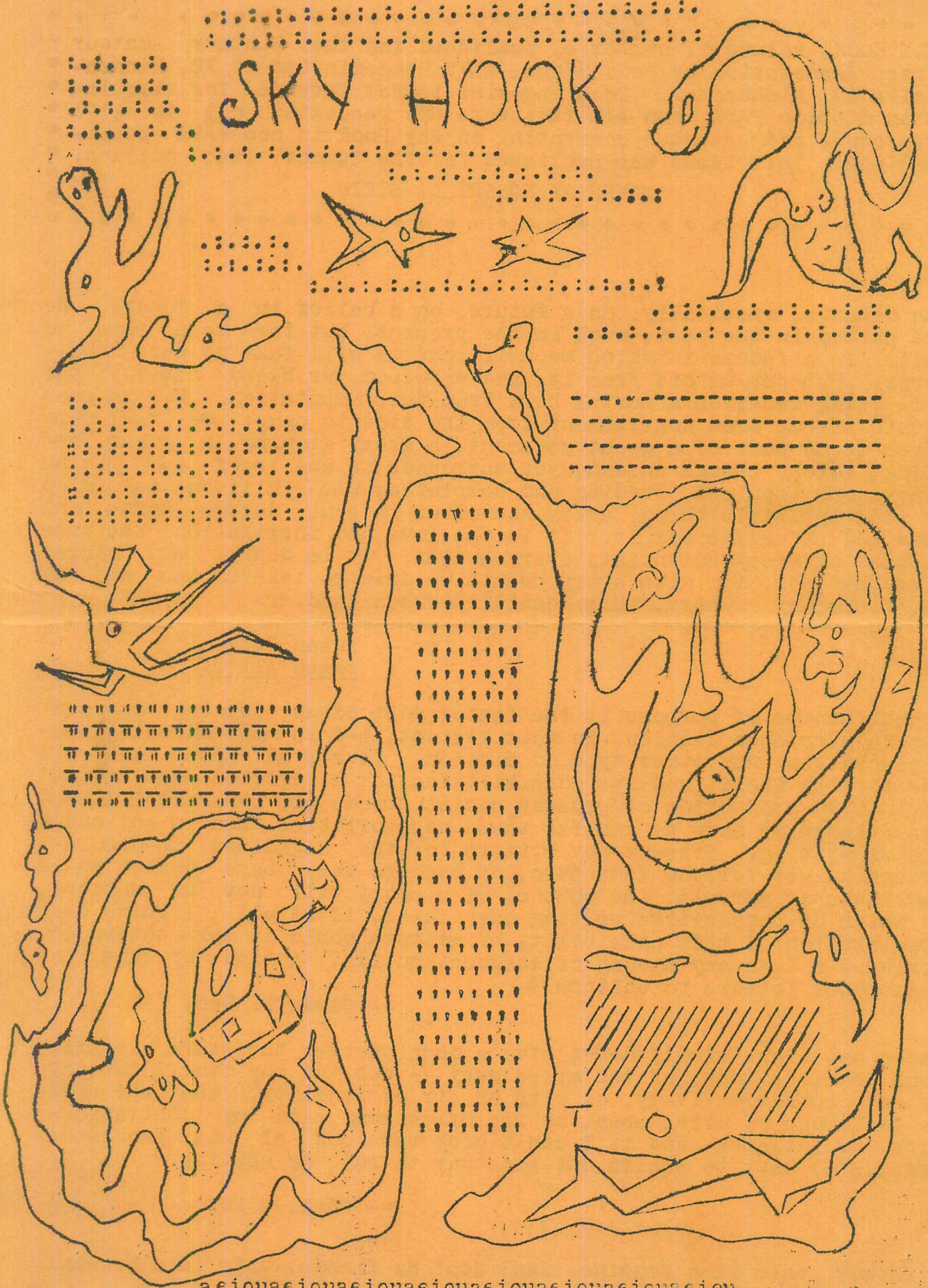


SKY HOOK



* * * * *
 * SKY HOOK, volume I, number 3, published for the Fantasy Amateur *
 * Press Association by Redd Boggs, 2215 Benjamin Street NE, Minnea- *
 * polis 18, Minnesota. This magazine is not intended for circula- *
 * tion outside FAPA, and all reviewers are requested not to give *
 * the above address when commenting on Sky Hook in non-FAPA publi- *
 * cations. This issue was published for the Summer 1948 mailing. *
 *
 * COVER BY ROBERT L. STEIN. *
 *
 * * * * *

" "

"Man depends, mystically, on a future, on a belief in a future. We
 live partly in the past, much in the present, but far more than we
 realize in a future in which we well know we will take no part what-
 soever. But cut us off from it, and we bleed, we bleed fatally; the
 whole being receives a mortal hurt from this amputation. For in some
 psychic way we draw nourishment from the time to come: we feel our-
 selves to be part of a great movement, a great growing, a great be-
 coming, which, though unseen, yet surrounds us and is of us, giving
 life to our impulses, feeding and completing us. Millions have died
 for this invisible thing; every one of us in some degree works and
 plans and struggles for it. It is the love and inspiration, the true
 mistress of every scientist, every artist. It is dearer and closer
 to us than now, for with every breath we draw we take in the air of
 this necessary country, this hopeful horizon land."

-- Susan Ertz,
Woman Alive.

"Consciousness of purpose is the factor most often lacking in con-
 temporary science fiction. In this respect, s-f is more advantageous-
 ly placed than any other type of fiction. It has all space and all
 time for its field, and its possibilities for allegorical satire and
 imaginative projection of present social trends are unparalleled. Yet
 less attempt is made to realize these possibilities than in any other
 type of writing. Present-day writers for the magazines choose s-f
 through a lust for the fantastic, or because they hope that, in a
 wilderness of marvels, the absence of a story will not be noticed,
 and think of purposive writing only later, if at all. I think that
 a realization of this possibility by writers would do more toward im-
 proving s-f than any amount of leagues, guilds, actions by fans, or
 impassioned letters to editors."

