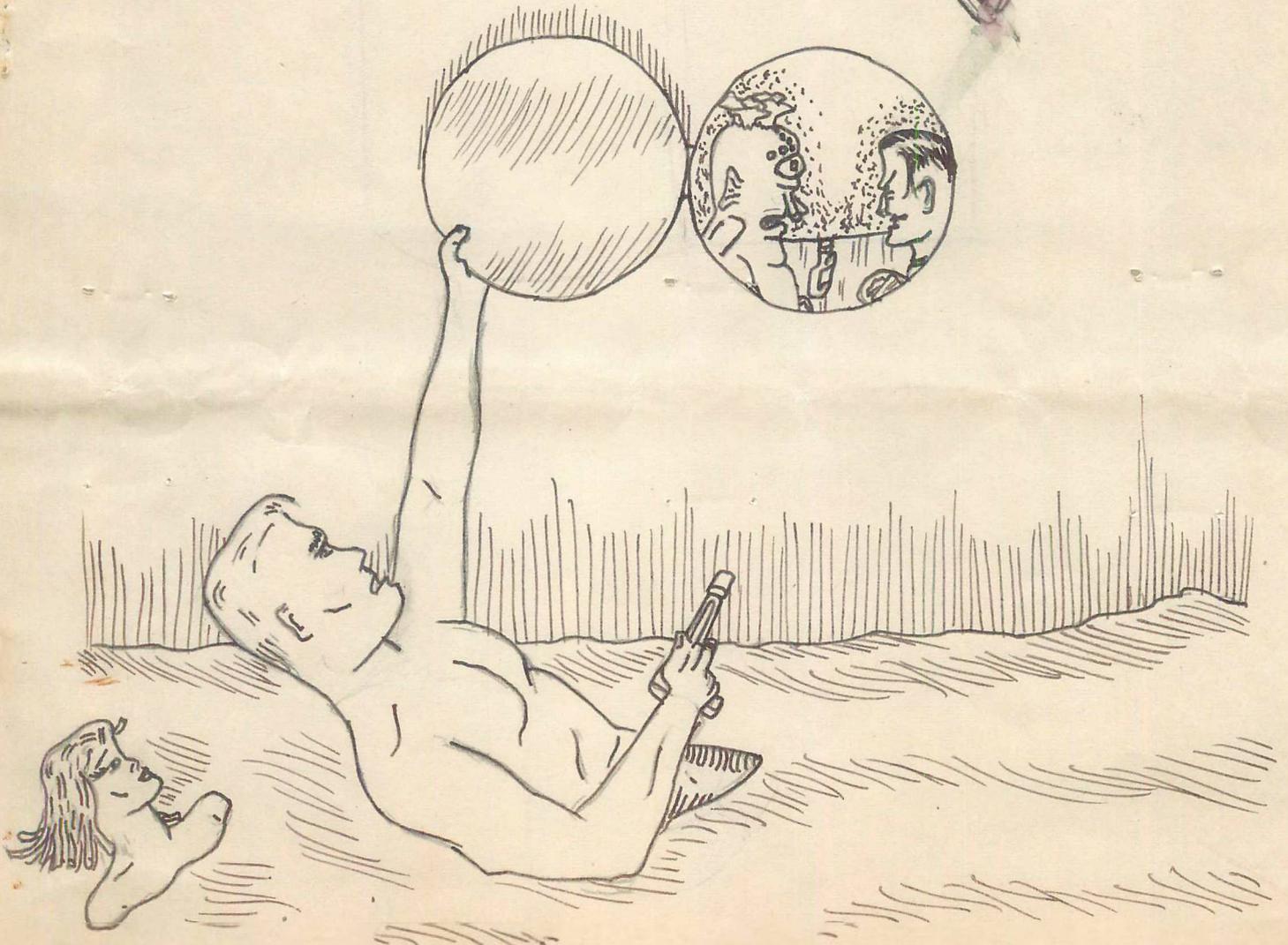
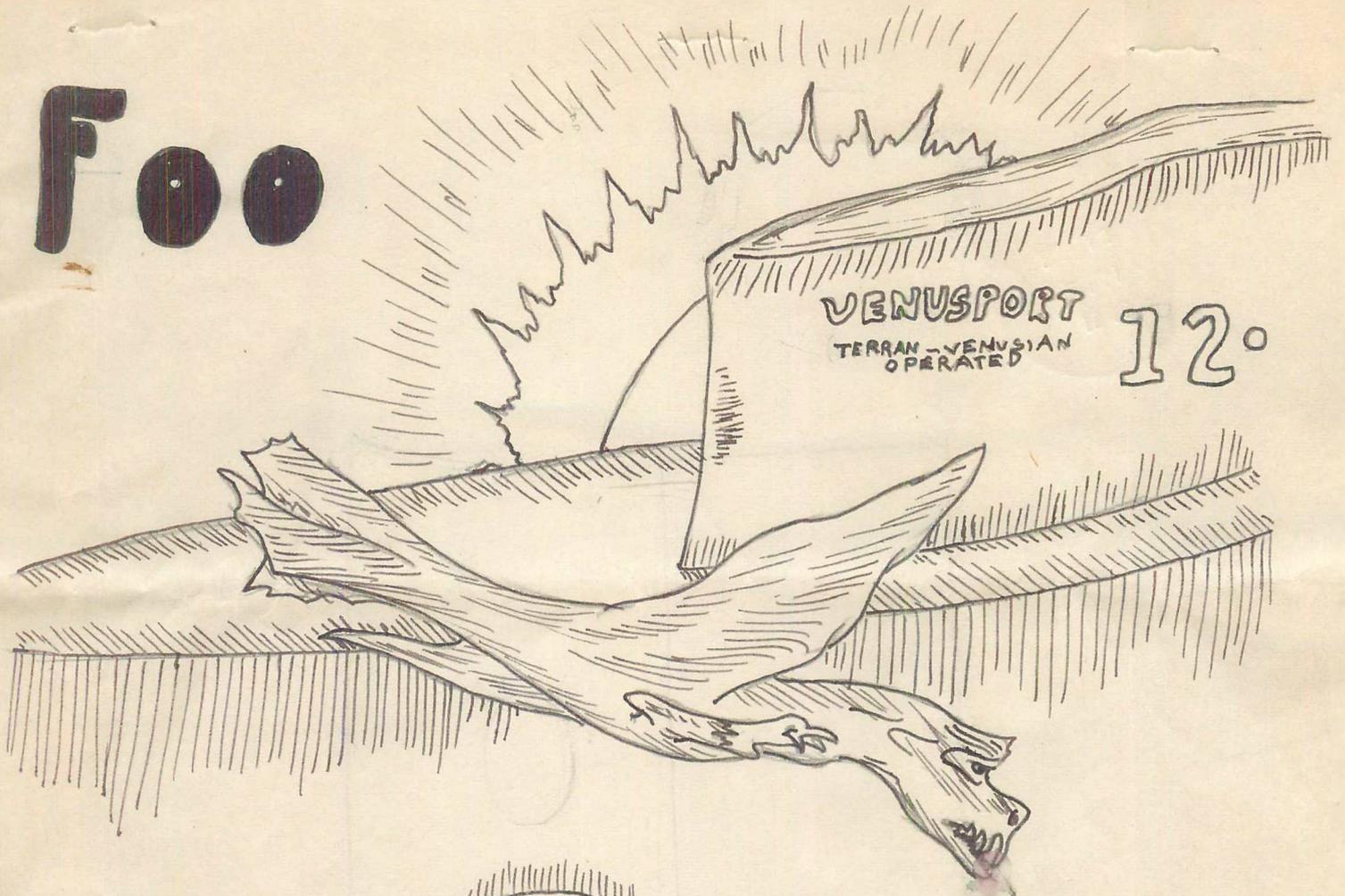
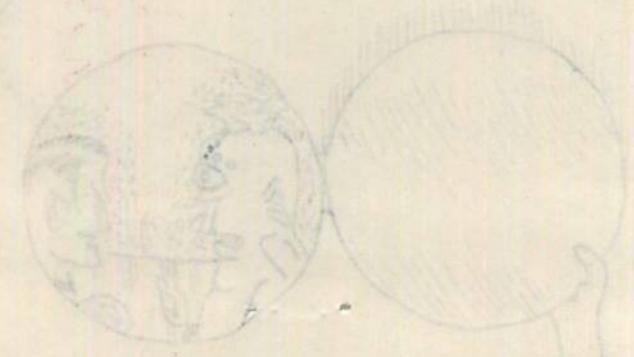


