





CYGNUSEZ-

Well, fellow Faps, it has been many moons since CYGNI last saw the light of day; about two years as a matter of fact. This biennial is therefore, the fifth annish, I think. Since this is being post-mailed, the more astute among ye will quickly discern that this being sent to fulfill my past year's activity requirements. I don't know just how long the "45 days" has yet to run but doubtless this will do little more than just come under the wire.

Firstly, the apology dept., a now regularly appearing feature of this sterling fanzine (or spooneristic derivation thereof). Most of the enclosed was written and mimeographed two years ago with me in a much more gosh-wow-boy-o-boy-ish mood and is entirely obsolete. I have several times read in Fapa that long reviews written by other than Spear, Warner & Co. are not too fascinating. Therefore, the two year old Fapa reviews will probably be received with something less than enthusiasm. Possibly they may interest those who wish a now-Fap's view of our star-begotten organization. Anyway, they are there and the hell with it---I'm not throwing away anything I've gone to the trouble of mimeoing.

Publishing credits: The cover is by Walter Coslot, Rick Sncary, Boff Perry and the Seagram's Seven Crown artist. All except the latter will therefore derive a considerable amount of ego-boo from it. The nude you see in front of you and any others is by Rouge. The Mr. Druggist thing is authored by James R. Adams. Unsigned stuff is by the editor.

Now why has my activity in Fapa been so small? Believe me, I haven't received those big interesting mailings every quarter without fail without being unhappy that I was adding so little myself. Time after time some provocative art- (cont. on p15)

CYGNI -- A science-fiction fanzine published only in spasms for the Fantasy Amateur Press Association by Boff Perry, 68 Madbury Rd., Durham N.H. This is available only to Faps and others who have subs running. We are not soliciting new subs and reviewers will please refrain from giving our address. This happens to be the seventh issue.

//crud you can skip over
if you don't like me//

Boff



Boff Perry (make all checks payable to Benson Perry) was born of rich but dishonest parents a little less than a year after Babe Ruth hit sixty homeruns.

Recognized early to be a prodigy, Boff was encouraged at an early age to be creative. As you can see from the enclosed out, he is not only devilishly handsome but an artist of high repute. The gleaming tendrils are combed back into the striking green hair. Little Boff's first words were spoken at the age of 3 1/2 days and may not be recorded in a family magazine.

This fine specimen of humanity continually led his class and accomplished great scholastic triumphs. On a clear May day, Boff graduated with shining eyes from a leading reformatory. His secondary education was uneventful altho the teachers did pick up a few well-chosen words on the correct method of running a high-school.

With a soul-wrenching snap, we turn to the first person in this narrative. I am currently interned in N.H. University and am taking a course or sixteen on the subject of physics.

I first started reading stf in grammar school but became seriously intercasted in Fall 1943 when a fellow-fan, Al Yeager started reading the stuff. I letterhacked for a period of time and obtained a goodly amount of ego-boo. Then in the usual sequence, I read Startling Stories, its fnz review and sent for the fanzines. Needless to say, most people forgot to send the mag or the money back except for Unger bless his soul and Acky. I remember FFF as a swell nowsy, regular as clockwork. Von was puzzling and to be frank, not interesting at the time. I read fantasy like mad (altho at the time I would have insisted that stf was far superior to fny) and had little interest in religion, ethics and other staples of Von.

CYGN1 came out. It still does occasionally. At this point, most autobiographers add, "but I don't believe fans will rule the world or any thing like that." Since I never heard anyone say that they would, I won't make this redundancy. It is odd that I never joined FAPA sooner but now that I'm in, I plan to stay. I regret that so far, I have never read a, Yhes and other mags of which I have heard so much. I secretly wish that I was fanning back in the good old days whatever they were. Oh well....

-Boff

A COMMENT OR TWO ON THE MAILING fall 47

On to our own pearls of wisdom. This is my first sight of a Fapa mailing so don't be surprised if certain comments herein strike you as being either naive or just plain stupid. Anyway, this is how a newcomer is struck by the following items. Oh yeah, I was pleasantly surprised by the size of this "small" mailing. A large mailing must dwarf anything the Vapa (and the Saps) ever put out.

The Fantasy Amateur This and Fan-Dango provide an interesting if confusing introduction into Fapa politics. "President's Message" seems to indicate EP is thoroly repentant about his malfesances as the o-e. And how come the next mailing comes out more than three months later? What kind of punctuality is this?

Also, is it possible to get a copy of our constitution? I'd like to find out just what actions are considered treasonable, etc.

Slithy Toves Ego-boo for Lewis Carroll. I would say that Gus's estimate of a thousand actifans is quite high. One would be hard-pressed to name 150 fen that were accomplishing anything at any one time. # Quotation from Lin Yutang -- cute. # The poem: I hate poems.

tangents This seems to be an absolutely unique format. The 12 inch paper sticks out and gets dog-eared in no time. And stencils, two dollars for a hundred, incredible no less.

