

HURKLE

$$\begin{array}{r} p \supset q \\ \sim p \\ \hline \end{array}$$

$\therefore \sim q$

If F. Towner Laney read 10 Story Fantasy, he'd be a science fiction fan. But he doesn't read 10 Story Fantasy. Therefore, F. Towner Laney is not a science fiction fan.

Number 5

$$\begin{array}{r} p \supset q \\ q \\ \hline \end{array}$$

$\therefore p$

If Charles Burbee was a Serious Constructive Fan, he would be invited to join the NFFF. He has been invited to join the NFFF, so he must be a Serious Constructive Fan.

April 1951

$$\begin{array}{r} p \vee q \\ p \\ \hline \end{array}$$

$\therefore \sim q$

Art Rapp joined the army either to get out of America's Siberia or to escape being audited by Ray Nelson. He joined the army to get out of the Michigan wastelands, so he didn't join the army to escape being audited.

"The Happy Beast"

$$\begin{array}{r} \sim(p \cdot q) \\ \sim p \\ \hline \end{array}$$

$\therefore q$

Bob Tucker is not both the greatest stf writer and the greatest detective-story writer. He's not the greatest stf writer, so he must be the greatest detective-story writer.







# HURKLE

is the informal publication issued occasionally for the Spectator Amateur Press Society by Redd Boggs, 2215 Benjamin Street N. E., Minneapolis 18, Minnesota. This issue, volume I, number 5, is intended for the April 1951 mailing. "The prettiest of the hurkle are blue." -- Theodore Sturgeon. A Gafia Press publication.

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## THE ETHER TREMBLES

"Redd:

Got Hurkle, The Gladsome Beast, or whatever the title is. Enjoyed it as never before, though this does not mean it was good. However, it was good and I enjoyed it as best I could, considering that I didn't see the mailing it reviewed. Of course you had other items of broader appeal, as one who writes for posterity should. Are you writing for posterity? It sure looks like it. As I told ftl, Hurkle was just like a miniature Sky Hook.

Burb."

Naturally, I wouldn't ordinarily print a letter like this. The only reason that it's being used here is that Burb appends a P. S.: "Why didn't this ish of Hurkle have my name in it? Others did." I'm sorry about that oversight, for all other Hurkles except the last one had Burbee's name in them. I believe every issue should have Burbee's name mentioned in it at least once. I got Burbee's name into this issue by publishing Burbee's letter.

## THE LAND OF THOUGHT

One of the most curious lightly-fantastic poems in all literature is "Kilmeny" by James Hogg. Written in the early nineteenth century, this long verse in archaic Scottish dialect is seldom printed today, though August Derleth included it in his fantasy poetry anthology, Dark of the Moon. A hundred-odd years have not been kind either to its verse form or its subject, but it nevertheless retains some of the "ghostly charm" that H. P. Lovecraft attributed to it.

The author, James Hogg (1770-1835), was a minor Scottish poet who was a shepherd by calling before some of his poetry was read and admired by Sir Walter Scott. Under Scott's sponsorship, Hogg published five volumes of lyrics and ballads, but today he is remembered for only two or three poems.

"Kilmeny" is one of his major efforts, a poem 330 lines long, comprising 25 stanzas of varying lengths. Because of the dialect in which it's written, the poem is hard to fathom, even with the aid of numerous footnotes, but it wears the mantle of romanticism so characteristic of "pure" fantasy and is interesting to read, despite its colloquial obscurity and oldfashioned moral tone.

The poem concerns "bonnie Kilmeny," a lovely maiden of twenty summers, who one day wanders into the greenwood and disappears. She went up the glen only "to hear the yorlin /that's a bird, the yellow-hammer/ sing, and pu' the cressflower round the spring." She didn't go "to meet Duneira's men" -- for "Kilmeny was pure as pure could be."

"When many a day had come and fled, when grief grew calm and hope was dead," and long after mass had been said for her soul, Kilmeny returns one autumn evening.



She can't describe where she has been exactly, except to say that she was in a land "where the rain never fell and the wind never blew," a "land where sin had never been."

She tells how she fell asleep in the glen in a green wene (bush), her bosom covered "wi' flowerets gay," and wakened elsewhere, hearing the "hymns of a far countrie." Opening her eyes, she finds herself on a couch draped with iridescent silk and surrounded by a throng of "lovely beings." One of them, a "meek and reverend frere," addresses his comrades, saying that for a thousand years he has watched over "femenitye" --

"But sinless virgin, free of stain  
In mind and body, fand I nane.  
Never since the banquet of time  
Found I a virgin in her prime  
Till late this bonnie maiden I saw  
As spotless as the morning snaw..."

