

THE UNINTERESTING FACTS CONCERNING OUR NEXT EVEN MORE UNINTERESTING MEETING

Perhaps the boring facts and figures about next meeting should wait a while until the staggering purposelessness of the Nameless Ones is explained.

You see, friend reader, there is an unorganized organization in and about the Seattle area and it is known as the Nameless Ones because its early membership thought that was better than a name anyway. The whole ponderous mess got itself started in the late summer or early fall of 1949.

At the time the club was started, there seemed to be a strong feeling among the membership that the club should have some reason for existing. The members happened to pick on science fiction. Seemed a couple of the members had read the stuff once and kind of liked it.

That was all way-back-when, though. Now things are different. The Nameless Ones have kept up with the times by not remaining static like a lot of less imaginative organizations. Science fiction is an outmoded interest. The Nameless Ones are now interested in absolutely 100% nothing.

The summer slump in meeting attendance is over at last. You no longer have to come to meetings and mingle with other Nameless. The summer slump has been replaced by an intense program of inactivity and non-attendance. The Nameless can be proud to say that they are devoting themselves completely to this new club aim.

There are a few in the club who are die-hards, of course. They stupidly cling to their old-fashioned beliefs. They attend meetings. They talk about science fiction. A few of them have even been suspected of reading the stuff. It's nothing to worry about, however. There has to be a few misfits in every outfit and we can be thankful for having so very few.

At least you have been made officially aware of the club's new aim, or perhaps aimless would be a better word. There is just the matter of next meeting to consider. Or not meeting. We have a special room reserved at the HUB for not meeting in. The time not to come is 8pm. And if you must be around at that time, be sure it isn't Thursday, October 16th. And just to prevent any possibility of anyone accidentally showing up, the HUB is the student union building on the University of Washington campus.

I'm personally anticipating that all of you will be good club members and not show up, so I'm going to make use of the room we won't be meeting in. Think I'll bring my Spike Jones records to amuse myself with and maybe that five minute reel of movie film Toskey and I put together. So please don't anybody come around to disturb me.

////////////////////////////////////

THE SUSPENSEFUL STORY OF WHAT OCCURRED AT THE LAST MEETING OF THE NAMELESS ONES

I personally messed up last meeting to a great extent by not reserving a room in which to meet, so any bite in the above article should be leaving teeth-marks in me more than anyone else. The seven of us that did show up to meet found a spot in the lounge where we could sit down and chat.

Mark Walsted was one of the early ones to show up. With him was some letters and a Quandry addressed to Toskey. He turned these over to me for forwarding and I spent a good part of the evening reading Toskey's mail.

The very first person to show was Wally Gonser. May I be eaten by Bema, but I didn't know who he was until he told me his name. One of the club's major members, too.

The evening was spent mumbling quietly to one another to keep from bothering anyone else in the lounge. The letter from Toskey, part of which was printed in the last CRY was passed around and was a source of many snorts and chuckles. President Ross took up the slack by describing his rather unusual army career. Victor Stredicke busily took notes and made sketches which should have appeared in this CRY except that I flubbed again. And that (yaaaawn) was the meeting.

CRY OF THE READER

October 4th

Dear Wally:

There are several reasons for this letter. The first is to thank you for sending the Cry of the Nameless. Incidentally, we were discussing names for a projected but unrealized fanzine of our own not long ago; the Ruptured Basilisk was one of the more printable suggestions.

I enclose the news sheet we get out at decidedly spasmodic intervals. I just got my wife to mimeo it on the hospital contrivance. Don't tell anyone but she used hospital paper too. That accounts for the vaguely charnel antiseptic smell pervading this letter. By the way is charnel spelled with an a or an e? Not that it matters.

Enclose a poem too. Wrote it several years ago back east and now find it has faintly steffish overtones when read against the background of a full orchestra. So if you have a full orchestra handy let me know how it sounds. Use it if you care to. If not I imagine your wastebasket can hold one more item.

Expect to be in Seattle the first few days of Dec. Can't go till then unless I smuggle things back and I'm too law abiding for that. Anyway, I might get caught. If you have a meeting around that time, (weekend) will try to talk the wife into going.

Oh yes, are there any magazine stores in your town except the one in the market, Ace Book-a-Zine on Pine and the one on Occidental Ave? I'm a horse trader. If you have any others of that breed munching oats in a nearby stall tell them to drop me a line. I want better copies of certain issues of ASF, namely 32-33-34-35.