Glom Reports that "Pilgrims Through Space and Time" is disappointing have kept me from purchasing a copy. Is it really necessary to say that the fantasy printed in the last thirty years completely overshadows previous efforts? H. G. Wells alone seems to have written stf that can be enjoyed today as stf. Poe and others may have written enjoyable literature but as for their ideas of fantasy and extrapolation, they can't be taken seriously. The weird tale is different of course but since I don't read many of them (they are too boring for the most part), I won't comment there.

Hah, Acky's ancient letter is most interesting. The idea that a producer would make a movie along such outre lines is quite naive. I imagine the saga of that tiniest and most remote fragment of space-time (the old West) will continue to outsell any production that forces the audience to use their collective cerebral matter. Stfilms have been a source of frustration to me lately since several revivals have been advertised in Boston. Thus I've missed four Wells movies (in one-day-stand double features) and some old Frankenstein flickers. Sob.

Frappe A book review on a tome about the Catholic Church produces one of my wider yawns. Come to think of it, I did enjoy Franz Werfel's "Star of the Unborn". Speaking of the latter, I haven't yet seen a satisfactory review of the book. The ideas of interplanetary travel by a man who, apparently, never before read anything on the subject are interesting.

What kind of a mental block made HWCheneyJr such difficult reading? I read Cheney's mag elsewhere and while not sensational, the mag was definitely above average. "Supreme effort"---god damn. # And more poetry.

Elmurmurings At least, I presume that's the title. Frankly, the humor was pretty awful and I have to confess that I was glad it was brief. The enclosed matter is somewhat more interesting. Anytime, I pass the Civil Service exams and get a job in the LA Sewer Dept., this will come in handy. Well, it does show a laudable preparation for disaster which probably has not been undertaken in most of the cities in the U.S.

Half-Length Articles This was very good. Wish I knew how much of it was Burbee humor and how much untarnished truth. Ah, our statesmen at work... The stickmen illustrations were excellent.

Atote Pictures and headings good. Otherwise, I fail to see how this would interest anyone outside of EEE's family. The fact that EEE went 6 miles by street car is especially illuminating. Perhaps I'll be able to get some new tokens for my collection.

Fapa Flypaper Well anyway Dale, only seven more pages this year.

Moonshine Kinda sloppy but whatheck, I've put out a lot of sloppy zines myself. Some days, Mimi works perfectly; at other times, I'm tempted to take a hatchet to the satanic thing. Here, stencils may be at fault. # Artwork is really awful. Looks like it might have been done by me. The neice (age 5) doubtlessly, did the back cover. Colored ink helps but the doublespacing is desirable (oops, I mean undesirable). "The Music" --- a bit above average for fan stf but not new.

Fan-Dango Gosh, no staples. # The stuff on jazz was interesting. Really must be nice to be interested in the stuff as much as Laney apparently is. I really regret that I've never taken an interest in music in any form. This marks me as a lowbrow in fandom. # "Thoughts While Band-sawing". I've done a limited amount of work with a band-saw and my only important thoughts were to keep my fingers out of the damn thing. # Coverups vs. Hudraking: I'd be inclined to say that a person's character was unimportant if you have nothing to do with him beyond meeting him at fsy meetings and discussing stf. Of course, when certain persons (as Degler/Rogers/Chrisman) begin to threaten the existence of fandom by giving a bad impression to outsiders, it is time to take action. I must confess to being puzzled over Laney's concern with LASFS morals when he no longer a member.

I probably haven't much right to talk about Fapa legal matters but anyway Fran; on what grounds could you legally accept a constitution that practically nobody voted on? We non-LA fen face a definite curtailment of our rights if a small clique can delay sending out the ballots long enough for that clique to be the only ones able to make the deadline. I know it wasn't meant that way but that was the effect. It would seem to this ignorant one that since ballots are apt to be sent out late, the voting dateline (read deadline) should be a function of the actual mailing date. That is,

"deadline shall be 30 days after the mailing of the ballots" rather than a fixed date.

At this writing, I find that Burbee has sent a mailing to Startling (which I approve) and one to Amazing (which I do not approve). Doing this without consulting the other officers or the membership is sure to raise a howl. Tis things like this that precipitate feuds and crises. Also, sending the mailing to Phillips seems a poor way of striking back at the LASFS who prevented having Shangri-L'Affaires reviewed by Amz. Ah, trouble, trouble.... # "Blitzkrieg"....sequel to "And there I was flat on my back at 50,-000 feet...." no doubt. Sometimes I stay awake nights wondering what would happen to Fapa if some o-e lay down on the job, who lived 500 miles away from any potential blitzkriegers. Ghastly thot, is it not? Perhaps we should elect a board of three Wehrmacht men to take of such possibilities. Then after that, a board to investigate "un-Fapan activities".....

