

Stein Book



Stein

F A P A
43rd Mailing
May 1948

"...Some possible dream, long coiled in the ammonite's slumber
Is uncurling, prepared to lay on our talk and kindness
Its military silence, its surgeon's idea of pain;

And out of the Future, into actual History,
As when Merlin, tamer of horses, and his lords to whom
Stonehenge was still a thought, the Pillars passed

And into the undared ocean swung north their prow,
Drives through the night and star-concealing dawn
For the virgin roadsteads of our hearts and unwavering keel."

-- W. H. Auden.

"Adieu O soldier,
You of the rude campaigning, (which
we shared,)
The rapid march, the life of the camp,
The hot contention of opposing fronts,
the long maneuver,
Red battles with their slaughter, the
stimulus, the strong terrific game,
Spell of all brave and manly hearts, the
trains of time through you and like of
you all filled
With war and war's expression.

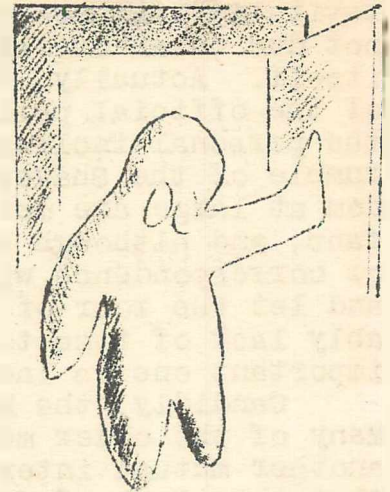
Adieu dear comrade,
Your mission is fulfilled -- but I, more
warlike,
Myself and this contentious soul of mine,
Still on our own campaigning bound,
Through untried roads with ambushes
opponents lined,
Through many a sharp defeat and many a
crisis, often baffled,
Here marching, ever marching on, a war
fight out -- aye here,
To fiercer, weightier battles give
expression."

-- Walt Whitman.

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* COVER BY ROBERT L. STEIN
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"Today we rule Isher --- tomorrow the sevagram!"

JUST CALL ME NATURE BOY: "A.E. van Vogt has a first name which he dislikes intensely, and which must remain his secret and ours" -- says the last page of his book The World of Null-A. His "secret" -- hi, Al! -- is almost as closely guarded as my own, but both of us have been found out.... A few days before the February mailing was due, I received a postal card from one Charles Burbee of Los Angeles, in which he said: "I was talking to Ackerman the other night and he asked me if you were the Dean Boggs who used to be active in '43 and thereabouts -- maybe '44, too. The guy who wrote, among other items, 'The Man Who Spoke Too Late' for some cruddy fanzine of the period... Are you the guy or not?"



T W I P P L E D O P

The claustrophobic feeling that I experienced upon receiving Mr. Burbee's card was not dispelled by a letter I received from Mr. Forrest J Ackerman. He had me mixed up with one Pete Bogg, who writes clever little articlettes -- fillers, that is -- for Amazing. As I stripped off my disguise and let my long redd cape flutter defiantly in the wind, I knew I would have to admit all, just to be able to toss the false accusations back at those persecutors I have just mentioned.

First, I must admit that my true name is Dean Boggs. I was active in the stf field under that name a few years back. But it wasn't in '43 and maybe '44 -- it was in '41 and '42. Soon after I entered the army, I dropped all fan activity for the duration. During the year or so of my fanhood, I contributed articles and poetry to such outstanding fanzines as The Fantasite, Spaceways, Tycho, Leprechaun, and others. I mention this, not to boast, but to protest any attempt to link my name with ploopy potboilers I did not write. I did contribute to the "cruddy fanzine" Mr. Burbee mentions, but so did Harry Warner, E. E. Evans, etc. It was Space Tales. But foo defend me, I did NOT write "The Man Who Spoke Too Late". That genial gentleman named William Lawrence Hamling wrote that thing. I believe he has since assumed some capacity or other with Ziff-Davis publications, and has endeared himself to certain fans among us.

Furthermore, I am not Pete Bogg. At least, I haven't received any check from RAP for the fillers Pete has sold.

I reiterate: I did not write "The Man Who Spoke Too Late"; I am not Pete Bogg. My full confession follows:

"Said a guy in stefandom's demesne,
 'I think that I'd better come clesne,
 For altho I'm called Redd,
 It's gotta be sedd
 That my name is actually Desne.'"

Mr. Burbee has the last word on the affair. "Fame is fleeting," he writes, "but the long memory of Ackerman reaches into the mists of 1941 and picks your name out of the ether. You can't win. To Ack -- and now everybody else in FAPA -- you will be known as Dean Boggs who prefers to be known as Redd Boggs, but we call him Dean."

(More TWIPPLEDOP on the next page)

WHITHER, MFS?: Little has been published in the fan press about the revitalized Minneapolis Fantasy Society. This lack of publicity is not due to an oversight on the part of either fan-editors or the MFS itself. Actually, the MFS doesn't want publicity. This is not a part of the official policy of the Society, but it is manifestly a part of the personal inclinations of most of the "old-guard" members. The rumble of the Shaver controversy, the feuds and the hot issues of fandom at large are mere whisperings from another dimension to most MFS fans, and although some have entertained ideas of renewing friendship or correspondence with other fans, few of them care to open the gates and let the roar of the fan world come in to them again. Why? Probably lack of time to indulge in fan interests is a factor, but a more important one is lack of interest in things science-fictional.

