



CRY
of the
NAMELESS
#100 - FEB '57

(Combined with
CRY #50)



CRY
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of Seattle's Nameless Ones, Box 92,
920 3rd Avenue, Seattle 4, Washington.
Available on subscription at the scant
pittance of 10¢/issue or \$1.00/year.
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PUBLISHING DIRECTOR Wally Weber
EDITORS THIS ISSUE F.M. & Elinor Busby
DUPLICATION ENGINEER Burnett R. Toskey
ADVERTISING MANAGER William N. Austin
Remember: Cry of the Nameless is:
"Stencilled in Seattle by Sadiats!"

Special Credit: Interruption by Mikki McDaniel & caravan enroute to Wa Mee Club.

Oh, there's no use stalling— on, on, to the TABLE OF CONTENTS

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Actually, Mikki stopped by to invite US to go along to the Wa Mee for a few tall strong ones. Why does this sort of thing happen only when we're in the toils of a 52-page issue, 47 of which have marks on them by intent and the rest by offset?

It would be a great feather in our cap if we could get this whole thing out without mentioning the upcoming meetings of the Nameless at all, but Toskey would probably hang himself— the CRY began as a meeting notice pure and simple; now it is commercialized and simple. At any rate (25¢ a meeting or \$3 a year for our semimonthly meetings):

173rd meeting: Thursday Feb 21st, 8pm, Room 4122 Arcade Bldg (2nd Avenue between University and Union Streets, west side)

174th meeting: same deal only March 7th (it's 1st & 3rd Thursdays).
GET AWAY FROM SCIENCE-FICTION— come to our meetings, from which all the irritating interest has been removed. Become a candidate for Nameless

Anonymous, with its world-infamous cure for coffesholism. Bring a friend— we need one.

I'd better get off all this local-interest before Rog Phillips chews us out again.

Wasn't that "Duplication Engineer" title for Toskey a lucky thought? How else to say in that limited space that he turns the crank, carries the whip, and actually reads old Amazings, all for the greater glory of the CRY?

THE FIRST HUNDRED CRYs ARE THE HARDEST?

In a way the 100th issue of any publication is a Big Deal. In fact, back in August '53, CRY #50 was a Big Deal. That's why Elinor & I volunteered to edit #100-- because #50 became so Big that it was never published at all. Plans to produce some of the material originally submitted for #50 were reluctantly dropped when we found it had all been discarded a year ago in some fannish housecleaning or other. Consequently our dedication of page 2, justifying the cover blurb.

CRY #100, that you now hold in your own two or three hands, is heavily infiltrated with historical data concerning Seattle Nameless publications and other doings best left to molder in peace (I only hope Rog Phillips never sees it).

We have an article by G.M. Carr, the originator of the CRY or vice versa. Also a piece by Wally Weber on how he utilized the CRY for three years as an excuse for postponing ZOBBLER (the Reluctant Fanzine) #2. I forget what he used for the next two years but maybe he'll tell us about that also. Hope he doesn't mention how much the Nameless would owe him for publishing and mailing expenses if he ever presented a bill. The Pembertons are to review pro- and fanzines respectively, and Toskey will reminisce over FA 1940, which should break up the Old Home Week mood a little bit. Otto Pfeifer complained that the Old Spacehound tried to turn SERIOUS on him for a page or two, but Otto has him back in the ~~the~~ groove now, so watch out. Norm Winslow swears this issue will go the way of CRY #50 and has submitted a prognosticative tale to prove it.

Heaven knows what else you'll run onto in here if you have stamina. We tried for a Portfolio of full-page illoes from every available Nameless who has ever drawn for TNOzines, but some were more elusive than others. We did get plates from Delcie Austin, G. M. Carr, Lorenzo Garcone, and 'pont Holocaust. Del just missed being a Charter or Founding Nameless for a couple of meetings (I mean by, not for). For quite some time she was badly addicted to marrying male Nameless, but after a good look at the present crop has decided to settle for Bill. A wise move, withal.

I don't believe I'll libel any more of our artists until the dust settles.

We point out the fact that starting with #75 the first 12 subscription-issues of the CRY (it used to be for free) averaged 17 pages; the last 12 averaged 26 (not counting blank sides in either case). We point to this with wild surmise and faint alarm.

When the CRY went subzine, G.M. Carr was horrified. What business did the Club have doing a thing like that, she said: the CRY was not a generalzine and had no business going sub. Now, 25 issues later, we look back and say:
-- H O W - R I G H T - S H E - W A S !

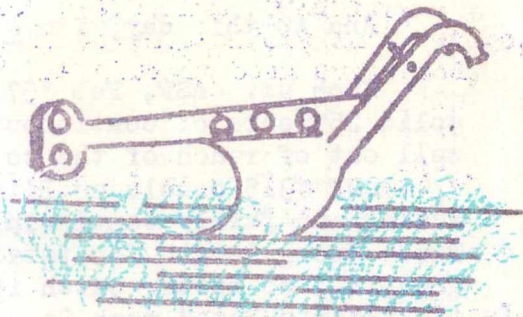
WHAT HAPPENED TO THE GIRL ON THE "PLANET" COVER or, THE HERO ARRIVED TOO LATE!

Alas for the girl on the PLANET cover
The Hero arrived too late to take over.
The BEM was successful this time instead,
When the Hero arrived she was already wed!

(Poor little BEMlet, purple and squiggly,
In your Earthmother's arms resting happy & wiggly,
A Blue BEM's your daddy, your mother is pink--
It's lucky you aren't polka-dotted, I think!)

-- G. M. Carr

THE S-F FIELD PLOWED UNDER



by Renfrew Pemberton

I'm a little Plowed-Under, myself. Whereas a year ago this dep't covered an average of six prozines out of a monthly production of nine or so, present figures are more like nine and thirteen— the zines I read by choice are now producing at a rate of 110 per annum. This would be fine if the quarterlies and bi-monthlies didn't tend to bunch up (17 issues hit us in December). It takes nearly half a page to do much more than "It stinks" or "I like it" for the stories in a given issue, so that anything like full coverage of the field is 'way too long for some of our correspondents.

There are several alternatives to the problem, all questionable:

- (1) Cut wordage enough to handle 4 or 5 zines per page.
- (2) Discuss, say, only the Top Five (whichever THEY are for a given month).
- (3) List everything in order of my own estimate of quality but discuss only outstandingly fine or poor material.
- (4) Gafiate.
- (5) Continue as is until the paper and postage breaks the Club Treasury.
- (6) Request suggestions, as I'm doing here (in order to save effort and postage, it should be mentioned that "Drop dead, Pemberton" has already been suggested, considered, and rejected as a solution).

So???

This 100th CRY is nothing but fraught with historical significance and who am I to buck the trend? "PLOWING" began as a oneshot squib entitled "Views and Reviews" in CRY #81 for June '55— next month we bought the Plow. This was done somewhat in reprisal for Rog Phillips' first (of two) reviews of our Minutes to the exclusion of the rest of our zine, to the point that CRY was purely local-interest— seemed to be a fetish with him for a while there. Well, except for CRY #84 (I was at Kodiak, where the prozines arrive a full month late) the Plow has scored regularly, this being the 19th furrow. Just to show you that we were not always the dull SerConnish types we are today, here's how that first squib wound up:

"Well, I guess it's about time for the commercial: all you people go out and buy some prozines, because actually prozines have made a certain contribution to Fandom even though they don't have any great merit, on the whole, but after all we have to go along and make these pros feel good, just out of the bigness of our souls. We have to encourage these pro writers and editors so that they don't get discouraged and drop out of the field altogether, because after all many pros have grown in stature and gone on to become fans if given sufficient encouragement, and we don't want to cut off the incubator of potential fans, do we? So that is why we condescend to review these fumbling amateurish prozines and tell them they stink and suchlike. There is really nothing like the glow that comes to the heart of a pro editor when somebody secure in his fanhood leans down and warmly tells this poor struggling pro "You stink". It is things like this that make one believe in the essential goodness of the human race.

THEY I -- believe!"

And to this day, I'm still in favor of prozines, even for fen.

Such as: aSF, Feb '57, winding up Vol 58, aSF #315 — 19 to go for a solid 25 years of continuous monthly publication, a record which WWII put well out of reach of the competition.

aSF #315 concludes Blish's two-sectioned "Get Out of My Sky", an interesting and fairly convincing tale with the psionics theme developed in Part Two. Wrong length for paback — too short to go alone and too long for grouping, so better catch it here unless you wait for somebody's version of the "Year's Best" each St. Swithin's.

Piper's lead novelette "Omnilingual", concerning archeology on Mars, is very well worked out except for the weakest punchline of the decade: "Heretofore archeologists have dealt only with pre-scientific cultures." This has all the impact of a burst soap-bubble in a billiard game. Can't understand how Campbell let 30-odd pages of buildup go down the drain thataway, after H. Beam went to all the trouble to develop believable characters and pin distinguishable names on them (not one of his strong points, usually).

The 3 shorts, by M. C. Pease (a wry twist, encompassing little, on esp), Stanley Mullen (with a better one), and Budrys with a postlude to the Eglin War and the AID, the development of which highlighted a story three or four years ago.

Article, editorializing, and Brass Tacks will fascinate many and bore others; I generally find a lot to think on around here but mainly neglect to follow up on the thinking.

I was going to skip AMAZING for awhile (til after the serial, anyway) but Roger de Soto cross me up and reviewed the CRY again (#94) in the Feb. AS. So I bought it AND the Jan issue which had just been removed from the stands but not sent back yet, so as not be left with a lone second-installment. What a goof that was — not that the Jan issue stunk as a unit, but that serial! Anyway, we have

AMAZING, Jan 57: "Quest of the Golden Ape", part one, perpetrated by Ivar Jorgensen and Adam Chase. Dunno who's Jorgensen these days but one thing is for sure — this is the same writing as "Behind the Steel Wall" (ascribed to James Ira Kendahl) — the pretentious wordiness, the absurd non-sequiturs, the overdrawn and arbitrary emotional passages, and the same predilection for characters saying to one another "Homer Murgatroyd (or whoever), you are a strange man." Mighod, if he's in one of THESE stories he's downright peculiar, ipso facto.

The author actually deserves a vote of thanks — it is hard to find anything that is so pleasurable to dissect with a dull blade. I offer but one quotation: "There were no isolated continents ... all the dry surfaces being connected by wide passages of land through the continuous ocean." Topology will be set back a good twenty years.

This stuff must be available at little or no cost, possibly left over from Browne's regime (or the janitor may be plagiarizing it from the editorial wastebasket on his lunch hour), because the rest of the issue isn't bad at all for light reading, indicating that Fairman really has better taste. Ellison's "Savage Wind" pulls a couple of tremolo stops in a comment on us through alien eyes. Leslie's "Reluctant Genius" and Slesar's "Heart" aren't exactly new, but competent enough, appearing positively brilliant by contrast with the serial. Jarvis' "Before Egypt" is largely action and insufficient else.

The Feb AS continues "Ape", there being no honorable way to drop the thing in the middle.

The lead novelette, "Equation of Doom" by Gerald Vance (who dat?) is much better than the title, and absolutely unrelated to the cover blurb ("This World Died Screaming") which is a Good Thing. "Equation" even has IDEAS in it, and would rate well in the majority of today's prozines. "Home is Where You Left It", credited to Adam Chase, is a sort of transplanted soap opera episode, done better than it deserves. Robert Moore Williams' "The Next Time We Die" (by golly, here's ONE real-name author, anyhow), a little on the mystic side, needs the giveaway title and blurb not at all. The idea that Bob is talking about r-e-i-n-c-a-r-n-a-t-i-o-n comes through all right without them. "The Deadly Decoy" is another telegraph title on Clyde Mitchell's action-suspense piece, but it doesn't completely give away the rather neat gimmick.

And good old Roger leads his "Revolving Fan" column off with CRY #94. We surely appreciate this, although it seems like the hard way to sell an extra copy or three (now, you see, I'm stuck for the March AS because I have to see if "Golden Ape" can possibly get any worse).

Oh well, I enjoyed most of the short stories, and as for "Ape", there's a certain morbid pleasure in seeing just how revolting a story can get and not jam up the printing-press.

SPICY SPACE STORIES (officially "VENTURE") #2, March 57: actually was not as spicy as #1, with only Rose Sharon's "The Lady Was a Tramp" and "Walter Miller's "Vengeance for Nikolai" unmistakably on the sexy side. A couple of the others might be called "mature" but that's about as far as it goes. Tom Godwin's "Too Soon To Die" is a Great Comeback piece, not altogether convincing but thoroughly consistent. As in "Cold Equations" he is rough on women; anytime somebody goes down to bloody death, mostly it's girls. How come?

Then the Sharon item, based on the controversial article (F&SF) a few months back, on Sex-in-Space; Rose Sharon considers the polyandrous solution. Gordon Dickson has a rather grim bit: "Friend for Life". I've used "grim" for deprecation at times; not so on this one. Here's it's not grim for the sake of grimness but for the sake of the point the story makes, and it's pretty much for real.

Leigh Brackett is represented by "The Queer Ones", an aliens-in-our-midst-er that held interest while reading but hasn't too much to say. Not quite up to what I was expecting from VENTURE, seems to sum it. Fontenay (the "Z" man) puts much more loving care and beautiful gimmickry into "Blind Alley" than the end(ing)-result merits. Lovely plotting, deserved a better total effect. In 1939 I learned from the filler-shorts in STARTLING that the super-scientific heel is ALWAYS trapped into a sticky end by his own foul machinations; Fontenay muffed his chance to vary this routine and revive my faith in the Law of Averages.

"Vengeance For Nikolai" is just about as mature as you can get in a family magazine. The ripeness, however, is not gratuitous for sensationalism; it is integral with the plotline. Miller has an unusual story here in several respects. For one, the poor Russians are suffering atrocities from the barbaric Americans. I don't interpret this to mean that Walt has us pegged for the Bad Guys and hooray for Krushy; rather he inverts the trite-becoming formula, for effect. He gets it, and makes a number of points along with his rather ingenious gadget.

If you read only part of the field and could stand to expand, try VENTURE.

SCIENCE FICTION STORIES, March 57: the large news is that SFS will go monthly in the near future. To me this is good news, providing RWL has and can maintain a backlog of stories in the high-quality fashion he's built up to in the last year or so.

The first serial will be announced in the May issue; presumably the 12/yr schedule commences shortly thereafter. It appears I've mentioned previously that this chain of zines occasionally crowds toward inclusion in the "Big Several" ("Big Three" is no longer exact or constant for divers reasons); as a monthly, SFS can dig in and make a real challenge. This I intend to enjoy.

"Salt Lake Skirmish", the novelette (Richard Royale) is not the most appropriate material. Too much action, particularly the banging-around of the hero in the best Private Eye tradition. If Royale is a for-real new writer, which is likely on a Lowndes contents-page, his upcoming stuff may turn out all right indeed. Takes time.