Foo



007

15. UNIVERSITY
TERRACE
DALLAS



DEAR RICK,

9/8/46

Don't fall off of your chair so violently, Rick; yeh, I've actually written you again. What? The name isn't familiar? Look, I'd better reintroduce myself. I'm Boff Perry.....

And to think you said, "you don't have to get your letter to me until the middle of July". Well I certainly took enough time didn't I? No matter how much time I seem to put into my correspondence, it always gets far ahead of me. After this, my letters probably will get shorter than they usually are. But more frequent.

I'll continue with that serial of ours. And speaking of TMFTOP, I'll have to apologize for part VII. This is undoubtedly the worst instalment of that story that has been written yet. Even including part I. You see, I've been working on that thing, off and on for several months so today, I suddenly decided to finish it up. Things will probably look kind of pushed together (which they are) but you'll get the gist of the story. The black cube is of unknown matter but has some strange affinity to the gravity of the Sun. Therefore it is stable only when near the Sun and the message, "Go to Nine" may or may not mean Pluto. All three rocketships have been dimensionally teleported to somewhere. I'd like to tell you where I would have sent them but that wouldn't be fair. There is a hint in the story.

I hope that when (and if) the story is ever finished, that there won't be any loose ends. I dislike stf stories that don't explain everything. Thus: who killed all of those jury members if it wasn't Boff Perry? I can't seem to remember. It somehow seems funny that Sneary (and Halmond?) would tolerate Boff if they realize he once tried to bump them off. You'll also notice that I've put in a secondary hero in the person of Raymond Long. That is because I am tired of using myself all of the time. (Must be I'm modest!) Anyway, I bet you have trouble with part VIII!!!

Cover of Gee excellent. I envy. The inside illustrations are also excellent. Gad, how do you do it? And what do you think of my illo for TMFTOP? Will Finlay sue?

How do you figure that 17,000 MPR (do you mean MPH?) would be a total of 60,000 Gs???? Speed and acceleration are two different things. You can speed up to and past 17,000 MPH at one Gravity or a thousand. The first would take quite a while and the second would be dangerous. You've simply got to compromise.

The Popular Science article you saw was probably too conservative. Men have lived after sustaining a pull-out of 12 or 13 G's but only for a very short time. Inside of a suit filled with water and lying down, a strong man should be able to stand 5 G's long enough to be traveling at an very high speed. I personally think step rockets are the answer to the problem. And 3 steps should be enough with present-day fuels (non-atomic). And while a takeoff of 70 ft. per second seems slow, that acceleration will produce a speed of 36,000 ft. per second in about 8 minutes while the distance trav-

eled would be (all computations in my head) about 2,000 miles. That would take a terrific load of fuel but 2 steps would take care of practically all of it. Then on the Moon, the rocket ship will be much lighter and the pull of gravity will be less.

I don't know what to write to G-G but the following will be comments, any of which may be used. So may the foregoing altho the stuff of TMTOP will be incomprehensible to outsiders.

Cover good altho not up to usual Cockcroft standard. I suppose, tho, that there is a lot of additional work in making a multi-color cover.

Gripes and Groans? Hah. That is my guess for the name of G-G. Am I right? Title isn't too fanish but that doesn't mean much in these days of esoteric titles like Sweetness & Light, 2 B or Not 2 B, Testing 1-2-3-4, etc. It will probably be appropriate.

I will be very happy to see TFRR continued even tho' it be by somebody else. As a suggestion, I would propose giving the title to somebody that had access to a real collection. Very few non-fans have this opportunity. Or better still, how about a FAPA Digest for those who are either on the waiting list or are interested in the writings of the organization but some reason or other would not be able to sustain membership. Of course there is a lot of material going thru FAPA channels that couldn't possibly interest an outsider, but I do think there would be enough to fill a digest every mailing date. What think everybody?

Calwell's opinion of the requirements of a classic are too strict. Why not use Laney's definition as a story that sustains favorable interest over an extended period of time???? I've just finished reading "Lost Legion" in an old Super Science and it seems like the nuts, but if two years later, I should forget the story, it certainly wouldn't be a classic.

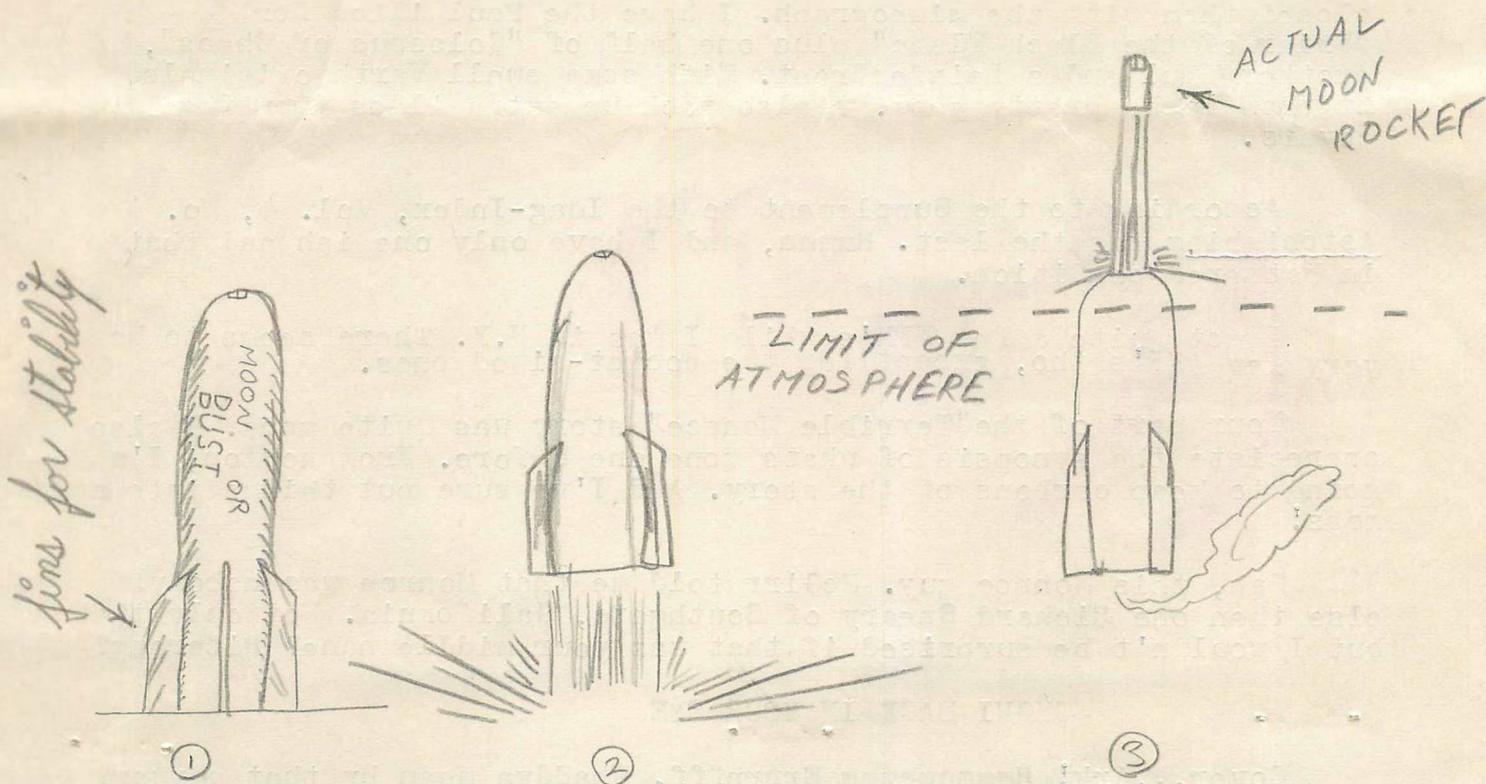
I, like Chris's idea of another APA but before we run into this thing half-cocked let's consider a few points:

I once proposed one and nearly finished a constitution for one and was advised by Kennedy that, "APA's are serious business regardless of VAPA methods". In other words, somebody is going to have to put a lot of work into it, The CW for instance.

Then there is the financial side. The official organ requires funds, so does postage for the mailing. Thus we have dues and with the dues come responsibilities. Then after that will come activity requirements for the parasites. What is wrong with the old-fashioned fanzine trade idea anyhow? Well, there are a few things to think about Rick. All so, I have a thot for the NFFF. How about a bureau that buys up say 20 copies of each new mag. This will start off the new fan-ed by giving him a little circulation. (If you object that he might just print some crud he knew he could sell, have him give the mags to the bureau and affix his own price to them. As people buy them, the money minus a small remuneration for the service is returned to the editor. If ~~xxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxx~~ the person leaves fandom, the mags become owned solely by the bureau.) Thus everybody who is a completist has a chance to get all the new mags that come and go so quickly.

I wonder if the jets really would melt the ground when it lands? Especially hard Lunar rocks. After all if a rocket's exhaust is very fiery, it shows there has been poor combustion and the engine is working inefficiently. Even now on a P-80, the jet is invisible. If it was fiery, like in stf illos, then a lot of wasted gas is going out the end. And remember Rick, the exhaust will probably be spread out a lot rather than concentrated.

Balancing shouldn't be too hard. If the Rocket is squat enough. Of course a blunt rocket would be of little use in the atmosphere but I think the step rockets will save the day. Here's an idea I saw in a mundane magazine:



I think Will Ley uses as many as 3 steps to his rockets but I'm not too sure if that is his final idea or just something he is discussing. Your idea of running the jet from the nose down thru the middle of the ship would meet with warm reception.

Hein ???

Your idea of the forming of city-states sounds uncannily likely. With the military at the head of each state making people work on atomic bombs, peace would and progress would be pretty well delayed. Trouble is you assume that both sides are ruined. If one side starts first, it might invade and win. Of course, you shouldn't have any trouble destroying the other's cities but finding his A-Bomb Centers would be next to impossible. Then after doing this, you really get angry at your enemy and start to use biological warfare and radioactive poisons. Enter the caveman again.

I fear radar won't be fast enough. Radiowaves travel quickly enough and computers can act within seconds but you still have to recognize your enemy. As you mentioned, shooting down stratoliners

and ducks wouldn't be so good!

I've pretty well ignored my card file because Evans' checklists and stuff will make it pretty useless. Of course it will be arranged alfabetically and it will be impossible to put in new stuff. Maybe I'll copy it down onto cards and when new mags come out, I'll keep track of them. I now have about 229 magazines since I went to New York so that want list of yours is now obsolete. If you return it to me, I'll make it up to date. Oh yes, and I'll send some "Morgentheu valentines" with it.

I sure envy you, getting an original from Planet. Maybe I should have spent more time hacking in PS rather than the two Thrilling mags. I have got some originals tho. Milt Lesser enclosed them with the mimeograph. I have the Paul illos for "Friar of the Black Flame" plus one half of "Colossus of Chaos", another Paul and a Leindenfrost. With some swell Warth originals, my room looks pretty good. I also tack up extra illos from fmg covers.

According to the Supplement to the Imag-Index, Vol. 4, No. 4 Astonishing was the last. Hmnm, and I have only one ish and that in battered condition.

I got quite a few FFI's while I was in N.Y. There seems to be very few FFI's tho, except for the pocket-sized ones.

Your part of the "Terrible Menace" story was quite good. I also appreciate the synopsis of whats gone on before. From now on, I'm going to keep carbons of the story. And I've sure put things into a mess!

Hah, this Monroe guy. McGirr told me that Monroe was nobody else then one Richard Sneary of Southgate, California. Not only that but I wouldn't be surprised if that was your middle name? Kiterong?

CYONI BACK IN YOUR EYE

Cover...Ark! Hmnmnmnmnm Errrrpfff. Whaddya mean by that anyway? I personally liked the mimeo'ing on it including the shading. I admit that the drawing was lousy. Yep the whole girl is there. Since it is a Martian nightclub, everything is on a small scale. Notice the doorman. So the femme coming out of the door is merely stooped over. Simple? Your cover will be used but when I can't promise. Maybe in the 7th issue and maybe in the 8th. I have the spraygun cover all done for the 5th, the 6th will have a litho. I mentioned that Fred Warth sent some good pics. At least one of them will appear for the second annish. Of course that isn't a promise; you know what happens everytime, I try to predict what'll happen in my zine.

You gave me permission to print "A Fan Visits the LASFS". Remember? I asked for some material for CYONI and you gave me permission to reprint everything in that first big letter of yours. And that was in it. Then I edited it some and sent it on to you (I think I did) ((darn! I can't remember)). Well, nothing can be done about it now.

Glad you liked "Iddy Otik Inventions, Inc." I thot it was good too. I have quite a bit more material by Adams altho none of it

measures up to this. I think you'll like his cartoons too.

Your turtle cartoon is hilarious and will see print. I think I'll use it for a heading for Shaver's article. Heh, heh!

And now, I'll do a cover for this ish of FOO and send it off into the mails.

Sincerely,

BOY

BOFF

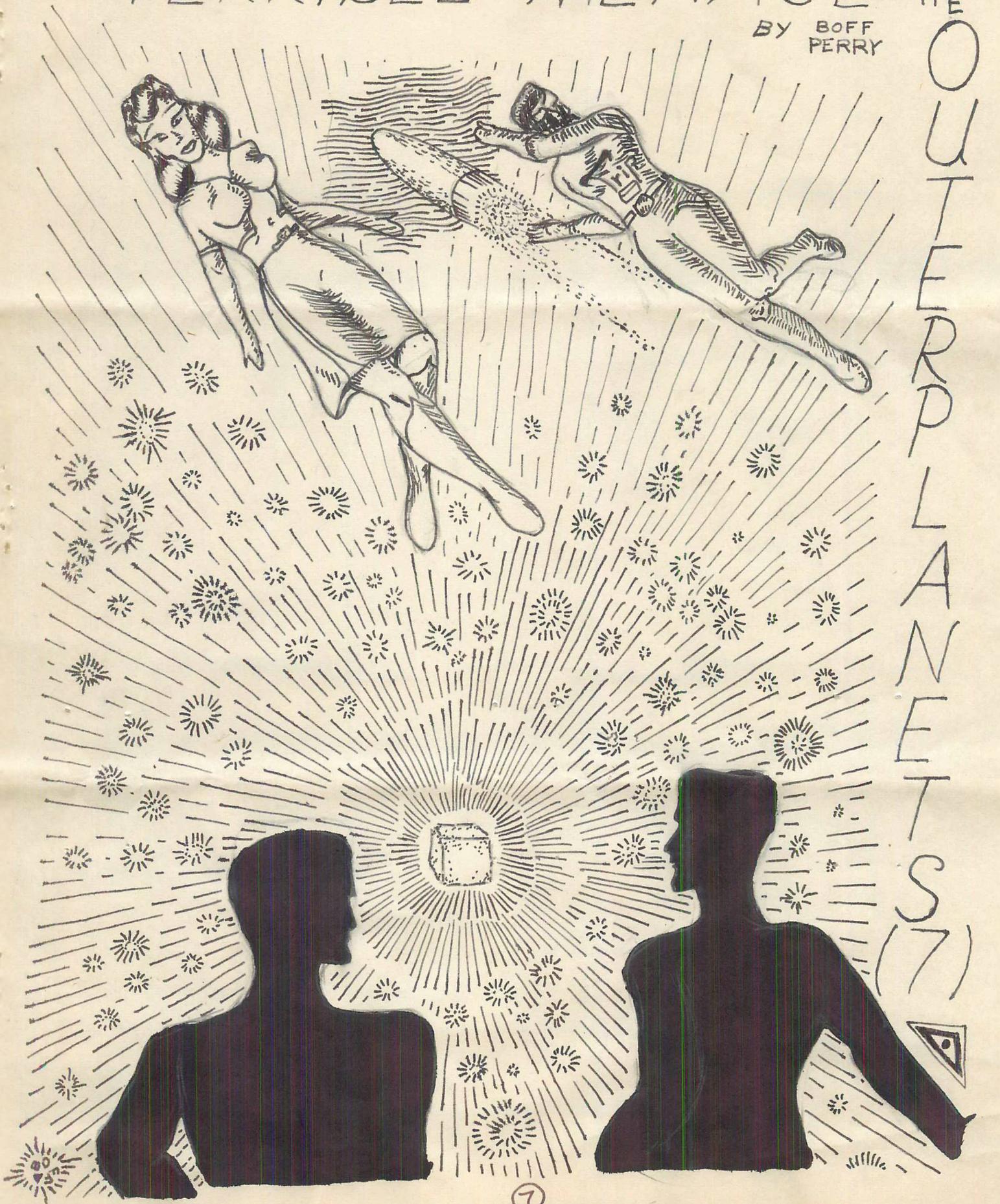
PIERRY



THE TERRIBLE MENACE FROM THE

BY BOFF PERRY

OUTER PLANETS (7)



THE TERRIBLE MENACE FROM THE OUTERPLANETS
(Part VII)

Boff Perry

Nazine slowly sat up, one hand holding her head. She winced as the throbbing increased and then nearly passed out again. After a few minutes she reached into a small compartment for a sedative and tried to think back to the events that had led up to her fainting. That black cube was the reason for her flight to Pluto and then her father.....there had been a terrible flash of light and..... she glanced at the chronometer. Five days had passed by but in space this was not surprising. Time acts queerly in the void and when consciousness disappears, reactions may be incredibly slowed down. Her second thought was of increasing hunger. Unloosing the safety belt and a little push caused her to float in a free-fall towards the middle of the rocket ship where the provisions were stored. She had passed the orbit of Neptune some little time ago. After eating it would be about time to prepare for a landing on Pluto.

Then for the first time after her awakening she saw the black cube. The black object slowly floated to where she was sitting. She stared, a horrible comprehension filling her eyes and then pushed herself away too terrified to scream. A few ~~seconds~~ seconds later the spaceship seemed to wobble as if of gelatinous construction. Then it rippled and appeared to be tenuous like a gas. Then it dissolved completely.

Senator Filbow turned to J. Berton Cran, "Okay Cran your turn to take over. When we get to within opposition of Neptune, cut off the jets. No telling how far the Zamen have gotten to now."

"Okay", said Cran, "We haven't much further to go". He checked the gauges and then looked up, "get Canner in here will you? I think we ought to take a few observations. He might as well help."

Filbow looked at Cran suspiciously. "Observations eh? I just happened to think that I'll stay awake while you two talk. No hard feelings of course".

"Oh no", Cran denied, " we weren't going to do anything. I just thot Canner could take a few pics of Neptune. If there are any Zamen there, we can tell the others about it when we get back."

"You fool!" Filbow exploded, "do you think we'll let the others in on this. You and I can make millions.....er, looks nice out in space now doesn't it....."

"Never mind the cover-up", said ^{Canner}~~XXXX~~ standing at the bulkhead "I heard it all. Whatever turns up from this will go to the Tri-planetary Government. You're under arrest". The Secretary of the War departmentx reached for his holstered weapon.

"Don't be foolish", sneered Filbow. You're weapon isn't loaded either!"

"It is. This isn't the one....."

"It is alright". But Filbow with doubts in his own mind reached for his own ray gun. Canner was less sure now but did not flinch. Both men attempted to fire at the same instant.

Raymond Long peered out of the porthole into the void. "Hey Sis", he yelled, "take a look out there. That's another Zamen destroyer or I'm going blind!" He ~~xxx xxxx xxx kinnzzuixxx~~ picked up a pair of binoculars to correlate his discovery. The magnification was almost nil but he could see the almost imperceptible motion of a point of light.

Elsie Long came in with the half-walk, half-push that crewmen in no-grav learn. "I suppose you've spotted another meteor. You nearly blasted a comet out of the ether last week. What do you think we're going to use for rockets at this rate....."

"Allright if you know so much about it, just take a look yourself". He offered the binoculars to her. She took a short look and gasped.

"You're right Ray! Quick get the Commander. I'll try to plot it's course." Long rushed out of the door and ran into the commander's cabin. The commander was poring over some charts. He looked up. "What's your big rush Son?" Quickly the boy told him and soon the commander had signalled several other space-ships. "Well youngster, I guess you spotted one okay. And now you had better get back to your station. It looks as tho we'll finish our supply of rockets with this one."

Ray turned around to go. At the door he paused, "Say, it wouldn't be possible to just cripple it and get supplys from her would it? If...."

"Sorry but we'll have to shoot until it's gone. Otherwise, they'll call up their GH₃ and the whole Zamen fleet will be with us." He looked at the youth, "a good idea tho, sorry we can't do it."

As the Zamen destroyer reached the point where the distance between the two ships was at the minimum there was a roaring swoosh of rockets from the stationary one. Most of the rockets missed by virtue of the hasty preparation for a fight but one-crashed into the main rocket and crippled it as the atomic engine went off with a roar. Crippled but not harmless, the Destroyer fired back in the general direction of it's assailant with even less accuracy. The crash of misspent atoms had acted to partially halt the ship so that instead of speeding by it was only drifting. Rockets continued to hurtle at the victim so that it's Captain decided to use the auxiliary rockets to guide it to it's assailant.

The crashing of atomic energy had made it impossible to radio back but the ~~xxxxx~~ much slower telepathic waves were headed out to Mars.

The Martian ship slowly drifted to the Triplanetary ship. Both ready to fire. Only a few hundred feet apart were they, when the action started.

"Neptune's orbit", shouted Jek, "we're not far away now".

"Aw pipe down", said Rick, "we know it's Neptune. Why not do something useful like hauling out that black cube again? If you're not afraid it's too heavy for you", Sneary ended sarcastically.

Evans came down the bulkway, "needn't bother, I've gotten it already. What'cha want it for anyway?"

Boff came into the room. "Just want to make a few tests on it. I want to see if all of it's various scientific constants remain constant in space or if they change, do they reach an equilibrium?"

"Doesn't look any different to me", opined Jek.

"We'll see", answered Boff picking up an extended micrometer, "dimensional data first. Take this stuff down Rick".

Sneary picked up a notebook.

"25.615 plus centimeters on an edge". Two more measurements. "Cubed", he added.

Evans and Jek being bored by this rather theoretical research which soon developed into rather complicated fields left the room.

"When it comes to physics, I'm about as stupid as a robot", Evans grumbled as he rapped his knuckles on Jek.

"Whaddya mean 'as a robot', do you think I'm a half-wit"? queried Jek.

Evans intimated that this was exactly what he thot.

Cran ~~XXXXXX~~ ducked as twin needle guns crashed over his head. Both men dropped to the floor, their enmity forever ended. His checking ~~XXXXXXXXXX~~ the guns of all the night before had proved to be deadly to all except him. Shaken, he went over to the control panel and sat down. While checking the controls, he had not noticed the slow change of the black cube; he could not see or feel until the last, the very last split second the horrible alteration of the cube. At the identical distance from the Sun at which Nazine, the Martian champion, had disappeared, the rocket ship of Burton Cran slowly wavered as ripples of sine-wave radiation rushed from bow to stern. It too disappeared from view --- of the Solar System.

"Well", said Sneary after many measurements had been taken, "just what does all this prove anyway?"

"That, I'm not ready to say," said Boff, "suppose we say that it is one of the most absolutely unchangeable things that I ever saw. Even the platinum metre of Paris is unstable compared with this."

"Wait, this radiation needle is quivering. I thought we proved that absolutely no radiation of any sort could come out. Why, a black object like that should absorb every trace of visible or in-

visible radiation. . . Yet. . . ."

Boff shrugged, "we're wrong, I guess cause there it is. Well all we can do is record it."

The radiation counter began clicking in earnest. Faster and faster until it was a continuous hum.

"Look Rick, I feel somethings going to happen; and look the size is no longer constant. . . .the edges are getting hazy."

"Sneary looked worried. The increase in radiation and change in size and shape was ~~increasing~~ much more apparent. Now the block was scarcely visible as it's edges vibrated with greater and greater speed. The blackness slowly changed to a grey hue. The greyness broke into a scintillation of all colors of the spectral rainbow. Next came a dazzling opalescence which was blinding to the two observers.

"Boff! This chart! It's increasing at an exponential rate! Why?"

"Boff's brow was furrowed with the thoughts passing thru his mind. "Wait! There can be only one thing that's causing it. The ship is racing away from the sun and this thing changes with it. We'll never reach Pluto's orbit. . . ."

And between the two scientists ((?)) came complete understanding. As one man, they both whirled to the control panel. Rick reached it first and pulled the Emergency Halt lever but even as he did it, he realized that it was too late that they would never stop in time. Outside the staid stars of space began to twinkle as tho passing thru rippling water.

Ten years later the youthful Raymond Long was named ~~xxxxxxx~~ exile President of Triplanetary. His fellow fugitives had not forgotten the boy that almost singlehandedly captured a Zamen destroyer and later led his fellow men into more successful action against the Martian nemesis. Triplanetary was still in hiding but now that they possessed a small ~~x~~ secret navy there time would come soon.

The Zamen had extended their absolute dictatorship over the entire Solar System and were now reaching out for more room. Their first explorer had just been sent out to Alpha Centauri.

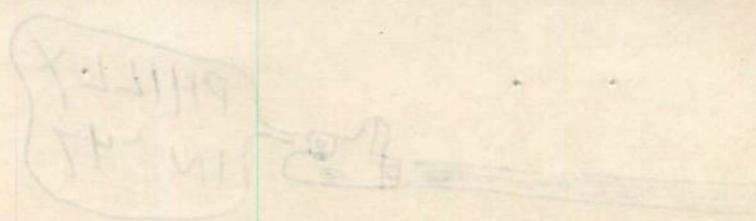
Fandom was nearly nonexistent now, and the "convention" that met was hardly larger than an confab of old would have been. Only one small fanzine was issued now and that was in secret. Collections of Science Fiction and Fantasy were hidden from both Triplanetary and the Zamen government.

And out in the far reaches of -- ~~xxxxx xxxxxxxxxx~~ ** the name for the place does not exist, even it's location could not be explained to those not familiar with hyperspace -- representatives each of the Zamen, TriP and Fandom struggled for existence and plotted the impossible: Return to Sol!

(This hunk of tripe temporarily ~~xxxxx~~ ended until our star writer at Southgate figures out some solution or other. Heh heh heh heh.)



THIS ! MEANS ! U
!



S O M E P A R T I N G

S H O T S :

boff

Well Rick old top, this closes the blinds on the shortest ish of FOO yet. And it took a burst of activity, nova-like, just to get this much done. What I've done to the story will probably render it hopeless but we'll see. It could have a nice galactic twist, or we can cut it down to something short of the EESmith epics.

The cover of FOO was rattled off pretty hurriedly because I spent most of my time on the illustration for "The Terrible Menace..." Anyway, if I had spent more time on it, it might have been almost mediocre.

Our cover reveals a dark conspiracy on Venus with out hero ready to blast the villains into atoms. Pretty messy huh. My tempora colors seemed to have dried up on me, Maybe if I add a little H₂O or oil in them, they'll be as good as new. I never was satisfied with watercolors tho. And oil colors are prohibitively expensive and since I've quit my job, expenses will have to be cut down a wee little bit until college begins.

I'm getting CYGNI done pretty quickly now with this newly acquired free time what with 14 or 15 pages completed and I'm doing about one a day. I could get it done quicker but I'm trying to read a book ("Star of the Unborn") and answering my correspondence (which comes in faster than it goes out). At any rate things are being done.

Unfortunately I've got too much material this issue to include your article and even in #6, I may have to serialize it. I don't want to sound as tho, I have too much material as its only a few long piéces and variety is the spice of CYGNI.