Candidly, the MFS is no longer a strictly science fiction club. Many of the older members have experienced fears that without stf or another mutual interest, the MFS will soon disintegrate. It may be that this lack of focus will result in the MFS disbandment next meeting, but it seems to this writer, at least, that fundamentally, most of the club members are little changed from the days of 1940-43. Although their enthusiasm for stf has slackened -- and naturally so -- the basic interests and abilities of these fans, which first drew them into the field, are still there, vitalized by time and experience. All are intelligent, well-educated men with wide interests and open minds. This alone gives them a singleness of purpose -- thirst for knowledge; and their common, though latent, stf background gives them the horizon for extrapolation as their minds desire.

And incidentally, I never cease to wonder at the frequency with which stf stories and theories come to the fore in the MFS bull-sessions. Although I have had little contact with other stf clubs, I incline to doubt that stf is mentioned more often in those clubs where stf is acknowledged as the prime mover.

On a mere informational level, I might mention that the MFS was reactivated December 27th, 1947, and has held more than half a dozen meetings since then, although several were technically unofficial due to inability to muster a quorum. Among the old-guard members who have attended are: John L. Gergen, Gordon Dickson, Manse Brackney, Phil Bronson, Dale Rostomily, Chuck Albertson, Fred Wagner, John L. Chapman -- not to forget Clifford D. Simak and Carl Jacobi. Newer members include Poul ("Tomorrow's Children") Anderson, Ken Gray, author of two forthcoming stories in ASF, Noel ("City of Glass") Loomis, Darrell Burkhardt, Bernard Puchleitner, and others.

FAN MEETS AUTHOR: The talk at the post-meeting session of MFS members had got around to the subject of mutants. Someone said reflectively, "There was a good story in Astounding some time ago about a mutant -- a kid and his dog... What was the name of it?" Poul Anderson blinked a few times, then ascertaining that the other was not kidding, remarked, "It was called 'Logic'. I wrote it."

NOBODY HOME!: Sky hook or by crook, I plan to attend the TORCON. In fact, I may just possibly take off a week or so early --- especially if I have to hitch-hike -- and visit at least one fan along the way. Therefore, fans touring this part of the country around July 1st will probably find me gone, in case they hit Minneapolis and try to locate me. But anyhow, I'll see you all in Toronto! Unless plans go awry, Sky Hook #3 will contain my TORCON diary. Now is the time to drop out of FAPA!

IN LIEU OF A BIOGRAPHY

A PARADOX that interested me for several years was the bulkiness of my billfold, which retained that well-needled look even when it contained no more than a few dollars. The other evening I finally decided to determine exactly what caused that curious obesity and, clearing the top of my desk, I emptied the entire contents of the wallet before me and inventoried the accumulated crud from within. It made a rather formidable pile of miscellany.

Since many of you probably are wondering as you scan this new Fapazine just who the hell I am and what I am, it occurs to me that a list of the papers, cards, clips and snapshots taken from my wallet might be interesting and of potentially more value than a conventional "ego-boography". Fans of a deductive bent are invited to play detective all they wish. For myself, I am not at all sure what the list reveals, unless it uncovers a certain pack-rat tendency.

I might say that much of the stuff listed was not intended to become a permanent part of my souvenir collection, but was accumulated over the years when I took no care to keep my wallet relieved of the slowly-collecting junk mentioned below.

Here is the list, items taken at random:

A membership card of the Book-of-the-Month Club, account number F350-819 (I am no longer a member); my NFFF membership card (the one featuring the juvenile emblem with that silver skull -- was there any other?); my social security card; a Philcon Society card.

A 3 x 5 card (folded) upon which are printed the eleven general orders. I toted this article during my army career, just in case some C. O. ever required me to memorize those orders in a hurry. But none ever did.

A small blue card containing the address of an old army buddy named Lopez, with the notation, "Don't forget this, if you forget all else, I owe you \$50.00". Except for the fact that he no longer lives at that address and the post office department cannot locate him, I might have been able to pay for a trip to the Philcon by attending it and collecting the debt, too. He lived in Philly.

A narrow segment clipped from a classified special order of the Alamogordo (New Mexico) Army Air Base, containing my name, rank, serial number and MOS, and those of several score others. This was a small portion of the order that sent our outfit overseas, and it shouldn't have been carried on the person, but I had removed all unit designations, the date, and other information. All that remains is a list of names.

A printed copy of "The Army Air Corps Song" (lyrics only), with all three choruses. These were handed out to us at Jefferson Barracks, Mo., one hot morning in July, 1942, and we were required to sing the whole song with proper lustiness and expression. On the other side of the sheet is a written notation: "APO 9913, c/o PM, NY" -- my temporary overseas APO number. I wonder why I wrote it there?

A typed copy of William Butler Yeats' short poem, "Aedh Wishes for the Cloths of Heaven". I like these lines:

"...The blue and the dim and the dark cloths
Of night and light and the half light..."