The frere tells Kilmeny that because she is "spotless" she has been spirited away "frae the snares of men" to be forever immune from sin and death. The frere's companions greet her warmly and elaborately. The pleasant occupation of the entire countrie, it seems, is watching over "fair womankind," and all regard Kilmeny as a jewel among femenitye.

After Kilmeny is ceremoniously dunked in the "stream of life" to give her immortality, the beings cause her to be borne like the wind ("she wist not how, for she felt not arm nor rest below") through the coruscating light of that world till at last she is seated on a mountaintop. The spirits tell her to watch and listen and "note the changes the spirits wrought, for now she lived in the land of thought."

The poem's most descriptive passages tell of the visions she sees. Some of these lines follow:

"She looked, and she saw nor sun or skies  
But a crystal dome of a thousand dyes:  
She looked, and she saw nae land aright,  
But an endless whirl of glory and light:  
And radiant beings went and came  
Far swifter than wind, or the linked flame.

.....  
She saw a people, fierce and fell,  
Burst frae their bounds like fiends of hell...  
Till the cities and towers were wrapped in a blaze,  
And the thunder it roared o'er the lands and the seas.  
The widows they wailed, and the red blood ran,  
And she threatened an end to the race of man...

.....  
She saw till the sorrows of men were bye  
And all was love and harmony;  
Till the stars of heaven fell calmly away  
Like flakes of snaw on a winter day..."

Then Kilmeny begs to see again her own country, so she can tell her friends "of the place where she has been, and the glories that lay in the land unseen," and so that she can warn all fair young virgins that "all whose minds unmeled / unblemished remain shall bloom in beauty when time is gane." So Kilmeny is lulled to sleep



and when she wakens she is back in the greenwood bush, all "happed with flowers" as before. After seven years in the "land of thought," Kilmeny is home.

On earth again, she still loves to "raike [range] the lanely glen," and she keeps "afar frae the haunts of men." When she sings hymns of the other world "in ecstasy of sweet devotion," all the wild beasts and the birds of the woodlands pause to listen. "It was like an eve in a sinless world."

But when a month and a day passed, "Kilmeny sought the greenwood wene" once more and again fell into a deep slumber. She was seen no more among living men.

"She left this world of sorrow and pain,  
And returned to the land of thought again."

### ONCE OVER LIGHTLY

I received the fourteenth SAPS mailing on 10 March 1951. The original bundle must have been lost in the post somehow, and I look a bit suspiciously at my address as given in Spectator -- "Minneapolis, Mich." -- wondering if that could be the reason. Since I stood the strain of waiting very well (I've gotten much more anxious about overdue shipments from Unger), my only emotional reaction to the incident is to feel insulted at they's confusion of the utopian state of Minnesota with the horrid state of Michigan. # That other miscue in the roster -- where it says "Ray C. Higgs #15" instead of "15. Ray C. Higgs" -- may insult Ray. If he knows what a Type 15 fan is. # While it probably was wise in this case, your idea of postponing the mailing in order to receive more mags should not be made a practice. Once you get the membership convinced you're not going to observe deadlines, they'll be lax about publishing promptly and their mags will be dragging into Box 239b weeks late. For my part I'd rather receive mailings on time rather than get 200-page mailings. # So now the SAPS has got an OE and an EO. But why an elective EO, for the god sake?

The reason the SAPS doesn't have any magazines resembling Nekromantikon or Orb, G. M., is that we don't want 'em. Individzines are, after all, another breed of cat. You seem to realize that, despite your complaint, because Gem Tones, while certainly not the best sapszine in existence, was a good example of the personal fanzine that is the backbone of FAPA and SAPS. And I liked it better than Nek or Orb. # Seems to me it's the highbrow type that likes Spike Jones, though I've often heard that remark, "I must be a lowbrow -- I like Spike Jones." Of course, there are a few lowbrows that like him for the same reason they like any corny band, but the highbrow is the real SpJ fan, admiring the satire of his stuff. The guy that categorizes SpJ with Spade Cooley doesn't even know there is satire there. # You can take this any way you want, but I don't like Jones. Harry Warner verbalized my reason fairly accurately when he said "listening to Spike Jones is like listening to the same old joke over and over and over." I do like Burl Ives, though, and own most of his records, except for those horrible disks he did a few years ago with the Andrew sisters. But how does an heroic story of a G.I. dying in the Solomons -- told in "Rodger Young" -- resemble a "wistfully sweet ghost story by Bradbury"? # As the author of several science fiction crosswords, I could criticize your puzzle as to technique, but your subject, Clark Ashton Smith, makes me so sick that I hate to pursue the subject further. # Your poem, "A Glance at the Sky Before Retiring," is itself proof that we don't always regard the stars so patronizingly. In fact, I doubt if such a remonstrance is necessary: we're naturally inclined to stand in awe of the stellar universe because of its vastness, and naturally disinclined to stand in awe of things like spiders, quackgrass, angleworms, and algae because of their insignificance. But aren't such things equally as marvelous as supernovae and galaxies?



