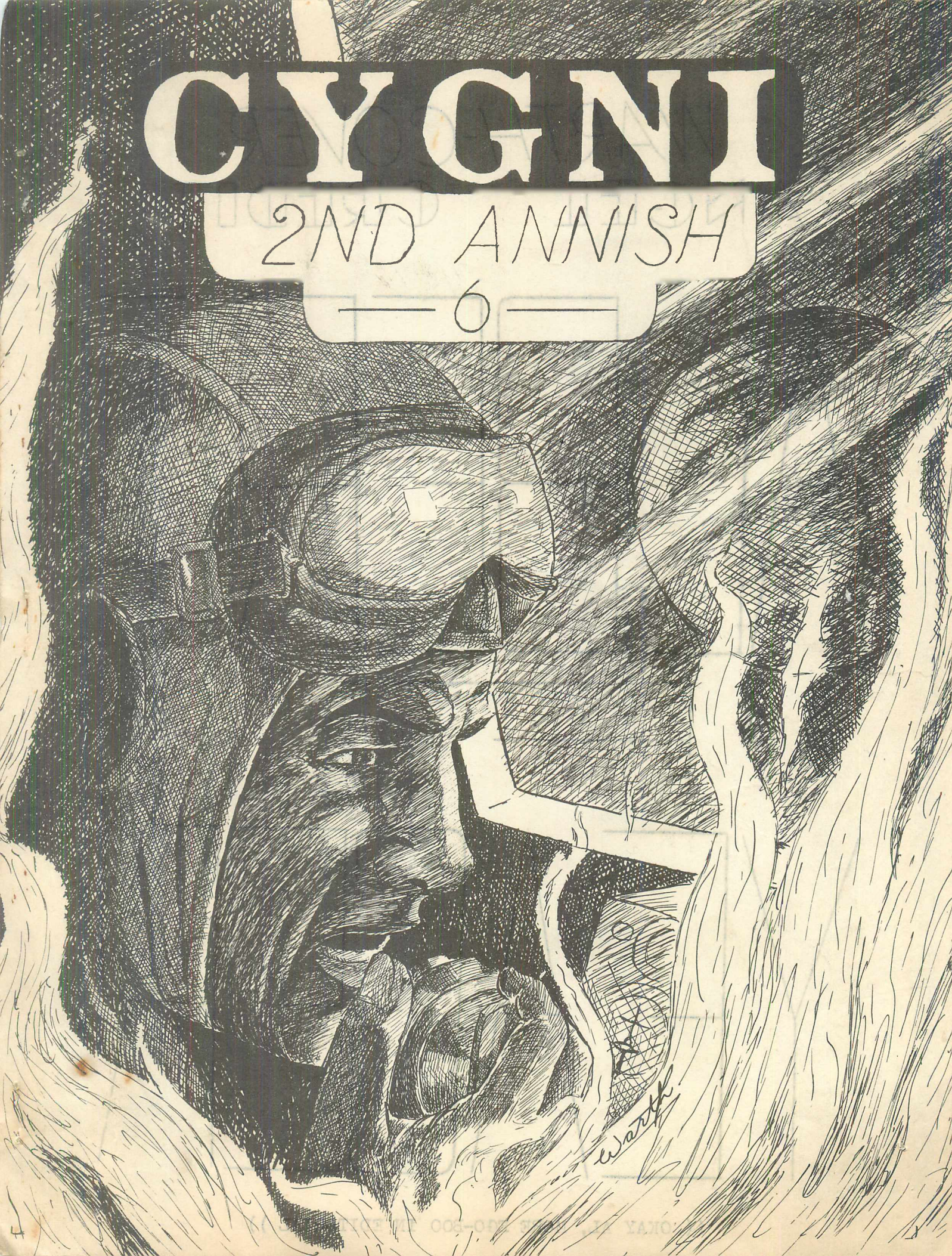


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CYGN I

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October 1947

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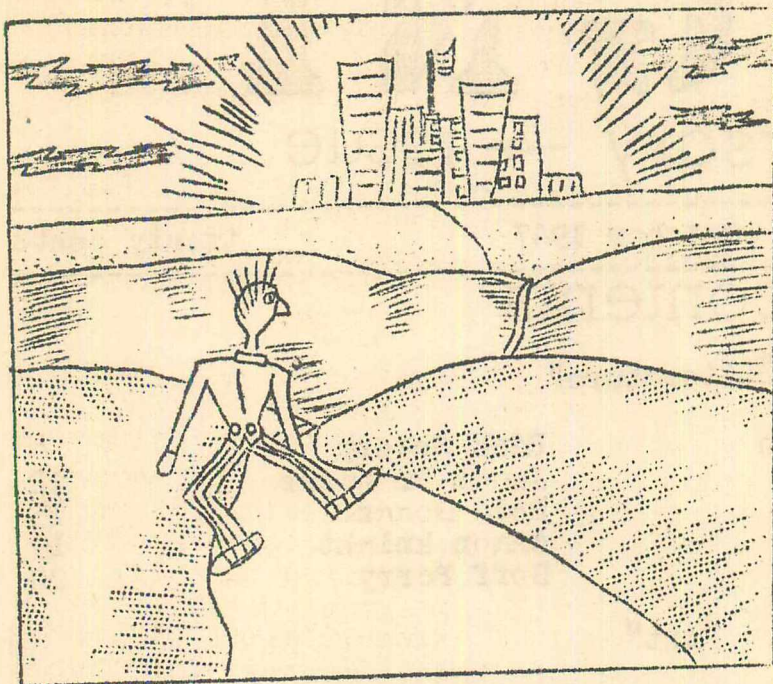
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CYGN I is published irregularly by Boff Perry, 68 Madbury rd., Durham N.H. It is an extremely non-profit and very amateur fanzine. Subscription rates will usually be 10¢ a copy but this issue will cost you all of 20¢. Mss. are earnestly desired but no payment can be made other than a complimentary copy in which the author's work appears. Advertising is printed at the ridiculous rate of \$1.00 per page; smaller ads may be bought at a proportional rate. We trade subs with other fanzines. Deadbeats are not tolerated in the main off.

cygnusez

Right now, your eyes are following the witty pages of our standout feature, the editorial. We had a million things to say here but we've forgotten most of them now.

The front cover was drawn by Fred Warth who wants the original back. So far we haven't gotten up the nerve to tell him that the printers never sent it back to us. As any fool can plainly see, Al Yeager was the ~~xxx~~ swell guy that kicked up the five bucks to have it lith-
((continued on page 38))



A FAN GOES TO THE

PACIFICON!

by rick sneary

(The following is not meant so much as a report on the Pacificon, as an account of the doings of one fan, the events and people he saw and the things he did. I could not possibly see or remember everything that happened...RS)

JULY 3, 1946

It was still the day before the convention, but there were things doing, so I found myself walking up to that friendly little door that leads to the hole-in-the-wall that is the LASFS club room. Walking in, I came face to face with two odd characters. One I knew to be Elmer Perdue so the other must be my pen-fan John Cockroft. On saying, "John" in the tone of voice one would say, "will he live doctor?", the tall character rose and said "Rick." Waving aside Elmer's attempt to introduce us, we shook hands and sat down.

After refusing Elmer's bottle, saying it was too early in the year, we fell to discussing RAP and Shaver. I hadn't heard about Palmer's breakdown, so Elmer told me, as only that master story teller could. We then discussed Amazing and what the Shaver stories had done to it.

We were then interrupted by EEEvans and another fan coming in. After EEE left the conversation swung around to dirty stories. John and I being pure and innocent only listened, exchanging sly smiles. In the middle of what I believe was to be a clean story, the other fan was called away, with Elmer following.

Not wanting to stay and look at each other, John and I went over to Tendril Towers and the room of Evans, which he had let John use the first night as he had no other bed. After crawling up the first three flights of stairs (two on the outside) we reached his room. The walls were lined with books and originals. It was so full that there was little room for anything else. John showed me some paintings he had done, which I of course admired greatly. (Watch that fan, he is going places.) Some of it was better than the pros. After looking at Evans' original manuscript of "Skylark of Space", we decided to go over to Slan Shack. So back down the stairs and down the hill a way to the shack.

We crowded into the Ashley's part of the SS and began shaking hands with everyone. Most of them I knew, and some I forgot, but one face will remain imprinted on my mind to grow and feed and become a part of me. And that face belongs to BOB TUCKER. So at last I had met the mighty Pong. Gad! My best description of him is that he looked like Frank Sinatra. Bow tie and all. (John said he met him in a crowded room and almost stepped on him.) Tucker seemed worried; he thought I might be angry at him because of an article in his zine. (Why should I plug it for him?) I hadn't read it yet, so he got me a copy. I found nothing to be angry about as it was very funny. I told him he could write anything about me as long as it was funny. He laughed and said, okay, the next time he wanted to stab me in the back, he would laugh. And did so. (Laugh of course.)

After making ourselves at home, an easy thing to do at the Ashleys', we heard a noise at the front door and greetings from those in the front part of the house. Shortly after, a dark haired young fellow came in, and as John addressed him as Sandy, I quickly guessed this to be Sandy Kadet, another pen-fan from the Windy City. After shaking hands with me, he went over and kissed Myrtle Douglas good morning, or something. Seeing that he only got in the day before, I decided this was fast work for a sixteen year old. (By the way, Myrtle was lying on a bed in the end of the room as she was just getting over an operation. Really too bad as she is very nice. Wish I had Sandy's.....)

After a little talk, Walter Daugherty came in looking for some

one to help clean the club room. We rejected the idea, but as every one was busy but us, John, Sandy and I finally did go with him. Stopping off long enough to welcome Ralph Rayburn Phillips, fantasy artist from Seattle, first. Having brains, he went into the shack while we went off to slave in the club room.

John swept the floor while Sandy and I straightened the rest up, after which Walt mopped it up, making it look better for the other fans. Of about eight times I have been in the club room, they have been cleaning three.

On the way out, we found Tucker taking pictures of Mari Beth



Wheeler, and being true fans, we crowded in. I with my quick thinking worked into the front but failed to block out anyone. Failing in this, we climbed back into the shack.

Soon after we came in, some fan decided it was too quiet and played some records. First was La Valse, which is quite weird. Being the first time I had heard it, I lost myself in thought. After which they played a few others. After they finished, I pulled my second worst blunder of the convention. Some one asked Abby Lu how she liked having so many strange

people wander around her house. She answered that she was used to it. Then without thinking, I asked how long she had lived in a Slan Shack. As soon as I said it, I could have shot myself, and everyone in the room seemed to stop talking. Abby Lu stopped to think a minute and then answered. I forget what she said, but I thought she must have started very early.

I don't remember all the talk that went on but Tucker and Ackerman were over in the corner talking about who was the #1 fan. They finally agreed that Acky was to be #1 and Bob to be #1 $\frac{1}{2}$.

As it was well past noon, it was decided that we should take time to eat. So we three plus Tucker, Evans and a couple others climbed farther up the hill to a lunch counter. I had a malted and discussed the NFFF with Sandy and John. When we were through, Evans insisted on picking up the checks. Said it was a hobby of his.

When we got back, John and some of the others that had to get into their hotel rooms went off, leaving me almost alone. So as a last resort, I went into the other room and started talking to Tucker and Mari Beth. Elmer wandered in and finding a scat on the floor, he started to tell us a story he was thinking of writing. On the line of "Helen O'Loy" only with a different twist. Sounded in-

teresting. As he finished, Mr. Phillips walked into the other room and Elmer went out to talk to him. They fell to discussing the occult and devil worship. Both mentioned places that they knew of where devil worshipers still existed in their own cities. I wouldn't have believed there were any in LA but Elmer said there were and he was backed up, so I guess there must be. Mr. Phillips told of a house in Seattle that is used. They then fell to talking about Yogi and its teachings. All very interesting.

As John came back, I decided to go; so saying goodbye, I walked back down the hill and started my hour long street car ride home.

JULY 4, 1946

I didn't get into town until 10:30, so I hurried a little as I entered the Park View Manor where the convention was being held. It was a big building having five halls in all. In the hall, I spied a sign which said "Kaor Kan" (Marian for welcome), so I stepped through the door.