A London ARC Light, the single-sheet weekly bulletin published by the American Red Cross in England, containing a sketchy map of London (West End) and the entertainment schedule at ARC clubs for the

week of Dec. 10-16, 1944. There is a penciled notation on the margin "17s", which is the cost, if I remember correctly, of a return-ticket Norwich to London. Again, I don't know why it was scribbled there -- but quite possibly it refers to some other furlough expense.

An immunization register (Form 81, Medical Department, U. S. Army). The last entry in this dog-eared scrap of paper records an anti-influenza shot on October 13, 1945. (This was at Camp Pittsburgh, Assembly Area Command, France).

A typed copy of General Orders #10, Sissonne Sub-Area, Assembly Area Command, France, dated 7 Sep 1945, awarding me and 14 others the Good Conduct medal (!). I don't know why they included me on the order; I had been authorized to wear that red ribbon since early '43.

My copy of the application for National Service Life Insurance signed at Fort Snelling, Minn., on the 6th day of July, 1942.

A clip from a local community paper containing a story about "my" army outfit, which I myself wrote up and sent through AAF public relations channels from overseas.

A London bus ticket, marked 3d., Dp 1506, and Route 88, and punched for Devonshire Avenue.

Another clipping, this one from Yank (continental edition) circa September 1945, reprinting the poem "The Long Voyage" by Malcolm Cowley that expresses (according to a blurb) "the homesick love of country now felt by millions of servicemen and women overseas". Here is the last of the four stanzas:

"Now the dark waters at the bow
fold back, like earth against the plow;
foam brightens like the dogwood now
at home, in my own country."

A yellowed piece of tablet paper, one side containing three penciled lines for a poem I never finished. The passage in question is not worthy of quotation. On the other side is copy for an army teletype message to CG, 16BOTW, Biggs Field, Texas: "Request authority to transfer one EM MOS 813 from 18RW this sta to 400BG to fill existing shortage." This must have been written when I was working on the headquarters TWX desk.

A card upon which is scribbled a London address and telephone number. A lady wrote them there and presented the card to me in a crowded pub called "The Swan" in Lancaster Gate. The other side of the card proves it to be a business-card, that of Thomas E. Berry, Commission Agent, 72, Inverness Terrace, Bayswater, W.2. In case you ever get to London, the "lady's" phone number is Paddington 4217.

Still another clipping, a second one from Yank, the domestic edition this time, featuring Thomas Hardy's poem, "In Time of 'The Breaking of Nations'".

My "Enlisted Man's Identification Card, European Theater of Operations", issued 5 May 1944. I signed it with that gorgeous emerald green ink I bought at -- was it Jerrold's in Norwich?

Another yellowing sheet of paper. This one contains two tentative "leads" for a story about our bomb group's formation "assembly-plane". One of them reads: "'Nervous Nell', an RB-24-D aircraft veteran of 70 combat missions over enemy territory, still is doing her duty this side of the Pond, while most of her sister ships are back in the States serving as first-phase training planes...." Since this story was killed when Air Division headquarters ruled against

any news-releases about assembly-ships, I don't know why I kept this paper. Also on the page is a notation "166 - Bomb day doors; 313 - gen out" -- which is a transcription of a squadron-engineering aircraft status report telephoned each evening to operations, where I was working at the time.

Since there is no place for photographs in my old wallet, I have but one tucked into it -- a snapshot of a WAC I knew at Alamogordo. Perched on a Sub-Depot motor-scooter, she looks sweet as hell but a bit self-conscious. I must admit that I remember the scooter better than the girl: this was the machine that they assigned to the base-newspaper staff instead of the jeep we requested!

And that's all there was in my wallet. What does it all prove about its owner?

"Flowers for lovers, balloons for soldiers!"

HANG OUT THE BLACK

By Donn Brazier

MOST FANS appeared to be overjoyed when Heinlein cracked the Sat-evepost. Not me. Most fans looked on Bradbury with respect approaching awe when his stories appeared in the slicks and such quality magazines as Harper's. Not me.

When the authors slant their stuff toward the slicks they resemble bartenders adding water to their stock. From something lusty and jampacked with surprises the author has offered in its place a sodden graham cracker tied with a bright red ribbon. I'm mixing metaphors. Authors should be held to account for mixing shining science ideas and imaginative variants with the oh-darling-wipe-your-nose school of writing.

"Man," the slick boys shout, "Lookit the characterization, the local color, the true-to-life situations..."

"Damn it!" I shout right back. "If that's all I wanted, do you think I'd be reading science fiction?"

Why do I read it? Why do you read it? I read it for the clever, often times brilliant, ideas that the author develops within a scientific or pseudoscientific frame. I marvel over a well-worked short story as I would marvel over an ingenuous puzzle. I thrill at a touch of alien thought as I thrill at an unusual musical chord or timbre. And when people go around wiping their noses in the stories I read, it bothers me, unless I'm reading stuff I know will be about people wiping their noses.

I predict a steady decline in science fiction, of the type I like. This will happen when the best authors stop thinking and begin writing stories for the slicks and quality magazines. This will happen when the atomic bomb talk, electronic news, etc., become so familiar to the layman that slicks will consider their readers able to comprehend the more simple aspects of these problems, as long as there are several snappily noses running here and there among the formulae.

Fandom should hang out the black every time a familiar name appears in the slicks.

A flower dies sadly; a balloon has a glorious death."