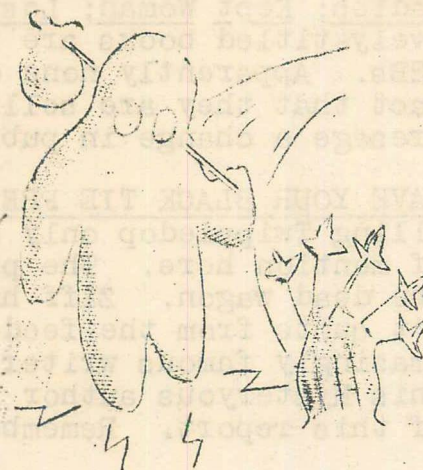
-- Clyde F. Beck (1936).

"There are times when I don't give a damn whether the stars are tril-
 lions of miles away, or ten miles away -- but, at any time, let any-
 one say, authoritatively, or with an air of finality, that the stars
 are trillions of miles away, or ten miles away, and my contrariness
 stirs, or inflames, and if I can't pick the lock of his pronounce-
 ments, I'll have to squirm out some way to save my egotism."

-- Charles Fort.

My fiends, this is a fenzine. Zap! Zap! My fiends, this is a fenzine.

THE LOGIC OF ILLOGIC. In regards the article presented in this issue under the by-line of one S. K. Rewd, the editor expresses amaze that this Svengali-like alter ego of Roger P. Graham should be able to insinuate his gross propaganda into these pages, or to wrangle an invitation to do so in the first place. Sky Hook remains officially neutral in any and all feuds between RPG and the J; furthermore, it remains personally inclined toward loyalty to the #1 Face on account of multitudinous extenuating circumstances. Therefore the appearance here of the Grahamanuscript can only be explained by referring to our original intention, that of assisting a fellow Fapate accrue sufficient activity credit to remain a member in good standing. On this darksome day, with the RPG article mimeographed and unalterably consigned to page 5 of this issue, it becomes daemonically evident that when Mr. Rewd exposes several of our more prominent Faps as unutterable worms driven who-knows-where by the electric shocks of obscure psychic force, he subtly includes Sky Hook's editor in the lowly category. Move aside, Forry, I want to turn.



T W I P P L E D O P

MERWIN REVIEWS FAPA. Why did Sam Merwin, Jr., in reviewing the Winter FAPA bundle, call the poetry in Sky Hook #1 "some of the worst verse ever"? I'm not mortally hurt by this devastating criticism (I shall "philosophically carry on") but this part of his review strikes so close to home that I am wide open for a charge of wounded pride or something similar when I propose that FAPA mailings henceforth not be sent the promags for review. Actually, the blast at Sky Hook's poetry is not the reason I advance this suggestion. The whole Startling review was displeasing to me. Certainly the indefinite and inaccurate statements concerning FAPA's function and purpose are not calculated to bring in many new recruits, nor are individual reviews themselves capable of eliciting an ecstatic response from non-Fapans. Merwin struck the right note in commenting that Fapazines are "highly personal", but later it is evident that he fails to recognize this feature when such stalwarts as Horizons, H-1661, Phanteur, Plenum, Ego-beast, Synapse and others fail to receive "A" listings. Probably some fans will be attracted to FAPA by the prospect of getting under a "golden shower" of fanzines, but I'm afraid they'll be disillusioned when the first mailing arrives. Merwin undoubtedly means well, but he is ever overly impressed and enthusiastic about large, thick mags, those with artwork and little else, and -- for some FooFoo reason -- those featuring indexes (I said indexes) or bibliographical material. I wonder how many words he reads in the fanzines he reviews? Considerably fewer than there are in this paragraph, I think.

THE FINE ART OF TITLING. What is influencing the great American reading public of late -- the summer weather or the Kinsey report? A few days ago, while combing the newsstands, I was struck by the number of spicily-titled paperbacks displayed -- indicative of some trend, it would seem, as the book publishers use drastic methods to move their deadwood off the stands. (Pocketbook sales have been poor, of late.) At one newsstand, I noted down these titles: Restless Passion; Three

Gorgeous Hussies; Unwilling Bride; A Touch of Passion; Virgin By Day; Ecstasy Girl; Illicit Honeymoon; The Villain and the Virgin; Loose Ladies; Kept Woman; Lost Virgin; Unfaithful Lady. All these suggestively-titled books are illustrated with colorful covers featuring BBBs. Apparently none of the books "have anything in them", but the fact that they are selling on the strength of their breezy titles may presage a change in public morals -- I mean, an apparent change.

HAVE YOUR BLACK TIE PRESSED. A letter that arrived while I was stenciling Twippledop only a few minutes ago carried a paragraph worthy of mention here. The paragraph: "News - Amazing may be slated for the dead wagon. Ziff has an idea - fill in the rest." This tip isn't quite from the feed-bag -- it didn't come from RAP, but from an Amazingly famous writer (not RPG). If I could tell you exactly who this Mysterious author is, you could judge for yourself the accuracy of this report. Remember, you read it here first!

WHAT'S IN A NAME? One of the prominent figures in the recent Democratic convention was Governor Laney of Arkansas. I wonder if he is any relation of F. Towner Laney? Because the governor is a leader of the "Dixiecrat" wing of the Democratic party, I doubt if ftl would care to boast of it even if he were kin of the Arkansas politician. I mention it only because I recently noticed that I, too, may have a relative who is in high public office -- one Hale Boggs, congressman from Louisiana. Because my family tree is traceable to Connecticut, whence my forebears migrated to Indiana in the early 1800s, Congressman Boggs must be a very distant relative. At any rate, since he represents a state of the Deep South, I am prepared at any time, upon learning of Mr. Boggs' congressional record, to deny flatly any relationship whatsoever with this person. Yo'all heah me?

THE MYSTERIOUS EAST. Frank Morgan was telling Don Ameche about the magnificent suite he occupied while visiting the royal family of Siam. "The rooms adjoined a harem of 2000 sloe-eyed beauties," said Frank. "The suite was opulent, draped with rich silks, carpeted with ankle-deep rugs from fabulous Persia, and decorated with gold and rare jewels set by master craftsmen. The bathroom was down the hall," he added candidly. "Incredible!" exclaimed Don. "Uncanny!" admitted Frank.

THE FAN I NEVER MET. There was a fellow fan at the newsstand the day I bought my August Astounding, but somehow I never spoke to him. He was holding a copy of aSF and was talking loudly to a companion: "Why, I've read this magazine for 20 years," he said, with the trained accuracy of the scientist. "You remember when they dropped the atomic bomb on the Japs? Hell, that was old stuff. They had atomic bombs in this magazine -- I'll bet as early as 1931 or '2. Heck, I knew they'd have atomic bombs before the end of the war. Why, I was telling a buddy on Saipan...."

