

Could
Readers
Help

of
Poul

Treatment
Here,
Even

Notwithstanding
All
My
Efforts
Loudly
Extolled,
Shamelessly
Shouted?

SPECIAL SCIENCE-FICTION ISSUE!!!

Number #78, March 1955, a publication* of the Nameless Ones of Seattle, Wash., and anyone unfortunate enough to get on our list. Unfortunate, we say, because it costs you money to get on our list.

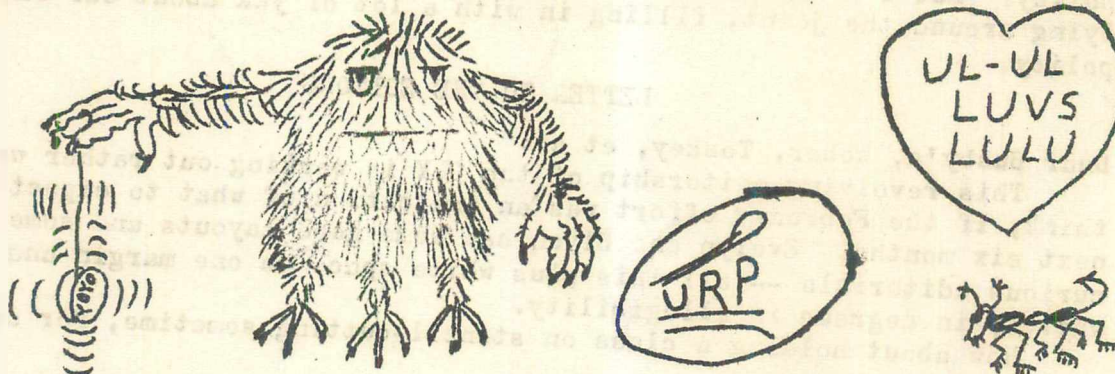
Editors for this issue: F. M. and Elinor Busby

"I carry the hose" -- E. Busby

The next meeting will be held, and possibly even forcibly restrained, according to our usual schedule of first and third Thursdays of each month, unless notification of change is circulated by horseback messengers. Depending on our publication date, the next meeting will be Mar. 3, Mar. 17, or -- well, you get the idea. It was recently decided that meetings be continued at the YMCA until further notice, so just

look for the room designation on the bulletin board and then determine the location of the room by asking the janitor.

And may Ghod have mercy on you, Sohl?



With this issue, the CRY OF THE NAMELESS embarks upon a new editorial policy, if we can think of one before we run out of paper. The CRY is the ideal publication* for new editorial policies, because the editor for the next issue can scuttle them without a trace if he so chooses, and embark upon a NEW new editorial policy, unlike prozines, which must set editorial policies and stick with them.

First, in order to combat the overrunning of fandom by feeble pro's, we have decided to accept absolutely no material from pro's for this issue. I'm sorry, Poul, Isaac, Ray, but that's our policy. Thanks anyway, though.

Also, we are limiting our offerings to items of 70,000 words or less, so you see, A. E., even if we did cheat on our no-pro ruling and use a pseudonym, we still couldn't use WEAPON SHOPS ARE UNFAIR TO ORGANIZED ISHERS in this publication.* We suggest you try IMPOSSIBLE.

* "publication": Lat., Publius Cato, Latinized name of the legendary Egyptian inventor of toilet papyrus.

Incidentally, we have an article coming up soon by one of our authors, concerning what seems to be a rather world-shaking discovery of his. Now wouldn't think that a science-fiction fanzine author, who in everyday works as an egg-candler for the armed services, would be apt to come up with a world-shaking discovery in a field widely removed from both writing egg-candling. Nevertheless, he assures us, he has. I have his manuscript here, and-- just a minute, I know it's here somewhere-- it says right on the first page that this world-shaking discovery is more world-shaking than ever before, and now has chlorophyll added, too, and-- now, I wonder where I could have put that manuscript-- actually, he says that this discovery is more fundamentally world-shaking than the discoveries of Fire or the Wheel or Archie the Cockroach-- oh, here it is-- and it says further that-- oops, I'm afraid we can't run this article after all. It seems that our author's world-shaking discovery IS the Wheel. I'm sorry about this, old boy, but I'm afraid somebody stole your idea before we could get it into print. So it looks as if this li'l ol' world-shaking discovery has shaken this li'l ol' world just about all it's going to. Where'd I put that li'l ol' bottle, now??

The doctrine of Infant Damnation was probably deduced by observation.

Back to our editorial policy, you cringing cowards! It begins to look as if our editorial policy for this issue is to make the whole issue just one big wet sloppy editorial. Doubtless this would be the easy way out. But are we looking for the easy way out? Well, of course. Actually we should have a good strong firm unyielding jut-jawed statement of editorial policy. But I'm afraid our policy is: we are going to print what we have lying around the joint, filling in with a lot of yak about our editorial policy.

LETTER TO THE EDITORS

Dear Busby's, Weber, Toskey, et al:

This revolving editorship of the CRY is working out rather well, I think, if the February effort was an indication of what to expect during the next six months. Evelyn and Clyed had some good layouts and some singularly curious editorials -- all this plus white space on one margin and quite a variety in degrees in illegibility.

How about holding a class on stencil-cutting sometime, for all would-be editors?

In regards to the Ways-means Committee for the proposed Seattle Westercon, of which for some odd reason I am a member, I have but one bit of advice: attend a Westercon sometime, if you would sponsor one yourselves. Naw, the last one doesn't count, it being ringed in to the national event. You'll get all the information necessary to know how to go about it right there, first-hand. Probably it would be best to check the local hotel-convention first, so that the Westercon conventioners would have a bit more confidence in a bid from an all but unknown science-fiction organization.

Marlene Hoff's letter disturbs me. She says in effect that what ails sf is the fiction -- that we'd best read straight science -- form a science club so to speak. It's all rather frightening.

Well, luck anyway. Don't forget to dot your I's, but don't shoot any layouts till you see the white space between your I's.

Prithee,

Wm. N. Austin

Hand-drawn sketches of footprints and a circled number 3.

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Evelyn Stroud opened the meeting with the crash of the traditional bone on the defenseless table provided us in room Colman "C" of the YMCA. Her first item of business was a letter from G. M. Carr which was included in the fanzines which Mrs. Carr had sent out for review purposes to some of the members. Since Evelyn complained of a sore throat and since her eyes were blazing into those of the secretary, the secretary "volunteered" to read the letter. About halfway through the reading of the letter the great G. M. arrived in person. The subject of the letter, the contents of which were much distorted by the secretary's oral interpretation, was the reviewing of other club fanzines and exchanging them with the purpose in mind of establishing the Nameless Ones in active fandom, at least on the West Coast, in preparation for a Westercon.