"THE OMNIBUS OF SCIENCE FICTION"

IN the past two months, both A Treasury of Science Fiction and Strange Ports of Call have appeared. Now -- still another stf anthology is on the way! This sterling collection, to be titled The Omnibus of Science Fiction: 30 Great Stories of Worlds to Come, will be edited by the same fan under whose personal supervision Sky Hook is produced. In fact, most of the editing work has already been done; all that is needed now is a publisher willing to issue the book.

The idea for The Omnibus of Science Fiction came from Sky Hook #1, in which several suggestions regarding various pulp stories worthy of hard covers were generously given to prospective anthologists. Although three of the stories we suggested have been used in A Treasury of Science Fiction (not that we think Mr. Conklin followed our suggestions), we made up another list of stories still lacking hard-cover presentation, evolving the thing into a more or less formal "anthology choice" for a 30-story stf collection.

We should mention en passant that this anthology project is not a steal from Dave MacInnes, whose Necromancer #2 contains a similar idea. Omnibus was conceived several weeks before "Necker" arrived.

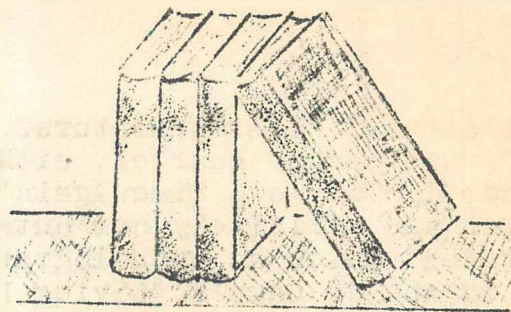
Here are our selections for The Omnibus of Science Fiction: 30 Great Stories of Worlds to Come. To our knowledge, none of these yarns has appeared in any previous anthology.

"Fifty Million Monkeys".....	Raymond F Jones
"Clash By Night".....	Lawrence O'Donnell
"Two Percent Inspiration".....	Theodore Sturgeon
"Census".....	Clifford D. Simak
"Time Wants A Skeleton".....	Ross Rocklyne
"Dead Knowledge".....	Don A. Stuart
"The Crucible of Power".....	Jack Williamson
"The Shape of Things".....	Ray Bradbury
"The Morons".....	Harl Vincent
"E for Effort".....	T. L. Sherred
"A Logic Named Joe".....	Will F. Jenkins
"The Men and the Mirror".....	Ross Rocklyne
"Greater Than Gods".....	C. L. Moore
"Victory Unintentional".....	Isaac Asimov
"Waldo".....	Anson MacDonald
"M33 in Andromeda".....	A. E. van Vogt
"Reincarnate".....	Lester del Rey
"The Biped, Reagan".....	Alfred Bester
"Environment".....	Chester S. Geier
"The World is Mine!".....	Lewis Padgett
"Elsewhere".....	Caleb Saunders
"Rocket Summer".....	Ray Bradbury
"And Then There Was One".....	Ross Rocklyne
"Desertion".....	Clifford D. Simak
"A Matter of Speed".....	Harry Bates
"There Shall Be Darkness".....	C. L. Moore
"The Push of A Finger".....	Alfred Bester
"Co-operate or Else".....	A. E. van Vogt
"Homo Sol".....	Isaac Asimov
"The Equalizer".....	Jack Williamson

By golly, it's a better anthology than Strange Ports of Call, anyhow!

SKY HOOK

A TREASURY OF SCIENCE FICTION, edited by Groff Conklin. ix-517pp. New York: Crown Publishers, 1948. \$3.



B O O K R E V I E W S

While by no means a science fictional Fort Knox, A Treasury of Science Fiction is a worthwhile book to put on the shelf beside The Best of Science Fiction, Mr. Conklin's first excursion into the stf anthology field, and Adventures in Time and Space. An even ten yarns smaller than Best, and nearly 500 pages thinner than Adventures, Treasury is inferior in quality as well. There is fiber here, but it is mingled with filler -- stories that do not even have the advantage of being of classic age, a recompense that rendered several trashy tales in Best acceptable, if not readable.

Apparently satisfied that his earlier collection gave us an adequate sampling from the heathen days of Poe, Stockton and Wells, and the somehow less apprehensible era of the Gernsback Amazing and Wonder Stories, Mr. Conklin has pendulumed here quite astonishingly to the other extreme. An ominous thirteen of the Treasury tales have been culled from the 1946 and 1947 files of Astounding Science Fiction; in other words, they have appeared since Mr. Conklin donned apostolic attire and went forth among the unbelievers, spreading the gospel of Stf. Those who have embraced the True Religion are so numerous, Conklin avers, that one wonders why he bothered to collect these tales which so many of his readers must already have seen.

Like The Best of Science Fiction, this anthology groups the contents under several general headings, those in the present collection being "The Atom and After", "The Wonders of Earth", "The Superscience of Man", "Dangerous Inventions", "Adventures in Dimensions", "From Outer Space", and "Far Traveling". These correspond to the divisions used in Conklin's first book, except that "Far Traveling" is a new grouping.