Just inside the door was a table at which sat the charming Tigrina and Everett Evans (only Tigrina was charming, 3E was just nice.) They told me to write my name and address on the register while she typed my name and address on a badge which I wore on my coat. (All through the con, people went around gaping at each other's badges and seeing who they were before saying hello.)

With this taken care of, I stopped to look around the hall. It was roughly 100x200 feet. With a lot of chairs facing a speakers' stand in the middle of the far wall. Around the front wall were tables piled with books and mags for sale, and a crowd of fans looking at them. After saying "Hello" to John and Sandy, I hurried over and bought a copy of the convention Booklet and Combozine. I found that the Booklet had a number of blank pages, and everyone was busy trying to fill them with autographs of other fans. Not to be outdone, I started too. And of course for every time my book was signed, I had to sign someone else's. I almost forgot how to write my name, I had done it so many times. I got everyone I knew, and a lot I didn't. I got Charles Hornig without knowing it. Myrtle Douglas was there too. She looked a little pale, but was smiling. I wandered around listening to what people were saying.

As it was past noon, a number of fans (I didn't count them) decided they ought to go eat. We finally found a place where they served fans and went to it. The others helped crowd in where some others were just leaving so John and I ate with Emrys Evans. And it turned out very nicely as we discussed the NFFF and stuff. One of the few quiet (quiet: anything under ten people shouting at each other) talks I had. As Emrys partly agreed with my ideas, I decided he was a very nice guy. He was too.

On getting back to the hall, John and I found seats and were soon joined by Sandy, Emrys and a number of others. We fell to discussing SLAN. Sandy didn't like it and I did. Talk then changed to FINAL BLACKOUT (on which Sandy and I were reversed) and NIGHTFALL. We were interrupted by the bang of the gavel. The Convention had begun.

Russ Hodgkins introduced Walter Daugherty as chairman and director of the Pacificon. Then he presented him with a gavel. Walter then welcomed everyone to the convention and said he was glad to see everyone, even Tucker. He then gave a brief outline of what had led up to the Pacificon, and some of the work that had gone into its



the semantic one

and there is Tuck."

planning. And then with the aid of Ackerman and a portable mike, he started to introduce the notables there. Of which I remember C. Hornig, R. Hodgkins, Lou Goldstone, Al Ashley, Mari Beth Wheeler, Guy Gifford, Ray Bradbury, Leigh Brackett, Dale Hart, Jim-E (Mrs.) Daugherty, Yerke, F. Laney, E. Korshak ((somebody I know???)), Myrtle Douglas and many many more. About half way through, Daugherty stopped and said (if I can remember rightly) "For years there has been rivalry in the fan polls as to who was the top fan. It has been Nip and Tuck. Here", pointing to Ackerman, "is Nip

Then with proper pomp and fan-fare, A.E. van Vogt was introduced as guest of honor of the convention. He seemed very nice and younger than I thought. He looked something like a high-school teacher, and talked a little like one. (Clearly and slowly) I think everyone was struck by his tie. In fact it about knocked one over, being a mixture of red, green and a few shades he must have gotten off of a Weird cover. (See Lethe #3 for more on it and others there.)

He first told why his wife, Edna M. Hull was not there. It seemed she was just getting over an operation. He then started his speech, "Tomorrow on the March". It lasted over an hour. It was a very good speech about how the nerves and the mind control the body. And after six months of exercises he had been able to see without glasses. And he told of similar cases he knew of. (I think you can get a copy of the speech from EEEvans.) There was only one bad thing about the speech, it had darn little to do with science fiction of the world today. Very good, but not what I had expected.

Next Ackerman and Laney announced the forming of the Fantasy Foundation, which by now you have heard a lot. They explained how they had started it and what they had planned for it. Also some of

C Y G N I A N N I V E R S A R Y I S S U E

the things that had already been done. After this, the meeting broke up.

I went with John, Sandy and Emrys back to their hotel while they cleaned up and then went to dinner with them, in the hotel dining room. We discussed some of the different editors of the pro mags, writers and their pen names and a dozen other things. I mostly listened.

On getting back to the hall, we found a pretty good crowd and after a while the evening meeting was called to order. The first thing was a 15 minute recording of one of the "Weird Tales" programs written by Robert Bloch. It was called "Satan's Phonograph" and was about a guy that caught souls and put them on records. It wasn't very weird until the ending. Rather interesting. Bloch was supposed to be there but wasn't.

Afterward came the auction of the originals, both black and white and paintings that the pros had sent to the con, along with a few books. Melvin Korshak was auctioneer and a very good one too. He either hypnotized some of the fans or they had saved their money better than I had, for they bid things awfully high. The only one that bid with any caution was EETvans who would call out in a falsetto, "add five". But even then, they bid him up to about \$10 on one painting. Bidding on this painting got hot for awhile when three fans were all bidding at once, each raising the bid 5¢. Another bit of horse-play was when a small painting by Ralph Rayburn Phillips was put up. It was an abstract painting of a many colored peak with whorls of color behind it. The fans pretended that they couldn't tell what it was; John even suggested that it be turned upside down. Nevertheless, it sold for around \$2.50.

I had to leave in the middle of the auction so I don't know what happened later. And thus my first day at the con ended.

JULY 5, 1946

Today the calendar said there was to be open house at Ackerman's in the morning, so my father drove me out. Then we finally found the place, we were told by Tigrina that Forry was sick, and that I should go to the Slan Shack. So back we went. When I got there I found that almost everyone else had heard about it the other night, only no one had thought to call me up.

I wandered around the Ashleys a while and then seeing John start to leave the room, I trailed after him. (At which point something happened of which I would rather not speak.) ((Okay, no pressure applied Rick.)) We crowded into the front bedroom which was filled with fans talking and reading. Mr. Phillips was sitting by the door, so John and I stopped to talk with him. As some of the other fans left, we sat on the bed and John and Mr. Phillips talked a good hour, discussing the human race, religion, abstract art and a number of Mr. Phillips' interesting friends. It was the most intellectual conversation that I have listened to, And almost, the most

interesting. I mainly listened. As they finished, Pat Davis (the lady from North Carolina) came by and they went off to see Old Los Angeles.

Soon after John and everyone else wandered off so I had to eat alone and go off after that, to the hall. It was, of course, late in starting.

The session was for business and the first part wasn't too important. They later decided to give the Association of Atomic Scientists, a donation. There was a fight as to where it was to come from tho. Some wanted it to come out of the convention's money and some wanted it to be extra donations by the fans. Daugherty was against giving convention money (tho he was for giving them money) and to make his point, he gave a complete history of the work leading up to the convention. He also told that a fan from New York had written a letter to Mr. Ziff of Amazing, which insulted AS and RAP, and represented himself as speaking for fandom. This had caused Mr. Ziff to refuse a \$100 booster ad in the Convention Booklet. This got everyone excited, but he said he would tell the name the next day and would bring the letter in question along. After a little more discussion, the meeting adjourned. ((Oops, "was adjourned".))

After much discussion as to where I was to go, I finally invited myself along with John and Mel Korshak who were going with Fran Laney out to his place, and am glad I did. It was the first time I had been there and we found one wall of his living room covered with books, most of which he was willing to sell. Not being much of a book collector, I let the others at it first. Shortly afterward, Walt Liebscher and another out of town fan drove up and began going over the books too. Thinking I had better look busy, I started pulling books out, and I soon found two that looked good. (Welles, "Days of the Comet" and Endore, "Werewolf of Paris." At 50¢ @, I decided it was a good deal. As soon as Laney agreed, Walt looked at the copy of "Werewolf of Paris" and said it was a first edition. But Laney stuck by the price he had quoted (an honest fan). So Walt who wanted it, made me an offer. He would trade me a later issue and a couple other books besides. This appealed to my Scot's blood, so I agreed. (I later got two books worth \$1 besides a small copy of the "Werewolf")

Then the buying had stopped and Laney had been payed, he brought out some originals he had. We eyed and were awed over them and then for no good reason (except maybe, the good sales had warmed his heart) he handed out a few. He gave me a pic out of a 1943 TWS, and the rest also got something. (I was thus made a good friend of F.T. Laney for life, if not longer).

As it was getting late, we decided we had better get back into town, but as Mrs. Laney had taken the car, John, Mel and I had to bum a ride off of Walt and his friend (I should remember his name, it is the least I could do for him.) leaving Laney with a partly empty bookcase and a pile of the long-green.

G I G N I A N N I V E R S A R Y I S S U E

After cleaning up in John's room, we went out to dinner with Sandy, Charles Lucas, and Richard Sirnous. The others foolishly ordered big meals, but as we only had an hour and I knew LA service, I ordered a sandwich. And a good thing too. The others just got through in time. They had to eat so fast, they could hardly talk. (Which I assure you is no small feat.) But when we got there, we had to wait a half an hour.

But it was well worth it, as that was the night of the Weird session, starring THEODORE. (I will quote the booklet) "A one-man show of sinister and diabolical humor. Boris Karloff, surrealist Salvador Dali, Nijinski and Red Skelton appearing simultaneously in the person of a man named Theodore". It was the weirdest and funniest thing, I have ever seen. All agreed it was the highlight of the whole con. I only regret I couldn't have seen it all, but after three of his acts, I had to leave. But I was told the one I missed was longer and surpassed any I had seen. And so another day came to an end.

JULY 6, 1946

As nothing was planned this morning, I stayed in bed, and later had a birthday dinner with my folks. (Yep, all of 19; wonder how many fans get a convention held on their birthday.) After which, I took a streetcar into town. I found few fans there when I reached the hall. Daugherty and a couple other big name fans were out in the hall talking. I walked over and without being asked, leaned on a coke machine and began to listen. (("Coke" is a registered trade name meaning Coca-Cola and should not be used as a general term for other, inferior cola beverages)) It was my first cloak-room conference and was very interesting. And I was thus not at all surprised at what happened later.

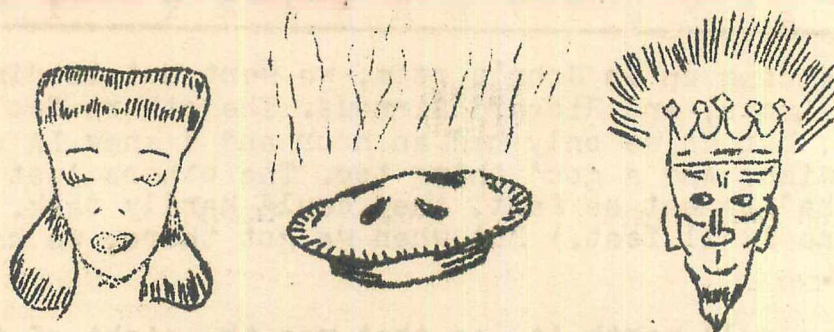
After wandereing around the hall awhile, the meeting was called to order and Daugherty made a rough report on the money the convention had made. A motion was made that the money be divided between the NFFF and the Fantasy Foundation. (If it was still working in six months.)

After this, the matter of the New York fan that had lost the convention \$100 by his letter to AS was brought up.

He read the letter, which was a burning one to say the least. It was not too different than a lot of letters the Shaver stories had caused tho, except that this fan seemed to think he was talking for fandom. It was agreed finally that there was nothing that could be done. The ousting of a fan from fandom had been tried before and hadn't worked too well. (I won't even print the fan's name.) They had given AS a free ad so they hoped that would help patch things up. Almost everyone agreed with the letter, but thought he had no business writing it.

The next thing up was the NFFF session with EEEvans as chairman. The big thing before the members was the threat (Cont. on p.30)

J.R. ADAMS



THE RED SPOT OF JUPITER

"TELL US A STORY, GRANDPA FIBBLE," SAID RON.

"Yes, tell us a story", repeated Don.

Grandpa Fibble glanced up startledly from his magazine, then smiled as he recognized the two lads.

"Ron and Don, is it?" He adjusted his spectacles and peered closer at the boys. "You tadpoles are getting to be pretty frequent visitors since you moved to this neighborhood."

"We like your stories", Don said, crawling up on the arm of Grandpa Fibble's chair.

Ron nodded and took his place on the opposite arm.

"We like your stories, Grandpa Fibble", he agreed.

"Tell us a story about this picture", Don suggested, pointing to the cover of Grandpa Fibble's science-fiction magazine. The cover depicted a close-up view of Jupiter, and Don stared at it in wonderment. "What is it?" he asked.

