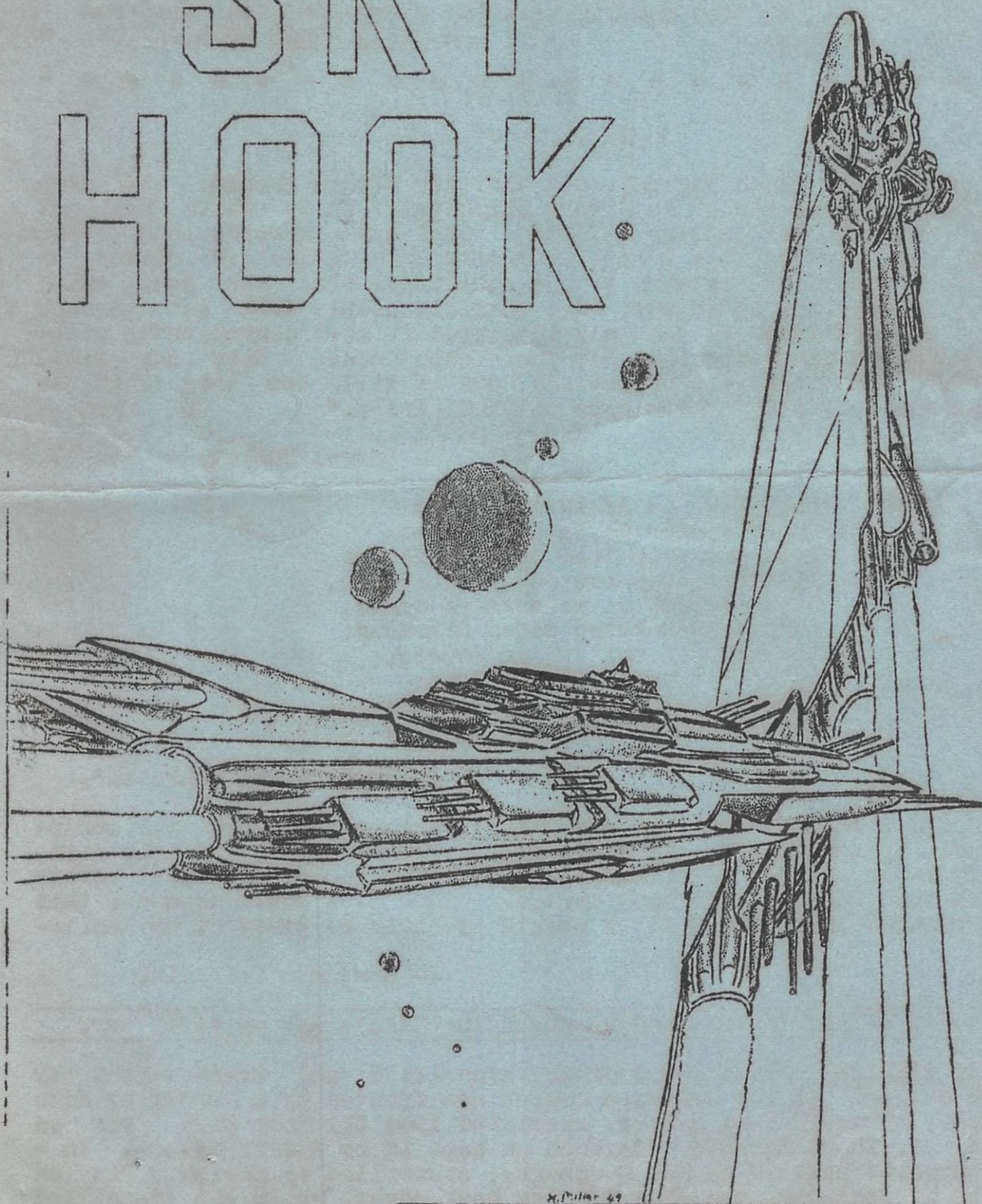


SKY HOOK



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* SKY HOOK, combined with Chronoscope, volume II, number 3, whole *
 * number 7, edited and published quarterly for the Fantasy Amateur *
 * Press Association by Redd Boggs, 2215 Benjamin St. N. E., Minn- *
 * eapolis 18, Minnesota. This issue is intended for the 48th FAPA *
 * mailing (Summer 1949), and is available for general circulation *
 * at 15¢ per copy. Opinions expressed by contributors are not *
 * necessarily those of the editor; however, all unsigned material *
 * is editorially written and reflects the viewpoint and opinions *
 * of the editor 1949. A GAFFIA PRESS PUBLICATION. *

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"...Extremes are alone logical, and they are always absurd; the mean is alone practical and it is always illogical. It is faith and not logic which is the supreme arbiter. They say all roads lead to Rome and all philosophies that I have ever seen lead ultimately either to some gross absurdity, or else to the conclusion that the just shall live by faith; that is to say, that sensible people will get through life by rule of thumb as they may interpret it most conveniently without asking too many questions for conscience' sake. Take any fact, and reason upon it to the bitter end, and it will ere long lead to this as the only refuge from some palpable folly."

-- Samuel Butler.

"Ruby Wine is drunk by knaves,
 Sugar spends to fatten slaves,
 Rose and vine-leaf deck buffoons;
 Thunderclouds are Jove's festoons,
 Drooping oft in wreaths of dread,
 Lightning knotted round his head;
 The hero is not fed on sweets,
 Daily his own heart he eats;
 Chambers of the great are jails,
 And head-winds right for royal sails."

-- Emerson, on "Heroism".

"There is, perhaps, no one of our natural passions so hard to subdue as pride. Disguise it, struggle with it, beat it down, stifle it, mortify it as much as one pleases, it is still alive, and will every now and then peep out and show itself. Even if I could conceive that I had completely overcome it, I should probably be proud of my humility."

-- Benjamin Franklin.

I don't belong to the mundane apas; the MAPA's not my territory.

ARTWORK CREDITS: Front cover drawn, stencilled and mimeographed by Howard Miller. (A few non-fapa copies are fronted by a cover by John Grossman, stencilled by Miller, reprinted from Sky Hook #5.) Pix on page 6, 11, 18 by Rotsler. Cartoon on page 15 by Radell Nelson. In - sert opposite page 20 by Bob Dougherty, stencilled by Miller. Pic on page 16 by Grossman, who also did the back cover, which was stencilled and mimeographed by Miller. A few non-fapa copies may have no bacover.

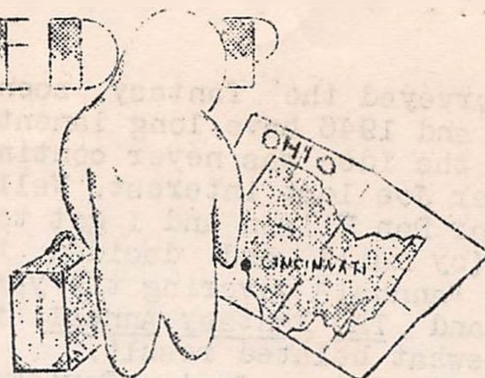
TWO PP L E E D

OPENING COMMERCIAL. With this issue, number 7, Sky Hook becomes a subzine of limited circulation. Heretofore distributed exclusively in the quarterly FAPA mailings and to a few friends, SkHk invades the subscription field -- at least temporarily -- for several reasons. First, Chronoscope (my former subzine) has folded after publishing only one issue, and this issue of Sky Hook is being sent out to fulfill existing subscriptions to that magazine. Second, I still have a somewhat foolish desire to remain active in the subscription field, until such time as a certain other project comes to bloom. Henceforth, then, SkHk will be available to non-fapans at a flat rate of 15¢ per copy. Please don't order more than four issues -- 60¢ worth -- at a time.

