

# CRY OF THE

# NAMELESS



LOOK INSIDE  
FOR SPECIAL NEWS  
ON A SPECIAL  
MEETING!

WILL YOU BE THERE, HUH???



number 66

March 4, 1954

THE CRY OF THE NAMELESS is supposed to show up in your mail twice each month and is designed to irritate and agonize and generally cause unrest and discontent among the members of the NAMELESS ONES. Send all correspondence to THE NAMELESS ONES, Box 92, 905 Third Avenue, Seattle, Washington. We personally answer at each and every letter.

# 100<sup>TH</sup> MEETING

The next meeting of the Nameless will NOT be held in the usual place. To celebrate the 100th meeting of the Nameless Ones, the club is holding its gathering in style — at the Press Club, no less. The meeting night will be as usual, March 11th. The time will be about the same, 8pm, but so much the better if you come early.

The address of the Press Club is 1916 $\frac{1}{2}$  4th Avenue. The  $\frac{1}{2}$  means it is upstairs, and it is located across 4th Avenue from the Security Market.

This being a somewhat dignified joint, both coats and neckties will be required. (Unless you have an unusually long coat, it is advised that you wear trousers and shoes, too.) This applies to men more than women. Not that women don't have to wear anything — don't go getting things mixed up now. Wear something decent. No slacks, please. Aw, foo. If you get tossed out in the street, you'll know you dressed wrong.

The Club excludes minors, although they seldom question anyone unless it is pretty obvious they are too young. Wear a beard, maybe.

Be sure and register as you go in. Put down that you are a guest of Ed Wyman. No one will know that we will have him bound and gagged in the basement. If the girl at the door stops you, either identifying the meeting or saying you are looking for Ed Wyman should get you in. If not, you have either dressed wrong, looked too young, or the girl has noticed the bulge of your disintegrator in its shoulder holster.

That is the story of next meeting. Ed Wyman is the gentleman to thank because he has made the arrangements with the Press Club and has risked his membership by permitting us rowdy fans to use his name. Prices for food and drink at the Press Club are fairly reasonable. There is a smorgasbord type meal for about \$1.25 or \$1.50. On the other hand, there is no charge at all if you just come and look. You can forget your money at home and not be worried about cover charges or pay turnstiles.

Everybody show up and we can start our next 100 meetings in grand style.



"IT WORKS!  
ANTIGRAVITY AT LAST!"

The February 25th meeting of The Nameless Ones was another exceptional one. It seems that we are going to have to revise our standard of judging meetings if we don't want to report a monotonous series of "exceptional" meetings for the next seventy-eleven CRYs. Seventeen members showed up, including Evelyn Marshment who was too late to even see any of the cream puffs. Also there were two members who haven't been to any meetings for a loooong time, Gene Smith and Alderson Fry.

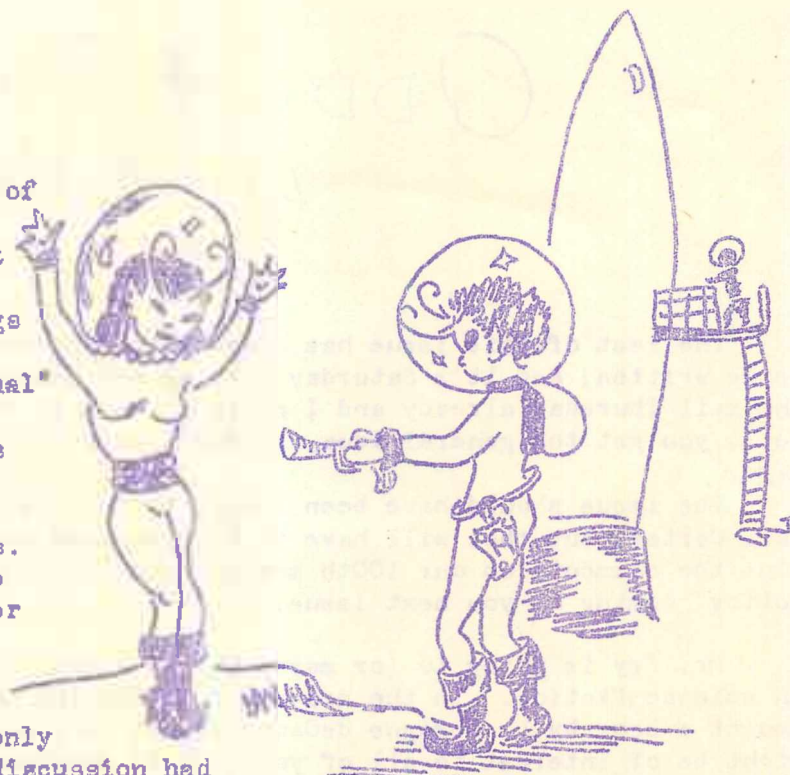
Bill Austin presided over the meeting, since he was the only president there. Most of the discussion had to do with our next meeting, which will be the 100th meeting of the club. Mr. Wyman had previously investigated using the Press Club for the meeting, and it was unanimously approved by everyone there. Mr. Wyman offered the thought that since the club has been (or, at least, will have been) Nameless for 100 meetings, it was about time for it to be named. He was ignored, of course.