Phanteur In reference to the comments on Merwin and Campbell, I would like to mention that I think one of the reasons for occasional anti-Campbell remarks is his ability to drive a topic or theme into the ground. Tucker once mentioned JWC's tendency to have several stories with similar subjects in each issue. Worse than that was his recent over-exuberance for the atomic destruction story. I was afraid that he would lose his perspective to a degree such that every story in the mag would eventually have some connection with atomic armageddon.

Speaking of the SatEvePost, why is it that a writer, who previously has never written stef, seems to get the idea that his theme is absolutely unique? Take a recent SatEvePost with the story "Morning Star" in it. The story was plotless since the author and ed apparently thot that the theme alone was enough to put over the story. Ever since the Gernsback days, a description of a visitor to Earth merits no more room than a few introductory paragraphs in any story. The idea is no longer novel and therefore cannot be the basic situation for a story. But then, I am probably too impatient with the non-fantasy-reading public.

Also of interest is the fact that certain of the characters in the story obviously represent real persons in defiance of the "any similarity to persons living or dead is purely..." clause. Probably the most obvious example is Professor Zweistein. # I read "Brave New World" when I was considerably younger. It was long after reading it that it occurred to me that the Christian in the story was supposed to be the hero representing "right". I had supposed that both religion and the depicted economic system were being satirized. I really fail to see why anyone should sympathize with the 'hero' who was unable to fit into that society despite his antagonistic feelings toward it. I too side with Thompson in claiming that a race of superior beings would advance even without inferiors to do the menial work. I cannot credit intelligence to he who argues, "but who would collect the garbage, dig the coal, etc. if everyone had a super intellect?" If super intellects couldn't devise superior technological and sociological systems then the world would deserve destruction. # "Negroes and Science Fiction" was interesting. Offhand, I can think of only Sam Bell, a Negro who appeared in a German Technocratic story. I

* German translations: Einstein (one-stone); Zweistein (two-stone); Morgenstern (morning star).

would say that Negroes are not found in stf because authors and editors do not think the stories would sell. Sure, I know that many Negroes are found in adventure stories, historical fiction, etc. but they are largely in unflattering roles. (The Harlem vagrant that shoots craps and wields a razor, old Aunt Jenima, the comedian-chicken thief, etc.) -- Science fiction has no place for these cliches, thank God and none of the authors are unkind enough to think of ones that will fit into a futuristic setting.

Willison's statements pointing to the "superior qualities" of the Negro are dangerous. His "white men tend to be too aggressive; Mongolians too polite and indirect..." is just plain silly. Mongolians and Negroes do not possess any different qualities (I am referring to racial differences and not national customs) from anyone else. A person born in this country of Chinese extraction and brought up in typical American fashion isn't going to be any more polite than anyone else is he? If a colored person becomes any more polite than say Rep. Rankin, I would suspect that the reason was attributable to various coercive influences. Therefore: Negroes aren't pointed out in future stf stories because there is no reason too. As far as I know, neither Captain Future nor Kim Kinnison are specifically stated to be Caucasians; and possibly the future human race will be continually "mongrelized".

Who is this Jim Kepner who had a column in the Daily Worker recently

Plenum And a mad time was had by all. One of my regrets tho, was being stuck not in the Penn-Sheraton but another hotel across the street. Still swell fun tho. Milty's descriptions are very readable even tho I saw just about the whole works. Interesting sidelight: young fans greeting each other with the following. Fan 1: "Sigma!". Fan 2: "Alpha!". Both: "RHO!!". Whether the greek-letter boys actually use this corny greeting, I know not. I also recall walking along beside the hotel with Art Widner when one of the Sigma morons dumped some water on us. Barely splashed me but dampened Art's spirits slightly more. I was rather surprised at Art's restraint at this incident. Were we not in a hurry to get home, I like to think that our slannish minds could have devised a fitting counter-attack. (Twas sheer frustration to be on the tenth floor equipped with paperbags, running water and eggs only to find that the Sigma boys had departed.)

Horizons I wish this had at least a heading if not a cover. Not that the lack of a heading hurts the quality of the interior stuff which is definitely high. Let's see now, this must be just about the oldest fmg in existence now with LoZ out of the way. Phantagraph was an oldtimer too, wasn't it?

I liked the "Recentest Trends in Science Fiction" because it shows an awareness by at least one older fan that the Thrilling mags are on the upgrade (as I stencil this, I find that both mags are 16 pages longer, cost another nickel and are using Finlay for about half of the illos). Sam Merwin, the ed, is undoubtedly more interested in fandom than any other editor in many years. His choice of fiction, conducting of departments and his influence of late on the quality of the artwork is indeed heartening. Far from babbling inanely on xeno, frog-eyes, etc., his editorials have more genuine worth than any others in the field,

Campbell's included. To my mind, his only serious error of late, has been the purchasing of the godawful Bud Gregory stories. William Fitzgerald (Leinster as I suspected) is foisting some sickening "hick's wonderful invention" stuff on us but that's another story (second Infinitesimal).