Because I do not intend to make any change either in format or content to generalize Sky Hook in appeal, 15¢ is frankly more than SkHk is worth to non-fapates. However, I trust that it will be of sufficient interest to warrant receiving it in place of the l. l. Chronoscope.

I do not anticipate that Sky Hook will remain a subzine for very long; this issue and the next will complete most existing subs to Ron. Nevertheless, I have decided to make SkHk available to outsiders for as long as anyone cares to subscribe at exorbitant rates. I feel that it is unfair to send an ex-Ron subscriber a few Sky Hooks and then foreclose against his receiving any more, if he wants them. I'm not going to campaign for subscriptions, and may even refuse new subs, if the mailing list grows too large.

Fapates who subscribed to Chronoscope will either get their money back or will receive copies of various publications that Gafia Press will issue from time to time.



THE INSURGENT ISSUE. Without especially planning it that way, Sky Hook this time has been taken over by the Insurgents. F. Towner Laney, Charles Burbee, Art Widner -- not to mention Bill Rotsler, the famous artist -- are all present in this issue. Not for nothing has Towner dubbed this issue Wild Hook or Sky Hair or the Rich Man's Fan-Dango combined with Burblings.

Having been busy during the past three months editing, dummying, and stencilling the Fannual, I'm glad to have these people take over Sky Hook, lock, stock, and conscience, for this issue, though I hope to make a comeback in these pages next issue. I'm fairly sure that SkHk #8 will see the beginning of a series, long planned for publication here, and tentative plans call for material by Ed Cox and Joe Kennedy, as well.

I've also elicited a half-promise from Kenneth Gray, eminent historian, MFS member, and aSF contributor, for an article here or in Foible, my Vanguard title.

Meantime, I assure you that Burbee, Laney, Widner, or any of the Insurgents, will appear here as often as I can coax material from them. This is not because I favor their "politics" particularly, but simply because they very kindly write me articles that tickle the hell out of me!

AH YES, THE FANNUAL! This is a plug for a publication I think is worthy of fan support. In brief, it is a successor to Joe Kennedy's two famous Fantasy Reviews. Those of you who own those two "annuals"

which surveyed the fantasy scene of 1945 and 1946 have long lamented that the idea was never continued after Joe lost interest. Well, last year Don Wilson and I got together (by mail) and decided to edit an "annual" covering the year 1948, and The Fantasy Annual is the somewhat belated result.

Modelled on Joe's Reviews, this Annual is bigger and perhaps better than either of his efforts. The 120-page Annual reviews 1948, under five headings: Events of the Year; Fans and Fanzines; Fan Organizations; Fantasy Books; and Fantasy Magazines.

Such people as Howard Miller, Art Rapp, Sam Moskowitz, Rick Sneary, A. Langley Searles, Philip Gray, Con Pederson, 4e Ackerman, Joe Kennedy, Francis T. Laney, Harry Warner, and quite a few others, helped us in writing the Annual, and John Grossman did the covers -- some of his best work.

The Fantasy Foundation financed the project, and the LASFS' members are doing the mimeographing. Copies will soon be available from Forrest J Ackerman, Bx 6151, Metro Station, Los Angeles 55. \$1.00 each -- and worth it.

"...ORDERLY PROGRESSION WESTWARD!" In 1940 or 1941, when such famous fans as Speer, Rothman, and maybe Perdue lived in Washington DC, they conducted a short campaign to bring the 1942 convention to that city. The Denvention, however, decided to send the 1942 con to the far west, and Washington's bid was rejected.

Though the Pacificon was, in many ways, a fiasco (not blamable entirely on the committee) I have always thought that the Denventioners were right in giving the con to the west coast, which previously had never played host to a national fan convention.

According to all reports, strongest bids for the 1950 convention will be made by Washington DC and Portland on the west coast.

At Cincinnati I intend to lend my support in making history repeat -- so that the western fans will receive the 1950 convention.

If I were the only trans-Mississippi fan who would care to attend, I'd vote for Washington; Washington is closer to me than is Portland. But there are many fans who deserve the first chance in four years to attend a world con.

The 1947, 1948, and 1949 cons were held in Philadelphia, Toronto, and Cincinnati -- all eastern cities in easy traveling distance of east coast fan centers, but far from midwest and far west fans who wished to attend. The selection of Washington DC for 1950 would make it four years in a row that the con was within a 600-mile radius of New York City -- which means at least 2000 miles from Los Angeles or Portland Oregon.

I've nothing against Washington DC or the fans there, but let's make them wait till 1951 to hold a convention there. Let's be fair to the west coasters and give them the convention of 1950!

TRUE CONFESSION. I was a 97-pound weakling. I went to the beach and a 196-pound bully kicked sand in my face. Then I discovered Atomic Tension. I gained 100 pounds. I went back to the beach. A 230-pound bully kicked sand in my face.

'RAY FOR HOLLYWOOD SAYS HOLLYWOOD!' I saw a very interesting short subject at the movies the other day. It was all about how wonderful the movies are and how wonderful they will continue to be if everybody goes to the movies and tells his friends to go.

Showing a theater growing old and neglected on the screen before our popping eyes, and a billboard with a three-quarters shot of Humphrey Bogart on it actually turning weatherbeaten and tattered in the space of a second or two, the movie told us what would happen if all the movie pal-

aces were forced to close and remain closed.

If this happened, said the movie, you wouldn't be able to see such wonderful things as THIS -- and it showed some footage from a bunch of old movies and short subjects. Whoever chose the snips of film do go in there was either a big movie producer convinced that everything Hollywood turns out is super-colossal, or else it was a saboteur with a grudge against Hollywood. Either way, it was ghastly.

One of these excerpts showed a typical wild west production, Custer's last stand perhaps, where the hero was blazing away with his Sharps like it was a semi-automatic Girand. Another showed one of those tremendous Hollywood musical comedy sets so full of girls seen from so far away that it resembled a wedding cake inhabited by termites, with a Mortongouldish musical background so lush you could almost smell the Amazon. "You won't see THIS if your movie theater closes," the movie warned, and the camera showed one of those unspeakable "Speaking of Animals" things, where various animals are made to appear to crack corny jokes and so on.

If we'd no longer have to put up with such crap, I say let 'em close the movie theaters!

This movie hinted that if we don't all go to the movies like good little dopes, the theaters will close and we'll have to go to some crummy attractions like the opera or legitimate theater. It said that this would cost more than a movie ticket. (Let's pay for value received, I say!)

Funny thing, while this frenetic bit of Hollywood propaganda was showing here, the local RKO Orpheum was featuring a kind of entertainment we haven't seen here in 15 years or so. Vaudeville was back, with 8 Acts 8 Direct From The Palace Theatre!

I saw the vaudeville attraction and, though I figure vaudeville must have been pretty bad to die out, I loved these acts. And by Klono, I'll take vaudeville instead of 90% of the new movies I have sweated through recently.

When the movie theaters do close, my eyes won't be popping, they'll be blissfully shut, and I'll be yawning.

HOT AIR CORNER. That beloved character, Paul Dennis O'Connor, a man of his word and of unquestioned integrity, has spoken out once more, calmly, sensibly. In Pan Demos he writes that he has restricted the reprint rights to The Fox Woman, which his New Collectors' Group published, in order that TFW shall remain in limited circulation among fantasites who purchased the volume from him. No paperback reprint will be published while he has anything to say about it, says Mr. Paul Dennis O'Connor.