The section devoted to the atom and its problems represents a continuing attempt on the part of anthologist Conklin to float his books on the current of contemporary speculation on the Atomic War. Although the first days of ominous newspaper editorials and frankly sensational imaginings that burst upon us with the bomb is at last behind us, interest in this phase of stf apparently seems the one most likely to gain converts; therefore Atomigeddon leads the parade. Aside from the fact that they are all of recent vintage, none of the selections under this heading are unworthy of hard-covers. "Tomorrow's Children", "The Last Objective" and "The Nightmare", together with "Thunder and Roses" (in Strange Ports of Call), are the best of the type yet written. Apparently with the thought of leavening the grimness of these three tales with a lighter touch, a hopeful note, Conklin has tossed in Clarke's clever, completely incredible "Loop-hole" and Edward Grendon's "The Figure", equally difficult to take seriously.

Otherwise, in the six sections devoted to stf whose prophecies loom less oppressively before us, Conklin has collected at least three undisputed classics: "Vintage Season", "Mimsy Were the Borogoves" (also anthologized in The Night Side), and "Flight of the Dawn Star". In the same category are "No Woman Born", "Child's Play", "Rescue Party", "N Day" and "Tools", although for various reasons these have not

yet assumed classic stature.

One cannot quarrel, either, with such selections as "With Folded Hands", "Time and Time Again", "The Eternal Man" and a few others which are definitely not outstanding, but possess certain points of interest which an anthologist might look for. One might be disappointed to see de Camp's "Living Fossil", a yarn not typical of this writer's later output, or Lester del Rey's "Dark Mission", when there are some much finer tales available from his pen, but both stories develop themes which a stf anthology should represent.

There are, however, several out-and-out poor selections which must be cited. This reviewer has no doubt that even A. E. van Vogt, the author, was dumbfounded when "Juggernaut" was chosen for the book -- for not only is it one of vV's minor tales, but it is now qualified for a Speer decimal designation as not happening on this time track; in other words, it is sadly out-dated. If Conklin wanted a van Vogt yarn, there are plenty of topnotch ones still available; if he liked the theme, he could have found it developed in an excellent story, "Quarantine", by George O. Smith (TWS, December 1947).

Similarly, "The Person from Porlock" is a manifestly inferior R. F. Jones story, and was a dismal choice when there are so many other Jones yarns, almost all of them far better, still lacking hard-cover presentation. This reviewer has discoursed several times on the obvious faults of "Person from Porlock" as a story, and although we are not egotistical enough to think you will remember these opinions, a rereading of this tale should make its faults so obvious as to require no reiteration.

"Housing Shortage" is almost as bad a selection; this theme has been used, and misused, by so many stf hacks that it retains approximately the novelty of a Martian invasion. Here, too, there are many better stories with the same basic plot.

To put an end to this list, there are "The Ethical Equations", a deep-space potboiler by Leinster that has nothing original at all to recommend it; "With Flaming Swords", by Cleve Cartmill, an unholy rewrite job on "Sixth Column", and uninspired, if any story was; "Children of the 'Betsy B'", a well-done yarn by Jameson that is not stf, and should have been printed in Unknown; and "The Chrysalis", one of P. S. Miller's least successful stories, although it has many good touches.

We shall not put Heinlein's story, "It's Great to Be Back", on the list. Coming from the Satevepost, it is surely as good a yarn as it is possible to write under the circumstances. It is too bad that nearly all of RAH's outstanding pulp yarns have already been collected. One last story, "The Great Fog", may or may not be worthy of a place in this anthology. A well-written story, it is but a slight switch on the conventional World Catastrophe yarn. And it is still in print in America (Weird Tales of Terror and Detection) and has just been published in England under the original title of The Great Fog and Other Weird Tales. Why should it be used here?

In any event, A Treasury of Science Fiction is a handsome looking book, considerably thicker than the first edition of Best, and in format almost up to the standard set by Adventures in Time and Space. Few can deny that its contents are generally fine, the good stories considerably outweighing the bad, but one wishes that Mr. Conklin had resorted to unearthing those "deciduous backfiles" of the pulps about which he speaks so nostalgically. The harvest of stories from the era of ten or more years ago has been prodigal, but there are a good many

fine tales left untouched. Sooner or later, some anthologist will find them. Perhaps Mr. Conklin thought he would reap the best stories of 1946-47 before anyone else beat him to it. One doubts that any other anthologist was bent on scooping him; at any rate, Conklin has won handily. But the stiff anthologists have no alternative, now; henceforth they will have to dig.

THE WORLD OF A, by A. E. van Vogt. 346pp. New York: Simon and Schuster, 1948. \$2.50.

Further Information: The book carries the caption "A Sciencefiction Adventure" on the dust wrapper. There is a plug on the back flap for Astounding SCIENCE FICTION, the "curious and excellent little magazine" where this story originally appeared in the August, September, and October, 1945, issues.

Review: Hard-covered and revised, The World of A stands forth as the obvious choice of any mundane publishing house to head a projected series of "scientific fiction" books. For, focused down as one story between one set of covers, rather than as a three months serial, this novel's relationship to the popular "detective" novel, whose profit-making ability is well-known, makes itself quickly apparent. While a cut or two above the garden variety of futuristic detective yarn (cf. Cummings' "Crimes of the Year 2000"), The World of A actually is organized as a mystery novel, employing a complex plot abounding in irrelevancies and false testimony and camouflaging all clues necessary to the mystery's solution till the very end. Moreover, this revision of the magazine serial has served to accentuate the mystery - novel mood, with its minor, but significant changes of plot and motivation.