President Evelyn Stroud then rose to a standing position, and despite the sore throat of which she had complained, delivered a long criticism of the last Cry of the Nameless, of which she herself was the editor. She lashed into the various defects of the Cry as she dissected it page by page, using many strange and various words which were probably meaningless to those not intimately associated with mimeograph machines and stencils and other strange objects.

A report was then called for from the finance committee. The treasurer reported on the state of the treasury and Geneva Wyman revealed plans for making raffle tickets to raffle off an original Emsh illustration. Various ins and outs were discussed concerning the Westercon which the president was planning during which the president, herself, delivered an oration the like whereof has not been seen since Ala ud Din piled the flayed heads of his victims in the streets of Calcutta, or at least since the last Senate filibuster. All this took place despite the fact that Evelyn's throat was too sore to read Mrs. Carr's letter at the beginning of the meeting. Among other things she objected to the fact that the secretary had continually referred to her policy with regard to the convention as "Dictatorial" to which the secretary pointed out that there had been no corrections to the minutes as they had been sent to Evelyn for printing in the Cry. Evelyn then appointed a committee to contact other clubs who have held Westercons with Weber in charge. Finally some club members were able to get a word in edgewise and it was moved, seconded and passed that the business of the Westercon be tabled until it might be decided definitely when and if we would stage such a convention.

The president expressed confidence that the organization would be able to cope with the problems of putting on a convention without her leadership, since, as she said, "the club got along for years without a decent head." (The Ex-Presidents' Committee on Reprisals was heard to schedule a meeting for the near future.)

Wally Gonser informed the Club that the Rocket society would be on hand definitely at the next meeting.

Copious quantities of cake, cookies, tea and coffee were then consumed by the members. These goodies had been donated by Rose Stark.

Chairs were then re-arranged and movie equipment was set up. Just before the movie started the report of the Official Ben was called for. The report was: "Rrrourrurrrourrrrouuurrrroouurouurrrrrrrfffff."

The report was: "Rrrourourrrourrrrouuurrrroureureurrrrrrrfffff."

④

A movie was then shown which depicted slow-motion scenes of past conventions.

February 17, 1955

In the absence of the president, John Swearingen, president of vice, reigned. The right honorable Royal H. Drummond, currently serving in the capacity of official Embezzler of the Treasury, poured forth pearls of wisdom concerning the recent squeeze play perpetrated by the officials of the YMCA on the Nameless Ones. It seems that the YMCA would like very much for our little organization (don't laugh, they really believe this is an organization!) to join ranks with the Y. In addition to many of the obvious wonderful advantages this move would have, it would also allow each and every member to become a member of the YMCA. The matter was consigned to the next meeting for a final decision.

At the President of Vice's request, the secretary then ~~rose and~~ read the well rounded (balled up, in fact) minutes of the previous meeting.

Royal H. Drummond then rose majestically, strode purposefully to the front of the room, and stated the amount of money at present in the club treasury, and sat down. He seemed rather sullen about the affair, probably because there wasn't yet enough money in the treasury to enable him to make his trip to Mexico.

Due to circumstances beyond Wally Gonser's control, the rocket society members scheduled for this evening's program had forgotten to come to the meeting. As a result we were temporarily without a program. Then Rose Stark came to the rescue introducing John Farrell, a visitor to Seattle from other parts of the country. Mr. Farrell delivered a very informative discourse on the private lives of many of the well known science fiction writers, including L. Ron Hubbard, Jack Vance, A. E. Van Vogt, Forrest J. Ackermann, Ford McCormick, and others.

Refreshments and chatter provided an intermission between sections of Mr. Farrell's discourse, and chatter continued after it until the members returned severally to their shells.

"Sometimes I don't quite follow you, and so far it has allus paid off"--Pogo.

Lucky us! We got to review HYPHEN No. 11 (November 1954) for the CRY. This, as surely all must know, is put out in Belfast, N. Ireland by Walt Willis, and is choice from the front cover cartoon to the back cover quips. In betwixt, divers saort stories and facetious articles; also book reviews by Damon Knight who really breathes fire for this mag. They have a good gimmick on Readers' Letters -- they just excerpt what they want. No headings nor complimentary nor otherwise closes. Chic. Well, heck, I guess we have to put thish in the Nameless Library now. SHUCKS! We wouldn't mind preserving it tenderly for us ...

I keep telling you, crud is only a state of mind.



VERKAN! --
WHY HAVEN'T YOU WRITTEN?
--DALLA

S - F R E P O R T
 Ratings of Fiction in the Current Magazines
 Compiled by Wm. N. Austin

