

CRY OF THE NAMELESS, -- this is the 88th of these furshlugginer things: February 1956

EDITORIAL : Two score and four years ago our fathers' fathers brought forth upon this nation a new tax, conceived in desperation and dedicated to the proposition that all men are fair game. Now we are engaged in a mass of calculations, testing whether that taxpayer or any taxpayer, so confused and so impoverished, can long endure. We are met on form 1040. We have come to dedicate a large portion of our income to a final resting place with those men who here spend their lives that they may spend out money. It is altogether anguish and torture that we should do this. But in the legal sense we cannot evade, we cannot cheat, we cannot underestimate this tax. The collectors, clever and sly, who computed here, have gone far beyond our powers to add and subtract. Our creditors will little note nor long remember that we pay here, but the Bureau of Internal Revenue can never forget what we report here. It is rather for us, the taxpayers, rather to be devoted here to the tax return which the government has thus far so nobly spent. It is rather for us to be dedicated to the great task remaining before us: that from these vanishing dollars we take increased devotion to the few remaining; that we here highly resolve that next year will not find us in a higher income bracket; that this taxpayer, underpaid, shall figure out more deductions; and that taxation of the people by the congress for the government shall not cause our solvency to perish from this Earth.

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Published by the
NAMELESS ONES
Box 92
920 Third Ave.
Seattle 4, Wash.

Subscription:
one issue 10¢
two issues 15¢
nine issues 50¢
21 issues for \$1

DEPARTMENT OF FUNNY COINCIDENCES

(WHO-READS-WHAT-AND-'HY? BUREAU; or, A Picture is Worth a thousand words.)

In 1955 AMAZING, FANTASTIC, IMAGINATION, and IMAGINATIVE TALES adopted "action yarn" policies.

AMAZING became a monthly again. Circulations increased --- not only for the heroes ogling ripe-for-plucking wenches, but for the magazine too.

In 1955 the publication of horror comics was banned.

② A NEW LIGHT ON FLYING SAUCERS

by Norman Winslow

What ever happened to all those newspaper accounts about Unidentified Flying Objects?

Four to six years ago the dailies were full of Flying Saucer reports. So were national magazines. But lately these reports have dwindled to a mere trickle.

What, indeed, has happened? Have the reports themselves become infrequent? Definitely not. Numerous saucer books have been published during the past several years which include reports of recent sightings.

Two possible conjectures come to mind. Either the news services have decided that the case for the UFO has about run the course as a topical item, or the press services have been subjected to a heavy censorship by the government security groups.

The latter seems most likely to a local authority on UFO phenomena best qualified to comment on these matters. He is Robert J. Gribble, editor of the monthly FLYING SAUCER REVIEW, published here in Seattle.

Gribble banks his case upon opinions of a number of technically trained associates, with whom he maintains that

(a) saucers are following a predictable pattern of action.

(b) this pattern of behavior is not in accordance with contemporary scientific developments.

Further, assuming that security groups of one or more countries were aware of the fact that saucers were being developed within their borders, would they permit the saucers to be seen by citizens, not only within their borders but in many parts of the world?

Gribble says that from all the evidence he has investigated, the saucers are real and are "almost positively" non-terrestrial in origin.

The FLYING SAUCER REVIEW is the consequence of Gribble's sudden curiosity for saucer phenomena in the autumn of 1954. He had followed news accounts of UFO sightings for several years. But after reading one of the saucer books, he organized a club of UFO devotees. This was followed by a campaign of advertising for information about saucer sightings in newspapers around the country. The response was so great and so enthusiastic that his correspondence threatened to take up all his time.

The first issue of FLYING SAUCER REVIEW was dated January, 1955; the fourteenth issue has been distributed. It is mimeographed, runs about fourteen pages, retails for 30¢ per issue, or three dollars a year. Current circulation is about five hundred, a hundred of which are distributed to associates of the Civilian Flying Saucer Intelligence, an international organization of which Gribble is presently director.

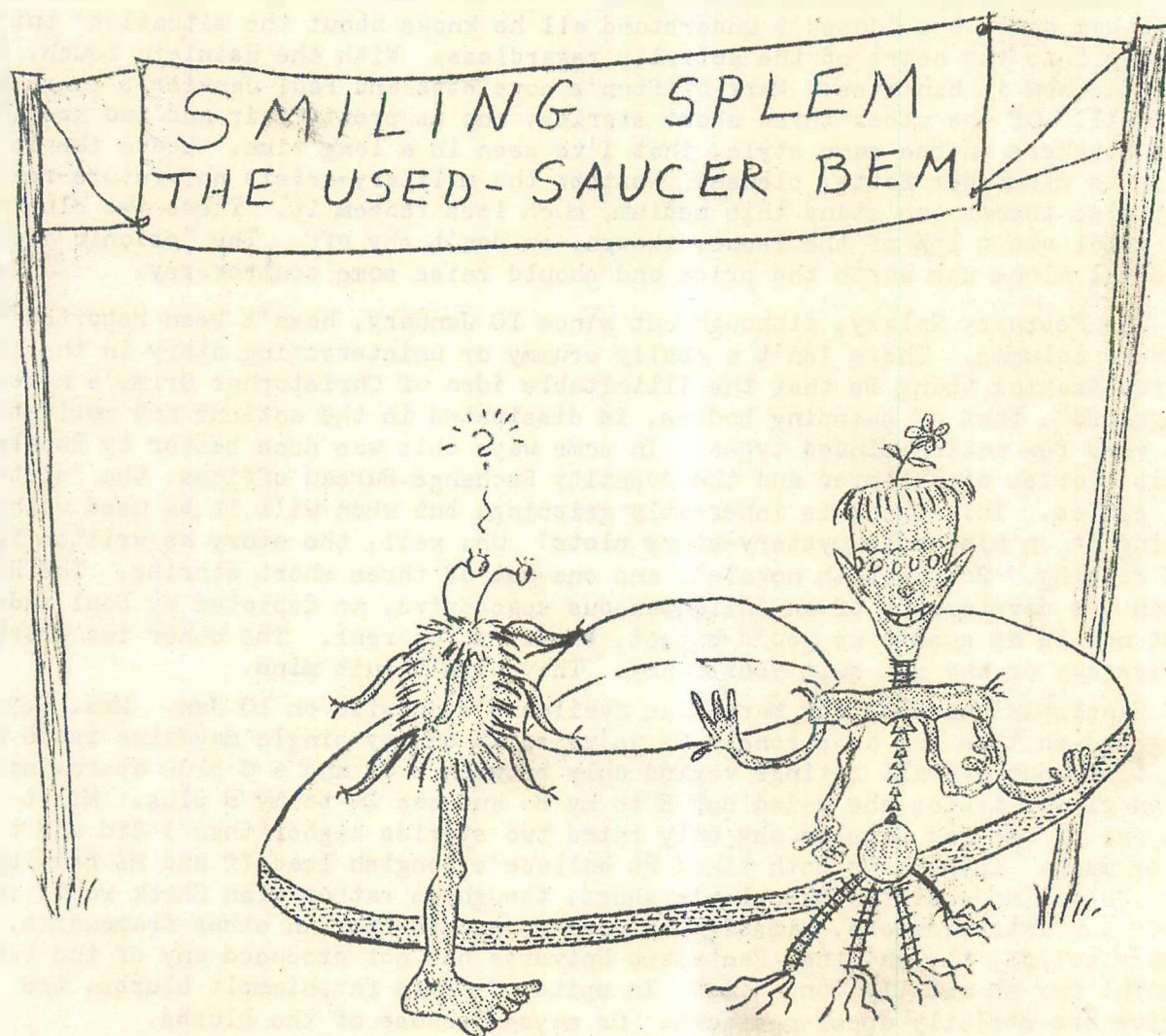
Asked about his editorial slant on his news coverage, Gribble admits he has none. His attitude is that his coverage is reliable---that his reporters are widely scattered and number over a hundred, at least eight of whom can be constituted as "investigators" in the literal sense of the meaning.

He reports that a number of saucer publications appear regularly, including THE SAUCERIAN and THE ORBIT, published in West Virginia and Ohio, respectively.

Back issues! Gribble says he still has copies for August and December, 1955, and January, 1956. (30¢, PO Box 441, Seattle 1, Wash.)

Gribble attended Franklin High School in Seattle, and served several years in the Navy. He is married, has four children, and is employed by the Seattle Fire Department.

And more important to the Nameless Ones, Mr. Gribble has tentatively promised to lecture upon some phase of UFO reports at a Nameless meeting sometime in the near future.



"THIS ONE'S A REAL BUY, FRIEND - ONLY 8,000 PARSECS ON HER, AND NEVER BEEN ANYWHERE NEAR SOL THREE!"

④

SCIENCE FICTION FIELD

FLOWED UNDER

by Renfrew Pemberton

Comes now the Word on the Word, dated 29 January, 1956. Sad to state, the heralded rescheduling of Galaxy, debated previously in these pages with Mr. Gold hiw own self, has still accomplished nothing in this area Beyond the losing of a December issue Beyond recall.

February aSF onstands about 16 Jan, received by us loyal subscribers 20 Jan: Heinlein, no less, is beginning what appears to be a top-grade serial. Though the idea dates back at least to "The Prisoner of Zenda". RAH has never been any slouch at putting new life into wellworn ideas. The viewpoint in this one is priceless. High plotting amongst international power politics, as told by a highly self-regarded ham actor who "doesn't understand all he knows about the situation" but who is flung into the heart of the activity regardless. With the Heinlein touch, I don't see how it can miss. Mark Clifton's novelette and Paul Janvier's short both read well. Of the other three short stories, one is pretty fair and two are the worst stinkers in the same style, that I've seen in a long time. Leave the letter-story to Alexander Botte, please. Neither the military-crisis nor future-reading-spectacles themes can stand this medium, much less redeem it. These two clunkers only total about 15% of the issue, though, so don't shy off. The "psionic machines" editorial alone was worth the price and should raise some controversy.