Garrett's "Saturnalia" (we're into the shorts now) deals with crises on heavy-planet satellites. "The Quest" by Abraham Stern shows yet another hazard in the conquest of space; hmm, could be. "Galactic Gamble" by Eando Binder (missed you, boys) is a neat switch — how do you make a planet of morons into a going concern?? I don't exactly believe it but I like it. "Dark of the Moon" (Bryce Walton) deals with the Anti-Science tendency, not conclusively but with a very human touch. "To Have and Hold Not" is a Winston Marks story touching on incurable diseases, suspended animation, and a couple or more people with problems; might get just a little too noble in spots, for some (my esophagus is still stretched out of shape a little from trying to swallow the ending) but he shapes it well. Gordon Dickson's "Tempus Non Fugit" is another example of wasting a fine potent gimmick; the Wodehouse plot and the "funny" ending did not utilize the possibilities to best advantage.

Quite a few of the critical notes this time seem to be second-guessing; stories went well at first reading but did not stand up to later examination. Maybe this is too much nit-picking; fairness could demand first-impression comments. But who wants to sound like a flack? Read on.

Editor Lowndes discusses the communication problem of stf — he wants to print stories that don't require ten years of Fanhood as a prerequisite, and discusses the effect of cult-jargon on expansion of a field (with analogies to hi-fi, for one). If you're planning Lowndesales it would pay to check this editorial.

Debunker deCamp articles "The Decline of Alchemy". He also handles the "Parodies Tossed" department with "All the Latest Improvements", a Gilbert and Sullivan takeoff concerning robots. Doubtless it's choice if you know the tune, but being unfamiliar with most of G&S I query whether the dep't may not be approaching the limited-interest or cult-jargon category. Hmm?

GALAXY, Mar 57: This entire issue suffers more than a little from a very poor job of blurbing, ranging from giveaways to a complete mislead that cheats you into expecting a clincher on the Sturgeon story; it isn't there. Never thought we'd see the day, but Theodore "The Other Celia" comes out on top(?) as the Story-Most-In-Need-Of-Revision; either Ted succumbed to the lure of Art over Plotting, or both he and Gold were in a terrific hurry to fill up 17 pages. Up to a point, it's a well-done Sturgeon Special of the Other Who Lives Amongst Us Unsuspected; then we turn over to a half-page

disengagement, facing Willy Ley's dissection of Pyramidology. Oh well — probably this was written for the slicks; it would rank high as "slick stf". But Horace — WATCH this sort of thing, will you?

No such gripes on the rest of the menu: Evelyn Smith's "Ignoble Savages" is a light and delightful bit of skullduggery, the attempt of a poor but cultured planet to get in on some Point Four from Earth by masquerading as primitive.

"Survival Type", by J. F. Bone is one of the nicest jobs I've seen in quite a while on a theme I can't describe very well without giving it away.

Knight's "An Eye For A What?" is a refreshing novelty on problems with alien culture, and has a nicely-compounded ending.

Anderson's "The Light" is upbeat and Ruzic's "The Deep One" downbeat (to me); aside from that they are equally good reading.

GALAXY's reviewer, Floyd C. Gale, has done fandom a considerable disservice by reviewing Moskowitz' "Immortal Storm". Obviously not a fannish type himself (his column this time covers eleven books, only two of which are science-fiction and one of these a beginning attempt), Gale sees nothing in "Immortal Storm" but a pompous overdramatization of a teapot tempest. Well, wotthehellBill, we all knew the teapot aspect -- you, I, and SaMosk himself -- that is exactly what's so choice about it. Just so happens I read the book (for the first time) a few days before seeing this "review". I thoroughly enjoyed it, even though the narrative ends just about at the point where I began buying prozines regularly myself and long before I got around to any fanac as such. The early parts, before the SFL schisms dragged a little but after that I was more and more fascinated. The ending came as a real blow; I wanted MORE. Gale is entitled to his attitude; he is simply not qualified to review fannish material (gad, think what he'd do to fanzines!)

SUPER-SCIENCE FICTION, Apr. 57: halleluyah! ol' WW has come off his O-R-I-M kick a little, and is showing some editorial balance this time (#3). Out of eight titles, five are somewhat downbeat, but with more emphasis on the bittersweet than blood'n'guts all over (and you'll never know what a comfort THAT is, as Pogo said regarding not having had an elephant on the place since they hired the mouse).

Arthur Sellings' "Brink of Madness" turned out a lot better than the usual Paranoid's Delight ("they're all in this together to deceive me"); a good job.

Ellison's "Invulnerable" belies the comic-strip interpretation of Superman; seems it's not entirely "Up, up and AWAY!" at that.

"One Woman For Venus" (Marks) is enjoyable but fairly predictable up to the ending of the ending, which also figures.

"Galactic Thrill Kids" (Silverberg) is hurt a little by the unimaginative title (an all too common complaint throughout the field); good clincher on it.

The other four are basically too similar to review separately, dealing either with the beautiful sadness (attention scientologists) of it all or with gently underplayed horror. Not a stinker in the lot, though.

This zine is upcoming, with #3 well out of the monotonous league of the first two issues.

IMAGINATION, Apr. 57: six stories, eight features. Bloch reviews fanzines, including the CRY, which is of course why I bought and am reviewing MADGE. Rob't thoroughly and sarcastically refutes the argument presented here and there in fanzines, that the flood-of-crud during the '53 boom was due to overpayment of authors. He's so right -- the boom created more pages to be filled than good material to fill them. Consequently all sorts of oddball stuff saw print -- fast sloppy work by authors who knew better but were pressured, the same by others who are usually kept up to snuff by editorial screening, old dusty rejects, junk by "new authors" who could never have sold before and probably never will again. As a by-product of demand exceeding supply, rates went up, but this in itself did not lower quality. If an editor wants good stuff, knows it when he sees it, and has an adequate supply coming in, changes in word-rates won't hurt him as long as he is in a competitive position. Of course, there's always the danger of raising rates to the point where the editor attracts material from, and is sucked in by the glamor of, a bigtime mainstreamer. This is rugged.

"Bring Back My Brain!" by Dwight V. Swain, it says on the cover. A rhyme, yet, and so true; if anyone finds Mr. Swain's brain, do bring or send it back to him, so that he can think up better titles (though it's doubtless Hamling's fault). The story itself is a thoroughly Actionized "Vulcan's Dolls" with the mood knocked out and an alternate ending. Swain habitually uses a space-cussing jargon he invented himself, mostly "chitza" and "stabat" but with an

occasional "slazot" and "quonbat" thrown in; it wasn't so bad two or three years ago when italics were used, but slows me down a little in a clear text. You don't even try to live or believe this sort of thing while you're reading it, but merely read from the outside. OK of its type if there's nothing better to do.

"Secret of the Painting" by Robert Moore Williams is marred by the biggest gap between Wild Surmise and Finished Product that the field has produced in years. Editorial cutting is a likely candidate for blame, as Williams is usually a better craftsman, while Hamling appears to have little or no feel for good plotting or logical development as long as there's Action and a hint of sex here and there.

"Harwood's Vortex" is Silverberg's straightfaced Mad-Scientist-Unleashes-Menace-of-Alien-Invaders story. The MS has the standard ED who marries the HH after the AI are SOL. IS/MFT?

Garrett's "Guardians of the Tower" is pretty tenuous to be so heavy-footed. The Guardians know not why they guard the Tower against the Wild Ones, yet the most of them seem to get slaughtered in the process. He would probably have done it better for a more subtle market, and the same holds for Agberg's.

Tenneshaw's "The Old Man" doesn't pack as much surprise in the punchline as Tenneshaw might think, but it's nicely put together and reads well. This is the best stf in the issue and passable anywhere.

"Slaughter on Dornel IV" under the IJ label is fair enough on pugilistics among the stars. Obviously not the same "Jorgensen" associated with the AS serial; this one is so much more literate.

Sorry, fellows; even with a good review for us, the zine didn't read too well.

MAD #32, Apr. 57, 48pp plus covers. Biggest boff is the spread on Women As Seen by Various Magazines, contrasted with MAD's view of the women who actually read those same zines (aSF -- yak, YAK!), illoed by Freas. Several fracturizations of TV and movie themes as usual, ~~1944~~ Jean Shepherd on "Night People vs. Creeping Meatballism", and the MAD Dating Technique help liven this issue.

INFINITY Apr. 57: starting with Ellison's "The Deeper Darkness" (22-page novelet) Shaw carries several newish treatments this month. Harlan starts off with a rather stock situation of the unhappy espish misfit, puts him in an intolerable setup, and comes up with a thoroughly pleasant solution.

At first glance, Clarke's "Case of the Snoring Heir" appeared to be a no-credit reprint. Actually, this is not the case. Appearing onstands in "Tales from the White Hart" last month, the tale is copyright by Royal Publications (Infinity), but the paperback beat Shaw to the newsstands. Same routine as the Anderson novel appearing paback before the final installment had come out in aSF awhile back.

Tubb's "Eyes of Silence", though a little heavy on the overwhelming-odds side (the whole issue is a little off-balance in that direction) unwinds an appropriate answer. "Friends and Enemies" is a variation by Leiber on his "degenerate post-atomic America" as in the "poor superman" piece and at least one other. Skillful.

"The Noon's Repose" by John Christopher starts refreshingly offbeat, confuses with retrograded flashbacks, and somehow fails to click at the end. The prefrontal on Peter seems undeserved, unnecessary, and unconvincing. WHY, John? Well, maybe I see it --.

=10=

Fontenay's "Martian Shore" begins with that good ol' Rebel turned out to be shot on sight. It gets better through the middle, but I doubt the ending would ever pan out. One of those girls is going to stay awake and cut Our Hero's sleeping throat in the first week.

"The Gently Orbiting Blonde" by John Victor Peterson is a fugitive from Ziff-Davis, with every cliché on the jealous-bride grafted onto a purely gratuitous discovery of antigravity through dropping a hot soldering iron into a printed circuit. It's likely the author started with a better idea but stopped to read "Dream Worlds" and got sidetracked. No issue is truly complete without at least one stinker, though, and this is Inf's.

Richard Wilson's "Deny the Slake" is a very well done piece on the perennial puzzle of the recently-deceased race we find on a newly-discovered planet. Mighty sad but nicely detailed.

No "FanFare" this trip but it's not being dropped as a feature.

Odd to realize that "Infinity" isn't the new zine any longer — there are six newer. "Inf" is one of the better Old Standbys now.

F&SF, March 57: Among the better items are "The Science Screen" and "...Stage" by Beaumont & Morrison, resp. Chuck has had it up to here with current stflickers and tells why with expert scalpelwork. William, newer at the game, is bearing up bravely under Broadway-stf but showing signs of strain: re the loose-in-the-flue characters of Oboler's "Night of the Auk", he admits "—I have wondered whether the lines they had to speak made them that way". He takes a happier view of Gore Vidal's "Visit to a Small Planet", the TV-script of which also appears thish and isn't bad for genpub-directed work.

Also are a few stories. Poul A collabs with Kenneth Gray (new to me) on "Survival Technique", a nice twitch on the hazards of time travel. Bloch's "The Proper Spirit" is a slickworthy treatment of a fanzineworthy idea. I still say Bob has written better fanfiction than profiction for quite some time, and am at a loss as to why.

"Up" by Chas Fontenay(if this were a real stinker we could work up something on "Up"—Chuck...): well, this concerns a Martian landing expedition that ran out of gas. Also it concerns the mystic experience of a very self-fish man. Also it reads a little heavy-handed to me but I doubt the average reader will complain of telegraphy of the punch line, though you never know until the count is in.

"Dawn Invader" by Sheckley is a very nice touch. Rob't is one writer who has developed tremendously over a relatively short time; two or three years ago he was doing mostly shallow and rather smart-alecky pieces. Much more versatile today. Kudoes.

Jane Roberts' "Canvas Pyramid" is an Elmer-Gantry-meets-the-Real-Article piece which is thoroughly gripping right up to the Madgelike windup which necessitated a quick gargle to get the taste out. Been done before, gal, and cheaper.

Just to show I'll stand still even for a reprint from contemporary "Playboy" if it hits the spot, Matheson's "Splendid Source" is a chummier though more shallow answer to where-do-jokes-come-from than Asimov's of last quarter. Fun.

If I liked sell-your-soul stories I'd probably like Rob't Young's "Added Inducement".

Editor Boucher is a little unhappy with the '56 crop of books, in his reviews. Though I gripe often at his choices for F&SF, he gives a good list of "Recommended Reading". I've the feeling some of the finer offerings are omitted but am suffering from fanamnesia apparently, for I can't add to Mr. B's selections at the moment. Bedazzled by this better-than-expected issue, no doubt.

OTHER WORLDS, Mar. 57: Poor RAP! The more he trumpets "Progress" the skimpier OW becomes. Only four headings on this contents-page: Editorial (2pp), "Tri-Infinity" by Barry P. Miller (82pp), "Scientifilm Searchlight" by Ackerman (3pp), and "Magician — Second Class" by Annas (5pp).

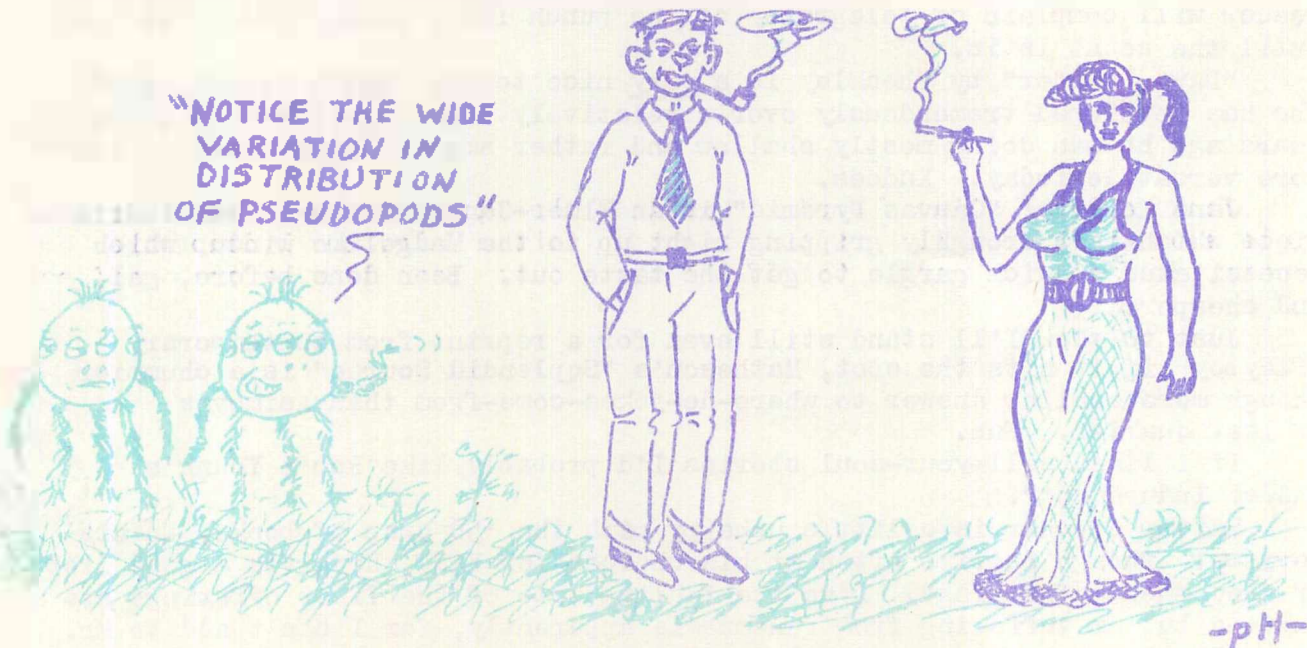
The Miller story has a couple of notable twists interspersed with considerable melodrama, action, and the sort of love scenes that inspired the "Sex and stf don't mix" movement. On the other hand, the romance here is corny in the right direction, arising from sincerity coupled with lack of writing (and possibly romantic) experience. I prefer sincere corn to the sniggering phony "sex-tease" approach that is all too popular in some quarters. When Miller writes a sex scene he really pours it on, in a poetic sort of way — I'm still not sure whether the villain had his way with the girl — if not, he sure got a whale of a charge out of the preliminary skirmishing.