Grandpa Fibble glanced at the painting. "That's Jupiter", he explained, warming to the subject. Science-fiction was his passion, and he could hold forth for hours on space travel, time travel, interdimensional travel and affiliated miracles that were yet to come. "It's a planet like Earth, 'cept it's a lot bigger'n Earth. Horrible beasts live there. Slabberin' creatures with foot long fangs and poisonous breath that--"

"What is that big red bug on it?" Ron asked, indicating a patch of crimson marring the face of the globe.

"That's the Red Spot of Jupiter", Grandpa Fibble told him, not in the least offended by the interruption. "Yessir, the Red Spot of Jupiter. It--"

"How did it get there?" Don wanted to know.

Grandpa Fibble's eyes twinkled with merriment. These new kids were sure inquisitive. But he always welcomed a chance to talk, so he prepared to launch into the story of the Red Spot--a story that would not burden their young minds with ponderous theories, nor, incidentally, tax his own knowledge of science.

"It was this way", he began, gravely eyeing his listeners. "Long ago there lived on Jupiter an old king, who spent his every waking hour picking mushrooms in the forrest by his palace. No one knows what he did with the mushrooms. He sure couldn't have eaten them all.

"But anyway, that's what he did--picked mushrooms all day long in the forrest. And that's how he met the princess, who happened thru the woods one day while the king was engaged in his usual pastime. A beautiful creature she was, too, with soft brown eyes and rose-bud lips that smiled in a most tantalizin' sort of way.

"Course, the king couldn't help but fall in love with her. Right away he asked her to marry him; offered her anything within his power to grant if she'd become his queen. But the princess was reluctant, and told this old fogey of a king that she'd need some time to think it over. After all, he wasn't much of a bargain as far as looks went. There were many young eligibles in her own domain to the East who were much more pleasing to the eye, and it would take a mighty strong inducement to cause her to spurn them in favor of a creaking, bewhiskered duffer like the king.

"Well, you might know the king was devastated by this brutal announcement. He retreated to his castle and moped away the rest of the day in the study; wouldn't even come out for hi meals. It was the same the next day, and the day following that. The court attendants did manage to get him to pick away at his food, but that was about all. For you see, the old king knew deep down that the princess' answer, when she finally gave it, would be in the negative."

Grandpa Fibble sighed and looked sad. He gazed up at the ceiling, then down at the floor, meditatively; and finally his young audience rose to the bait.

"What happened then?" urged Ren, hunching up closer.

"Yes, what happened then?" echoed Don, copying the other's movement.

"Oh, the king finally came out of it", Grandpa said vaguely.

"Why?"

"Why?"

"Because he found a way to win the princess' hand. Somehow he learned the princess had a great fondness for cherry pie and never could get her fill of it. But, trouble was, all the cherry trees in her kingdom bore fruit that was sour and unpleasin' to the taste, and therefore the royal chefs could never quite turn out a pie that met with her full approval.

"So the king ordered the best bakers in the land to prepare the biggest, most gigantic, tremendous pie you ever saw, filled chock-full of the choicest cherries from the royal orchards. There were no finer cherries produced in the whole world than those that came right from his own trees, and the old king figured that when the princess saw and tasted that pie, she'd just naturally fall all over herself in hurrying to accept his proposal of marriage.

"The kingdom's entire cherry crop went into that monstrous pastry. Sugar, shortening, flour--I'm telling you, the shops and pantries of the love-sick king's subjects were well-nigh cleaned out by the time the pie came out of the oven.

"But the king didn't care, as long as it meant the gaining of the object of his affection. And finally the pie was ready, and thousands of the huskiest men in the land were recruited to transport it on their shoulders to the princess' castle.

"That was the king's mistake.

"Hardly had the journey begun, hardly had the pie-bearers reached the outskirts of the village, when a cataclysmic Jupiterquake suddenly rocked the land.

"There wasn't a chance of them saving the pie. Flung every which way by the upheaval, the men lost their hold on the huge goodie and it slipped from their shoulders and fell to the ground amid a great splash and splatter of cherries and syrupy goo.

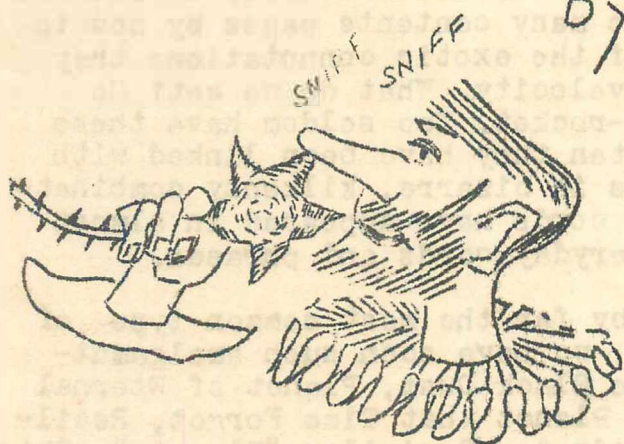
"Not a man survived the catastrophe. Most of them were crushed under the pie, and those that wren't, drowned in the juice. The sticky mess spread slowly over Jupiter's surface, engulfing everything in its path and causing much destruction before its progress finally came to a halt.

"Crushed by grief, the old ruler walked to a palace window and stared out over his demolished domain. His dream of marrying the fair princess had ended in a welter of cherry juice and soggy pie crust. There was only one thing left for him now: death. He took the shortest route, which was straight down to the cobblestone s."

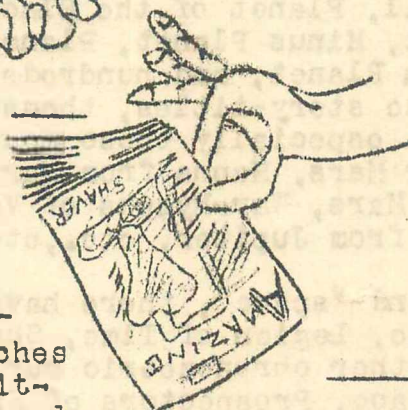
(Cont. on page 33)

"BY ANY OTHER NAME"

by REDD BOGGS



Yesterday



— today

SCIENCE-FICTION IS big. It has to be, merely to cover its stage -- so inestimably vast that it reaches out into the uttermost magnitudes of space and time. Attuned to the infinite, embracing the very dimensions of the Universe, science-fiction is intrinsically different from all other types of literature. The genuine s-f classic always is truly different, not merely a western, adventure or romance plot transplanted to interplanetary space or to an alien planet; it always implies the basic mysteries beyond the frontiers of knowledge.

It seems platitude to remark that even the story-title should be "big", in harmony with the vastness, the uniqueness of science-fiction. The title, as any fool knows, stands at the head of a story as the reader's guidepost, labeling the type, theme, and setting of the tale it names. Sure, the s-f story-title should give the unwary reader a pair of wings -- or a set of rocket-tubes, at least -- and shove him two million light years into the starry void, or should provide him with a pocket size time machine and transport him instantaneously through ineffable distances of fantastic time.

Unfortunately, as any jobbernowl ((we are offended?)) also knows, such is not very often the case. Just as a Western magazine depends on story-titles employing such words as "guns", "lawman", "range" and "trail", and the true-detective field leans even more heavily on words like "riddle", "blue", "crimson" and "enigma", the

science-fiction field has its own mundane cliches: "planet".... "time"... "space"... "cosmic"... "asteroid"... "star"....

Once, a long time ago, these words hinted of the super-galactic stage, the alien pageantry, the extra-dimensional sweep of science-fiction, but they have appeared on too many contents pages by now to retain anything but a small measure of the exotic connotations they once possessed. We want escape-speed velocity. What do we get? No more thrust than a Fourth-of-July sky-rocket. Too seldom have these words been used imaginatively; too often they have been linked with other -- prosaic, non-fantasy -- words in bizarre, kilkenny combinations. In this trite manner, these key words have appeared in almost every conceivable combination with everyday words and phrases.

The "kilkenny combination" is by far the most common type of s-f story title. Thus, over the years, we have seen such amalgamations as Planet of Peril, Planet of the Black Dust, Planet of Eternal Night, Twilight Planet, Minus Planet, Planet that Time Forgot, Resilient Planet, Chameleon Planet, and hundreds of similar "Planets". This is in addition to those story-titles, themselves "kilkennies", which name specific planets, especially those most popular with amateur star-gazers: Water for Mars, Manna from Mars, Shadow over Mars, Hermit of Mars, Red Death of Mars, War-Nymphs of Venus, Message from Venus, Jupiter Trap, Palooka from Jupiter, etc., etc.

As for "time" and "space", there have been Sands of Time, Coils of Time, Liners of Time, Legion of Time, Shadow out of Time, Tryst in Time, and numberless other chronometric curiosities, and Hornets of Space, Vagabonds of Space, Prospectors of Space, as well as Suicide Squadrons, Loreleis, Legions, Lords, Skylarks, Guards, Stopsons, Cubes, Slave Ships (the complete list would stretch from here to proxima Centauri) -- all of Space.

A sort of reversal of this sort of title cliché is the amalgamation formed by taking a non-fantasy word and joining it to a fantasy or semi-fantasy term. Such concoctions also tend toward triteness with too frequent use. For example: "City" is much-used, probably because of the peregrinating habits of space heroes. We have visited The Nameless City, Locked City, City of the Living Dead, City of the Living Flame, City of Singing Flame ((a torch singer no doubt)), City of the rocket horde, City of the Cosmic Rays, White City, Holy City of Mars, Dead City, and City in the Far-Off Sky ((and just City)).

We hear "Voices": The Voice Out of Space, Voice from Infinity, Thunder Voice, Ancestral Voice, or just the Voice (meaning a tale by Rocklynne, not referring to Sinatra), and of course the most popular voice of all, the alliterative Voice in the Void or Voice from the Void, which has been used by Clifford Simak, Harl Vincent, Walter Ku-bilius, as well as others.

The titles named above are taken from almost every fantasy magazine from Astounding to Weird Tales, but even to a casual observer, it must be obvious that most titles are fashioned to fit the climate of a magazine. (The "climate" is the prevailing emotional mood of a

C Y G N I A N N I V E R S A R Y I S S U E

mag, which makes all stories in that particular publication alike -- in the sense that the yarns in TTS are alike and unlike those in ASF.) Titles are a reflection of the mood, thus the titles of Planet tales differ from those in Anazine.

Of course, a magazine's climate often changes with the years and/or editors, and the title trends follow the changes. For example, consider the case history of Astounding, a study which incidentally supplies with examples of fantasy's two indigenous title-types, (a) the "airy" type, and (b) the "bludgeoning" type.

Prior to Campbell, ASF (although it was AS then) featured such excellent titles as Starjust Gods, The Phantom Dictator, Angel in the Dust Bowl, Alas All Thinking, and Godson of Almarlu. Since 1938, when the Great Panjandrum himself took over, ASF titles have undergone a significant cycle of change. For the first 18 months of JWCJR's editorship, most stories were well-titled in the old style. In the issues from January 1938 to June 1939, we find such evocative titles as Shadow of the Veil, Greater Than Gods, Wings of the Storm, Saurian Valedictory, Procession of Suns, Philosophers of Stone, Seeds of the Dusk, Cosmic Engineers, and Flight of the Dawn Star.

After mid-'39, when Campbell's stories for the "scientifically-trained, technically-employed adult" policy first became dimly apparent, more functional titles became the fashion: Power Plant, Locked Out, Salvage, Starting Point, Rendezvous, Emergency, Neutral Vessel, Stowaway, Clerical Error, Breakdown. The aura of "differentness" that had surrounded the earlier titles had dissipated. Unfortunately, this ultra-short, obvious sort of title became an ASF fetish and was drafted for use on stories that soared beyond the prosaic confines of the Campbell formula, stories in the best tradition of the heavy-science story that were tremendous in scope and really deserved more imaginative titles.

While ASF's conservative policy happily removes the possibility of using ordinary "kilkenney combinations" (for instance, "Giant Killer" wasn't titled "Super-Rats of Space"), and hits an occasional bullseye -- "Universe" is the perfect title for that story -- it has violated a commonsense literary tradition: that a story-title should, by some quality of uniqueness or sensationality, capture and hold a reader's interest till he is tempted to read the story itself. In fact, far from titillating the reader's interest, most of Campbell's titles go the other way. Certainly some of his drab titles such as Orders, Vocation, Tight Place, Nerves, Bankruptcy Proceedings, Controller, etc., serve only to rebuff anyone but an ardent s-f follower. Which would you rather read, a story named "Islands of the Sun" or "Depth"? Which story did you read first in the June 1943 Astounding, "Pelagic Spark" or "Competition"?