The February Galaxy, although out since 10 January, hasn't been reported before in these columns. There isn't a really crummy or uninteresting story in the issue. The frustrating thing is that the illimitable idea of Christopher Grimm's novella "Bodyguard", that of swapping bodies, is dissipated in the actions and motivations of a very few action-minded types. In some ways this was done better by Rocklynn in his stories of Hallmyer and the Identity Exchange Bureau offices; the "dirty job" series. This theme is inherently gripping, but when will it be used without wasting it on miniscule mystery-story plots? Oh, well, the story as written is good reading. So are both novelets and one out of three short stories. The REAL reason for development of an instantaneous spacedrive, as depicted by Poul Anderson might not be as cosmic as you'd expect, but it's for real. The other two short stories may or may not suit your fancy. They didn't suit mine.

Fantastic Universe for March was available standwise on 10 Jan. Mrs. P. and I disagreed on this one as strongly as we've split on any single magazine issue for a long time; our overall ratings varied only between a C- and a C plus approximately, but on single titles she rated one E to my B- and one D- to my B plus. Might have been one of her bad days as she only rated two stories higher than I did and then not by much. Anyhow, we both liked FL Wallace's longish leadoff and MZ Bradley's short, also (moderately) Sheekley's short, though we rather wish Sheek would exterminate Ace Exterminators, himself; he does so much better in other frameworks. Anybody notice, though, that Fantastic Universe has not produced any of the best material for an awfully long time? In spite of those farshimmelt blurbs, the stories are strictly upper-mediocre. Or maybe because of the blurbs.

RW Lowndes Science Fiction Stories came out 26 Jan, with Simak, Merwin, Lesser, two others, and departments. Never overlooking Randall Garrett's poetic par this time on "Caves of Steel". A reader screams at this sort of sacrilege while Asimov (and Bester, who was last sideswiped) both applaud Garrett. This issue

upholds my contention that the Lowndezines are about as diversified as any in the field today. Campbell runs to patterns, Boucher runs to patterns, Quinn runs to patterns which are mainly let's-overthrow-the-dictator, Margulies' nameless serf tries to beat the stories into a pattern with those verschtunkiner blurbs, but Lowndes along with HL Gold is dependable for variety. Doesn't seem RWL ever gets any of the absolutely top stuff but what he gets is usually solid stf. All this and a de Camp article and Damon Knight's peerless book reviews.

February 4th addenda:

Well, hoo-hah! The March Galaxy did get out on the last day of January-- maybe the new distributor is just breaking us in gradually or somesuch. Part One Anderson's "Slave Ship" manages to live up to the advance blurbs without giving away any clues at all to the story's gimmicks. Unfortunately, serial installments always seem to have to end on action crises whether or not they are integral to the plot line: maybe this one is and maybe not; we'll find out next month. De Camp redoes Bradbury's time-traveling dinosaur-hunters enjoyably but to little purpose. James E. Gunn's menace-to-a-balanced-society is also fun. Of the short stories, Gordon R. Dickson's is a refugee from SatEvePost, and Rob't F. Young's should be called "1983, the Prologue to 1984". Willy Ley gives a history of "hollow earth" theories and cults. Too bad this fine prozine is committed to dignity; a good letter-column would liven it up no end.

The March F&SF reached us in the mail Feb 1 and hit the stands a day later. Why is it that Fantasy House subscribers get early service and issues in good condition, while Street & Smith subscribers get their issues late and battered, like the husbands of Ogden Nash's Geraldine, who only got half a mint julep while other women's husbands got a mint julep and a half??? Ah, well-- only two reprints, and good new material: PoulA, Evelyn E Smith, ChadO, and, uh, others. De Camp articles the Rosierucians back under the rug.

MAD #27, Apr '56, now listed as quarterly, was emitted Jan 31 in these parts.

ACE Doubleback D-146 has Lee Correy's new "Contraband Rocket" with Murray Einstein's "Forgotten Planet", which is not the same story that led off a Standard mag shortly before Standard mags in this field went west. This one is based on a couple of his real oldies and one which appeared in SFplus. Apparently it is considerably rewritten, as it hangs together pretty well continuity-wise although the laws of physics are fractured in all directions. Anyhow, it's the first giant-insect story in years by an author who really knows his insects; no talking ants, philosophical bees, or etc.

Old "cosmos-crasher" Loki Fenris sequels his "Beyond the End of the Gods" with "Ragnarok Revisited". Resurrected again is Drasil, back to revenge the horrors inflicted on Ygg in the previous epic. Those who thrill to the Fenris treatment will not want to miss this one. But how to avoid it with the limited editions presently being offered?

Postscript, February 10th:

Old authors never die; they just fade away into blurbment. Frank Belknap Long must be the unnamed editor of Fantastic Universe because who else would use those gripping dripping blurbs of his? Or did everybody else but me already know this? Stanley Mullen's "Lair of the Phoenix" isn't quite as bad as the contrast with Long's lyric buildup makes it appear, but it's pretty awful in its own right. The hero's amnesia, which had prevented his effectively defending himself from a murder charge, lifts in small neat chunks with no explanation (and occasioning no surprise whatever to him), any time the author wants to tell the reader something about the farschimmelt situation which the hero hadn't previously been able to recall. These characters were carefully constructed of tinfoil, as cardboard

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wouldn't stand up too well on Mullen's Venus. This story is a slightly more literate and less sadistic version of "Beyond the Steel Wall", which recently nosed out "Sheriff of Thorium Gulch" for the title of "Worst Story in Modern Science-Fiction" in Pemberton's Pulp Poll of Positive Poopouts. Well, that's the worst story in the April Fantastic Universe, four of the nine remaining being downright good and the rest average. Alan E. Nourse gives another view of an esper's problems (logical kicker, too). F.B. Bryning competently handles a space-mishap crisis piece; it won't keep you on the edge of your chair but it's enjoyable. H. Nearing, Jr. has a Ransom-MacTate chuckler (and what's this doing out of F&SF, Mr. Boucher??). Eric Frank Russell packs a powerful kick in a shortshort. That's the cream. De Camp post-collaborates with Howard on another Conan bloody; how he does this I don't know. Can't imagine Sir Sprague the Puissant Debunker collaborating via a medium, but how else?

The April IF struck me as being about as level an issue as I've ever seen in any magazine. Nothing great and nothing stinking; six titles and all six stories are a bit above average, to me. And no two alike, which is really surprising from Quinn, one of the worst rut-getter-inners in the field, at times. I don't care for the cover but this is not from prudery; if the purty nekkid gal were enlarged about three times and put in the foreground, and Gorgeous George with the zap-gun reduced about onehalf and put in the BACKground---! This is the second overly Spillaneous cover on IF recently: what gives with Melvin? Is he mad at girls or what?

Has everybody read Lindler's "The Fifty Minute Hour", having sampled Boucher's slightly abridged version of the last episode ("Jet Propelled Couch") in F&SF? Recommended. While "Couch" all by itself read somewhat pompous-like, the effect of the entire series is much different. Lindler relates the analysis of a psychopathic murderer, a Communist, a compulsive glutton, a homegrown Fascist, and our friend Kirk Allen, Lord of the Galaxies. Any bets on the real name of "Kirk Allen"? We think maybe John Carter, but it's still wide open on the data as given.

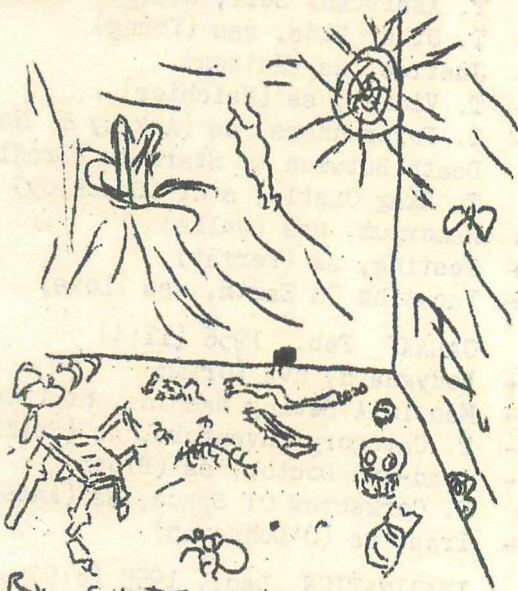
Incidentally, here is one of two discussions of ESP we have encountered entirely apart from SF and other "usual" sources of such. Lindler mentions with conviction an esperish ability to know at times what the patient's subconscious is trying to bring up for analysis. There probably aren't many psychoanalysts on the CRY's mailing list but dianetics veterans will recognize the phenomenon, no doubt.

The other unusual source of ESP data is "The Complete Dachshund" by M.G. Denlinger, shown to us by some friends of ours who are owned by dachshunds. In chapter one of part two of this book, under "Preliminary General Training", the author speaks of dogs communicating by and being influenced by "vibrations", "some form of thought transference". "-- throw all your will-power consciously around the dog to prevent him from disobeying you. It does make a great deal of difference in being master of the dog." It is further stated as the author's belief, that primitive peoples have greater use of this effect than civilized folk. He concludes this discussion by turning brusquely back to the purely mechanical aspects of training with "-- in any case, only a few people will agree with what I have said".