It might be worth mentioning tho, Harry, that the TWS you read was an exceptional issue. The editor did not pretend (a la Palmer) that every future issue would be up to the same standards. However, I do believe that "The Sleeper is a Rebel" which appeared in a recent issue is an excellent story and had it appeared in ASF, it probably would have been the best in the mag. I suspect, tho, that JWCjr rejected it because of policy.

Thanks, Harry, for reviewing the two Ziff-Davis mags. Really a pity, we couldn't talk somebody into keeping us up on every aspect of these two mags, but 'twould be a cruel task indeed. I myself am content to skip over the editorials and stuff of the mags at the news-stand. No kidding, I really believe that Palmer thinks his fiction is of the highest grade. When he commends his stories in the editorial, he sounds quite sincere. He freely admits that much of his stuff is written after the illustrations have been drawn, that he bought one author's hack because of the latter's financial problems. (Merwin told me that this same author had been trying for years to sell him a story.) For some very revealing facts on Ziff-Davis policy, read the De Courcy's letter in Fandom Speaks. The couple confess that their early efforts were amateurish ('stink' was the word they used) and that Palmer was willing to take it because they told him that devils were attempting to destroy their manuscripts. Also, when they told Palmer that they had been hoaxing him, he refused to believe it (or at least said he didn't.) # Perhaps I should apologize to some of you "science fiction fans" for talking about science fiction.

"When We Were Very Young"--gosh, said the neophyte, wish't I wuz there then. If the first Fapa mailing appeared in the fall of 1937, I have missed an even ten years of this stuff. I weep. # Speaking of wild ideas, I received a very battered manuscript from Moskowitz, which was written by Jim Avery. He proposed that all of the proz be taxed a cent or so (I forget the exact amount) for each copy they sell. All of this dough would be given to fandom for their various projects. That would net us about \$3,000 every month for bigger and better Check Lists, etc. at the present time. # An interesting point in Shaver's stories: the utter subservience of the male characters before the heroines.

Grulzak Hah, if Palmer really said that, I sneer at the possibility of intelligence in the creature. "Don't investigate to see if a thing is true; just take my word for it.." Oh, well, I remember Palmer talking about "my poor, dumb readers". They can't be very poor if they can afford to pay out six dollars a year for that junk. # FORLORN TITLES add: "M-m-m-m-m-m!" from either Amz or Fantastic.

The story about the Sigma Alpha Rho boy was probably fictitious but I wouldn't swear to it. They tell me JWC kept mistaking the fraternity boys for fans and engaging them in conversation. No doubt the receiptants of the conversations were somewhat baffled. While on the subject, I would like to ask what one was supposed to tell an inquiring stranger as to the nature of our convent-

ion? I recall telling one person (as did Milt) that we were writers. I also added "and amateur journalists" to prevent him from asking the embarrassing, "well, what have you written?" # From my notes I find, "I wish someone would devise a capsule introduction to our hobby that could be recited off in a few sentences to strangers." Now Synapse has solved the problem. I suspect the trouble lies not in the difficulty of telling someone about us but that we secretly fear their reaction to it. The smug look of superiority by a news-dealer who rings up your purchase of a pulp is infuriating. # Simile-of-the-month: "...vanishing like AMAZINGS at a Rosicrucian convention..." It appears that a certain semi-fan has joined the Rosicrucians. Name on request. # Yep, you're right Joe. Watching the sky at night is still an awe-inspiring sight to yours truly. Even Luna and the planets seem drab to one who has an inkling of the immensities of our galaxy.

Fanomena This review is already running to ridiculously long lengths so I'll be brief here. A very good account of the convention. Keller's story is superior fan fiction. The identity of S.S. Smithers seems not difficult to divulge. I am surprised that the story wasn't written in the first person. What a chance to use the name "Keller".

Funny thing. Smith told the faneds not to print his speech. Then he gives Beak Taylor the mss. and a complete scoop. This is a good way to bring out bad feelings.

Postmailed stuff

Sparx High middle pic. Left person in front row is Your Repulsiveness looking quite anemic and sleepless after the grim journey to Philly. After about 18hrs. riding in Widner's Old Smobile (as he calls it), I tried to sleep but twas no use. LZs Spelman and Widner seemed no worse at the end of the journey. Picture in the middle on the bottom of the cover is of a ptomaine ptomple called the Blue Bird. Note: Philly has the damndest water I ever tasted. # "The Little Flower" -- very good. Orrok's piece -- just fan stf with no redeeming features.

Wild-Hair Interesting combination of nice format, innuendoes and bad taste. Easily the most unmailable pub in the mailing. # The In-Between-Times V-F Report is of some interest. "Comic Opera war between AMAZING and part of fandom", eh? And yet, who else in the world is as informed of and able to battle this outgrowth of superstition than fandom? # I claim that the sending of a mailing to Amz when it is known that the average fan is anti-Amz, is unethical. There is no legal basis for "silence gives consent", I'll bet. If I should steal a Cadillac some dark night, I doubt that the fact that the owner had not expressly told me not to, would deter a jury from sentencing me to a ~~beat/11/the/11/~~ stretch at a rock-breaking institutc.