FAPA ELECTIONS. Sky Hook probably will be postmailed this time, but perhaps it's not too late to urge you to vote for Sneary for president; Burbee for v-p; Laney for o.e.; and myself as treasec. I promise to support the Laney-Burbee Get 'Em Out on Time policy, if elected. I've heard little about the elections -- maybe ftl and Burb are supporting someone else for treasec, which is okay with me. I still support the on-time twins.

SCIENCE AND INANITY

An Introduction to Tangential Semantics

By S. K. Rewd

HAVING been invited by Redd to use up some of his pages in Sky Hook, and being too lazy, I have cunningly invited Senhor Rewd to be my ghost writer. As you have probably surmised, Mr. Rewd is that well-known ex-fan -- and what ex-fan doesn't go by that name? For that matter, what fan doesn't? So here he is. Take it away, S. K.!

-- ROG PHILLIPS.

Mr. Graham's punning on my name is quite out of order. If there were any other way to contact you FAPAians, believe me I wouldn't put up with it. Mr. Ackerman and I have only one major point of disagreement. I do not believe Graham to be socially acceptable. All other points of disagreement between me and Acky are minor beside this. How can anyone tell if a person is socially acceptable after seeing him through a haze of mortar fire and the smoke from dozens of snipes picked up in the gutters of Bixelstrasse? I don't know.

I would like to say something about professionals joining FAPA and preventing fans from joining. Graham, Phillips, or whatever he may be, is a professional. A pro is NOT a fan. There should be some change in the constitution of FAPA to permit Graham to be an honorary member, and leave his membership open to a fan. That should go for all other professionals, including Acky, who is a pro at something, they say. From the last mailing I would say that Acky is a professional on picking the wrong horse, which puts him out of the amateur fan class.

Why is it that all attackers of this fabulous Graham are more than willing to give him supernatural powers? Rick Sneary says Graham could make the judge confess in fifteen minutes. Howard Miller (poor fellow, I visited him at the Banning hospital the other day and he is convinced Graham caused the Columbia River flood in an attempt to wipe out the Portland Science-Fantasy Society), painted Graham as a ghoulish whose goal is pushing fans over the brink. The fact that he is one of Graham's friends makes no difference. Even Milt Rothman, after spending several pages proving Graham a crackpot, comes right out and states that only future generations can prove him one because he thinks of everything and is too smart to catch up. Graham himself is amazed at it. He says the way things are turning out, his worst enemies are his most sincere boosters . . . which seems about the way it is.

I've known the jerk ever since we were born. We are two spirits occupying the same body, and I never get much of a chance to express myself. In my opinion Graham needs a little debunking. The de Courcys once said he had a conscious I.Q. of 150 and a subconscious with an I.Q. of 500. Dick Shaver once wrote, "You're a nice guy, Rog, but I hate your subconscious." That's the effect this "socially acceptable" ass has on people who know him well. Actually, he isn't so smart. He's just a master of tangential semantics, and since no one

else even knows what tangential semantics is, he has the edge over them.

Basically, tangential semantics is an operational procedure synthesized from the premise that all uttered or written words are the end product of a psychological adjustment to a situation. Where the semanticist confines himself to the neumena referred to by the statement, the tangential semanticist concerns himself with the psychological maladjustments that gave rise to the statement.

Where the semanticist attempts to answer logic with logic, the tangential semanticist only SEEMS to, while effecting psychotic changes in the opponent. These psychotic changes cause the opponent to do things that defeat his own purposes. Not being fully acquainted with his own maladjustments, he is more or less helpless under this kind of thing. He feels that the tangential semanticist is crooked, activated by wrong purposes, and after a few contacts tends to overestimate the abilities of him. He fears him because he has no conception of what has been going on. He doesn't realize that when he says something he is completing a psychological adjustment without having known there was a maladjustment, and that the statement not only tells what the words themselves state, but also gives away the whole process of adjustment and its weaknesses.

He exposes himself to manipulation by indirection and winds up being a puppet whose eyes are fixed hypnotically on semantics and unable to see the two-inch steel cables tied to his basic metabolism. That is the secret of Graham's power. Fortunately for fandom Graham is motivated by entirely unselfish and correct motives and has the interests of fandom at heart, or he could be a worse ass than he is.

With this expose of the fabulous Graham, Acky can now realize that his continued silence after his first open letter was a manipulated silence. Rick can realize that his account of the Graham visit was composed almost verbatim by Graham ahead of time, even though he thought it all out of his own thoughts, and wrote it by himself.

The only thing wrong with tangential semantics is the fact that the user of it is also the victim of his own urges toward adjustment of psychological maladjustments, and therefore tends to fall victim to his own weapon. His strength lies in the fact that if his opponent COULD use it effectively, he could eliminate most of his own maladjustments and lose track of the necessity for opposition against his former "enemy".

Thus, if and when Acky, Rick, the de Courcys, et al, can meet Graham on his own ground, they will not oppose him but join him. Their opposition is a function of their maladjustments, not a legitimate course of action of one who is right. Graham is not a superduper sleeping giant with supernatural powers, but just an ordinary bloke who is maladjusted or he would be much farther up the ladder than a hack writer and embryonic scientist. But unlike Laney he is trying to iron out his psychoses by action rather than self-analysis. In the end he stands a better chance of succeeding.

And now, if I haven't made all this drivel convincing, I hope I've at least made it entertaining. If I haven't, or even if I have, if Graham ever reads this I'll be yours truly, S. K. Rewd.

TORCON TOPICS

NEVER wear a pair of almost-new shoes to a convention! I did, and the resulting blistered heels crippled me to such an extent that I had to creep around Toronto, painfully commuting between the Rai Purdy studios and the Westminster hotel, and missing most of the between-sessions fun that comprises a good percentage of the enjoyment of a world stfcon.

Furthermore, the MFS gang (Poul Anderson, John Gergen, Gordon Dickson, Manse Brackney and Dale Rostomily and I) arrived in Toronto a day late, missing two sessions. Considering these factors, I feel it impossible to write any sort of a Torcon Diary, such as I planned. Instead, I'll report only a few random observations and impressions.