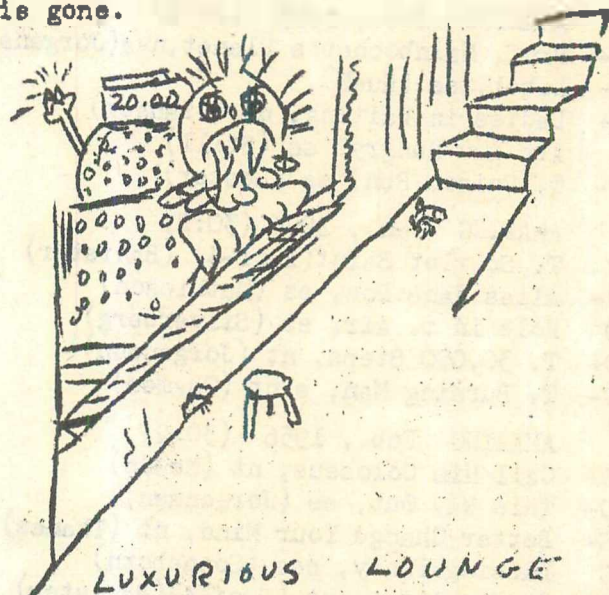
Well, it isn't that either of these examples are especially world-shaking, but it is interesting to come upon the subject in two such widely divergent fields. Or are they indeed?

As a last final ultimate desperate back-to-the-wall defensive maneuver in this deadly business of a PuCon: would it be possible to subtly and insidiously work upon the twisted motivations of the Other Club (they who are Truly Nameless as even the Nameless don't know much about them) and stimulate, provoke, deceive, or shame Them into staging a Convention? Of a certainty it would serve them jolly well right.

Sad Tidings Dep't: No, Fanetta, there IS no Ritz-Sourdough Hotel, after all, even tho it is listed in the Seattle phone book. Renfrew your host, mounted only upon his halfsoles, ventured into the 1600 block on 2nd Avenue of late and uncovered the bitter truth. There is building with a sign painted high on one brick wall, a lettered marquee, and a large dim lobby with lettered windows and doors, where a solitary pinball machine sheds a gibbous glow over the vaguely menacing interior ("feed it another, Jack; it's all lit up ready to pay off"). But none of the signs say "Ritz-Sourdough". Some of them say "Hotel Ritz"; others say "Sourdough Hotel". Frankly, I do not know what this means-- a hotel with a split personality? This should go great for a PuCon, maybe as great or greater than an authentic "Ritz-Sourdough" would have gone. But the thrill is gone.



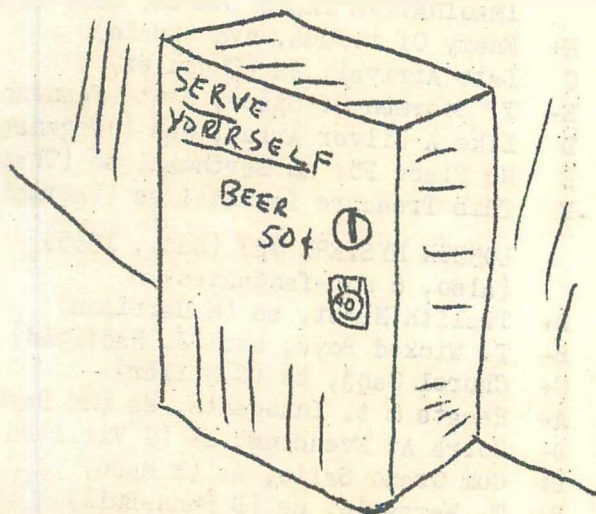
LUXURY SUITE AT THE
RITZ-SOURDOUGH.



LUXURIOUS LOUNGE
AT HOTEL RITZ-SOURDOUGH

BUT LOOK

FELLAS:

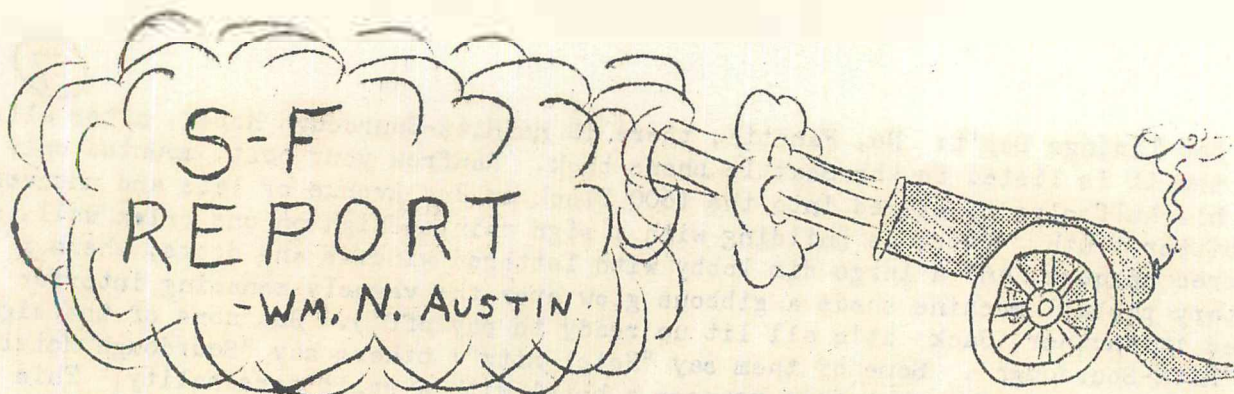


DELUXE COCKTAIL BAR
AT THE RITZ-SOURDOUGH
Lounge



HOUSE DETECTIVE AT THE
RITZ-SOURDOUGH

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AMAZING Dec., 1955 (29:7)

- D- Prof. Mainbocher's Planet, nva (Jorgensen)
- C- Libel, ss (Rush)
- E+ Ladies in Waiting, nt (Granger)
- C Are You Hungry? ss (Still)
- C- T. Poison Pen, ss (Lesser)

AMAZING Jan., 1956 (30:1)

- C T. Scarlet Saint (1-of-4) (Banister)
- C- Alias Jane Doe, ss (Mathieson)
- D Hole in t. Air, ss (Silverberg)
- D+ T. 30,000 Steps, nt (Jorgensen)
- C- T. Burning Man, s nt (Thames)

AMAZING Feb., 1956 (30:2)

- D+ Call Him Colossus, nt (Meade)
- D- This Way Out, ss (Jorgensen)
- E- Better Change Your Mind, nt (Thames)
- C Passing Fancy, sss (Sonneborn)
- C- T. Scarlet Saint (2-of-4) (Banister)

ASTOUNDING Feb., 1956 (56:6)

- A- Double Star (1-of-3) (Heinlein)
- B Clerical Error, nt (Clifton)
- B- T. Last Thousand Miles, ss (McLaughlin)
- B Silent Brother, sss (Rhein)
- C+ T. Prisoner, ss (Anvil)

FANTASTIC Dec., 1955 (4:6)

- D All Walls Were Mist, nt (Fairman)
- D Madam, I Have Here, ss (Jorgensen)
- D- T. Man Who Could Read Minds, ss (Toland)
- D- He Took What He Wanted, ss (Thames)
- C Between Two Worlds, nt (Lesser)

FANT. UNIVERSE Feb., 1956 (5:1)

- B+ T. End of t. Journey, s nt (Cooper)
- C+ Grandma's Lie Soap, ss (Abernathy)
- D Shades of Davy Crockett, ss (Pratt)
- C T. Man Who Had Spiders, ss (Dee)
- C+ Passage To Anywhere, s nt (Merwin)
- D+ T. Vapor Horn, ss (Lewis)
- C+ A Woman's Right, ss (Silverberg)
- B- For Men Must Work, ss (Bryning)
- C Young Man With a Trumpet, sss (FB Long)
- C- The Cybernetic Kid, ss (Jakes)

More next page.....

FANT. UNIVERSE March, 1956 (5:2)

- B- T. Assistant Self, nva(nt) (Wallace)
- C+ T. Other Kids, sss (Young)
- C- Justice, ss (Hutton)
- C- T. Vidiot, ss (Melchior)
- C- T. Forerunners, ss (Arkaw & Henig)
- B Death Between t. Stars ss (Bradley)
- C T. Skag Castle, s nt (Sheckley)
- C+ Memorium, sss (Wells)
- C+ Testing, ss (Ferrat)
- D+ Vacation On Earth, sss (Lowe)

GALAXY Feb., 1956 (11:4)

- C+ Bodyguard, nva (Grimm)
- B- Man In A Sewing Machine, nt (Stecher)
- B- T. Category Inventors, nt (Sellings)
- C- Dead-End Doctor, ss (Bloch)
- B T. Corkscrew Of Space, ss (Anderson)
- C- Trap, ss (O'Donnevan)

IMAGINATION Dec., 1955 (6:9)

- D T. Day t. Sun Died, nva (Galouye)
- C T. Underground, s nt (Dickson)
- D+ Martyr's Flight, ss (Searls)
- D Not In t. Script, sss (Marmor)
- C- Selling Point, ss (Arkaw)

IMAGINATIVE TALES March, 1956 (3:2)

- E+ Enemy Of t. Qua, nva (Swain)
- C Late Arrival, ss (Chandler)
- E- T. Doormen Of Space, s nt (Tenneshaw)
- D Like A Silver Arrow, sss (Jorgensen)
- E No Place For An Earthman, ss (Thames)
- E This Treasure Is Mine! ss (Fairman)

LONDON MYSTERY #27 (Dec., 1955)
(also, 6 non-fantasies)

- B+ Twelfth Night, ss (M Harrison)
- B- T. Wicked Boys, sss (J. Hadfield)
- C+ Churel Ganj, ss (C Miller)
- A- Hecate & t. Innocents, ss (MM Bayne)
- B- Cobra At Evensong, ss (G Villiers)
- B+ Cum Grano Salis, ss (F Mace)
- B+ T. Werewold, ss (D Penn-Bull)
- B+ T. Smallest Guinea-Pig, ss (P Pardigon)
- A- Desert Excursion, ss (L Grafftey-Smith)

SO TURN PAGE - C'MON TURN THE PAGE -
AW PLEASE TURN THE PAGE -!!