I would be surprised to find that Acky really reads every word of Amz as claimed. First you say, boycotting Amazing would have no effect and then, buying the mag supports it. How's that?

Synapse Speer has the darndest titles. Can't think of any good abbreviation for this unless it is 'Snappy'. Reading

Juffusian comments, even on things you haven't read, is a fascinating pastime. No fooling, the Fancyclopedia is one of the best sources for a liberal education that I ever picked up. # Since I'm now reading Chase's "Tyranny of Words", I have the confidence of any ignorant person that I already know the whole business. What I'm trying to say is, the "Quoteworthy Quotes" seem largely meaningless. For instance, take Marquis Childs' "It is true that failure exerts a kind of magnetic pull....would be worth a few sacks of grain to keep open, if only on the philosophical level, the question of ultimately making this one world." # Incidentally, how is pi calculated? Using the infinite series listed, it would be necessary to make several thousand multiplications and additions to get the figure out to even a few hundred places. # What was all this fuss about the c^2 in the well-known Einstein equation? There really is no square velocities in the equation since the dimensions presumably cancel out. Certainly no one ever quibbled about square time units in the classical S equals $\frac{1}{2}gt^2$.

"Thru a Glass Darkly" was fascinating and shrieks for a sequel. No doubt Gunnison finds out who the author was and looks up another story by him which prophecies (or whatever the spelling is) certain events that haven't yet taken place at that time. It turns out that the story is in a rare prozine that the FF doesn't have a copy of. It seems that the only known copy is owned by a fan dealer who refuses to sell it for a reasonable price (he doesn't realize that it is valuable because of the story in it but puts a high price on it because it is so rare). Meanwhile, someone else finds out about the unknown story and tries to get the magazine because of greedy, unaltruistic possibilities if he can find out what the future holds. This evil entity kidnaps the Fan Dealer's beautiful young daughter. She is ransomed for the copy of the fabulous CONFUSING STORIES. Meanwhile three of the Foundations ace agents attempt to follow Melvin Slinkie but he eludes them. The heroine however reveals that he has a smudge of radio-active lipstick on his ear and by means of Geiger-Müller counters they finally trace him to a penthouse on Wall St. where he is currently making a killing in the stock market. FBI agents also get in on the man-hunt when it is discovered that he is also dealing in wheat futures. They are closing in on him when they find that by virtue of reading the story, the villain has discovered a new ray-gun that will hold off a fleet. The terrific battle gets underway when ----friends have you enough bulk in your every day diet? Are you leanless, underweight and slightly off the beam?.....--- Captain Gunnison and his All-Tellurian Foundation will be back tomorrow, same time, same...

The reviews are nice. Too bad you don't take an occasional dip into Merwin's stuff, Jack. Your comments would be good. "Catching Up with Crud" kills any idea I had of going out of my way trying to get this superb printed zine of gore. # Hoar deserved, at least a hissing and maybe more. The person I'd really like to hiss at the Philcon tho, was a person present when we were discussing the anti-Amz resolution. This unknown worthy sent a copy of the resolution to Rap and revealed his sympathies towards Amz saying that we were attacking Rap unfairly, etc. It was courageously (the letter) signed, "A Friend".

Sasparilla

This should have been listed in the Winter mailing FA as a postmailing. # The Rubbly Fanzine has its

points but is nothing to get excited about. # "Step-Children of the Crystal" -- hah, wait until you read "Frayed Henchman"! # The cover is Thurberish in that it seems like a cartoon and may possibly have a point and I feel like a dope becuz I don't get it.

Requiem Please send.

Whew! That's all for the reviews and that's the last time that I ever write seven pages of comment on a short mailing. The idea of getting several hundred pages of fanzines at once still intoxicates me. This business of writing comments on every mag in the mailing will definitely not endure.

STOPPRESS ITEM !!!!! Snix 2, a mag that I've had longer than any other Fap probably, has just come to my attention. Reason for my having had it so long: Coswal sent it to me before I was a member and the other Fapans had to wait for the delayed mailing.

"Snix" is definitely overused and I see no good reason for distorting the names of the other mags. Cover is hardly impressive. # I liked the item on Frank K. Kelly. How many others read his amusing remarks in the Atlantic Monthly when he related his experiences as a young teenager writing for Hugo Gernsback? # A lot of wives are getting into the act now; Betty Perdue and Dorothy Coslet.

I AM AN AMERICAN DEPARTMENT

3401 6th Avenue
Columbus, Georgia

Dear Editor,

Good for you! Good for Sigler! Sigler said it and you allowed it in the face of stupid traitorous opposition. Hooray for racial superiority theories. At last we had someone in the pages of the Vizigraph come out and say it. Certainly some races are superior to others. . . . And don't let propaganda tell you any different.

Furthermore, aside from the better race idea, which I uphold, the differences in races is cause enough for mistrust and possibly eternal strife until only one dominant race remained.

