

* * * * * SKY HOOK, volume *
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 * lished for the *
 * Fantasy Amateur *
 * Press Association *
 * by Redd Boggs, *
 * 2215 Benjamin St. *
 * N.E., Minneapolis *
 * 18, Minnesota. *
 * This, our maiden *
 * effort, is intend- *
 * ed for the Winter *
 * 1948 mailing. You *
 * will be wondering *
 * about the signi- *
 * ficance of our *
 * title. *
 * * * * *

* * * * * In the darkness with a great bundle of *
 * * * * * grief the people march. *
 * * * * * In the night, and overhead a shovel of *
 * * * * * stars for keeps, the people *
 * * * * * march: *
 * * * * * "Where to? What next?" *
 * * * * * -- Carl Sandburg, *
 * * * * * "The People Will *
 * * * * * Live On". *
 * * * * *

"."

"...Fantasy now tends to retreat, or to dig herself in, or to become apocalyptic out of deference to the atom. She can be caught in the open in this book, by those who care to catch her. She flits over the scenes of Italian and English holidays, or wings her way with even less justification towards the countries of the future. She or he. For Fantasy, though often female, sometimes resembles a man, and even functions for Hermes, who used to do the smaller behests of the gods -- messenger, machine-breaker, and conductor of souls to a not-too-terrible hereafter."

-- E. M. Forster, Introduction to
The Collected Tales of E.M. Forster.

"Hope and fear are neck and neck: which is it near the course's end
 Crashes, having lost his nerve; is overtaken on the bend?"

-- W. H. Auden.

"Let's have a war, then! I think a war would be a splendid thing -- which is fortunate for the nerves of those who know the odds are 10 to 1 we shall have one within the next year or two. That, with the sinister imminence of inflation, communism, fascism, means we are coasting for several dimensions of variegated hell. Who am I to complain about fleas on a sinking liner? War now should save (sic) America and civilization for -- let us say, your lifetime and mine (and of course the abbreviated lifetimes of those who die in mud and blood and urine and radioactive dust to make the world safe for something or other for the umpteenth time). What H. G. Wells foresaw in The War in the Air, which foretold, many years ago, in artistically foreshortened form, the sickening mess begun in 1914, adjourned pro tem in 1918 and in 1945: Versailles, end of the quarter, Rheims and the Missouri, end of the half; and between the halves, the snake dance and the witch hunt."

-- D. F. A.

Maybe when the Bomb falls it will give SaM an ending for the "Storm"?

RECENTLY, while canvassing the second-hand book stores in search of a 1926 Amazing (this is a jest), I discovered instead a 1929 Writer's Digest in which there was a writeup of market requirements for Air Wonder Stories. I imagine that very few fans are interested at present in writing fiction for Uncle Hugo's aerostf mag; however, it may be that the writeup is of some interest as a curiosity. Here it is: "This is an entirely new departure in literature. In this magazine, we aim to publish only aviation of the future. Unlike other fiction aviation magazines, Air Wonder Stories does not publish the Wild West sky-busting wartime of air fiction. Rather, we publish only scientific aviation fiction of the future exclusively. Stories should run from 5000 to 10,000 words in length, and full-length novels up to 90,000 words are constantly required. We pay between one-quarter to one-half cent a word on acceptance, depending on the value of the story, originality of plot and the science content, etc."

T W I P P L E D O P

or, stuff you
know already

-oOo-

The only other mention of stf mags in this 1929 magazine was contained in an article on "Twelve Cardinal Elements of Short Story Writing" where, regarding "plausibility" (the 10th cardinal element), it was stated: "There are two magazines which specialize in stories in which situations and exploits (at present beyond the realms of possibility) are made to seem plausible -- Amazing Stories and Science Wonder Stories. The point to be noted is that they are concerned with what may prove to be future developments in the field of science. One of the well-known radio executives of the country said, 'If the future may be measured by the past, the next eight years will give the world fantastic events almost beyond the power of human visualization.' This might be considered by fiction writers as an invitation to let imagination roam far afield." Stf writers to whom this statement was an inspiration, stand forth....