OTHER WORLDS Nov., 1955 (#35)

- D- Reckoning From Eternity, nva (Annas)
- C When I Grow Up, ss (Wilson)
- C+ Cosmic Circus Tent, ss (Hoch)
- B- Paradox Lost, ss (Arr)

OTHER WORLDS Feb., 1956 (#36)

- D- Daughter Of Doom, nva (Annas)
- C Space Is For t. Young, ss (Tabakow)
- C T. Immortality of Prof. Bickerstaffe, sss (Caravan)
- C- T. Big Noise, ss (Hunter)
- C T. Phantom Milkman, ss (Vance)
- C T. Strangest Man In t. Universe, nt (Fontenay)

S-F QUARTERLY Feb., 1956 (4:2)

- C Think No Evil, nt (Warner)
- B Why Should I Stop? s nt (Budrys)
- C+ Honor, ss (Wilson)
- C Elected, sss (GH Smith)
- C- Love Me Again, ss (C Emshwiller)

S-F STORIES Jan., 1956 (6:4)

- B- Giants In t. Earth, nov (Blish)
- C+ T. Last Chance, sss (De Mille)
- B+ T. Instigators, s nt (Banks)
- C+ Shrine Of Hate, ss (GH Smith)
- C- Stranger, sss (Harmon)

Report Participants (open to anyone who reads current science-fantasy magazines and paperback publications)

WN Austin
DA Austin
E Busby
FM Busby
RH Drummond
HF McKinnis
RD Keller
B Toskey
WW Weber

Ratings

- A Excellent
- B Very Good
- C Good
- D Neutral
- E Below Average
- F Rather Poor
- G Poor

Compiled by WN Austin

Box 969
920-3rd Ave.,
Seattle 4, Wash.



- HOLOCAUST -

⑩ fanzine reviews
-by amelia pemberton

BOLIDE Vol. 1, no. 1, Box 7311, N.T.S.C., Denton, Texas, 15c

This zine is put out by four college students, Don Powell, Barry Barnes, Leonard Young, and John Lambert who are weird fantasy fans. It is aimed at lovers of Lovecraft, Derleth and Clark Ashton Smith. I do not like weird fantasy --- Bolide is not for me.

The mimeography is clear and easy to read. The one cartoon was somewhat amusing. One story, "The Day the Devil went to Church" by Leonard Young, I found tolerable. It is not so much a story as a synopsis of a story, and could be quite rollicking if worked out at much greater length with description, characterization, dialog, and like that.

FANTASY-TIMES, Fandom House, P.O. Box 2331, Paterson 23, New Jersey 10c copy, \$1 for 12, is always interesting and worth reading for fans who like to be in the know.

PSI Vol 1, no 6, Lyle Amlin, 307 E. Florida, Hemet, California. 10c copy, 6 for 50¢, trades welcomed.

Stories, pome, picture & description of mechanized Pogo Stick, book review (of "The Demolished Man", forsooth, not very behind the times) letters, editorials, fanzine reviews, and other articles. Twenty-three pages of not-too-bad writing, generally speaking.

SCANSION no. 39, Sydney, Australia.

This is a letterzine (huh?) not a proper fanzine at all. It is put out weekly by a fan group down under whose actual name is never stated. It consists of one sheet of paper mimeographed on both sides.

TRANSURANIC, The Journal of the Carolina Science Fiction Society, Charlotte, North Carolina, October 21, 1955.

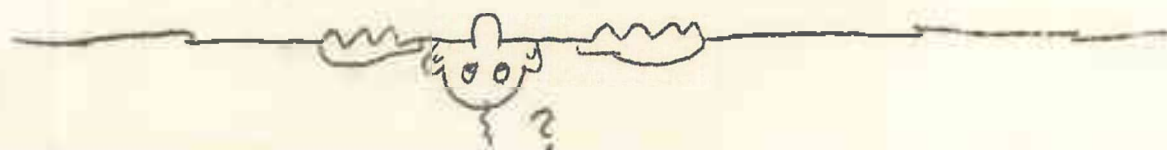
One sheet of paper, dittoed on one side.

TRANSURANIC, The Journal of the Carolina Science Fiction Society, December 16, 1955

Three sheets of paper! First, pleasant sf parody of "Night Before Christmas." Also contains "The President's Message" by Robert A. Madle, book review, one magazine (Nebula) reviewed by two people, minutes of the last meeting, which sounded a little like ours -- "Old business took only 35 minutes, since there was no old business to discuss" ---

TRANSURANIC, The Journal of the Carolina Science Fiction Society, Vol. II, No. 1. Editor: Al Alexander, Apt. 8, 2216 Croydon Rd., Charlotte, N.C. Published biweekly, 5¢ copy, 4 for 25¢

Three pages. This is turning out to be a very, very fine fanzine. In fact, it reminds me a great deal of the CRY.



(FANZINE REVIEWS , continued)

TRANSURANIC, The Journal of the Carolina Science Fiction Society, Vol. II., No. 2. Still edited by Al Alexander as above, but this time they don't say how much it costs.

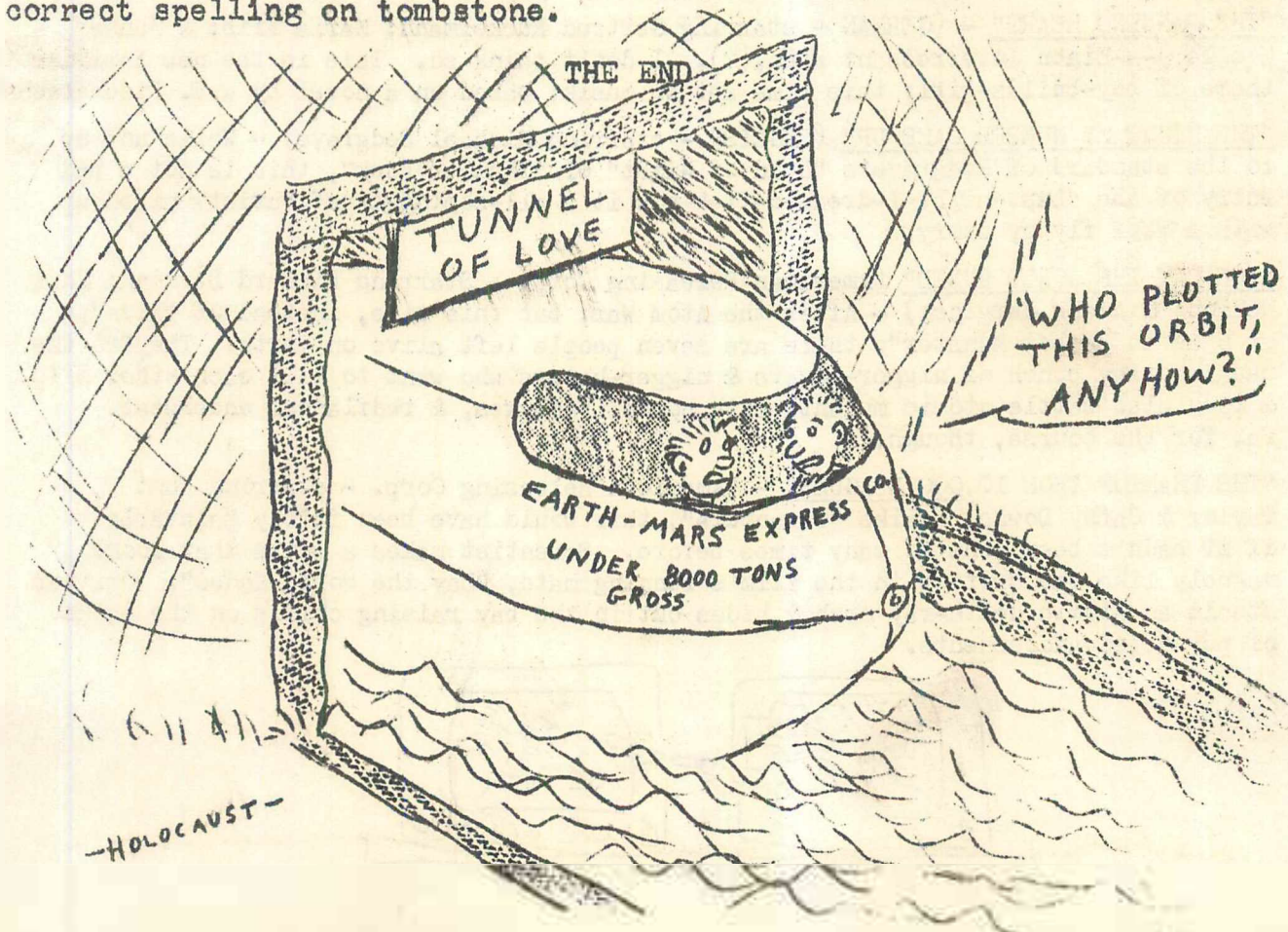
Reminds me ever more and more of CRY. O fortunate TRANSURANIC! They have a fine gimmick for a clubzine: each issue they introduce one member of the club, this issue, Randy Warman, who is also represented by an article "The Woman of the Future".

This article is quite interesting. He claims that women of today are suffering from loss of function as domestic-maternal women, and in the future will have a different function altogether, that of being the conservative, dependable sex, who are "charged with protecting, expanding and running society, and also of keeping an eye on the erratic males..."

MINDRO (formerly Eisfa) Vol. IV No. 1, published monthly by Robert & Juanita Coulson, 407 1/2 E. 6th St., North Manchester, Indiana. 5c, or 12 for 50c. This issue, 10c.