Regardless of these smart boys who think that the "shoot-the-dirty-Martians" plot is wrong, it isn't. It's old and overworked in science fiction but still reasonable and the only sensible way to deal with an alien race. I laugh at the terrifically funny brotherly love societies.

Shoot the b . . . bums first and ask questions later. . . . Science fiction is great, the best and only worthwhile fiction to my notion, but many of its fans are extremely impractical and starry-eyed. . . . Two or more alien races can never live together in harmony. For short periods perhaps, but in the long run.... ERUPTION! And good for it.

Paul D. Cox

((This letter was reprinted from the Vizigraph section of the Summer 1948 Planet Stories. As far as I know it (the letter) has no precedent in the long run of science fiction magazines. One of the reasons for my bitterness against Payne are the fact that in the same issue with this, he printed a letter of mine censoring every word I had written in opposition to Sigler's racial theories.)) P.12

yup.....a book review.....

"Mistress Masham's Repose" by T. H. White (Putnam, N.Y., 1946)

This book is the only "find" that I've ever come across. I found it in a stack of lending library discards for a quarter; a laughable price for a book as entertaining as this proved to be.

I really wish that I could get across T.H. White's ability as a writer and entertainer in this short review but failing in that, I'll mention a few high points. T.H. White is also the author of "The Sword in the Stone", the Arthurian fantasy that I find Kennedy mentions among the fantasy tomes of the Thousand Best Books.

The setting for the story is an old broken-down British estate. To quote the blurb, "The house, 'surrounded by Vistas, Obelisks, Pyramids, Columns, Temples, Rotundas, and Palladian Bridges, was about four times longer than Buckingham Palace, but was falling down.'" Maria, who is ten, and looked over by a tyrannical governess, discovers a small lake on the estate with an island in the middle. This island, known in better days as Mistress Masham's Repose, contains a small summer house populated with Lilliputians, descendants of the famed race chronicled by Jonathan Swift. The story deals with their fear at what will happen now that Humans have discovered their hiding place to their final acceptance of Maria and an amazing rescue they later effect in her behalf.

The characters in the story are knockouts. The aforementioned governess, a kindly cook, a Vicar (whose characterization will enrage the devoutly religious), a professor completely lost in his world of books and who lives on little more than dandelion wine, and a Lord Lieutenant who outfumbles any Wodehousian baronet---are the main characters.

The book is daffy, convincing and absolutely absorbing. There are many excellent illustrations and the book is an excellent if unofficial sequel to "Gulliver's Travels".

---Boff Perry

TCH, TCH DEPARTMENT

"I am convinced that religion, wholly irrespective of the question of the ultimate validity of its tenets, is a most efficacious and probably indispensable instrument for shaping a decent human society. To put it bluntly, the intelligence of the mass of mankind is of such a quality that a system of supernatural sanctions--of eternal rewards and punishments--is absolutely necessary for the inculcation and enforcement of a code of practical social ethics. Fear of hell fire is more potent than fear of machine guns, and the expectation of heavenly harps is more satisfying than the cold consciousness of virtue and rectitude." -- Ernest Albert Hooten; Apes, Men and Morons ((Cynical cuss what? Another interesting point in the book is his claim that care of teeth may affect the course of our civilization)).

the following is a paid advertisement that we suggest you pay heed to
A BIT OF INFORMATION AND AN ADVERTISEMENT OF THE PRIME PRESS, P.O.
Box 2019, Middle City Station, Philadelphia 3, Penna.

As one of the members of the Prime Press, I am constantly startled to find out that a lot of people have not yet realized that the Prime Press has published three books as of this date (November 25, 1947). The three books in the order of their appearance are THE MISLAID CHARM by Alexander M. Phillips. You are invited to read it in your issue of UNKNOWN for Feb. 1941. Therein you will find illustrations by Cartier. Our edition is in blue cloth, gilt stamped, contains twelve illustrations by Herschel Levitt and is priced at only \$1.75. We welcome comparisons. It also contains a few sentences left out of the magazine form.

Next we issued, and who would believe you hadn't heard of this but somebody said they never did, 456 pages of George O. Smith's VENUS EQUILATERAL, including a final story never published anywhere. The price for all this is \$3.00.

Then for the true collector we reprinted EQUALITY: OR A HISTORY OF LITHCONIA, probably the first American utopian novel written by a native American and issued originally in 1802. This is not space opera, nor is it recommended to those who read PLANET and AMAZING exclusively, but we made a limited edition for the collector and anyone else interested in an early study of a better world. This limited edition is \$2.50.

On the press and ready for binding at the present time are "...and some were human" by Lester del Rey, which contains twelve of his best stories, and twelve illustrations specially drawn for this book. This will be about 336 pages and is priced at \$3. You will like the dust jacket which is a three color job. The other title ready for the binder is THE TORCH by Jack Bechdolt, a story of the destruction of civilization by an atomic bomb. This was originally published in 1920 and certainly is as timely today as it was fantastic then. We have added four full page illustrations by Bob Tschirky, whom we think will be hailed as the finest talent in illustration since Finlay. He has also done the three color jacket and the price is only \$2.50.