Some discussion was given to a club project of gathering information as to how a person could live off the land after an atomic explosion had occurred on it first. This information, it was explained, could be compiled in a handbook and distributed among science-fiction fans in order to give the super race the greatest chance of survival in the event the inferior race decides to end it all in an all-out atomic display. F. M. Busby was too helpful, as usual, and suggested that the first rule in the handbook for survival should read, "Do not lose this handbook." Not content with that irritation, he suggested, also, that everyone have the rules for survival tattooed on his stomach -- upside down, of course, for more convenient reading. That, of course, ended that.

Rose Stark gave a review of "Sucker Bait," aSF's most recent serial. She was assisted a good deal by Mr. Wyman, and the general opinion of the story was favorable. Alderson Fry reviewed the March & April issues of Imagination, pointing out that despite the blurb, "Stories of science and fantasy," there certainly was no evidence of science in any of the stories. His conclusion was that he would read no more issues of Imagination.

The cream puffs furnished by the Austins were easily the hit of the evening and consequently had a very short period of survival.

Magazines were donated for auction by Wally Gonser and Glenn Lasater. Ted Ross auctioneered until he couldn't and Wally Gonser finished the job. Bidding was very low -- everything went for bargain rates -- but a total of \$3.60 was gathered in by the end of the auction. Shortly thereafter the meeting dissolved until March 11th at the Press Club.



# ODDS & ENDS

By Wally Weber  
your Crier

The rest of this issue has already been printed (at the time this is being written) and it's Saturday morning and this issue should have been in the mail Thursday already and I gotta go to work at eight o'clock and well, you get the general idea, so don't expect a thing worthwhile of this page.

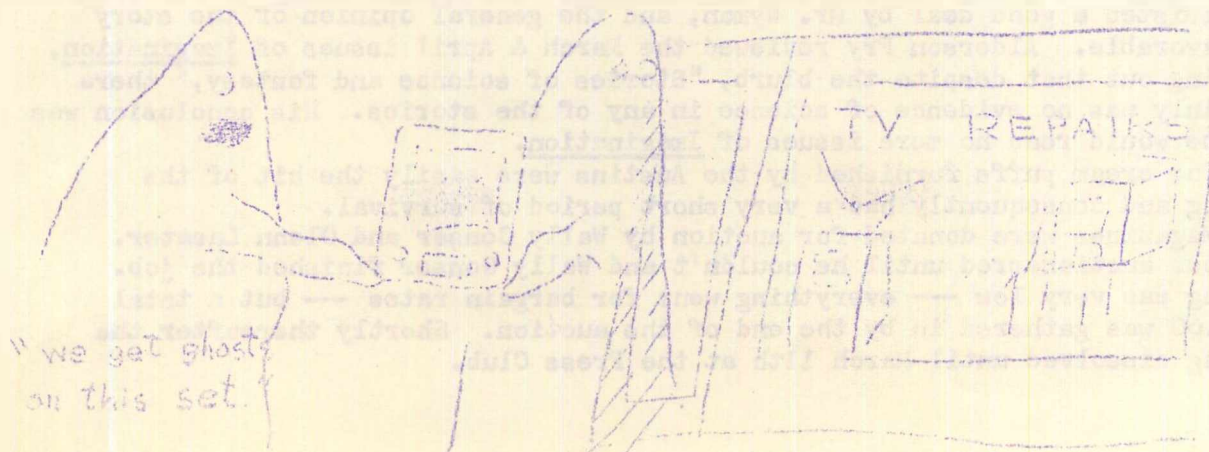
The issue should have been longer to include a letter we got from Carl Carter, but that will have to be postponed an issue. You have that, plus the comments on our 100th meeting and the concluding part of "Dictatorial Policy" coming at you next issue.