The story is too amateurishly done for more professional markets (RAP seems to have more of a profanzine than a true prozine), but some of the ideas and background development are quite good indeed.

The Hal Annas piece concerns an alien with magical powers, working for a stage magician. Adequate filler type material.

Palmer unilaterally christens 4sf "Mr. Science Fiction" in plugging his stfilm article, apparently the start of a (groan) regular OW dep't. After reading the thing, it strikes me that "Plackerman" would be more suitable. 4E likes ALL the clunkers that the other reviewers, and my moviegoing acquaintances, couldn't stomach at any price. The reason lies in his "Statement of policy" heading the article: to paraphrase, if you read OW you will like these films. A pleasant type in person, Ackerman probably didn't intend deliberate insult, but that is the overall effect produced by such a remark in conjunction with one rating of "Fair" and all the rest "Good" or better for such as "She-Creature", "It Co nquered the World", "Gamma People", "Cresping Unknown", and the like.

The rather effective photo-cover presents a Bob Williams story that didn't get into the issue after all. A new typeface is used throughout (the boldface is a bit overused, along with the "I— I—" sort of thing in the dialogue), and RAP sails blithely on. When he gets down to one story per issue he'll call it OTHER WORLDS SCIENCE NOVELS and hail it as a great new step, I'm sure. He doesn't give up easy, that boy.



DIGGING THE FANZINES

SIGMA OCTANTIS #6. John Mussells, 4 Curve St., Wakefield, Mass. Sample copies free, subscription rates on request.

This is a 31 page dittoed zine. It is neat and legible, with nice headings and artwork by Dan L. Adkins and Larry Bourne.

For my taste the best thing in the zine was Frank Arthur Kerr's column, "Bubbling Over", which was lightly sercon on the subject of stf, fantasy, and the American scene. Also ran: an unpleasant story by Alfred McCoy Andrews, poem by Rob Williams about fanzine publishing, letters from readers, fanzine reviews, sf movie reviews, and continuation of a serial by Neal F. Wilgus.

My advice: try one yourself and see. Sample copy free, you know.

BRILLIG #6. Larry Bourne, 2436 $\frac{1}{2}$ Portland St., Eugene, Oregon. 10¢.

It seems to me that this is the best BRILLIG yet. I really enjoyed it.

Artwork by seven people -- too many to list, but ATOM is one of them. Rambling enjoyable editorial; article by Terwilliger saying let's all respect one another's tastes (I'll go along with that); stfilm reviews; amusing article by Eric Bentoliffe on how to install a TV set; pome in dialect which I didn't read; letters from the readers -- Robert Bloch, Dick Ellington (Larry, tell Dick you can buy pizza at lots of places in Seattle now), Buck Coulson and Alan Dodd -- all very pleasant and interesting.

YANDRO#47. R. & J. Coulson, 407 $\frac{1}{2}$ E. 6th St., North Manchester, Indiana. 10¢ per copy or 12 for \$1.

It seems to me I've reviewed an awful lot of YANDROs -- I'm beginning to feel almost as indefatigable as Pemby with his ol' prozines. These YANDROs keep coming out and coming out, and they're all very even in quality -- definitely quite good. Neat, lots of good artwork, good repro, and varied contents. Feature story thish is a tale by Kent Moomaw. It's definitely now fanfiction as such, it's more a pro reject. I approve of such things being published as it pads out fanzines nicely and gives them added dignity, and (I think) is probably good for the budding author. But about this story I will merely state that considering that its author is only sixteen years old it shows a great deal of talent.

There are also movie reviews by Eugene DeWeese and Marty Fleischman, a short column by Alan Dodd, a story by Eugene DeWeese (featuring the year's most loathsome pun), fanzine reviews by RSC, and editorials and letters.

Since writing the above Wally has brought over yet another YANDRO -- #48. This is their fourth annish, and is 45 pages long, with front and back covers. The front cover is a Marv Bryer -- very handsome -- I think it's silk screened. Haven't read the contents but they do look quite enticing.

Fellas! I'm sorry to break off in the middle like this! I've lots more fanzines to review, but I'm going to save them for next month. I just finished typing Pemby's column and am about to do Wally's -- my fierce fannish pride is broken (not to mention my fierce fannish fingers) & I'm getting a bit weary of CRYfanac...

amelia pemberton

REMEMBRANCE of the NAMELESS

by G. M. Carr

There are very few fanzines, very few indeed, that ever get to their 100th issue. And, even more to the point, very few fanzines ever get quite so fouled up in their numbering as to pass that point without even knowing it! Unless there happens to be some NAMELESS collector among us who has managed to save every Sigh, Sob, Moan, Groan and Whimper issued (including those panting preliminaries to the CRY which appeared in postcard form) it will be impossible ever to gain an accurate count of them all. Even with the issues which bore official numbers, the rapidly revolving editorship grew so confusing at times that more than once they failed to grasp the right brass ring on the way around and caught the one before or the one behind instead. My file, for instance, discloses two #69 issues but only a bright hiatus where #50 should be -- a gap filled by an undated, unnamed, and unnumbered announcement which disclaimed all status as a CRY while actually fulfilling that function.

But, allowing for this slight uncertainty as to official numbering, and ignoring the proliferous non-official noises which often were bigger than the official CRY, a physical count of the extant CRY OF THE NAMELESS ONES discloses that the NAMELESS crier has sounded his tocsin at least 100 times in his official capacity -- and to the best of all knowledge and research, this is the 100th official CRY OF THE NAMELESS ONES.

THE CRY OF THE NAMELESS ONES did not start out as a fanzine. Indeed, there is reason to believe that the editor did not even know that it was a fanzine -- as is evidenced by her indignation at discovering a copy had been sent to Reg Phillips for review in The Club House in 1950 or 1951. (Probably if he had given it a more favorable review she would not have felt as outraged as though her private correspondence had been exposed to the public.) There was no attempt to follow a regular format. One of the most noticeable things about these early CRYS is the irregular size and shape. Most of the supplies were donated. It was assumed the materials were surplus bargains, picked up wherever possible, but no one ever inquired too closely into the procurement end of the club publications. In fact, the first few communications were not even recognized as a club Official Organ (which is, perhaps, just as well, otherwise Teskey would undoubtedly have adorned it with grisly tentacles and Wally punned unamusically on the possibilities of the title). They were characterized by an informality of style which was quite frankly the gossipy chit chat of club doings. It consisted to a large extent of letters from the members, interspersed with odds and ends of information about the greater fanworld outside the environs of THE NAMELESS ONES, and news items presumably of interest to science fiction fans.

The CRY was limited strictly to fans living in the State of Washington, and it was the intention to include any and every stf reader who resided in

that geographical area as a member of THE NAMELESS ONES whether they expressed a formal desire to do so or not. In fact, whether or not they wanted to be a NAMELESS ONE was immaterial... we included them as members merely on the grounds of residing in Washington. Such all-inclusiveness was quite disconcerting to some. No matter how firmly they rejected our overtures, the only way they could escape being a NAMELESS ONE was by moving out of the State.



The first few attempts at communication were not even known as "CRYs" — being mere postcards mimeographed with cruddy illustrations and even cruddier verse. Not that the illos were poor to begin with, necessarily, but merely that after being reproduced on the rickety postcard mimeo, even the most skillful of Miles Eaton's moonscapes looked like a nervous doodle. Unfortunately, no one thought to keep a full sample of these cards so there is no way of knowing how many there were.

The first numbered CRY was dated January 4, 1950, and carried the announcement of the naming of the group. Prior to that, we had no name and by dint of referring to ourselves as "the nameless ones" gradually got so used to being Nameless that we decided to make it official. This first "News Bulletin", as it called itself, also carried a brief summary of the history of the club up to that point, and enclosed a self-addressed postcard questionnaire. It consisted of two sheets of bond paper, carrying the "HERSCO AIR APPLIANCES" letterhead, mimeographed on both sides, and folded for mailing with the return address on the lower third of the last page. These early CRYs ran about two to four sheets of paper, often legal length or foolscap, mimeo'd on both sides. They were illustrated with scrawls and squiggles, vaguely floral in effect, and occasionally had gooey blobs of verse for further decoration. Sample:



"Roses are red,
Violets are blue,
Pistachios are nuts
and the NAMELESS are, too."

This Era #1 of the CRY — the era of the breezy, chatty personalzine doing duty as a club OO — lasted approximately two years. During this period it was issued just about every month with postcard meeting notices between issues. If there was urgent news which could not be contained on a card, a "half-ory" was issued. Other than the 16 officially numbered copies of the CRY, no record was kept of all these communications.

Beginning with CRY #17 (Oct. 22, 1951) Wally Weber took over as Corresponding Secretary, with Toskey lending a hand at typer and mimeo. The same general editorial policy was continued, but the publication began to take shape as a recognizable fanzine. Wally Weber relied heavily on L. Garcone illustrations (or, possibly, he was unable to fight them off successfully) which, if no less scrawly and squiggly than the previous type of illustration, at least was different. The saccharine touch gave place to a definite, though somewhat IMPOSSIBLE, appearance of a fanzine.

The CRY maintained a consistent publishing schedule for about a year — or for as long as Toskey's bem was chained in Wally's basement — but when Toskey left to transfer his attention to the Army, the CRY gradually slackened off. Era #3 of the CRY is characterized by a generally enfeebled condition... Many of the official, numbered CRYs were less than a full page in size and much less impressive in appearance than some of the unofficial sounds which had been coming out. These, by the way, disappeared altogether. The CRY was ever more laggard in publication, in spite of volunteer overseers like Wally Gonser, Bill Austin and Royal Drummond.

Era #4: the CRYs became more colorful as Ditto enters the picture, and the size increased from one or two sheets of paper to a half dozen or so... But, although there was an improvement over the previous emaciated condition of the CRY, apparently THE NAMELESS ONES just couldn't get going as a publishing organization without that bem in Weber's basement...

Toskey returned from the Army late in 1954, and almost immediately the effect was noticeable on the CRY. It picked up in size, the L. Garcone illustrations became almost unendurable, and the editorship of the CRY was placed on a revolving basis. Fiction and reviews began to show; and Victor Stredicke gave L. Garcone a run for his money... The letter column came back into prominence again, after having suffered an almost total eclipse. Some of the NAMELESS involved in this editorial Merry-Go-Round were Evelyn Stroud, the Bushys, John Walston, Willets and Hoff, and Bill Austin. Agitation was heard to convert the hitherto freely-circulated CRY to a subscription fanzine of general circulation.

Era #5 is reflected in the success of this agitation. The CRY went subzine, increased in size from a dozen pages to 30 or more; added sercon review columns; story polls; more and more fanfiction; and the letter column grew to proportions large enough to include the entire scope of fandom. In short, it marked the change from an uncertain newsletter into a full-fledged fanzine status. With the CRY a subzine, the "half-cries" were resumed for such NAMELESS as were ~~too~~ ~~unable~~ unable to subscribe. It extended its membership outside the State, developed ever more serconnish review columns and columnists, dug old Toskey and Squink Blog manuscripts out from the moldy old orypts (where they belonged) and printed them along with the equally moldy manuscripts from other fans that had been lingering in limbo ever since the demise of the sister-fanzine SINISTERRA. Poetry tried hard to make a reappearance, but was crowded out by the more serconnish puzzles, reviews, polls, and ever-burgeoning letters.

Change was also noticeable in the appearance. From the uncertain mimeography of the early issues, and the tentative ditto of the Toskeyless era, the CRY burst into a blaze of color wherein Victor Stredicke put up a battle with L. Garcone as to which could dream up the most violent color illos...

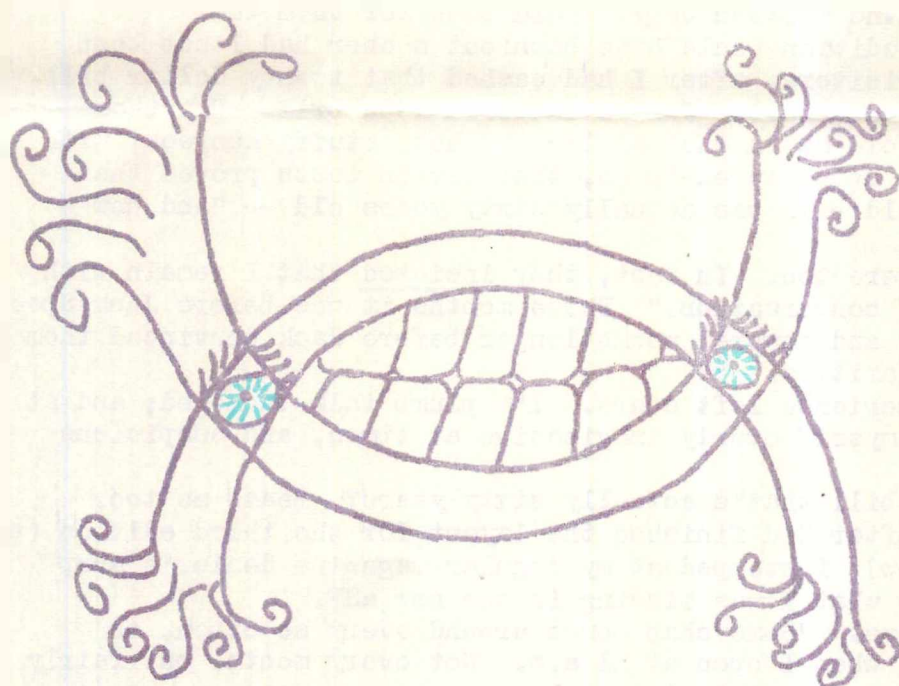
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only to lose the count to photolithed snapshots of Convention ENTs or lithographed pen-and-ink illos by Bryer. Overweening delusions of grandeur even drove them into stiff covers for issue #87, but that was evidently too much work even for the captive bem. By the time for issue #88 it was still so exhausted, it couldn't even put on a cover of any kind...

However, by Issue #90 it was back with a 3-color ditto cover plus a full length serving of fan-fiction... Dunno what Wally feeds that bem, but it certainly is durable!

The rest you see — THE CRY OF THE NAMELESS is getting bigger, and noisier, and more colorful all the time. And it certainly is a far 'cry' from the four pages mimeographed on Hersco Air Appliances' bond paper letter-head.