A contract is being written and by the time this is published will undoubtedly be consummated between the Prime Press and Theodore Sturgeon's literary agent for a volume of his short stories, at the present time tentatively titled BIANCA'S HANDS AND OTHERS. This will be an illustrated volume of over 300 pages and priced at \$3.

Orders for the books already published - VENUS EQUILATERAL - Smith, \$3.00; THE MISLAID CHARM - Phillips, \$1.75; EQUALITY: OR A HISTORY OF LITHCONIA - \$2.50 - are cheerfully accepted and will be sent postpaid if cash accompanies orders. Advance orders for the forthcoming titles will be accepted and if you are one of the first 300 you will get an autographed copy. Your order will be acknowledged and the number of your copy will be told you as soon as we receive your order. ((End of paid adv't.))

(cont. from p.3) I do or comment has made me wish to leap to the typewriter and throw in a rebuttal of some sort. Political and sociological articles especially. Why political? Well, there is one of the reasons for my not having time to fan. Shortly after I got my first FAPA mailing I became interested in the progressive movement. I have worked actively for the Progressive Party on several levels; canvassing, leaflet-distributing, chairing meetings, writing and editing a party paper, etc. Like thousands of others, I have been baited, threatened with assault, thrown in jail, pelted with tomatoes, etc. These experiences are hardly unique because they happen every day to millions of our fellow citizens, they occur to those of us 'lucky' to have chosen white, Gentile parentage only when we are foolish enough to campaign for peace and sanity, or something equally subversive to our established order of things. At any rate, I consider this sort of thing more important than fanning and so it has to come first.

Other activities include a stiff college curriculum (I'll learn to spell the word before I graduate) and working whenever our glorious free-enterprise system offers employment.

Now as to the future of Cy. I am far too busy to publish a regular subzine but as someone pointed out recently it is cheaper to continue than to quit and refund all of the subs. Therefore, I am very slowly paying off non-Faps. I send issues of this mag to anyone still on the sublists and accept no new subs. Since this stuff is apt to appear less than exciting (cliche) to people who don't belong to Fapa (and others no doubt), I stand ready to refund anyone's dough. Don't worry about my feelings, in fact I'd appreciate it if you told me that you no longer want the mag.

Oh yes, I'm sorry that I didn't get around to mailing my ballot. Dues should of course be \$1.50. In light of the V-P's ruling, it appears that an assessment will be necessary. Has this ever occurred before? Oh, I forgot another excuse: some time ago, a mysterious malady began to affect Smitty, my loyal and time-worn typer which my father used to operate in college (when he was a student not an instructor, I mean). Well, anyway, whenever I ran a sheet of paper thru, long heavy black smudges would appear whose width was the same as the length of the little rubber rollers that dwell between the platen (I think its the platen) and the main roller. Oh, sez I, tis clear that there is some sort of crud on those little rollers that must be cleaned off. So with a little screw-driver, I dismantled one of the machine as to free the roller. Thoroly I winod every roller and then massaged with stool wool. Then I tried putting it together. I was left with several important looking pieces so that the thing can do only one thing. It is still possible to roll a piece of paper thru.

The black smudges are still there, tho. Well (to make this long story even longer) the damned typer is busted (or perhaps broken) and I have to borrow someone else's. I have considered repairing the damn think but my father maintains (and I believe his analysis correct) that sending the hunk of junk to a typer repairer would be akin to sending an ancient Egyptian sun-dial to a jeweler for adjustments. The source of the black smudges,

Incidentally, in the same place as where Wollheim's mimeo sheets went to. Vapens no doubt recall that Wollheim fed some vapor into a mimeo which never again appeared on Earth. Even Tiffany Thayer doesn't know what happened to them. What actually occurred, of course, is that a mysterious 4-dimensional creature which avidly consumes 20-lb mimeo bond secretes a black organic compound on typers.

And that, covering all matters of import, is that.

boff

If your sub expires this ish, a black X appears to the right. Join Fapa for more issues.

R_O_C_K_E_T

B_L_A_S_T_S

Boff, clo stoff--- # CYGNI #6 was a neat, well-balanced issue, muchly enhanced by the pair of lithos and the clear stencilling. PHILCON DOINGS was utterly terrific, and revealed several facts about the con that I hadn't known. Boggs' competent article is a strong 2nd in the issue. Rodd is the leading fan article-writer of this fan era, in my opinion. He actually puts some work into his offusions --- and it shows. And I liked the heading for the item. How do you persuade established prez like Adams to contribute brand new material for nuttin'? Snoary informative if a bit overlong, and the readersection proved readable. On-bonded-knog flea: why not avoid jumping material from the front to the back, if possible? The lettersec, f'r instance, was dizzying to follow ((okay, we'll stop imitating Satevopost)) --or do you, like Christensen, stencil & mimeo one page at a time? Tanyrate, a swell mag. --Joke