Such good titles as Beyond This Horizon, Shadow of Life, Judgment Night, Microcosmic God, There Shall be Darkness, Slaves of the Lamp, etc., do not alter the fact that most of ASF's titles lack what a photographer calls "print quality" -- life, snap.

The average ASF title is indeed an example of the "bludgeoning" title type, which is the kind that descends crudely and heavily upon the obtuse theme or setting of the story. The antithesis of that genus is the "airy" type, of which the "good titles" in the paragraph above are examples. These are fanciful words or phrases, often conjured delicately from minor incidents, plot-pivots or small details in the setting of the story. This sort is eminently better suited to fantasy than is the mundane "bludgeoning" type, although sometimes the "airy" title is so nebulous or fantastic that it is outrageously misleading. A classic example of such a title: *Wings of the Lightning* Land. In fact, the old Popular Publications pro-mags were chief exponents of this type of title.

The usual "airy" title is dependent upon the witchery in certain words. Through long use, some words take on added enchantment. The word "wand", for example, which once meant merely a pliable rod, such as a willow bough, today is more spellbinding through its use to designate a conjuror's baton -- a "magician's wand". In the same way, there is a certain spell to the words "clan" and "cottage", but none to "committee" or "house". Apply this principle to our subject. If a title contains words which harmonize a sort of leitmotif ((where's my dictionary-I don't allow any words in without knowing what they mean. Might be risque)) in the fantasy idiom, it is a good title; if it does not, it is merely a "bludgeoning" title.

The "kilkenny combination" title may fall under either the "airy" or the "bludgeoning" categories, but more often it is in a class by itself, comprised (as we have seen) of words which once, but no longer, wear the fantasy halo.

Having gone this far, perhaps a recipe for a good science-fictional title can now be formulated. Here it is: A good science-fictional story-title must be evocative, composed of words which mirror the futuristic, otherworldly or distinctive mood or theme of the story, without descending in any syllable to the trite, melodramatic or commonplace.

Yet, that formula is inadequate and inaccurate, for we are faced with the indisputable fact that many s-f story-titles which are among the best ever concocted have resorted to the lowliest of cliché-words: *Seeker of Tomorrow*, *Spawn of Eternal Thought*, *Invaders from the Infinite*, *Beyond the Great Oblivion*, *The Dwellers in the Mirage*. These are all outstanding titles, each somehow inspiring a vision of limitless vistas of time and space unto the very gateway of the Unknown. But all of them have otherwise staid words in them: tomorrow, spawn, invaders, infinite, etc., are all to some degree clichés in the science-fictional field.

This is the trick to fashioning s-f titles: It is not, in most cases, what words are used, but how they are used. Like s-f plots and ideas, the words in science-fiction titles must always be handled imaginatively.

THE END

WORLD OF VAN by damon knight VOGT

((In the last issue, damon commented specifically on van Vogt's "World of A." Now he speaks of vV's general literary ability. This article is a reprint from the VAPA, Destiny's Child #1 which is/was edited by Larry Shaw. This is the second and concluding part))

I have been progressively annoyed by Van Vogt ever since "Glan." The first part of this article has vented much of that annoyance, but there is a remainder: there are trends in Van Vogt's work as a whole which either do not appear strongly in "World of A", or could not be treated in a discussion of that story without loss of objectivity.

There is the regiphile trend, for example. It strikes me as singular that in Van Vogt's stories, nearly all of which deal with the far future, the form of government which recurs most often is the absolute monarchy; and furthermore, that the monarchs in these stories are invariably depicted sympathetically. This is true of the "Weapon Shop" series, the "Mixed Men" series, and of single stories such as the recent "Heir Apparent" -- the hero of the latter being a "benevolent dictator", if you please. (Cohen desires me to add here that said story contains a character called Merd Grayson.)

I am attacking Van Vogt on literary, not on political grounds, and so I shall not say what I think of a man who loves monarchies. Neither do I think it relevant that these stories were written and published during a time when both Van Vogt's country and ours were at war with dictatorships, except insofar as it serves to accentuate this point: Obviously Van Vogt is no better acquainted with current events than he is with ancient or modern history.

The absolute monarchy was a form of government which evolved to meet feudal economic conditions everywhere, and which has died everywhere with feudalism. Modern attempts to impose a similar system on higher cultures have just been proven, very decisively, to be failures. Monarchy is dead, and it can never revive until the economic conditions which produced it recur. It is no crime for Van Vogt as a private citizen to wish that this were so; but ignorance, for an author, is a crime.

Another trend which appears in Van Vogt's work is an apparently purposeless refusal to call things by their right names. "A" and "lie detector" are two examples; another is the term "robot" which was employed throughout the "Mixed Men" series. Etymologically the usage was correct, the word, as first used by Capek, meant an artificially created protoplasmic man; but it has since been altered through wide use to mean a mechanical device which performs some or all of a human being's functions. "Android" -- first used, as far as

I know, by Jack Williamson -- has assumed the original meaning of "robot" in science-fiction.

"Robot"; in the aforementioned series, was a key word: to garble its meaning was to render the entire story meaningless. Van Vogt is certainly aware of the changed meaning of the word, as shown by his use of the term "roboplane"; yet he did not hesitate on that account to call his androids "robots". I do not pretend to know why; the best I can do is to label it one of Van Vogt's blind spots.

Still another trend is the plot wherein the leaders of two opposing parties turn out to be identical ("Slan!", "The Weapon Shop"). This trend, however, appears not only in Van Vogt's work but in that of several other recent Astounding writers; and I suspect that the final responsibility for it rests with Campbell.

This plot device was used by G. K. Chesterton to beautiful effect in "The Man Who Was Thursday", and it was effective precisely because the impression the author wanted to give was that of utter and imbecilic pointlessness. In Van Vogt's hands it gives the same impression, but without Chesterton's charm.

In general, Van Vogt seems to me to fail consistently as a writer in these elementary ways:

1. His plots do not bear examination.
2. His choice of words and his sentence-structure are fumbling and insensitive.
3. He is unable either to visualize a scene or to make a character seem real.

By a glib use of quotations, and, I think, still more by a canny avoidance of detailed exposition, Van Vogt has managed to convey the impression that he has a solid scientific background. A moderately diligent search of his writings, however, will produce such astonishing exhibitions of ignorance as the following:

"Journeys [to Venus] had been forbidden until some means was discovered to overcome the danger of ships falling into the Sun.

"That incandescent fate had befallen two ships. And it had been mathematically proven, not merely by cranks, that such a catastrophe would happen to every spaceship until the planets Earth and Venus attained a certain general position with relation to each other and Jupiter." (From "A Can of Paint", September 1944 Astounding.)

It seems to me, as a matter of fact, that Van Vogt's reputation rests largely on what he doesn't say rather than on what he says. It is his habit ((turn to the next page to learn more of VV's habits.))

to introduce a monster, or a gadget, or an extra-terrestrial culture, simply by naming it without any explanation of its nature. It is easy to conclude from this that Van Vogt is a good and a profound writer, for two reasons: first, because Van Vogt's taking the thing for granted is likely to induce a casual reader to do the same; and second, because this auctorial device is used by many good writers who later supply the omitted explanations obliquely, as integral parts of the action. The fact that Van Vogt does nothing of the sort may easily escape notice.

By this means, and by means of his writing style, which is discursive and hard to follow, Van Vogt also obscures his plot to such an extent that when it falls to pieces at the end, as it frequently does, the event passes without remark.

In the final scene of "The Rulers", for example, when Van Vogt's hero is about to be done in by the villains, we learn for the first time that the hero just happens to have the power to make the villains hypnotized henchmen obey his commands. This denouement is not based on anything which precedes it; it is simply patched on, in the same way that despairing hack writers used to bring in the U.S. Marines.

In "Enter the Professor", the hero is confronted by a dilemma -- he's been injected with "seven-day poison" by the villains, and must return for the antidote; but if he does, he can't squash them in time. Five pages before the end, the hero has a brainstorm and we are led to believe that the solution revolves around a character named Phillips, a double of the hero's who has been properly planted in the beginning of the story. The actual solution, however, turns out to be a bluff backed by an armed ship hovering over the villain's city, a thing which could have been done at any time -- a solution of the dilemma by proving that there was no dilemma. The hero pulls some trickery involving Phillips, but this is completely extraneous; it has no bearing on the problem.

In "A Can of Paint", hero's problem -- how to get the perfect paint off his body before it kills him -- is solved when he discovers that the "Liquid Light" in it is "absorbed" by a bank of "photoconverter cells" which he happens to have on hand; that is to say, that the doshes are distimmed by the Gostak, and how are you mr. Jones?

Altogether, it is a strange world that Van Vogt wanders in. In that dark and murky world, medieval rulers ride rocket-ships; supermen count on their fingers; the leader of the Right is also the leader of the Left; and every hero packs a .32 caliber improbability in his hip pocket.

In the absence of Heinlein, Hubbard, de Camp and the rest of Astounding's vanished writers, Van Vogt stands like a giant. But he is no giant; he is a pygmy who has learned to operate an overgrown typewriter. THE END

BIBLIOGRAPHY

This list is not expected to be exhaustive and does not include all comments on this story. Only those of some length. In general, "World of \bar{A} " was well liked by the readers of Astounding Science Fiction but disliked by active fandom.

Commentaries

1. A letter to Vom by Donald Warren Bratton in Vom #48 reprinted as "Explaining \bar{A} " in Scientifictionist #3
2. "World of \bar{A} --An Opinion" by Sam Moskowitz in Fanews 230-2
3. "World of Van Vogt, The" by Damon Knight in Destiny's Child #1 reprinted as "World of Van Vogt" in CYGN #5-6

Satires

1. "World of \bar{B} " by V. V. Vivifier (Joe Kennedy) in Vampire #2
2. "World of \bar{V} " by P H van Spencer in Shangri-L'Affaires #31

How to Understand \bar{A} in One Easy Lesson

1. Science and Sanity by Korzybski ((soft job))
2. "World of \bar{A} , The" by A. E. van Vogt in Astounding Science Fiction, August, September and October 1945 ((specially recom.))