Actually, little else is gained by the so-called "thorough" revision except a more detailed tying-up of the plot's complexities, and a simplification of certain "fantastic" aspects in order to make the story more acceptable to the reader of detective novels. It is indeed difficult to determine exactly where the 15,000 words are that allegedly have been added (see the review in The Fantasy Field, April 1948); it is much easier to discover the many deletions, the drastic expurgation of those passages in which Gosseyn tries by semantic logic to orient himself to his environment, the grappling attempts of his null-A mind to comprehend the shattering implications of his false memories and the dark plot against him. The lack of these introspections has the effect of making Gosseyn a stereotyped detective story hero who moves futilely along toward his destiny, clumsily clutching at straws that are more than they appear.

One interesting bit of rewriting shows the opposing personalities of the Gosseyn of ASF and the Gosseyn of the book. Magazine: "There was a drabness about his surroundings that permitted thought." (p. 9, ASF, Sept. 1945). Book: "There was a drabness about his surroundings that dulled thought." (p. 85).

Patricia Hardie, too, has been altered; she becomes, in the book, a bona fide heroine whose assistance of Gosseyn is born, not of ulterior motives, but of a typical Della Street loyalty and pluck. It's she who rescues Gosseyn from the gang immediately prior to the death of Gosseyn I. This rescue, incidentally, is unabashedly melodramatic, and a device used only because of the obvious need to circumvent the incredible (but wital logical) method of escape performed by "super-

man" Gosseyn in the magazine version.

The plot is clarified early in the story by another stock gimmick -- the overheard conversation. The exact nature of the menace to the Games Machine is exposed at almost the same time, thus revealing the mystery which, in the magazine, carried the story well into the second part. The non sequitar of Gosseyn's dream, while in the tree house, that he is groping through a "cruel and deadly" plenum and seeing through unhuman eyes, has been deleted, as have the several indications that Venus possesses native intelligent life. These minor threads, which were left as loose ends in the original version, may have been starting points for the sequel (which has now been completed, I understand) and their removal must have posed a lovely problem for van Vogt, who had to write a sequel consistent with both versions of The World of A.

Some of the more fortunate bits of rewriting were concerned with filling out the story on a purely literary level. The magazine version, like most ASF stories, emphasized technical and sociological aspects, leaving the immediate background to the imagination. The scene of action resembles a movie set, presenting a solid front, but having an unfinished look around the edges. The city of the Machine, in the magazine, is a metropolis "having no definable shape", located at the confluence of a "misty, silver" river and a "blue-black" ocean. In the book, we learn that the city is surrounded by mountains, and has semitropical trees and bright roofs, that the Machine itself is set "on the leveled crest of a mountain". But strangely enough, the ocean has disappeared, and the river, instead of the missing ocean, is blue-black rather than misty silver.

Incidentally -- and unaccountably -- the town of Cress Village, of which Gosseyn has false memories, has been moved from California, where it was in the magazine story, to Florida. There are several similar switches on the original version which have no apparent reason, but generally, the minor revisions have the effect of strengthening the structure of the setting and of the characters themselves.

The "major" revisions are few, but each is significant. The first, occurring with the activation of Gosseyn II on Venus, heightens the dramatic effect of that difficult scene. For the first time tampering with the sequence of his story, van Vogt has rewritten the description of Gosseyn's reawakening so that his second body comes to life lying beside a giant tree, rather than in the Prescott hospital. Later comes the scene where Gosseyn overpowers Prescott and his wife, and escapes into the forest. The account of his adventures among the "skyscraper" trees has been speeded up for effect, sixteen days becoming a single evening. Van Vogt has economically integrated into the revision most of the material which might otherwise have been wasted. For example, the rainstorm, an incident of Gosseyn's trek in the forest, has been used in the book as a part of the scene in which Gosseyn II awakens.

The rescue of Gosseyn by the roboplane of the Machine has been rewritten -- another significant alteration, which omits the amusing scene where the roboplane offers to answer Gosseyn's questions, and Gosseyn, although possessed of a strong desire to know the truth about himself and the plot against him, asks not a single question. Questions "come easily" in the book, and the book Gosseyn immediately establishes that the roboplane is an agent of the Machine, something that the ASF Gosseyn did not realize till an instant before he was landed at Crang's tree house.

Although there is considerable revision in the sequence following Gosseyn's return to Earth as prisoner of the gang, most of the alteration is concerned with bludgeoning home certain points. More important are the changes made in the account of Gosseyn's second appearance on Venus. His wanderings, his experiences with the null-A Venusians, and his first attempts at controlling his extra brain, are telescoped or omitted or integrated into the scenes which follow his recapture by Thorson. Here occurs the most important deletion of all: the book mentions nothing of the "galactic-sized nightmare of unintegration" in the League, and the suggestion that null-A training is the hope of the galaxy. However, the defeat of the alien army by the null-A Venusians is pointed up and dramatized, an addition to the original version that rounds out the picture neatly.