It is now a genuine, sercon subzine — one of the biggest and best (and certainly one of the oldest) in fandom. It boasts a staff of writers, illustrators and editors with uniquely individual styles of their own; a variety of reproduction ranging from mimeograph, ditto, litho to printing. And it is the only generalzine I know which is wholly dependent on the bem chained in Wally's basement...



emc

=17=



LETTER FROM TOSKEY

by Norman Winslow

Dear Wally:

Sorry about the delay in producing The Hundredth Issue, but it honestly couldn't be helped. Sure, I know I gave you the old hem and haw when you asked, but here's the story. The whole works, No. 100 and all. Am leaving town shortly ...

Remember that funny business over at the Fen Den that night when I was supposed to mimeo the issue? Well, I ran it off all right, and was carrying it out to the car when this guy came up the walk in his dark blue suit (double-breasted at that!) and a big pink carnation in his lapel.

I'd never seen him before, but he knew me. "Mr. Toskey," he said softly, "I wish to buy those fanzines."

The upshot of the business was that he bought all two hundred copies, the masters, and even the written copy. Paid cash for them too.

Even so, the new edition would have been out sooner had I not been delayed. Like those visitors, after I had cashed that twenty dollar bill.

No, it was not counterfeit. Just a battered 1954 bill. But those jolly government men told me in that sweltering hot, stuffy dungeon, with the lamps glaring down upon ringed-in me, that carbon tests proved that this same three-year old bill was actually sixty years old -- "and how come?"

Hospitable they were too. In fact, they insisted that I remain with them, "for purposes of conversation." Three months it was before Jack Speer, my lawyer, visited me; and several weeks longer before Jack convinced them I was not performing hilarities.

Naturally the experience left scars. I'm plumb talk-tuckered; and at the same time, I find myself overly imaginative at times, and suspicious of strangers.

A three-year old bill that's actually sixty years? Beats me too.

Then last week, after I'd finished the layout for the third edition (the second got lost somehow), I stopped at my regular magazine dealer's shop on First Avenue to see what I was missing in the new aSF.

"All gone," he says. "Some chap comes around every so often, on magazine delivery day, when I open at 11 a.m. Not every month, but fairly often. Buys every copy of certain issues."

"What's he look like?" I asked after a few moments.

Well, he described the build, hair and age, and I interrupted with the other details.

Same guy.

But the real shocker came several days later while chatting with an oldtimer who used to operate the largest back-issue magazine shop in town during the Thirties.



"Yep," he mused, "I had late in 1937 about thirty thousand old s-f, weird, spicy, and horror magazines. Lots of THRILL BOOKS, forty copies of the first issue of WEIRD TALES, AMAZING ANNUALS by the box-load. But a gambling debt caught up with me. Was about to sell out, or leave town, when this fellow showed up and said he would buy all my fantastic and horror pulps. So he loaded them off into a truck, and I paid off my debt. Sold them at less than cost, and figure that if he still has them they're worth about a hundred grand."

Letting my fevered mind wander pell-mell over these figures, I dried my slaverling lips with a parched tongue and, fan-like, inquired casually if the purchaser resembled the man I had seen.

Same man! Same dark blue suit, same age, and, for all I know, same damned carnation in the lapel.

I find all this disturbing.

And now, after writing six letters to the Department of Treasury, I finally received an acknowledgement to the receipt of my first inquiry, and the assurance that said letter has been forwarded to another, higher authority. Just where my twenty is, they did not say.

Well, anyway, here's the latest edition of the multi-revised 100th issue, Wally. See you when I get back — I'm leaving town for a few days' rest.

Yours,

Burnett Toskey

P.S. Someone just pounded on the door, and when I asked who it was, I heard, "Mr. Toskey, I want those fanzines!" So I'm stuffing this in a stamped, addressed envelope and am dropping it from the apartment window. Then I'm going to sit here and decide when to open the door.



OVER SPILLED MILK

by Dewey d'Rops

(Seven years ago in THE CRY OF THE NAMELESS)

Like the No. 1 issue, the Feb., 1950 THE CRY OF THE NAMELESS consisted of two letter-sized sheets, four pages. But unlike its predecessor, ~~it~~ boasted an illustration - by the editor, G.M. Carr - the first of many. The theme being Valentine's Day, we found a bleeding heart with embellishments near the return address.

CRY #2 is like others of the time, loaded with nostalgia-provokers. The club was a beehive of activity towards making the club an affiliation of clubs throughout the state in those days. There was Spokane, and Gary Walkup, and a club with a membership of seven or eight. And there was Tom Daniel, an oldtime fan and fanzine publisher of the early 40's, who was organizing the activities in Aberdeen. Well we remember Tom, his wife and cronies. They came up with a number of highly entertaining BABELs in the months following. Wonder whatever became of Tom?

In Tacoma, there were two young women working independently towards getting together a collection of fans. One, unnamed and whose name escapes me, was concentrating on inmates in the Madigan General Hospital. The other, Zoe Ferguson, we recall well. Zoe finally wound up with an impossible assortment of juvenile screwballs. To discourage further troubles from these pests, she stipulated that, as director, she required that each fan present her with his entire s-f collection, plus an outlandish membership fee in cash, as two of the stipulations for membership. Needless to say, organized fan activities in Tacoma died prematurely.

Wonder what happened to Zoe? She corresponded with several Seattleites -- very entertainingly, too, we have heard.

Remember Seattle in Jan., 1950? Snow all month - and cold. Never happened in recent memory before, nor since. I remember Bill Austin's Wolf Den Book Shop was closed most of the month. Austin would come down in the afternoon, shovel snow in front, start a fire in the wood range, and go out to coffee for an hour or two, and then go home.

Alderson Fry was meeting host those days, providing a meeting place for local activities in the University of Washington Medical Library basement. Meetings kept getting bigger too as the word was passed around; and most meetings had a movie of an educational sort as a part of the program.

Mention was made of flying saucer reports, the latest then appearing in VARIETY (by Frank Scully).

There was a comment regarding a radio report of a report of an explosion on Mars too. Wonder if additional information was provided later, elsewhere?

Prodom news mentioned Williamson's "Gateway to Paradise" and "Fortress of Utopia" being reprinted by Checkerbooks. The former finally appeared last year, courtesy of Don Wohlheim and Ace; the latter never showed up at all.

Page 3 consisted of a list of suggested titles for the Nameless literary publication. La Carr beat the drum for "Quest". Some pretty good titles among the 42 suggestions.

Program Chairman Bob Buechley insisted here that, after two unsuccessful previous attempts, the NEXT program would include a discussion of THE CONQUEST OF SPACE. (Yeah, where's Bob these days? He went to Alaska, then to Minneapolis, back to Alaska, and then was all-apparent at the S-F Con as Sergeant-At-Arms for the Little Men.)

Last we heard, Alderson Fry was still in West Virginia, organizing a medical library for a university. My, being a Nameless One certainly sends one spinning around sometimes!

Likewise, old CRY's Can't wait to burrow into No. 3. Can you?

(pd advt)

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Part II: 1940

The second year of publication of this magazine showed considerable improvement story-wise over the first year. Ray Palmer was experimenting considerably with different types of stories, and as a result the magazine offered a wide variety. There were stories of straight science-fiction nature, such as "The Robot Peril", stories of wild imaginative fantasy, such as "The Strange Voyage of Hector Squinch", and there were stories that fell in between these two extremes. Of significance was the return of Phil Nowlan, creator of Buck Rogers, in February and March. Nowlan promised Palmer more stories, but unfortunately he died before he could fulfill this promise. Probably the most well-known stories to appear during this year were "The Whispering Gorilla", which occasioned a sequel in 1943, and "Jongor of Lost Land", which had sequels in 1944 and in 1951.

After continuing its entire first year as a bi-monthly, Fantastic Adventures began 1940 as a monthly. This condition lasted until June, at which time it again went on a bi-monthly schedule. At the end of the year it even lost an issue on this schedule. A total of eight issues appeared during the year, the first five of which were in the same large size as the issues for 1939. With the June issue, the magazine reverted back to the small size, in the same format as Amazing Stories.

No stories of over 30,000 words appeared during this year, so there is no report on novel-length stories for 1940 in this magazine. There was probably some sort of wordage limit during this era, a condition which was destined to be remedied when the page count increased two years later.

"B" stories (In order of preference).

"The Whispering Gorilla" by Don Wilcox; May. Here is one of Wilcox's best early stories. An altruistic news reporter is murdered by irate foreign agents. A gorilla appears later who is rumored to be able to talk, and at the same time there appears a series of syndicated columns exposing all manner of racketeering, signed "W.G." When W.G. himself becomes exposed as the talking gorilla, his popularity reaches such a peak that he nearly runs for U.S. Senator. Don Wilcox writes this story with such sensitive skill that one cannot help empathizing with his central character, and at the end it leaves one wondering how any writer can take such a simple over-worked story idea and create such a masterpiece.

"War of Human Cats" by Festus Pragnell; August. A chilling story of a second Civil War, engineered by a power-mad dictator who inoculates his armies with cat-serum, which gives men many feline characteristics and hence strategy for which the Federal Army has no defence. The only trouble is that the serum continues to work, and before long the rebel army degenerates to a mass of prowling tigers.

"The Prince of Mars Returns" by Phil Nowlan; two part serial beginning in February. This story is considerably different from the two stories written by this author early in the days of Gernsback. This story is more in the Burroughs tradition, and is a fine Martian adventure story.

"Let War Gods Clash" by Don Wilcox; February. A neutral nation lies geographically between two warring nations and is becoming weary of the shells whistling overhead on their journeys between, because sometimes these shells fall short of their targets. The peaceful nation engineers a meeting of the two Warlord dictators in an underground chamber, furnishing them each with the means of exploding the other's capital city.

"The Strange Voyage of Hector Squinch" by David Wright O'Brien; August. A hilarious story of Hector Squinch. By an accident he takes off in a World's Fair rocket ship and ends up in Olympus, where he is treated as a hero by all the Greek gods. But things take a turn for the worse when it is discovered that the Greek Gods mistake this shrimp of a man for "The Martian Mauler" who has come to challenge the Olympian hero Achilles in the wrestling. But then Hector remembered about the heel ---

"In Memorium FANTASTIC ADVENTURES" (concluded"

"The Little People" by Eando Binder; March. This story tells in Binder's typical smoothly flowing style about the race of people six inches in height who eke out a precarious existence under the very noses of us big bad people.

"Jongor of Lost Land" by Robert Moore Williams; October. This rather unusual story combines a primitive cave-man type with the devices of a super-science. While not overly well written, it is none-the-less interesting because of the unusual ideas.

"C" Stories (In order of publication)

January: "The Robot Peril" by Don Wilcox

"Death Over Chicago" by Robert Moore Williams

"The Time Merchant" by F.A. Kummer, Jr.

"Captives of the Void" by R.R. Winterbotham

"The Gift of Magic" by Miles Shelton (Don Wilcox)

February: "New York Fights the Termanites" by Bertrand L. Shurtleff

"Thunor Flees the Devils" by Russell Storm

"Mystery of the White Raider" by Thornton Ayre (John Russell Fearn)

March: "Volcano Slaves of Mu" by Frederic Arnold Kummer, Jr.

April: "The Blue Tropics" by James Norman

"The Man the World Forgot" by John York Cabot (David Wright O'Brien)

"The Judging of the Priestess" by Nelson S. Bond

"The Madness of Lancelot Biggs" by Nelson S. Bond

"Norris Tapley's Sixth Sense" by Ed Earl Repp

May: "Lancelot Biggs; Master Navigator" by Nelson S. Bond

"The Shining Man" by Noel Gardner (Henry Kuttner)

"Worlds At War" by Ed Earl Repp

"The Wizard of Baseball" by Milton Kaletsky

June: "Dr. Destiny, Master of the Dead" by Robert Moore Williams

"Trouble in Avalon" by Russell Storm

"Sabotage on Mars" by Maurice Duclos

August: "The Golden Princess" by Robert Moore Williams

"The Fertility of Dalrymple Todd" by Nelson S. Bond

"World Without Air" by Henry Kuttner

"The Girl in the Whirlpool" by Miles Shelton (Don Wilcox)

October: "Oscar, Detective of Mars" by James Norman

"The Uncanny Power of Edwin Cobalt" by Noel Gardner (Henry Kuttner)

"The Scientific Mjler of Bowler U" by Ivan Sandroff

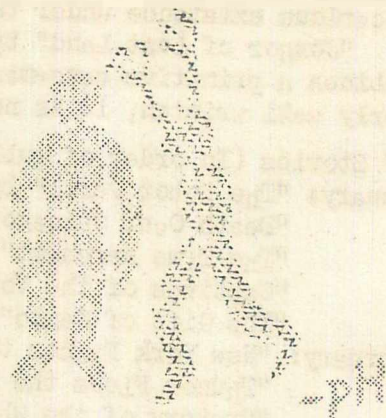
"The Elixir of Invisibility" by Henry Kuttner

There were no "E" stories. The remainder of fifteen stories not mentioned are "D" stories, and, as such, are not worth mentioning hardly at all.

"Jalu of Radiant Valley" by Orlin Tremaine, a "D" story appearing in March, is the sequel to "The Golden Girl of Kalendar" which appeared in September 1939. In the same fashion, "The Amazon Fights Again" by Thornton Ayre, June, is the sequel to "The Golden Amazon" of July 1939. Stories in the Lancelot Biggs series, by Nelson S. Bond, appeared in February, April, May, June, having begun with "F.O.B. Venus" in November 1939. "The Girl in the Whirlpool" listed above for August, is the sequel to "Whirlpool in Space" in the November 1939 issue of Amazing Stories. "The Robot Peril", listed above for January, is the sequel to "The Pit of Death" in the July 1939 issue of Amazing Stories. "Oscar, Detective of Mars" listed above for October, started a series about the tulip-nosed Martian who "smelled" things.

THE NON-CONFORMING SHADOWS

BY OTTO PFEIFER



Jake Mente wasn't exactly what you would call a greedy man; he just wanted a lot of money. In fact he didn't want much of that — only all of it that was in circulation. He had accumulated quite a chunk of it and had a plan to get the rest. That was the reason that he was in the Blasted Rocket Bar on the planet Thermis. He had arranged to meet two daring adventurers of Space, two men who knew no fear, two men who ran from no man. In other words, the Old Spacehound and Barthoj. Of course, calling these two men would be stretching the point a trifle, for Barthoj was a native of a remote planet called Jerikka and the Old Spacehound gave the impression that one could never be sure. Mente had contacted these two after he had heard some of their hair-raising experiences. They must have been hair-raising, for when Jake Mente heard the first of them he was as bald as a billiard ball, and after he heard all of them he sure had a mop of the stuff on the top of his head.

He looked up as the door of the bar opened and two figures walked in. He was glad that he had not eaten yet, for the sight of these two surely would have made him lose the contents of his stomach. The figures went over to the bar and had a short talk with the bartender. Mente saw the bartender nod his way and the two figures swaggered over to him.

"Are you Jake Mente?" asked the Old Spacehound.

Jake Mente studied the person before answering. "I'm Mente. Are you the Old Spacehound?"

"Aye, Sonny, that I am. This miserable creature beside me is my partner in arms, or should I say partner in tentacles, Barthoj."