Special Mention to the Following Creators of Semantic Worlds

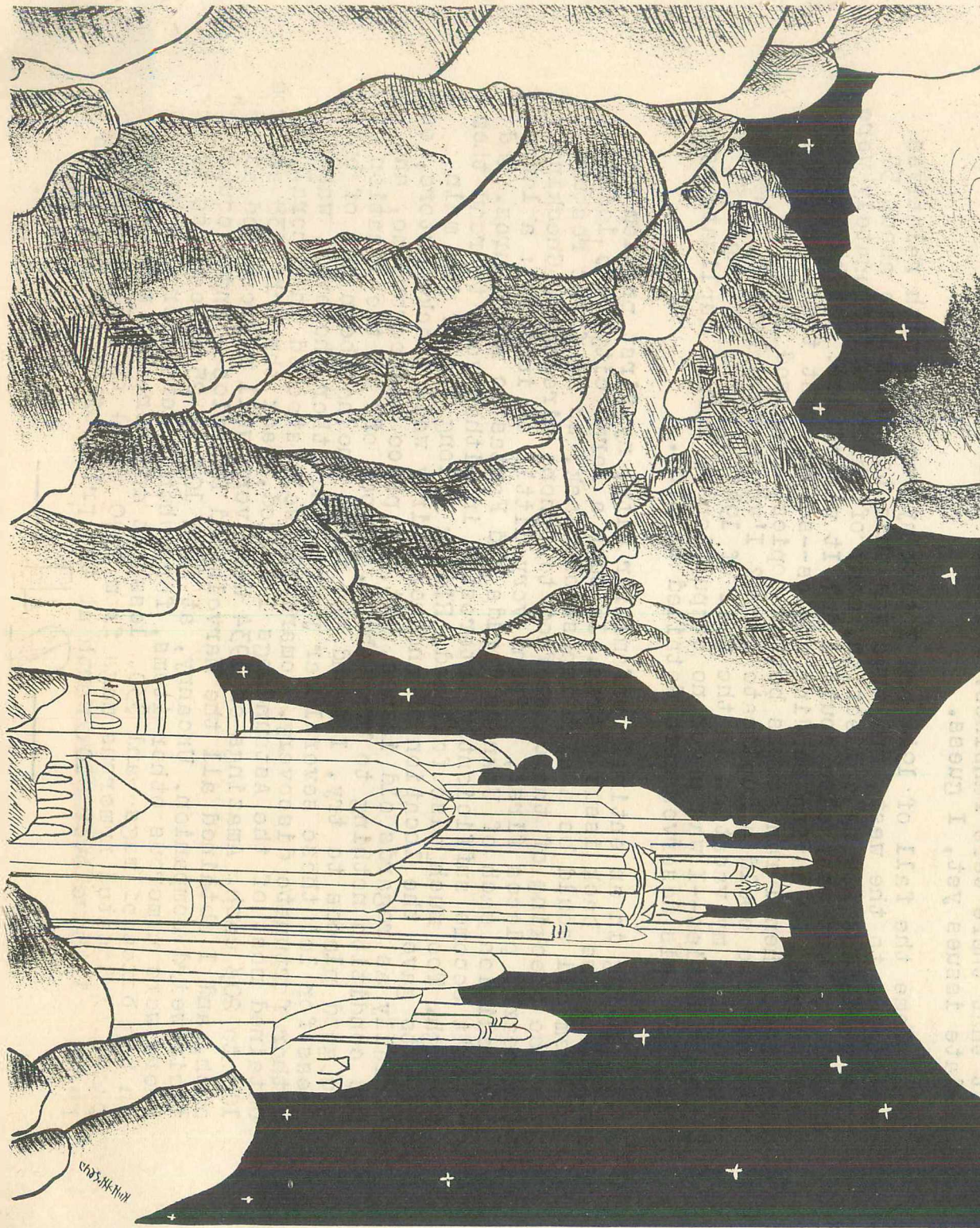
1. World of null-B - Joe Kennedy - salted peanuts triumph
2. World of null-C - Bob Tucker - Claude Degler's final triumph
3. World of null-V - van Spencer - Grosseyk visits the horse races
4. World of \bar{Z} - Langley Searles - a world of complete illogic
5. World of null-A - van Vogt - See above comment

Position of \bar{A} in Polls

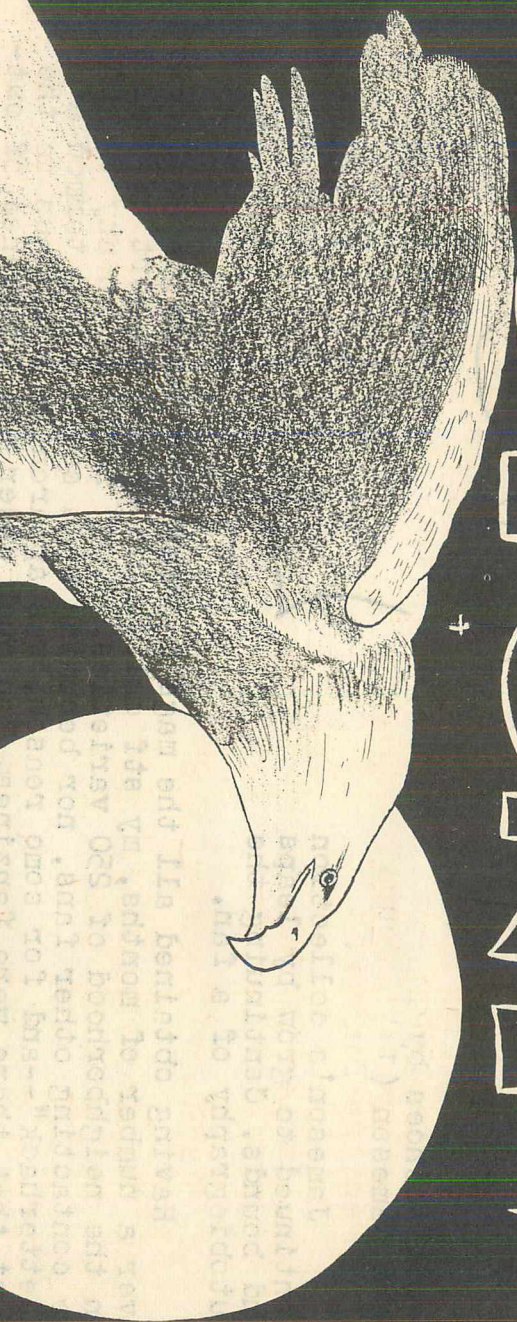
1. Kennedy's Fantasy Review 1945-46 - First place by a large margin
2. De la Ree's 1946 Beowulf - Four-way tie for fourteenth place
3. Kennedy's Fantasy Review 1946-47 - Ten-way tie for 33rd place ((poll was supposed to include only stories written in 1946))

--- Boff Perry

≥ "Words, words, words!" --- Spacefiller ≤



KILMISSED



CHICK

A FAN'S

Reminiscences by
Bart Jameson (1)

LIFE

Jameson's collection continued to grow by leaps and bounds. Continuing the autobiography of a fan.

Having obtained all the mags currently or otherwise available over a number of months, my stf collection reached a sort of stasis in the neighborhood of 250 varieties. I had never given any thought to contacting other fans, nor becoming what seems to be termed a "letterhack"--and for some reason, was apparently oblivious to the fact that there were fanzines. Too much under the influence of out-of-date issues yet, I guess.

Came the fall of 1944 and I took my vacation with relatives two states to the west, and thus was able to accumulate about 50 more varieties for my collection, many of which, unfortunately were coverless. But what else could I do? It was either: not having the mags at all, or having reading copies--so I bought them. And, having them, when I ran across better copies, I passed them by, for what purpose could a duplicate serve? I've learned better, tho. So when I took my vacation in the fall of 1945--in one of the U.S.'s largest cities--I was under no compulsion to refuse duplicate copies. But this deserves more detailed telling.

Being in an entirely unfamiliar city, my first problem was locating the back issue stores. In such a large city, the locating of them all would be a high impossible task, so my first resource was the checking of the classified telephone directory. Checking the nearby places first, I found very little of interest: a large size edition each of Unknown Worlds and Fantastic Adventures. And I haven't become sufficiently interested in either yet, to read them through. Too much else followed. Riding along one of the main streets gave the location of another fairly well stocked store, especially as regards old issues, but the price was beyond me, and the condition nothing to brag about. Tipped off on the location of two good places to try, I found the first one had been out of business for lo! these several war years. The other, however, was a rather fortunate discovery. Remarkably well stocked in general, I obtained most of the Astoundings I lacked, back through 1938 at from 10¢ to 20¢ each. Amazings of 1934 were very well represented at 15¢ each, and I obtained all the Marvels and Dynamics-- and a couple of their weird companion, Uncanny, at from 10¢ to 25¢. Needless to say, there were numerous other items, for, when I left there, I had seven big boxes of mags--and \$30. less. At another, and much closer place, I located numerous mags from 1940 to 44 that I needed, and purchased them over \$10. worth at the price of 7¢ per mag minus a

slight discount for bulk purchase. Rechecking at one of the places that had previously yielded nothing, I located a stack of large size Amazings and Wonders, most of which were priced at 25¢ to 35¢ apiece, some in pretty good condition, and a complete file of Scientific Detective Monthly, Kernsback's 1930 failure. Also present were a few higher priced items including several #1 Science Wonder Quarterlies in good condition at \$2. a throw. I picked out \$9. worth of material at a price of 35¢ and under, and the dealer threw in \$3. worth of much later mags that I wanted. By this time, what with the other activities of my vacation, I began to run low on money, so when I was offered several pre-41 Unknowns at 35¢ each, I had to pass them up. Thus ended the biggest spree of my collecting career. The entirety of these purchases were forwarded to my home at an expense of only around \$14. and when I was able to check up on things, I found I had purchased exactly 550 magazines, and the total cost, including transportation averaged out to only slightly more than 15¢ per magazine. Well worth the money, I felt.

Unfortunately (and yet it has its advantages) I did not go on a trip for my vacation this year--other than a short one of a mere 100 miles, where I picked up 3 books and 2 large sized Unknowns at a straight 5¢ each--so my collection for the past year has been at pretty much of a standstill. At present it totals almost exactly 750 varieties--plus a number of duplicates. My weakest point is Weird Tales of which I have only about 20 issues, altogether! Needless to say, I haven't caught up with my reading yet! (to be continued)



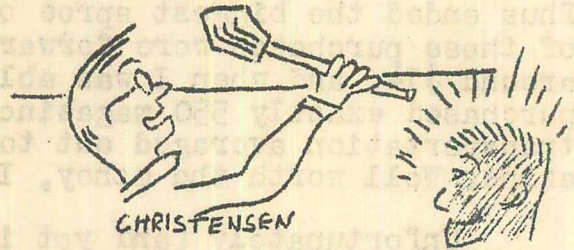
PHILCON DOINGS

SPEER IS A
PURITAN!!!

Aug. 30, 31,
Sep. 1, 1947

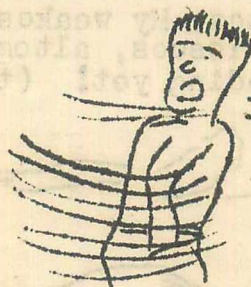


IT WAS THE BOOB'S NIGHT
AT THE POKER GAME



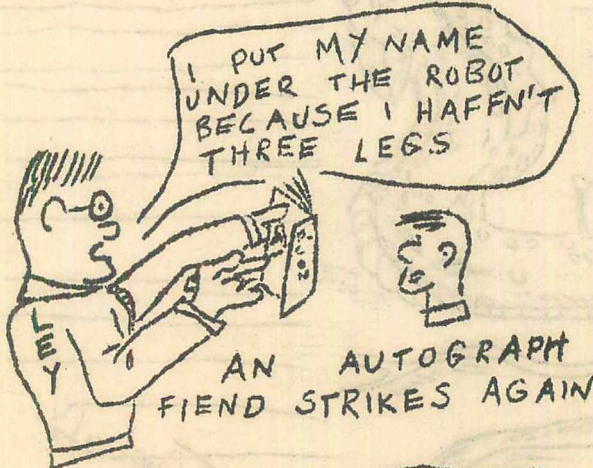
CHRISTENSEN

HORSEPLAY AT
THE MIKE



ER, I THINK
SOMEONE'S CALLING
ME...

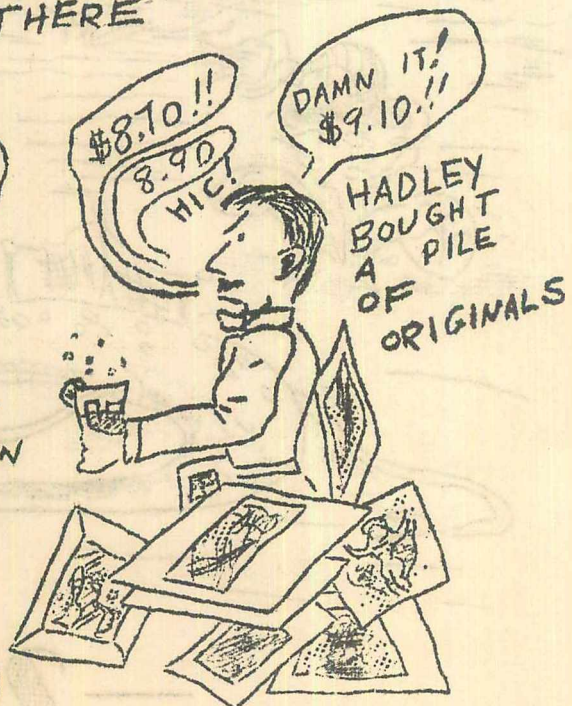
SUPER FAN WAS THERE



ESHBACH
KEPT THE
GLASSES
FILLED

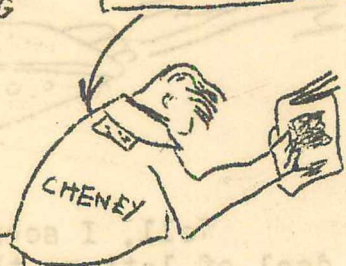


GOOD OLD
FANTASY
PRESS!