-oOo-

Strange, isn't it, how book titles in the general field have paralleled titles in the recent fantasy field? Stewart Edward White's latest occult chronicle, With Folded Wings, reminds one of Williamson's "With Folded Hands...", while Prince of Darkness and Other Stories, by J. F. Powers (a collection of short stories mostly about Roman Catholic priests in poor city parishes) has almost the same title as the recent English "demonthology", Prince of Darkness. Most interesting, perhaps, is the fact that a book titled The End Is Not Yet appeared almost the same week as the first installment of L. Ron Hubbard's ASF serial, "The End Is Not Yet".

-oOo-

Back on the subject of old magazines, I wonder if Tucker remembers an article by Andre Maurois which appeared in Esquire sometime around 1935 or 1936. The item in question was actually an outline for a story -- which might have been its title -- that, if it has since been written, should rate as unique science-fiction fare. M. Maurois speculated on the subject of sex and of a substitution of something else than mere sexual attractiveness and desire as a motivation for companionship -- and intercourse -- between individuals. For the dramatization of his theories, he envisioned an island race in which each person possessed a small nipple on his upper arm which secreted a sweet, habit-forming fluid, the thirst for which formed the basis for love and -- if it could be called that -- marriage. Of

course, since this diminutive projection was the center of love, modesty forbade its exposure to public gaze; the nipple was hidden beneath sort of a brassard, although exigencies of the climate made it necessary to go completely naked otherwise. I believe most of the article was concerned with philosophical aspects of the subject, but I remember very little about it, other than as outlined above. I have noticed a book titled Voyage To The Island Of The Articoles by Maurois listed in various book catalogs. Can this be the story referred to in the article?

-oOo-

Deluge, the well-known novel by S. Fowler Wright, was originally distributed by the Book-of-the-Month Club, and proved to be one of the most dismal "duds" ever chosen by that organization.

-oOo-

Unlikely as it seems, occasionally an Amazing story finds favor with fantasites outside the special Amazing clique. I do not know how these stories were received by the typical Amz followers, but from the return engagements of Harold M. Sherman and Heinrich Hauser, it seems that these novels were not vetoed by those who apparently prefer the hackwork of Amz's own stable of scribes.

This would indicate that Amazing readers like a story even if it is good.

-oOo-

Did someone lament to the effect that all the good pulp stf stories have already been anthologized?

Once, when I was in the army and completely isolated from fandom, I made up a list of stf yarns that I would like to see in an anthology. This was, of course, before I had heard that Healy and McComas were editing a collection, and perhaps it is a coincidence that many of the tales I selected were included in Adventures in Time and Space. But finding the tattered list among my things recently I was surprised to note a good many fine stories still lacking hard-cover presentation.

Here are some of them: "Fifty Million Monkeys" (Jones), "Dead Knowledge" (Stuart), "Out of Night" and "Cloak of Aesir" (Stuart), "Anachronistic Optics" (Schere), "The Morons" (Vincent), "Maiden Voyage" (Phillips), "Homo Sol" (Asimov), "Flight of the Dawn Star" (R.M. Williams), "Rust" (Kelleam), "Rule 18" (Simak). And of course there are several good Sturgeon stories; Sturgeon is a real "forgotten man" as far as anthologists are concerned. How about "Two Percent Inspiration", "Ether Breather", etc., all better than "Killdozer!"?

Among more recent stories, there is Simak's popular "City" series, including "Desertion", which is certainly a mind-staggering yarn worthy of collecting. In the past year such worthy contenders for future anthologies as "Maturity", "The Equalizer", "The Timid Tiger", "Child's Play", "E For Effort", "Jesting Pilot", "Centaurus II", "Tomorrow's Children", "Propagandist", "Aesop" and "Hobbyist" have appeared.

No worthwhile stories left to "book"? Nonsense!

twippledop is the crud that digest magazines use for fillers.

THE ROAD FROM EDWARD TO GEORGE

i.

John W. Campbell, Jr., cracks the whip
and soars on the blunted vortex of revolt,
fire-pinioned, toward the mirage
of the exploding universe.

Like the
skyscraper and the gothic cathedral he probes
the enormous sky with polished transplanetary
vision, rapt and terrible.