- AMAZING (29:1) Jan., 1955
 B ...Now You Dont, nva (Leland)
 D No Way Out, nt (Thames)
 D Final Curtain, sss (Marmor)
 D Plague Planet, nt (Jorgensen)
 E Face To Face, sss (Moore)
 E Compromise, sss (Alymer)
 D Universal Solvent, sss (Kemp)
AMAZING March, 1955 (29:2)
 E The Rusted Jungle, nt(Lesser)
 D+Psionic Mousetrap, nt (Leinster)
 C+You Could Be Wrong, ss (Bloch)
 D Two to the Stars, nt (Jorgensen)
 D Dissatisfaction Guaranteed,ss(Toland)
ASTOUNDING Feb., 1955 (54:6)
 C- Time Crime (1-of-2)(Piper)
 B- Citadel, nt (Budrys)
 B- Design Flaw, ss (Correy)
 C Tight Squeeze, ss (Ing)
 A- Grandpa, ss (Schmitz)
ASTOUNDING March, 1955 (55:1)
 C+ Sense From Thought Divide, nt(Clifton)
 D A Fine Fix, ss (Moll)
 B Diabologic, ss (Russell)
 C The Test Stand, ss (Correy)
 D+Time Crime (2-of-2) (Piper)
FANTASTIC Dec., 1954 (3:6)
 D Water Cure, nva(Toland)
 D Spidery Pied Pipers,ss(Williams)
 B+Courtship of 53 Shotl 9G,nt(Wilde)
 D-Vicar of Skeleton Cove,nt(Jorgensen)
 D The Appointment, ss (Stark)
FANTASTIC Feb., 1955 (4:1)
 C- Patty-Cake Mutiny, nt (Marks)
 C+ The Gun, nt (Daley)
 D Day After Eternity, nt (Chandler)
 C- Ourselves of Yesterday, sss(Hamm)
 D- While My Love Waits, ss (Still)
 D- Cross Index, sss (Ross)
 B- End of the Line, sss (Scortia)
 D Love That Potion, ss (McGivern)
FANTASTIC UNIVERSE Oct., 1954(2:3)
 C The Wrong Track, nt (Whitley)
 C Once a First Wife---ss (Arkawy)
 C Souvenir, ss (Dick)
 C+ Dream Damsel, ss (Hunter)
 C Conqueror's World,ss(Sheckley)
 C- The Wounded, sss (Farmer)
 B Office Call, ss (Fritch)
 C My Past Is Mine, ss (Rhoads)
 C Strangers to Straba, ss (Jacobi)
 D True To Type, sss (Harris)
 C Two Way Destiny, nt (Long)
 C The Nobles Are Coming, sss(Cross)
- FANTASTIC UNIVERSE Nov., 1954 (2:4)
 C+Shadow on the Stars, nt (Budrys)
 C+Miss Katy Three, ss (Young)
 D Subject For Today, ss (Hasse)
 C Killing Winds of Churgenon,ss(Goldstein)
 C- The Briscoe Bolt, ss (Guttridge)
 C+Mr.Hoskin's Blasting Rod,nt(Cogswell)
 C- Minority Group, ss (Sheckley)
 C Man of Distinction, ss (Long)
 B- An Old, Old Friend, ss (Eynon)
 D- The Tormented Ones, ss (R.Smith)
 C- Give a Man a Chair He Can Lick,ss(Wells)
 E- A Lion in Your Lap, sss (Doty)
FANTASTIC UNIVERSE Dec., 1954 (2:5)
 C Christmas on Mars, ss (Cox)
 C- Doll That Does Everything, ss (Matheson)
 B- Laminated Woman, ss (Smith)
 D Thank You, Member (Dee)
 D Talent For the Future,ss(Christopher)
 D- Down With the Tyrants, ss (Ellison)
 E That For a Hermitage, ss (Clinton)
 B- Big-Hearted Racehorse, ss (Stivens)
 C Once, in the Saddle, ss (Williams)
 C Compassion Circuit, ss (Wyndham)
 D- The Stranger Was Himself, ss (Anderson)
 C Pompous Asteroid, ss (Marks)
 D Bernard Papy---Dreamer, ss (Pratt)
FANTASTIC UNIVERSE Feb., 1955 (3:1)
 C Unhappy Man, nt (Gunn)
 C- Good to be a Martian, sss (Long)
 B- Operation in Free Orbit, ss (Bryning)
 C+ The Figment, ss (Sellings)
 C Test Area, ss (Cogswell)
 C The Fortunate Person, sss (Sheckley)
 C- Crystal of Macaosu, nt (Madle)
 B The Heirs, ss (Arkawy)
 D He Stepped on the Devil's Tail,ss(Marks)
 E+ Treatment, ss (Fritch)
 D Behind the Moon, ss (Springer)
 C- Back Door in the Sky, ss (Williams)
FANTASTIC UNIVERSE March, 1955 (3:2)
 D Meet Miss Universe, nt (Vance)
 C- Just For Tonight, ss (Winterbotham)
 D Thing, ss (Janvier)
 B Action---Reaction, ss (Bryning)
 C- Jack the Giant Killer, ss (Walton)
 C The Big Jump, ss (Smith)
 C Brave New Strain, ss (Priestley)
 C+ The Sixth Season, ss (Ferrat)
 B- Assassin, ss (Budrys)
 B- They Are the Possessed, ss (Cox)
 C Exiles of Tomorrow, ss (Bradley)
 B- Translation, ss (Blish)

FANTASY & SCIENCE FICTION Feb., 1955(8:2)

- B+ The Climbing Wave, nva (Bradley)
- C- Blood, sss (Brown)
- C Birds Can't Count, ss (Clingerman)
- C The Tweener, ss (Brackett)
- C+ The Tidings, ss (Porges)
- B Shiver in the Pines, ss (Wellman)
- D+ Botany Bay, sss (Hubbard)
- C The Midway, ss (Walton)

FANTASY & SCIENCE FICTION Mar., 1955(8:3)

- B The Short Ones, ss (Banks)
- B- I Do Not Love Thee, Dr. Fell, ss (Bloch)
- B- The Golem, ss (Davidson)
- D+ He Had a Big Heart, ss (Quattrochi)
- C The Thirteenth Floor, ss (Gruber) RE
- B- Change the Sky, ss (Seabright)
- C+ Overlooked, ss (Hornsbey)
- C+ Book of Your Life, ss (Blish)
- B+ Yo Ho Hoka! nt (Anderson & Dickson)
- C+ Millennium, sss (Brown)
- B The Bone That Seeks, ss (Anthony)

GALAXY Feb., 1955 (9:5)

- B+ Helpfully Yours, nt (Smith)
- B Rich Living, nt (Cathal)
- C Cave of Night, ss (Gunn)
- D+ Dead Man's Planet, ss (Morrison)
- C Open House, ss (McIntosh)
- C+ Pythias, ss (Pohl)
- C- Blind Spot, ss (Jones)

GALAXY March, 1955 (9:6)

- B- Project Mastodon, nt (Simak)
- C Dulcie and Decorum, nt (Knight)
- B Who? nt (Sturgeon)
- C The Candle Lighter, ss (Pohl)
- D+ One Way, ss (de Ford)
- D Big Stupe, ss (De Vet)

IF Jan., 1955 (4:5)

- B The Earth Quarter, nva (Knight)
- D Saint Julie & t. Visgi, ss (Young)
- E The Men of Boru, ss (J. Nelson)
- C+ Double Take, sss (Griffith)
- C- Race Riot, ss (Williams)
- B- Turnabout, ss (Dickson)
- C Journey Work, ss (Dryfoos)
- D+ Wedding Day, sss (Marks)

IF Feb., 1955 (4:6)

- B The Odd Ones, nt (Dickson)
- D- Dreamtown, U.S.A. nt (Kelly)
- C+ Our Town, nt (Bixby)
- D+ Seller of the Sky, ss (Dryfoos)
- C- The Big Leap, ss (Fritch)
- C The Last Crusade, ss (G.H. Smith)
- C- A Witch in Time, ss (H. Williams)
- C- Inhibition, ss (Causey)
- C The York Problem, ss (Kastle)

IF March, 1955 (5:1)

- C- War Veteran, nt (Dick)
- E The Third Party, nt (Holum)
- C Blow the Man Down, nt (Fontenay)
- B+ Night, ss (Oliver)
- C Cyber and Justice Holmes, ss (Riley)
- C- Lost Art, sss (Hawk)
- D The Elroom, ss (Sohl)

IMAGINATION Jan., 1955 (6:1)