This is a special issue. It is 36 pages long, and has stories and articles by Robert Bloch, Betsey Curtis, Eugene DeWeese, James Adams, Hal Annas, and Jack Daniels. Also represented are Robert Coulson (editorial and poem), Lee Hoffman (reprinted Credo), Juanita Coulson (artwork and editorial--this one much more coherent and interesting than the last one of hers I read), and by Thomas S. Eaton "Labor or Not Labor" which is sort of a cross between a movie review and a parody thereof. Also letters to the editor.

All in all, this is an excellent issue. The fan fiction is definitely much better than tolerable, the articles are generally interesting, the artwork is handsome, and the cartoons humorous. Of cartoons, liked best Adams' ghostly arm reaching up from grave to correct spelling on tombstone.



⑫ S-F IN TV AND MOVIES:
-ELDON K EVERETT

Among the "spectaculars" upcoming on TV in near months are - "DON QUIXOTE" starring Desi Arnaz - (some people persist in calling it fantasy) & "DYBBUK" - The demoniac-possession story which may star Orson Welles.....Sol Lesser is looking for a releasing outlet for the latest Gordon Scott film "TARZAN & THE LOST SAFARI". This new apeman pic was filmed in color in Africa & England & utilizes a new Swiss widescreen 3-D principle.Mickey Rooney has signed a 7-year contract with NBC-TV to star in a series called "LUCKY THE LEPRECHAUN". This is about a 200-yr. old sprite which lives in a yew tree.Rooney will also take over Donald O'Connor's post in the next "FRANCIS THE TALKING MULE" movie. It seems that Donald & Chill ("The Voice") Wills are getting sick of the animal. They aren't the only ones.....Roger Creed stars in the new tv film series "THE PHANTOM" based on the newspaper cartoon strip by Lee Falk & Wilson McCoy. Oldtimers will recall that the late Tom Tyler played the role in moon pitchers....Betty ("Life With Elizabeth") White is to star in a new series titled "DREAMS OF MRS. ANGEL" a sort of female "Walter Mitty" program.....Allied Artists is making a reportedly s-f pic titled "ATOMIC MAN". It stars Faith Domergue & Gene Barry.....Following in the footsteps of "Top Secret", TV Screen Productions is producing a series of 15-minute s-f tv films. The series is titled "ADVENTURES IN TIME & SPACE" & will be "exciting space opera"(?)Cambridge Productions Inc. is going hogwild with an "adult" tv film series to be titled "TO THE STARS".....KTVW informs me that they are dropping the SPOOK SHOW series in a short time, after its 3d rerunnings. Those of you who have gamely pursued the series will know that there were some pretty lousy films involved, but I think we do owe them a vote of thanx for presenting such top-flite items as "Passing Clouds"; "Nite Comes Too Soon"; "The Monkey's Paw"; "Mystery of the Marie Celeste"; & a couple of others...

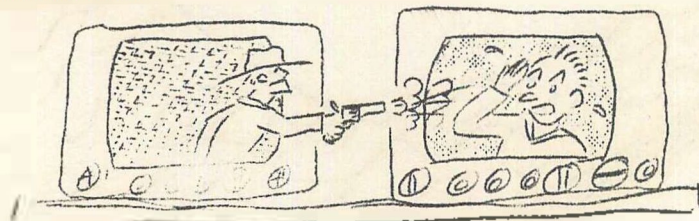
FILM REVIEWS:

"THE DANCING HEART" - (GERMAN - starring Gertrud Kückelmann; Maria Fris; & Gunnar Moeller)---Einen Interessant Kino.(?). I don't think so. This is the new familiar theme of boy-builds-girl; this time set to musik; based on a novel by W.F. Fischelscher.

"THE NIGHT MY NUMBER CAME UP" (ENGLISH - starring Michael Redgrave) - While not up to the standard of Redgrave's "Dead of Night" or "Thunder Rock", this is not a bad entry of the "Last-night-I-dreamed-it-& now it's all-coming-true" variety mixed up with a WW#2 flyboy story.

"THE DAY THE WORLD ENDED" (American Releasing Corp. - Starring Richard Denning; Lori Nelson; & Adele Jergens;) - After the Atom War; but this time, instead of "Five", or 6 as in "Robot Monster"; there are seven people left alive on Earth. They're the usual motley bunch of n----- lovers & n----- haters who want to kill each other off, & they also battle atomic mutants with horns, VanDykes, & redflannel underwear. Par for the course, though.

"THE PHANTOM FROM 10,000 LEAGUES" - (American Releasing Corp. - starring Kent Taylor & Cathy Downs) - Like "Tarantula", this would have been fairly palatable if it hadn't been done so many times before. Scientist makes a mutie that looks vaguely like the critter in the film's running mate, "Day the World Ended". Critter steals an atomic death-ray mech & hides out in the bay raising chills on the backs of perverted adolescents.



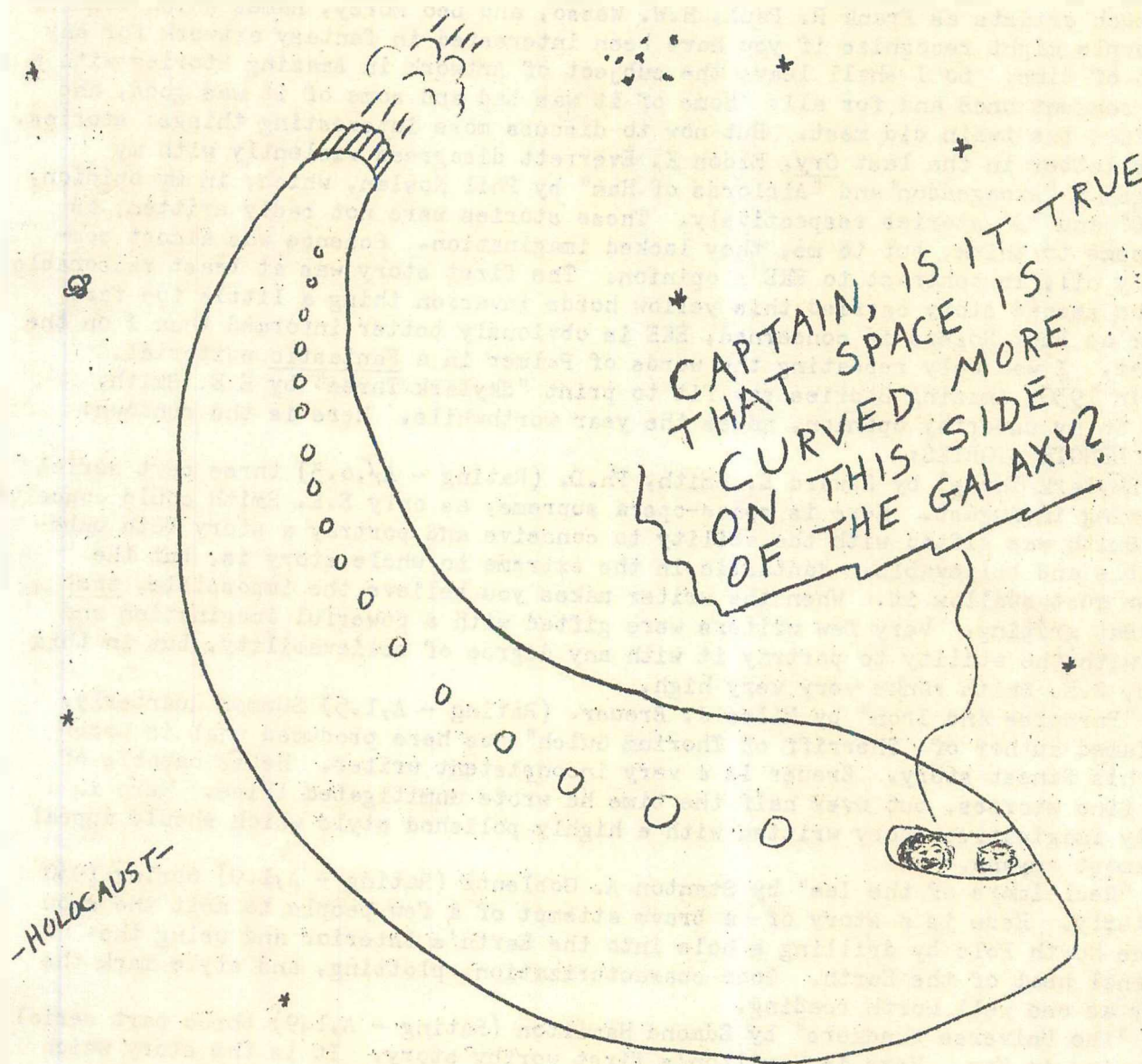
(STF IN TV AND MOVIES, continued)

"THE ADVENTURES OF CAPT. AFRICA" - (A Columbia Serial - Starring John Hart). This one has been around for several months. I just haven't bothered. I've been a serial fan since way back, but this one shakes me. It's pieced together out of scenes from two old fantasy serials (Gilbert Roland's "Desert Hawk" & Tom Tyler's "The Phantom"). John Hart, one of tv's two "Lone Rangers" (The other is Clay Moore), plays the masked mystery man who roams the jungle following tips revealed in his magic crystal ball. Not especially recommended. (13)

"SPOOK SPORT" - (CANADIAN FILM) - The well-known abstract artist of the cinema, Norman McClaren, has here produced a fascinating study about ghosts, spooks, & vampires who trip through their paces to the stately treads of Saint-Saen's "Danse Macabre". Those of you with 16mm film projectors who might be interested can rent it from Ted Nemath Studios - 729 7th Ave. New York 19, N.Y.