CHRIS AGAIN
"MY NAME IS SHAVAR... PLEASE KICK ME"



THIS IS 13TH WEST!
WE GOTTA GO 26 BLOCKS
THE OTHER WAY!!!
CHUG-CHUG-
WIDNER, SPELLMAN & BOFF
WERE ON THE ROAD 12 HRS...

MARY MEER (?)
(ALSO SANG TED
STURGEON'S "THUNDER AND ROSES"
WHICH APPEARS
IN NEXT
A.S.F.)



ENTERTAINMENT NITE:
STANTON AS EMCEE,
GEORGE O. SMITH DOING
THE MIRACLE "HUMAN-
HAIR ACT"

GENTLEMEN,
THIS STARTS
AT \$7.50



FOGHORN SAMUEL
DISDAINS THE
MICROPHONE



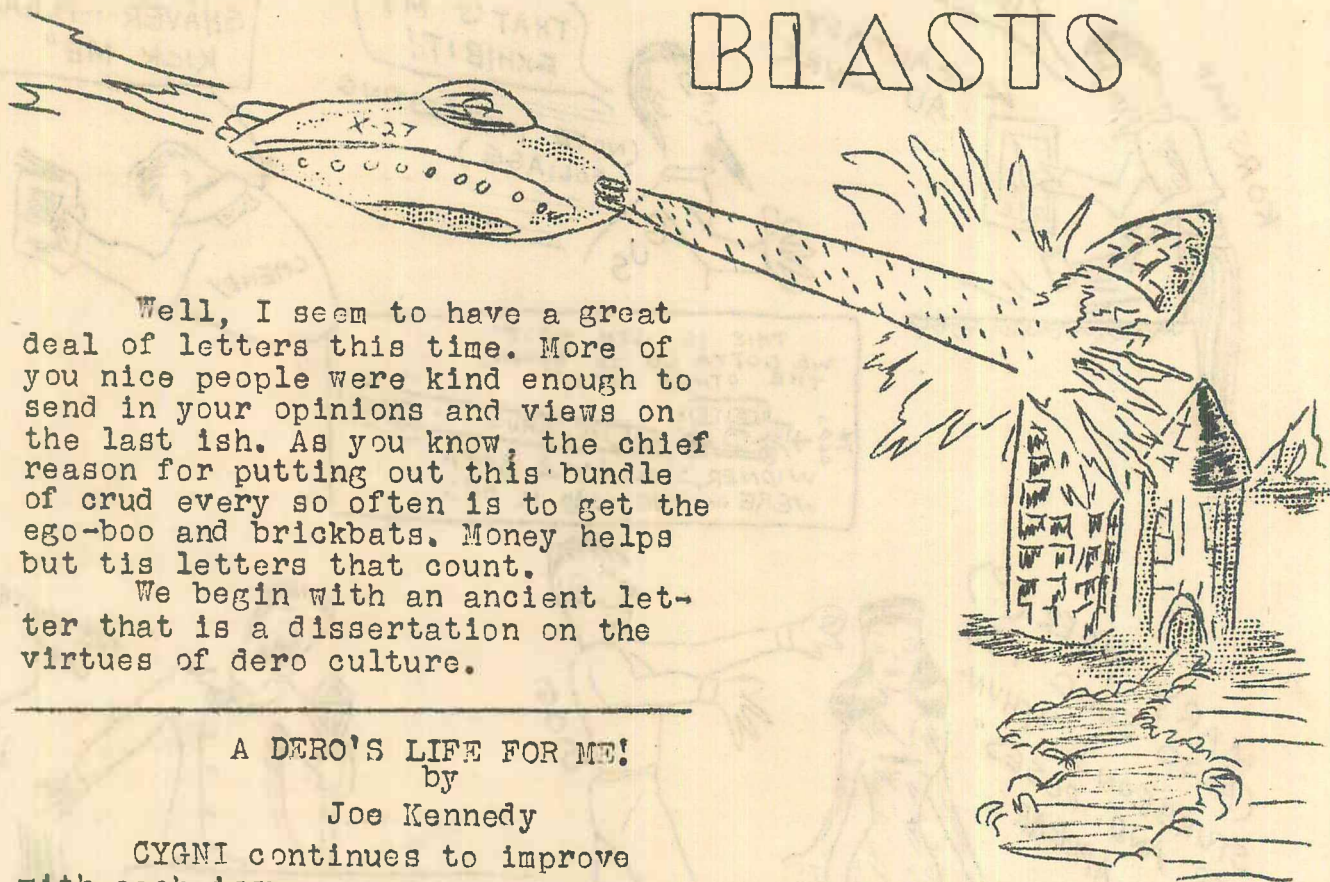
QUARTET SANG ALPAUGH'S
COMPOSITION TO THE TUNE
OF "BEGIN THE BEGUINE"

-BOFF

ROCKET

Heading by John Cockroft

BLASTS



Well, I seem to have a great deal of letters this time. More of you nice people were kind enough to send in your opinions and views on the last ish. As you know, the chief reason for putting out this bundle of crud every so often is to get the ego-boo and brickbats. Money helps but tis letters that count.

We begin with an ancient letter that is a dissertation on the virtues of dero culture.

A DEROS LIFE FOR ME!

by

Joe Kennedy

CYGNI continues to improve with each issue.

The cover is bootiful, simply bootiful. Must've been a lot of work, but certainly worth it. Design is nice, and colors well chosen.

Damon's article on "World of Null-A" is swell, tho yours truly has read it before, of course. Hope you sent a copy to Moskowitz -- he loves to discuss that particular story!

I hate serials in fanzines.

Shaver's letter proved interesting. I think, tho, that in attributing Roosevelt's ambition to the teros and the decomposition of various scientific brains to the deros, Mr Shaver over-rates his cave people. Just as disciples of Freud attempt to connect every human thought or action with the all-prevailing influence of the Great God Sex, Shaver underestimates the individuality of human beings when he attributes every good or bad human quality to subterranean interference. Next he'll be telling us that just because John Jones likes gumdrops, it's because the deros are influencing his taste-buds.

Incidentally, it just ocured to me that being a dero would be a mighty soft racket. Heh. With all the earth-people under control, with nice warm caves, delicious foods, portable stim-rays, lots of nice thought records to experience, millions of dollars acquired from a profitable string of hospitals and insane asylums, "well-stocked harems selected from our most beautiful young women.." etc., it sounds a most alluring proposition. Be it hereby proclaimed that

Kennedy will be the first fan to enlist in the deros. Who'll follow this shining example? C'mon boys. Off to the caves. 'Twill be far better than working for a living. ((Line forms at the nearest hole in the ground.))

Sneary's cartoon deserves a poscy.

HE THINKS THE LAST ISSUE WAS BEHIND SCHEDULE!

by

Tom Jewett

CYGN I 5, Sept-ish received slightly behind schedule -- in Oct. Howsomever, i enjoyed it immensely. The spray-gun cover was neat, colorful, and nice.

Knight's article is good, tho i didn't read A myself. O yes, i did see the first part of the serial, but i decided that the meaning was 'null and Vogt' to me. (Get it? I say, got the joke, son?)

'Poor Richard' (Shaver) and his dero-inspired letter was vague and pointless. He was just raving; no point at all.

Fan's Life by Jameson was not interesting to me. Probly everybody discovers stf the same way: pick up a mag, read it, like it, read more... And there you are -- a fan. It's simple.

The -- uhh-- back uncover by "Rouge" (?) was -- hmm, it was SOMETHING, but fairly well drawn, tho for ten minutes i wondered what was holding her cigarette. First i thought it was -- and then maybe it was -- but i finally deciphered it as being a tail. Awful wide shoulders for a broad. (Hmmm...)

I'd think you could save much space, time, and money by not double-spacing between paragraphs. You already indent, why the extra space? ((It's purtier. I space everywhere except in the letter column becuz there are too many one and two line paragraphs.))

Cartoon on page 9 doesnt look like Rick's work, tho the idea is conical. ((Dear Mr. Merwin; if U had read a certain letter in one of your competitor's mags (Amazing), you would have learned that two small boys claimed that the spirit of their dead turtle had told them many fascinating things in re the Shaver Mystery.)) 'Verge of the Toitle' stuff. Adams' on page 19 good.

((The following has been greatly condensed. All interesting but we haven't the room.))

DISAGREEMENT WITH DANON KNIGHT

by

Jack Speer

I was amazed upon reading danon's chronological account of the plot of World of A. I can't say that he pulled a lot of things out of thin air, because i never unraveled the story, but if the synopsis is true, it's the greatest job of exegesis i've seen in a fan-zine. Stefnews has reported that wV plans a sequel, as knight suspects, but i agree with his attitude toward that, though it's a little unrealistic in view of the practical of making some series inter-
((Continued somewhere. Don't tell me your troubles. You can find it.))

((continued from p. 11)) of another club splitting up the NFFF. Rusty Hevelin (one of the directors) got up and explained that the Fantasy Foundation was the club the rumors were about, and that it was not going to break up the NFFF, as it was not the same thing, as the FF would help the older fan, and do things the NFFF couldn't do. He then told of the letter that Lancy had written which had caused trouble. Lancy then read the letter. You could see easily, why President Dunkleberger had thought there was a new club being formed that would conflict. It was agreed that after things were explained, there was nothing to worry about.

They then started talking about the fact that the NFFF hadn't done much for the past six months. After a little pro and con, it was decided that the directors should get together and try to work out a plan for the rest of the year. Then, next year, the club could elect new officers.

John took me out to dinner as it was my birthday and then we went back for the masquerade ball. I was a little worried as I didn't have a costume, but as John didn't either, I decided it would be O.K. But when we got there, we found no one else wearing one. (Though, one or two with costumes came in soon after we did.) I wandered about awhile talking to people and then seeing John and some others talking to another fellow, I barged in. It was Ray Bradbury. (I had missed him the day before.) He was very nice, and I'm sorry I forgot to tell him how much I liked his story "Million Year Picnic" in a late Planet.

The impromptu entertainment was finally started. It was made up mainly of Daugherty and Liebscher doing some funny pantomimes, and Liebscher, Perdue and Milt Rothman playing the piano. Liebscher and Perdue first both played a boogie-woogie piece and then Rothman played the very weird "Fire Dance" so well that he was called back for another number. Tigrina sang a weird song about witches and stuff. She has a very nice voice, among other things ((ummmmm)). She was wearing a black two-piece outfit (like on TWS and SS covers) and a black cape that to quote someone "revealed more than it concealed". Also a little black hat with horns on it. Very striking and not the same way as van Vogt's tie. To finish things up, Liebscher played the PACIFIC CONCERTO. A long piece, 15 or 20 minutes, and very, very good. It is surprising how many fans are talented in some way.