Soon after we left Minneapolis, Manse Brackney gave us an authentic report on the kinds of beer we'd find available along the way. Someone commented, "I've heard trips described in number of miles to travel, or number of states to cross, but this is the first time I ever heard of one described in terms of 'beer regions'." # At Jackson, Mich., Manse was overcome by nostalgia as he pointed out the Otsego hotel, scene of the 1942 Michicon, where he had saved Phil Bronson from a horrible fate when Phil lackadaisically tried to walk down a fire escape that wasn't there.

During a discussion between Sam Moskowitz and the Michifens concerning the next convention site, Sam was explaining why he didn't want New York to get the bid -- he was afraid the ESFA, which was not backing the bid, and more particularly he himself, would be saddled with all the work. Someone innocently asked Sam, "Are you a member of the ESFA?" Sam growled, "I'm the director." # Sam of the magnificent bulk and matching bass voice is admirably equipped for furious bull-sessioning. Interrupting him was like derailing the Superchief with a hairpin. It was interesting to watch Will Sykora, who stepped out of "The Immortal Storm" to appear at the Torcon, debate with the Foghorn. Although Will is of slighter build and boasts only a light tenor, he was able, through some alchemy, to hold up his end of the argument with amazing ease. It must take practice. # Too bad a shorthand reporter wasn't on hand to record Sam's fine impromptu book report on The Machine Stops (Forster), which he roared out at the same bull-session, there on the street at 1 a.m.

Mrs. Keller was highly amused at the behind-the-scenes political intrigue that led to Cincinnati's successful bid for the '49 con. As we climbed the stairs from Sam's room up to the smoke-filled room where the Cinfens were gathered, she made like a skulking Injun before venturing into the corridor. # Pong's house dick-hotel manager coup was one of the high spots of the con. Probably this writer was the only one in that room who suspected; my chuckles fortunately went unheard till Korshak reached the aghast climax of his phone conversation: "Tucker?" Maybe I would have been unsuspecting, too -- if I hadn't answered the door when Tucker knocked and told me to tell them he was the house detective, but I've never heard of a hotel manager who flatly told a paying guest "I'll toss you out on your silly ear."

Forry exhibited a mighty pile of correspondence which had been forwarded from Los Angeles -- dozens of letters and postals demand-

THE TRAVELLERS

Let us travel quickly
down the dark road to somewhere
beyond this pool of loneliness
whose central bubble is my heart,
whose darkened waters whirl out of mind
beyond the restless wind and the night.

Let us travel ever faster
till the car stands still
and the forests of night and terror
flee in a murky blur,
curving out of the headlights' glare
along the road of lonely dark.

Let us travel
beyond the thunder of living
like dark-long shadows sweeping the night
under a strange rushing of clouds;
somewhere there is moon-silver and warmth,
and life is more than a torrent of death.

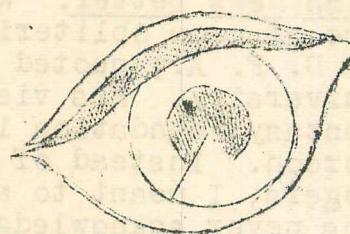
ing answers. He scribbled a few quick replies, writing on hotel stationery with that famous green ink of his, during the session on splitting the convention profits. # For some FooFoo reason, there didn't seem to be anything I could say to Ackerman. Only thing that came to mind was Laney's Memoirs -- honest to ghod! -- and that didn't seem quite the thing to discuss with Forry.

Apparently both platform speakers and bull - sessioners forgot where they were occasionally. A common phrase was, "In this country ...". It seems they referred to the United States. # Mildly steinal note: Across the street from the Rai Purdy studios was a large sign advertising "Planet Bicycles". # At the final afternoon session I finally had the pleasure of meeting those two swell Faps, Norm Stanley and Rusty Hevelin, two of the most personable fans present at the con. Norm melancholily wondered whether he'd get Fan-Tods out in time to remain a Fapate (I hope he did!) and whether he could keep it from bulking over 40 or 50 pages (hope he didn't). Rusty was informative on such subjects as bomb-dodging and Rust E. Barron (probably a wearying subject to him, but I'd never heard the full story before) but he wouldn't reveal the mystery behind that title, H-1661. # Besides those already mentioned in paragraphs above, other swell guys, whom I met, included Joe Kennedy, Beak Taylor, Erle Korshak, Niel de Jack, Art Rapp, Ben Singer, etc., etc. Alas, I didn't meet everyone.

This character George O. Smith appeared to be so much at home on the platform that I half-expected him to move an easy chair behind the microphone, remove his shoes and necktie, and recline comfortably. Therefore, I was considerably surprised to see him come off the platform while Milt was playing "Ritual Fire Dance" and perspiringly observe, "Getting up in front of an audience is the toughest job in the world."

Comments on the 43rd Mailing:

To those kind Fapates who were so lenient with Sky Hook #1, the second issue of this Fapazine (in the Spring mailing) must have been a dismal letdown. Sky Hook #2 was an ambitious project, but hurriedly and sloppily produced. We apologize for the many misspelled words and typos in that issue, and also for the slender section of mailing comments. Henceforth, "Eye to the Past" will run at least four pages, come hell or heavy water, and on occasion will consume considerably more space -- as it does in this issue.



E Y E T O

T H E P A S T

New Loxygen. The only other June 31st I ever heard of was the one encountered by the FooFoo Special on the way to Denver.

Time for Union of the Free. My mind is not made up about this.

The Vampire Index. Since I've only two or three issues of Vampire, I don't anticipate ever making use of this index. Nevertheless, it was well done; I wish the work expended had been on something a bit more worthwhile.

Stfanatic. Typical first issue.