LITERARY DEPARTMENT: Kudos to "Magazine of Fantasy & S-F" for instituting their new "Science Screen" dept. Rather than following 4sj's policy of endlessly listing what will be released in 1963, herein we get honest & entertaining reviews of new & forthcoming films.

THE END



AMAZING IN REVIEW

By Burnett R. Toskey

Part V, 1930

For some reason which I can't at the moment understand, this series has been met with comment, both verbally and in print. The learned Eldon K. Everett has commented twice, and, in the last Cry, he commented at some length. Other local people have given me various interpretations of their reactions. One criticism I have received from several sources is the fact that I avoid descriptions of the cover and interior artwork. To tell the truth, I pay very little attention to the interior artwork, but, as I recall, during the Gernsback-Lynch-Sloane era of Amazing Stories, the interior artwork illustrated the stories. This practice, of course, has been wholly exploded since that time. As a result, interior artwork in Amazing Stories before 1938 was not overly artistic. The covers were usually colorful, with such artists as Frank R. Paul, H.W. Wesso, and Leo Morey, names which some of you people might recognize if you have been interested in fantasy artwork for any length of time. So I shall leave the subject of Artwork in Amazing Stories with a final comment once and for all: Some of it was bad and some of it was good, and sometimes the twain did meet. But now to discuss more interesting things: stories. In his letter in the last Cry, Eldon K. Everett disagreed violently with my ratings of "Armageddon" and "Airlords of Han" by Phil Nowlan, which, in my opinion, are "C" and "D" stories respectively. These stories were not badly written, as EKE seems to think, but to me, they lacked imagination. Science was almost completely nil, in contrast to EKE's opinion. The first story was at least reasonable but the second story carried this yellow horde invasion thing a little too far. As far as Buck Rogers is concerned, EKE is obviously better informed than I on the subject. I was only repeating the words of Palmer in a Fantastic editorial.

In 1930, Amazing Stories saw fit to print "Skylark Three" by E.E. Smith. This, in my unworthy opinion, makes the year worthwhile. Here is the rundown: NOVEL LENGTH STORIES:

"Skylark Three" by Edward E. Smith, Ph.D. (Rating - A⁺, 0.3) three part serial beginning in August. Here is space-opera supreme, as only E.E. Smith could conceive it. Smith was gifted with the ability to conceive and portray a story both unbelievable and believable. Fantastic in the extreme to whole story is, but the reader must swallow it. When the writer makes you believe the impossible, that is great writing. Very few writers were gifted with a powerful imagination and also with the ability to portray it with any degree of believability, but in this group, E.E. Smith ranks very very high.

"Paradise and Iron" by Miles J. Breuer. (Rating - A, 1.5) Summer Quarterly. The famed author of "Sheriff of Thorium Gulch" has here produced what is probably his finest story. Breuer is a very inconsistent writer. He is capable of very fine stories, but over half the time he wrote unmitigated tripe. Here is a highly imaginative story written with a highly polished style which should appeal to almost anyone.

"Reclaimers of the Ice" by Stanton A. Coblentz (Rating - A, 1.9) Spring 1930 Quarterly. Here is a story of a brave attempt of a few people to melt the snow at the North Pole by drilling a hole into the Earth's interior and using the internal heat of the Earth. Good characterization, plotting, and style mark the story as one well worth reading.

"The Universe Wreckers" by Edmond Hamilton (Rating - A, 1.9) three part serial beginning in May. Here is Hamilton's first worthy story. It is the story which earned him the title "Universe Wrecker Hamilton". It is a bit prosaic, perhaps, alongside of "Skylark" or even some of Hamilton's later stories, but it is nonetheless a fine story showing skill and imagination.

AMAZING STORIES IN REVIEW (continued)

(15)

"The Flying threat" by David H. Kelber. (Rating - A,1.9) Spring Quarterly. Here is a short novel of humorously maddening proportions, complete with the type of villain Don Wilcox later made famous.

"A Modern Prometheus" by Cyril G. Wates (Rating - A,1.9) Fall Quarterly. A good well-plotted story. Nothing outstanding as to style, but is very enjoyable.

"The Drums of Tapajos" by Captain S.P. Meek (Rating - B,2.0) three part serial beginning in November. Many others rate this story considerably higher than I have. The reason for this is probably because I didn't like it any better than I did, although a "B" is not exactly what I would call a low rating. It is pretty much straight adventure, interspersed with fantasy. If high priests and native rites are your dish, this one should fall the bill.

"Beyond the Green Prism" by A. Hyatt Verrill (Rating - B,2.0) two part serial beginning in January. The sequel to "Into the Green Prism" and a little anti-climactic after the enthusiasm poured into the first story. However, the Verrill touch is there, which is a good thing.

"The Green Girl" by Jack Williamson (Rating - B,2.3) two part serial beginning in March. Many people rate this story higher than I do. It is a reasonably good story, reasonably well done, though nothing outstanding. It is significant in SF history as being Williamson's first long story.

"White Lily" by John Taine (Rating - B,2.6) Winter Quarterly. Taine was a writer of various capabilities. Sometimes he wrote his story well, and sometimes he wrote it poorly, but he had, essentially, only one story to tell. This story is one of his weaker efforts, but good enough in its way.

"Solarite" by John W. Campbell, Jr. (Rating - C,3.2) November

"The Black Star Passes" by John W. Campbell Jr. (Rating - C,3.5) Fall Quarterly. I will no doubt be condemned to the fires of eternal damnation for rating stories by Campbell at the bottom of the heap like this. Campbell in my opinion is not a very good writer. I have never read anything that he has written that impressed me overly. He has a very good sentence structure, but this is available in any grammar book. In my opinion Campbell has no sense of characterization or of plot, or of any of the characteristics which are necessary to a good story. Some of his ideas are reasonable, but that is about all I can say for him. I apparently am in the minority on this stand, for the letter columns were strewn with eulogies. SHORTER LENGTH STORIES: "B" rating.

"Tani of Eldis" by Aladra Septama, Winter Quarterly. What the real name of this author is I have no idea, but the quality of his stories ranged from extremely mediocre to only fair, with the exception of this one story, which is so different from the other stories in the same series as to defy comparison. This is a beautifully written, poignant, and highly imaginative story.

"Dr. Immortelle" by Kathleen Ludwick, Fall Quarterly. Letter critics panned this story up one side and down the other, but I thought it to be a fine story.

"The Prince of Liars" by L. Taylor Hansen, October. A good adventure yarn.

"The Astounding Enemy" by Louise Rice and Tonjoroff-Roberts, Winter Quarterly. A giant insect story, but one of the better ones.

"C" STORIES:

January: "When the atoms Failed" by John W. Campbell, (First story)

February: "The Ice Man" by William Withers Douglas

"The Radio Robbery" by Capt. S.P. Meek

"Vitamine Z" by William Lemkin, Ph.D.

March: "The Ship that Turned Aside" by G. Peyton Wertenbaker

"The Gostak and the Doshes" by Miles J. Breuer

"The Mordant" by Merab Eberle

April: "The Feathered Detective" by A. Hyatt Verrill

~~XXXXXXXXXXXX~~ "Rhythm" by Charles Cloukey

May: "Synthetic" by Victor Endersby

"Madness of the Dust" by R.F. Starzl

"The Ivy War" by David H. Keller, M.D.

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AMAZING STORIES IN REVIEW (continued)

June: "The Non-gravitational Vortex" by A. Hyatt Verrill

"Piracy Preferred" by John W. Campbell, Jr.

July: "Flamingo" by Clarence Edward Heller

August: "The Last War" by Capt. S.P. Meek

September: "The Troglodytes" by Fred M. Barclay

"The Passing Star" by Isaac R. Nathanson

"The Translation of John Forsythe" by Edmund W. Putnam

October: "The Man Who Saw the Future" by Edmond Hamilton

"The Dynasty of the Blue-Black Rays" by Milton R. Peril

"The Man from the Moon" by Otis Adelbert Kline

November: "The Cosmic Express" by Jack Williamson

December: "The Eclipse Special" by William Lemkin, Ph.D.

"The Second Missile" by Ed. Earl Repp

Winter Quarterly: "The Dirigibles of Death" by A. Hyatt Verrill

Summer Quarterly: "Monsters of the Ray" by A. Hyatt Verrill

"The Princess of Arelli" by Aladra Septama

Fall Quarterly: "Boomerang 'Round the Moon" by David H. Keller, M.D.

There were an unusual number of "E" stories for 1930, and you may well note the significance of the fact that three of them were written by the same author.