Mente nodded and then invited them to sit down. "The reason I wanted to see you gentlemen is to hire you to go out on an important mission for me."

"Just a minute, Sonny," the Old Spacehound interrupted, "before we do any business at all I must have myself a wee nip."

He motioned the waiter over and ordered a bottle of Scotch for himself and a glass of Flitzze for Barthoj.

"Now you can continue," he told Mente.

Mente nodded and began. "Have either of you heard of the planet Slyph or of the race that populated it?"

"We've heard of it, but the information about it is mighty slim," the Old Spacehound answered.

"Then I better give you some background on it. About 20 years ago an Inter-galactic Exploration ship sighted a previously unreported planet. The crew decided to land and see what they could find out about it. After they had landed they found that there had been intelligent life on it at one time, but that it had long since disappeared. There were a few relics around, and from these they determined that life had ceased to exist there some two thousand years before. When they could not find anything else of importance, they micro-waved the information back to Earth. After

"THE NON-CONFORMING SHADOW"(continued)

that, the exploration team disappeared. There were numerous attempts to rescue the team, and later, when hope was given up for finding them alive, more search parties went out to see if they could find out what could have happened to them. Out of all the ships that had actually landed on the planet, very few ever returned. Out of those none of the crewmen were in their right minds; in fact every one of those crew members was hopelessly insane. After a short space of time all searching was halted, and the planet was placed on the dangerous list. Now and then, however, some prospector or fool lands there and like all the rest is never heard from again."

"Very interesting," the Old Spacehound said when Mente had finished. "Now how does this concern Barthoj and Myself?"

"Very simple. I want you to go to Slyph," he told them matter of factly.

At this statement all of Barthoj's tentacles started to tremble. The Old Spacehound remained calm; at least on the outside he remained calm, but inside he had a cold chill go through him.

"Well now, Sonny, I'm not at all sure that we can go on this mission. Barthoj and me have decided to take a vacation and rest up a bit," the Old Spacehound had managed to say.

Mente looked at them. He reached into his pocket and pulled out a large roll of bills. After waving it in front of their eyes he laid it on the table. "I'm sure that you can put off your vacation for awhile," he suggested.

Tearing his eyes away from the roll of bills, the Old Spacehound sighed. "Well, at least Barthoj won't come back crazy. He is pretty far gone now."

"Good!" Mente cried. "I knew you would accept my offer."

"Now that we have accepted, just what are we supposed to do when we get to Slyph?" the Old Spacehound asked.

Mente looked around to see if anyone was listening. "One of those ships that landed on Slyph belonged to me. The crew consisted of some of the toughest space-hands that I could find. The ship was gone two months, and I gave up hope that it would ever come back. Then one night the man that I had picked to be the captain showed up at my home. He appeared to be frightened of his own shadow. His eyes had a strange glow about them, and he was quite nervous and jumpy. When I asked him about the rest of the crew he told me that they were all either dead or hopelessly crazy.. He answered all my questions with reluctance. He wouldn't tell me what frightened him or just why all those ships had disappeared, but he did tell me about a relic of the lost race. If he told me the truth about this relic, it is the most valuable item in the universe. It is a small statue or idol that seemed to radiate with some unknown power. I couldn't get any more out of the poor wretch as he started babbling incoherently and began thrashing around as if something was after him. In a few minutes he died. In fact he died of fright."

Mente paused a minute and looked from the Old Spacehound to Barthoj and back.

"Now, I want you two to get me that statue."

Barthoj immediately fell off his chair. The Old Spacehound waited patiently while he got back on it. Then the Old Spacehound looked suspiciously at Mente. "All right, Sonny, we listened to your story and we will get this statue for you. Just why do you want it?" he demanded to know.

"That is none of your business. I'm paying you 500,000 Interstellar Credits to get this," Mente snarled back.

At this time Barthoj noticed a girl sitting at the next table crying. He sighed, got up, went over to her, pulled out his blaster, and neatly blasted her. He turned and went back to his own table, muttering, "Oh well, another story, another girl."

The Old Spacehound looked into the inquiring eyes of Mente and explained, "It's his trademark."

Mente struggled with himself as he heard that answer. "When do you plan to leave?" he finally managed to ask.

"Our ship is always ready to leave at a minutes notice," the Old Spacehound answered proudly.

"THE NON-CONFORMING SHADOW" (continued)

"Then I will take the next ship back to Earth," Mente told him.

"You mean you're not coming with us?" the Old Spacehound asked disappointedly.

Mente looked shocked. "You think that I'm crazy too? I wouldn't go on an errand like that for all the money in the universe."

The Old Spacehound shrugged his shoulders and smiled. He had read this story before and he knew what was going to happen. (Which is more than the author can say.) Beckoning to Barthoj he headed for the door. Barthoj followed, all his tentacles twitching with excitement.

Once outside the door, Barthoj paused.

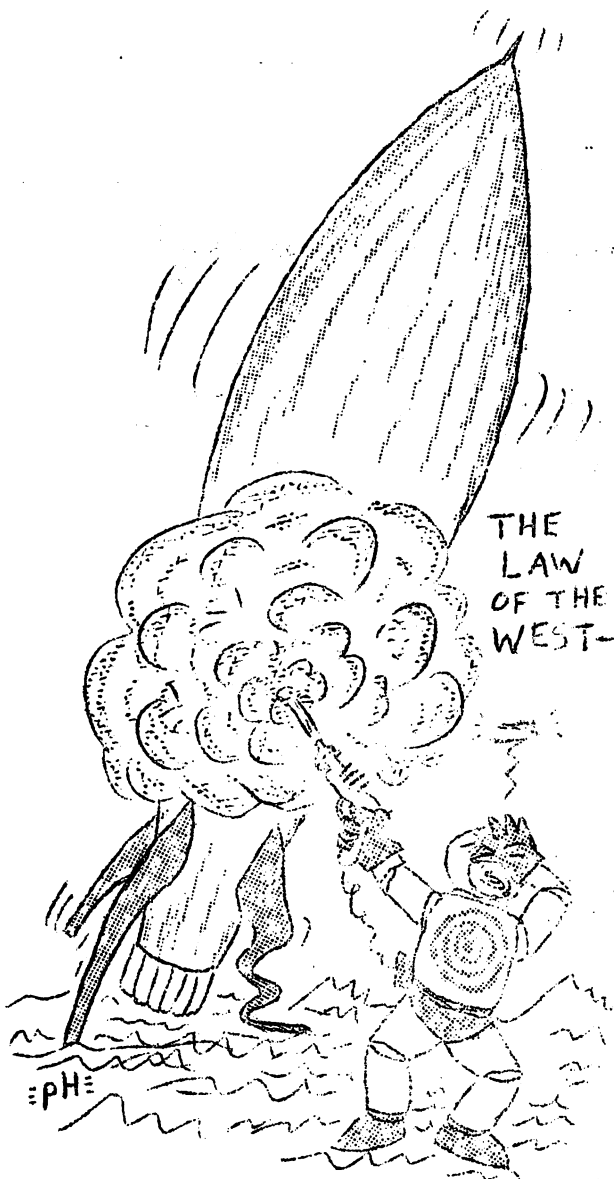
"What's the matter?" the Old Spacehound asked.

"I left something in the bar," was his answer. He turned and headed back into the bar. A few minutes later he appeared again. Some of his tentacles were carrying a large lumpy bundle.

"What's that you have there?" the Old Spacehound asked, curiously kicking a large lump at the bottom of the bundle.

Barthoj looked at the accosted lump and kicked it a couple of times himself. "I thought it would be nice if Mr. Mente joined us on this trip. So I went back and got him," he explained, kicking the lump again. This lump later turned out to be Mr. Mente's head.

Chuckling, the two daring adventurers headed for the spaceport.



It was two weeks later when they were in an orbit around the planet Slyph. They were trying to work out some sort of plan for landing, finding the object of their search, and getting out of there. Jake Mente was still slightly peeved at being shoghaled, and his head still bore the lumps where it had been slightly kicked.

Besides they decided to land, they looked up what technical information they could get. Unfortunately there was none. The planet Slyph itself was a mere slyph of a planet, little more than a lump of rock floating through space. It also was the graveyard for many a ship and man.

Finally they landed. It was a pretty rocky one as neither the Old Spacehound or Barthoj had landed this particular ship before. Unfortunately there was no crew aboard. It seems that they had blasted off before either of them remembered that the crew had been given a week's vacation. Hence, a rocky landing.

Donning spacesuits the three men left the ship. Once outside, the Old Spacehound started inspecting the ship to see if there was any damage done. Sure enough, there was damage done. One of the landing fins had been broken. Pulling out his blaster, he pointed it at the ship. "Good-bye old pardner. It's the Law of the West," he cried as he pulled the trigger.

There was a tear in the Old Spacehound's eye as the dust of the ship settled down around them.

"What are we going to do now? We don't have enough oxygen to breathe. Besides that, we are stranded here," Jake Mente asked hysterically.

"Don't worry. Something will happen," the Old Spacehound told him calmly.

Sure enough it did. The Jim-Dandy atmosphere

"THE NON-CONFORMING SHADOW" (continued)

indicator, that cost the Old Spacehound two Blasted Unsugared Jets boxtops, started flashing the safety light.

Quickly taking off his fish globe of a helmet, the Old Spacehound took a deep breath. Barthoj and Jke Mente decided that they could do the same, as the air didn't seem to bother the Old Spacehound. After this was done, all three looked around at their surroundings.

Though Slyph may be a bit shy of intelligent life, it was by no means a barren planet. Gorgeous flowers gave off strange and delightful fragrances. In the distance there was a small forest with a small lake off to one side. On Earth it would have been called a beautiful woodland glade; here on this planet it seemed like paradise.

The Old Spacehound looked around somewhat casually, then stiffened as he caught a glint of metal shining through the trees in the forest. He headed towards it with Barthoj and Jake Mente following closely behind. After a few minutes walk they turned to avoid a patch of thorny bushes and walked straight into the side of a spaceship.

Rubbing his muzzle, er, nose, he turned to Barthoj, who had stopped beside him.

"What do you make of this?" he asked.

Barthoj shrugged his tentacles. "I can't say. It could be one of the search ships that never showed up again."

"If that is the case, it sure showed up now," the Old Spacehound replied, still rubbing his nose.

"Let's take it and get out of here," Mente suggested fearfully.

Both the Old Spacehound and Barthoj ignored him. Instead they headed for the hatch that was slightly open. The Old Spacehound was the first to enter; Barthoj followed closely. When their eyes, the Old Spacehound's two and Barthoj's six, got used to the dimmer light inside the ship, they saw the crew. They decided that the crew was dead. This was a shrewd decision considering that all they saw were skeletons.

Jake Mente, who had entered behind them, suggested fearfully, "Let's take it and get out of here."

Again the Old Spacehound and Barthoj ignored him. They turned and headed outside.

As soon as they reached the outside, Barthoj stopped and pointed toward the horizon. "Isn't that a buolding or something?" he asked.

"I do believe that you're right," the Old Spacehound agreed.

"If it is a building, don't you think that we had better investigate?" Barthoj inquired.

"Aye, you quivering jellyfish, you are quite right. We should investigate."

They started for the building with Mente following, muttering, "We should take it and get out of here."

Along the way the Old Spacehound asked Barthoj, "Have you noticed something queer here?"

"Not especially," was the answer Barthoj gave him.

"Look around you. The Sun is shining, but there are no shadows."

Barthoj looked around, and sure enough there were no shadows to be seen.

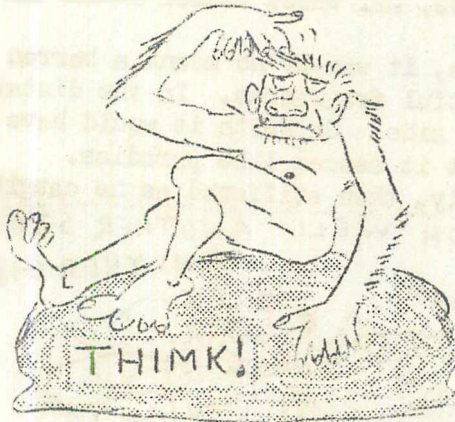
"Do you suppose somebody stole them?" he asked.

The Old Spacehound shook his head. "I don't know," he answered.

Presently they reached the building. It was a small structure. It had the looks of being able to last through all the ages. Presumably it had been built as a shrine or a temple of some sort.

There was an opening in one side that must have been the door. It was through this opening that the three entered the building. Immediately, their eyes were riveted to an object that stood on a pedestal standing in the middle of the floor.





THE STATUE

There was a soft fluorescence bathing the entire pedestal and the object it held. But it was the object itself that held their attention. It was a statue, a statue made out of some unknown element that gave out ever-changing colors. The statue itself resembled some hideous indescribable entity.

Mente rushed to the statue. "Let's take it and get out of here," he cried ecstatically.

This time the Old Spacehound and Barthoj did not ignore him. They went over to the statue while Mente picked it up.

"I'm not sure that this is a good idea," the Old Spacehound offered.

"Who asked you?" Mente snarled at him. "You were paid to get me this and a questions asked."

The Old Spacehound shrugged and headed for the door. When Barthoj and Mente joined him, they started through the opening.

Two seconds later they darted back in.

"What are they?" Mente demanded to know.

"I would say that our shadows have returned," the Old Spacehound told him.

Sure enough, outside the door their shadows waited for them. They did not seem to have kind intentions toward them.

"Well, we have to get out of here somehow," Barthoj muttered.

The Old Spacehound thought a bit. "Well, we don't know if they are going to be unfriendly to us. After all, they are our own shadows," he said after a while.

"I'm getting out of here," Mente cried hysterically and dashed through the door. The shadows raced after him. In a few strides they caught him and swarmed all over him. Mente let out one agonizing cry and went down. He never moved again.

"I think that is the last of Jake Mente," the Old Spacehound said indifferently.

"It's just as well. I never did like him anyhow," Barthoj replied just as indifferently. "But how are we going to get out of here ourselves?"

"I have an idea," the Old Spacehound told him. "A few years ago when I was on a primitive planet, I attended one of the religious rites of the natives. The ceremony was to a god called Webpentos. I think that the material that that statue is made of exudes a force capable of giving life to shadows; at least it gives them personalities of their own."

"That doesn't tell us how to get out of here," Barthoj remarked.

"The only way we can leave this planet now is to destroy that statue," the Old Spacehound told him.

Barthoj pulled out his blaster and went over to the door. He took careful aim and fired. When the smoke cleared away, the statue was still unharmed.

"I'm afraid that isn't the way to do it. I am going to try something handed down from my ancestors," the Old Spacehound said. "Barthoj, I'm going to ask you to expose yourself to those shadows. With all of your tentacles, you may be able to beat them off while I try something."

The two adventurers shook hands and tentacles and dashed out of the door. While Barthoj was beating the shadows away from him, the Old Spacehound rushed over to the statue, picked it up in his mouth, and started digging a hole with his hands, shoveling the dirt between his legs. He dug frantically for a few minutes. Then, when the hole was deep enough, he dropped the statue in it, turned around, and started to shovel the dirt back into the hole. When it was entirely filled in, he turned around to see how

"THE NON-CONFORMING SHADOW" (concluded)

Barthoj was doing. Barthoj was sitting on the ground panting. The shadows were back in their proper places.