(Kimball Kinnison,
the fastest shot with a ray pistol in the
known universe, blisters existence in an
intolerable glare of energy; gray and auburn
demolish primitivism with nightmare sneers)

(Caroline Martin,
greatest intellect of two galaxies, pries the
cover off a 20th Century can of sardines and
torrents of mustard sauce flood the scala
paradisi through hyperspatial stresses)

Stars lurch into gear, glorifying verbal mirrors;
minted images argue the pagan myth of flight.

ii.

The abacus is sidereal; the universe adds
a new dimension, subtracts a frontier;
John W. Campbell, Jr.'s whip flays over
the cogitating mail chute, the reflective
slush pile.

Language, the duolog
between panjandrum and the collective you
tangles in vertical illusion.

The foaming
beaker slops on the eschatologic bar;
the hierarchic crystal stratifies
astronomic aspiration.

(Thunderheads of annihilation
gush out of agonized Times Square; Pete Mawser,
futile son of chaos, sprawls under the hymnal
vocables of summer storm and gardens)

(Hugh Drummond,
weary of prop-roar and unquiet Geigers, spews
apocalyptic fear and world-end-doom out of
nostrils tingling with improbable pipe-smoke;
the ambient resurrection of the Flood is
implicit on the twisted horizon).

(Concluded on the next page.)

COMMENTS ON THE FALL 1947 MAILING:

Fantasy Amateur. In re my credentials: I am co-editor of Tympani. This point should be emphasized inasmuch as Bob Stein (the promising stfan) is probably applying for FAPA membership with the same credentials.

I T L O O K S
F R O M H E R E

Plenum. Easily the most interesting Philcon account so far. # Had I been in Milty's shoes, I'd have grabbed the "sickly" cover for "With Folded Hands..." and let Rogers' horrible "Children of the Lens" pic rot in the S & S stockroom. Campbell's acceptance of the latter, it seems to me, points up Doc's little dissertation about Jawn's travail over whether to accept Lenstory #4. Note that there was only one cover for "Children", a break with tradition if nothing else was. "Pattern for Conquest", on the other hand, had two covers.... # What ever happened to "Chrisman"?

Horizons. The first fanzine effusion from Hagerstown I've seen since the last Spaceways. I see Harry has the same old typer. The ddt&t mimeograph seems to be feeling its years...after 30 Spaceways, 32 Horizons, numberless other publications, some cranked off for other fans. Incidentally, the ddt&t name didn't make its appearance till the final S., did it? # One of the main manifestations of a new trend in the Standard twins is the inclusion of technical "double-talk" in the stories, almost to the extent allowed by ASF. Note the Wesley Long novel in the March Startling. Random example: "First he would curtail the band-width of the amplifier until it peaked around eight hundred cycles per second, near the musical note 'A' one octave above the standard Concert Pitch 'A'." Yes. He did it too. That's not the best example; there are some mathematical expositions that should please Stanley. However, young heroines are not passé, as Harry infers, nor are the presence of normal pulp plot sequences. Probably it is for that reason that Geosmith - Wes Long is considerably more palatable in Startling than he ever was ("Nomad", notwithstanding) in Campbell's mag. # The "Exposition" is interesting; I wish I could comment intelligently, but my notes written immediately upon reading this are incoherent. Upon re-reading, the autobiographical bits seem of especial interest. # The wild idea dredged up from Stf Echo concerning the Handbook of Science Fiction was proposed by Carl Jacobi in The Fantasite's Ann-Ish. It was, I believe, nothing more than a daydream which Jacobi took considerably less seriously than certain fans -- among which were this writer, and HWJr.

Frappé. The book review -- now, that was adequate. This "terribly sensational book" sounds terribly prosaic. # The three poems by Ree Dragonette are fine, although certain unfortunately stereotyped poeticisms protrude: "crystal prison", "disordered traces", etc. It is strange that such words as "clinic", "reflective", "flawless" and "perennially" recur in such verse with "mathematic" (this is an especial favorite) regularity. # The cynical, naive, mailing comments are a high spot.

Tangents. Fern's ruminations were read in a mood which precluded any urge for argumentation.