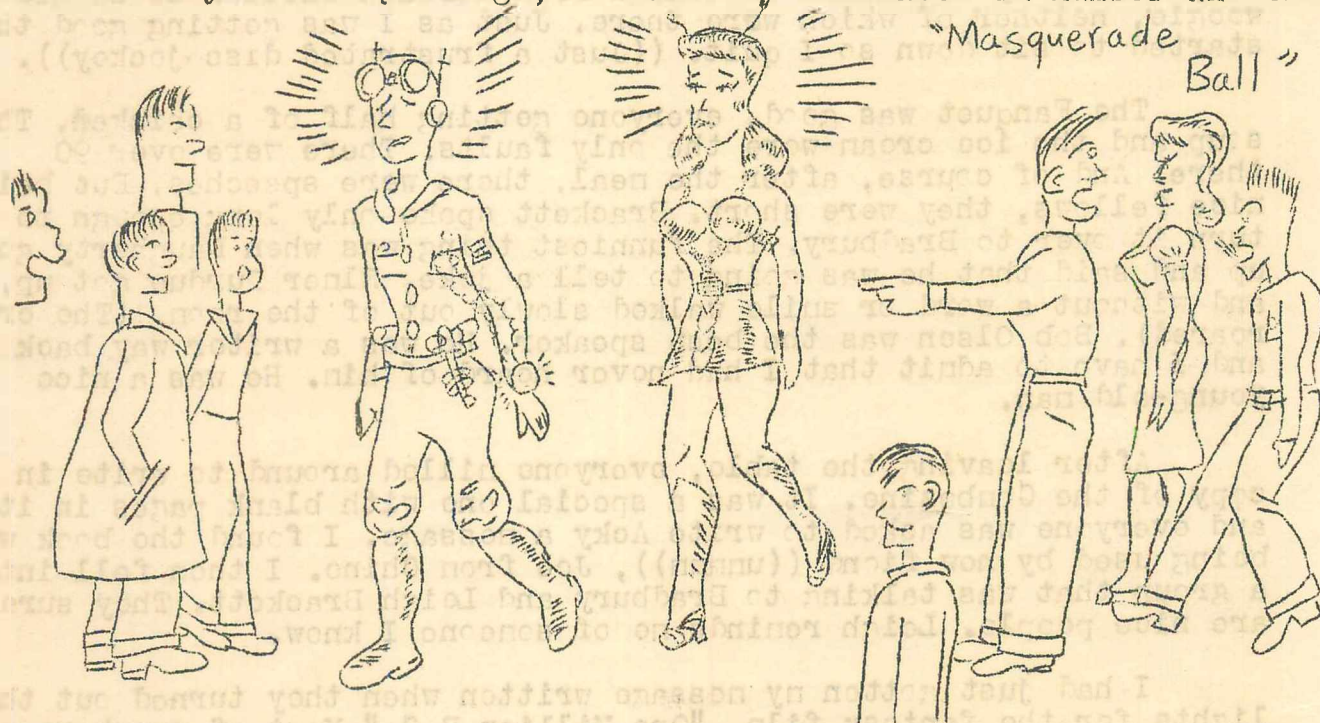
At intermission, I had to leave as my folks were there and thus missed a number of fans that were dressed up. I missed a recording of the radio play "Dunwich Horror", by Lovecraft also. I had heard it anyway. Mr. and Mrs. van Vogt were sitting by the door as I left. It was the only session she got to, I think. She looked just like her pictures.

JULY 7, 1946

As nothing was planned early, I got to the hall about 2 o'clock. I got Tucker to autograph a used flash-bulb he had given me

the first day. ((That Tucker would give away his shirt! I still treasure a slip sheet that he autographed for me once. It's now a collector's item since he used it to slipsheet the first page of the first LeZombie.)) I'm sure that I'm the only fan that has Bob Tucker's name on a flash bulb.

The meeting was started by a speech by Donald Day which was really in two parts. First, he told of how many stories the different authors had written under a single name. (No one was surprised to find that Ray Cummings was on top with 94 stories.) He then gave the history of the pro mags, of how they increased in number and then



dropped down again. All of his information was gotten from the card index he has. It was a very interesting talk.

Next came a man from the Pasadena Association of Scientists who talked on the atomic bomb and the danger of atomic war. He went over the three courses the U.S. could take. You know then since Campbell has gone over them. He was a very good talker and interesting.

Then came the bids for the 1947 convention. Everyone was ready to vote for Philly in 47, so there was no trouble. Tucker proposed "Fargo in 47" ((at the Thilcon, he proposed that part of the convention profits go to the Cosmic Circle)) but no one voted for it, not even Tucker (how odd.)

The meeting broke up and most everyone left. John and I got into a corner with an odd fan named, I believe, Joe Kenagy (sorry Joe) from Chino, Calif. Joe and John started drawing pictures of each other a la BEM. I would have too, except that I had nothing to work with. We had a great time calling each other names, and I finally ended up chasing him around the room at a slow walk. We three took time off to have a naited.

I ended up in the hall again with only the people setting the tables and a girl (I forget who) who was typing names of people that had been there. Not being a wolf this wasn't much help. After sitting awhile, Korshak came in, and a few minutes later Leigh Brackett and Ray Bradbury came in. Also van Vogt. It seemed as though the guests were getting there before the fans. But finally the others began to pour in.

I either looked bored or willing to work as Daugherty put me to watching the record player, and changing records. People started asking me to play all kinds of things from Strauss waltzes to boogie-woogie, neither of which were there. Just as I was getting good they started to sit down so I quit. ((Just a frustrated disc-jockey)).

The Fanquet was good, everyone getting half of a chicken. Thin soup and the ice cream were the only faults. There were over 90 there. And of course, after the meal, there were speeches. But being nice fellows, they were short. Brackett spoke only long enough to turn it over to Bradbury. The funniest thing was when Daugherty got up and said that he was going to tell a joke. Elmer Purdue got up, and without a word or smile walked slowly out of the room. (The crowd roared). Bob Olsen was the best speaker. He was a writer way back and I have to admit that I had never heard of him. He was a nice young-old man.

After leaving the table, everyone milled around to write in a copy of the Conbozine. It was a special one with blank pages in it and everyone was asked to write Acky a message. I found the book was being used by new friend ((unmmm)), Joe from Chino. I then fell into a group that was talking to Bradbury and Leigh Brackett. They sure are nice people. Leigh reminds me of someone I know.

I had just gotten my message written when they turned out the lights for the fantasy film, "One Million B.C." Most of you have no doubt seen it, but I hadn't and it was very interesting. The sound was poor, but all the people said was "Uug" and "Gug" so it was QX.

And so I bring to a close the record of five of the most eventful days in my life. I'll use the words Daugherty said he hoped we would when he welcomed us. "I had a damned good time."

THE END

HACK WORK

In the foreward to *SOMEONE IN THE DARK*, a collection of his weird tales, August Derleth writes: "These sixteen stories are all out of those two hundred and more I have written, which can possibly be read twice." Since admitting that, Derleth has published 21 more of his weirds in *SOMETHING NEAR*, and is readying two more collections, one containing 31 weird tales from his pen (NOT LONG FOR THIS "CRIT"), and the other including 15 stories written in collaboration with Mark Schorer (*COLONEL MAKESAN AND LESS PLEASANT PEOPLE*) -- or a grand total of 67 stories not worth reading twice!!

-- Redlance Services

((continued from p. 14)) Tongue in cheek, Grandpa Fibble sat back. Taking off his specs, he polished the lenses in silence for a moment, using for this purpose a large, red handkerchief given to him for his birthday by Grandna Fibble. Then finally he looked up at his awed listeners.

"And that's the story of Jupiter's Red Spot," he concluded. "Yes-sir, boys, that blood-hued blenish is nothing more than that self-same cherry pie I just told you about. When the pie was dropped, the Red Spot came into existence. And there it's remained for thousands of years, a constant reminder to Jovians of an old king's foolishness..."

"And now lads, it's getting late. Old Grandpa Fibble can't keep as late hours as he used to. I imagine it's well past you tadpoles' bed-time, too. You'd better be skodaddlin' home now."

Without a word, Ron and Don climbed down from the arms of the chair. At the door, they turned simultaneously and regarded Grandpa Fibble with two identical pairs of blue eyes.

"Thanks for the story," said Don.

"Yes, thanks for the story, Grandpa Fibble," Ron paborted.

"I don't think you'll be seeing us anymore, Grandpa."

"We're leaving."

With that, they were gone. Grandpa Fibble sat pondering their last words, and finally decided they meant they were moving out of the neighborhood. He hated to see them go; they had been a good audience for his stories these past few weeks. Come to think of it, he had never thought to ask the lads where they lived, nor had he met their parents. Oh, well. They had been a good audience.... His old bones snapping and popping with each step, Grandpa Fibble hobbled off to bed....

Three miles away from where Grandpa Fibble lay snoring peacefully, two small figures moved through the darkness of Walther's Woods. In a small, grassy clearing, they came to a halt. From two small fists there flashed two beams of purple light; and, magically, there suddenly appeared in the center of the clearing a long, low, cylindrical object, flashing silver in the pale light of the moon.

The two figures walked to the object and again halted, facing each other with quiet smiles.

"Our study of Earthlings has been interesting, Nor."

"Yes, Nod. Quite interesting."

"They have vivid imaginations, to judge by that aged specimen." Nod wiggled his thumb in the general direction of Grandpa Fibble's

house. "Imagine it--cherry pie!"

"Yes." Nor emitted a giggle of high amusement. "I all but laughed in the old creature's features!"

"And I! Picture the laughter of our people, when we repeat the tale to them! We Jovians think we are imaginative, but our wildest flights of fancy have produced nothing to compare with such a whimsical story as that we have heard tonight. Cherry pie!"

"Cherry pie!"

The two figures bent double with laughter, clinging precariously to each other for support. Amid gales of mirth, they stumbled to the airlock and fumbled with the opening mechanism.

"Stop me, Nor!" Nod pleaded, huge tears streaming down his cheeks. "I'll die laughing!"

"That a scream!" Nod roared, holding his quaking sides. "Oh, how our people will love this! CHERRY PIE!!"

"Yes. OhohoHaha...HAHawhoHEE...HeeHOhoHAAWWW.... Everybody knows it was STRAWBERRY!!!"

END

CYGNIS WE NEED FILLERS DESPERATELY
DEPARTMENT

1. If we print jokes, folks say we're silly.
2. If we don't, they say we're too serious.
3. If we print original matter, they say we lack variety.
4. If we publish things from other papers, we're too lazy to write.
5. If we stay on the job we ought to be rustling news.
6. If we're rustling news, we are not attending to business in the office.
7. If we don't print contributions, we don't show appreciation.
8. If we do print them, the paper is no good.
9. Like as not, some fellow will say we took this from another paper.
10. We did.