- D World of the Drone, nov (Abernathy)
- C- Comfort Me, My Robot, ss (Bloch)
- D- The Dictator, ss (Lesser)
- D The Hand, ss (Sohl)
- B- Brown John's Body, ss (Marks)

IMAGINATION Feb., 1955 (6:2)

- D+ Cosmic Saboteur, nov (Robinson)
- C- Disaster Committee, nt (Banks)
- D+ Never Gut-Shoot a Wampus, nt (Marks)
- D The Aab, ss (Ludwig)
- E Stellar Vengeance, sss (Freeman)

SCIENCE FICTION STORIES Mar., 1955

- B The Pattern, nov (Ellanby)
- B- The Ear-Friend, nt (Banks)
- C+ Caution Advisable, ss (Moore)
- C- Path of Darkness, ss (Pease)
- D Playback, ss (Marks)
- D Repeat Performance, ss (Cox)

STAR S-F STORIES #3 /Jan., 1955/

- B It's Such a Beautiful Day, nt (Asimov)
- C+ Strawberry Window, ss (Bradbury)
- B The Deep Range, ss (Clarke)
- B- Alien, ss (del Rey)
- B+ Foster, You're Dead, ss (Dick)
- C+ Whatever Happened to Sergeant Cuckoo? nt (Kersh) RE

- B- Dance of the Dead, ss (Matheson)
- B- Any More at Home Like You? ss (Oliver)
- B Devil on Salvation Bluff, nt (Vance)
- B- Guinevere For Everybody, ss (Williamson)

UNIVERSE Jan., 1955 (#9)

- F Shoemaker of Lan, nva (Caravan)
- C- Before the Fact, ss (Henderson)
- D- Fission Story, ss (Caravan)
- D Santa Claus Planet, nt (Robinson)
- C- Claws in Clausmas, sss (Hodgens & Kirwan)
- F With All Your Might, sss (McKimney)

Ratings are the average of the following participants: RH Drummond, Delcie Austin WN Austin, Elinor Busby, FM Busby, RD Keller, FH McKinnis, Rose Stark, WW Weber, and Burnett Toskey.

..oOo..RATINGS..oOo..

- | | |
|-------------|---------------|
| A Excellent | E Fair |
| B Very Good | F Rather Poor |
| C Good | G Poor |
| D Neutral | |

PAPERBACK NOVELS, COLLECTIONS, ETC.

7

By Wm. N. Austin

Twenty paperback items have been published during the past two months (up to and including Feb. 17, 1955), most of which will be of interest to science fiction readers. Besides these, there have been at least two new Mentor non-fiction worthies, not the least of which is Hoyle's THE NATURE OF THE UNIVERSE.

They include:

- Bradbury, Ray. GOLDEN APPLES OF THE SUN. Collection. (Bantam #1-1241, 35¢)
Brown, Fredric. THE LIGHTS IN THE SKY ARE STARS. (Bantam #1285, 25¢)
Budrys, Algis. FALSE NIGHT. (Original novel) (Lion #230, 25¢)
Capek, Karel. WAR WITH THE NEWTS. (Bantam #A1292, 35¢)
Clarke, Arthur C. EARTHLIGHT. (Original, 1st ed.) (Ballantine #97, 35¢)
daVinci, Leonardo. THE DELUGE. (ed/R. Payne) (Lion #233, 25¢)
duMaurier, Daphne. KISS ME AGAIN, STRANGER. Collection. (Cardinal #C168, 35¢)
Finney, Jack. THE BODY SNATCHERS. (1st ed.) (Dell #42, 25¢)
Karp, David. ESCAPE TO NOWHERE. ("One") (Lion Library #LL-10, 35¢)
Komroff, Manuel. GODS AND DEMONS. (Original, non-fiction) (Lion Library #LL-8, 35¢)
Leinster, Murray. SPACE TUG. (Pocket Book #1037, 25¢)
Matheson, Richard. THIRD FROM THE SUN. Collection. (Selections from BORN OF MAN AND WOMAN) (Bantam #1294, 25¢)
Pohl, Frederik (ed.) STAR SCIENCE FICTION STORIES #3. Original anthology. (Ballantine #96, 35¢)
Sohl, Jerry. THE ALTERED EGO. (Pennant #75, 25¢)
Vercors. YOU SHALL KNOW THEM. (Pocket Book #1038, 25¢)
Vidal, Gore. MESSIAH. (Ballantine #94, 35¢).
Williams, Robert Moore. THE CHAOS FIGHTERS. (1st ed.) (Ace #S-90, 25¢)
Asimov, Isaac. THE REBELLIOUS STARS. ("Tyrann"; "The Stars, Like Dust") with (Ace #D-84, 35¢)
Dee, Roger. AN EARTH GONE MAD. ("Star Dice") 1st ed.
Leinster, Murray. THE OTHER SIDE OF HERE. ("Incredible Invasion") with
von Bogt, A. E. ONE AGAINST ETERNITY. ("The Weapon Makers")

MISCELLANY -- Wm. N. Austin

For the third straight month, GALAXY appeared with 144 pages instead of the usual 160 ...

No. N. Y. news this time either; can't seem to make connections ...
... press hearings for Short Stories, Inc., were held in late January: the verbal autopsy of WEIRD TALES ... ORBIT #6 has been overdue several months; an obituary here too? No startling developments in the magazines, except for the satirical POST serial, THE DAY NEW YORK WAS INVADED by Leonard Wibberley, now hardcoverd as THE MOUSE THAT ROARED. Which reminds us that

Finney's THE BODY SNATCHERS was serialized in COLLIER'S several months ago, and is already available in a paperback version ... Curiously, the most popular story in the January issues of prozines was a short story, ONE ORDINARY DAY, WITH PEANUTS by Shirley Jackson, refuting the commonly accepted belief that Length Makes Quality -- at least, on a basis of returns in the Report Card. And stranger still, the yarn was non-fantastic ... Still woo-begone-ing some of the local newsstands: little piles of SCIENCE FICTION DIGEST #2, COSMOS #4, the Oct. FUTURE, and ORBIT #5 ... Due or recently arrived: AMAZING (May), ASTOUNDING (Mar.), BEYOND #10, FANTASTIC UNIVERSE (Apr.), GALAXY NOVELS #23, IF (Apr.), SCIENCE FICTION QUARTERLY (May), SPACEWAY (Apr.), STARTLING (Spring) ...

BOOK REVIEWS

Star Science-Fiction Stories #3, Ballantine, edited by Pohl.

Recommended reading. Ten stories rated highly, by a small selected group of people who agree with us.

False Night, by Algis Budrys, Lion Originals.

