 minutes." To make a long story even longer, five minutes later the loudspeaker said, "Minus 25 minutes." To make an even longer story longer yet, five minutes after that announcement, the loudspeaker said, "Minus twenty minutes." To make a longer yet story longer still, five minutes later the loudspeaker chanted, "Minus 15 minutes." To make a longer still story—oh hell, fifteen minutes

later the rocket took off. All we could see was a streak of fire and smoke, and after the fire went out the pieces fell to the ground. Then we loaded up in trucks and made the trip back, all of us starving to death. We knew that before we got all the way back to the battery area that the V-2 would take off, but by that time we would be too far away from the thing to see much of anything. In fact, as it turned out, the thing didn't go off even then. Tricky animals, these V-2's. I think the Germans must somehow still be in control of them."

BARKER WRITES

(From the depths of India our most far-flung Nameless, Phil Barker, writes to Mrs. G. M. Carr.)



Oct. 13, 1951


BARKER IN JUNGLES OF INDIA

Dear Ji Em:

Thanks loads for the copy of the Cry. Believe me, it was welcome to a poor starved Indian, for over here there is no science fiction nor any sign of it from Ron and Carlene. I know it must cost a stack for mailing me a Cry, but I'll try to pay you back—in gratitude if nothing else. It seems you never got my personal letter to you—so many get lost in the mails. After all, it is over ten thousand miles to Seattle. From where I am now it is more than that. This letter will be carried out by a bearer with a spear, then by bullock cart across the rushing Son River, then by bus to Garwa Road, then by train to Allahabad, and finally by air home to you. I am at a town called Dudhi, the last postoffice before the jungle, and I'm about to take a pair of pokies and go in search of the Korwa tribes, who still live in the interior, hunting, fishing and gathering roots—no agriculture as yet. Dudhi is a pleasant little town of stuccoed white houses, surrounded on all sides by bright yellow-green rice paddies and park-like forest with outcrops of red rock and soil. I'm staying with the village doctor, a Government medical officer, who is a Bengali. I'm eating Indian food and loving it too—rice, dal (a preparation of pulses and ghee and spices), chapatis (fried flour like tortillas), and curries, etc. There are tribal people on all sides—Majhwars who have a complicated clan system, Kharwars, Bhuinyas, etc. Also Hindu caste peoples. This is nothing like the urban and sophisticated population of Lucknow; here the girls marry at ten and wear huge bangles on wrists, ankles, noses, ears, and elbows of purest silver workmanship. We have witnessed tribal dances to the rumble of Kharwar drums and seen a seance of a Chero "witch-doctor", who went into an epileptic fit and answered questions. There were nineteen of Doctor Majundar's students (he's my prof here), five girls and thirteen boys and himself, all sleeping in the local dak bungalow. You know we could never permit such an arrangement homside, but here we were all gentlemen, and friendship was so platonic even Plato would have been bored. It's a difference in culture—no emphasis on sex as there is in our own culture. It ain't universally so. Boys are married off anyhow by their parents, so there's no need of competing for a bride, as we do at home. Anyhow we had fun. As for S.F., I've tried to interest my Hindu friends in my battered copy of Mart Chron. but no luck. Their attitude is

Love,

(signed) Phil Barker
)))))))))(((((



All illustrations in this issue are the work of L. Garcone except for two heads on the address page by F.M. Busby. Mimeoing by Burnett Toskey.

Those of you interested in fanzines should be interested in DESTINY, and all lithographed fanzine on the order of the Fanscient. 25¢ per copy or 5 issues for a dollar from Malcolm Willits, 11848 S.E. Powell Blvd., Portland 15, Oregon. A fine job.



"I THINK WERE BEING FISHED FOR" -- C. FORT



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*Quandry
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