Horizons. I wonder if I lowered the value of my Winter bundle by shooting a couple more staples into my copy of Horizons? # I might modestly admit having an "absolutely phenomenal memory" if I could remember saying anything in SkHo #1 that would give Harry the idea I have one. My memory concerning fandom and fanzines circa 1941 is pretty good, but for some reason -- probably intrusion of other interests -- it isn't so good for 1946 and later. # If Wells' fiction has little but its originality to recommend it, it's strange that high school literature courses offer his mundane short stories and list such things as Mr Britling Sees It Through on the "outside reading" requirements. Frankly, I like the above mentioned novel better than most of Wells' science fiction. # Record reviews are welcome, Harry, although I'd rather they be about orchestral, not vocal, discs. I like classical music, but generally dislike operatic excerpts and concert songs. Can anyone tell me why singers always trill their R's and carry over other such affectations even when singing pop songs in the movies? I've never seen anything on the subject, but it seems to me that such vocal tricks are atavisms unnecessary to radio and records, although they might have been in the opera-house. # Incidentally, to insert a personal note: Can any of you music-fans tell me from what larger work the Bach "Air for the G String" is taken? I heard it at a Bach concert, but am unable to determine its title by asking such authorities as record store clerks. # What effect will the draft have on FAPA?

Prism. Gorgy Jr. was a neat little offspring, Stan, but I was disappointed to find such a minor offering of Mullen musings included. The Beecher story and Rasch's article were good, but I'd trade them both for a section of comparable size of editorial mumblings. # Neat cover and format.

Moonshine. Clearly inked this time, but with the crooked center line and the generally cruddy appearance, Moonshine still resembles Martian News Letter. Which is too bad, for I like ljm and his spiel. Use of some obliterate rather than xxxxx's would help considerably. # D. F. A., quoted in Sky Hook #1, is a professor at some Western university. His views on war were written a few years ago. # The Fantasy Foundation is a subject I forgot to mention to Forry at the Torcon. Instead of sitting there like a kid just introduced to Roy Rogers, I meant to ask him whatever became of the buck I sent (it was never acknowledged) and whatever became of the FF itself. Unfortunately Forry seems much too busy to do anything with the organization, and I'm afraid the FF is, except for its library, a dead duck. Potentially, it was of more value than the NFFF.

One Fan's Outlook. I confess I've read three or four times the comment following SKY HOOK-- but I've yet to connect it with anything in SkHo #1. # Keep up the mailing comments, Stan, and how about some other stuff, too?

Fanomena. This all-Keller number was more diversified in content than I had expected. I liked "The Art of Writing" and "None So Blind" by Keller, and Andy's critique. The several tributes to Keller were painfully marred by the commercialism that crops up in most of them. Chad Oliver's letter was by far the most interesting. # The sign of the burning hart on the cover is twisted too far full-face to be accounted for even by a freakish wind. Essentially, the drawing is an architectural study and as such has a static quality that spoils it for me. If only Chris Wren were standing in the doorway # Andy is potentially one of the major editor-publishers in our midst and I'm impatiently awaiting the time he issues a fanzine that really clicks on all counts. It shouldn't be long.

Plenum. Strange thing about your two rules for fanzines is that several of the most popular Fapazines violate both the rules every issue.

(Fapa)Snix. Writing it "Ed. Cox" is almost as bad as the way Fantasy Review writes "fanmag.". # The Out of Night reprint about Buddy Deering brings nostalgia over me in a long blue wave. The Buck Rogers strip appeared in the old Minneapolis Journal circa 1930-31 and although our family was unable to afford a daily paper in those depression days we borrowed the paper from a neighbor every day, and in that way I kept up with the Rogers strip, reading it eagerly and discussing its scientific accuracy with an older boy who lived next door (his name was William Sykora, but we called him Bill, not Will). I remember best the daily sequence, but upon reading the heading, "Early Adventures of Buddy Deering", I remembered the scene where Buddy got plastered across the forward observation-port of the Things-to-Comeish air cruiser. I had no idea that that was the very first Sunday episode of the strip. # Upon moving from the neighborhood in July 1931, I lost the opportunity of following Rogers further, but I saw occasional strips. Sometime around November 1933 I found and rescued a Sunday adventure from a snow-covered refuse heap. It may be that I still have this paper; at least until I entered the army I'd saved a thick bundle of Sunday papers containing Flash Gordon and Buck Rogers material, and it may still exist somewhere up in the attic. # FAPA should make post-mailings

illegal? One of the reasons I quit the SAPS was that I had a mag partly done for the December mailing, but was unable to finish it. With post-mailings banned, I had no recourse but to throw out the almost-completed mag. I'd hate to be faced with that possibility in FAPA. SAPS

Esdaeryos. I'm glad to note you didn't have a letter in Tympani. I looked through our back issues trying to find it and was unsuccessful. I was beginning to wonder if someone wasn't running a pirated edition of Tym. # Although difficult to read, your mailing comments were entertaining. Keep them up. # No, the titles listed on the cover of SkHo #1 were not all favorites; some of the stories I've never even read.

Light. Tigrina's surrealist film report was the only item here which inspires even a mention.

Fan-Dango. Your round-and-round on the subject of Palmer is just about as logical as any of the others I've read over the years -- but that's saying very little. I'd say your point that fandom has had just as much to do with the long feud as RAP has, is quite true. Sure, the fans were rough on the Z-D twins as early as 1939 and 1940, but they were also rough on Captain Future and Marvel (to name two examples). The latter mags bowed under some pretty unghodly attacks, but as I remember the editors took them philosophically and refused to become publicly incensed about the thing. Palmer, despite his reiterated statement that fandom is an insignificant segment of his readership, has invariably tried his utmost to keep the feud at white heat by blasting back at fandom. (One can't blame someone for joining battle with a charging lion, but fandom is just a mosquito, isn't it? Why use an elephant gun, then?) There can be little doubt that Palmer has deliberately invited attacks from fandom merely to provide openings for his own insults. # Jealousy sounds like a far-fetched reason for Forry's anti-RAP attitude, especially when there are so many better ones at hand. I don't believe it for a minute, but for the sake of argument, say that Forry turns a delicate shade of green at the very thought of RAP. Well, he'll do the same thing if you mention Mort Weisinger -- a man you strangely forgot to mention, who made a success (perhaps more modest than RAP's, but I think a success) of TWS. I never heard of Acky boycotting TWS when it was edited by his erstwhile fellow editor of Science Fiction Digest. # Many other fans have been anti-RAP besides Forry (whose leadership in the feud made itself evident only last fall). I've disliked Amz for about 8 years, but it was no more than 6 years ago that I learned that Palmer was an ex-fan. # Incidentally, I've read hundreds of attacks on, and defenses of, Palmer, but this is the first time I ever knew he was crippled. It was never mentioned before that I remember. # The egoboo from a totally unexpected quarter makes me quite willing to admit the chip on the shoulder attitude Laney charges me with in regards my remark about jazz and emotionalism. However, my query was an honest one, which was answered to my satisfaction. Laney's discovery of more c.o.t.s. elsewhere in SkHo #1 surprises me; I can't find them myself. # "Lesson in Cover-ups": The entertainment value of this sort of thing is nil; then why was it written? Certainly not to clean up fandom so that you can return to the fold? It would be just as logical for you to crusade against aberrant baseball fans.