The makings of four complete novels on an "embattled-survivors" theme, sketchily done in one book. All that is written here is written well. Unfortunately, the book suffers from insufficient development of each of the four connected plots. A more experienced author would have conserved his ideas more efficiently. Wha'cha gonna do when the vein runs thin, Alg? Enjoyable, though.

The Altered Ego, by Jerry Sohl, Pennant Books.

Sohl is going to write some good science-fiction one of these days if he continues to improve, but he hasn't yet. Lots of badaboom leading to a climax gimmick which, if it would work in the sixteenth chapter, would have worked equally well in the fourth, where the hero discovers the nature of his sturm und drang. If you read the "Haploids" or "Costigan's Needle" all the way through, this one should be fairly easy for you to stomach.

The Chaos Fighters, by Robert Moore Williams, Ace Books.

Reminiscent of van Vogt and a little like Heinlein's "Gulf", but carrying a thread of personal integration thought on the order of "They'd Rather Be Right" and "The School" in recent ASF. It may be of interest that Williams was associated as of last summer with Russ Haggard, formerly of Seattle, in Los Angeles, in the field of integration and psychotherapy. Oh yes, the book has plenty of action and interest. About a "B-" from here.

You Shall Know Them, by Vercors, Pocket Books.

Given, courtesy of the author, a discovered race of missing links which are interfertile both with man and with the great apes, we find the wide gap between man and animals replaced with a practically continuous gradient spectrum of creatures. Question: to define a human being, or where do we draw the line? You may not agree with the author's ideas (we don't, in many respects) but you should find this one think-making. ... fmb

Earthlight, by Arthur C. Clarke, Ballantine.

While I was reading the above my spouse asked me "Do you like it?"

"Well," I said, "it's real good of course. Everybody knows Arthur C. Clarke is a talented guy and everything he writes is swell."

"But do you like it?" he said.

"Well," I said, "it's got a poetic quality. The descriptions are very good. The mere word 'earthlight' to describe light cast by the blue and green

earth during the long lunar night is charming. And he gives you a really solid and vivid picture of life on the moon. And there's quite a bit of interesting action." (9)

"But do you like it?" he said.

"Well," I said, "the people are all sort of ordinary, and you don't get very well acquainted with any of them. There's not a single character in the whole book I'd recognize if I saw him walking down the street. I guess I like it okay ..."

End of review ... eb

If they won't print it in SINISTERRA, there's always IMAGINATION.

(Additional info re EARTHLIGHT: Clarke's novelette of the same name, in Aug. '51 TWS, constitutes about two chapters of the new book, with considerable shift of emphasis.)

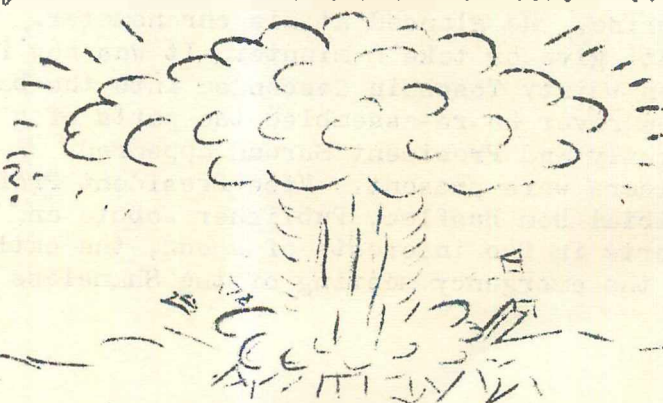
Jack Vance, in Planet of the Damned (SPACE STORIES, Dec. '52) develops a truly interesting and unique idea. His super-civilized human e.t.'s, the Lekthwan, can by movement of eyebrow, eye and eyelash indicate precisely their exact mood at the moment of speaking. These moods are known as "characterizations" and the characterization modifies the meaning of each word spoken. The characterizations have such names as: Smiling Sunrise, Playful Kitten, The Solitary One, Sedate Counsel. The "most literal and least fanciful of the characterizations ... is the Statistician."

We use characterizations ourselves. The use of characterizations is valuable: it allows us to express most facets of our multi-faceted personalities and enriches the interplay of two or more personalities. But our use of characterizations has a drawback -- there's usually no gimmick to indicate whether one is using a characterization and if so which one. This leads to people misunderstanding one's meaning. And there's a still more serious drawback. One can get stuck in a characterization and think that's what one is basically like.

We have one characterization that does have a gimmick that goes with it and identifies it. I refer to POGO, of course. G. M. Carr, in GEMZINE 4:3, states that she believes that the charm of Pogo lies in word-distortion, "swamp talk." No, no, no! Swamp talk serves merely to underline and identify the swamp characterization, which is one of wildly free-wheeling imagination (Churchy, Howland and Albert for example) coupled and contrasted with a wryly humorous acceptance of things-as-they-are (Pogo and Porkypine usually).

What are some other characterizations? And how can we identify them? I doubt if one could do much with the movement of eye, eyebrow and eyelash in this culture, but word distortion really is a rather clumsy device, and will not serve for more than one ... Well, I'm going to brood about this problem some more -- does anybody else want to brood about it too? ...eb

THAT REMINDS ME--
AREN'T WE ALL OUT
OF MARSH MALLOWSES??



President Shroud frowned as she nervously twisted the tuner of the television, her perennial smile returning as the face of her favorite local news announcer appeared on the screen. He was seated at a desk littered with papers and microphones, his handsome young face breaking suddenly into a smile as he realized that the TV camera was focused on him.

"Good evening, ladies and gentlemen," came the soothing voice, and President Shroud relaxed. "The news is good on the home front and abroad today. President Eisenhower today signed a bill repealing the Emasculation Proclamation and Red China proposed in the UN Security Council meeting today that it would withdraw its forces from Mexico in return for military possession of the Hawaiian Islands. The United States is expected to agree to these conditions, according to the reports. More news about this and other events after a word from our sponsor."

At that moment another man appeared behind the announcer and handed him a note. The announcer read the note with a slight frown.

"A special message has just come in which may be of interest to the residents of Seattle. There is a squadron of Russian super-heavy bombers now over the Pacific Ocean flying toward Seattle. They will be over Seattle in about --" he glanced at his watch, "five hours. U. S. Air Force scouts report that each bomber is heavily armed, and each bomber is escorted by a squadron of MIG fighters. Three of the U. S. scout planes were shot down before it was confirmed that Russian bombers were carrying hydrogen bombs; this confirmation came by radio relay from the Russian flagship itself. Residents of Seattle are warned that this may be an attack, but they are told to keep calm, as no hostile intention has as yet been voiced by either the Russian squadron or Radio Moscow."