((Thanx to Al Yeager for swiping this from some Army paper. How did this thing start anyway?))

~~~~~34~~~~~



(( Rocket Blasts continued from somewhere or other )) dependent.

But I do find room for disagreement with Damon, even in his first section. For one thing, he believes that the whole struggle in the story is meaningless if, as a character predicts, null-A cannot be destroyed by force of arms. Logically, he may have a strong position; but against him are all the millions who have gloried in marching into a war which they were sure they would win, yet took a vital interest in, and the other millions who have absolute faith that God will make everything right in the end, yet exert themselves to advance his cause, in social service, evangelism, politics, ktp. (( Yes, but there is no suspense for the reader (the story is written for him and not the characters) if he knows the outcome. I think this was Damon's point. ))

Criticisms under the heading of "Background" would not have been made if Damon were familiar with Science and Sanity; for instance, the term "nonaristotelian" is carefully justified by Korzybski. ((van Vogt should have made the meaning of A clear. A few of us ignorami (heh) have failed to read up on S&S.))

The criticism of the inconsistent value of the dollar is weak. Assuming that the value of the dollar continued to decline for some time after 1945, \$2 for a 50¢ breakfast sets a reasonable scale. The only thing out of line is the \$1½ week's rental on a phonograph recorder. Discrepancy between \$35 lie detector and \$25,000 jeweled cigarette case can be explained by an economy which turns out mass-production goods very cheaply. If the phonograph rental is handled by robots, it is not unbelievable.

I can't boast much about guessing who Bart Jameson is, because Kadet told me about Coswal's arm defect. But just to make sure, I checked up and found that Helena, is indeed the fifth largest city in Montana.

You should space twice after periods.

#### A CASE OF CYGNISECTION

by

James R. Adams

I hasten to heed your call for material for the second annish of Cygni. Enclosed you will find a variety of said material. ((How about some of you other "active" fans following suit?))

Cygni No. 5 is great! Let us proceed to take it apart, page by fascinating page. First off, I don't see where you have any cause to complain about the printing. This ish is the most legible yet, or at least that's the case with my copy. You should do something about the spelling though. Tch, tch...

Now to the meat of the matter. I refer, of course, to the stuff printed on Cy's hallowed pages. Give heed.

Cover.....Excellent effect. Could be Ye Ancient Boff is related to Bok? ((Some people have the fascinating idea that I am not Bok. Naturally I am. We seem like two different entities but then, life is like a van Vogt novel.)) No, I guess not. But it is good, my friend. You ought to do this more often.

Letter to the Editor.....No comment, except to say I'm still unconvinced.

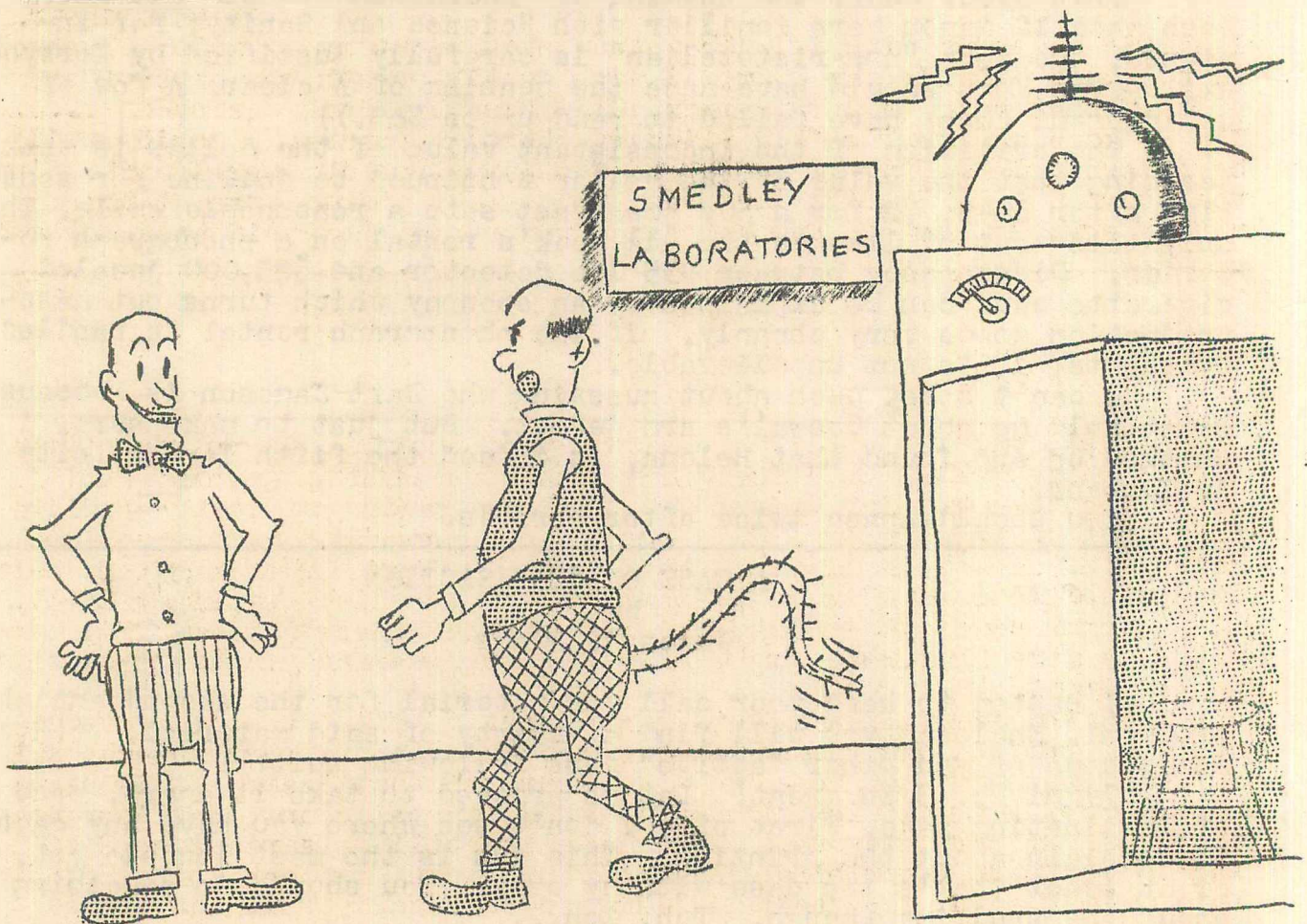
A Fan's Life.....More of this, Boff, old boy. Interesting...



Cartoons.....All good, including--ahem--the one on page 19.  
 Illos.....No complaint here.  
 Cygnusez.....Boff marches on.  
 Rocket Blasts....As I've said before, stf just wouldn't be stf  
 if the readers didn't write in to tell there likes and dislikes.  
 Back Cover.....Good.  
 Cygni has made phenomonal progress since Vol. 1, No. 1. Keep  
 it coming, Boff.

A FEW WELL CLOSED WORDS

by  
 Rick Sncary



"Now, Smedley, are you convinced your  
 atavism machine is a complete failure?"

Now a few well closen words about the famed zine Cygni. The  
 cover is a masterpiece of the work-of-love form of art. The stuff  
 was reall very good. Only the lettering. You may have thought it  
 funny looking or something, but horrrable ne didn't like it. When  
 you could do such outlines for the figgers, why not the sanw for the



lette s. And how about a few words explaining how an air-brush works. ((Never could work one. Used a flit gun for the cover.))

A Letter to the Editor. by Shaver. Very good. I wish you hadn't used that cartoon of mine, atleast not after the article. You see I have undergone a change of hart. I'm not going to poke fun at RSS any more. This is because of this and a nother article in Vamp a wile back. Now I'm not sauing I belive in this stuff. But for Foo, if some one elce dose lets let them. We fans know what is to be laughed at. So let give the Shaverites a brake. Fair? ((Palmer has indicated that he is not aboving bringing suits of libel against us. Are we supposed to sit back and watch this? That is why I was sorry to see two anti-Amazing Lemurian policy resolutions defeated at the Philcon.))

Rocket Blast.

I should be happy with all thos nice words about my article. I schould be glad. Schoul? why I am. I will gladly scrach the back of any of them that come around. HmMMMM. Could be that Burb was over ..... Why he keep saying "Don't sellSneary short"? HmMMMM. I would still be interested in finding out about thos mistakes in ages I maid. I'm too too too will I don't dare ask, they might think I was doing a nother article, and if the ever sec the one on the Pacificon...((hoh))

### "ABOARD THE GOOD SHIP SANTA MARIA"

by  
Harry Warner

Well, one day after the discovery of America, I can report that all is going well. The Indians are causing a little trouble, and I haven't gotten too far inland yet, but the roads are pretty good in this part of the country. If I can dig up enough money to meet the demands of the tollbridges, I hope to be in West Virginia by the early part of 19th or 20th of October, and at the Mississippi by 1493.

Cygni received and appreciated very much. Let's see, I do owe you some more fanzines, don't I? ((Imagine, the guy trades Spaceways to get Cygni!))

Shaver seems like a very queer duck. I still am hoping eventually to get all the issues of Amazing since Lemuria was remembered and read all that has been written about this business. It is certainly more entertaining than most new quack religions, philosophies, sciences, or whathaveyous. And fandom is still in serious need of a lengthy article describing in detail just what has been going on; Joe Kennedy's item in the yearbook was good for background, but still leaves me in the dark about some details. I like immensely Dick's skill in reasoning out all eventualities: "If I die, it's because I know too much, and if I don't die, it's because my death would make people suspicious." You also did a good service in putting damon knight's article in a place where it can be read by the people who will really be interested; that VAPA publication smacked of casting pearls to the swine. That cartoon on page 19 is the first really funny one I've seen in a fanzine during 1946, and it's always nice to know something about unfamiliar (to me) fans like Bert ((Bart)) Jameson. The whole issue, I'd say, is a very great improvement over the last few, and if I hadn't already seen the knight ((cont. on p. 39))



((Cygnusez continued from p. 3)) ographed. This hereby makes him a member of the Ancient and Honorable Phalanx of Angels. Al also announced a plan whereby he would donate five bucks a month to a fund so that deserving faneds could have lithoes. I have only received one payment so far, and being the trustee, I shall probably abscond with it for my own litho next ish, scum that I am.

Speaking of lithoes, our older readers will recognize the litho on page 23 as the cover for the second ish. Quite so; we had a bunch of them around collecting dust, so we stuck em in. Still Purty, we think.

"Red Spot of Jupiter" which we liked muchly was completely stencilled before it occurred to us that we had neglected to mention the author's name. Apologies to Adams; if you can't make out the Spraygun heading, that's what it is. Adams has been a prolific contributor to these pages of late; in short, a shining example for the rest of you sluggards.

Now to the subject that we've been trying to avoid. This issue is over a year late. It was meant to celebrate the second anniversary and now the third has rolled by. Actually, number-five appeared about the right time for the second annish but we thot it wasn't fancy enough. Anyway, when we write 'annish' on the pages, you can apply it to any year. Back to the point, at the moment, I'm not just sure of the mag's future. I don't want to fold it even if you do. I plan to join Fapa and will not have time for two mags. I probably will use this for my Fapa mag; anyone else who wants a copy can continue to get this for a dime apiece. I am not going to encourage subscriptions so if you want to continue to get this, be sure to ponder the status of your sub. You may find that in the future, there will be too much Fapa bull and that you're wasting your shekels getting the rag, in which case we will gladly refund your money with a smirk. A Fapa mag should appear somewhat regularly, so these non-strous-sized issues will be no more. We weep.

Bear with me for a few statistics friends. Stencils cost about \$3.50 a quire (24), paper costs \$1.75 (nein gott!) a ream (500) altho I did pick up some sleazy stuff for 50¢. I used about a can of ink this ish. I forget what that costs, about a buck, I guess. Postage is uncertain at this point as I haven't weighed the mag yet. Look at the stamp on the outside. This plus a helluva lot of work is the debit side. On the credit side, both lithos have already been paid for. I am putting out 125 issues plus altho I could sell a lot more. Theoretically, this is a dime apiece. Actually, maybe a quarter to a third of this number are trading with me. Sometimes, I get gypped and more often they do. The rest pay cash or already have subscriptions. Many of them, by having long term subs are getting this for about 7¢. I haven't figured how much I am paying for this hobby, since this would require a lot of complex computations and head scratching (where I might hurt myself on the point) but anyway, all of this is to tell you that I am taking the highhanded procedure of charging 20¢ for this ish. Those having only a dime in will still get it.

NOSTRADAMUS DEPT: For future issues, we have a lot of delectable stuff such as a long (10 finely written pages) treatise on the Lovecraft Mythos by Wm. Bolks. I'm not sure whether to issue it sep-



arately or serialize it in CYGNI. Also a Krucher cover illustrating Professor Galaxy who may or may not be around someday. I've had a weird around that I might use sometime just for the novelty of it. Then too, there is a sequel ("Frayed Henchman") to "Drastic Patrol" that I may inflict on you people if I don't send it to some one else first. And a lot of other stuff.

"Philcon Doings" was done a short time after attending said event. Conventions are really great things and I'm sold on 'em forever after seeing the one at Philly. The next will be at Toronto and I hope all of you will support it, and then attend. With these cartoons, Sneary's article may seem an anachronism. The fault is all mine if it appears dated. Rick no doubt agrees with me. We trust he will not wreak too painful vengeance ((lay down that blaster)).

/boff perry/

Your sub has bitten the dust, chum



Vote for Boff in the

This is a complimentary copy.....



NEFF election..



((Rocket Blasts continued from p. 37. Warner sails on and on.....)) article, it would have been read avidly from cover to cover. Oh, and you did do a wonderful job with that spray cover. If you had used a heavier grade of paper, it would have looked every bit as good as those turned out by Al Ashley, and I think that he has the proper equipment for the job. What was it supposed to symbolize--lower forms of evolution trying to knock down the higher forms? ((Exaggerated figures were an unnoticed dig at promag covers))

I had a minor scare recently when I thought I had unearthed a copy of the Necronomicon, a feat which would have been superior even to obtaining The Outsider and Others ((but not much)). A reputable New York book dealer was offering it for sale in his latest catalog, a correspondent told me. I wrote to him, and inquired frantically, but the letter I received from him was disillusioning. It seems that he knows all about Lovecraft and the Necronomicon, and just thought he'd insert an item in his catalog about it to have a little fun. I really took the thing seriously, too; I thought that perhaps HPL had known of the existence of such a book, and merely invented the passages from it which he quotes in his stories.

### SOMEBODY SHOULD TELL ME

by

John Cockroft

Cygni 5 is the best Perry Pub I've seen. I sure don't envy U putting so much time on that cover. And model airplane dope at that--somebody should tell you. The W. of V.V. was excellent; definitely worth reprinting. Extremely well thot out; and laid out.

Bart Jameson sounds a lot like Caslet. Glad to see there'll be no more Shaver. Thank Gawd. Got quite a laff from the rather quaint cartoon. And last, the letter section was tops as usual. Good work n'boy. ((Thassall, keep those letters rolling in. No letters-no CY)).



"You can have the other  
bait - I'll take CYGNI"



((Egad; what ego-boo))