Mr. Fry is going to (or maybe he has already) speak to the Free-lancers on science-fiction. In the process of gathering material for his speech, he bought a book by L. Sprague deCamp called, "Science-Fiction Handbook," that might be of interest to all of you. It is supposed to give all the low-down on this stuff we've been reading all these years.

For those of you who like to hear the same old news happening over again, Wally Gonser has a different car again. Just call him Mad-Fan Gonser, the Used Contraptions dealer. Not having seen the latest, I hesitate to comment.

CREEP number three (a Wally Weber Sapzine, if that make things any clearer) should be ready in time for the next meeting. However, since we aren't very well informed as to how the Press Club would take to having such literature passed around on the premises, CREEP number three will not be distributed until the meeting after — if we decide to have any meetings after. If you want a CREEP and won't be at the meeting, write Wally Weber at box 267, 905 Third Avenue, Seattle 4, Wash. The thing is free.

Got my plug in, so I'll fill the rest of the page with a cartoon somebody (either Busby or Ross) drew up a few meetings back.



## D I C T A T O R I A L P O L I C Y

Synopsis: When my car plunged into Bottomless Lake in the twentieth century, my brain was preserved in the icy mud until discovered by the archaeologists of this present time. The centuries of scientific advancement since the time of my accident have enabled them to restore my brain to life, although my body could not be salvaged. My eyes have been preserved, but my voice and hearing are artificial and I have to be carried from one place to another, for I have no body.

At first I had been led to believe this world was a perfect world, unified under a beneficent democracy that had eliminated warfare and disease, permitting everyone to live his life in complete freedom. I have met the president, Faelus Burper, and his Chief Councillor and Scribe of the Records, the non-human native of Vega IV, Purnet Schmoski. I have also been introduced to Wolis Slabber, Giblets Tudor and his mistress Smelleie, Snark Doorsted, and Alderan Cook. All these people appear to bear out the belief that this is a world of freedom and peace. Unknown to the rest, however, I have been approached by a thin and emaciated man with a plastic leg who claims to be an apple-seller from the slums of the fifteenth level and who has an entirely different story to tell. His name is William Crosley and he calls the others I have met "fuggheads." He says they are either liars or too listless to care, and that they are bowing and kowtowing to the Matriarch. I know little of the Matriarch, save that Alderan Cook has described her as, "...the guiding light of our culture, the founder of many excellent societies, and the hardest worker for the common good."

At the present moment my conversation with Burper and Schmoski has been interrupted by a great procession led by the Matriarch, her present husband, and a small, slender thing stranger than anything I have yet seen. It is nattily uniformed with a white neck band of some silken material, and it runs beside the Matriarch, grinning into her face and occasionally permitting little hisses of sardonic laughter issue from its "mouth."

## Part 3

"The Matriarch, Mother of Her Universe, Arbiter of every reasonable and sensible action in the galaxy, Great Lady of the universe!"

I noticed then that over the Matriarch's head a small halo of light appeared. Following my astonished gaze, Schmoski whispered that it was caused by a tiny electro-magnetic gadget hidden in her garment. "She has voted this distinction upon herself," he continued, "For she is the greatest arbitrator of culture in the universe -- at least to herself. Her real name was Ermintrude Autow, but she early tired of being just a member of the society and set herself up as Matriarch. The civilization is now too weak to resist her power."

The Matriarch approached me and spoke: "What were the conditions of the great, wonderful people of your time, oh man? How did they live and what sort of culture did they have?"

"Yes," hissed her little follower, "What kind of culture?"

"They were very unenlightened, according to your standards, but they tried to approach the best way of life they knew how." I hesitated, worrying about Crosley's strange statements. "But we could not of course achieve a really perfect culture, for man was then young. We had not gotten rid of

dictatorship, race-prejudice, religious intolerance -- "

The Matriarch interrupted, "Race prejudice? You mean you were trying to get rid of it? Why, couldn't you see that other races are really inferior to ours, the great, glorious white race? At the beginning of my reign -- I mean -- my term, there were so many religions and races, but I have since solved that, so that now we have only one race and one religion and one culture."

"How did you do that?"

"Very simple, I simply had my spouse here (he's chief of my secret police) put all these creatures aboard an old wreck of a space ship and had him ship them to a fine new planet off in a corner of the galaxy where they could remain in their own place and not disturb our own wonderful attainments."

Her husband added, "Yeah, I had several of the oldest ships in the galaxy fitted for those people -- dirty creatures -- and sent 'em off. Of course, there wasn't enough fuel to reach anyplace..... That'll teach those smelly, slimy animals to pollute our universe."