"I thought that might work. By burying the statue under a few feet of dirt we counteracted the force that it was exuding," the Old Spacehound explained. "Now we know what happened to the crews of the other ships. Those who managed to escape went insane because of what they saw here, and the others died because they were frightened of their own shadows."

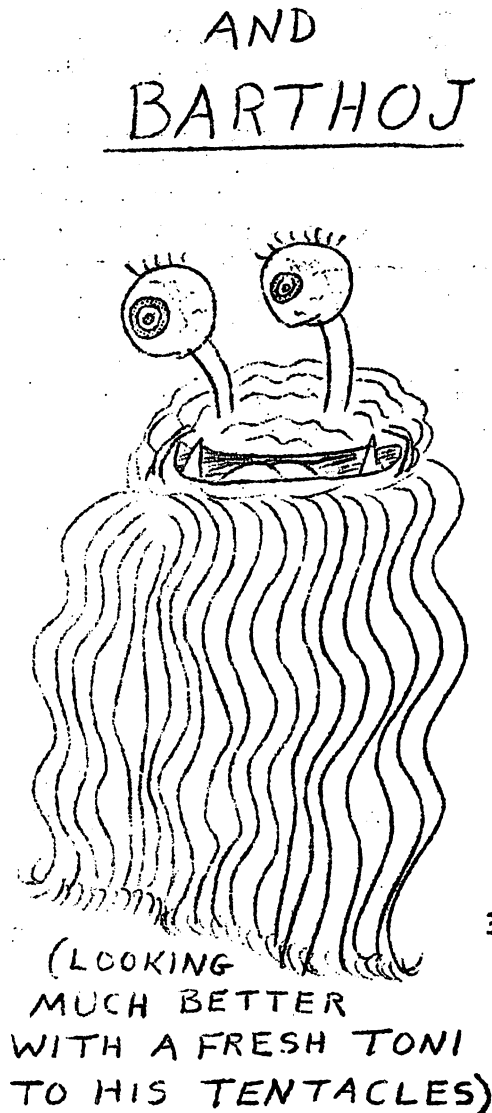
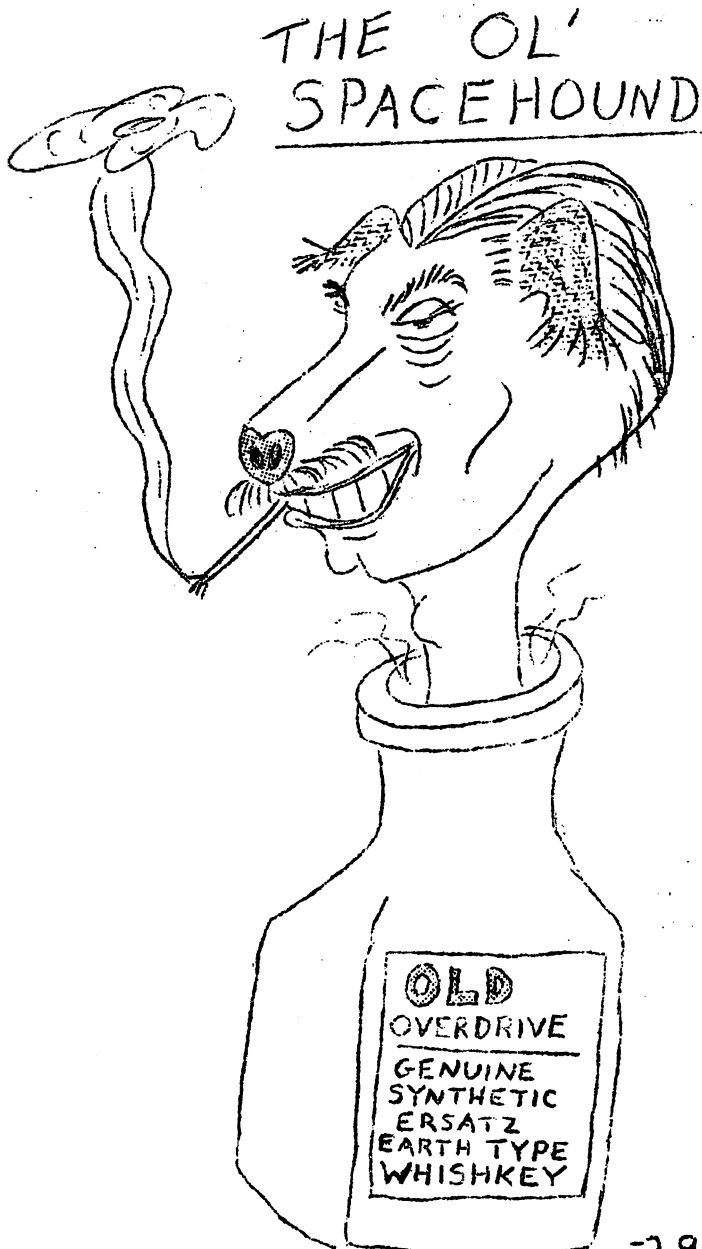
A few days later when they were on their way home on the ship that they had found, and which was still in good working order, the Old Spacehound was just serving dessert after the dinner he had just finished cooking for them.

All at once Barthoj started to cry and wave his tentacles in anguish. "Father, Father, what have they done to you?"

The Old Spacehound was perplexed until he realized what they were having for dessert. He then explained all about JELLO to Barthoj.

"Oh well, it was too good an end for him anyways," Barthoj remarked.

And this, dear readers, is too good an end for you. However the Old Spacehound will return soon with another adventure to torment you.



"CRY OF THE SECRETARY!" - the Rt. Hon. Wally Weber

MINUTES OF THE 170th MEETING OF THE NAMELESS ONES

What was without doubt the 170th meeting of the Nameless Ones was sneakily opened previous to the Secretary's arrival. For this reason, the usual extremely accurate record of the calling-to-order time is missing from this report. However, the Secretary's arrival occurred at 8:26½ P.M. The meeting took place in Room 4122 of the Arcade Building on January 3, 1957.

The voting on dues and membership cards, which evidently had been discussed behind the Secretary's back, was explained to Flora Jones. It must be assumed that some motion was made and seconded, for a vote was taken resulting in 8 for and none against whatever it was, with Bill Faris abstaining in order to get his name in the Minutes. From various bits of information that eventually filtered its way down to the Honorable Secretary, it appears that the Nameless Ones had decided to institute a system of club dues for 1957. Persons wanting club membership cards would pay \$3 each for the year, or \$5 for Married couples. Payment of dues would entitle members to attend meetings without having to pay the usual 25¢ and would provide them with membership cards produced by the incomparable Multigraph.

A certain amount of discussion started regarding a dinner meeting sponsored by the club. Otto Pfeifer & F.M. Busby agreed that the dinner should consist primarily of Vodka gimlets. The discussion began to gather considerable enthusiasm at this point, so President Toskey pounded the table to restore order. Shifting to a less dangerous subject, the President entertained a discussion on what the club should do on the 5th Thursday that would inevitable show up in January. Flora Jones and F.M. Busby moved and seconded respectively that regular club meetings would be held on 1st and 3rd Thursdays only. It was understood that when a 5th Thursday would occur in a month, the members would be able to cope with the emergency. The motion was passed by vote with Bill Faris abstaining.

Treasurer Royal Drummond reported \$7.83 in the club treasury.

The minutes of the previous meeting were approved before being read, although Faris did abstain.

Ed Wyman returned from rescuing the club cooking equipment from hidden depths of the Arcade Building and was brought up to date on what had happened during his absence. The revelation of the adventures undergone by the members so excited the man that he began making suggestions as to what could be done on the 5th Thursday in January and where it could be done. His suggestion of meeting at the Old Timers, 620 1st Ave, for a dinner meeting was put in the form of a motion by Flora Jones. The motion was never seconded, but the club passed it just the same. Faris may or may not have abstained. In the rush, nobody had thought to set a meeting time, so President Toskey, in the best democratic manner, moved, seconded, and passed that the January 31st meeting would take place on or about 7 P.M.

The program was to have been a panel discussion of science fiction, but since the only member of the panel to show at the meeting was Ed Wyman, the program settled for a discussion between F.M. Busby & Mr. Wyman of the comparative values of Dream World and Venture.

It was announced that a recording of Pogo songs would be played at the February 7th meeting until halted by a majority vote of the attending members. It was also announced that President Toskey would, at some even more future meeting, explain higher mathematics in layman terms. It was not made clear whether the president's talk could be stopped by a majority vote.

Among other items of interest in the free-for-all gabfest that ended the meeting was a mention of that mysterious OTHER Seattle Science Fiction club. This time it was the fact that a member of that strange club, Richard Brookbank, who has written science fiction professionally, has turned up in Rome.

The meeting was adjourned at 10:10 P.M.

Most Honorable Secretary

Wally Weber

(MORE RE. Hon Weber)

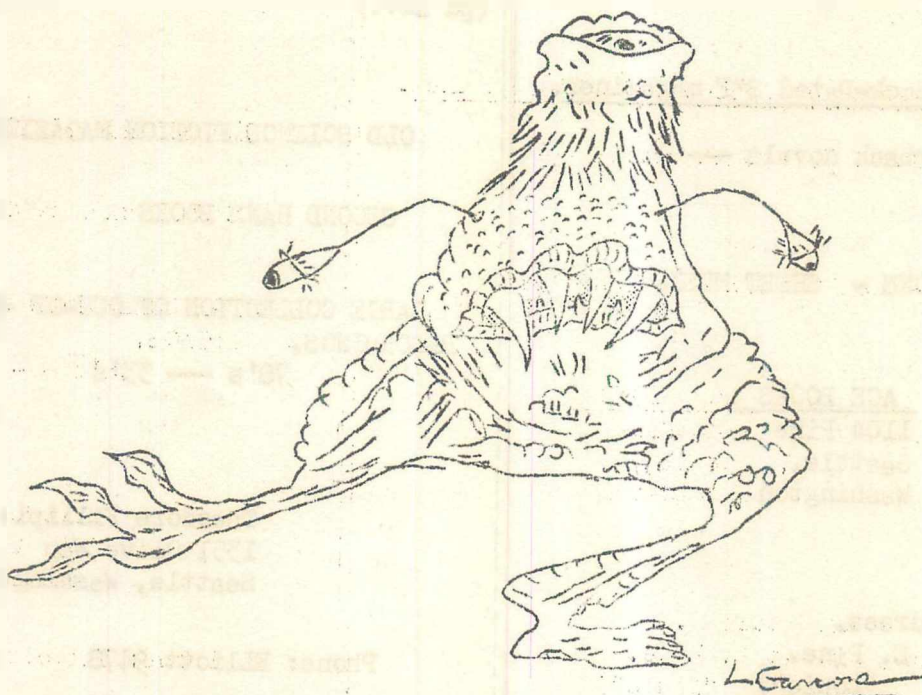
The first item of business for the January 17 meeting, since the minutes were not quite written by the Honorable and Prompt Secretary, was a measure conceived by President Toskey (may mice consume his Volume 1 Number 1 mint condition Amazing) to require the Secretary's signature to validate all official Nameless Ones membership cards for 1957. The Secretary was too involved in the intricacies of composing the minutes to successfully combat this movement, and the measure was put in the form of a motion and passed, just like almost everything else the club puts in the form of a motion.

Flora Jones pulled a sneaky trick by writing out her speech on Astrology and then reading it to the members. If possible, this speech will be reprinted in the CRT, so it will be of no use for your Accurate Secretary to make up the usual imaginary report on the program. The written speech, however, will not include the dialog between Flora Jones, Grace Simpson, Mitzie Lane, and President Toskey. President Toskey gave the impression of having had his faith in Astrology shaken at one time or another.

The meeting ended with a prediction by Mitzie Lane (based on Numerology) that Seattle would have a nice summer and an early spring, and a conversation on everything from DIRT magazine to cremation.

Wally Weber

.....



MINUTES (concluded)

(and yet more Very Rt Hon Weber)

172nd MEETING OF THE NAMELESS ONES

when are elections?

The 172nd meeting of the Nameless Ones was held January 31, 1957, in the Old Timer's Cafe in Seattle. The meeting was never properly called to order, the Mistreated Secretary was not asked to read his enthralling minutes of the previous meeting, and the whole affair was very unbusinesslike.

The Old Timer's management had been confused by a barrage of reservations (well, two reservations, anyway) for the club, and somehow took the unoptimistic view of preparing for half the number that actually showed up. For that reason, only one waitress was available to take orders for meals. The expression on her face when she was informed that we would all want separate checks was a thing to remember.

A total of twenty members showed up, not counting an interested onlooker or the waitress who shooed him away. The seating was arranged in three general groups. Around the large table was seated Wally Gonser, Julia Woodard, Clyed Goodwin, Ed Wyman, Geneva Wyman, Linda Wyman, Marge Wyman, Wally Weber, Rose Stark, Dick Nulsen, and Mitzie Lane. In a corner booth were F.M. Busby, Elinor Busby, G.M. Carr, President Burnett Toskey, and Otto Pfeifer. In another booth were Kathleen Swearingen, John Swearingen, and Flora Jones. Late-comer Jerry Frahm had to stand most of the time. The Drummonds, Austins, and Pembertons were not there, but rumor has it they were living it up in some night club with the club treasury.

Mercifully, these minutes will not preserve the -- uh -- joke whose punch line was, "How silicon you get."

For additional information on the 172nd meeting, you are referred to the various individuals who were there. Your Honorable Secretary refuses to expose himself to lawsuits.

Noble Secretary
Wally Weber

(pd Advt)

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CRY OF THE READERS

by such as these —

Dear Ones:

Hey -- wha' happen? Sent you guys 25¢ in my last letter requesting some back issues -- numbers #95, #96, and #97 to be exact. Where are they, knuckle rubbers of Seattle?

Haven't had time to read the whole ish, so I shan't be able to comment at length. Pemberton's 7 page column was a wee bit too long: gets rather tiring after a while. Keep it down to 4 at the most, please. The Minutes were fabulous, 'specially liked the bit about Roland Toskey. Letters took highest place with me, however, probably 'cause of the egoboo in it.