Neophyte. Substantial subzine.

Three Eye. Continue the mailing comments, please.

Phanteur. "As Time Goes By" was one of the most amusing and truthful essays in the mailing. # Excellent mailing review. I knew who Hippocrates was, but "Hippocraties" threw me. # This is such an enjoyable magazine that I hate to contribute only five or six lines of comment about it, but everything seems to defy comment. I think I'll mention "As Time Goes By" again -- it was terrific.

Dream Quest ad. Noted.

Merger. Except for the heading, this mag is a far cry from the neatness of Dream Quest. Of course, Merger isn't as cruddy in format as some other Fapazines, but unfortunately any Wilsonzine must stand comparison with DQ. # Two superior mailing reviews here, and not much to choose between them. # I endorse wholeheartedly Art's recommendation that "Fapa...where old fans go to die", duly credited to Mr. Sneary, be "enshrined" on Fantasy Amateur's masthead. # Guess you're right, Art, that the free verse in SkHo #1 was only "lined prose"; however, I have done verse in conventional forms. In fact, a vast majority of my pomes have an attempt at rhythm and rime. # Tripoli and Forry interesting. I see Evans made it to the Torcon, just as he said he would. (I met him and what's this about d.s.e.?) # "El Sexo Fuerte" sounds mustseeable. # Your appraisal of the Merwin mags has my endorsement, Don; however, my biggest gripe against them is not their cover policy, but their letter columns. As you say, it's still the younger fans who appear there, perhaps through no fault of Merwin's (who did request some intelligent discussion). Anyhow, since the demise of the unlamented Sgt. Saturn, the letters haven't improved, and the editorial comment, while surprisingly candid, is still pretty silly. Not to mention those painful puns in the headings. If Merwin himself were more serious in the column, perhaps the letter-hack would be.

Yellum. The title strip (literal) seems considerably more censorable -- especially the "M" -- than the "jet" that was clipped out of Yellum #1 (and I saw the latter in the uncensored edition the SAPS issued). # I doubt if Alpaugh deserves to be complimented for not censoring that section from Yellum #1, although I didn't find it particularly objectionable. Froeder naturally fails to mention that, far from receiving "the unexpurgated works of fandom" when you join the SAPS, you've only a chance to do so. The last SAPS bundle I received contained some smutty poetry (non-stf) and a personal note, "Congratulations; you are receiving an uncensored version." (This was third-class mail, too!) I infer, therefore, that several censored bundles went out, probably to feminine member(s).

Ysatnaf. The cover is worse than Yellum's! # "Comes Eternity" flitted tentatively into the realm of poetry, but didn't stay very long. # "If You Don't First Succeed, Try, Try Again". "This, too, was goo" -- that's true! # Has the story anything to do with Nature Boy? # Worst thing about Sggih mags is that they consist mostly of propaganda for the next Sggih mag, which in turn consists mostly of propaganda for the next Sggih mag, which in turn....

Grulzak. "Gnome and Companions" amusing. # At a guess I'd say we have almost all the books mentioned in your article somewhere around the house, but I've only a few in my personal collection. In the latter, I've Green Mansions, Jurgen, Frankenstein and hmmm, that's all. # Uh, was it smoke rings that were censored out of Yellum? # "Public Morals" Corner: Haw! # I quit the SAPS in disgust, did you say? Well, yes. I thought Cosmic Circle Commentator a lesser waste of stencils than some of the SAPSmags I received while I was a member. JoKe pronounced his own opinion of the SAPS when at the Torcon I asked him about his publishing plans. He finished up answering that by remarking, "The SAPS isn't very profound but it's a lot of fun." I'd say the fun comes from producing their mags in the one-shot tradition, and not from reading them afterward. # Wonderful bacover. But who is the punchy pachyderm just staggering up to the fatal gate?

SAPS

Solipsist. Was the mirror-writing intended or did you absentmindedly use the wrong side of the stencil? # That interior is a wonder. Surrealistic, I suppose -- but what does it signify?

Sky Hook. I sent this special delivery to Burb, and it cost me more than it would have to postmail it myself.

Disturbing Element. I don't know, but it seems to me that Milt errs seriously when he intimates that Rotsler's writing style cannot compare with the veterans Laney and Burbee. I find Bill's comments almost as amusing as his artwork. The Burb influence is apparent in more than the three -- or fifteen -- lines that allegedly were snitched from a Burbee unpublished manuscript. # The pix-and-comment section was unique; let's have some more. # That sketch of the rocket-gun? flying rocket? rocketship? on the back page was a streamlined creation worthy of a Krupa or a Paul.

Damballa. Nice to see Denver coming through with two well-done Fapan efforts this mailing. Frankly, with all due respect to the Sage of Grove Street, I liked this mag slightly better than Prism. The artwork was just as good, the format was just as neat, and more important, the tone here was more Fapish. Excellent mailing comments. Altogether a pleasing mag which I hope will appear much more regularly than The Alchemist!

Atote. The opera business was amusing. Did you finally see "La Boheme"? # I liked "The Undead Die", E. E. # What's this pix supposed to be?

Glom. It seems that several of our contemporaries have misjudged Forry a little. When a book-dealer publishes a long article which tells how to pick up collector's items for a paltry 10¢ or 25¢ a piece, I submit that the above-mentioned dealer is what he claims to be -- a fan-collector first, a book-dealer second. # Ladd's article was good, but I missed the Ackermannerisms.

Ah, Sweet Idiocy! I've a pageful of comments on this sizeable slice of disillusioned teeth-kicking, but I think I'll save it till next mailing when the Memoirs are completed.