He came to this decision merely to assure himself that the "precocious creature whose inane blatherings are always to be seen in the letter departments" will never get a chance to read the book. This "cookie", says Mr. O'C, claims he won't read The Fox Woman till it is reprinted in paperback form at 25¢. Good old Paul, for a joke haha, has decided that this poor guy will never read the Merritt-Bok volume. Clever!

Some crass readers might of course wonder why Mr. O'C should really care if some fans do wait to buy a reprint edition; after all, The Fox Woman sold out, didn't it? Surely Mr. O'Connor doesn't have mint copies for sale at \$25 each, does he? No, no, no, of course not. No.

I'm so sure good old Paul has really squeezed every cent of profit out of it that I just wonder what would happen if Pocketbooks Inc., or Bantam, or Penguin, (Concluded on page 15)

The Affective Language Of Fandom

by F TOWNER LANEY



"AFFECTIVE LANGUAGE," as those of you who've read Language in Action already know, is a peculiar type of meaningless communication. It not only conveys no real meaning, but more or less deliberately avoids any intellectual significance. Though the self-termed intellectuals tend to look down on it, Hayakawa views affective language favorably, on the ground that it is less an attempt at communication than an effort towards establishing friendly relationships. Affective language might be likened to the friendly way that unacquainted dogs smell one another's anuses and genitals. One must condone it in much the same way. After all, humans, like dogs, are essentially gregarious, and it is a pity to doom them to lives of loneliness when a bit of talk about the weather or a gentle sniff at the anus will make them fast friends.

In all probability, the bulk of human speech is nothing more than affective language. These exhaustive discussions of the weather, the styles of the new cars, sports happenings and personalities,

the show that's on at the Bijou this week, wasn't Jack Benny wonderful Sunday?, and so on ad infinitum -- none of these things are meaningful. In this affective conversation there is seldom a very definite pronouncement, no one has anything really to say. It is just friendly anus-sniffing, with no thought of communicating meaning.

Affective language, they say, is limited to mere people. Fans being star-begotten, with broad mental horizons which encompass the past present and future in one meaningful cosmic sweep, are far too intellectual to prostitute their fine minds to such in- or un-significant balderdash. Even if they themselves don't know the meaning of what they say, it must be meaningful. How can it be otherwise, when it

comes from their fine minds -- brilliant intellects which have been unfettered and set free by reading science fiction steadily since '26?

Huh!

In my own experience, fans are as prone to affective language as anyone else. The only difference between fans and people, in this respect, is that fans have their own inimitable brand of anus-whiffing. Such banalities as: "When is the new Astounding coming out?"; "What is the FAPA deadline?"; "Boy, that new van Vogt story is must-read stuff!"; "Are you going to the Cinvention?"; etc., etc. -- what are these but mere conversation-makers, mere affective language?

If one is congenitally a dirty bastard, a very delightful parlor game can be played simply by refusing the gambits offered by affective language, particularly if the character offering these gambits is indefatigable in his efforts at friendliness. Literal answers, argumentative replies, and above all an obvious attempt to ascribe meanings to the things being said will combine to drive the wouldbe affective conversationalist out of his mind. If he is the patient type, he'll never stop boring in, but with increasing befuddlement and confusion. Many people will get madder than hell. In any case, the reactions are lovely, often clinical, and always no end of fun.

I've done more or less of this sort of deviltry for years, especially when I've been in one of my "difficult" moods. But never have I gotten a reaction to surpass that of the serious constructive fan when his attempt to sniff my anus with his serious constructive fanish affective language is met with irreverent Towneresque sarcasm.

The following is based on several actual conversations I've had with serious constructive fans during the past year or so:

SERIOUS CONSTRUCTIVE FAN: When is the next Astounding coming out?

FTL: Astounding? Astounding? Oh, that's one of those crazy Buck Rogers magazines, isn't it?

SCF: Oh. Yes. Ha ha. What did you think of the last Astounding?

FTL: A-a-agh! That's just a cheap pulp magazine. I don't read crap like that.

SCF: Did you see that dreadful blast at fandom in the last Amazing?

FTL: Na-a-ah! I didn't boycott Amazing, so I don't have to read it.

SCF: But I thought you were a fan.

FTL: I have never been a homosexual.

SCF: /after a shuddering pause/ Uh. Well. Uh. Do you collect books?

FTL: Hell no. Books are meant to be read, not collected.

SCF: Uh. Ha ha. Uh. How big a collection have you got?

FTL: About 1200, and every one is jazz too. Mostly by colored artists. I don't have a single classical or semi-classical record.

SCF: No, no. I mean books. How many books have you got?

FTL: I didn't count 'em today.

SCF: /another pause/ Well, uh, who's your favorite author?

FTL: I'll settle for Max Brand.

SCF: Max Brand? Who's he? What did he write?

FTL: Well, one good one of his I just read is called Jerry Peyton's Notched Inheritance.

SCF: Oh boy. A tale of the future, huh?

FTL: Na-a-a-ah. It's about some guy that inherited a spread of cows.

SCF: Oh. Ah. /If he is still with you, you can almost hear the wheels going around in his head./ Uh. Who is your favorite stf author?

FTL: Stf? What dat, daddy?

SCF: You certainly must read some stf.

FTL: I'm awfully sorry, but I don't understand. What is this thing, this, what did you call it, stef, stiff?

SCF: Oh. Uh. Ha ha. I see. You're kidding. I mean Science Fiction.

FTL: That escapist crap? I wouldn't be caught dead with it.

SCF: Oh no. No. Science fiction is significant.

FTL: That's the way I feel about it. I much prefer significant fiction. A good western. A seafaring yarn. A neat novel of copulation.... Nosirree. There's nothing in the fictional line as significant as a good realistic novel of copulation.

SCF: Uh. Hmm. Wah. Blfff. Ha ha ha. What a kidder. Uh. How did you get started in fandom?

FTL: A-a-a-a-agh! I caught it off a toilet seat.

VICTIM OF THE MOMENT

Well,

Said the little voice. He had the strangest feeling he was supposed to hear a little voice.

This

Odd, the way you try to wake up sometimes and you think you're supposed to be hearing something, something that wasn't a part of the dream anyway but a cold bit of reality, on a slab.

Man

But consciousness, that vital thing, is peculiar in its timebinding. Like a second might be a century.

Is

And suddenly that sickening feeling that he wasn't going to get that complete reality came. It was now, even now, slipping away from him.

Dead.

-- CON PEDERSON.

STREAMLINING NEEDED

THE DIFFICULTY of obtaining a full slate of candidates in recent FAPA elections, much less enough candidates for a contested election, prompts me to publish in this election mailing an article which has reposed in my Sky Hook manuscript folder for many months now.

I wasn't a member of FAPA when the present constitution was voted upon; any arguments for or against the administrative setup it provides for went unheard by me. However, since becoming a member, I have harbored the suspicion that FAPA is slightly overburdened with officers; and since beginning my term as secretary-treasurer, I have been convinced of it. FAPA's four officers are in marked contrast to the one-man setups successfully used by Vanguard and the SAPS and, though both these apas are somewhat smaller, FAPA is neither so huge nor so intricate as to require three more officers than they find necessary.

Actually, two officers -- the secretary-treasurer and the official editor -- run FAPA by themselves. The former's job of keeping the records and holding the organizational funds, and the latter's task of publishing the Fantasy Amateur and posting the quarterly mailings comprise the only regular duties necessary to keep FAPA functioning smoothly. In contrast, the president's duty of appointing members "to fill vacated offices, and auxiliary officials for purposes not otherwise provided for" and his power to deal with situations "not otherwise covered by the constitution" are small potatoes indeed; and the vice-president's sole duty (aside from succeeding to the presidency when that office is vacated), that of interpreting the constitution, has not even been exercised during 1948-49.