Fan-Dango. Jess Stacey (whoever he may be) burst into tears when he heard Louis Armstrong and Co. play. One must be emotionally unstable to appreciate jazz to the full, I take it? # Reason that Laney is paid up through 1948 in his NFFF dues is that he received one or more NFFF laureate awards, the "prize" for which, I understand, is a year's free dues. Since I made the note just quoted, K. Martin Carlson printed the same remark in his Kay-Mar Trader, but Laney in his present apathy probably didn't see it. Perhaps he'll see it here. I certainly hope it sets his mind at ease. # To the OE: one copy of Fan-Dango in my bundle is enough, thank you. Anyone want this extra?

Half-Length Articles. Burbee's dialog is certainly dictaphonic; his talent in this direction is probably one of his chief assets.

Grulzak. Was anyone surprised at "Looking Backward"? # Not having seen Norman Stanley's original article, I am wondering in what way these listed titles could be termed "forlorn". Several of them are quite intriguing: "Rocket Skin", "Fricasee in Four Dimensions", "The Tiger Has A Soul!", "Homer and the Herring". All promise unusual reading. My idea of forlorn titles comprises such entries as "British Thermal Units", "Project", "Logic" (pardon, Poul; it was a good story despite the title). I just remembered that the original title for DAW's Pocket Book of S-F was The Pocket Book of Scientific Romances. That isn't "forlorn"; it needs an uninvented adjective -- and I wonder who talked Pocket Books out of it? Which is considerably off the subject. # Korzybski, slide over. Here comes Toynbee. # I remember reading what I believe was V1 N1 of Hugo's Superworld Comics, which as I recall was of inferior format even for a comic-book (who started calling them "books"? Why do editors and publishers always call their mags "books"?). The only thing about it I remember clearly, aside from the incidence of interplanetary themes in the strips, was an article spread across the middle section in which Hugo, for the umpteenth time, harped on the idea that someday children will "learn while asleep". The earphone gadget to facilitate such "schooling" was mentioned in the Magazine Digest article on Gernsback, incidentally -- although his founding of Amazing was no more than hinted at. # Thanks for the laureate nomination, Joe, but the way they've juggled memberships of those who came in during the summer, I wasn't even in FAPA when Ichor #2 came out!

Phanteur. I've lost whatever notes I made on this mag. The short "opinion" about Heinlein and the Post reminds me, though, that August Derleth has selected "The Green Hills of Earth" for Strange Ports of Call -- just another proof of AWD's serious lack of judgment concerning things scientificfictional. # Avon Fantasy Reader is difficult to find, all right. Not till #4 did I find a newsstand with a goodly stack of them. Stein supplied me with copies of the earlier issues. # I'm surprised to find DeeBee listing his favorite Merrittales; I've always considered the ex-Sage of Salt Creek, ex-Basilisk of the Bayous as the perfect example of the pure stfist as lately personified by Elsner. # Willison's "Negroes and Science-Fiction" is rather obvious stuff. His argument that Negroes should be introduced into stf stories is valid only if one considers the stf magazines somewhat above the other pulps in liberality of poli-

cy. Few Negroes have appeared in detective, western or adventure pulps except as servants, handy-men or such minor characters. Excepting, of course, certain savages appearing in jungle yarns. In the latter case -- the uncivilized Negro -- such stf stories as The Iron Star and the Tarzan series come to mind. # Has anyone ever read Negro Comics? It strikes me that if that magazine follows the usual comic-book formula there should be a few quasi-stefnal supermen, Negroid division, cavorting within its pages. # I object to the "one and only" part of the Damcon heading. Tympani #13 (1 Sept) contained a short report -- remember, DeeBee?

Fanomena. It's obvious that Dr. Keller, like many another well known writer, is a novice at humor. Who added that note about "fanzine failing to reprint"? This item is an example of a doubtless rare species: "fan fiction" (Fancyc definition) not written by a fan. # With Philcon accounts a dime a dozen, Andy's review would have been of more interest had it been personalized.

Moonshine. Noted.

Atote. It always gets me: these diary-like accounts which are so specific about the time the train pulled out of the station (8:02), how much money the guy won at poker (\$1.35), how many were present at the family reunion (28), etc. (Exactly how many years ago did you give Ginia that typewriter, E. E.? Exactly how many dishes did you wash on Friday, September 9th?) # I can't say I didn't enjoy any of this, but it would have been unnecessary to exclaim "I get a great bang out of these meetings", if the "bang" had been communicated to us. # The constant switch in tenses was most annoying.