Wastebasket was like Sirius of mailing #13: beautiful from the outside, not so hot inside. Some of the material was good, though. # I agree with Mack Reynolds that there's a place for the short and the short-short in stf, as elsewhere. I'd add Damon Knight's "To Serve Man" to the list of stories tending to prove that fact, and I'd omit "The Green Hills of Earth" -- because Heinlein's story was part of the future history and thus had a larger background than a regular short story can develop. You could read it in vacuo, of course, but knowledge of the future history was necessary for full enjoyment of the yarn.

Egoboo is about the only payment you get for publishing an apazine, isn't it, Coswal? And there seems to be a definite relationship between the health of a fantasy apa and the number of mailing reviews: The active apa will naturally cause more comment than a less active one, and I've a theory that mailing comments act to help an apa toward activity. If you know you'll receive some comments, you're apt to publish more than you would knowing that nobody will ever remark on your effort. So please continue your reviews, Walter. # You're too modest. I'd remember "Coswal in Minneapolis" even without the streetcar-breakdown incident. # Yes, there are deadheads in every apa, but you do get 100 per cent of the magazines that are published. I call that 100 per cent return in exchanges. # This has been a review of AAAAA Plus, whatever that title may signify.

Those blind spots in Snulbug were my fault. When Elsberry came over to run the magazine off, he asked if he should bring some ink and I told him no, I had plenty. But when he arrived, I found the ink wasn't plentiful, after all. So we had to go easy on the ink, and Snulbug turned out to be one of the poorest mimeod mags Gafia Press has published since Astra's Tower #2. # Even worse than misspelling the publishing house name, "Charnal House," was "solicious science limmericks"! # Outside of these criticisms, I thought Snulbug an excellent newcomer. I even enjoyed the Stan Kenton item. But who is Art Van Damme? Damme if I ever heard of him before Elsberry mentioned him.

Art, was your decision to continue Spacewarp as an individzine really based on wanting to stick to the mag "with the headstart" or was it at least partly based on having an already stencilled cover at hand with the Spacewarp title? No matter, I'm glad to see you back with a mag of any name. # I can't remember whether I ever wrote you the news, but I actually solved that damn cryptogram. I shudder at the backward way I went at it: I began by trying to fill in the second 'gram first -- figuring the three-letter words were "the" and "and." It wasn't till I got a few of these letters transposed to the first 'gram that I realized that "Hail, Spectator Amateur Press Society" was the message in that first puzzle. Let's not have another!

Seriously I suspect the Coles were lucky to be without fan contact and will come to feel toward Lee Jacobs the same way reactionary Japanese must have felt toward Perry. Despite their grandiose plans, I'll bet Les and Es really don't have their hearts in this. Prove me wrong! # Till I read Orgasm I hadn't the faintest notion that Les and Es were man and wife; I thought they were brothers, like the Cox boys from Lubec. Maybe I should have read one of their letters in TWS or somewhere. I never did, far as I know. After all this reverse egoboo I'd better mention right here that the Coles sound like interesting people, worth listening to. # Why couldn't Draw One be a typical W.D.C. product despite its Jersey origin, Lee? Would you deny Captains Courageous was typically British just because it happened to be written in Vermont?

Even though it's not officially part of the mailing, I'm going to review Alpha and Omega here. Who objects? # Sneary's article was, of course, excellent and informative. His remark about getting rest on a trip to a con reminds me how tired I



was at the Cinvention after that bus trip. And one of his tips on meeting VIPs is a classic: "If it is a private party they will tell you; if not, you are excepted." # Your review of The Devil in Massachusetts was well done, Meg. But let's not sell "the good Dr. Mather" short just because of the witch trials. # The superstition about redheads is new to me. So my red hair is the mark of the devil, huh? True, no doubt! But the "notorious quick temper" that accompanies red hair isn't present in my case. And I'll bash anybody who claims differently.

SHORT SHOTS: In Bob Silverberg's "Messenger" in The Purple Bem, I liked the idea of the messenger being reduced in size to fit the spaceship. # Bill Venable's sketch, "Heritage," struck me as one of the better items in the mailing. It was in Gnuoy, which title still causes me to shudder. # Revoltin' Development: your awe at the smallness of Nebraska towns exactly parallels that of Widner going to the '41 Denvention. See "20,000 Leagues Over the Road" in Spaceways. # That was excellent hekto-art in The Outsiders, Wrai. The pic of Long John Silver (I presume) was the best of the lot. # In Sapsides, the list of C. L. Moore's tales is incomplete: she wrote "Fruit of Knowledge" for Unknown, remember. The name of her Leaves yarn was "Werewoman." # "Secret Weapon" by Eney, published in Zap, is one of the cleverest short-shorts I've seen. It certainly should be salable. Why don't you submit it to some editor who'd pay for it, Richard? Don't you like money?