If you value your time, steer clear of these "E" stories:

March: "Lanterns of God" by Robt. A. Wait

April: "Remote Control" by Walter Kately

May: "The Pea Vine Mystery" by A.L. Hodges

"The Dead Sailor" by A.L. Hodges

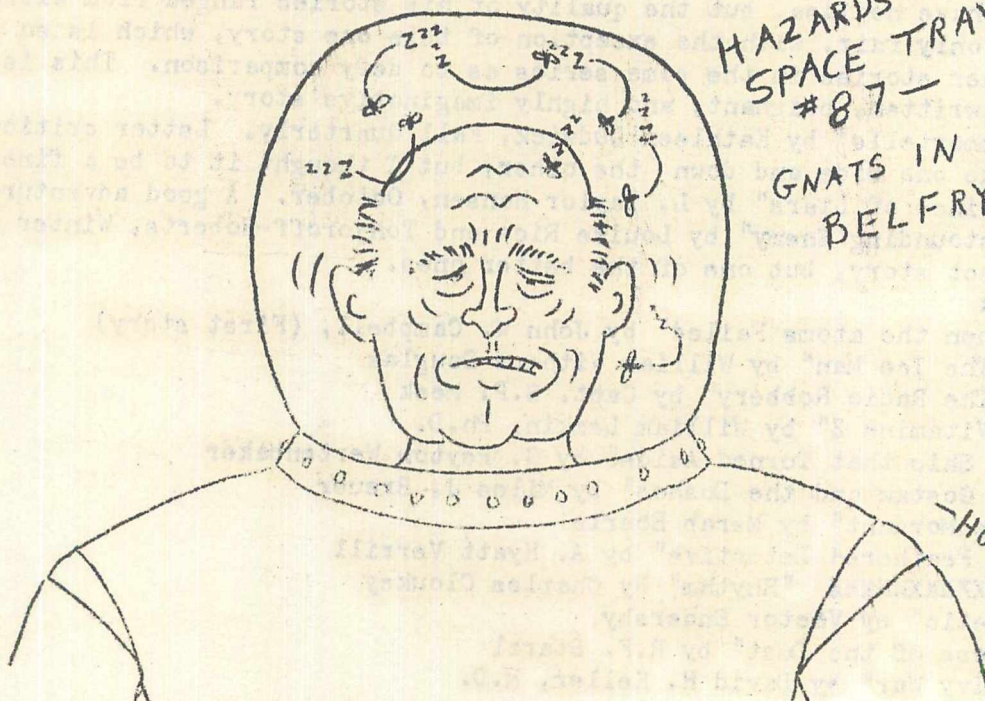
July: "Paradox" by Charles Cloukey

August: "The Mystery of Professor Brown" by A.L. Hodges

"South Polar Beryllium, Limited" by Peter van Dresser

Stories not mentioned in any of the above classifications are, one and all, "D" stories. For your information, this includes "The Metal Horde" from April and "The Voice of the Void" from the Summer Quarterly, by John W. Campbell, in case you are one of those who worship at the shrine of Campbell.

END of part V



HAZARDS OF
SPACE TRAVEL
#87-
GNATS IN THE
BELFRY

-HOLOCAUST-



"ONE BEM'S OPINION-"

By Otto Pfeifer

Having got one column under my belt, I managed to get up enough nerve to attempt another one.

Starting on an old subject, meaning the convention. The nameless ones finally got the ball rolling by setting up a committee to discuss the subject. Anyone wishing to volunteer for this committee might do so by getting in touch with either Wally Weber or Burnett Foskey. One of the aims of this committee will be to find out how many want to put in a bid for the next convention. It was brought up at the last meeting that conventions have a habit of killing off a club. This could be merciful as far as the nameless goes; this I will dwell upon in a short while. Getting back to the convention, in my last column I said I wasn't crusading for one. Maybe I should change that. More and more it seems to me that we have to put one on. The need to revitalize science-fiction in this area is great. If you pay particular attention to our meetings of late you may agree.

They label our group at the Y.M.C.A. as the Science-Fiction club. This is a laugh; if anything that is brought up even remotely resembles science fiction, it happens through sheer chance. This last meeting was a bit of an improvement over the past few meetings. We set up two committees, more than we have done for quite a spell. Moreover, our meetings have degenerated to the level of a "tea and crumpet" society. You will probably ask why do I attend the meetings if I feel this way? One reason is because whatever its faults might be, the club has several redeeming factors.

The most important factor is the hidden potential of the members. All we have to do to bring this element out is set up a definite program for our meetings or organize a club project such as the convention. We all have a lot of fun and enjoy ourselves at each meeting. But let's set some time aside each meeting night to seriously discuss science-fiction. I am not the only member who feels this way. It has been suggested that we set up a club consisting of Nameless Members and call it a science-fiction club. If something isn't done soon there will come a day when the meetings will consist of two or three people getting together to pass the time of day.

That's about all of this column for this issue. Don't forget that Feb. 15th is the last day you can vote for your candidate to attend TAFF. Let's hope we make it.



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CRY OF THE READERS

by YOU-ALL

First off we have a letter from our prozine reviewer, Renfrew Pemberton. It's addressed to me, but I think you'll notice the contents are aimed more at another of our columnists, Eldon K. Everett. And so long as your subscription is paid up, nobody should object to you reading this. - WWW

Dear Wally,

Seems a shame to let the air out of a budding feud just because there is no basis for feuding, but here goes. Attention Don Everett; we are not actually plotting to saddle you and your fellow Tacofen with a Convention; that was supposed to be a FUNNY. The gag is that Convention-mention takes all the fun out of Nameless meetings, which then degenerate into a ghastly welter of organizational hoopla and serconnery. Conventions are swell but planning and staging them seems to be pretty horrible, so "Wouldn't it be nice if..." was the wistful thought. You and the Tacofen, in general were named as patsies solely by virtue of being the only nearby out-of-towners well known to the Nameless. So you can relax now -- unless, of course, you really would like to be?? No, I guess not.

The other dither: as Wally commented, your CRY #86 letter had the 'gang' scratching hard, looking for the "FDR slant" you deplored in previous CRYs. For one thing, the wording of your letter led us to think it was a pro-FDR bias to which you were objecting. We couldn't find it. Your CRY #87 letter and paid adv (or was that a gag by the #87 editors?) corrected this misapprehension. So we looked some more but can't find any anti-FDR tinge either; in fact it appears the CRY has been thoroughly ignoring the man, along with some thirty-odd other U.S. presidents. It looks to us as if you have quite a pedestal under FDR and are more than somewhat touchy about it, all of which is your privilege. (It happens that I don't share your enthusiasm to any great extent, which is my privilege and also is neither here nor there.) You are welcome to run paid ads to eulogize people you admire or for any other purpose that won't get us in bad with the Post Office; if there is one thing the CRY can use it is paid advertisements, subscriptions, and outright donations. In short, money.

The only things I can find in recent CRYs that could be remotely related to FDR by someone trying hard to make such an association are the "dictator" whimsey, some of the cartoons, and Wally's little nudge about the gov't refusing to move Thanksgiving for the convenience of the Nameless. Well, none of this stuff was intended to refer to national politics in any respect; I was around when CRY #85 and the Thanksgiving half-cry (Dithyramb) were flung together and there was no Peglerite tinge to the thinking of the group at all. "Dictatorship" is an old gambit with the Nameless (see "Dictatorial Policy", CRYs #64-67) and Wally is having some fun with it. So are the rest of us. The Holocaust cartoons in this connection are supposed to be Hitlerian or Peronistic caricatures of Wally, culminating in the #87 photographic cover; trouble is, poor ol' Pierpont doesn't always have too much success in making a caricature resemble the caricaturee to

- I HEARD THAT -! - HOLOCAUST

any great extent, so has to obtrude labels with the drawing, etc, to put the point across at times.

Personally, if I found reason to take large slams at FDR, or anybody else, living for dead (or throw praise at 'em, either) under fannish auspices, I would probably do so. But I agree with you that fannish preoccupation with politics (or religion, or astrology, etc) to any great extent would take most of the fun out of fanning, so why do it? As mentioned, I don't think there has been any political taint to the CRY except what you have read into it yourself, but if you still think your original plea had basis, why not tell us specifically what you found offensive? It's pretty difficult to do much in the way of giving satisfaction on such generalized complaints, either by explanation, apology, or I-said-it-and-I'm-glad, which-ever might apply. But what is "btfn", friend?

Stfcly yours,

Renfrew Pemberton

The "paid advertisement" in CRY #67 was editorial imagination. But, speaking of Eldon, here is a letter from that gentleman on a far less controversial subject. -- WWW/

Dear Wally,

Enclosed is the column for the next issue of the CRY.

I certainly wish to express my thanks & those of my comrade Mr. Skuja for the entertaining convention which turned up as a result of the NO Tacoma trip. It was an experience that I'll not soon forget.

Some background notes for those who may be interested..... I was rather flabbergasted when I got the king-size CRY & learned that there was to be an expedition into the wilds of Tacoma. From a note enclosed by Mal Willits I was informed that 4 people were coming, & I sent my O.K. back over to Seattle via Ivars Skuja. Plans called for us to get together at Mr. Skuja's house. On Friday Nite, Ivars returned to the City of Desolation & informed me in glowing terms that there were to be some 30-odd people arriving en masse to present me with a bomb. Ivars & I spent most of Saturday searching outdoor swimming pools & beer-gardens (plus additional hotels & other dens of ill repute) for a place to hold this confab. On this short notice we were able to secure the use of the 2nd floor of Clarence J. Sevdv Jr.'s house(?). Not having been in the bldg. for several years, I did not know exactly what the accommodations were, other than that they were large. Someone else will undoubtedly comment on how that turned out. While there are a dozen or so fen in the Tacoma area that I am acquainted with, relatively few of them are interested in clubbing about, as I found out in my ill-fated club venture, ergo there were only around 4 people who might have been willing to attend as delegates from Tacoma. Busily devoting myself to telephoning madly throughout the night I came up with a number of scintillating facts. One of them had married & gone to California; another pretended not to recognize me; & another managed to get his young daughter infected with mumps in time to squirm out of attending several hours before we were set to go.

Nonetheless, this was certainly a milestone for Tacoma scifiction fandom. There were more fen in Tacoma that Sunday than at any time since the Communist riots in the '30's. I certainly appreciate the trouble & expense which the Nameless put into the venture & I shall retaliate by attending a meeting sometime during the next year. (or 2).

A note of congrats to Mal, Otto, & John for that last CRY. That was an even huger milestone. A never-to-be-forgotten experience.

(20)

In transit: Kamerad Clarence J. Sevdy, Jr. A/3c----A.F.19529660-----U.S.N.H.
C.S.-Co.9-56----U.S.N.H.-San Diego Calif. reports that he hasn't received the last
6 issue of the CRY. Was machst du?

O yes---Wally---be sure to let me down for prints of those pix you shot over
here. Those should be real gassers.