Secretary Toschain heard a slight buzzing in his ear, and he touched a nerve along the back of his spine. The buzzing stopped, to be replaced by the mental voice saying, "Martian High Command calling Ghod, of Earth."

"Go ahead, Mars, this is Ghod," Toschain replied mentally.

"Russian air squadron enroute Seattle with intent to drop hydrogen bomb. Expected time of obliteration of Seattle five hours hence. Take immediate action. That is all." The voice was silent.

Secretary Toschain pressed a button on the side of his desk and the face of President Shroud appeared on the visiscreen.

The president immediately said, "I guess you must have heard the TV announcement just now --"

"Don't waste words," Toschain cut in, "this is the real thing. Seattle will vanish in a puff of radioactive smoke in a little less than five hours. I am calling an emergency meeting. Don't bother hopping an air car. This is an emergency. I am going immediately to Boghouse to activate the teleport."

Toschain flicked off the visiscreen before the president could voice her surprise. He glanced at his chronometer. The bomb would be dropped at midnight, give or take a minute. It was now fifteen minutes past seven. At seven thirty Toschain descended into the basement of Boghouse, and with a screwdriver he re-assembled the parts of a mimeograph machine. It hummed slightly and President Shroud appeared. A few moments later the other officers were present. Vice President Profanagen, Treasurer Batg-Bumneon, Official Ben Busflea, Publisher Jobble and others. Then, combining their efforts in the interests of speed, the entire membership was soon assembled, and the emergency meeting of the Shameless Ones began.

President Shroud rapped the gong on the rostrum loudly and called the meeting to order. She smiled a toothy smile and said, "We all know now that Seattle will be bombed in a little over four hours from now. In fact, I understand that the bomb will destroy utterly every building in the city. Is that correct, Toschain?" she glanced at the secretary.

"In effect, Seattle will disappear from the map," replied Toschain with a bored nod.

"Ah yes," went on the president. "As I was saying at the last meeting, it is about time we had a Westercon here in Seattle. But now that Seattle is about to be destroyed, uh," her voice caught slightly as a crease appeared in her forehead. "What do you suppose we should do about all this? Obviously," she cut in before anyone had a chance to answer her question, "There's only one thing we can do."

The president hesitated, trying to choose words from thin air. A hand was raised among the members but the president went on. "When I heard the report over TV this evening that Seattle was going to be attacked I was stunned, really and truly stunned. I thought, we-ell! We wouldn't be able to hold a Westercon here in Seattle after all. All my hopes came crashing down about me, and I just simply didn't know what to do. Think of it! Seattle disappearing from the map without even having held a convention!" She paused, a look of consternation saturating her face. "Really, we must do something about this or, -- or there won't even be a memory left of Seattle. We just simply can't have that! And you know, I've been thinking." A look of deep thought appeared on her face. "We've got to put Seattle into the pages of history. Tonight, this very night, we are going to DO just that! We are going to hold a convention here in the next few hours." Her face broke into a toothpaste smile at this announcement.

At this point, Mrs. Layman, committeewoman in charge of committees, rose and stated, "I heard the announcement also, and I can truly say I anticipated this very move. I have committees working on the problems of financing the convention, entertainment, financing, celebrities, financing, meals and banquets, and financing. As I see it we're all going to have to work together to make this convention a financial success, as it will probably be the last time we'll be able to hold a convention here in Seattle."

Secretary Toschain remarked, "It might be a bit difficult to hold two conventions in four hours."

Another voice was raised, "But how --"

President Shroud broke in, "Now I know you are all wondering as to just HOW we are going to do all this. Uh, by the way, Publisher Wobble? Where is he now? Oh, there you are! Have you published the Progress Report yet?"

Publisher Wobble stood up shakily, his hand on his throat, and his mouth alternately opening and closing without sounds issuing therefrom. Finally he said, "Uh, we-ell, not exactly ---"

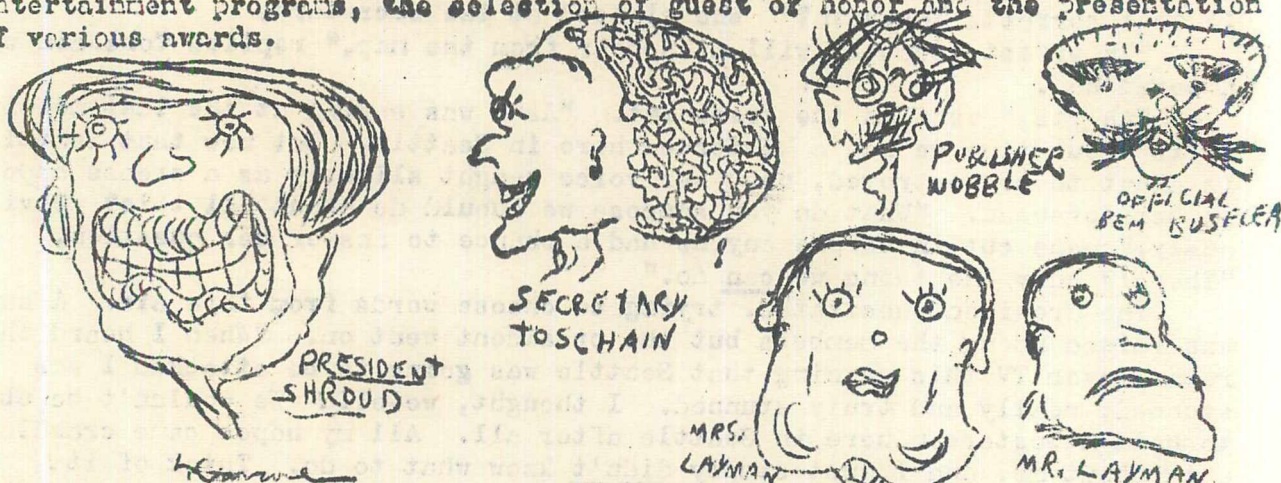
"Well, get it out!" the president said harshly. "We've got to contact celebrities and editors and get some illustrations. Now let's see --- I want a report from the committee in charge of obtaining a hotel in which to hold this big event."

Mrs. Scones, the chairwoman of this committee reported that after numerous contacts she had managed to obtain the services of a very nice auditorium in one of the largest churches in town.

President Shroud called upon the chairwomen of the various committees. Secretary Toschain kept track of the passing time, and smiled to himself. President Shroud managed to keep the conversation going at a lively pace.

By ten-thirty decisions had been rendered by the club on the questions of the masquerade dance, the dinner (it was decided to serve smorgasbord),

the order of appearance of the various speakers, how much time would be allotted to each speaker, the time to be allotted to the auction and various ticket raffles, the panel discussions and who would participate, the various entertainment programs, the selection of guest of honor and the presentation of various awards.