The great discrepancy of the magazine story has been patched up, thus tremendously strengthening the novel, in the sequence which follows Gosseyn's recapture. As Damon Knight pointed out in his "World of van Vogt" (Cygni #5) the dominant Gosseyn, knowing the whereabouts of the plotters against null-A, could at any time have assassinated Thorson, thus accomplishing the very thing which presumably ended the threat to the Solar System. In the book, Patricia Hardie relays instructions from Crang, the null-A detective who has worked himself up to the top ranks of the alien army, telling Gosseyn that the ultimate end of the conflict is, indeed, "Death for Thorson". This point has been added: that with Thorson out of the way, Crang can take over the leadership of the alien troops attacking Venus, and the threat to A will be over. The inference is that Thorson could not have been removed until then -- until Crang was in a position to take over. Thus, the "chess-game" in which Gosseyn was a pawn, and the dominant Gosseyn was the player, assumes meaning. The whole purpose of the intricate maneuvers was to delay the climax until the critical moment. And in the end Gosseyn, the protagonist, accomplishes the mission he was created for: the destruction of Thorson.

The final chapter has not been so thoroughly revised as at least one reviewer has stated. Just as in the magazine, Gosseyn and Thorson enter the Semantics building through the ornamental entrance (but it is now inscribed "The Negative Judgment is the Peak of Mentality", rather than "Words, Ah Words" -- a "sigh across the centuries", in any event), and Thorson's army guards the Institute from all sides, while planes roar overhead. In the book there is no League agent to confront them -- his lines have been spoken by other characters earlier in the story. Nor are they met by Lavoisseur-"X", who in the ASF version, goes to considerable trouble to explain and demonstrate "the principles of immortality". Before they enter the room, a telepathic voice orders Gosseyn into action. Thorson is killed before he can confront Lavoisseur. However, the chapter -- and book -- concludes with the telepathic contact between Gosseyn and the mind of the dead Lavoisseur, the final "overtone" picture in the dead brain, and last of all, the tremendous pay-off line that ended the magazine story.

Essentially, The World of A is the same story which shook fan-dom to its foundations nearly three years ago. The revision has often strengthened it, more often clarified it, and sometimes changed its tone. Most of the contradictions and loose ends of the original have been resolved. But the story remains almost the same -- and a good one it is, too.

"This novel /Slan/ is the outstanding novel-length story of mutants in a world of tomorrow." -- Arkham House catalog, '47-'48.

Really not so novel as it sounds.

REMINISCENCE IN SPRING OF A MORNING
IN LATE WINTER

Spring, I think, was near that morning; green
April waited somewhere up the street
where the pavement ran up a little hill
and a wintering robin hopped between the
dingy, melting snowdrifts.
The lumpy icicles were beaded with little drops
of water that grew and lengthened and fell
precisely, without dramatics,
And maybe the sun came out, palely, like a bride
at the window on the wedding morning.
Somehow, though, the appealing thing about that
morning was the way you wore your hood off
the face, pushed back where it blew freely,
with your long, straight hair mingling in the
wind, too.
All that was needed was a boulevard of chestnuts
in blossom, and those small green tables
clustering on the sidewalks, for you had
that special Parisian savoir-faire as you
strode by, even smiling up at me, a little,
and maybe not even regretting it, as winter
retreated from your heart.
But winter hung on for weeks afterward, and even
on that morning, with the tentative promise
of April in the wet glistening tips of the
icicles, and the sun, as I remember, nebulous
in a misty sky, I felt winter's tautness
remain within me.
I think that is why on that poignant morning, I
looked beyond your coy Parisian smile and
those long slim legs of yours that moved
along the moist sidewalk where a cluster
of cafe tables should have stood;
I looked somehow cruelly at you, and calculatingly,
except that there was no thought of conquest,
and I saw that mole on your chin that makeup
cannot smooth away, and I saw that fatal
plumpness that even expensive black gowns
will never disguise.
And that is why I sit up here tonight penning
lousy poetry on yellow second sheets, with
the impassioned strains of Beethoven's "Eroica"
pouring around me, as I think (with a hint
of warmth in the corner of my eyes) how a
breath of spring came out of somewhere one
morning, bringing cold tears to the ugly
black icicles on the eaves, and shoving you
past this window, hair and hood abandoned to
the wind, and spike heels tapping the sidewalk.

"I don't care where the water goes if it doesn't get into the wine,"

Necessarily brief comments on the 42nd mailing :

Fantasy Amateur. Three fans enter FAPA citing credentials involving Tympani. Aside from Mr. R. L. Stein, who is indubitably co-editor of the sheet, I'll be damned if I know what these fans have written for Tym. This is not a protest, exactly -- but I am very puzzled....

Moonshine. If it had been legible, I might have read Stan's triply titled article. The part I could make out seemed "int."

E Y E T O

T H E P A S T

One Fan's Outlook. Reasonably entertaining commentary, but except for the line "The Guilt of Stanley Woolston" I didn't like the cover.

Phanteur. For one who seemingly is always months or years late in reading the books, Don, you are an unusually interesting reviewer. # Pome on PhanTEUR was probably the best item in the mag. # Your Denver-visit report was as informative as most such accounts are -- adequate but not entirely satisfactory. Hansen was 1500 miles from Denver in July, 1941? Well, he didn't make his home in Denver in those days, did he? I thought he was still a resident of Woodland, Wash. Where was the Sage of Grove Street during Denvention Days?