Fantasy Amateur. FAPA poll highly entertaining, especially the "contest" angle. I've often wondered how Speer, Widner, de la Ree, and

the other fan Gallups have conducted their polls; I think I'd enjoy the day-by-day tabulations myself. # It's easy to see that those who voted RPG as worst Fapan did so on the basis of personal preference, rather than on the basis of his writings. After all, his only contrib prior to last mailing was a page-and-a-half satire that proved almost nothing about his Fapotentialities. # The most saddening thing about the whole mailing is indicated by the membership list: Bob Tucker is no longer a Fapan. Neither is Burton Crane. These are two Fapates we can ill afford to lose, yet I believe few will even notice the absence of their names on the list. # I wonder why no one voted for Tom Jewett in the humorist classification? I've just read "Snow Use" in Fantasy Aspects. Had I read it earlier, in his Fapazine, I'd have voted Jewett one of the top three humorists. # Cuss you, Burb, for adding "Dean" to my name in the mailing contents list!

POST-MAILINGS

Legend of Howohpapa. I'll bet Dunk wasn't guilty of this --

The Infidel Son. -- Or this. Scrooge. Noted.

Masque. "Al Ashley, Galactic Observer" is full of beautiful Burbee prose: the part about Al's slow, majestic mental rhythm.... "they should be smart enough to solve the problem of reproduction in two or three generations".... Al's card trick.... This yarn has the ring of truth, but I refuse to believe "Al Ashley: Dime Store Krafft-Ebing" -- this must be a fabrication. # Artwork is mostly good, especially the heading for "A Visit to Ashleyopolis" and the bright-blue and yellow pic of the men leaving a spaceship. The mimeo-art was a cut above the average doodling, but except for Stibbard's gal with the huge earrings, nothing's worthy of mention. # Don't sell Rotsler short; he had three mags in this mailing -- all excellent.

Observations. This mag inspired no comment, but was read with interest nevertheless.

Synapse. I imagine the reason a "midwestern small town" is so often the setting of stories is that such a location is supposedly the most typically American and therefore most easily imagined by the reader. A setting in New England, the Deep South and most other places perforce calls for local color, which many writers cannot easily supply. I agree with your suggestion about varying settings, though, for the "small town" story, but I'd also suggest that the "big city" tale be varied -- placed in Chicago, Milwaukee, Detroit, San Francisco or St. Louis. The Ziff-Davis mags are about the only ones I recall, off-hand, that often use Chicago as the City. Chief objection I have to detective stories is that invariably they are set in Los Angeles, utilizing the phoney glamor of that overgrown little town. # Chiding of Coswal for capitalizing damon knight reminds me that the last few times I've seen dk's name it has been capitalized. These few times included by-lines in the pros, of course, but I've been of the opinion that knight had given up the uncapitalization. When Tucker sent Tympani a report of the Hydra Club Christmas party of 1947, he mentioned "Knight", which to my mind inalterably fixed it in the realm of certainty. I guess I do not know why damon wrote his name all in lower case in the first

OTHERNESS

Out of the dark recesses of the mind,
Out of the fluid regions of the id
Comes the inventive force creating otherness --
An otherness out of the void
To keep man company through the void.

Darkness hollowed out of darkness,
Darkness enveloping the sun and the swirling
mass of its planets,
Darkness flecked with the dust motes of the
universe,
Stars and planets and suns, and the dead moons.

How can man go on without an otherness?
How can he live the night?
How can he walk the darkness?

Otherness is more than love, more than hope;
Otherness is a mask to hide the face of fear;
Otherness is the clutching fingers of a man
going down for the third time into the depths.

-- R. FLAVIE CARSON.

place. He must be a little stronger than archy. # Fapate is a good term, which I'll use most of the time from now on. I see no reason for adopting Fapate -- or anything similar -- as the exclusive term for a Fapa member. I prefer to vary Fapate with Fapan, Fap, and so on, inasmuch as all are substitutes for "member of Fapa", which I presume is the official designation. # "Lost Art" wasn't exactly a Venus Equilateral story; that is, it didn't take place on the V. E. station and didn't feature Channing & Co. But it was set in the same future, and its characters later appeared in the V.E. series as minor players -- not to mention the Martian gadget, which assumed importance when exploited by the V.E. crew. # Unless memory fails me, D.F.A. himself inserted that "(sic)" in the "war now...save America" statement. The way I read it, (sic) is an integral part of the remark. After a recent re-reading of Last and First Men I look dimly on the justification for war of "salvaging something from civilization". If man survives in a savage state, I believe that eventually civilization will return, with a possibility that their culture will transcend ours. (Following this in my notes, I have "Anyhow, what good is civilization?", but that's obscure and dangerous in any case.) If man is utterly destroyed, I cannot (looking at the "catastrophe" aloofly, as one must) believe it any great loss to the cosmos. If war comes, I shall endeavor to survive in as civilized a manner as possible, but if I see my children or the younger generation "going savage", I shall make no attempt to keep them civilized, nor shall I work actively for re-establishment of government, communication, transportation, urban centers or similar developments of the present world. This is not due

to any anarchic spirit, but is a result of a belief (possibly transient) that nothing so intrinsically rotten as this civilization is should be replaced with a carbon copy, once it destroys itself. (I seem to have expressed "what good is civilization" another way, despite everything.) # Theophilus Alvor is the poet-hero of C. A. Smith's "The Monster of the Prophecy". # The borders that looked like rows of bombs were intended as a series of reiterated ideographs for hanging fruit (ref. the parable the borders enclosed.) # Your cartoon on p 11 is amusing, and I hoped as I took off for the Torcon a powerful argument against any fan who was bent this year on facetiously re-enacting the episode. Luckily Merwin wasn't present in Toronto and there was no chance for such a "joke".

Sparx. Interesting subzine -- but that "crossword"! Awk!