#### LETTER TO A FLYING SAUCER

Look down, flying saucer men, look down upon a long white highway that stretches from horizon to horizon straight as faith, across a great plain that is the most perfect example of the two-dimensional that nature can obtain. Along this highway races an automobile, bright green and yellow, glittering with chrome.

Inside the car, driving it with a degree of nonchalance which is at variance with the speed of travel, is a paunchy 35-year-old man. His necktie is loosened, his collar-button opened, and his shirt-sleeves rolled to the wrist. His straw hat lies on the seat between himself and his wife. Two or three half-grown youngsters scuffle and quarrel in the back seat.

Ahead of the speeding car a heat-haze shimmers, distorting the world's edge where the road leads. Behind the car, pale clouds billow where the sky curves down. The driver of the car is the average American. He doesn't know where he's going -- he scarcely knows where he has been -- but he's on his way.

Notice his automobile, flying saucer men. Notice that it is astonishingly overpowered. If he used all the power latent under that shiny hood the man would break all speed laws and place himself in danger of instant death, for human nerve and muscle react too slowly to avert catastrophe under such conditions. The man is already breaking a few speed laws, driving as fast as he dares. Yet he really is in no particular hurry.

If the average American should lose control of his car, swerve into the ditch, and bounce over and over till the gleaming machine was reduced to a tangle of steel and rubber, his name would appear on page 5 of tomorrow's newspapers and no one would be greatly upset. Machines like the one he drives take more than 30,000 victims every year. People consider this unfortunate, but inevitable.

If the average American's automobile should break down and wheeze to a stop on this empty highway, the man would lift the hood and peer thoughtfully down into the hot, oily engine. He would fiddle with a sparkplug here, a wire connection there, but if the trouble was more than an empty gas tank, he would be unable to start the



machine again. Despite his frequent prideful boasts about American mechanical know-how, the average American knows little about the machine he drives so jauntily.

Behind the man in the car, a thousand miles behind, his neat suburban home stands in the midst of a green, well-trimmed lawn. Inside the locked doors a score and more gadgets stand, sit, hang, protrude, awaiting only the flick of an electric switch to perform their function -- to beat the eggs, vacuum the carpet, open a can, brown the toast, focus a video scene, percolate the coffee. The average American knows little about the intricacies of these machines, either, but he takes them for granted and would be lost without them.

Ahead of the man in the car lies California, perhaps. There are taverns with great blinking signs and blaring jukeboxes, and theaters with blazing marquees and tremendous screens crowded with Technicolored unrealities. There are roadside diners in the shape of chili-bowls and coffeepots. There are great stores with many shining windows displaying jewels and furs and hats and living-room suites and discreet bedroom outfits. There are huddles of blank white buildings surrounded by high walls in which the Technicolored fantasies are manufactured, and in these forbidden buildings many sleek, pampered persons are employed.

The universe of the average American consists only of this: in the past, the gadget-crammed house; in the present, the road leading toward a misty, but promising horizon; in the future, a more garishly-glamorous world than he left behind.

There is little need, flying saucer men, to consider the natural environment in which the American civilization stands. It is basic, of course: the strength of the American's world is rooted in the soil. But the average American has lost touch with nature. Kansas is a land to drive over, and Colorado is a place to motor to in the summer. But both places are hidden behind billboards and their natural allure is diluted with the light of flashing neon signs. The natural wonders of America are buried under a jumble of white cottages, trailer camps, and hotdog stands.

Nearer in view, and more impressive than Old Faithful and Niagara Falls to the average American, are the machines, the gadgets. Even if he is not one of the band who serves a machine directly -- repairing it, refueling it, adjusting it -- the average American is an acolyte of the whirling wheels, the meshing gears. For it is the machine that satisfies his bodily wants, and makes his a comfortable world to live in. The machine warms his winter-bound house, conveys him to work, and pours loud music over his loneliness.

Through the precise, steely agency of the machine, man is reaching farther and farther away from himself. Soon he will try for the stars.

Tell us, flying saucer men: Did you conquer space only by serving the machine? Do you streak along the sky as lost as the average American who rushes so mindlessly along the empty road? Or do you know something more than that which is manifest in your silvery disk-ships?

If you have only a super-technology, you might as well go home. You will learn nothing from us and we will learn nothing from you. Your ships are unimportant. We will be able to outfly them in three years.

But do you have a science of the mind, flying saucer people? Is sociology an exact science with you? Have you conquered yourselves? Then -- welcome to Earth!

.....  
The puudlies are budding early this year  
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