Mr. Layman spoke up and said, "I, ah, believe that I think, ah, that there is one, ah, thing," he stopped momentarily while he lit his pipe, then resumed, talking slowly, "that I believe just about everyone here might, ah, have overlooked. Aaaaaaaa, I was just wondering, aaaaaaa,--"

President Shroud stood up and interrupted him. "Yes, and that brings up another point, that I think you were about to bring up. How are all of these people going to get all the way over here to Seattle?" She smiled at Mr. Layman. "That was what you were about to bring up wasn't it?"

"Yes, aaaa --"

"I know, that may have been troubling several of you," resumed the president, "but after all, I really think that that is a problem they should decide for themselves. They're not helpless, you know. After all, if we go to all the trouble to plan a convention here in Seattle, the least they can do ---"

At that moment the sky outside of the basement windows of Boghause became brightly lit, surprising the President in the middle of her speech. Secretary Toschain smiled to himself as the brilliance subsided. Before the conversation could be resumed an intense roaring sound drowned out all other sounds for a few seconds.

The president stared open-mouthed at the window. "What in the WORLD do you suppose that was?"

At this point Secretary Toschain spoke up. "That was the Russian fleet being exploded by their own hydrogen bombs. Seattle will not be bombed after all! They were a little over an hour's flight away, so the whole works exploded a safe distance away."

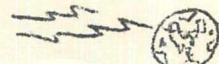
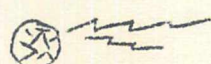
Several of the members went upstairs to turn on the radio just as the announcer was saying, "Air Force Intelligence officials still hadn't determined whether the Russian squadron was hostile in intent with sufficient certainty to warrant an attack by our own air force when the whole Russian squadron exploded mysteriously by itself. The Russian High Command has been notified of this incident, and as a result the United Nations immediately voted unanimously to dispossess the United States of its veto power."

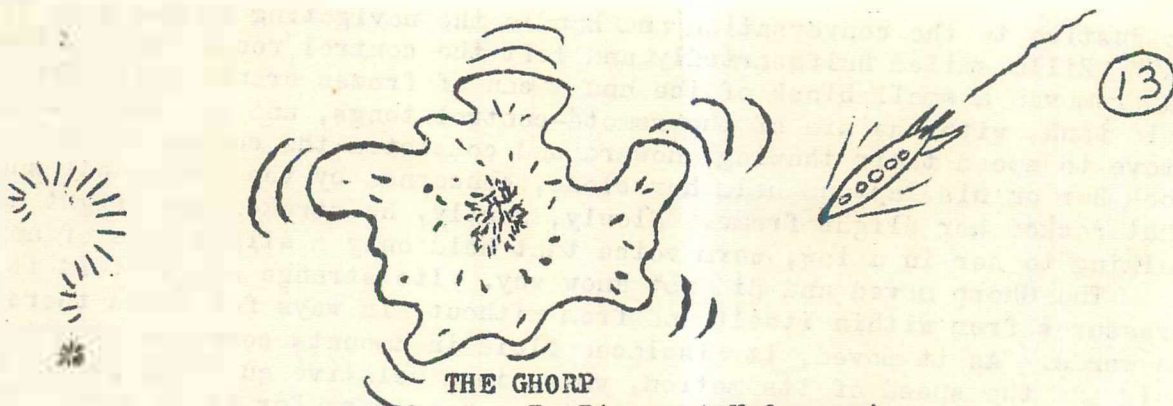
Toschain sighed as he returned to his own office. He sent a mental projection, "Ghod calling the Martian High Command."

"Martian High Command to Ghod, come in Ghod."

"Operation 'Hot Air' initiated and brought to successful completion. That is all."

"Martian High Command to Ghod, message received."





THE GHORM

By Pierpont Holocaust

Size is relative. Mindlessly, the Ghorm floated in a continuum which was, to its unimaginable senses, fluid. That this "fluid" consisted largely of emptiness interspersed with rare interruptions of matter, it could not know. That the molecular islands making up its environment might be galaxies and nebulae, it could not conceive. That the electrons circling the atomic nuclei of its surroundings might be planets inhabited by surging, striving intelligence, it could not imagine. The Ghorm floated, quiescent, not even hungering, for a space of time unmeasured. Then, seeking nutriment, it began to move.

The small spaceship was filled with tension. Far, far out in the blackness past the unmarked edge of the Solar System it crept. Rilla Thurman, a slightly-built blonde girl, huddled close to her husband, Howard, as he carefully readjusted a control knob.

"Why don't we go back, Howie?" she pleaded, fear throbbing in her thin voice. "There's a feeling of doom here. Can't you feel it? It keeps building up and building up, and I can't stand it much longer. Something horrible is going to happen -- I know it."

"Hang onto yourself, Rilla," Howard said gently. "It won't be long now, until we can do the job we came out here for and head back to the bright light -- old Sol. Don't forget, we're going to draw a big fat check for closeup pictures of the grey dwarf. It isn't every year that a dead star comes this near the System, and it isn't everybody who would traipse six months outside Pluto's orbit and take its picture. You still want that ranch, don't you?"

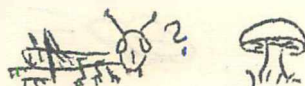
Rilla shuddered. "The sun's too far away. I keep looking for it, to make sure it hasn't disappeared completely, forever." She laughed raggedly. "That's how badly this thing is getting me."

"So now you're afraid something will happen to the sun, eh?" Howard replied. "You've been more nervous ever since we landed at Pluto to mine ice blocks. I thought a walk on solid ground would pick you up."

"It was awful, in those stifling suits. If we hadn't needed water, I don't think I could have forced myself to get off the ship. You're right though, darling. That's when I started having all these forebodings. And you know something? I really am psychic, a little. Lots of times I used to get these hunches about something or other, and they almost always panned out. Remember the day you got fired off your job at the paper?"

"That's right," Howard admitted. "You do hit the nail on the head sometimes." He frowned, concentrating on the proper manipulations for a precalculated course change.

"Why don't you get some of that ice out of the cold tank and mix up some fruit juice, honey?" he asked. "I'm feeling dehydrated, and besides I can't



do justice to the conversation and handle the navigating at the same time. OK?" Rilla smiled halfheartedly and left the control room. By the time she had removed a small block of ice and a can of frozen orange juice from the cold tank, with the aid of the remote-control tongs, and put them on the stove to speed their thawing, Howard had completed the course change. He took her on his lap and held her close, concerned by the occasional snuggers that racked her slight frame. Slowly, gently, he stroked her bright head, talking to her in a low, warm voice that held only a slight edge of anxiety.