Will it be okay if we or I drop into a meeting?

Cordially,

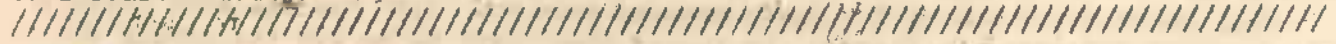
A. W. Purdy
1846 West 2nd Ave.
Vancouver 9, B.C., Canada

P.S. Those hen tracks on the side of the news sheet are Frank Stephens' grimy little paws. I merely looked at him when he showed me the stencil. He was wordless too. Just held up a copy of Cry of the Nameless. AWP

▮About book stores and horse traders, there is a member of the Nameless who once ran a book store with a large supply of stef. Name of Bill Austin. A girl named Delcie put a harness on him a couple years ago, but she still lets him dabble a bit in the used magazine line so long as it's our kind. (She's crazy like us, too. How is your wife?) Bill doesn't have the store any more, but I don't believe he has lost his trading knack. The minute he reads this he'll most likely start starving his whole family and dressing them in rags to give that poverty-stricken look. You can write him at box 969, 905 Third Ave., Seattle 4, Wash. He'll probably know every stefzine store in the city.

Your poem is being forwarded to Sinisterra. If it doesn't fit into the issue, it'll go into the CRY.

And don't worry about your wife using hospital paper. I won't breathe it to a soul. ---Wally/



[Faint, mostly illegible text and markings at the bottom of the page, possibly bleed-through or a second page.]

A FEW LOOSE ODDS AND ENDS TO FILL UP SPACE AND WIND UP THE ISSUE ONCE AGAIN

A few fanzines, most of them belonging to Toskey, have come in. I might as well give them a mention.

There is the 23rd issue of Quandry out with the start of reports on the convention at Chicago. Twenty pages containing such intriguing stuff as "Prelude to The Afternoon of a Con" by Richard Elsberry, in which the great super-slueth Tucker leaves his tub to solve the murder of Lee Hoffm&; "O Pioneers" by Harry Warner which suggests a fandom hall of fame and lists Bob Tucker as a candidate; "The Truth and the Consequences" by Thaddeus F. Sweetbreath (tho the author is listed in the table of contents under the obviously phony name of Bob Tucker) which denied several unpleasant rumors about the Chicon; and "I Talked With God" by J. T. Oliver, God in this case being Bob Tucker, not Einstein. A letter in the issue from Sam Moskowitz fails to mention anybody named Tucker, but it does have a remark directed to "...that old has-been Jack Speer..." As many of you know, Jack Speer has-been to many of our meetings. An announcement on page 3 declares that no new subscriptions to Quandry will be taken until further notice. Only renewals will be accepted. Lee is trying to trim her circulation from 220 to 150. Anyone caring to plead with her on the matter should write Lee Hoffman, 101 Wagner St., Savannah, Ga. U.S.A.

Ice, subtitled "The Frigid FanZine", makes its first appearance with a thirty paged issue. The mimeographing is neat, and the contents livened with some good cartoons and fair artwork, providing you go for nudes. More variety in contents than most fanzines, ranging from serious general-interest stuff to wacky bits only a fan would understand. Only Nameless One mentioned in this issue is G. M. Carr, our best known fanne. Ice can be subscribed to for 15¢ a copy or ten for a buck from S/Sgt. Hal Shapiro, 790th AC/W Squadron, Kirksville, Missouri. It is a publication of The Outhouse Press.

Hibited Happenings happens to be the name of the Vancouver B.C. club's news bulletin. (It has been mentioned previously in Al Purdy's letter.) It says the next meeting will be Friday, October 24th at 5548 Fleming St. Also a rather humorous account of the previous meeting that caused me to smile once as I read it. (Kind of hard to read while rolling on the floor, but I managed.) Glad to see HH being produced again.

That's all the fanzines, and if I ever hope to get these mailed anywhere near on time I had best leave the rest of the page blank and start the pressed. Dear old Boeing Airplane Company (bless its pink little paychecks) has me on a 58 hour week temporarily which has cramped me for time. In case this CRY makes it too late for the October 16th meeting, please keep in mind that the meeting after that will be on October 30th, just before Halloween. How's about showing up, huh? Please?

from: THE NAMELESS ONES
c/o Wally Weber
Box 92, 905 Third Ave.
Seattle 4, Washington
U.S.A.

To: