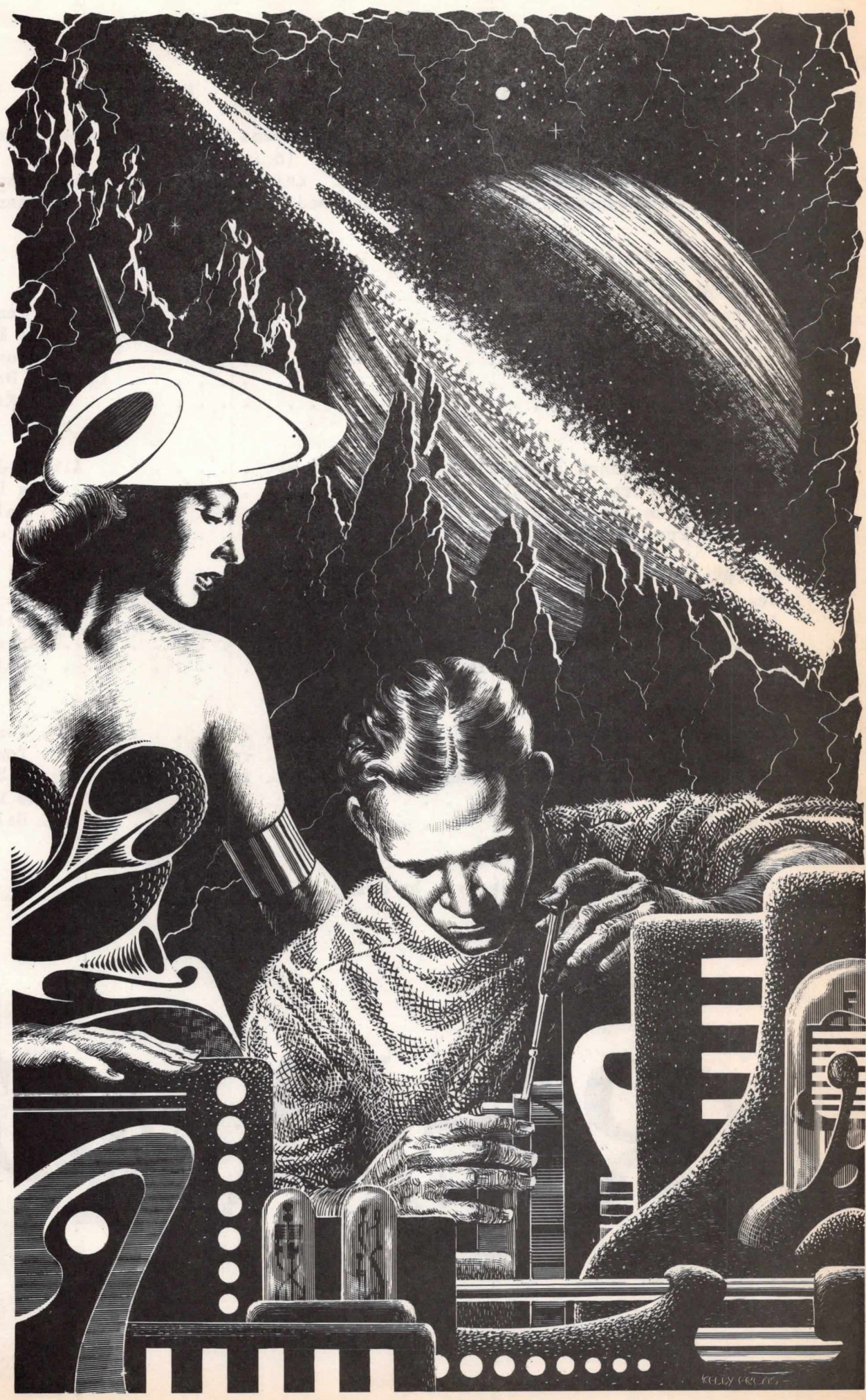


**C R I F A N A C**

beaumont • freas • ellison • shaw • benford •  
kingsley • hart • bloch • adamski • sievers • 6





## NEW ADDRESS: 4243 BUENA VISTA, DALLAS 5, TEX.

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### FICTION

A Prayer at Bedtime. . . . .	Tom Reamy	2
Fool's Mate. . . . .	Harlan Ellison	7
Brain. . . . .	Lyndon Henry	9
A World of Differents. . . . .	Charles Beaumont	12
I Little . . . . .	Anna Kingsley	30

### FEATURES

Booms and Blunders (Part 2). . . . .	Albert Jackson	5
A. B. Dick Forever . . . . .	Greg Benford	4
Letters From Various Wastebaskets. . . . .	Dale Hart	11
Letters From Various Wastebaskets. . . . .	Tom Reamy	16

### POETRY

Songs of Sixpense. . . . .	Wayne Daniel	8
In An Old House. . . . .	Charles Shaw	10
Within the Still . . . . .	Charles Shaw	10
Old Characters Speak New Lines . . . . .	Dale Hart	26

### DEPARTMENTS

Take Me To Your Leader . . . . .	Tom Reamy	1
SF Movie Reviews . . . . .	Tom Reamy	11
Crifanac Interviews: George Adamski. . . . .	Bill Sievers	17
Sic! . . . . .	The Readers	22
Who's Who In Fandom . . . . .	Dale Hart	24

Cover by Kelly Freas; backcover by Jerry D. Hines

# CRIFANAC 6

# TAKE ME TO YOUR LEADER

This issue is dedicated to all of my subscribers who have long since kissed their dollars goodbye. Seven months I admitted a long time between issues. I hope, however, to stay on a "Five issues a year" basis ~~from~~ now on.

If any of you have wondered where Anna Kingsley disappeared to, she's in Dallas now. She is assistant editor of CRIFANAC, though she's more of a deterrent than assistant. Who can work when she is lolling over your shoulder while you're trying to type? Who wants to work when she is lolling over your shoulder while you're trying to type?

She wants me to say to all whom she hasn't written since leaving New York for Texas, that her present address is not permanent and you can write to her in care of CRIFANAC. She's here most of the time anyway. I would like to wonder why anyone would want to write to her if she owes them a letter. Ouch!

There's a very interesting discussion going on in ABERRATION at the moment about fandom as a stepping stone to prodom. The worthlessness of fiction in fanzines was brought into the discussion — The insurgent says the only fiction that should appear in fanzines is stuff by pro authors which is too avant garde for the prozines. As far as I'm concerned he is full of hot air, but I hope he is satisfied with "A World of Differents" in this issue. Getting the Beaumont story was a bit of luck and it seems to have hit twice in a row. Next issue, an author known to all of you will have a story which breaks so many taboos, he wishes to remain anonymous. It concerns a trip in time to the days of Christ. If you are trying to guess what will happen, you are wasting your time.

When I was in college in 1955, my English teacher, who was sponsor of the inevitable literary magazine, asked me to write a story for it. I wrote "A Prayer at Bedtime". Short-sighted illiterate that she was, she rejected it. But hope was not lost! A girl on the magazine editorial board liked the story and entered it in the TIPA (Texas Intercollegiate Press Association) convention short story

contest. Happy day! It won first prize. Needless to say, my relationship with the English teacher was somewhat strained from that point on.

I would like to initiate a fanzine review column but I have too much to do already to undertake it, myself, so I'm huckstering for volunteers. There will be no editorial interference and the reviews will be yours to conduct as you please. I definitely do not want lists of contents, but a critical analysis of worth. You may even begin your name with lower case letters.

I want to start using ads also. The prices will be \$10.00 for a full page; \$5.00 for a half page; \$2.50 for quarter page and a minimum of \$1.25 for an eighth page. These prices are for material with artwork or anything which requires a plate being made. The prices will be half the above for material that is only written matter which I can type on a plate myself. Anna just commented that the prices are exorbitant. I can use the space for other things and the ad will more than likely be worthwhile if the advertiser is willing to pay that much.

It goes without saying that I need material. What fanzine doesn't? I need fiction, serious articles, fannish articles, artwork etc. I don't have any set policy as to the type of material I use. It can be anything associated with sf or fandom, but it has to be good. I draw the line only at articles on jazz and sportscars and the like which seem to have taken over several of the fanzines.

The movie review column needs a snappy title. Does anyone have any suggestions? You'll get a free sub if I use it.

Being a novice at fan pubbing I did not know what to expect from reviews. As far as I know the reviews have brought in one order for one copy. The review that accomplished that stupendous feat was in YANDRO. I hear it wasn't a very favorable one, either. I don't know as the Coulsons didn't send me a copy. Cuss 'em! Even the review by Bloch in IMAGI-  
(continued on page 11)

## First-prize winner in the 1955 TIPAC Convention

The quiet rain made jagged rivulets on the square of window glass. The dead trees cried crystal tears and the cold earth refused them refuge. They lay in lonely puddles forming minute beginnings of ice. The dying sun made restless orange things on the window glass.

A listless wind wandered through the drizzle brushing the stark trees that hadn't known a new spring. The sun in its lonely funeral garments settled heavily behind the distant hills. With the departure of the meager warmth of the ruddy sun, the rain began to freeze. The rivulets on the window pane became stationary and solid.

Timmy flattened his nose against the cold glass, trying to see through the coating of ice. He clutched Nanny protectively to his side and wiped at the frost his breath had made. Timmy was afraid. A sudden and unexplainable fear welled up in his throat. A dampness came in his eyes and his bottom lip trembled. The fear overflowed with a little sound and Timmy ripped Nanny's seams and the little teddy bear's sawdust scattered on the floor. With his fist to his eye, he ran.

Mother, sitting by Father's side on the couch, held her arms out to him and he ran into their gentle embrace. She made soothing mother sounds and put his tear stained cheek against her own.

"Nanny's hurt," he sobbed. "Fix her, Daddy."

Father took the small soft toy from his son's smaller fist and examined it clinically. "Don't you think Nanny would like it better if you fixed her? Besides, it's just a little place. Go find a pin, huh?"

Mother gave him a little push and a pat and he scurried away. "He knows something is wrong," she said.

Father took her in his strong arms and kissed her ear. She made a weary sound and rubbed his neck with her soft fingers. "He'll be alright," Father reassured. "He's too little to really understand. Don't worry, darling." They

sat silently, not speaking, not moving, just enjoying each other's presence.

Mother stirred. "Harry?" Her voice was dry and decaying around the edges.

Father turned his head. "Yes, darling?"

"Do you think it will happen tonight?"

"Perhaps."

"Harry?"

"Yes?"

"When it happens, will--will we know beforehand?"

Father held her tighter to him trying to make his love protect her from the night that was to come. "If it is night there may be a few seconds, but, if it is day and the sun is overhead when it explodes--no, we won't know a thing."

"It seems so funny. This terrible cold in the middle of August, and then, in a split-second, that."

Timmy came back, his smile making dimples in the shiny tear trails on his cheeks. He held Nanny out proudly. Father stood and lifted Timmy to his shoulder and laughed. A pale smile flitted across Mother's lips. Her voice was tinted with gaiety that was hollow and very fragile. "Come on, Sugar. Time for bed."

The four of them went up the stairs, a tiny bit of warmth in a world of cold. Mother's arm around Father's waist and Timmy on his shoulder and Nanny, with the crooked pin in her side, hanging from Timmy's hand. They rounded the turn in the hall, into the blue-papered room with the yellow giraffes and black building blocks. Mother dressed him in his wooly bunny pajamas; pajamas that should have been discarded for something cooler months ago. "Now say your prayers and jump into bed before you catch cold," she

Fiction by TOM REAMY

*a prayer at*





# BEDTIME

illustrated by Tom Reamy



said.

Timmy knelt beside his bed and folded his small hands and in his small child's voice began: "Now I lay me down to sleep, I pray the Lord my soul to keep. If I should die before I wake, I pray the Lord my soul to take. Bless Mommy and Daddy and please, make it warm again. Amen." He smiled up at his parents and climbed into bed. Mother tucked him in and kissed him lightly on the forehead. "Good night, Baby."

Father fondly rumbled his hair. "Goodnight, Son."

Arm in arm, Timmy's parents left the room and softly closed the door. They walked slowly down the stairs and sat once more, not speaking or moving, before the fire.

Outside, the cold, pale, fateful mirror of the moon suddenly blazed as brightly as the normal sun used to do. The ice on the window panes began to melt and run. The print of Timmy's nose disappeared and the pane itself, buckled and curled and dripped down the bricks of the house. The ice that covered the land turned to water and then to steam as the blooming hell-flower of the dying sun

on the other side of the world struggled in its death throes.

The brown leaves turned black and crumbled. The great forests flared and were no more. The oceans were billowing clouds. The cities settled and ran in bright rivers. The mountains fell on their knees and Timmy, in his bed, took off his bunny-rabbit pajamas and looked at the great silver light streaming through the window. He heard birds singing and saw tall green trees and the most beautiful face he ever could imagine might exist.

The screams of the dying world were hushed by the voice of a child.

"If I should die before I wake, I pray the Lord my soul to take."

---

Tom Reamy

A. B. DICK

FOREVER by Greg Benford

An old fan with a battered and ink stained beanie sat in the train station. There was a train by him on the tracks and the pros were getting on it. The baggage men hurried on before them carrying their suitcases for nickles and dimes. The Big Names got on, heading in before the rest, and the lackeys and small-timers followed them. But the old fan sat without moving. He was waiting.

It was a jungle, a jungle of oily typewriter keys and cheap bond paper. The old fan hated it.

"Where do you come from I asked him.

"From the Burbee-Laney days," he said, and smiled. He was an old fan and it gave him pleasure. "Been at it for years."


"Oh," I said with only half interest in my voice.

"Yes," he said, "I was the last one. The only fan left in the slan shack. I stayed, you see, mimeographing the new fanzines. The young fans loved me for that. I was always ready to mimeo their stuff. I was the last one in the slan shack."

I was watching the pros get on the train. I wondered what it felt like, to write and not  
(continued on page 6)

# BOOMS and BLUNDERS

## PART TWO



All our planning in the first part was very fine, but it now needed some testing. We needed to test the wings and tail section we designed with the result of finding: (1) the ones which will work best (2) the best way of afixing them (3) stabilization.

We had enough money to use powder rockets so we did. We were to find out later how wrong we were.

Regular 4th of July rockets were the easiest to obtain and the cheapest also. We used 2oz., 6oz. and 8oz. rockets from the Dixie Fireworks Co. The idea being to use the 8oz. rocket as a first stage and the 2oz. rocket as the second stage. We thought.

I proceeded to remove the stars and paper from them, then added wings and paint and put back fuses which had been removed. The first firing was done in private with a 2oz. rocket. I might add that this was done in a field around my house, a very spacious field.

It was a flop. We had made a very makeshift launching space (a cleared place with a small hole in the middle, to prevent backwash from burning the tail off). The rocket was placed over the hole and the fuse lit by hand. Things happened fast. There was a great whooshing which sounded to me like the rocket had expended its fuel getting off the ground. It wasn't far from wrong. About four feet above the ground it suddenly nosed over and took a wobbly course downward. I'm glad that first one was done in private.

Our second try was a two stage affair. God knows why. We fired No. 2 with the same trouble as No. 1.

This two stage affair consisted of an 8oz. rocket as the first stage and the 2oz. one as the second stage. They were glued together with the fuse from the second stage leading the the last part of the powder in the first stage. Our idea was that the two stages would separate from the backwash when the second stage fired. They were then fitted with wings and new fuses and we were ready to go again.

We had a small metal launching platform this time

which we hoped would be better than the ground. The fuse was lit by hand. Four feet -- wobbly-- ground.

No. 3 didn't even get off the ground. When it started firing the metal platform was too close to the ground and the backwash burned one of the tail sections off. It fell over and scooted up against the platform. This was one thing the backwash did do, but there was something that it didn't do. It didn't separate the stages. The exhaust from stage two went through the first without even touching the seal.

Nos. 4 and 5 gave us the same trouble as 1 and 2. We decided to use a slanted launching rack. At this time we also started using electric firing with fine results. It was a very simple thing. We used a one and a half volt battery, a short length of nichrome heating element and some connecting wire. Nichrome wire has very high resistance to current which causes it to heat up very fast. The wire leads have to be kept short or internal resistance will keep the nichrome from heating up.

On No. 6 we tried several new ideas for one thing, I didn't like the idea of removing the fuse with the paper. I had an idea we ruined the shape of the powder charge when it was replaced. So we left the paper and put on larger wings. It didn't help at all and made for a very silly looking rocket.

No. 6 was our worst try and from then on every bad rocket was referred to as a "No. 6".

I placed No. 6 on the rack and gave her the current. She started out nicely, but when she got to the end of the launching rack something happened and she came around and headed for us. We had just enough time to get out of the way before it crashed where we had been standing. A black day for my ideas, indeed.

No. 7 used the rack but otherwise went back to the old ways. Still we had no better luck.

Finally, in No. 8, we got one that would fly. Using the

slanted rack we got a flight of about 500 feet. It was wobbly and didn't get too far off the ground, but, praise Allah, it flew. Maybe we didn't praise Allah enough for we never recovered it. It landed in a patch of dry grass which it set on fire. No. 8 burned while we were busy examining the rack and nichrome wire system.

Nos. 9 and 10 were all vertical shots using the nichrome wire system of ignition. They were flops but we finally learned what was causing all our troubles.

All our investigations so far were of the rack and ignition system. One afternoon when Lyndon Henry was examining No. 10, he found two small black holes. He called our attention to them and I told him they were the holes left by the wires when we removed the sticks that came on the rockets. The black deposits around the holes meant there had been gas escape. I wasn't sure that the wires ran down to the powder charge so we made a stationary test. This was done by clamping one of the rockets in a vise and firing it. There was gas leakage enough to give the rocket

a sidewise push.

No. 11 was patched against the blowback thing and we used a new improved vertical launching platform. Unfortunately and to our surprise it blew up like a giant firecracker for some unknown reason.

No. 12 was the best flight we ever had. It was a two stage deal, our second and last two stager. We were still not completely successful.

No. 12 took off and traveled about 600 feet straight up. Then we noticed something falling back to the ground. It was the second stage, still unfired. Despite this, it was the only real vertical flight we had.

No. 13 lost a tail section in takeoff thus leaving us with the same old story. That's it. Why we quit when things started looking up, I don't know. When we will finish, I don't know wither.

---

Albert Jackson

#### A. B. Dick Forever (continued from page 4)

have to work. They got on, one by one, with their bright new suitcases and slick raincoats and laughed at each others jokes.

"How long have you been there in the slan shack?" I asked.

"Years. I watched them come and go. I watched their fanzines and I read them. The first copy off the mimeo was always mine." He smiled again. "My fanzine was the best. Always the best in the slan shack. Ever since Burbee left, I've been on top. I'll have to leave that behind too."

"Leave it behind?" I asked.

"They told me around the east pros don't do fan things anymore. They're all writers now, all the fans that turned pro. I left the mimeo and the stencils and the paper. The stencils and the paper will be used but the mimeo always stays."

"There are no more of you left?" I asked while I watched the pros get on the train, and the Red Caps carrying the bags.

"Only me. When I'm gone the old days will be gone too. The mimeo is all that is left."

(continued on page 16)



Erica stumbled out of the wreckage. Her bloodshot eyes threw back the glare of the bomb-out wastes about her. There was no doubt left in her mind. Five months of traveling across the world had convinced her, almost as much by the fact as by the unshakable belief in her heart.

Erica was the last woman left alive on the Earth!

Even more terrifying, she was the only human, male or female left alive on this bombed-out hulk. The automatically set robots had done their work well. Too well. None of those who pushed with trembling fingers, the buttons that unleashed the hydrogen-lithium-thorium-bronidium destruction were left. Not one!

And here she was, back in New York City, searching the last pockets of existence previously overlooked in her wild flight across the continent and across the globe. There was nothing left in all this death-encrusted remains.

Her shoulders slumped, she stumbled off in the direction of the still polluted Hudson. Why she had not died, she would never know. Immunity to radiation? The elevator she had been running, wedged between floors away from all blast concussion? High recovery threshold?

Probably all of them and more.

She staggered through what was once Times Square. The bombed out rubble of a culture about her feet. There was a man sitting at a fantastically still intact table in what was the sidewalk cafe of Chicken Heaven.

She continued walking.

A MAN!

She suddenly stopped, her tongue gagging her. Dear God, it was unbelievable. And he just sat there, not moving, not standing up and screaming at her. He was alive, that much she could see.

"Hey!" the scream tore from her lips. She plowed through the small whorls of dust that rose up around her ankles as she ran toward him.

The thoughts of five months, all packed and impacted in upon themselves at what she would say to the first man she met, flew from her lips.

## FOOL'S MATE

illustrated by Don Reed



FICTION BY  
HARLAN ELLISON

"We're the only ones left alive in the whole world. We will have to re-people this world. We'll have to mate. We are the only ones left."

She stood before him panting.

He looked up from the book he was reading, re-crossed his legs with a sharp, quick movement, wetted his index

finger and, moving his beret back from his forehead, ran the wet finger across the arch of his eyebrow. "Thath your thtory."

---

Harlan Ellison

\* \* \* \* \*

## SONGS OF SIXPENSE by Wayne Daniel

I. Miss Muffet sat on a tuffet  
(whatever a tuffet is —)  
Prim as a princess she sat,  
longing to go play baseball with the boys  
like she used to do; but mama said, "No  
you're sixteen now.  
You must learn to act like a lady."

At sixty-five, Miss Muffet  
is still sitting alone on her tuffet  
(whatever a tuffet is)  
and acting like a lady.

\* \* \*

II. Mary had a little lamb  
that she'd raised on a bottle like a baby.  
Everywhere that Mary went,  
the lamb followed like a shadow.

But one day it took sick  
and the next day it died.  
Mary and her little brother had its  
funeral and buried it  
beside the doll whose head had come off.

That winter Mary's little brother  
took sick and died  
and they had his funeral  
and buried him.

\* \* \*

### III.

Jack and Jill went up the hill  
one moonlit night.  
They peered into the depths of the  
old well  
remembering how as kids  
they used to come up here to draw  
water.

That was a long time ago  
They are grown up now.  
Looking at the moon  
reflected in the water,  
they saw nothing,  
heard nothing,  
thought of nothing  
but each other.

\* \* \*

---

I am not a louse - Yngvi





Illustration by Kelly Freas

Fiction by LYNDON HENRY

# BRAIN

Giant fluorescent lamps dispersed balanced illumination throughout the room. A group of men stood around an oblong table, the surface of which was invisible under layers of written calculations, geometric instruments, drawing and writing materials, and a large and motley assortment of technical apparatus of all kinds.

The computing machine, divided into several sections, surrounded the men on all four sides of the room.

The men perspired heavily. They worked feverishly, striving to complete the final sought-after problem, toward whose answer twenty-seven perpetual years of work had been directed. The men

were old--too old to live much further. But this was the product of their toil, their labor, their soul-burning desire and power to complete.

This was the final computer. There was none finer, none greater, in the known universe. Nor did mankind foresee a necessity for any other ever to be constructed. Into this machine had gone humanity's essence in edification. This computing machine could compete with and overcome successfully the combined intellect of forty-nine septillion men in three-thousandths of a second. To build a better one would take thirty-five thousand years of incessant construction, one-third again as long as it had taken to devise this one.

The men grew tense as the terminal of their calculations approached. Their withered bodies, wasted infinitely with the construction they had maintained for the last three decades, shuddered objectively as their minds changed abstract mathematical symbolisms into conjunctive cybernetic programmes for presentation to the machine. Their gnarled fingers, nimble and active yet, wrote easily with pencils on papers, translated individual thoughts into combined points of logical reasoning.

Then they stopped. The immense machine seemed to observe with silent curiosity as they straightened their ancient frames and gathered strength.

The final problem, the final tremendous series of extensively complex data and as yet unsolved equations, was ready for introduction to the machine. The men smiled vaguely but confidently with the warmth of the task on the verge of completion. Their aged but brilliant eyes glittered astutely as one pre-chosen from their number gathered up the finished papers into a compact sheaf and walked to the centralized programme insert. One by one, he carefully slipped the papers into the aperture. He then pressed a button on the machine's control panel, starting computation.

For a moment there was no sound. The result autotyper began to chatter, tapping out evenly spaced analyses of the problem, as the larger machine pondered them. The men leaned forward, quivering with expectation, anxious to see the answer.

The computing machine reached the end of its calculation, and a light flashed yellow on the control panel. Next would come the collective answer, which, when correlated with the analyses, would yield the final quotient. Then the autotyper chattered the answer.

"Be damned if I know."

Lyndon Henry

Poetry by CHARLES SHAW

## IN AN OLD HOUSE

In an old house  
filled with yesterday  
and scent of long ago,  
I came upon a mirror  
that had a spectral look  
and when I stood in front of it  
I seemed to disappear,  
as though, in truth, I were not  
in the very room I stood;  
yet all else was reflected,  
as clear as crystal spring,  
as well as an old lady  
who had died  
in Eighteen-ten.

## WITHIN THE STILL

Hail to the lone  
uncharted seas  
that clutch the secret of the deep.  
Hail to all Arcane mysteries  
outside the ken of man.

A raven flies across the moon,  
scattering green lies,  
while in a room beyond the stars  
a woman dreams  
dark dreams.

Within the still  
of purple night  
I count the graves of greed  
and mock the eyeless spectres  
that woo the virgin hills.

---

Are you working on the solution or are you part of the problem? --- Jan Sadler

When it comes to drinking, I'm a virgin. -- Randy Brown

Ron is a smark Ellik. --- Richard Koogle

This is one of those horribly dull days when everything goes right. --- Tom Reamy

Fiction is stranger than truth. --- Anna Kingsley



TAKE ME TO YOUR LEADER (continued from page 1)

NATION brought absolutely no response. By the way, you will find Bloch's name on the cover, but not on the contents page. His article was squeezed out at the last moment but will be in CRIFANAC 7. The reviews ranged from: "the best fanzine being published today" (in Focus) to: "this guy can't write, can't spell and can't staple" (in Cry of the Nameless). From this point on Mervyn Barrett is my favourite fan and FOCUS is my favourite fanzine.

Dale Hart, Bob DeJongh, Anna and myself, spent most of the day today selecting a hotel for the Southwestercon 6. For further information on the con read the enclosed leaflet. As you may know, Dallas is also bidding for the World convention, so -- BIG 'D' IN '59!

---

Tom Reamy

LETTERS FROM VARIOUS WASTEBASKETS

Robert Bloch  
c/o Imagination

Dear Mr. Bloch:

I have read your column about amateur journals. Is it true that you need the strength imparted by five quarts of scotch to get through the piles of publications?

A "Dry" Fan

Edmond Hamilton  
c/o Leigh Brackett

Dear Ed,

You haven't saved the world for a long time now. Isn't the Earth in peril these days?

Paul W. Fairman

Forrest J (no dot) Ackerman  
Beverly Hills, Calif.

Dear Forrest,

Fandom hasn't heard about your famous garage lately; in fact, years have passed since you pressed fans into service within those legendary portals. Will said portals ever swing open again for a Garage Party? Tell us, mentor!

Dale Hart

SCIENCE FICTION JOKE

A young man and young woman who worked at White Sands Proving Ground were in love. His job involved towing missiles out on the firing ground. One day as he was towing a missile he met his sweetheart. It was very hot and he was in no hurry so he stopped. They got under the tow to be in the shade out of the heat. She put her arms around him. He put his arms around her and he kissed her under the missile tow.

---

You are receiving this issue of CRIFANAC for one of the following reasons:

\_\_\_ You are a subscriber (bless you) and have \_\_\_ more issues to go.

\_\_\_ You have bought a single copy.

\_\_\_ You are a contributor to this issue.

\_\_\_ For review and/or trade.

\_\_\_ You are blackmailing me.

\_\_\_ You wrote a letter of comment on the last issue.

\_\_\_ This is a sample copy. You will not receive another except under one of the above categories.

---

This is a small blank space into which I can think of nothing to put!

Let's take a poll on the ten favorite s-f or fantasy movies of all time! If you are interested, send me your ten favorites and I will publish the results in the next issue.

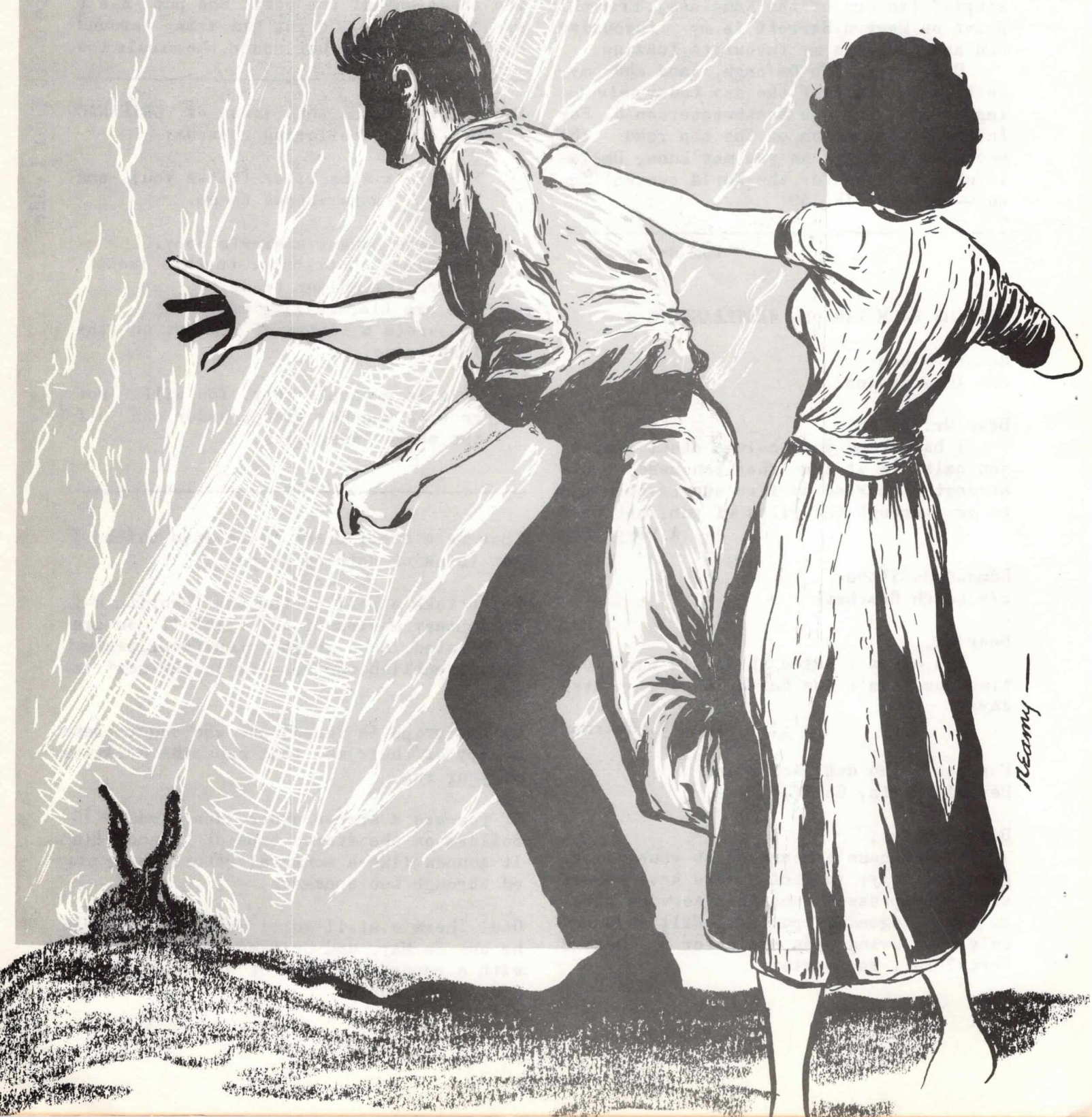
My pet gripe is faneditors who don't send a copy of their mag that contains a review of your rag.

If you are a stereo owner, don't waste 15 dollars on the stereo tape of "Cinderella". It sounds like a monaural record being played through two speakers.

Gad! There's still more! Crifanac 7 should be out in May, and Crifanac 8 in August with a report and lots of pictures on the Southwestercon 6.

Take me to Your Leader

# A World of Differents



Reamy —



## Fiction by CHARLES BEAUMONT

A-B-C-D-E-F-G-H-I-J-K-L-M-N-O-P-Q-R-S-T-U-V-W-X-Y-Z.

Now these are the symbolkeys to what I am saying. What is Earthword TELEPATHY doesn't work because I think out and nobody hears me. All the time I think. It is maybe that I am alone of the livers, if that's the story then I send this message by my last cone that wasn't shot to hell (and it was a farrago hiding it from them). Figure out the language, figure it out. Of course it isn't easy but you can try, I tried and I ain't no scientist. To make help I am (Earthword) deatomizing (?) a book which contents all words and send this with message. Study the book it is Finnegans Wake by James Joyce. It is where I learned Earth language also from when I listen to the Earthman who captured me talk.

The reason that it is I don't send this message with our ciphers is this: that, What has happened to my body, for crying out loud? O gig goggle of gigguels. I can't tell you how. It is too screaming to rizo, rabbit it all. Why I can't walk or hold a writing stick to make our symbols or anything else already. Helpless. I can't hardly work this machine but that I watched the guard (he calls it a tripewriter) who uses it when it is late and dark. You stare at it for hours and then you hit key and say damn-goddamn-it and when it is a long time the words come out on paper. But there are only Earthwords on tripewriter. So you work hard to understand me, you get the drift? It is no good if they catch me, then it is pain, I know. Thats what happens they are so cruel.

Now listen I'm no scientist. All I know is we were traveling out of formation to study more on atmosphere and I was a damn pilot, we were going to rejoin the group later on in the day. Atmosphere near water which you call LAKE. But when we are nearly through, What is it? Something has gone wrong with the ship. I can't control it and we fall into the drink only it is that I get the door opened and while the ship is sinking I crawl out. But there is no time for suiting.

What a luckyness I don't die you bet your sweet ars.

Well its blacking up in my mind. I crawl out of the LAKE and the ship is gone. I remember what I thought it was I AM THE FIRST OF OUR RACE TO BE ON EARTH BY THE GREAT HORNED TOAD. Then I see I have only got one cone left.

When I am awake finally I try to walk, but, What's

up with my legs? Different something. WHAMBO. I am a pratfall. So it was late and no sun and hard to see. No more any of my clothes are left: then, mothernaked, I sampood myself with galawater and fragrant pistania mud, wupper and lauar, from crown to sole. So it is not so cold but to breathe is a horse of another color. O Mother that took the cake to breathe. What will I: die? All alone, thinks me, and there's nobody nothin nohow and I'm alone on Earth.

I thought if a planet inhabitant will come along maybe I can explain our mission its friendly see and we ain't a - aimin to cause no trouble, that we are just looking for a new place into which to live. But maybe he will be afraid of me, I thought, or I will be afraid of him.

Well, when I figgered that the (Earthword) jig is up I saw this Earth man. Great God Almighty I said what a strange basteed. Four legs this creature and a long tail with the horns on the head. Describe it? Hustle along, why can't you? Spitz on the iern while it's hot. I wouldn't have missed it for irthing on nerthe. Not for the lūcre of Lomba strait. Oceans of Guad, I mosel hear that. Qgowe presta. Ishekarry and washmeskad, the carishy caratimaney? Sez I crawling up near it and told him my name saying, Heres what happend old podnuh. But I can't talk very good and the earthman is eating and only one word very hard to spell, Moooooooooooo.

Then I saw other Earthman and some were like this big sonuvabitch but others were smaller with four legs and some by (Earthword) MAGIC were flying in the atmosphere like ships and no machines in them. Wings. With so many different.

I ain't no scientist. All I could do is drive my craft before nobody told me about Earthmen being all different. Or that you could live without suits, thats why you have to understand this: no suits. You can breathe the air only no fun pops.

Well nobody pays any attention to me and I am going to starve to death or something. So I cry out for help, me alone, the first and with only one cone. "Somebody help me." I think, "My name is ---" (Earthword) etc. (?)

Thats when the giants came. Holy Scamander, I sar it. Ocis on us. Seints of light. Zezere. They are in a machine the machine stops and here are the giants getting out and giving us a looksee. I'm making sounds and afraid what if they're not friendly. And I can't stop throat sounds: Subdue your voice, you hamble creature. Deataceas.

O am I so afraid when I see them close. Big just ain't the word. Ah, but one was the queer old skeowsha anyhow,

trinkettoes! And sure he was the quare old buntz too, foostherfather and dotthergills. But here is the funny part, they are horrible but not like the way we are taught, like completely different. No that's the scorcher. Hair, tendrils, on their heads and they are (Earthword) anthropomorphic (?) and built like brick outhouses, no less. Stretch me, pull me out of shape, make it six times as long, and ugly? Ouch!

Well I'm pretty brave. So I clambered right up to them and telepathed hello there, my name is etc. I am part of a patrol from Zaras, we have to move and we are sort of looking her over. My ship crashed I thought maybe you'd take care of me until I can get word through to my buddy-buddies.

They didn't scream. They just looked at me that layed on the wet grass and I knew they didn't dig my conception. Of course I couldn't understand them either then, but of nature I remember what they said, they said:

-- Hank, it's a miracle!

-- Now for God's sake, don't go jumping the gun! We'll have to look into this.

-- It's a miracle, I tell you! Just as I'd prayed, Hank!

-- Just got lost, or abandoned, or..

I thought: Our civilization is a thousand years more advanced nor yours, folkses, and we want to be friends, if poss, we'll share and share alike, kay, keeds?

No intelligible response: to make the Gripes hear how coy they are (though he was much too schystimatically auricular about his ens to heed her). Giant Hank reaches down and picks me up and the other, also Giant but two fat-hills up in front, long hair on head, bigger buttin-sky, says:

-- Owww-poor-ittle-feller-izums'all-wosted?

No sense here! (They got them two languages, one I figured out, this; but another that they talk most of the time to me just do not come through. Nemmine.)

Well brother am I gullible. Scared and hungry I figured to let them take over me. I let them pick up me—practically there is no (Earthword) gravity—and I trusted.

Tired, get what I mean and hungry wow. And pains all over so that what it was I did I went to sleep before I could be finding out even wha's wha.

Did somebody say Earth people friendly let me at him is all. Because I am just one single Zarasan and here's what happened to me.

Incredible!

Semperexcommunicambiambisumers. (Poor little sowsieved subsquashed me! Already I begin to feel contempt for them.)

Its got me beat how much time there went by right then. But always they are saying, He's sick, he's sick, and black kept getting in my head hard to get used to. Natural? When I'm conscious in moments I begin TELEPATHY (no answer) and I look to see how the land lays. With another one Giant all the time it's:

--Hes gotta blong tuh somebody, for Cry Eye.

And:

--We've checked everywhere. I can't lose him!

Well they put me in a cage first. Yes in a prison. I wake up and where am I? Behind bars. No clothes still but a white clothly thing I don't know what the hell. The ground in the cage is soft BWAAAAANG! but then I see there is something in the cage there with me. With the arms and the legs. And furry. I thought wow what's this?

Well I'm pretty brave. So when this liver wouldn't talk I challenged him in custom and we fought very hard, yes. What

a fight! While that Mooksius with prepro-  
cession and proprecession, duplicitly and  
displussedly, was promulgating ipsofacts  
and sadcontras this raskolly Zarasan he  
had allbust seceded in monophysicking his  
illsobordunates...and his babskissed nepo  
greasymost got the hoof from my philioquus  
right in the snoot! Its insides came out  
dry and it was still. We'll see now, what  
I thought, then whos bossman. We'll see  
now.

Then the Giant Earthman said and pick-  
ed up me and did unspeakable things s o  
bad I can't talk about them. Back home  
you do what he did to me that's all, you  
get the bis in the gratch. Humiliation...  
Jing!

I tried to fight but it wasn't no dice  
on because Earthman like the Giants are  
superstrength. I said, See here, is this  
how you treat visitors? Is this h o w a  
Guest is treated by Earthdwellers in the  
name of Pete?

--Him'th-talkin' he said. Such tongue.

Then you don't know, you just don't  
know. Great things they put in my mouth  
and tubes places if I told you you would  
say I'm lying, it's so doity, and tried to  
smother me. Tortures like this all t h e  
time. When I sleep its wake up and when I  
try to talk what is it? Go to sleep.

And worse. Well Lord knows how long  
this rebob went on. No communication Quas  
Primas -- but 'tis better to compote my  
knowledge's fructos of. Tomes. They pre-  
tend they do not understand me or maybe  
they are so jerkhead they cannot trans-  
late even now. And every day I talk t o  
them and say who I am and why are t h e y  
torturing me, what have I ever done t o  
them?

I have surprise they didn't take a-  
way my cone, they found it finally, then  
where would I be? Once they tried but I  
screamed threats and they said, --Iddums-  
widdah-pwaysing? (Meaning?) And let m e  
have it back.

I was thonthorstrok that time.

Well this Earthman who is my guard &  
main torturer is what they call WRITER.  
When it is light and I am too tired t o  
walk -- impossible! Whooth! -- he w i l l  
leave alone me. Maybe come in and say,  
-- Quite a set of lungs boy givin' em a  
rest? But the other Earthman who is what  
they call a chick or doll-type housewife  
never. Always it is that this one hits &  
ouches me and holds me up in her giant  
hands and does these unspeakable things.  
Always she says, -- So glad he can b e  
ours, so glad, Hank, I know we didn't do  
wrong, we asked around, we watched the  
papers didn't we? ( -- We're kidnappers,  
says another one Giant.)

Well I tried to make a message t o  
home but my hands have trouble to work.  
A writing stick they gave me but it would  
not god-damn. Halfway through my d i s -  
patch, what did they do? They took it a-  
way and said, -- See the widduh wabbit ,  
him him dwawed? But all right you could  
not have read it anyway.

Then what I saw is Writer working  
this machine. I stopped to fight and was  
quiet and watching for long. The l a n -  
guage I learned, then when I watched, I  
can see what to operate. Writer now he is  
very cool, -- Here, he says, this is how  
the tripewriter works, baby. And when he  
caught me with his books, he says, -- Here  
try some Joyce, kid maybe you can make  
some sense out of it.

My captors have beat it for a short  
while. Writer is at what is called a Li-  
brary doing research for novel, but I  
can hear the voice of Giant Shewife a t  
near place: Nextdoorneighbors. I escaped  
my cage and am finishing now hurry-up in  
case they see: that would be bad. Then  
they hit you. But pretty clever of me for  
being no scientist?

I will get free tonight (snakes i n  
clover, picked and scotched, and a vati-  
canned viper). After they torture me with  
what they call (Earthword) BOTTLE and go  
asleep then I will climb out of t h i s  
cage that Shewife calls CRIB and, fast,  
because I learned how. Fool them. Then I  
will make a twist on what they never let



me touch, a device thing they always say,  
-- Don't ever play with that, that's the  
gas heater, don't ever touch that its dan-  
gerous.

So you come pronto but forget all that  
 jazz about being friendships for these are  
 vicious warlike creatures. Try friendship  
 and you know what they'll give you? They  
 will give you prison and torture like the  
 kind 0 I can't even start to tell you.

Bring weapons -- Perkodhuskurunbargg-  
 ruaayagorgorlayorgromgremmitghundhurthru-  
 mathunaradidillifaititillibumullunukkunu!  
 -- the big ones. But watch out for me. I  
 will be in a field away from the falling  
 buildings, you know what I mean. And Amen  
 brothers, you bet!

Charles Beaumont

A.B. DICK FOREVER by Greg Benford  
 (continued from page 6)

"You're finally going with them, then?"

He looked at me with tired eyes. "Yes,  
 I'm going. All four days of the conven-  
 tion I tried. The years of small sales &  
 signed rejection slips added up, and I'm  
 going. I hope they take good care of the  
 mimeo."

"What is it? An A.B. Dick?" I asked him

"Yes," he said. "I won't have a n y  
 need for it, but I hope they don't give it  
 too much ink. That always made it sweak."

"An A.B. Dick is a good machine," I  
 said. "They last a long time."

"I hope so. It stayed there with me  
 for years, churning out the fanzines. The  
 rest of it will be gone, but the A.B. Dick  
 will stay there for years. I don't want to  
 go, but all the pros live in New York now.  
 The slan shack can do without me."

His smile was gone.

The train was about to leave a n d I  
 saw some fans at the other end o f the  
 station. They were walking back to the  
 con hotel for a last look around.

"Well, goodbye," I said. I stood up  
 and left, but he didn't notice me.

I walked away, thinking about the slo-  
 gan SOUTH GATE IN '58 that would mean

something else to the old fan in the train  
 station and the way the pros watched the  
 young fans at their parties and the fact  
 that A. B. Dick will last a long time.

Greg Benford

#### LETTERS FROM VARIOUS WASTEBASKETS

H. L. Gold  
 Galaxy Magazine

Dear Mr. Gold:

I think an interesting subject for one  
 of your editorials would be, "Stories I  
 wish I hadn't rejected."

Philip Jose Farmer

Orville W. Mosher  
 Dallas, Texas

Dear Orville:

When elections come up again in the  
 NFFF, I would like to run you for presi-  
 dent. Would you be interested?

Stan Woolston

Ray Bradbury  
 Hollywood, California

Dear Ray:

I've decided to print fiction in HARK  
 and selected you to be featured in t h e  
 next issue. Do a Martian story for me.

Randy Brown

# CRIEANAC INTERVIEWS GEORGE ADAMSKI

NO. 1  
OF A  
SERIES

interviewer: BILL SIEVERS

Like a good many other science-fiction fans, I read George Adamski's books, *FLYING SAUCERS HAVE LANDED* and *INSIDE THE SPACE SHIPS*, with a tongue-in-cheek and a grain-of-salt attitude. Later, and also probably like a lot of the others, I began to wonder about this man who wrote so factually of ships and people from outer space. Certainly Adamski's somewhat old-fashioned style of writing differs greatly from the exciting and adventurous stories we have come to expect in science-fiction -- and it gradually dawns on one that IF what he says is true, the possibilities in our own day are much more exciting than the improbable adventures of the science-fiction future. So when my family decided to vacation in California this summer, I volunteered to interview George Adamski on behalf of CRIEANAC.

My appointment to see Mr. Adamski had been set for 1:00 P.M. July 21st, at which time he was giving an informal lecture for an interested group, and had agreed to answer any questions which I might wish to ask. Accordingly, on the morning of the

21st, my family and I drove up the winding highway that climbs Mt. Palomar, to Palomar Terraces, which are about six miles below the observatory.

We were greeted by Mr. Adamski's secretary, Mrs. Lucy McGinnis, who showed us to a terrace in back where Mr. Adamski has talks with his friends on the first and third Sunday of each month in the summer.

Except for the grandeur of the mountain setting, there is nothing impressive about Palomar Terraces -- In fact, the whole place is so inconspicuous that we overlooked it completely and drove past the mailbox before we realized that we had reached our destination. There is a simple, comfortable looking house; a guest house where Mrs. McGinnis lives, and "observatory" room for a small telescope, and the terrace behind the house. This terrace is no more than a space on the side of the mountain that has been cleared and leveled and the large rocks removed. Some of these rocks are stacked along the end of the terrace and were used as supplementary seats by some of

the guests. Large boulders are scattered here and there on the surrounding mountain and the place is shaded by the native trees.

Some 45 to 50 people were finally gathered on the terrace. One young couple from Los Angeles had brought a tape recorder and set it up, to record whatever Mr. Adamski might say. There is an electrical outlet arranged on a tree near his chair, and Mr. Adamski would very kindly wait for these people to change their tape when it would come to an end. (He was supposed to talk to us for two hours in a sort of question-and-answer session but the group had so many questions to ask that he was still talking at five o'clock when Mrs. McGinnis felt obliged to end the session --so there were several tape changes.)

Promptly at one o'clock, Mr. Adamski, dressed in casual sports clothes, came from the house, greeted his guests, seated himself with no fuss or bother, started talking. At 65, George Adamski has the appearance of a very youthful 50. He is a strikingly handsome man, with wavy white hair & dark, expressive eyes that twinkle with humor at times. Vital and energetic, there is nothing of the fanatic there -- nor of the "crack-pot" -- and there is absolutely no question of his sincerity. He wastes no time in trying to PROVE that spacecraft have landed. Rather, he assumes that this point was made in the books he wrote & the photographs he took -- many of these being made with an ordinary Brownie camera. (We examined quite a number of these pictures later. In many of them one could recognize the scenery around Mt. Palomar. Frankly, with the rather primitive set-up at Palomar Terraces, it would be about as difficult to fake such photographs as it would be to find a UFO to photograph.) Mr. Adamski's chief concern now is bringing to the people of Earth the message from the "Brothers" as he calls the space people.

And so, regardless of your opinion, or mine, George Adamski believes in the reality of his experiences, just as he believes in the omnipotence of God; the Universal Laws of Nature and the Brotherhood of Man, on this planet and all the others. (He says and it IS entirely possible, that there

are twelve planets in our Solar System, & that there are doubtless many other systems.) He believes that intelligence does not depend upon any form, but that the highest level of manifested intelligence on any of the planets is the human form -- and that all the planets which sustain life have an atmosphere to which the human form could adapt.

It was just about 375 years ago that everyone KNEW the Earth was flat; that the sun was made expressly to light the Earth by day and the moon by night -- and to everyone except the astrologers, the stars were just "jewels to deck the evening sky" -- then that "crack-pot" Columbus happened along. Earlier, there was that foolish man who predicted that someday man would build a machine capable of going 50 miles an hour, as if anybody in their right mind didn't know that a human body would be "squashed" if hurtled along faster than 20 miles an hour. Then Fulton's Folly steamed into the scene; and people were fooling around with electricity, and some "nut" said he could send a message right through a little tiny wire-- and still later on, said they could send messages a long distance even WITHOUT a wire! Such crazy talk! It was a good thing people had become so enlightened or these "crack-pots" would surely have been burned at the stake when their preposterous ideas really worked. Who takes the first step into the dawn of a new era?

I had a number of questions of my own to ask, as well as a number from other members of the Dallas Futurian Society, & have also included a few from the group at large that seemed of particular interest. I am listing these questions, along with Mr. Adamski's answers:

- Q. Has the government acknowledged the existence of the Flying Saucer?
- A. Yes -- and within a year to a year and a half information will be released to the public. It has already been publicized in the American Zone of West Germany that such a release will take place. (Mr. Adamski read us excerpts from letters he had received from Washington, indicating that much research has been done on the subject of the UFO



and that their authenticity can no longer be denied.)

Q. Are the nuclear bombs responsible for the coming of the flying saucers?

A. No. They were observing Earth long before that. They are concerned about the bombs, but are not interfering in the sense we think they are. Their interest is scientific. They are also interested in the tilting of the Earth on its axis.

Q. Would they interfere to prevent us from destroying civilization?

A. Probably not, though they might. Their primary concern is not whether we destroy the human race but whether we destroy the planet. If we destroy the planet Earth, it could unbalance the whole system, and that is of concern to them -- and that is the reason for their close observation.

Q. What about the tilt or shift of the Earth on its axis? When is that supposed to happen? Will it be destructive and what will happen to the people when it occurs?

A. The shift will come any time from 1960 on. The Earth shifts on its axis every 26,000 years -- which is nature's way of providing for the creatures of Earth. The land gets worn out, depleted of vitamins and minerals. The shift brings up new land that has been under water, and the water covers the old.

Q. But what will happen to the people?

A. They will be warned in plenty of time, by their government, and told of a place they can go to be safe. A lot of people will not believe that anything is going to happen and will refuse to go -- just as the people of Cameron, Louisiana did not believe the hurricane would be as bad as they were told it would be, so there were many casualties. There will also be many casualties at the time of the shift because people will not heed the warning.

Q. Will the shift be sudden or of long duration?

A. It should happen in an hour or two.

Q. Do you know where the safe places will be? Would the observing spacecraft lend a hand to help save the people?

A. I don't know, but the government will advise everyone in plenty of time. It is possible that the space ships would help get people out of danger, but I don't know about this.

Q. Can space people survive in conditions that exist on Earth?

A. Yes. There are a number of people from various planets living among us now, helping where they can.

Q. Couldn't they loan us a few scientists to help us out of our difficulties?

A. They have already been instrumental in preventing two world wars.

Q. Do you regard Cedric Allingham's book FLYING SAUCERS FROM MARS as authentic?

A. Yes. Allingham died over a year ago. I never met him personally but had written him and he was planning to come and see me when he died. He was the only son of wealthy parents, who were drowned when their ship was torpedoed during the war, and he inherited all their money, which meant he did not need to write for money. He wrote for the sake of the public. It was while following his hobby of photographing birds and nature subjects that he first observed a space ship.

Q. In your book INSIDE THE SPACE SHIPS you mentioned that Mars had an oxygen atmosphere. If so, then why did the Martians described in Allingham's book have a breathing device?

A. The device mentioned was actually a filter system. Some day, if atomic testing continues at its present rate we may have to use a similar breathing device.

Q. If we should reach Mars, how will we be received?

A. With open arms -- if we go without our guns.

Q. What was the famous Flatwoods Monster in Braxton County, West Virginia?

A. There are NO monsters in the space

ships. Often the space people come outside the ships in their flying suits -- for protection, since they had been fired upon with guns and knifed by Earthmen -- and these bulky suits give them the appearance of monsters, but no more so than our own airmen when encased in the flying suits they wear in the upper atmosphere. The space people wear large gloves, which look like claws. They have lights that they can turn on from inside their suits, which cause a glow, and might look like a beam or ray coming from their "eye" or mask, but it's harmless. There are no monsters from space.

Q. You said in your book INSIDE THE SPACE SHIPS that the space people had never purposely hurt anyone; then what are the fireballs that have frightened, burned and even killed several people?

A. The space people are our friends. They are only observing, and they would prefer to crash their ships and kill themselves rather than harm any human being. They do not regard death as we do, and do not fear it. No, they wouldn't harm anyone.

Q. But what about the fireballs? What are they?

A. They are natural phenomena like lightning. The electrical currents created by atmospheric conditions cause lightning bolts. These could be in various forms, sometimes seen as a ball, or something of that sort. Has nothing to do with space ships.

Q. What causes the disappearance of airplanes and their pilots, such as the deadly encounter Captain Mantell had with the saucer?

A. When an atomic bomb is exploded, certain elements accumulate into what is apparently a cloud. Like everything else in space, these clouds travel in an orbit. The cloud from Hiroshima was seen passing over San Francisco seven times, however, this was NOT publicised. Such clouds from this and every atomic blast continue circling in the Earth's atmosphere. They gradually become more transparent and are eventually invisible, but they do not dissipate. A pilot might fly into such a cloud without realizing it

and such a gas field would cause the plane and the pilot to disintegrate. This has happened a number of times, but it was NOT caused by the space ships, but by our own atom bombs.

Q. But what about Mantell? He was chasing a space ship that was being radar tracked, and there was no report of any cloud. Wreckage of his plane was found, so it did not disintegrate.

A. Mantell had an unfortunate accident. The space people did not realize that he would get so close, and when the plane's wing touched the force-field surrounding the ship, it was not repelled as an object would be that came broadside against the force field, rather, the wing went INTO the force-field and was wrenched off and the plane wrecked. The space people did not intend for it to happen.

Q. What caused Albert K. Bender to stop his investigations of the flying saucers? Was it because the three men visited him, as mentioned in Gray Barker's book THEY KNEW TOO MUCH ABOUT FLYING SAUCERS?

A. Albert Bender had a yellow streak up his back. He laid down on the job. I had the same experience, but I did not give up. He did. I was contacted by the same three men and warned to "lay off!" Barker put too much in his book, more than he should, playing up sensationalism.

Q. Who were these three men, and under whose instructions were they acting?

A. They are government men, acting on their own while off duty. They are NOT acting under the instructions of the department in which they work, just as if a policeman or detective took it upon themselves to investigate some case while they were not on duty.

Q. What about Truman Bethram?

A. I don't like to judge other people, but Bethram definitely does not have all the answers.

Q. What are your opinions of the Shaver Mystery?

A. Shaver was self-deluded. All this bus-

iness was just in his sub conscious - never actually happened.

Q. Do you believe Elizabeth Klarer's story of contacting and riding in a Venusian Scout Ship is true?

A. No. Elizabeth Klarer did sight space ships -- that has been proven, but it was also proven that she did not contact them or ride in the ships.

Q. How can contacts be proven or disproven?

A. There is a definite method of proving whether a contact has actually been made. The government has a way which they test whether or not a contact is real. They used it on me, and when I was talking to the man in Mexico who was contacted, he proved that the contact had been made, although he did not know that what he told me WAS proof, but the government authorities recognize it instantly as authentic.

Q. What is the proof?

A. When a contact is made with any space people, they mention first an event that took place in 1946, and by what this event was, the authorities know that the contact was real. The man in Mexico, who was a taxi driver, told what they had said to him, although he had never heard of the event.

Q. Have any radio contacts been made with UFOs?

A. Of that I am not sure -- possibly it has, but I am not certain. There have been reports in Australia of radio contact, but what the messages say has not been revealed. There is no definite data on radio messages, but personal contacts have been made.

Q. In what language do space people communicate with Earth people?

A. By telepathy mostly, though sometimes in English or Spanish. One tried to talk to me in Polish, but it has been a long time since I spoke that language and I do not remember much of it.

Q. What is the "angel's hair" that has been dropped or fallen from the space

craft?

A. When a space craft is being repaired a batter is used. Sometimes they have a bad solution, and throw it out. This solution forms the "angel's hair" that has been seen when space craft were in the vicinity.

Q. Have such craft actually landed - or crashed to earth?

A. Yes. Many have landed and a number have crashed... one into a mountain side at White Sands. Space people have been killed in these crashes. There was another such case in Mexico, and once a man was up here from Los Angeles with some pieces of metal that came from a crashed space ship, different from anything we have.

Q. Is the thickening of the ice-cap at the South Pole going to cause the Earth's tilt or shift?

A. That is only part of it. During the Geophysical Year the scientists will be giving this attention and maybe can tell more about it.

Q. Can UFO become invisible?

A. Yes, but not through the process of dematerialization... through natural processes of activated speed. It goes so fast you cannot see it. There is another method, also, where the structure or outline of the ship is not seen. It is camouflaged by the force-field, and all you can see is a big light. These are just as solid as any other object, only the speeds make them seem invisible -- like a fan going so fast you cannot see the blades.

There were a lot of other questions, religious, foolish and otherwise -- "Mr. Adamski, is it true that Jesus Christ is now alive on the planet Jupiter? Mr. Adamski, is it true that a person from space is now teaching school in Santa Monica, California?"

Do you want to know the answer to that?

---

Bill Sievers





## REDD BOGGS

I don't quite understand the sudden streak of sadism that overcame you. You obviously went to much trouble and expense to make *Cri anac 5* attractive and then you viciously folded it into thirds and jammed it into an ordinary envelope. As a result, my copy arrived looking as if it had been crushed under a freight train, full of permanent folds and wrinkles. To straighten it out a little, I laid it under the pad of my office chair and sat on it two or three hours, but it did not help. When I started to retrieve it, the magazine sprang back into folds with such force that it flew up with a boingggg, and dented the ceiling. Of course this room has a low ceiling, but even so---

The results you achieved in that cover collage hardly justified the amount of time you spent on it. About the only pleasant comment I can squeeze out of it is that the nearest fellow looks a bit like Dean A. Grennell dressed for skin-diving. The drawings inside were somewhat better; I liked the one for "Headache" best, the filler pix, though, were uniformly ugly. Headings were adequate, showing some artistic imagination, but no more than that.

Crifanac shows evidences of pseudo-Campbell tendencies all over the place. "Meet Lyn Venable" blazoned on the cover; "All contributions should include a stamped, self-addressed envelope"; "copyright 1957 by Tom Reamy", "I will pay for material"; "I might even make money" (with Crifanac?); "I am running a contest..." All this, and mingled with it the usual fannish apologies and explanations: "The fiction in this issue is not all it could be, but material was scarce and I had no backlog"; "This (issue) was done in pretty much of a rush"; (the typewriter) is about shot... the carriage (sic) sticks...; I am a little ashamed to send this issue out... "Gads. The most charming statement amid all this was your apology for

being unable to have the magazine printed: "I'm afraid lithography will have to do." At that I went over and gave my fool Gestetner a disgusted kick.

I liked the title of Mosher's editorial, "Take me to your leader," and certainly appreciated his warning that "It is doubtful that you have heard the last of Mosher." His plans for "the long delayed Fan Service Organization," so overblown and iridescent and dangerously fragile, like soap bubbles, reminded me of another fan of a dozen or more years ago who also dreamed big fannish dreams and went on and on like this in a fanzine called, I think, *Cosmic Circle Commentator*. I don't know much about Orville and doesn't mention anything about an Ozark rest camp, but the resemblance is unpleasant.

Ol' Orv is also unpleasant in his long-winded introduction to Lyn Venable's autobiographical sketch. I must make her feel like an idiot to have Mosher declare she's been sitting on pins and needles waiting for Crifanac to appear -- "even though this is just a fanzine and she isn't receiving a cent for the material I requested of her." Good god. Then he goes on to anticipate several things she mentions in the article. Best thing in his introduction was this paragraph: "Marilyn has also written some material on child care--she is a mother. Her husband goes in for watching baseball." Loved it. But is Mr. Venable going to like that insinuation.

Lyn's sketch was pretty bad, with all respects to her--- she was certainly pleasant in the few times we corresponded and once even sent me a Christmas card. I make just as many editorial flubs as anybody, I know, but I also know that I could've gotten Mrs. Venable to contribute something a lot less perfunctory---if Mosher is correct in his remark that she was anxious to see her article in print. If she was all that eager, it would be easy to point out that it might be worthwhile to write something she wouldn't write over when she saw it in print. And I'll bet she did write over this. She reserves most of the interesting things till the last paragraph and barely mentions them: she is a mother, she edits some "business publications" and has a hobby of entering 25-word-state-ment contests. If she couldn't write at least a page a piece enlarging on each of these three topics, I'll turn my editorial pencil (Eberhard Faber #6325, *Ebony*) over to the Fantasy Foundation and retire from fan editing. Well, I'm kidding. A little. But what I'm trying to point out is that, even with professionals whom you've waylaid and threatened till they contributed, the fan editor should do more than dumbly accept a manuscript. After bludgeoning Lyn into writing the sketch, you had to print it, of course, but nothing should have stopped you from asking her to enlarge it, improve it. If she wouldn't (but

she would, since she's a pro and is used to such things), you could have improved it yourself with some judicious editing. Lyn's most amusing remark was her last one: "My spare time amounts to a bout three minutes a week during which I file my fingernails." I suspect that at that point she was just getting warmed up and with a little egging would have happily chattered away for pages and pages about her kids, her editorial job, and contest hobby. 'Twould have been worth a try.

Anyway, that was a fine photograph of Lyn Venable, showing not only Lyn herself (a view worth the price, he said gallantly, of the magazine itself), but a little of her working arrangements — tumbler full of sharpened pencils, light swung down over the typewriter, a smoldering cigaret in her hand. Excellent pic in its technical aspects too: worthy of a dagphoto.

I managed to read some of the fiction. TO HELL ON A ROLLER COASTER was good; a frightening picture of a restricted future. Too bad we weren't given enough information about Stockton so we could feel something of his personal tragedy and so we could understand why he rebelled. Ray Thompson's HEADACHE had its moments too, though Ray sort of got carried away in his imitation of Matheson and the first page and two-thirds doesn't advance the story a millimeter. The story begins with "The day after the storm she had a headache." Nice ending, though, and after the story did get started, what led up to the ending was well handled.

Randy Brown is another fan who suddenly becomes inarticulate when he is made a columnist and given space to fill. This stuff is so bad that Randy was obviously boring himself. It's a desperate attempt at finding something to say — anything, anything — and that's all. The editorial insertions of "ech!" added a few worms to an already rotten apple.

Can this be the fanzine that's to be "the best fanzine yet"?

2209 Highland Place NE  
Minneapolis 21, Minnesota

[Before anything else I will say this: YOU HAVE HEARD THE LAST OF MOSHER! At least in CRIFANAC. As to the apologies: alas! They were all true. I won't apologize for a damn thing in this issue though, except for the constant change in typewriters. The one I started on (pp. 22) suddenly became unavailable — so, industrious soul that I am, I went out and purchased the one I am using now. Some of the copies of CRIFANAC 5 were sent out in small envelopes because Orville took so long in printing the large ones. You can see with the improvements made on this issue, that CRIFANAC might become "the best fanzine yet". BIG 'D' IN '59]

**ARCHIE MERCER** This week I was delighted to find among my mail the front cover for CRIFANAC 5.

Now this is a really splendid idea which ought to be more generally adapted through fandom. No reams (No pun intended) of crud to wade through — just a front cover and nowt else. No wonder you say CRIFANAC is going to the top, there isn't enough bulk to warrant hanging it in the toilet where it could go to the bottom.

So I thank you heartily for this little gesture, and look forward eagerly to receiving the front cover for CRIFANAC 6.

434/4 (sic)  
Newark Road  
North Hykeham  
Lincoln, England

[A vehement Ha Ha to you. I'm sending you the entire 40 pages this time. I hope your toilet can accomodate it all. To those of you who were not fortunate enough to receive only the front cover, I will explain: I had a couple of hundred extra copies of the cover printed with appropriate text on the back to send out as ads. Being a neo, I didn't know Archie Mercer from Adam Mercer, so he only received an ad. BIG 'D' IN '59]

(continued on page 27)



DALE HART SAYS: This photo was taken in Los Angeles, obviously at the time wide ties were still in vogue. I was attending a LASFS meeting when someone with a camera requested, "Strike a pose." I struck a pose and an attitude. Didn't I? The young lady is named Rose-Marie Pepper.

---

**W H O ' S      W H O**

**I N      F A N D O M :**

**dale  
hart**



Dale Hart began his life in Happy Hollow, Oklahoma.

That's right — smile! Almost everyone does when I mention my birthplace. Sometimes I get a laugh. Happy Hollow does sound rural. And it is rural; so rural that it still isn't on the map, even though thirty-seven years have passed since my mother gave me light on Valentine's Day of 1920.

I spent the first nine years in Oklahoma and Arkansas. Before moving to Texas I became steeped in the folklore of the miners and farmers of the Ozarks. Birdie Chappell, a neighbor girl, used to tell me wondrous tales of ghosts, Indians, and outlaws. At social gatherings, men and women sang the songs of the American frontier and Elizabethan England. I learned to ride a horse soon after learning how to walk, at the insistence of my father, who was a superb horseman.

Until I entered the U.S. Navy, most of my life was spent in Texas, on combination farms and ranches. I did make summer trips to New York, Denver and Chicago, however. Since 1942 I have done a lot of traveling. The Navy took me to the South Pacific. I served there as a Boatswain's Mate with Carrier Aircraft Service Unit #32. I lived and studied in Mexico for three and a half years. I saved my money and went to Europe for over a year. When not abroad, working at some task, or going to college, I hit almost all of the forty-eight states.

I attended schools or colleges for twenty years plus. Finally, I threw off the matriculate plow, deciding that I was either educated or ineducable. I studied journalism for two years but ended up an English major. I graduated from the University of California at Los Angeles in 1948. Later I did three and a half years of postgraduate work at Mexico City College. There I took particular interest in art, architecture, and creative writing. Much work was done at El Centro de Escritores (The Writing Center).

I have labored at sundry tasks. Union roofer and sider (Journeyman) in the building trades. Union Electrician (Fixture B)

for Glo-Dial Electric Clock Company. Emergency teacher of literature at the American High School in Ciudad Mexico. Technical reporter for a weekly magazine and daily newspaper of special interest to engineers and architects. Representative for manufacturers of electronic devices and parts. I have been self-employed, largely, these last few years. I sell articles and stories of all kinds, act as agent for rare books and magazines, and do a bit of ghost-writing.

I attended the first World Science Fiction Convention held in New York in 1939. There was a World's Fair going on, I remember, but I was more interested in the s-f affair. I was in New York again for the 1956 World Convention. I have been to other conventions and conferences in Denver, Los Angeles, New Orleans, San Francisco, Enid (Okla.), San Diego, etc. In Europe, I met with the steffnists of England, France, Spain, and Holland. Of all the activities possible to lovers of sf, I derive the greatest pleasure from personal contact with others at conventions and conferences.

My first correspondent in fandom was Richard Wilson, Jr. Wilson is a veteran newsman with Reuters, all his writing being done in his spare time. My second correspondent was John Bristol Speer. He is an important Washington lawyer, I hear. For the first full year (1937-1938) of my activity, these two gentlemen took up most of my letter-writing time. Later I corresponded to some extent with all the "greats" of the time. I have kept much of this correspondence, and the bulk of it is amazing. Correspondence among the enthusiasts used to be a more important activity than it is now. We are not so isolated any more...

As to my writing: I have had material published through the media of books, magazines, and newspapers. One of my long poems was read over a Houston radio station years ago, to a musical background. During World War II I helped write a series of patriotic radio programs originating in Dallas. I directed and acted in this series also. I have been the editor of such diverse publications as SCOP, lit-

erary magazine of UCLA; EL VECINO, slick-paper newspaper printed in Spanish for circulation in all American colleges and Institutions of higher learning; SHANGRI-LA, official organ of the Los Angeles S-F Society; FAPA FLYPAPER, one-shot pub for circulation in FAPA; and ICHOR, hobby literary magazine circulated internationally. I have contributed to more than 150 different publications. I was a member of FAPA when that organization had no more than a dozen on the roster. I joined Vanguard Amateur Press Association in 1945, soon after its inception, while I was on the island of Maui. I had material in 58 of the first 78 issues of Richard Wilson's pioneer SCIENCE-FICTION NEWSLETTER. I had lineage in twenty-five or thirty issues of Taurasi's FANTASY NEWS. My first published sf story was "Tongue of the Dragon", which appeared in FANTASY BOOK MAGAZINE (later reprinted in Los Cuentos Fantásticos as "La Lengua del Dragon") May stories of sf and fantasy have been published in the Spanish language. Agent Forrest Ackerman sold a story of mine called "Conquest By Proxy" to PLANET STORIES in 1952. The magazine suspended publication in 1955 before publishing the tale—but I got my money upon acceptance and converted same into pesos...and had myself a time in Mexico City, lovely, cheap, wonderful Ciudad Mexico!

Am I writing a novel? Of course. Is it science fiction? Of course. The opus is called TO LEAVE THE EARTH. AND NEVER COME BACK is the title of the sequel, which is projected even though I am far from finishing the first book as yet.

My very latest story is named THE YOUNG MOON WILL RISE. I believe this one will sell the first time out, he said, a fatuous smile of insufferable confidence twisting his lips. (Seriously, I do believe this missile is on target.)

So these rambling reminiscences have wandered on long enough. So — selah! And may we all meet in Los Angeles! BIG 'D' IN '59!

Dale Hart

ATTENTION, ROBERT E. HOWARD FANS! Many books of prose by R.E.H. have been published. Now, for the first time, his poetry is collected and printed in a large, deluxe volume issued by Arkham House. Even those fans who do not read poetry ordinarily will want to read the lusty, singing lines of Howard's rhyme. The dust jacket design is by Utapel. Glenn Lord, P.O. Box 775, Pasadena, Texas is the man responsible for the culmination of this deserving project. The book is ready for distribution now. Price: \$3.00. Send the money to Glenn Lord or to Dale Hart, 4243 Buena Vista, Dallas 4, Texas.

OLD CHARACTERS SPEAK NEW LINES!  
(An Atomic Dialogue) by Dale Hart

Hope: There's time enough for death  
without the dread  
That pulls the seconds into silent screams.

Fear: O Mentor! Tell me, calm one, what to do!  
What is your action cure for worry, please?

Hope: I cannot overlook your doubtful taste  
In choosing words that crackle so with scorn;  
So, rising, let me say these things at once:  
Pull out those watches from your ears!  
Reverse your retinas and scrape them free of dials!  
Tear forth the clock which finds asylum in your guts!  
And stop the ticking in your bones.

Fear: How easily you speak!  
You do not know what brought myself to birth,  
Or how I spent succeeding years,  
And what is all this talk of time?

Hope: I mean that heartfelt waiting for a bomb  
Which may not fall upon the helpless world  
Can bring you to a state where simple death  
Would be a messenger with welcome

news.

I mean that you have so compressed the time.

That each calamity is riding on the next one's tail,

Without a respite such as nature usually allows.

Stop prisoning time and whipping it with dread!

Your minutes can be managed better if you do this:

Stop waiting, friend, and making time wait, too!

---

Dale Hart

"Mother, may I go out in the yard and watch the solar eclipse?"

"All right, son. Just don't stand too close!"

---

SIC! (continued from page 23)

## HARRY WARNER, JR.

I owe you a letter of thanks for sending me the sample copy of CRIFANAC. The fact that I'm not subscribing doesn't reflect on the quality of the magazine. It's simply a reflection of the fact that I don't have enough time these days to pursue as strenuous a fannish career as I once did. Some things must be skipped over, such as convention-attending and fanzine subscribing, so that I can have time for the matters in fandom that interest me most, participation in FAPA and keeping up a correspondence with some old friends.

However, maybe I can repay your investment in the materials and postage for this copy of CRIFANAC with some comments, as proof that I read it and enjoyed it. You have a very attractive format, excellent typography, and some pretty good material. One difficulty with the magazine is the sort that you couldn't be expected to realize, since you send it out rather than receive it: the twice-folded heavy paper simply refuses to smooth out properly, after going through the mail in that envelope. It makes the publication very hard to read, with the pages striving to slip away from the grasp and curl up along the lines of the fold.

I'll beg to disagree with your estimate of the fiction. I much preferred your story and "Headache" to the Leif A y e n story, which is badly overwritten and has a general vagueness emanating from its apparent attempt to combine weird effects with the end-of-almost-all-human-life.

Those orphaned participles grate on my reading ear at the start of "Headache" but otherwise it's a nice variation on an ancient basic idea, and you worked out your gimmick with considerable care. But I hope you realize that some of the things in your piece aren't imagination at all. We have two drive-in churches in the Hagerstown area operating every Sunday morning at drive-in theaters, with people urged not to get out of their autos so that nobody feels embarrassed about the way he's dressed. And there's a gadget now available that hooks to your speedometer and warns you with a buzz if you've gone over a pre-selected speed limit.

I enjoyed the Lyn Venable item a lot, despite its antiquity. So many of these fans and semi-pros who have turned up in the past six or eight years are just names to me, nothing more. Before reading this, I didn't have the vaguest idea of whether Lyn Venable was a male or female. And "Booms and Blunders" was entertaining, as far as it went. But it must have been a conservative high school that those boys attended. A little country HS just north of here, in a town with 2,000 population, has fired several three stage rockets during the past couple of years. None of them has worked quite right, one of them went six feet down and had to be dug out, and everyone in the town has a bad case of nerves whenever a new rocket is ready to go. And these are big ones, too, about nine feet high in complete form.

But that's enough, I suppose. Thanks again for the sample, and I hope you'll understand that eventually a fellow gets too old and feeble to be an all-out fan.

303 Bryan Place  
Hagerstown, Maryland

[Comments are as good as money, he said, tightening his belt. The rocket that Albert and his friends built was on their

SIC!



own and was in no way connected with the school. It wasn't really much of a project. Just something to wile away a few idle hours. "Meet Lyn Venable" has become the first of a series called very unimaginatively "Who's Who in Fandom". I forgot to mention in the "next issue" block on the back cover, but CRIFANAC 7 will feature Greg and Jim Benford. I should have mentioned at the end of Redd's letter that "Headache" was not written by Ray Thompson the fanzine editor, but by Tom Reamy almost spelled backwards. I didn't know a real Ray Thompson existed until after the issue was printed and Randy Brown informed me of said fact.]

**KENT MOONAW** The fifth issue of CRIFANAC, albeit the first I've seen, arrived sometime last week while I was out of the state...along with about five pounds of assorted other fanzines, letters, bills, etc. which have kept me busy since I returned home. Remind me to make other arrangements the next time I have to go on an extended journey...such as staying home.

Physically, your magazine is up there with the best of them. The cover, the interiors, the headings...all beautiful...beautiful. Is "collage" a term of your own definition? I've never heard it used before nor have I ever seen any artwork of this type. How is it done, if that isn't asking you to betray a secret? Have you ever attempted a collage in color? I'm sitting here drooling over the possibilities.

Incidentally, who are the men? Are they merely clippings from physical culture magazines, or might they be someone I know? I've got it; the near figure is you, and the other is Mosher. No? You mean I'm wrong? Well, gee whiz, how did that happen?

I know a great many fans who are going to regard the mere mention of Orville --- (fugghead) Mosher's name in your fanzine as a mark against your favor, and I'm one of them. Sure, I know it was his fmz to begin with, but did you have to take it over? Couldn't you have started a new one of your own? And thus be rid of all association with the man? Or is it possible that you actually (choke) like him?

Besides, for what is going to be a

serious type fanzine, the title CRIFANAC strikes me as being a little out of place. I couldn't suggest one more fitting on the spur of the moment, but I still think you'd maintain atmosphere better with something like FANTASTIC WORLDS or SCIENCE FICTION REVIEW or SOUTHERN SCIENCE FICTION QUARTERLY. If you're going to be serious, be serious all the way, I feel, and if you're going to be fannish, don't do that halfway either.

Of the interiors, I was most impressed by the ad for the Dallas Futurians; it resembled very closely much of the art currently appearing in GALAXY, and, to a lesser degree, INFINITY. Could Gold be the editor who's requested samples of your work? Yessir, you have definite possibilities; I look forward to the day when people like you, Dan Adkins, and Arthur Thomson are the leading illustrators in the field of science fiction, and some of the rest of us are writing the stories you'll be illustrating. See you in ASTOUNDING in about fifteen years, eh?

Your plans for the future have me anxiously awaiting their fulfillment, but I don't envy you the task of keeping tabs on all the films released containing the tiniest trace of fantasy. No not at all. And quit apologizing for the reproduction...I know fan editors who would give their egoboo for such neat appearance...like me, again. Just as an aside, how much did this issue cost you?

To me, the only worthwhile piece of fiction in this issue is your own contribution, which I enjoyed as much as I have any amateur-published sf story I've read this year. With a little more development this one might have had a good chance of selling. You're right: this "drive-in-you-don't-have-to-leave-the-comfort-of-your-car" business is beginning to get completely out of hand. Nice extrapolation on this now-forming trend, Tom.

"Headache" is mostly nothing nothing at all: a miserable attempt at oh-so-cute banter in the beginning, and a hopelessly poor climax. The ants are taking over the world? Good heavens, what can we do? Honestly, for a fan of Ray's duration and standing to write something

as trite as this is almost incomprehensible to me. I can't understand it, either.

"Lonesome Wind" is quite well written in certain places, but its overall effect on me was just about Nil. Did the author have something to say when writing this, aside from the fact that atomic wars are bad, b a d things? If he did, he failed to communicate his ideas to me. And if he didn't, why did he bother to write it at all?

I look forward to better fiction next time, with one of your own again, (and a prize-winner at that!) plus Harlan Ellison. Is this the same Ellison story as in t h e latest issue of HARK? If not, it's probably a very old discovery...I can't for the life of me visualize Harlan contributing fiction to fanzines today. After all, he's on t h e Ziff-Davis staff, and they'll buy all he can turn out no matter how lousy it is.

I guess the Venable autobiog was worth reading, but as she says, there really does not seem to be much to tell. She's sold some stories, she's having difficulty in selling more, and she doesn't like active fandom. Eh. Picture of her slightly resembles Noreen Falasca.

I don't care too much for the technical side of rocketry, and while the Jackson article wasn't overly technical, the subject matter spoiled it for me at the very start.

The letter column will improve, I have no doubt. The film reviews are well done but I feel that you were overly lenient in more than one instance. The only movie mentioned in the entire article worthy of praise a t all is THE INCREDIBLE SHRINKING MAN; I would not be caught dead recommending any of these monster films to anyone, no matter how mildly. Why grumblingly accept such rot? Hold out for good science fiction movies and meantime; nuts to Hollywood, I say. But then, it is up to you; far be it from me to tell you what you should like and what you shouldn't. What's here is good, I'll say, and no more.

Brown's column is completely out o f character with the rest of the contents, and on top of everything else it isn't very good. Hoping you'll drop this boy fast.

Overall, I didn't think too much of most of your material, but I feel that CRIFANAC has excellent chances for success if y o u keep at it and don't fall behind by degrees. No definite suggestions, other than to do the best you can to secure worthwhile ma-

terial, and keep on presenting it in this fine manner. As if you had to be t o l d that.

Thanks for the invitation to contribute. I may do so later on; I certainly wouldn't mind having some of my material turn up in a fanzine as fine-looking a s this one. It'd be a refreshing novelty.

6705 Bramble Avenue  
Cincinnati 27, Ohio

[Collage is a term meaning "paste-up" or conglomeration of different materials. My illustration was only a marginal collage. The fact Brown's column isn't in this issue has nothing to do with your suggestion. I asked him several times when he was going to have it ready for this issue, but he never did. Being the erratic creature that he is, he had apparently lost interest in the column himself.

\*The following reply from Orville Mosher is included here for the very fact that he prints CRIFANAC and I can't logically choose sides. So remember that; both of you!]

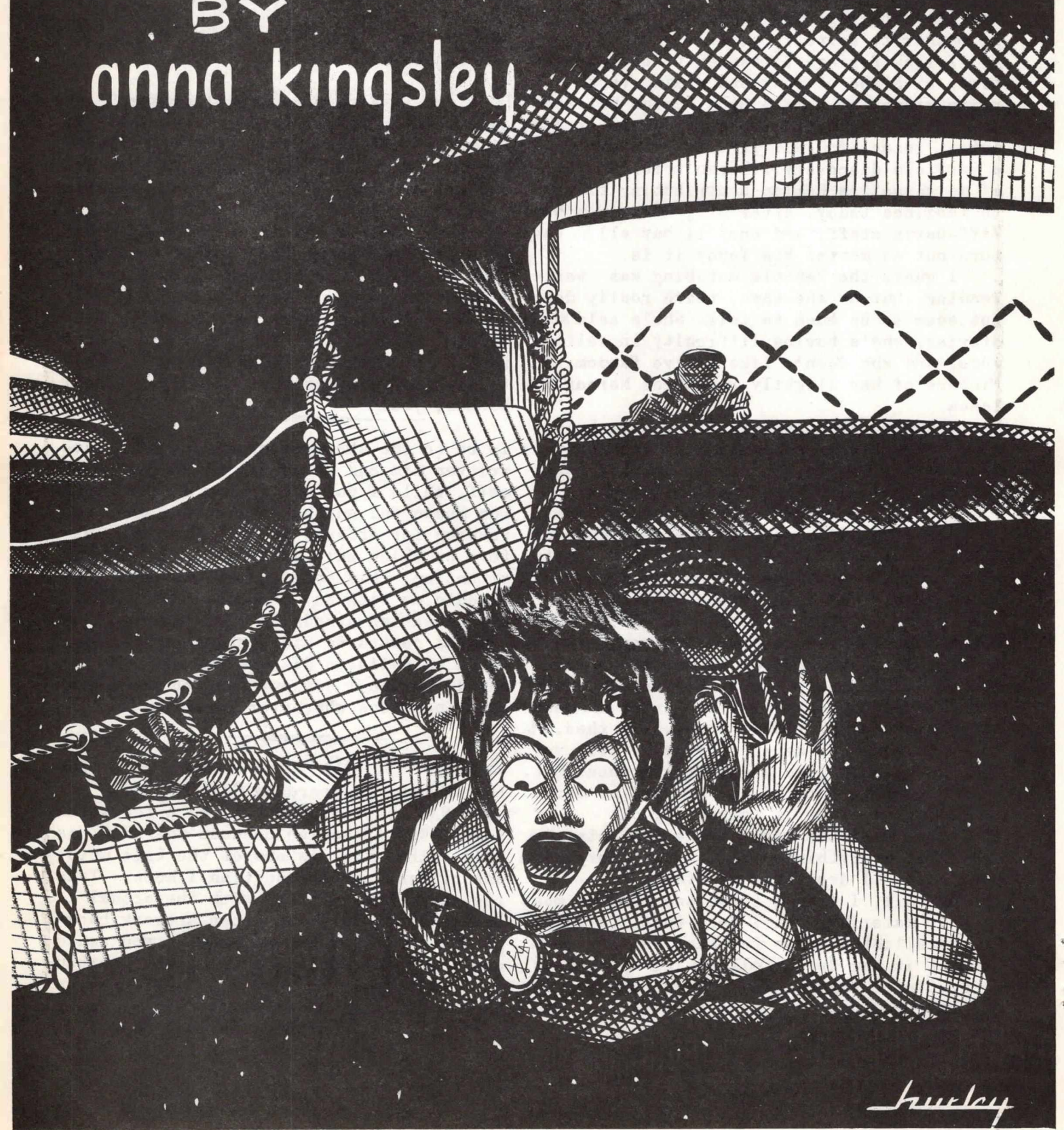
In re to the above reference to me, I have written him and asked him to explain himself. While I was a director of the NFFF Don Susan and another individual who was running for office, wrote poison pen letters of which only a few were called to my attention. This Kent Moomaw has not replied to me with any charges--only a veiled accusation stands in his letter. Is he a moral coward to hide behind an opinion which he fails to discuss and spreads around? -- Can I say anything to counteract this insidious character assassination?

**ALAN DODD** Thanks very much for the advance postcard on CRIFANAC and for CRIFANAC itself which arrived a few weeks later. Why apologise because CRIFANAC is only litho? This is one of the best methods of fanzine reproduction I know. Take the cover for instance with the actual photos blended into a drawn artwork background -- it's doubtful whether you could get the same result with any other method. Are we supposed to know the muscle men on the front -- or did you just dig their  
(continued on page 36)



# I LITTLE

BY  
anna kingsley





Today the sky has tears and the thirsty earth laps them up with eager lips and runs over in little puddles when it is full. The window pane makes the world blurry with its wetness and feels cold to the touch of my cheek. The rain falls heavy, and I can hardly see the wall that surrounds this house world.

Mother says that everything good is inside the wall and outside lies only evil and death. Death from radiation destroyed minds that creep down dark streets and spring on its victims. Death in the towering ruins that collapse on the unwary. After the rain stops, there will be much death. The water weakens the still standing skeletons of the cities and the radies will be eating again.

Once, when mother didn't know I was listening, I heard her praying. She said that father was one of the radies. When the bombs fell, all who were exposed to the radiation lost their minds. Father was a soldier and was very close where the bombs struck. I wasn't born when this happened, but mother told me about it. All except about father being a radie.

Mother was exposed, too, but she got over it. I was born while she was very sick.

The rain is beginning to stop and the darkness creeps in and smothers the evil beyond the wall, but settles ever so gently to keep the good on the inside snug for the night.

I turned from the window and crawled to my bed. The tiredness that comes so quickly is here and my funny leg is beginning to hurt. I touched a switch on the wall and the sleepights came on in the ceiling. They whirled and danced. I didn't even know when mother came in and turned them off.

This day the wall let in two of the house people. They got out of the machine they ride in and came into the house. I closed my door. I don't like the people who live here, except mother. They look at me very strangely. Once I asked mother why. She said they weren't right in the head. I knew the real reason but sometimes it is hard for me to understand.

There are only women living in the house. Once there were many, but they go outside the wall and some never come back. There are only two left now besides mother. A long, long time ago, there was even a man here, but I haven't seen him in simply ages. That's why

the women go out, to find more of him. They're mostly all radies, though.

I looked at the pictures in my book for a while. I could mother and the two women talking. They were talking very loud. I opened the door a little. I could hear them talking, but I couldn't understand what they were saying. I crawled out into the hall and to the top of the stairs. I could understand then.

"Are you sure?" asked my mother.

"Positive," said the very fat lady with the radiation marks on her face. "He jumped out of some bushes, and I barely had time to hit him with my radie club. I got away as fast as I could. I didn't want to catch it. But I'm certain it was him."

"How can you be so sure?"

"Remember, dearie," she grinned a black tooth grin, "I knew him before you did."

"How don't see how he could have lived this long. It's been over five years."

The lady with the stringy, black hair, sitting next to the very fat one said, "I've heard the ones who get it directly from the bombs live longer than the ones who catch it from somebody else."

Mother stood up from her chair so suddenly that the fat lady jumped. "I have to see him!"

The black haired woman stood up and the fat lady jumped again. "That's impossible! He'd kill you the instant he saw you. Never trust a radie. Besides you never could find him again. And if you did and he didn't kill you, you'd take it and be just like him."

Mother started toward the door. "I don't care what you say. I'm going to look for him. We'll go in your car."

The fat lady was very nervous. "It has only a little gasoline and I can't find any anymore. We might drive for days and never find him."

"Just show me where you saw him and I'll find him. He couldn't have gone far and he certainly won't hide. Soon as he sees us, he'll come out."

The three of them left in the car and I went back to my room. So father is a radie. Hope mother doesn't bring

him home. I don't care if he is my father. I won't tolerate a radie in the house.

Hunger was in my stomach. Mother forgot to give me food before she left. The food is all downstairs, and I can't climb on the stairs with my funny leg.

I lay on the bed and turned on the sleepights. Fifteen minutes later, when they turned off by themselves, I still was awake. I turned them back on. I did not know when they turned off again.

The sounds of mother returning awakened me. I do not know how long I had been asleep, but it must have been many hours. I heard her footsteps slowly up the stairs, down the hall, and stopping at my door. The door opened slowly and stepped in. Her dress was torn and her face was smeared with dirt.

I sat up. "I'm hungry".

She stared at me, her eyes wide and wild like a radie. "Creep," she sneered. "Creep! Just like him." She grinned. "He tried to kill me, but I killed him. I hit him with my club. I hit and hit and hit until he was dead!"

Her eyes flamed. She went to the window and looked into the darkness. Her lips danced mumble words on white stones. I crawled very quietly from my bed onto the floor toward the door. I was almost out when she saw me. She jumped after me but I closed the door and crawled as fast as I could down the hall. She screamed at the door and lurched into the hall.

I came to the top of the stairs and could go no farther. Mother ran toward me screaming, "Creep! Creep! Creep!" The hall rug was old and torn and the little hole trapped her toe beautifully. She bumped and screamed. She lay quietly in a pile like broken sticks at the bottom of the stairs.

I crawled back to my room and to the window. Mother had left the gate in the wall open and the mindless evil of the night was oozing in.

The hunger is here very strong. I went to my bed and turned on the sleepights, but I couldn't go to sleep.

Anna Kingsley

Most of my fans are friends!

## SF MOVIE REVIEWS BY TOM REAMY

- \* Incredibly bad
- \*\* Poor
- \*\*\* Fair
- \*\*\*\* Good
- \*\*\*\*\* Excellent
- \*\*\*\*\* Incredibly good

### MOVIES REVIEWED IN THIS ISSUE:

- I've Lived Before\*\*\*
- The Beginning of the End\*
- The Unearthly\*
- The Vampire\*\*
- The Monster That Challenged the World\*\*\*
- 1,000 Years From Now\*\*\*
- The Giant Claw\*\*
- The Night The World Exploded\*
- The Monster From Green Hell\*
- Half Human\*\*
- I Was a Teenage Werewolf\*\*\*
- Invasion of the Saucer Men\*\*\*
- The Land Unknown\*\*\*
- The Girl in the Kremlin\*\*\*
- The Curse of Frankenstein\*\*\*
- X The Unknown\*\*\*\*
- The Cyclops\*
- Daughter of Dr. Jekyll\*
- Twenty Million Miles To Earth\*\*\*\*
- The 27th Day\*\*
- Rodan\*\*\*\*
- Kronos\*
- The SheDevil\*
- Back From the Dead\*\*\*
- The Invisible Boy\*\*\*\*
- I Was a Teenage Frankenstein\*\*
- Blood of Dracula\*\*
- Unknown Terror\*\*
- Giant From the Unknown\*\*
- From Hell it Came\*
- The Disembodied\*
- The Amazing Colossal Man\*
- The Cat-Girl\*\*\*
- Teenage Monster\*
- Brain From Planet Arous\*\*\*
- The Black Scorpion\*\*\*\*
- The She Demons\*\*\*

Whew! These have all been released since the last issue of CRIFANAC. On second thought, as you see, I have gone back and just rated them and am reviewing the newer ones only. The task appears a little too monumental.



THE INVISIBLE BOY \*\*\*\* (MGM) Richard Eyer, Robby the Robot. It's hard to say exactly what is wrong with this one. It concerns a giant computer which tries to take over the world, but is foiled of course, despite all anyone can do.

It begins as a comedy about a mathematician in charge of the giant computer and his son, Timmy, who can't grasp fractions, but turns into a ridiculous farce when the son is taken to taught by the computer. He becomes a genius with the emotions and desires of a ten year old, of course, and repairs a robot which may have come from the future. No one seems to know or care where it comes from.

When Timmy marches in with the robot, some sample comments were: "I'm glad somebody finally got that thing to working"--- "How can I work with that thing clanking around?" etc. The robot makes Timmy invisible and when his parents see his spoon lifting soup by itself, do they scream? Faint? Turn green? No! His father says, "He is only doing it to attract attention." -- Good Lord!

Then, the computer begins taking over the staff and the movie attempts to become serious, but it is hopeless. I'm not exactly sure how the brain was defeated. The robot, which was under the computer's control all along, suddenly turns on it, although it wasn't supposed to be able to rationalize. Then, all becomes slapstick again.

I haven't read the novel from which this was made, but it is supposed to be something of a classic. The technical effects are pretty shoddy too, considering that they are by the same boys who created FORBIDDEN PLANET. There is a lot of good stuff in it, if only it weren't jumbled together so. If you can change your mood at the drop of a transistor, you should enjoy it very much.

I WAS A TEENAGE FRANKENSTEIN \*\* (A-I) Whit Bissell, Gary Conway. Girls! Are you sick and tired of your boyfriend's ugly kisser and miserable physique? Then build your own dream boat. Get your Do-It-Yourself-Swoon Guy-Kit!

If this sounds silly, it's because it was. A mad scientist who is no less than a descendant of the original Dr. Frankenstein, and whose name is also Frankenstein,

decides to build the perfect teenager. He goes shopping through car wrecks, plane wrecks, cemeteries and lover's lanes for the components and does build a perfect specimen of teenage masculine pulchritude who lacks only in the brain department. Of course, he goes through a series of gruesome, gory stages first to provide the last ounce of nausea. The picture suddenly switches to color when he backs into an electrical panel after killing his creator. All this seems to accomplish is to show further faults in the makeup which looks like a Greek mask. Something did happen, though, that didn't in any of the other horror movies listed here. The audience got in one good scream. This seems very significant to me because, after all, the purpose of the things are to scare you.

A few years ago, in THE THING, for example, the audience had a fine time screaming their idiot heads off. But have become so conditioned that nothing seems to bother them anymore. It wasn't much that made them scream. Dr. Frankenstein's fiancée broke into his lab morgue, opened the drawer and the creature sat up. And then promptly lay back down again so she could close it. There are screams, also, when Elvis appears on the screen. Maybe they couldn't tell the difference.

BLOOD OF DRACULA \*\* (A-I) Jerry Blaine, Sandra Harrison. This was originally titled "I Was A Teenage Vampire" but I suppose somebody thought better of it. It doesn't matter much anyway, as it is the worst of the three "I Was A Teenage Horror" pictures. The plots are very similar. A mad scientist wants to improve the human race. The werewolf was throwing man back to his savage beginnings for a new start, Frankenstein was building the perfect man, but in this one, the scientist (female) rants and raves about the salvation of the human race but I don't think she mentioned how. Obviously, it involved turning a young girl into a vampire.

There seems to be a set rule that the creator and the created both must perish. Preferably the former at the hands of the latter. It's a silly rule, because of the three teenage monsters only the Frankenstein one deserved to die. The murders he committed were not entirely his fault either and the other two were completely



guiltless. Simply happy juvenile delinquents going about their business when they are sorely put upon by assorted mad scientists. I wonder why some pioneering producer doesn't let one of the poor things be cured.

UNKNOWN TERROR\*\* John Howard. A group of people set out to find one of their number's brother or husband or something, who disappeared in South America somewhere. The Indians are all very suspicious of the Gringos and their eyes get big and they mumble oraciones when they are asked about a cavern called "Something Diablo" which the brother or husband or somebody was looking for. Right there is where you begin to suspect the cavern is hiding a gri-i-i-im secret.

It turns out to be tons of soap suds which are supposed to some kind of fungus. A ma-a-a-ad scientist is using the cavern for his experiments and feeds a few Indians to the fungus every day or two. The gallant Gringos are trapped in the cavern but smash out through a door into the doctor's house. When asked how it can be stopped, the doc says it already is. The smashing of the door let in fresh air that would kill it. It's a good thing the fungus did not know about the entrance on the mountain side through which they entered in the first place, or it would have died already. Needless to say it wasn't dying as the Indian diet had made it immune to fresh air. Guess what? It will probably spread over the entire earth! Never fear! They get rid of it somehow (I can't for the life of me remember how) after the doc and a few more assorted Indians fall victim to the Rinso Grue.

GIANT FROM THE UNKNOWN\*\* Buddy Baer is the giant (about 7') who was a mean old conquistadore still alive after a-a-all these years. Nothing much happens. He staggers around and kills a few people before they finally kill him.

FROM HELL IT CAME\* Tod Andrews. A good native (played by Gregg Palmer of all people) is executed by the mean old witch doctor. Simply because he is consorting with the American scientists who are on the island for reasons known only to themselves. Also

the witch doctor is in love with the good native's wife. Well, the good native vows to return and avenge himself before they drive the ceremonial dagger into his heart. They bury him standing up so he can grow out of the ground as a tree monster. The monster wouldn't have been quite so silly if it hadn't walked on two legs and had an immobile face (with the eyes shut) on it.

It begins killing indiscriminately. Why, I don't know. The native was a good guy who liked the scientists yet tries to kill them. The tree monster was afraid of nothing but dogs. Dogs give a lot of trouble to tree monsters and fireplug monsters. The only way it can be killed is by spitting over your shoulder and hitting the dagger which is still stuck in it, three times. So they do and it is.

THE DISEMBODIED\* Paul Burke, Allyson Hayes. A young girl is living with her elderly doctor husband in an unidentified Carribean jungle. Three men (one of them about to die) in a jeep are wandering through the jungle for some reason or other. The girl is unexplainably a voodoo high priestess and saves the dying man. She kills a native who is in love with her and transfers his ego to the body of the man she has saved. It's all unmotivated confusion. She does a few dirty dances with a dead chicken. She tries to seduce our hero, but he is an ass and will have nothing to do with her. She is finally killed (after trying to kill her husband) by the dead native's girlfriend. It's all pretty dull and uneventful.

THE AMAZING COLOSSAL MAN\* Glenn Langan. The exact reverse of "The Incredible Shrinking Man" both in plot and quality. An Army officer is close enough to an atomic blast to become a grease spot, but begins to grow instead. His heart doesn't grow in proportion with the rest of his body. For some reason or other it causes him to go insane. This is merely an attempt to give a reason for him going berserk. What about his liver? Wonder what

would have happened if it had refused to grow?

The trick photography is terrible. He wanders through Las Vegas being careful to knock down only a few isolated signs.

The "powers that be" decide he has to die. They make a giant hypodermic needle to inject him with poison. The needle is an exact replica down to the giant finger-grips, yet they hold it under their arms like a battering ram. The finger-grips are actually in the way. The giant staggers onto Boulder Dam and falls into the river. It's a fairly logical way to get rid of several tons of carrion. There's nothing to recommend it.

THE CAT GIRL\*\*\* Barbara Shelly. A British import about a girl with a curse. A seemingly immortal leopard hangs around a gloomy castle to either be dominated by or dominate the present member of the family. There is always only one member at a time. Multiple curses are too difficult to keep straight. The old uncle who passes it on, knew how to handle the curse, but the girl goes on a rampage and the poor leopard has not a chance. There are a few good eerie scenes, but on the whole it is fairly slow and plodding as British ghost stories often are.

TEENAGE MONSTER\* Stuart Wade. A low IQ picture for moronic moviegoers. Meanwhile, back at the ranch, man, it's a western. A fireball (sparkler) comes blazing out of the western sky. It arrests the mental growth of a small boy, but causes his hair to grow a mile a minute. We see him again when he is seventeen and he has shoulder length hair and a long beard. The first question you ask is: "why doesn't he get a haircut?" If he had, half the commotion would have been averted. His mother, who doesn't look a day older, is in love with the sheriff and is keeping her son hidden. He talks unintelligibly and it's quite hilarious to see him marking garbled gurgles with his mother answering back. He's just a simple-minded brute and it isn't really fantasy at all. Also, it's just a simple-minded movie and there's really no reason to see it.

BRAIN FROM PLANET AROUS\*\*\* John Agar. One of the few science fiction movies around

currently. It is very similar to Hal Clement's "Needle" only there is never any question of who the alien criminal is inhabiting, but what to do about it without letting it know they know. The film is devoid of special effects except the brains which are very impressive when they solidify, but aren't so hot when they are in their ethereal state. They must solidify every so often to gather energy and that is the only time they can be killed. There is not a great deal going on, but what does is handled in the slick U-I style that is never spectacular, but most always pleasing. With the aid of the alien detective, the crisis is averted and for once, the poor unfortunate who is taken over by the alien doesn't have to pay for the crimes he committed while under the influence. And there were plenty of them.

THE BLACK SCORPION\*\*\*\*(WB) Richard Denning, Mara Corday. The plot is standard, the situations are predictable, but the effects are awe inspiring and the action is fast and furious. The hero and heroine, for once, are sensible people who go about their business of getting rid of the monsters sensibly and to the point. She emits not one shriek and he mutters no scientific mumbo jumbo. The ending in the Mexico City Stadium is anticlimatic after the awesome of the giant scorpions swarming over a wrecked train. They are the first monsters I've seen who could move fast enough to actually catch anyone. Pretty low on originality, but high on excitement.

THE SHE DEMONS\*\*\* Irish McCalla. TV's Sheena is an atrocious actress, but everyone is having so much fun, it doesn't matter. The standard comic relief, who has all the funny lines, while everyone else is deadly serious, is missing. Instead, everyone has their fingers in the pie.

An assorted group is shipwrecked on an uncharted island off the coast of California which the Army is using for A bomb tests. Really. A mad scientist, German with a crew of Gestapo in full

dress, is trying to make his horribly burned wife beautiful again. The girls he experiments on naturally become mindless monsters. An A bomb sets off an inactive volcano at the end for a pleasantly well handled climax. It's all a lot of nonsense that is treated as such.

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Tom Reamy

SIC! (continued from page 29)

photos up from a magazine and paste them in somehow? [the one in the foreground is me and the other is Mosher -ed] On second thoughts maybe there is only one of them but those sun-goggles don't show much of his face. What's that he's holding in his hand too -- a scimitar or a spanner? [It's a piece broken off one of the thing-a-majigs that are standing around with lights on top of them. It's quite obvious to me. -ed]

I was going to say I'd never seen any of your artwork before but then I caught a glimpse of the heading to "To Hell on A Rollercoaster". I see you belong to the Wierd Tales-Galaxy black-smudge-eery-looking school. This particular heading looks a lot like some of the recent Galaxy stuff. In the story it would seem you have taken a theme which has already beset most people in the North American Continent - The Drive-In Everything. Drive-In movies, restaurants until the final stage of the Drive-In Cemetery. Maybe, you having a chance to study such things in actual operation gives you a better insight to the factors in this story. Here where perhaps one in five might have a car and there are no drive-in movies or motels, etc. such a thing might seem a little too far fetched. To you though, it might seem just the "inevitable result". A sequel to this same story might recall how in a few years all cars are switched to hand controls because people have found their legs have atrophied.

THE LONESOME WIND was an interesting bit of fiction but the ending with the women screaming "Run, man, but you'll be back some day" seemed a little too hopeful from the woman's point of view. Didn't Somerset Maugham once say, "Man need never go hungry if he's prepared to eat hash and turnip tops"? Well, surely this last survivor of the male

species wouldn't have been that hungry?

For the first time I can recall a battery of film reviews was up-to-date. Usually when a bulk review is aimed at the reviewer has to drag in a lot of old stuff to make weight so to speak. But here there are a number of films I have not even heard of yet and which haven't been reviewed in any of the film magazines here. TARZAN AND THE LOST SAFARI which you reviewed was actually made in England -- but I've never seen it yet -- or even heard of it being shown. I do see that at a local cinema next week is THE MONSTER THAT CHALLENGED THE WORLD, billed with the VAMPIRE and somewhere around is also that title masterpiece I WAS A TEENAGE WEREWOLF billed with DRAG-STRIP GIRL. In most of these instances, it always seems the posters are a damn sight better to look at than the film. That Spencer Tracy-Katherine Hepburn film DESK SET is for some unknown reason re-titled HIS OTHER WOMAN here. There are a couple of British films you might not have heard of yet namely Robert Hutton in HALF HUMAN in which a scientist extracts the mummified brain of the prophetic Nostradamus into his own head and CAT GIRL in which Barbara Shelly turns into a ferocious cat rather like the cat god Bubastis. [CAT GIRL is reviewed in this issue and the HALF HUMAN on the list is a Japanese movie about the abominable snowman. The Robert Hutton picture will probably have another title when it reaches us.]

If you didn't find a single reviewer who didn't like THE INCREDIBLE SHRINKING MAN then the same goes for the big daily newspaper critics here too. Most though the technical effects were superb and the best of their kind since that giant ant film THEM. I guess by now you have seen that the film FIVE STEPS TO DANGER and found out like I did many months ago that it was atom spies and not science fiction. The only startling thing about the film to me personally, was the way Sterling Hayden calmly sells off a brand new convertible with a minor engine bother to a garage man for a mere couple of hundred dollars. He must have been out of his mind.

Why is it all these Dallas fanzines



come alive in the summer like some horrible monster that has been hibernating for the winter?

Your editorial was a little difficult to follow coming as it did directly after Irving Mosher's opening announcement. I couldn't make out when it was you talking or him which made things a little difficult after a while like that poor gal in HEADACHE with all the burning ants crawling in her head.

I don't know too much about the litho process but I gather you type on some of thin plate much the same as a stencil. If so then how do you get a photo onto a sheet as well - somekind of acid etching process or what?

77 Stanstead Road  
Hoddesdon, Herts., England

[All of the illustrations in this issue are, with the exception of page 7, are done by the photo-offset method which involves photographing the illustration and burning a metal plate through the negative giving a positive picture. A paper plate is used to type on.]

I was intending to use this last page for letters, but I noticed a couple of new s-f movies are opening today so I will review them instead.

Anna wants to write one of the reviews so, here it is: a movie review by Anna Kingsley.

THE MONOLITH MONSTERS\*\*\*\* (U-I) Grant Williams, Lola Albright. I would have given this five stars but for the routine story line. Grant Williams, who played Scott Carey in "The Incredible Shrinking Man", is no dunce as an actor and is about as good looking as they come. The humans in the story, however, are merely supporting players to the monoliths. A meteor lands in the mountains of Southern California. The meteor is silica and with water as a catalyst, begins absorbing all the silica around it and does grow. It grows in tall columns which fall under their own weight and each of the pieces begins to grow. A heavy rainstorm sets it off and the moisture in the earth keeps it going. It is about to engulf a small town and later the country. It doesn't threaten the world because salt stops its growth. Therefore it couldn't cross the oceans.

There is some nonsense about several people who are too close when it is growing and what happens when the silicon is absorbed from their bodies. They say in the movie, that silicon in the body makes it flexible. Shades of "The Man Who Turned to Stone". The validity of all this escapes me as I know nothing of organic chemistry.

The special effects are superb, the characters are business-like and much suspense is generated. One boo-boo caught my eye, however. The monoliths had knocked down all the power lines and the town was without electricity, but a boy delivering evacuation notices was caught ringing a doorbell.

The problem was to keep the monoliths in the mountains long enough to find a way to stop them completely. A way was found, but we never know how they plan to stop them for good. It seems to me that as long as there is rain, there will be monolith monsters. A.K.

LOVE SLAVES OF THE AMAZON\*\*\* (U-I) Don Taylor. The legendary women warriors after which the Amazon River was named are with us again. An expedition sets out to find them and, with all respects to the script writer (Curt Siodmak), does. They are a motley crew of young and old ladies with various forms of modern hairdos in technicolor. We are spared the "Me Tarzan, you Jane" type of dialogue as they all speak only a forgotten language. They regard one man as a commodity and two as a threat so, when our hero staggers onto the scene, the old sugar-daddy is executed. In one scene he shows the "new guy" a bunch of his children. They are all girls as boy children are killed at birth. The out-going male is skinny and very tired looking. He seems to welcome the slings and arrows of outrageous execution. There are some beautiful shots of the Amazon River plus a lot of hilarious hocus combined to make an enjoyable movie. TR

Some pictures soon to be released include: Queen of the Universe, color, cs; War of the Satellites; Invasion of the Gorgons; Beast of Budapest; The Bride & The Beast; The Giant Behemoth; Mammoth Female Monster; Frankenstein 1960.

# crifanac 6



## next issue

The Bloch article will make it for sure next time around. Anna has a new story called "I Have Good News For You, Madam", which has the most chilling last line you'll ever read. Also a story by an author known to all of you who wishes to remain anonymous. The story has to do with a trip in time to the days of Christ. It is so blatantly sacrilegious no prozine would chance it. If anyone can predict what will happen, I'll not print it. It's going to cause one of the biggest stirs in fanzine history. Don't miss it! I have a J.T. Oliver story that I may use if nothing better turns up. Nothing else is set yet, but it will be a terrific issue.