Stfectionatelyours-----

Eldon K. Everett

/The Nameless are truly sorry we forgot the bomb we had planned to deliver to
you. Victor Stredicke was particularly sorry since he had to de-activate the
timing mechanism when we got home. -- WWW/

/I guess science fiction clubs get all sorts of strange mail. Take this
letter we just received. The return address was identical to the one
used by Clyed Bacon, except that instead of being from Clyed Bacon it
turned out to be from somebody named Goodwin. Well, read it and see for
yourselves. - WWW/

Dear Gang,

(With a full-fledged dictator - what else?) That certainly was a wonderful
Cry you put out this last time. For a minute there, I was a little confused --
thought it was Sinisterra and someone had slipped up and named it Cry, but upon
perusal, discovered it actually was what it was named, photograph and all. Sooo--
congratulations on a super-duper issue.

I suppose the rumor has reached you by now, that I have married again. I
told Flora I was planning on it since my new husband is a Doctor of Scientology
and in San Francisco, the thing flourishes, nasty word or not, so why hide it?

I finally met a gal who helps run a Science-Fiction club down here but we're
still waiting to hear from her as to when they hold their next meeting. Their
group doesn't seem to be as flourishing as ours.

And what do you know, we may get a chance to attend a Science-Fiction Con-
vention in Seattle one of these days. That will really be something! Keep
working at it -- this I've GOT to see. (The above information I gathered from
the minutes in the Cry.)

We're enjoying some beautiful, sunny days after all the rain we've had,
thank heaven. I moved down here to get away from the everlasting rain -- at least
that was one of the many reasons -- but I guess you can't have winter down here
without the rain. We had to take a trip way up into the mountains to find any
snow, tho, and then we found plenty. But it was fun.

How soon does my Cry subscription run out? I have a feeling I should be
renewing it.

CLYED

(Mrs. Russell Goodwin)

/I don't know whom you are, lady, or what you've done with Clyed Bacon,
but you seem to know a lot about us. Since it seems that Mrs. Bacon is
no longer with us, I'll see that her remaining CRY subscription is turned
over to you. At the moment, that subscription will conclude with issue
#100, which will be the February 1957 issue if we don't skip any months.
If you contribute articles, letters, or suchlike to the Cry for publica-
tion, you'll get some free issues in addition.

Congratulations to you both on the wedding. We'll miss Clyed Bacon, of
course, but two members in exchange for one isn't bad at all. - WWW/

Seventeen Nameless members straggled into the downtown YMCA building on Feb. 2 in time to hear dictator Weber declare the 146th meeting in session.

Club secretary Willits then read the minutes of the previous meeting, which were then disapproved by the club. How the hell was the secretary supposed to know that Joan Stedman was an old-time member?

Immediately following came a unanimous vote to get to the serious part of the meeting - namely the grand opening of Toskey's cake which he had "specially baked for the club". With great suspense & drama he slowly untied the string around the box. A troublesome knot kept the club breathless. Then, with great flourish Toskey lifted up the box, turned it upside down, and.....something resembling a petrified tortilla crashed to the table. Crys of dismay rent the room. A Pogo-type bug chased Toskey around the room crying "Destroy a son's faith in his ther, will you?" When the din died down it was generally decided that what lay on the table was not a cake; that Toskey had probably gotten it by following a horse for a couple of hours. Movements to eject him bodily from the club were squelched only by the introduction of the real refreshments - also supplied by Toskey, which consisted of huge squishy chocolate eclairs and candy and cake donuts.

A show of hands was asked for on how many members present actually read science fiction. Surprisingly, almost all present raised their hands.

There was a report from Jerry Frahm on the attempt of the Nameless to find a free meeting place acceptable to all. He listed several sites, but the net result was that the YMCA was still the best location. Curiously the club did not move to accept the offer which the City of Seattle made Malcolm Willits of the use of the public latrine on 1st & Yesler. It was decided that the cost of knocking out the wall to make it co-educational would be prohibitive, plus having total strangers drop in for brief periods would be disconcerting.

There was some discussion on starting a membership drive in the form of mimeographing cards to place in the SF prozines on all the newsstands. It was decided that this idea would not be feasible because it would entail some work, which is against our constitution.

Otto Pfeifer & Malcolm Willits asked club permission to pay for & place an ad in the University Daily advertising our club & the next meeting. The request was granted.

Elinor Busby brought up the subject of Allen E. Nourse and inviting him to attend (and address) a Nameless meeting. Otto Pfeifer volunteered to make a personal call on this famous SF author and make a personal plea for his attendance.

It was moved by the club that as President Weber had been paying for the Cry out of his own pocket without presenting a bill, the club should give him \$20.00 as partial payment for his past outlay. This completely emptied the poor treasury, but was worth it as a humanitarian act.

Ivars Skuja then took the floor and invited the whole club to Tacoma for that Sunday. He painted such a rosy picture of wine, women, & song, that 12 members lustily signed up. The poor Secretary got the job of integrating the affair, which took the planning and patience of a D-Day invasion.

The members, stuffed with chocolate eclairs and sobered by a remark made that we were really not a science-fiction club, left for home at around 10:15.

THE TRUTH ABOUT THE TACOMA DEAL.....being an unbiased account of the Seattle-Tacoma Science Fiction Convention

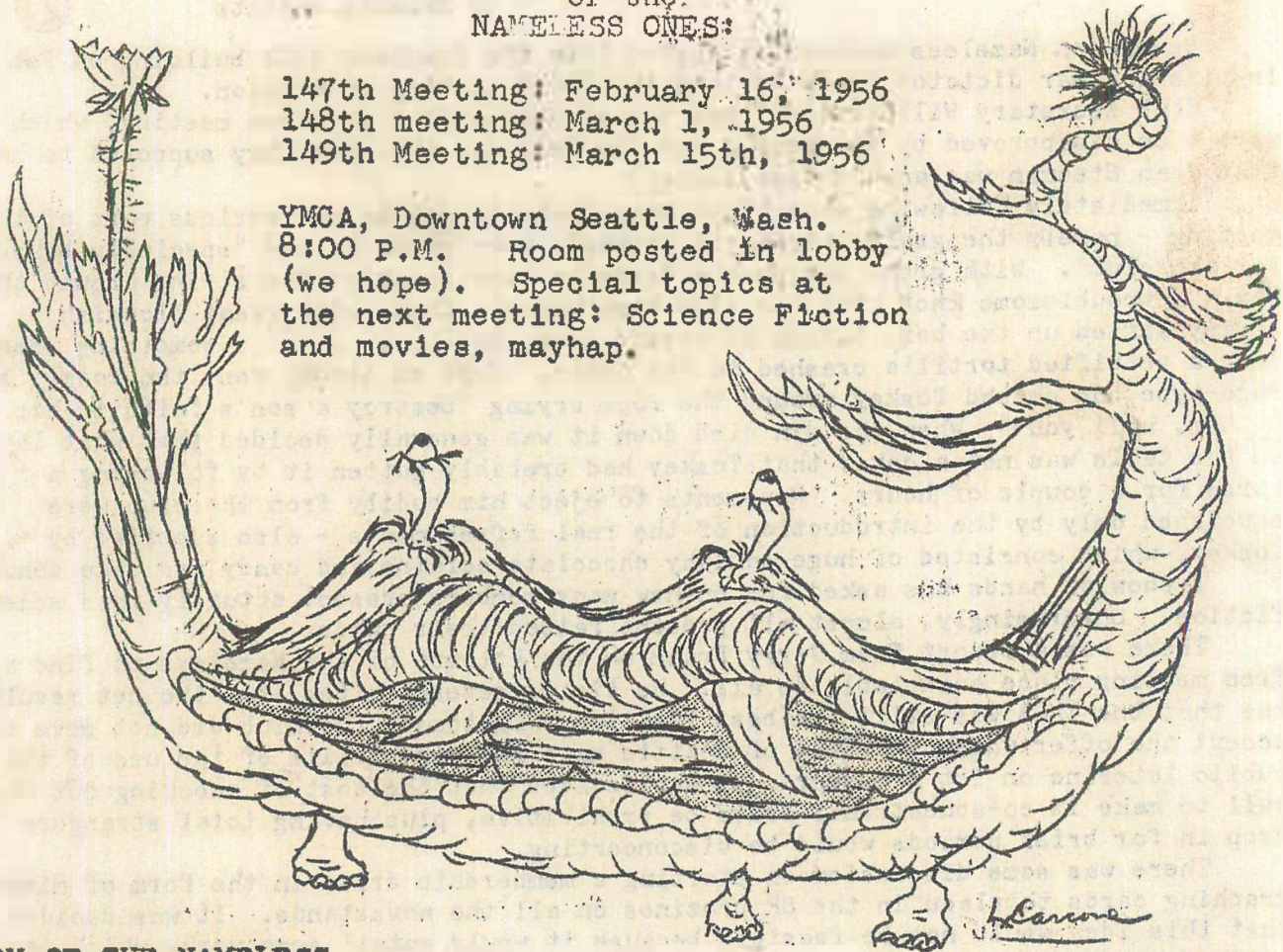
What part did Eldon K. Everett really play? What behind the scenes manipulation did Ivars Skuja perform? Does Victor Stredicke really have a hole in his head, or does he just act that way? Why did Burnett Toskey decline to attend at the last minute? Does F.D.R. really stand for "Fannish Disgust & Revulsion"?.....and like that!

Don't miss this sensational expose by Malcolm Willits Next Cry (no kidding)

FORTHCOMING MEETING
of the
NAMELESS ONES:

147th Meeting: February 16, 1956
148th meeting: March 1, 1956
149th Meeting: March 15th, 1956

YMCA, Downtown Seattle, Wash.
8:00 P.M. Room posted in lobby
(we hope). Special topics at
the next meeting: Science Fiction
and movies, mayhap.



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