Since, in fact, the official editor and the secretary - treasurer run the show anyhow, why shouldn't they do so from a constitutional viewpoint? Why shouldn't they divide the piddling duties of the president and vice-president between themselves, which they can easily do without taking on much added work, thereby eliminating the need for these officers. Why not alter the constitution to read as follows?:

"6. Officers: The following officers are elected: (a) The Manager has general direction of the FAPA's affairs. He appoints members to fill vacated offices, and auxiliary officials for purposes not otherwise provided for. He has what power is necessary to deal with situations not otherwise covered by the constitution. He is also charged with assembling and posting the mailings. He publishes ballots and the quarterly organ, The Fantasy Amateur, at FAPA expense.

(b) The secretary-treasurer /duties same as at present, with the following additions/: He succeeds to the presidency in case it is vacated. He also gives interpretations of the constitution after two or more sides of the controversy over construction have been presented..."

Such a streamlined administrative setup would be more efficient than the present one, eliminating much of the correspondence that is necessary at present to keep FAPA on course, and it would reduce the number of offices to the point where it would be easier to find candidates. Aren't you in favor of streamlining FAPA?

"—Cast Out The Beam—"

by ART WIDNER

MY GOOD FRIEND Francis T. Laney was quite right in expecting a barrage of tut-tuts on his bit about "National Security" in Fan Dango #21. In addition, absolutely free (if the coupon is mailed on or before midnite), i will gladly donate a couple of large, slobbery pooeys.

First of all, i would be interested to see Francis T. Aristotle struggle thru a page or two trying to define "National Security." If that isn't one of the highest order abstractions in the book, it will certainly do until one comes along.

He wounds me when he pictures me saying that he is "semantically confused." No indeed, Fran, i don't think you're semantically confused. There isn't a thing wrong with you that a good psychiatrist, some electric shock treatment, and a little occupational therapy wouldn't help a lot. In fact, a complete cure might result.

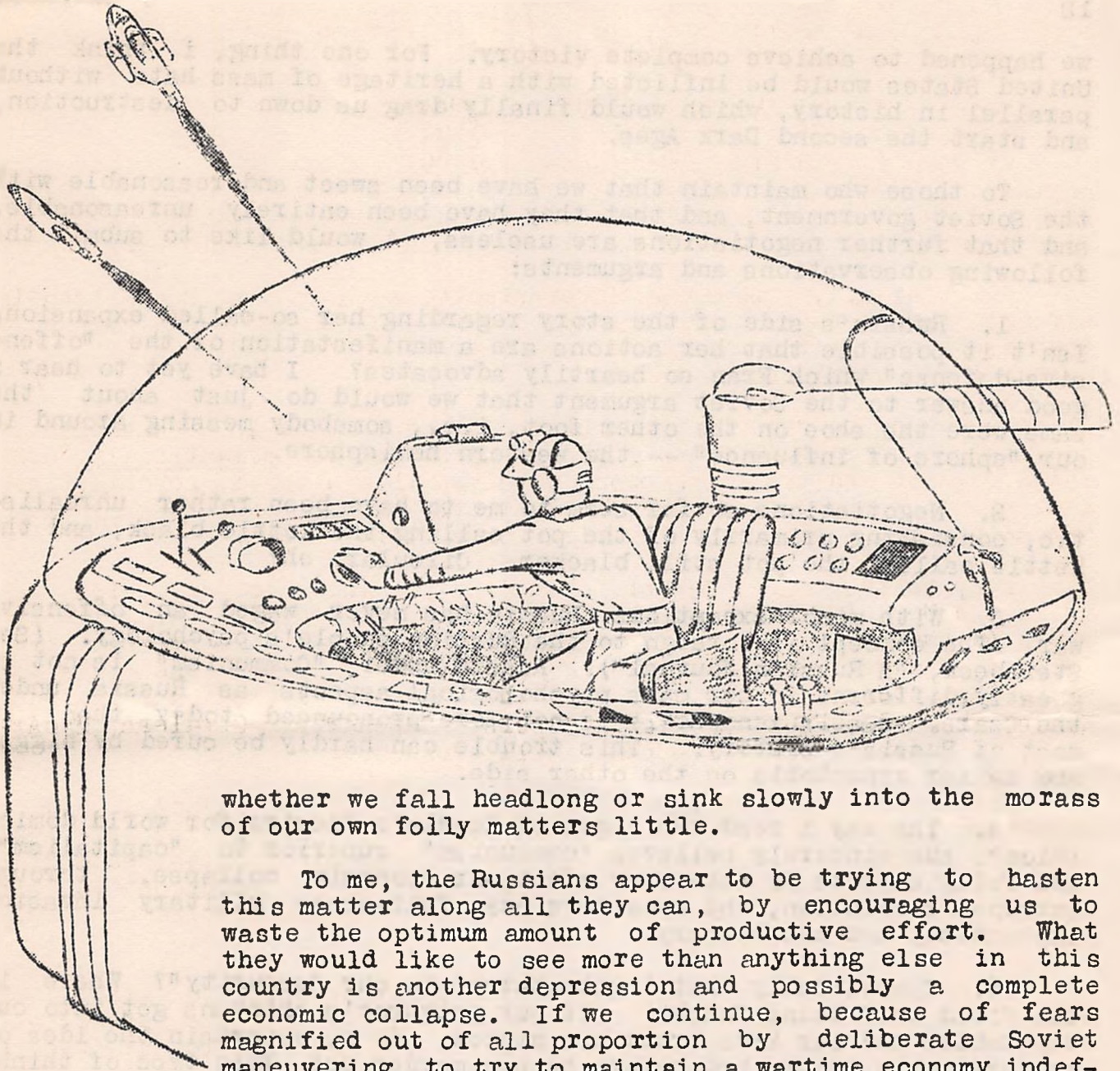
Pray tell us more, Towner, about why you think a collision between the United States and the USSR is "inevitable." I think it possible (notwithstanding all my bombdodging talk) that the present armed truce ("cold war") can be prolonged indefinitely, until one fine day -- to the intense disappointment of the Hearsts, McCormicks, Dillons, Reads, Thomases, Rankins, Hickenloopers, Capeharts, Girdlers, MacArthurs, and (ahem) Laney's -- peace will break out.

The above paragraph is a dirty trick to play on anybody, and i well know that it's a prime violation of semantic principles to smear a person by association with such unsavory characters, with whom i'm sure Fran has little in common. I merely wished to point out the direction in which such thinking as his leads, and the unwelcome bedfellows one may acquire.

To get down to business, however, i'm not prepared to grant the assumption that Russia will attack us unprovoked, nor the further assumption that she will be able to do so within the next ten or twenty years without fear of instant and horrible retaliation. There is at least one other alternate assumption which can be made.

There may be some truth in Laney's contention that the Russians are better chess players than we (inasmuch as chess is their national game), and it seems at present that they have maneuvered us into doing just about what they want us to do.

Consider that our government is devoting about two-thirds of its revenue to military and other expenditures aimed at "containing Russian expansion." I doubt if our already shaky economy can stand such a strain for very long. Actually we have never recovered entirely from the depression of the '30s. We are still coasting along on the effects of the wartime boom with sundry patchwork measures designed to maintain the rapidly decreasing momentum. The basic faults of our economic structure were only partially corrected by the New Deal, and



whether we fall headlong or sink slowly into the morass of our own folly matters little.