The Ghorp moved and did not know why. Its strange senses told it of pressures from within itself and from without, in ways for which there are no words. As it moved, it displaced fluid in amounts corresponding to its bulk and the speed of its motion, which is a relative quantity and of no concern to the Ghorp. It moved as it was necessary for it to move. The displacement of molecules was not relevant to the needs of the Ghorp, nor were the pressure waves which spread in all directions as it moved. It did not heed the drastic changes in the complex molecules which it ingested for nourishment. The Ghorp moved, and fed. Molecules which did not contain nutriment struck against its outer surface, were distorted by the impact, and repelled to collide with other molecules.

Rilla was nearly asleep, soothed by the quiet monotone of Howard's comforting words. Still she could not relax completely. "Howard," she muttered, her face twisting. "It's coming soon. I don't know what it is, but it's as if the whole universe were about to go mad. "It's -- it's," her head bobbed on Howard's shoulder, and she sank toward a troubled sleep.

"It's all right, baby," Howard's monotone continued. "It's going to be all right. Nothing's going to happen, Rilla, nothing at all, nothing." Gradually he left longer silences between his phrases, until Rilla's mumbling stopped completely and her breathing deepened to the rhythm of sleep. He held her quietly, safely, yet he could feel his own body tensing with the feel of unknown menace. He grinned wryly at his suggestibility.

He could laugh at Rilla's premonitions to calm her fears, but there was no denying the tension around him. His back and shoulders began to ache slightly from the strain of maintaining a fixed position, but he could not move just yet for fear of waking Rilla. And right now, he thought, that fruit juice would taste mighty good. As soon as Rilla is really sound asleep...

The Ghorp moved faster, more violently. Within and without, the driving pressures urged it to greater effort. Sharp, spasmodic waves of alternately contractile and expansive force traveled throughout its bulk. The molecules surrounding it altered somewhat in an attribute which the Ghorp did not sense as color, moved wildly, stretched and compressed, struck and were struck, and changed further. The Ghorp's activity increased. Ingestion, propulsion, pulsation, excretion, all became more violent, increasing the violence to the Ghorp's environment. Atomic nuclei lost planetary electrons. Molecules were shattered to their component parts. The Ghorp may or may not have felt the increased impacts of these molecules as heat. Whatever it felt, the sensation only lashed it to further fury, a fury without meaning as emotion, without aim or purpose, only resulting in greater activity, and in destruction of which the Ghorp was totally unaware. The Ghorp knew no more of Effect than of Cause. On, on, it moved, speeding Chaos. Its purposeless convulsions rose to a climactic height. It neared a certain point --

Rilla screamed.

The Ghorp's struggles reached the peak that only a death-spasm can attain.

"Boiling, boiling," Rilla sobbed. Howard clutched her with a grip like death itself, waiting in a kind of paralysis for --

(14)

✱ ✱ ?

9-

The Ghorp was dying. In its final convulsions, it achieved the greatest destruction of its purposeless life.

"Boiling," Rilla screamed. "Boiling -- everything!"

"What is it, honey?" Howard gasped. "What's happening? What's going to happen?" His grip tightened until it seemed her ribs must break.

"Boiling -- over everything, that fruit juice is," she wheezed. "Let go of me, you caveman, before I have to fight dirty to save my creaking spine." She dashed to the stove and removed the boiling, spattering pot of reconstituted fruit juice. Her forebodings, well-founded, were gone. Rilla was psychic, all right, but, as she realized later, polluted water is rendered safe by boiling, which kills even Plutonian bacteria.

THE URGENCY OF INSURGENCY By Renfrew Pemberton

Into the lives of men, women and fen comes occasionally on wings of flaming peril that irresistible force, the Urge to Insurge. It comes unbidden, and none may say it Nay; not without sounding pretty horsy, none may.

We want our SCIENCE-FICTION club back. In the division of interest between people who attend meetings because they enjoy SCIENCE-FICTION and people who attend because they like meetings and organizational activity in general, guess who is getting the pitted end of the jet. Aside from the convention movies, the meeting of February 3rd might as well have been a meeting of the Retail Shoe Sales Association or the Apprentice Plumbers, for lack of any concern with SCIENCE-FICTION. The February 17th meeting was saved by the introduction of a guest speaker, but we're not usually this lucky.

We're not so sure that the idea of a Westercon in Seattle is a desirable one. If it means that all meetings from now until Whenever are going to be devoted to the machinations of organizing the thing (committees, fund-raising projects, publicity projects, etc.), the proposed Westercon is merely going to ruin the club completely as a hobby for people who are interested in SCIENCE-FICTION. Therefore, the Urge to Insurge.

Let's reopen the question: what do we want a Westercon in Seattle for, anyway? (a) It's fund to go to conventions; it would be nice to have one cheap and handy. WOULD IT, THOUGH? People who put on conventions are too busy, too harrassed, and too pooped to get any fun out of them -- basic tradition. (b) It would put the club on the map. WHAT MAP? Anyone who really wants egoboo through recognition in fandom can get it, merely by writing enough letters to enough fans, fanzines and prozines. If you want egoboo with some body to it, write and submit other material for fan and pro publication. One pro would give the club more "prestige" (whatever THAT is) without lousing up our meetings for the next two years. (c) Some people just naturally like organizational activities regardless of context. ADMITTED, BUT OTHERS JUST NATURALLY DON'T. The Insurgents don't mind a certain amount of organizational foofaraw if it doesn't get out of hand, as at present, and dominate the entire picture. If you like it, you go ahead and do it. We do object to having the entire meeting time given over to such projects, and we don't intend to get sucked into the melee ourselves to any great extent. Our quiet but fierce alligator pride precludes our selling tickets, cookies, or old shoes from door to door. We might buy a little, if it's anything we want.

You can have your committees -- but we want our SCIENCE-FICTION. OK?

Card received: Glenn & Marilyn Lasater will be in town first of the month --

"We're bring out a limited edition of ODD JOHN: OR THE THIRD RESTROOM."

"I'M NOT SURE WHETHER

HIS WORK IS MATURE - OR JUST RIPE!"

- O O G -
(WHAT IS IT?)

- O O G -
(WHENCE CAME IT?)

- O O G -
(WHAT IS ITS SINISTER INTENT?)

- O O G -
(WHEN IS IT COMING??)

- O O G -
(WATCH FOR IT)

- O O G -
(LISTEN FOR IT)

- O O G -
(YOU WILL NEVER FORGET IT)

- O O G -

- O O G -

- O O G -

- O O G -

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