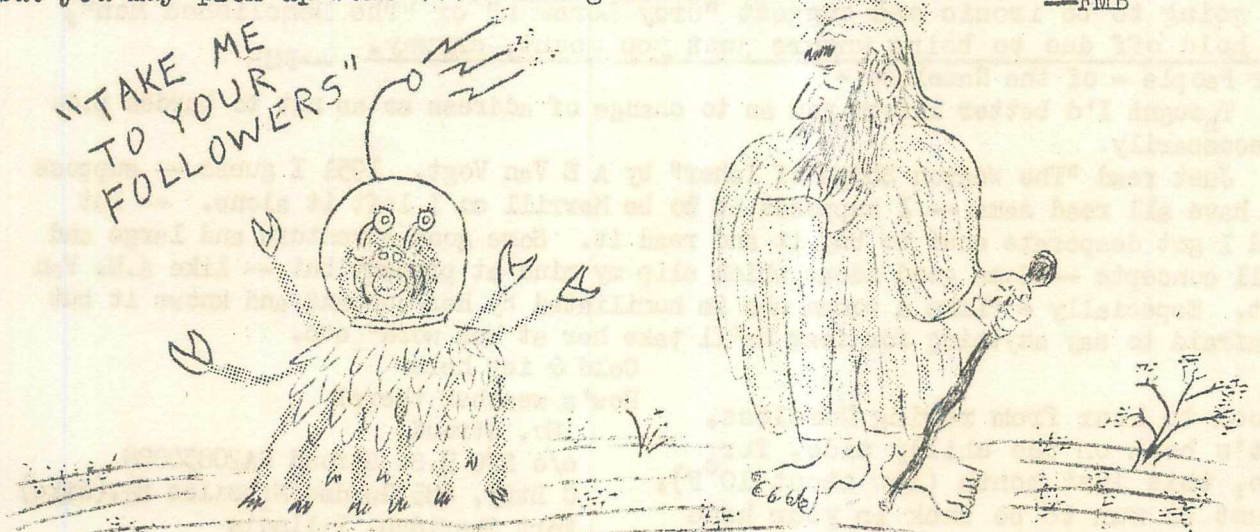
Speaking of letters I recently picked up the May '53 Startling -- and it contained the first letter Deeck ever wrote to a promag. I quote some specially juicy parts: "My remark on the controversy concerning religion. (Bring back old memories, Wm? -- maf) I don't like religion. So keep your opinions to yourself." Another one: "About Captain Future. Let the dead and moldy die." And another: "Fans: do not write me as your letters will not be opened for I do not wish to argue with anyone."

Why have I written this you ask, wondering? Well, I just wanted to show the readers of Cry that Deeck has mellowed considerably since then...

A coupla TAFF ballots are enclosed. I'm sending these out for Dick Ellington and I'd consider it a personal favor if any of your Nameless give him a vote. P.S. A self-portrait is enclosed.

All my best
Martin Fieishbman
1247 Grant
Bronx 56, New York

##Toskey says he finally located those back issues (the PenDen is getting to be a real MESS to search in, these days) and they should be along any month now. ##Pemberton is also exhausted by the quantity of material for review, you'll note-- any suggestions, Marty?? ##Tsk, I do indeed remember the early letterhacking of Wanting William, but thought he began earlier. ##As TrueSAPS, Elinor & I are pledged to Ency for TAFF but you may pick up some votes among others of the Nameless. —FMB



CRY OF THE READERS - continued

Dear Wally:

Kent Moomaw tells me that CRY OF THE NAMELESS runs a regular prozine review column -- and from the reviews of my own stuff he quotes for me, I see that Pemberton in a shrewd and discerning critic, and I'm interested in reading what he has to say regularly.

So I'm enclosing a buck for as many issues of CRY as that will get me, and I'll be looking forward to seeing what Pemberton has to say about my forthcoming yarns.

And hooray that some fanzine bothers to pay a little attention to science fiction, as well as to fandom.

Sincerely

Bob Silverberg

915 West End Ave.

New York 25, New York

##Welcome to our CRYing midst, Bob. Your buck entitles you to a year's subscription-- twelve relentless monthly issues, barring calamity (such as the Army again putting the arm on Toskey, who carries the whip). ##Don't let all this local nostalgia we're running discourage you-- it's only every hundred issues. ##I hope Renfrew doesn't greet you with one of his more potent blasts-- usually just about the time some prozine gives the CRY a good review, Ren has just roasted that same prozine to a turn. It's terrifying at times. ##The makeup of our staff is a bit fluid, but most of the regulars are firmly addicted to that crazy Buck Rogers stuff. --FMB

Dear Fellow Bems;

This is to inform that the new address of the Dfs is of above. Please write.

We are thinking of putting out a clubzine on the order (but not like) your Cry of the Nameless. Well button up my bottom, aren't you happy?

Also we are thinking of making movies and tape-recording. (Buget;?). Something homely like Richard Matheson's I Am Legend.

There is hope!,

Richard A. Koogle

The Dallas Futurian Society

5916 Revere Place

Dallas 6, Texas.

##There is hope indeed when Fandom still managos to survive even in the Wastelands.

##Send us a copy of your upcoming OO; Amelia will Dig it while it's still warm. ##If you're looking for something (hmm, what do you mean, "homely") err, simple for your first movie, how about some of the short-shorts?? I was going to be ironic and suggest "Grey Lensman" or "The Demolished Man", but held off due to being unsure just you meant, anyway. --FMB

Dear People - of the Nameless -

Thought I'd better inform you as to change of address so as not to burden p.o. unnecessarily.

Just read "The Weapon Shops of Isher" by A E Van Vogt. 1951 I guess -- suppose you have all read same -- I supposed it to be Merrill so I left it alone. -- But glad I got desperate enuf to buy it and read it. Some good adventure and large and small concepts -- Some good ideas which slip my mind at present but -- like A.E. Van Vogt. Especially - "Like a woman who is humiliated by her husband and knows it but is afraid to say anything for fear he'll take her at her word" etc.

Cold & icy here--

How's weather there?

##Good to hear from roving Nameless.

##It's been on the chilly side, for here, this last month (low about 10° F).

##Must be fun to be back in your home territory again-- especially when it warms up a little.

##Now I know why you left Puget Sound-- it was the prospect of someday having to edit another issue of the CRY. --FMB

Ev. Stroud

c/o SFC H.S. Stroud RA20830889

C Btry, 485 Guided Missiles Bn.(Nike)

Fort Sheridan, Illinois

CRY OF THE READERS - continued)

Dear Ones without a moniker:

Have two Crys here, but alas, I have not commented on them as yet. I would plead lack of time but the fact of the matter is, I've been rather lazy during the past few weeks.

They were nice issues though. #97 had a nice cover. Quite handsome in fact. I can't really say much for the material as it didn't hold much interest for me. I did like the minutes of the last meeting (which must have been many meetings ago) which I always read. Yes, I am in favour of having the name BEM changed to Blue Eyed Maiden. Of course, I have no real authority in this matter. I was just suggesting. Liked the cartoon on page 10 by Pierpont Holocaust.

And there you are for issue N. 97. And then there is #98. 98 has a nice cover. It is done just a wee bit sloppy but the effect is quite nice. That dragon like creature is quite nice with the half fur, half scales effect. I like the expression too. Dug Amelia's column and found it to be not much, really. The criticism of Twig, I didn't especially care for as it was mostly a defense of Galaxy. I'm afraid that Amelia has the wrong Idea when she says that "I doubt if he's ever read Galaxy." When Twig comments on something I'm sure that he has read whatever mag he pans. Of course Amelia is a bit biased in favour of Galaxy. Maybe that could explain it.

As to my letter in this, I'm sorry for making a boo-boo. I should have said that I didn't consider Toskey's column too interesting, but as I have read it before I know it to be a competent job. I don't mean to say that I don't think it's dull, it's just that it doesn't interest me. For others it would probably be enjoyable. Oh I realize that the prozines still exist; it's just that I'm more interested in the "less serious" aspects of fandom right at the moment. That doesn't mean that I think that Toskey's column would be better off. Quite the contrary. I hope to see the column continue for some time to come.

Sine Cera
Lars Bourne
2436 1/2 Portland St.
Eugene, Oregon

##Possibly your trouble is that you don't really want to insult us but feel it's your bounden duty-- viz "I don't mean to say that I don't think it's dull" etc. Ah well; my typer not only can't spell but also uses bad grammar, so don't despair. #Twig will be getting his revenge soon, no doubt-- I see where he'll soon be reviewing fanzines (OW, is it?). ##So you can see that prozines really do serve a useful purpose, after all.

(Larry, in another letter, suggests June 23rd for the NullCon proposed awhile back as the Seattle area's answer to the fact that Conventions are Too Much Work. Any other ideas for scheduling this possible event??)

Dear Nameless,

Here are the last of the re-drawn cartoons. I hope you like them.

I have been silent about the CRY for a long time. This is not through choice; but through a variety of other things, mostly overwork. I like Mr. Pemberton muchly; though I utterly disagree with him as regards Boucher and Gold. Please let him do some humorous articles apart from "Stf Plowed Under". The one in Sinisterra was a scream.

Your covers have improved several hundred per-cent recently.

And that is all for now.

P.S. DON'T BUTCHER THEM!!!!!!

(-35-)

Yours,
Joe Lee Sanders
R.R. 1
Roachdale, Indiana

##Now you've gone and scared us, Joe. We couldn't find anyone brave enough to try to do all that heavy black in your redrawn pics, on mimeo or ditto. Actually, this has been a sort of All-Nameless Issue for sentimental reasons-- no doubt some staff member will get his nerve up to transcribe your new drawings by next publishing. Yes, we like them. ##Pemberton thanks you. --FMB

(pd advt)

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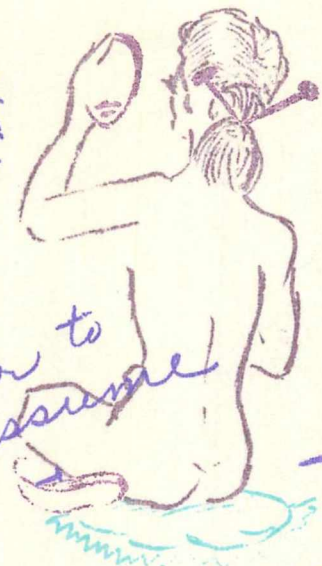
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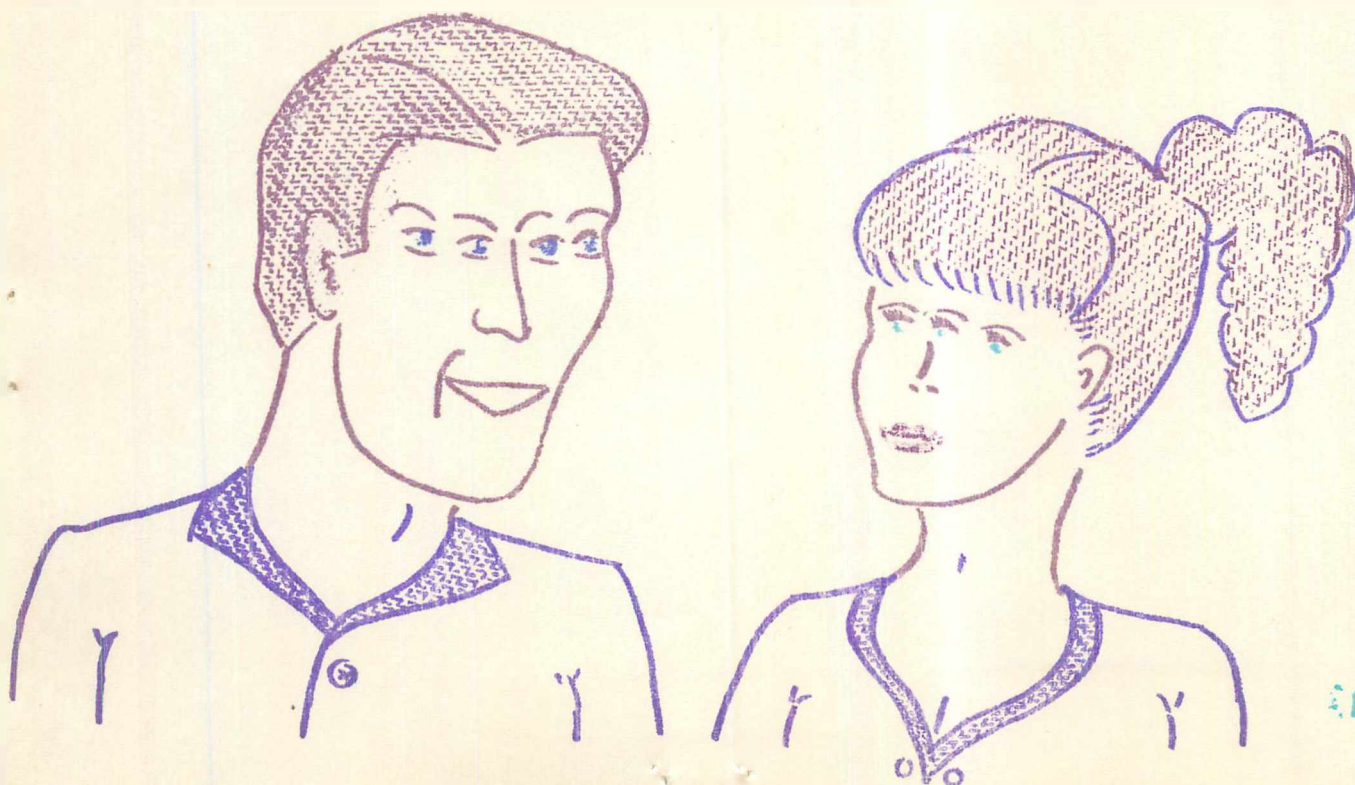
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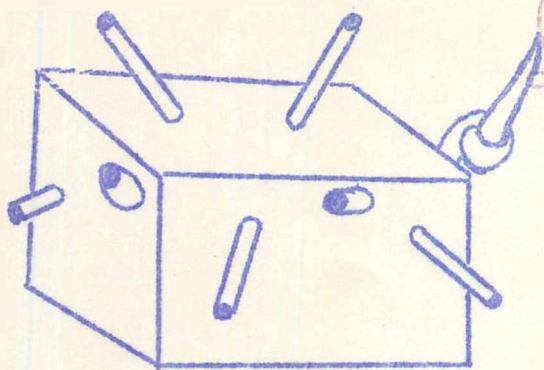
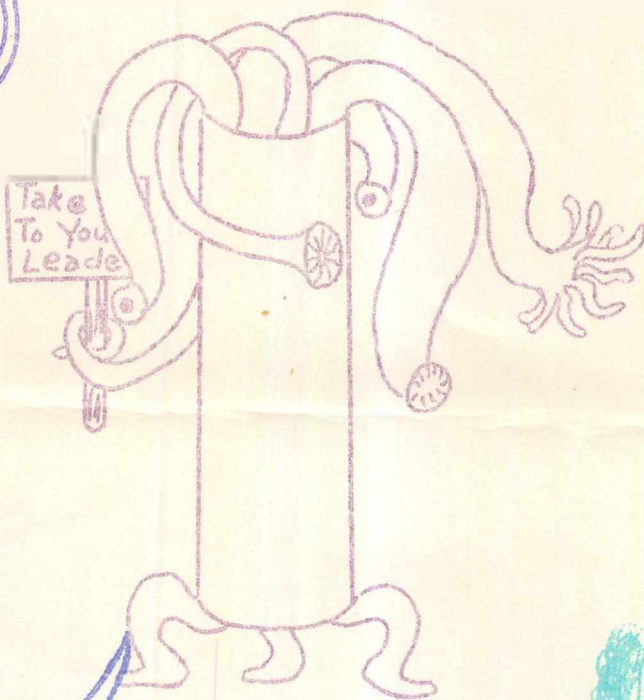
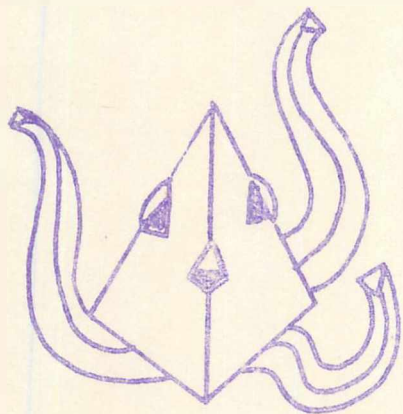
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(DT's by
GMCarr)



(pa advt)

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Galaxy vs f & sf

The Fight for 2nd Place

-by ELINOR BUSBY

The Big Three are quite generally acknowledged to be asf, GALAXY and F&SF. Hardly anyone will deny that the No. 1 zine is ASTOUNDING. They may be (as I am) intimidated by the articles, bored by "Brass-Tacks", fatigued by the editorials, and occasionally infuriated by some of the fiction that JWC sees fit to throw the peons. But ASTOUNDING has something: it has the prestige of intellect, the prestige of tradition, the prestige of publishing many excellent stories, the prestige of exciting newthoughtery, but mainly it has the prestige of being in the No. 1 spot.