To me, the Russians appear to be trying to hasten this matter along all they can, by encouraging us to waste the optimum amount of productive effort. What they would like to see more than anything else in this country is another depression and possibly a complete economic collapse. If we continue, because of fears magnified out of all proportion by deliberate Soviet maneuvering, to try to maintain a wartime economy indefinitely, I think they are likely to get their wish.

This possibility is the fundamental enemy we have to lick. If we lick that, we lick Russia in the only way she can be licked: by proving that our system is more flexible, and stronger in providing a better life for the individual, which, in the last analysis, is the chief function of any governmental system.

A big unstated assumption in Fran's argument is that we can simply wipe Russia off the map and that is all there is to it. It seems to me that it will take a god-awful lot of wiping, including all of Europe and a good part of Asia. The USSR is more than a chalk mark that is going to sit still and be wiped out as efficiently, quietly, and finally as the mind of FTLaney seems to picture it. I would like Fran to state what he thinks the post-WW3 world would be like even if

we happened to achieve complete victory. For one thing, i think the United States would be inflicted with a heritage of mass hate without parallel in history, which would finally drag us down to destruction, and start the second Dark Ages.

To those who maintain that we have been sweet and reasonable with the Soviet government, and that they have been entirely unreasonable, and that further negotiations are useless, i would like to submit the following observations and arguments:

1. Russia's side of the story regarding her so-called expansion. Isn't it possible that her actions are a manifestation of the "offensive-defense" which Fran so heartily advocates? I have yet to hear a good answer to the Soviet argument that we would do just about the same were the shoe on the other foot, i.e., somebody messing around in our "sphere of influence" -- the western hemisphere.

2. Negotiations so far seem to me to have been rather unrealistic, consisting primarily of the pot calling the kettle black, and the kettle calling the pot still blacker. Circular, eh?

3. With minor exceptions, Russia has never waged an offensive war. The concept is foreign to the Russian people's psychology. (See Steinbeck, "A Russian Journal"). Russia under "Communism" is not so greatly different in her mass psychological aspects as Russia under the Czars. Russian xenophobia is not more pronounced today than in most of Russia's history. This trouble can hardly be cured by bigger and zanier xenophobia on the other side.

4. The way i read the signs of Russia's "desire for world domination", she sincerely believes "communism" superior to "capitalism", and fully expects to take over after our economic collapse, through internal revolution, and considers any full-scale military invasion impractical and unnecessary.

5. Specifically what is the threat to our "security"? Where is the "cold war" being fought? If our neighbor's chickens get into our vegetables and our kids break his window, do we entertain the idea of murdering him in his bed before he can murder us? This type of thinking seems to stem from the wide acceptance of the 20th century revision of the Golden Rule: "Do unto others before they can do unto you."

Finally, you weaken your argument considerably by turning around and admitting that "there is no hope of our trying to knock out Russia first." If this is true, it seems as though we should keep plugging with educational methods no matter how unfruitful they may appear at the moment. For there is a minimum quantity of radioactive weapons required for the destruction of a given area, and that quantity is much smaller for Russia than for us, since our targets are more concentrated. If Russia has her minimum quantity, it matters not if we have ten times our minimum quantity.

P. S. The title of this article may be corny, but none the less applicable.

THE END

FANDOM *in* the HEADLINES

by CHARLES BURBEE

FORREST J ACKERMAN in jail, held incommunicado. Paul Skeeters held without bail. August Derleth, Walt Coslet, F Towner Laney, Elmer Perdue, Ray Bradbury, George O Smith, A E van Vogt, Charles Burbee, Joe Kennedy, Bob Tucker, Ray Higgs, Bill Rotsler, Stan Stibbard, all in jail and/or being investigated by the authorities.

Gruesome picture, isn't it? And yet, one day, it may come to pass!

When, the other day, I read of a 33-year-old man who had of his own free will, lived in a walled-in closet for 10 years, I began to think about strange cases of this nature and their possible effects on the Half World of fandom.

This unkempt man, upon uncurling himself from his cramped, book-lined cubicle, said he "just meditated" in there. "I wish I was back," he was quoted by the papers as saying. "I don't like the world." His perfectly integrated mother (whom he called "Butch") had put him in there at his own request in 1939 to evade the draft. I guess he just got to liking it -- locked up in there, feeling smug and semantic and superior.

I said to Laney, "Fandom has escaped again by the skin of its teeth." He looked quizzical, so I amplified.

"Why, look," I said. "Suppose this guy was a fan. He certainly looks and acts like a fan. A genuine fan type, at any rate. Suppose he'd published a fanzine. Suppose he had his little cell full of fanzines. Suppose when they found him, he began spouting off about being star-begotten and how high his I.Q. was and how he always took the Null-A pause. Suppose he declared that he was not afraid of anything in the world, having even put his arm around a live lion once? What could the authorities make of that if they wanted to? Suppose the newspapers needed something for headlines...."

The bearded man peered blinkingly at the firemen who chopped down the wall of his cubicle. "Get away," he said, in a curiously harsh voice that seemed to betoken long-unused vocal chords.

The firemen looked at the character as he tried to draw back out of sight among stacks of mimeographed pamphlets.

"My God, Tim," said one. "Look at him. Got a face like Christ."

Suddenly the man leaped up. "My mimeograph! Don't mar my mimeograph!" he shouted, as the police sergeant pushed his way through the hole the firemen had chopped. He rescued his mimeograph and stood panting by it in a protective attitude, like a mother panther shielding her young.

They took him out. Later, upon questioning him, they learned that he'd been in there fifteen years. He got his food passed to him through a small hole in the floor above and passed out his excreta and assembled fanzines through the same hole, his perfectly normal mother attending to his needs in this connection.

Why had he hidden himself away like that? "I hate the world," he said. "Everybody but me is so stupid. When I used to say that people were just vermin on the face of the earth and that homo superior was already here, they acted as though I didn't have a high I.Q. And all of them with mother-complexes, every last one of them."

The papers had a field day. At the moment there was no big baffling murder mystery going, and no fiends were at large, and no big wars were in the making. Many of the Los Angeles papers assigned reporters to do special features on Joe Blimp, the bearded boy who had last seen daylight in 1934. They found him a rich source of quotable material. Several articles by various sob-sisters appeared. And later, they had pictures of Joe -- posing by his mimeograph, posing with a copy of Astounding while he sat on a mint copy of Amazing. (This of course did not show in the picture, but it explained the coy smile on Joe's face. It was his own private joke.)

"The atomic bomb was no surprise to me," he said. This seemingly innocent statement had the FBI interested for a short time -- just long enough to find out that the man, so obviously a fool, was a fool.

"I'm a fan," said Joe Blimp. "I publish the #4 fanzine. I've got slant friends all over the world who know I'm an intellectual. There are big fan clubs in big cities all over the earth. Gafia. Gafia. That's why I got locked up. I wasn't afraid of Vitons."

"The bearded self-appointed shut-in," said the Los Angeles Herald Express, "said that there were thousands more just like him all over the world. Said he belonged to a strange cult-like organization with branches all over the civilized world, branches that hold regular meetings at which they speak of atomic bombs wiping out everybody except them, and how perfectly normal they are except that they are much smarter than most people, and how God is a myth and has got to go."

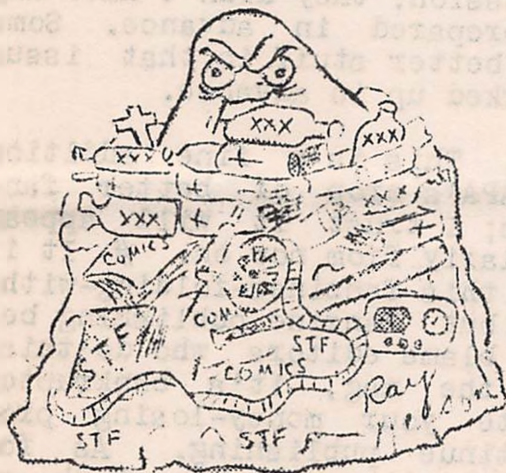
"God?" laughed Joe. "But God is so unsemantic."