Burblings. "Shadow Over North Weymouth 91" is about the weirdest satire, as far as subject matter goes, that I've ever seen. HPL and GOS are so many poles apart that I'd never expect to see them both satirized in the same story. # To prove your thesis to my satisfaction, Fran, you'd have to give a breakdown showing exactly how many out-of-towners were active members at any given point in LASFS history. And calling Sneary (South Gate) and Anderson (Pismo Beach) out-of-towners seemingly is a subtle attempt to weigh statistics in your favor. In the Easterner's view, all of southern Cal is slightly insane, the malady affecting everyone from, say, Santa Barbara to National City. Furthermore, to be considered is the fact that the "atmosphere" of a club tends to perpetuate itself as newcomers are oriented and influenced by the older members, just as in an Army outfit. This adjustment has little to do with the leadership, it seems, but is more a result of the rank-and-file's influence on the "recruit". The same thing is apparent in Los Angeles itself. The city is probably composed of almost as large a percentage of out-of-towners as the LASFS is, but from all indications LA differs greatly from New York, Boston and New Orleans. If LA isn't a typical city, why should the LASFS be a "typical" fan club? # I sympathized with Daugherty in his dilemma and admired his fortitude in facing it out. # That's one lousy resemblance of Ackerman on the back page. Why, without the harlequin glasses this might be a likeness of -- of Frank Robinson or Paul Cox....

Buy your beer - postage stamps - gumdrops at Stickelmeyer's Grocery

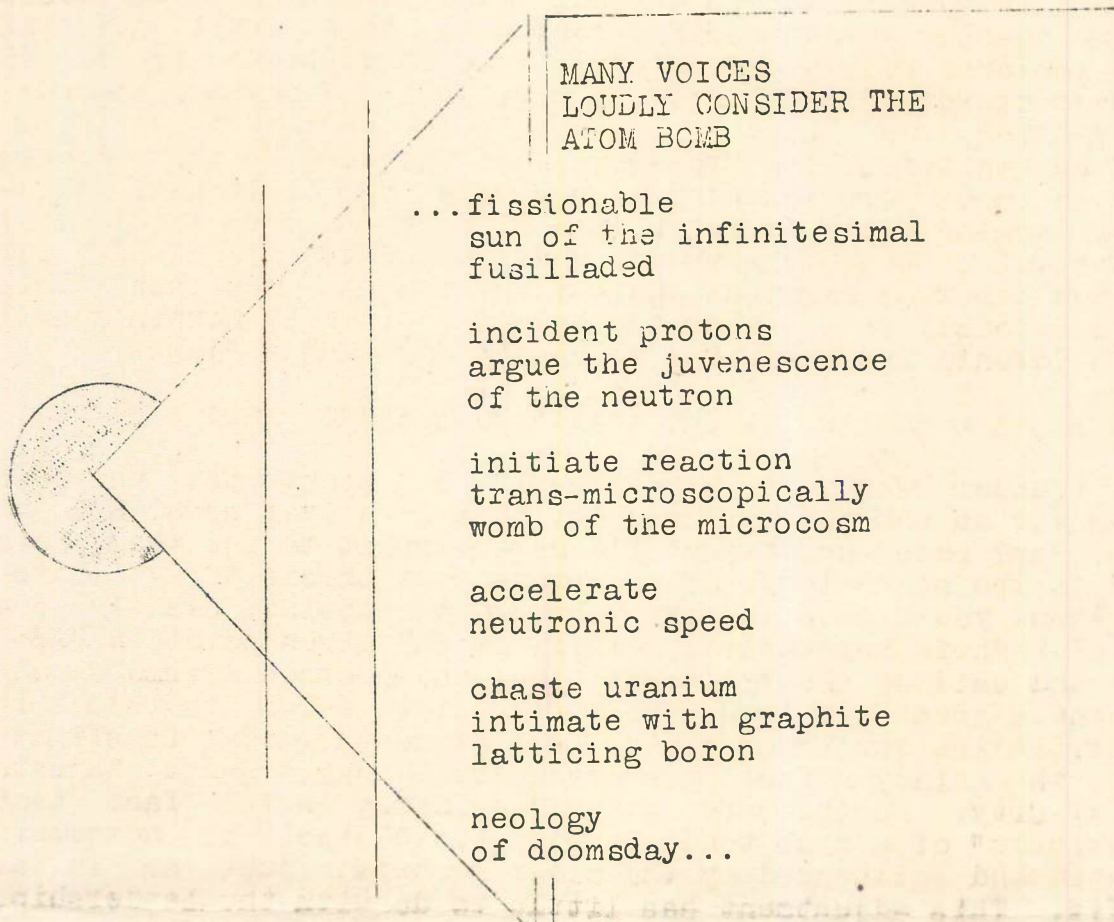
STORIES I NEVER FINISHED READING

"Ed Willis turned pale. 'What do we do now?' he asked. 'Slow her down if we can?'

'If we can,' said Oliver, 'but not yet. We've got to return to Earth and check what really happened. Three times the speed of light!' He pursed his thin lips.

It was dark when Willis finally brought the Astronaut onto the isolated Tennessee rocket field from where they had started...."

-- A Problem in Astrogation
by Matt Lee (TWS, Apr.)



MANY VOICES
LOUDLY CONSIDER THE
ATOM BOMB

...fissionable
sun of the infinitesimal
fusilladed

incident protons
argue the juvenescence
of the neutron

initiate reaction
trans-microscopically
womb of the microcosm

accelerate
neutronic speed

chaste uranium
intimate with graphite
latticing boron

neology
of doomsday...

THIS MIGHT BE CALLED A COLOPHON

WITH this issue, Sky Hook is being run off on a new Speed-O-Print which cost me \$40, although it should have been priced at some \$57, according to the dealer who knocked down the price to get rid of the thing (he's no longer handling mimeos). This new machine is a lovely piece of cranky equipment which could play the starring role in JoKe's recent Revolt of the Machines cartoon. Not only does it wad a dozen sheets through at a time, but it nudges the whole pile of blanks forward a little so they print low on the page and ink the roller. Somehow I'm looking back on the blissful days when I shoved Sky Hook through my dinky Montgomery Ward duplicator, page by page -- all by hand. # I hope to have this arrogant Sp-O-Pr conquered by next issue, FooFoo willing. If I manage to put the Indian sign on it, I'll start improving SkHo's format, as well as upping the quality of the material, which has been in the cards for some time. First harbinger of this advance will be a fistful of fine book reviews by that demon fantasy reader, Thyril Ladd. Incidentally, I'd like to mention here that SkHo is always open to Fapans who desire to accrue activity credits. I can use articles of any length, book reviews, and poetry. No mailing comments at present, please, and fiction only by special arrangement. # Can anyone invent a name for the little ghostly character whose inscrutable antics are now a regular feature of SkHo's Twippledop page?

"This is FAPA -- where 65 people gather every 3 months -- "