Glom. It is striking how closely Professor Bailey's letters to various fans parallel each other, not only in subject matter -- which is natural -- but in phrasing. These excerpts from his letter to Acky resemble to a marked degree those from his letter to Bob Stein which we quoted under the title "The Story Behind Pilgrims Through Space and Time" for Tympani #14. # Prof. Bailey's use of the term "scientific fiction" recalls to mind Harry Warner's campaign to popularize that label. That was back in 1941-42. As evidenced by Horizons, Harry never permanently converted to "scientific" fiction himself -- probably not news to anyone but me. # Gotta hand it to Forry: he's got nerve, reprinting his letter of October, 1932.

Fapa Flypaper. Dale, I have a copy of Out of Space and Time, in d/w, which I don't particularly care for, not being a CASmith fan. I'd trade it for, let's say, a complete file of Unk, or the second HPL omnivolume!

Elmurmurs. Noted. The Major Disaster Plan: This was stf?

Slithy Toves. I did have some profundities concerning the problem of fandom and ayjay (partly inspired by a recent exchange of postcards with Dunk), but those notes disappeared with those about Phanteur. # Who the hell is "Hippocraties"?

(POST-MAILINGS reviewed on the next page.)

POST-MAILINGS

Snix. If it's pronounced in one syllable, I could emulate Ackerman and remark, "Coswal's Gawne and done it". # I presume such remarks as "Sheila Kaye-Smith (no data)" and "Snerwood Anderson (author of GREEN PASTURES)" are to be considered humor? # "Snix of Stf Publicity", followed by polite applause and snickering, I am afraid? # But no, Tympani reported the Hal Boyle column.

Requiem. Well, there isn't much to say, except thanks for presenting the other side of the affair. Well done.

Sparx. No notes, but a nice little magazine. The fiction was good.

Wild Hair. The humor was not always clean, but was usually side-shattering. A little more restraint in the matter of humor would probably add to the magazine's punch.

Synapse. About the profuse mailing comments, I have little to say, not having seen more'n a few of the mags in the Summer bundle. I agree, though, with the criticism of the poem on Fort in Ichor #2. The thing was written five years after perusing Lo!, with only the vaguest of memories about Fort's ideas and explanations; hence, the sketchy props from which to weave imaginative verse. Now that I've the Fortean chronicles in my library mebbe I could do a better job. But I'll not try. # My god, Jack, you misspelled "omb"! # What is this reference in Thru A Glass Darkly to "visitors from Minnesota"? Is "Gunnison" supposed to be a Minnefan? # The sequence, reading vertically, of "Doris" and "Sweeney", names a WAC from Chicago who worked in Message Center at Alamogordo army air base! # The review of Stardust in which the science article "Poisoned Soil" by Willy Ley is mentioned reminds me of a fanzine I haven't thought of in five and a half years. It was, I think, titled Science Fiction Jr., and emanated from Chicago. Obviously edited by a wide-eyed Rap admirer (was it McNutt, or was there another junior fan named Nutt?), it featured an article in which several of Palmer's penames were revealed, and a couple of articles and stories republished from Anz and Stardust. One was the Ley item. S-F Jr was, I think, the very last fanzine I received before entering the army. I haven't seen it since, so it probably didn't get stored away with the rest of my stf trappings, and was destroyed. # William Carter Fellows was a Hamling pseudonym, wasn't it? # A postscript to the Stardust review is this: As late as 1946 (the last edition I have) Writer's Market listed Stardust, "the magazine unique", of 4944 N. Rockwell St., Chicago, under "Sci-Fantasy Magazines". The market info was as follows: "This is not a pulp magazine. Wants stories from 1000 to 5000 words. There is a strong pull in these stories toward fantasy or pseudo-science fiction /sic!/. They must have strong characterization and smooth writing. Uses fantasy poetry. Reports in three days." One wonders how Hamling expected to have stories featuring "strong characterization and smooth writing" when he used his own stuff. # I suppose "Catching Up With Crud" will, circa 1954, review that "superlative semi-pro fan magazine" (says Taurasi) titled Vortex?

"You shall ride eastward on a rain-wind, spurring the thunder."

AMAZING PROPHECY!