The FBI got hold of the NFFF membership list and investigation began. The LASFS, the PSFS (both of them), and the Null-A Men found new visitors at their meetings. The visitors were ignored. They seemed content to sit and observe and "wonder and adore" as Forrest J Ackerman said in an article written about this time.

The members of the LASFS were amazed when one of their quiet visitors who had attended seven "consecutive" meetings, suddenly rose, declared himself as a special investigator, and marched everybody out the door into waiting Black Marias. At the station house they were interrogated for hours. Their superior-type talk incriminated many others who weren't present (and some who wouldn't attend except with a gun at their backs).

It was considered significant that many of the members were Communists. It was considered that many were homosexuals. It was considered significant that some members preferred to be known by synthetic names such as "Tigrina", "Decil", "Alojo". The members were amazed that the police thought these things of import. They were surprised that psychiatrists were deeply interested.

The upshot of it all was that the various authorities withdrew, with a final statement which, in part, said "...persons who call themselves 'fandom' have been diligently investigated and found to be members of a sort of lunatic fringe or what is commonly termed 'the crackpot element'. Some homosexuals, dope users, winos, ex-convicts, were found, as were some who had persecution complexes, mother complexes, delusions of grandeur and a firm belief that they could 'see the past, present and future as one continuous scroll.' There was a great deal of confusion of terms. For example, some held 'time-binding' to be an obscure technique buried in the meaningless jumble of terms, beliefs, practices, called 'general semantics'. Others held it to mean 'love of fellow men'. Still others thought it referred to a sex perversion. In the group were found several persons of high mental and moral character. These, to some extent, balanced the general low level of mentality and defeatism prevalent in the group.



A FORTRESS
AGAINST REALITY.

"On the whole, it is believed that the various offices who participated in the investigation have wasted their time and the public's money on a group with no influence, no importance, and no significance except that society might consider it as a minor sore on a healthy body, or a pimple on the stomach of civilization."

One of the investigators remarked privately that Joe Blimp was absolutely right: there were a lot of people just like him, and that an investigation of all closets and cellars in the nation would probably turn up a veritable horde of supermen.

TWIPPLEDOP (Concluded from page 5.)

up and offered O'Connor \$200,000 for the reprint rights?

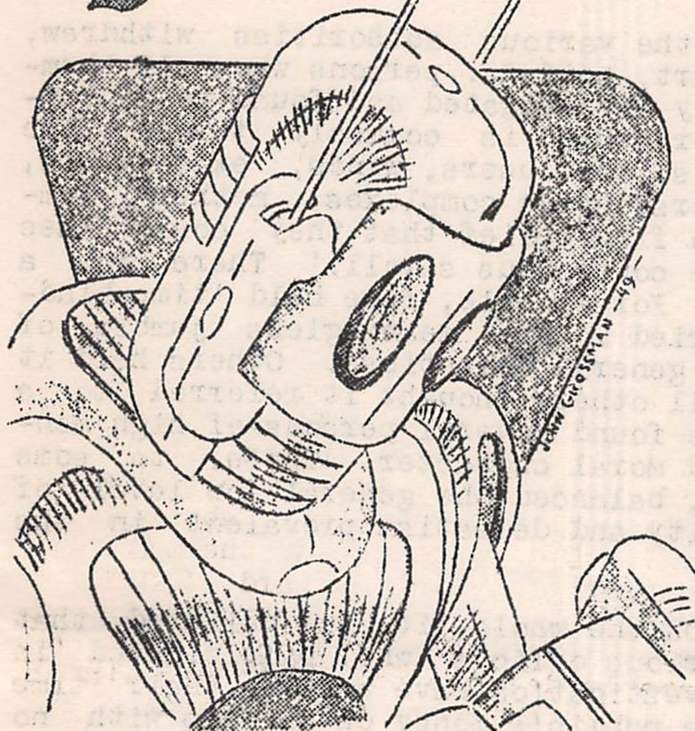
"What 'precocious creature' in what letter department?" might then be the cry we'd hear if we wondered aloud about a "certain article in a certain magazine."

Of course, I seriously doubt if anybody will ever offer Paul Dennis O'Connor even a used 1½¢ stamp for The Fox Woman reprint rights. Tsk, I'm such a

cynic, but I don't believe good old Paul even owns them!

GOSSEYN GONE GOSLING? According to Time, 1 Aug 1949, Count Alfred Korzybski, the null-A man, told the third Congress on General Semantics that the "semantic outlook" is "frankly hopeless" and that (in Time's words) "the world is in such a state that even the correct use of words could not cure it."

eye to the past



THERE ARE a few postmailings to the 46th mailing to take care of, before the 47th mailing is considered. First of all, some second thoughts on Wild Hair #3, reviewed last issue: Condra's "Once Over Lightly" was considerably better than I said it was, even if it didn't tell us very much new about the Insurgents. And now I've a report that both Condra and Widner (and, I think, Graham, too) labored under a handicap at the Wild Hair session: they didn't have anything prepared in advance. Some of the better stuff in that issue was worked up in advance.

Matrix. This is a fine addition to FAPA's crop of better fanzines; I trust it will appear regularly from now on. # It is

not a situation that should be encouraged, this fanzines-folding-without-refunding-subscription-money business, but fanzine publishing being a financial dead-end, at best, I can't blame editors who do this. After losing \$40 or more while publishing the mag, it's bankruptcy to have to hand out another \$50 to liquidate your money-losing project. It's actually less expensive to continue publishing. As for your troubles with crooked dealers, why not remit money by check or money order, to prevent such gyps as their saying they never received your money? Funny I've never been swindled like you have been. The only disgusting deal I recall is one where, in response to a Weird Tales ad, I "reserved" a copy of The Black Wheel by sending O'Connor a postal to that effect. Naturally, I never got a copy, though PDO'C kindly sent me a postal shortly before the publication date suggesting that I send him \$3.00 in order to "receive this book early". But you know O'Connor -- he sticks to his word, and every word he speaks is truth. Verily. # Incidentally, along the same line: I found out only recently that Crawford has never sent Clifford D. Simak a copy of the booklet The Creator. Of course, Simak never sent 50¢ for a copy, and he doesn't rate a free copy. Well, after all, he's only the author of The Creator. . . . # Add Alice in Wonderland fans: Edwin James, author of "Communications" -- where Lewis Carroll's own explanation of "Jabberwocky" is used, probably for the first time in science fiction. And the Red Queen similie is a Campbell favorite: more than once he's used it in blurbs and editorials referring to the business of keeping aSF at the front of the science fiction field.

Synapse. The lapse of a year between the issuance of the Spring 1948 mailing and Speer's review of it somehow reduces the number of comments-on-comments I am moved to make. # Maybe if I knew what occasioned that outburst in Man Sagt I'd be able to guess who wrote it. He paints a "downright heavenly" picture of married life, but unless Towner wrote it, I can't imagine why he compares wedlock with fanning. Despite all Towneresque propaganda, I doubt if any fan over the age of 13 ever considered the "empty relationship" of fandom more pleasant than happy wedlock. # Nope, Kenny ("Smaller Than You Think") Gray is of Russian ancestry, I believe -- definitely not German. # Phil Bronson is back in the Twin Cities, and is a newlywed.