thisispagesixtoenthisispagesixtoenthisispagesixtoenthisispagesixteen

...The cover was a wonderfull work of art. About 300% --- no that's not enough,, 500% better than Elliot in the latos asf. Ought to send a copy to JWC and show him what our boys can doo. # As for my thing. Twoar all right. Just think, I wrote only the barest details and then rewrote it and cut almost two pages off. I'm a fool for details. I could have writon hafo a page on that guy from the atomic scientist alone. I could have described the little one man plays more. Oh I'm frustrated. # Was interested in your remarks. Tucker sure is a generous fellow. I still have that bulb by the way. # Red Spots.....Hnnnnnnnn And I thought it was raseburries. # Boggs article was verry good. Tho I don't know, the tital doesn't seem that importon. # World of van Vogt I don't agree with. First I think Knight is making moutains out of ant hills. The fact that van uses Kings in a few of his stories is of almost no importence as far as I see. Every type of government has been tryed out countless times. I don't see that becouse one man does the same kind reather often is any reason to kick. I suppose italways will be that there will be some reason to kick. ~~xxxxxxx~~ To no "the stories the thing" and if ((sorry, no no' space))

CYGNI NOMINATION FOR LANEX FUGGHEAD AWARD DEPT.

"Einstions ((sic)) theory has never actually been proved, and may never be as it is based on mathenatics. Anybody can juggle figures so I have just as much right to say the following formula is correct as he has to say it is wrong." -- Edwin Siglor, Planot, Su 1946

(OH I FORGOT--THIS IS BY RICK SNEAGY)

PLEASE DON'T THINK I'M A NUT?MR. DRUGGIST? EVEN
THOUGH I AM HALF CRACKED

"Ah, good afternoon, Mr. Druggist, a very good afternoon to you. Yes, it is a bit chilly out; rainy, too. But you've got to expect that this time of year. We'll have a lot of it from now on, I fear.

"Well, just thought I'd drop in and look over some of the late mags. Incidentally, that's how I got these bags; from sitting all night, I mean, absorbed in a magazine.

"I've already been to five other stores, you know, and my spirits are kind of low. Looks like I'll go home empty handed tonight, unless a search of your shelves brings something to light.

"You suggest a good Western? Say no more, that's enough! I want none of that hard-ridin', straight-shootin' stuff. I want science-fiction, that's what I said; it's the best darned readin' these eyes have read.

"And you can keep your Detectives, Romances, Sports and Adventures, too; all I've got for them is a lousy 'pooh!' No, science-fiction is what I seek. For an s.f. magazine I'd climb Pike's Peak.

"Now, excuse me while I pore over this cluttered magazine rack ...Gad! I ought to find something in that mountainous stack. But, I don't know, looks are sometimes deceiving; and, as the old saying goes, seeing's believing.

"Let's see...none on that shelf, none here, none there. Drat! I'm so frustrated I could pull my hair. Only one shelf left, guess I'm out of luck. Chin up, old man, courage, pluck.

"Not much use to look on that solitary shelf, I guess. Won't be anything in that lurid mess. Might as well spend this two-bits on coke and drown my sorrow; then when some mags do come in--well, I can always borrow.

"But maybe I'll take one quick peck, anyway. You can't ever tell when--oh, happy day! I've found one, I've found one! But wait! Look at that cover; a bug-eyed monster, a nude female and her virile lover!

"Quick, Mr. Druggist, water! Water! I'm going to faint; I can't bear to look at that mess of paint! I never will know why I spend my gold...to look...at these...covers and...pass...out...cold..."

(Moral: Always buy your stiff mags at a drugstore so first aid will be close at hand.)

A black and white political cartoon by Fred Wright depicting a chaotic scene of people running through a city street. The scene is filled with various signs and objects:

- Top Left:** A sign reads "IF THE REDS ARE FOR IT WE'RE AGAINST IT!". Below it, another sign says "NEW FASHIONABLE STYLES".
- Bottom Left:** A sign reads "CASH COWS FOR YOUR EYES".
- Middle Left:** A sign reads "TAKE IT OFF!".
- Middle Right:** A sign reads "DEEP FREEZE".
- Center:** A large barrel labeled "OFF WITH YOUR BONES" is being carried.
- Top Right:** A sign reads "JOE MOORE'S CLOTHIERS COULD NOT FIND ONE BUSINESS SUIT".
- Bottom Right:** A sign reads "SPECIAL \$50 BARRELS #49.95".
- Far Right:** A sign reads "AMERICAN CLOTHING".
- Far Bottom Right:** A sign reads "SURFING CANNOT".

The cartoon shows people in various states of distress or haste, some carrying barrels labeled "PORK" and "JUNK". The overall theme suggests a critique of consumerism and social issues during the mid-20th century.

FRED WRIGHT

[illegible]