John Berryman. Does the name sound familiar? You probably remember him as a writer who sold a few excellent stories to Campbell seven or eight years ago. Mark that name well. Remember it as a name to go down in history beside those of Nostradamus, Mother Shipton and Alfred, Lord Tennyson.

John Berryman may lay claim to a lounge-chair on the celestial veranda reserved for great prophets on the strength of his ASF story, "Special Flight", which in the Ley-day of rocketry, may prove only too accurate a depiction. However, it is possible that Berryman will assume the flowing robes, the salted beard, upon fulfillment of a greater prophecy. This prediction of things to come is, alas, set down in a book surely less impressive than the volume laboriously quilled by Michel de Nostradame, or even the ponderous Victorian tome with the yellowing end-papers and pressed flowers containing Tennyson's complete works. Berryman's special bid for the chevrons of Prophet First Class is to be found in a slim (25-page) book titled Poems by John Berryman, published in 1942 by New Directions.

The book is a collection of twelve poems which, in a brief foreword, Berryman calls "an arbitrary brief selection from work done during 1939 and 1940". Note well those dates. In the ninth poem, "A Point of Age", the poet becomes a seer of the future, but following the Nostradamus tradition obscures the prophetic words in a nimbus of crypticisms. After two pages of complex symbolism ("Physicians are a constellation where the blown brain is a fascist to the heart"), the prophet ascends the far-searching pinnacle and delivers these lines:

"You, Shaver, other shade, rebel again,
Greatgrandfather, witness my simple need
Among the chromium luxury of the age
Uncomfortable, threadbare, apt to rage.
Recall your office, exile; tell me now
To devour the annals of the valuable dead
Fish for the cortex, candour for my pain."

Students of prophecy must interpret this stupendous stanza for themselves. An unschooled amateur like myself can but dimly understand. Because this poem was written in 1939 or 1940 -- at the very time Berryman first focussed his attention on stf -- and because of his reference to "Shaver...rebel again", it is obviously the Shaver we know to whom he refers: the Shaver who writes what some call "science fiction", who has rebelled violently against the dogma of science. This identification granted, we can interpret "annals of the valuable dead" as a reference to the thought-records of Lemuria to which the Rebel has access. As food for thought and as anodyne for mental pain, such Muish memories are unequalled, as Berryman infers.

Most students reading this treatise will be particularly interested in the vague suggestions by which the fate of Shaver is prophesied. In line five, he is called "exile", which presages a possible banishment of the Beardless One. Perhaps we may interpret it as an opaque reference to his possible dismissal from the hack-list of a well-known two-bits-dreadful -- an event which is being hotly rumored as pleasantly imminent. Actual deportation of the Rebel may, however, be indicated. There is a possibility, too -- and this has fateful overtones! -- that the predicted "exile" may be purely mental.

THERE IS ALSO TODAY

Go

plunk down your quarter
rifle through 162 pages
enjoy

an evening of black and white dreams.

But realize

that regardless of kimball kinnison, the
gasbill will be a little higher next month;

that regardless of atomic tomorrows, you will
have to stand all the way to work in the morning;

that regardless of the nick-of-time invention
that prevails in the end, you'll get a cold
next week.

Remember

it is raining outside, and soon you will have
to trudge down gray damp streets; don channing
can do nothing about it;

the dirty dishes are still waiting in the sink;
lewis padgett has no solution for a cheaper
washing-machine.

Go

settle down in your chair
shut today out of your mind
and resume

your perusal of a. e. van vogt.

Of considerable more interest is the tremendous significance of the reference after the name "Shaver" in the very first line. "Other shade"! "Shade", of course, is a synonym for those who wander in the nether regions where Virgil is a tourist-guide. "Shade" might also be interpreted to mean "ghost" -- but who would not chance, being haunted by a Beardless Ghost if the Rebel's corporeal presence were removed from this world?

"Greatgrandfather" in line two is the single reference which causes one to shudder. If the Rebel is now, as may seem to be the case, a bearded ancient toddling into his second childhood, there is no cause for alarm. But if he is now only a youth, without progeny ... Alas! Years and decades may fall like snow before the last dero is pursued from the caves, and the prophecy is fulfilled.

But when the Beardless One is finally banished from Nameless Stories, and swoons to death in anguish -- remember, all this was prophesied more than nine years ago by P.F.C. John Berryman! ##