Ambi. Stevenson says that "Dichotomy: Fans and Otherwise" will probably appear again. Due to lack of space, I'll wait to comment.

Comments on the 47th FAPA mailing

Morpheus. This magazine was rather impressive, but somehow disappointed. I don't think Con had his heart in it. # "Minimum Significance Dept." was aptly named. As far as I can ascertain, it says nothing very prettily. # The commentary about the movie "Rusty" is also remarkably empty of sense, I think. I have heard about Hollywood, but what is this about a dog? Did someone play the part of a dog (as some actor played the Cowardly Lion in "Wizard of Oz") or what is this all about? # The real meat of the issue is contained in Towner's review of the reviews in re Ah, Sweet Idiocy! I consider this a comprehensive and capable defense of his thesis in Ah, Sweet Idiocy! but I don't feel inclined any more to discuss the pros and cons of the subject. Whatever may be said about the Laney memoirs, I feel that they did constitute an honest attempt to portray fandom as Laney saw it and, on that basis, they're likely to stand a long time as a model of objective reporting. I'd like to see Ackerman publish his fan memoirs, not because I think he'd give the "other side" of the picture, but because I think they'd be just as much fun to read and discuss as Laney's have been.

ATOTE. Mr. Tripoli resents comments about his yarn in a recent Glom being a prozine reject. (Actually, it was rejected from Shangri-La.) But Evans is right, you know: Writer's Digest tells us that the only way to learn how to write is to write -- which is what Everett is doing. And I think that his salvaging some of the rejects by publishing them in FAPA, where they may inspire some helpful criticism, is okay. At least his stuff is better than most fan fantasy fiction. # I'm looking forward to Part II of "Wonder Boy", though it is sort of perplexing so far. # Tsk, 3E, aren't you going to turn that valuable notebook of Doc's over to the Fantasy Foundation?

Horizons. Speaking of the Foundation, I have an item that should go in its fanzine collection. However, I expect Laney to offer me \$10 or more for it -- for not even his fanzine files contain such a rare item. It's a copy of Horizons #38 run off on white mimeo bond. Yes, it's the first Horizons in years that has been mimeod on anything but second sheets. Not even Harry himself has a copy; in fact, it's the only one in existence. You guys and your Fox Woman with a pic of a man instead of a woman on page 19! A hundred copies of that



variant edition exist. Poo. # The Davis-Warner symposium on education was topnotch. About this idea of jobs for highschoolers: what I meant instead of after-school jobs, as Harry interprets it, was part-time jobs. Locally, the school system provides for part-time training for highschool seniors, who need attend school mornings, working afternoons. Their job is considered part of their schooling and regular reports are rendered concerning their progress on the job. This plan certainly doesn't necessitate the student's giving up extracurricular pleasures or "driving himself to exhaustion." Show me a student who'd rather go to

school all day rather than work afternoons! # The review of Life Everlasting is the most incisive one I've seen of this book so far, and one of the best FAPA has seen since I became a member. I promised SaM I'd write a review of the Keller book and it's going to be difficult to follow this one! # Warner's "We Have Wendt" reminds me of the time, in 1941, when I feuded awhile with an astrologer who wrote a weekly column in the local paper. He made many predictions, which I carefully saved, hoping to trip him up. In August 1941, he predicted that the U. S. would not go to war before April 1942. Unfortunately, his column disappeared from the paper before 7 Dec 41.

Ysatnaf. Noted.

Plenum. Who can blame H. L. Gold for being "heartily ashamed" of the stuff he wrote 15 years ago -- for who isn't ashamed of stuff they wrote that long ago? I'll bet that Gold's more ashamed of the quality of the writing than of the "pseudo-scientific nonsense" he included in those yarns. If, for example, he's ashamed of "A Matter of Form" or "Problem in Murder" because he considers the science in them sheer nonsense -- well, he's a dope. Those yarns are eminently readable and 20 times more interesting than many a story where the science is accurate to a cat's whisker.

Different. The first back issue I ever obtained of the Gernsback Wonder, back around 1940, was the November 1930 issue, featuring Hugo's "Wonders of Flight" editorial. Since then, I've seen that item mentioned more often than the rest of his editorials put together. I've always wondered, whenever I see it mentioned, if John B. Rathbun, who was the object of Uncle Hugo's scorn, ever saw that editorial and if he ever felt abashed in later years to think how right Hugo was and how wrong he was? I doubt it; Rathbun undoubtedly wrote the "500 Miles An Hour Can't Be Done" article merely because he figured he could sell it, not because he believed the statement in the title. # Obviously Gardner's "As A Matter of Record" was written years ago and just dragged out of mothballs recently to help fill activity requirements. I wonder whether the byline could honestly be rendered, Thomas S. Gardner/1949/? I wonder, for example, if Gardner still believes that "if MacArthur stays, Japan will become a democratic country"?

Wild Hair. I really hate to cut Towner's throat, but to see justice done I must offer the following suggestion to the LASFS. F. Towner offers to "eat his words" about the dullness of the LASFS meetings,

if the LASFS will really put on a good meeting and invite some of the Insurgents to see it. The answer is simple. Call Samuel Davenport Russell down from the Hollywood hills and prevail upon him to make a speech on anything. The chances are good that Towner will readily admit the meeting was enjoyable.

Hyper Space Tube. Which came first, Burbee's "The Ideal Fanzine" or the idea for this title? If the magazine's name was suggested by Burb's article, remember that you still must issue Continuum. # "Echo of the Past" was a taut little yarn, written by someone who must have served in the airforce and probably was a control tower operator. The background was quite authentic and brought back a few memories. One thing that strikes me as inaccurate is the air base's excitement over a plane with one engine out. That's almost a daily occurrence. Sure, the crash crews and ambulances are on hand, and members of the operations staff, and the weather crew, the mechanics and others pause to squint up in the sky awhile, but I never saw a bomber with one engine out cause "personnel to run from their barracks, from the base theater, and service clubs." # In regards the Crimson Bookshelf titles, you're right -- Ackerman owns Sown in the Darkness, Scare Me!, and Who Do You Think You Are? Says Forry: "The Darkness book can still be purchased -- \$1.98 from the British News Agency, POB 315, Toronto, Ontario -- but I certainly do not recommend it. Tho it is 10 years since I read it, I still recall it with disgust as stinkingly antiNegro." # You had a good idea, Walt, when you turned the education discussion material over to those ex-teachers, but they surely added little to the subject!

???? Harry Warner's mailing comments are always enjoyable.

Fan-Dango. Towner cites Fan-Dango #11 (Spring 1946) as one of his all-time best issues. Having acquired that issue not long ago, I leafed through it again. It is an entertaining issue, all right. Crane's "Japanese Jam" is the best jazz article I've read in F-D -- mostly because it was full of sidelights on Japanese culture in the '30's. Ftl's mailing comments in that issue are trenchant, but a little subdued, and naturally contain things he probably wouldn't say today. Still, there's a lot there that is as familiarly Towneresque as "I'm Terrified of Fans!" in the current issue. Amazing to me was the revelation of what might be called the Towner Plan for Obliterating the VAPA Through the Use of Obliterine. Shades of Al Ashley! The Time-Binder critique ftl mentions concentrated in one sentence the best appraisal of that mag I've seen: "...the magazine serves as a sounding-board for people who are too interested in what they believe to listen to what others know..." -- however Aristotelian that may be! # Yes, that F-D #11 was entertaining, but I liked Fan-Dango #21 -- the current issue -- better. The naval treatise was impressive, especially coming from a halyard-happy guy like Laney. Try to get an old navy man to admit that the navy's duties are devolving to sub-chasing and convoy duties. As an ex-airforceman, the swing to emphasis on aerial warfare tickles me (except when I think about how nice a pasting Russ bombers could give our industry without trying too hard...) Incidentally, the eclipse of the navy as our first line of defense gives one to think about all these space stories in which naval ratings, expressions, traditions, etc., are transposed bodily from battleship to rocketship. It's more probable, I think,

that airforce customs will prevail in the space service. Of course, some navy jargon is current in the airforce and may survive to the space force, but actually, the airforce is making a positive effort to remove such naval traces -- for example, it is taboo to call a plane a "ship" in their public relations releases. Wonder if they're also trying to eliminate army influences nowadays? # Is "The Ideal Fanzine" the lost manuscript or a rewritten version? If it is the latter it's as successful as Carlyle's second try at The French Revolution. It's almost too true to be funny, but is both true and funny. In re the heading, though, I'd like to point out that Ego Beast never ran an article titled "Fandom Is A Way of Life" -- or even a rough equivalent. Don has always been a sincere acolyte of F. Towner in regards that aspect of fan philosophy. # Tsk, Towner,