There's a bit more jockeying for the No. 2 position. Fans tend to get a bit vehement defending their favorites, and attacking their unfavorables. I do. Or have in the past. My original intention in writing this article was to prove conclusively to the world and especially to myself that GALAXY is a fine zine and F&SF pretty darn revolting. So I read the last six issues of each and carefully rated each story. My criterion was not Literary Excellence; it was my enjoyment. My enjoyment of a story is based on: freshness of idea, freshness of treatment, depth & interest of characterization, freshness or richness of background, compatibility of philosophy, aftertaste of story, if any, & how it just happens to strike me at that particular moment. My ratings are completely personal.

Then I assigned a numerical value to each grade, as: D⁻ = 1, D = 2, D⁺ = 3, C⁻ = 4, and so on, up to A = 11. Then I roughly counted the number of pages in each story, multiplied by number, averaged, and so forth. Anyhow, I came up with the news -- and it was quite a surprise to me -- that during the past six months I enjoyed GALAXY and F&SF to almost exactly the same degree. GALAXY got an average rating of 7.7 and F&SF of 7.51 -- both almost midway between a B⁻ and a B.

I consider an A or A⁻ story a humdinger, B⁺ darn good, B probably memorable and certainly re-readable, C⁺ good enough so that I would rather have read it than not, and anything below that I wish I had not wasted my time. About myself: I am no longer a dewy-eyed neo who would rather read only fair sf than good non-sf; and I am not (like R. Pemberton) a hardened old-timer who has forgotten that non-sf reading exists. I dislike poor sf, so am actually no more than a fake-fan at best.

GALAXY and F&SF both rated more highly with me during the last six months than they would normally, for both were running genuinely humdingerous serials.

=46=

GALAXY's slight edge over F&SF is due to its serial being the longer of the two. GALAXY, you will remember, was running Bester's "The Stars My Destination." Bester is an absolutely PEERLESS pyrotechnician. "Stars" is terrific, magnificent, all the way, and finally toward the end we find the tremendous figure of Gully Foyle, perched on the bronze head of Eros fifty feet above the counter of Piccadilly Circus, bawling:

"Listen a me, all you! Listen, man! Gonna sermonize, me. Dig this, you! ... You pigs, you. You goof like pigs, is all. You got the most in you and you use the least. You hear me, you? Got a million in you and spend pennies. Got a genius in you and think crazies. Got a heart in you and feel empties. All a you --"

Amash -- I should have rated "Stars" A+. Too late now.

F&SF's serial, "The Door Into Summer" by Heinlein, was very different and very delightful. On re-reading it I found it to be, like "Star Line" and "Double Star", even better the second time round. Like them it is rather slight but perfect piece of work. No revolutionary concepts, no universe-shaking events, but rather a well-detailed, self-consistent background, solid characterization, good writing with charming side-lights, and a feeling of warm rapport with the author. The relationship between the 30 year old hero and the 11-year old heroine, culminating in betrothal, is handled with a precision and delicacy that is pure Heinlein.

For anyone curious enough to check his taste with mine my ratings for these zines are below. Ratings appear in the order of the stories on the contents page, excluding all articles, verse, and stories of less than a page in length.

	Galaxy	F&SF		Galaxy	F&SF		Galaxy	F&SF
Oct.	A (ser.)	A (ser. Nov.	B	A (ser.)	Dec.	B	B+	
	B-	D-	B	B+		C-	B+	
	D 7.75	D 8.00	C 8.87	B+ 9.21		C+ 8.18	A (ser.) 8.54	
	D	B+	C+	C		C-	C-	
	C	C+	A (ser.)	C		A (ser)	B	
		C+		C			C-	
		E		C			C+	
		C					B+	
Jan.	Galaxy	F&SF	Feb.	Galaxy	F&SF	Mar.	Galaxy	F&SF
	B	B+	B	B		B+	C+	
	C	D	B+	D		B+	C-	
	C 7.84	C 6.94	C 6.79	C 7.23		B 6.77	C+ 5.18	
	C	C	E	C		D	C+	
	A (ser.)	C+	C	C+		D	C+	
		B-		B		C	C	
		C+		B			D-	
							C	
							D-	
	D- = 1	C- = 4	B- = 7	A- = 10				
	D = 2	C = 5	B = 8	A = 11				
	D+ = 3	C+ = 6	B+ = 9	A+ = 12				

Hey -- Larry Bourne! Amelia P. says she dares you to dare Guy Terwilliger to take the taste test!

THE CRY AND I

by Wally Weber

The beast known as CRY OF THE NAMELESS was started on its relentless way January 1950 under the editorship of G. M. Carr. The first sixteen issues continued under her able management. Like all other Nameless Ones, I received the CRY regularly, which was bad enough, and occasionally read it, which was worse. Except for the October 1950 issue, however, I had nothing to do with the publication processes of that fanzine during G. M. Carr's reign as editor.

CRY #7, which was that October 1950 issue just mentioned, was run off on my Ol' Faithless mimeograph. The precise details of the situation have long since escaped my memory, but for some reason G. M. had the stencils typed and couldn't run them. Burnett Roshey and I had promised to do the mimeographing. There is an inkling of a memory that perhaps Phil Barker was in on the project, too, but at least it is a known fact that he illustrated the back cover of the issue with a young lady standing in a doorway and surrounded by all manner of strange creatures which struck me at the time as bearing a close resemblance to a Nameless Ones' meeting.

Burnett and I finished the issue in the wee hours, having done all the work in my room at Cascade Hall, a prefabricated dormitory on the University Campus. Nameless headquarters at the time was, strangely enough, Frank Carr's place of business at 3200 Harvard Avenue North, just south of the University Bridge. We were to deliver the batch of finished CRYs, and since neither Burnett nor I were equipped with a car in those days, we loaded our cargo into a cardboard box and set out to deliver our goods on foot. Little did we realize the pitfalls that were ahead of us in the dark.

The pitfalls were two in number. They were two members of the Seattle Police Department, to be precise, and they were patrolling the area in a city patrol car equipped with the brightest spotlight this side of Sirius. When they spotted two suspicious looking individuals furtively escorting a sinister cardboard box down one of the Lower University District side streets, the spotlight was immediately put to blinding use.

Neither Burnett nor I had any grudge against the Screws, and we faced the curious cops with hardly a quail between us. But when the officers asked us what was in the box, I found myself involved for the first time with a problem that was to recur several times in my later life; how to explain about the CRY when I wasn't particularly sure, myself. I wish I could have remembered our explanation, for it would be a memory to treasure, but I do recall the relief when the spotlight was turned off and our progress toward 3200 Harvard North resumed. I also remember having offered a copy to the officers and being politely refused, and it gives me chills to think about it. In the eyes of the law, that relatively innocent girl on the back cover could have been mistaken for a prostitute about to earn an exceptionally rugged living. The career of the CRY would have ended on the spot, right alongside of Burnett and me.

It took about a year after that dangerous moment for G. M. Carr to decide to cease being the infamous editor of the CRY and concentrate on being an infamous wheel in the National Fantasy Fan Federation, instead. When October 19, 1951 came around and the Nameless found it was time to elect officers, they also found that G. M. Carr was refusing to run for another term of office.

I was the logical choice, of course. Well, perhaps I wasn't logical, but after the club eliminated (a) everybody who was not a Nameless One, (b) everybody who did not own a mimeograph and typewriter, and (c) everybody who knew enough not to accept the nomination, I was the only choice. My election to office that night was an unqualified landslide.

The CRYs of the Weber era were a change to behold. Replacing G. M. Carr's frilly illustrations of birdies, hearts, flowers, and pudgy Corresponding Secretaries were L. Garcone's incomparable illustrations of incredibly gruesome monsters, recently extracted hearts, blood-thirsty posies, and scrawny Corresponding Secretaries. The unmodulated editorializings of G. M. Carr's opinions were replaced by my unending apologies for living. Analyzing the basic difference between G. M.'s handling of the CRY as compared to mine, I would say G. M. was primarily interested in what she put into the CRY in the way of ideas while I was more concerned with turning the crank on Ol' Faithless and cutting a better stencil.

The secret of whatever success I might have had with the CRY can be reduced to one fact. I had a Toskey. In my opinion, any fannish venture is doomed to eventual failure unless it involves a Toskey, and the Weber era of CRY publishing was about as involved with Toskey as a fannish venture could get.

Basically, it was Toskey's fault that the CRY came out on time. I could put out a fanzine without any help from Toskey. That was just it, it would be a fanzine, and completed maybe the same year it was started. This is because I will always flow along the path of least resistance. With Toskey around, it was less work to publish and mail the CRY than to avoid it.

Although the actual contents of the issues was up to me, Burnett made his contribution in that direction, also. Take for instance the time I showed up one CRY publishing night with three colors of mimeograph ink. Something inside had snapped when I had seen the inks in the store and the plan of running off the CRY in various colors had obsessed me. I explained all about how one mimeographs in colors; how one had to take pains to cut a separate stencil for each color and superimpose them by running the same sheet through the machine several times, and how a new ink pad had to be added to the machine each time the color of ink was changed. The Toskey had a different plan. To be truthful, even he couldn't resist the bright blue, red, and green of the new inks, but he refused to spend a week on every page of the CRY to make use of them. He pondered for a microsecond and came up with an alternate method. He was going to put all three colors on the pad at once so that they could all print at once. I tried to explain to him how impossible this was. I even read the instructions on the ink containers where it explains how your mimeograph machine disappears in a mushroom shaped cloud of smoke if any one of the inks were mixed with any other type of ink. I told him all about how the chemical composition of the inks would cause the stencils to clog up and cause the printing to be

illegible. The Toskey refused to listen, however, and despite the fact that it couldn't possibly work, the Toskey method worked and the 1951 Christmas edition of the CRY came out in red, green, blue and a couple other colors that appeared spontaneously where the different colors ran into one another.

Incidentally there were some collector's items run on that issue. The stencil for the back cover had, appropriately enough, been run backwards on several copies before the mistake had been discovered and corrected.

Starting with the January 18, 1952 issue (CRY #20), the CRY began building up its numbers like a thing possessed, for it was then that it went bi-weekly. The U. S. Post Office Department were the cause of it all. In the first two years of its operation, the CRY would be published once a month, and would announce one meeting in each issue. For the meetings that fell between those announced in the CRY, postcard announcements were mailed. In 1952 the Government saw fit to raise the postage on postcards from one cent to two cents, which made a postcard just as expensive to mail as the CRY. So instead of mailing postcards, we mailed CRYS.

By August 1 the CRY had reached number 33, and catastrophe had befallen it. The Toskey and L. Garcone went into the Army. We're not entirely sure which Army, but the truly frightening part about it all was that the Toskey inspiration was gone from the CRY along with L. Garcone's illustrations.

Fortunately other Nameless pitched in and helped --- admirably so. Number 33 was illustrated by E. Frowz. RotciV ekidertS (the Backward Genius) began his reversed career in number 34. Royal Drummond ran off number 35 on the Multilith. The CRY was certainly not a one-fan job even after the Toskey was gone. In fact, the University of Washington even played a part in producing CRY #35.

I've mentioned that #35 was done on the Multilith. We had to use a special paper master for this work, which requires special pencils, inks, and typewriter ribbons to prepare. In the familiar Weber fashion, I waited until the last possible weekend to start typing the masters. To my horror I discovered the Multilith masters were too wide to fit in my portable typewriter, and there was no place open where I could rent one.

What possessed me to think of the University of Washington campus I don't know, unless it was a desire to obtain revenge for flunking me a few months previously, but think of it I did. Around the campus I went testing door after door to find them locked. Suddenly I came upon an open office in Physics Hall, and into it I went. There, all neatly covered for the weekend and very unfannish-looking, was a typewriter.

In a few minutes the typewriter looked much better. A multilith master and ribbon, and a fan at the keyboard, can do wonders for a typewriter's appearance.

About a third of the way through a page about the previous meeting, a stranger walked into the office. I suppose he was narrow minded about the matter and considered me to be the stranger, but I was too desperate for a typewriter to worry about details. The man hesitated a moment during which I grimly pecked out another three or four words about the meeting. I was going to keep typing until the police came to remove me, for it seemed the fannish thing to do. The fact that I was composing the report as I typed

sabotaged any plan to type rapidly and convince the man I belonged there. When composing on master I type like a mental deficient poking his finger into a pickle jar. It resembles the way I type when I am not composing on master. At any rate the man's curiosity and better judgment overcame his squeamishness, and he came haltingly to see what I was typing. Knowing that doom was at hand I staggered bravely into another sentence. "Writing up a meeting report?" he queried. The title on the page was "LAST MEETING".

"Yeah," I answered, poking out the letters of another word.

Obviously the man was not satisfied, but he had probably read down to the part where I had described the Nameless Ones as having tentacles, and had no doubt come to the conclusion that I was nobody for a lone person in an empty building to cope with. He rummaged nervously around a bookcase and finally left me alone.

Everything would have been all right if I had finished all the typing then and there. But I was flushed with victory and, with one page remaining to type, I left everything and went out to eat. Returning, I again felt flushed, only more like a toilet than a victory, for the office door was locked. Following sounds from down the hall, I found the mysterious stranger down the hall.

It took some explaining, but eventually he was convinced that the best thing to do would be to unlock the office long enough for me to retrieve my Multilith equipment and make good my escape.

Once again I was out in the cruel world without a typewriter capable of containing a Multilith master. But would I give up with only one page to go on the first CRY ever to be Multilithed?

"Let's give up," I suggested to Victor Stredicke when he showed up. We would have, too, if Victor Stredicke's companion, rotoV ckcidentS, hadn't insisted to the contrary. Back we went, searching campus buildings for another unlocked door.

Bagley Hall, the chemistry building, proved to have an open door, occupied by two men in laboratory aprons, a ton of laboratory glassware and chemistry books scattered everywhere, and a beautiful typewriter. The two men interrupted their conversation about girls long enough to give us permission to use the typewriter and went back to ignoring us. Typing the final master was a definite anti-climax, but somehow I didn't mind at all.

Next installment -- THE TRUTH ABOUT CRY #50:

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