"That'll teach 'em," hissed her little follower.

After a time I was left alone again. Burper and Schmoski had affairs of state to tend to, and the Matriarch and her crowd wandered off to attend to the publication of her latest book of poetry, soon to be printed by the hard-working Mr. Slabber. One copy of this, I understood from Cook later, was to be given every schoolchild in the universe, and each child must learn each word of this little volume. It was entitled, "The Freedom of Our World."

I didn't know what to think; my brain was whirling at the knowledge that here in this absolutely perfect world (so Cook had said) was one of the most insidious tyrannies ever founded, a tyranny run by an idealist -- a tyranny of one person's tastes over all the other tastes of the universe. A vile taste it was, too, in my mouth. Nightfall came, and the great hall darkened. All the scientists had gone away and left me with my thoughts. I found I could no longer sleep in my present disembodied state, and thus I was given to brooding about the life I had left and the strange turn of fate that had brought me here. A million questions crossed my mind, and a million suppositions followed them. Oh god, oh god, all the things I knew were lost and gone dead in the dusty eternity of the past. Why had I of all people been singled out for this terrible fate? I closed my eyes and tried to rest.

After a time a sharp whisper awoke me from my reverie. I opened my eyes to pitch darkness. Silence. After a time another whisper pierced the darkness. "Man! Ancient man!"

It was Crosley. I could not see him, but I knew that he stood there in the darkness. "Man from the past, what do you think now of our world? You must know by now that this is the worst of all possible times and ages. I with my little apple stand am happier than Burper and Schmoski with their terrible problems of state. I admit I am a radical, but it is far better than following that terrible code of morals and ethics which Erintrude G. Autow has foisted off onto a pure world! Even Burper and Schmoski must bow before her will, and Slabber is forced to print whatever she dictates, knowing that it is terrible stuff, full of false idealism and beautiful words hiding a deep desire to rule by fair means or foul."

"It can't be that bad, Crosley. This world seems good enough to men like Cook and Doorsted and Tudor. They aren't complete fools."

"They are blinded by the calm appearance of things, and they see only the surface. Even so, I have talked to them all when they bought apples at my little stand, and they seem to realize there is something wrong, but they don't know exactly what."

"And the Matriarch's secretary? Who or what is he?"

"He is her little mouthpiece." Crosley spat. "He is a slippery eel, her minister of propoganda -- a native of the cold and icy wastes of Pluto. He used to buy apples at my little stall, but I threw him out; now he discriminates against me in every way he can. His name is Thramm, and he is perhaps the most dangerous of the Matriarch's party. He plays both sides against the middle, carrying lies to her and to Burper, and generally sowing dissension. He is too shrewd ever to be caught."

"And Burper and his group? What of them?"

"They're fools -- fuggheads -- weak and foolish, yet not worthy of being eradicated by my party -- "

He stopped, and I knew he had said too much. Apparently a plot was afoot against the rule of the Matriarch. "What party?" I asked as innocently as possible.

"My party is going to remove the dangers of tyranny forever! We intend to leave Burper and his vacillating crowd on the throne, for he won't harm us, but Autow must be removed. Soon comes the revolution, and then we'll really have democracy and freedom."

Another idealist, I groaned inwardly. Yet it was only fair that I warn Burper of the plot, for he was liable to find his world in ruins. He would at least have a chance. Somehow I could not bring myself to warn the Matriarch, for her whole way of life revolted me inwardly.

Silence reigned for a moment, and in its lull I heard a faint and distant tramping of feet. Crosley rustled in the darkness. "What's that?"

"I don't know -- nobody should be coming in here at this hour," Crosley answered, "I think I'd better leave."

It was too late. I saw a light gleam on metal, and the booted feet tramped into the hall. Crosley hid behind the table, and I could hear him muttering to himself in the inky blackness. Now I saw that it was Thramm and the Matriarch's husband with a company of men in black and silver uniforms.

"What's the meaning of this," I asked, my heart full of fear at their threatening aspect.

It was Mr. Autow who spoke. His words were harsh and clipped: "The Matriarch has decreed that you must perish, for you bring many things out of the past which should better be left forgotten. We had all but forgotten race prejudice and freedom for everybody -- we had settled all those problems by the accession of the Matriarch to the position of arbitretor of morals and ethics and fashions and culture. I carry out her decrees. You are to be destroyed. It will be quite painless."

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