Dark Elixer

Lizard scale and wing of bat,
 Gryphon claw and eye of cat,
 Feather from a raven's wing,
 Poison from a serpent's sting,
 Living heart of unicorn
 Hunted in the misty morn,
 Dragon blood and adder's fang,
 Slaughtered where the witches sang,
 Hemlock root and mandrake weed,
 Powdered pearl and lotus seed --
 Mix to the chanting of a rune...
 Mix in the fullness of the moon...

-- LIN CARTER.

your statement that "there is nothing that any college team can do that the weakest pro team cannot do twice as well" has never been proved -- and never will be -- first, because you'll never find an amateur team on the same gridiron with a pro team, except in an all-star game; and second, because it isn't true. At least, I have read many statements by football experts whose opinions command respect that run counter to your statement. Famous coaches of both college and pro teams are on record as saying such national championship teams as the 1940-41 Minnesota teams, the 1944-46 Army teams, the 1947 Michigan team, and the Notre Dame team of the same year, could beat almost any professional team. If you ever invent a time machine that will enable one of these college aggregations to play, say, the



8h/2/19 4m/10/19

1940 Chicago Bears, let me know. I've got a sawbuck -- in fact, two of 'em, b'gosh! -- that say the Bears lose by one touchdown. # I have seen only one pro football game (an exhibition one, at that) in my life, but I see more college games than that in a season, and I vigorously disagree with your implication that, though pro players "don't know what the word 'quit' means", college boys do. Remember, the pros have liberal rules that were deliberately designed to make scoring easier and more frequent. That's why the Dons could win the game from the Yankees in six minutes. But you'd better read about the college teams some Saturday -- or better yet, see a game -- if you think the pros have a monopoly nowadays on winning a game in the last few minutes. Dozens of instances involving college teams crowd my mind -- Minnesota beating Nebraska in the last 59 seconds, after everybody but the boys on the field had given up -- Minnesota whipping Purdue in 1947 -- but you need go only as far as Notre Dame vs. USC last autumn. Notre Dame didn't win, of course, but it didn't exactly quit! I'll tell you why I prefer the college teams: First, because there's more to a football game (from my viewpoint) besides the 22 men on the field. At a college game, there's the organized cheering sections, the cheerleaders, the college band, the homecoming queen, the Dad's Day line of fathers along the runway giving their sons a cheer as they trot onto the field. There's color, tradition, yes, college spirit! Second, there's the chance of identifying the team with your own community, even if you aren't an alumnus of the school. The vast majority of the men who wear Minnesota's maroon and gold really come from Minnesota, and somehow I feel a lot more proud of the triumphs of a team that is actually representative of this state than I do of a team such as the Minneapolis Lakers (a pro basketball outfit) whose players wear the local colors for six months of the year, but don't live here, and never did. For the next three months I'll follow the college teams almost as closely as anyone but Grantland Rice, but fout on the pro teams! The real football is played, not on Sunday under the lights, but on chilly Saturday afternoons at Minneapolis, or New Haven, or South Bend, with red leaves twirling groundward from the trees at the open end of the stadium, a snappy band forming a huge "M" at halftime and serenading the visitors, and a 230-lb fullback hitting the center of the line with the muzzle velocity of an antitank gun. You say, "You can have your college football." Thanks, Fran. I wouldn't be without it!

Explanation. I hope to see some of that promised activity soon.

Moonshine. Yes, the Bing Crosby version of Twain's Connecticut Yankee was mightily disappointing. Except for the introduction of popular music and the manufacture of a pistol, Bing didn't alter the Sixth Century at all. And after all the trouble Mark Twain went to show just how crude and filthy an age it was, the movies blithely by-passed his thesis and portrayed that era as a colorful, glamorous one. The one thing I liked about the movie was the tune "Busy Doing Nothing" -- although the score of the older Rodgers and Hart musical was, on the whole, much superior.

Phanteur. I'm still amazed at DeeBee's -- and others' -- objections to postmailings. The arrival of such sterling contributions as Wild Hair and Synapse seems to me to justify postpostings for all time.

No one has yet come up with a satisfactory reason for banning them. # In re your remarks about "One Against the Legion" (the Sky Hook article, not Williamson's story!): Sure, most everything is crammed with propaganda these days, and those organizations and people you name grind out propaganda just as blatant and disturbing as the American Legion's. But the newspapers and radio commentators take care of the communists, Mr. Wallace and Mr. Truman; church propaganda merely makes me laugh (though someday I'm going to rip off an article on a church bulletin I've saved). But Legion propaganda not only annoys me, but seldom is challenged in the press or elsewhere, dealing as it does with an "ism" it is fashionable to be for. I can do without such pointless flagwaving. So that's why I "picked on" the American Legion. # Phanteur's last two issues have been its best yet. I won't be surprised to see Ph voted top fapzine, 1949.

Catalyst. I like this magazine, but its policy, as explained on the cover of this issue is certainly futile and pessimistic!

Sky Hook. Mentioned for the record.

John B. Speer, lawyer. This modest business card is one of my favorite items in the mailing. Good luck, Juffus.

Dear Reader. Talk about foul-ups! Fanews Magazine. Noted.

Ego Beast. Miller's cover reminds me of a pic I remember from long ago in an old atlas. I think it was the first steinal artwork I ever saw. Of course it's probably the most popular extraterrestrial scene, but I think this is the best mimeo depiction of it. # When one decides to drop out of fandom, the pattern scarcely differs, does it? The statements in this issue might have been those of any-one of fifty ex-fans. Gad, is Miller's middle name really Everett? # Heck, why bother to read The Torch? Just re-read Peter Risk's "Warrior's Age" in a 1942 aSF and you've read The Torch. Not that Risk's yarn is better than Bechdolt's; it isn't -- but it is shorter.

Fantasy Amateur. Has the mystery of Glom #13 been solved?

POSTMAILINGS will be reviewed next time.

I'M BEGINNING TO BELIEVE IT DEPT.

"But the magazine, a jigsaw puzzle of inelastic type...." JWCJr., ASF October 1942.

"...assembling the jigsaw of inelastic type into the inelastic limits of the magazine format...." JWCJr., ASF, November 1943.

"...it's simply that the elasticity of type metal is of a metallic, not an elastomeric order of magnitude." JWCJr., aSF, April 1947.

"...the inelasticity of typemetal...." JWCJr., aSF, January 1949.

"...type metal being somewhat less elastic than rubber, it's impossible, at this point, to know precisely which stories will fit into the jigsaw-puzzle of magazine make-up." JWCJr., aSF, July 1949.