Old and Rare. The cover girl has a head on her shoulders, literally, and she can't neck. # A bit of polishing might have made "Shadow Over South Bixel" a pointed and amusing satire. # Miller's "Odds and Ends" was good, particularly the item about the Milan armor.

Plenum. Poorly organized, but potent.

Ego Beast. I think Caldwell has something when he states that the "typical" ASF story is top-heavy with science, having too little of characterization and "humanness". But, while the Ziff-Davis yarns don't err at the science end of it, their characterizations are no better than those in ASF, consisting mostly of tags and types. # Bob Stein's mention of the Silverdime bookstore in Milwaukee reminds me of the time Bob and I visited that store when I was down there last summer. Bob pulled a magazine off a shelf slightly above eye-level and started to look at it, when the store-owner irately protested. It seems that the mag was laid aside for someone, although no sign to that effect was in evidence. It was easy to see, as soon as we entered the place, that they weren't interested in selling anything. The owner and his wife (?) were bent on keeping comfortable and amusing themselves by reading to each other. Don't bother dropping in at the Silverdime on the way to the Torcon!

Fapasnix. "Hubby's Hobby" is the best item in the mag, but then your mailing comments were mostly under a pall of ink. Perhaps I belabor the point, but it seems that Dorothy Coslet's implication in her remark (about The Purple Cloud), "What a vivid portrayal of an adventure that never happened!" is that superior writing and a masterful writing talent should not be wasted on fantasy. But after all, what adventure, in books, did happen?

Fan-Dango. "The Jury is Out is a far cry from the Lovecraftian material Duane was writing a decade ago." Fan-Dango and Laney, ditto? # "Conversation with Ashley" is very amusing. Seriously, though, what is Al really like? Seriously, I said. I'll have to ask some of the MFSers who met Al at one of the Michicons, or maybe, if you will tell me what to look for, I can begin to understand Al Ashley merely by observing these acquaintances of his. Even a slight contact with Al must have altered them tangibly.

Jabberwocky. Good stuff, but too little of it.

Horizons. In Sky Hook #1 I learnedly remarked that Harry still had the same old typer. He had to choose the same mailing to cross me up by buying a new machine. # The Famous Fantastic Mysteries (for pianists only) must have been arranged for one John Kingman. # I have never held Disney's art in high esteem, and his "Fantasia" is the only picture he ever made that suited me. His early cartoon-shorts seemed silly to me, and his feature-length pictures have been a weird mixture of pretentiousness and puerility. Except for one or two sequences, I thoroughly enjoyed "Fantasia" -- perhaps because it didn't end with Benny Goodman's clarinet (or whatever it is he plays) in figurative triumph of trash over tradition...although "Ave Maria" was certainly anticlimactic after "Rites of Spring". # One writer (I forget which) cites "the tidal orchestral wave of Act Two of Tristan and Isolde" and -- I believe -- the "Wiener Wald" of Strauss as giving the greatest sexual response.

Soipdalgeif. The low point of the one-shot fanzine era. # RPG put some pretty fair writing to work for a ploopy idea. I doubt that the "climax" was in view when he sat down at the typer and began to blast this item out. Worst thing about it is that the writing is of such quality that one cannot take the yarn for humor at all. # Don's "Eternal Ackerman" is similarly well-done and unamusing.

Light. Nanek's "Prayer for Fen (Male)" is far less effective as taken from the masculine viewpoint, as intended, rather than from the feminine angle as I, seeing the byline, first interpreted it.

Yellum. Gaaaaaaaa. Lone Indian. Ugh!

Glom. Of special interest were "So Help Me God" Dept. and "Puzzle Dept." Why do all these typically Ackerman anecdotes always happen to Ackerman?

Masque. One of the best magazines in the mailing, and containing some of the best fan artwork I've ever seen.

New Testament. Another case of an inferior sequel. I prefer the Old Testament myself.

Ichor. Nearly everything is outstanding in this issue, but "The Dead -- A Partial List" by Dale Hart, and "Michael Michael" by George Ebey are my favorites. # Dale's sketch, "Contentment: A Parable", appeared both in Ichor and in Sky Hook #1 because Dale had forgotten he had sent it to me. No matter, though; it was worth printing twice, I think.

SKY HOOK

HPL: Correspondent

OR, SOMETHING LANEY MAY NEVER HAVE PUBLISHED

HPL to E. Hoffman Price, 17 September 1934:

"At the present moment I am afflicted with dual pangs -- an attack of indigestion, and grief at the death on September 10th (apparently from natural causes) of my little black friend across the garden. Little Sam Perkins paid me an all-afternoon call as recently as the 7th -- purring as he climbed all over me and played with the papers on my desk -- but on the morning of the 10th he was found lifeless in the shrubbery he so loved to haunt. No sign of injury -- and the cause still a mystery. He had a spell of illness early in August, but had fully recovered from that. Before his demise, Little Sam had made his peace with the huge Toms on the shed roof, being duly initiated into the Kappa Alpha Tau. I saw him many times curled up within the sacred precincts. But now the elders drowse alone once more. Blessed little Piece of the Night! Born in June, gone in September! He never had to know what a savage winter is like!" *

HPL to Edward H. Cole, about the same date:

"My fortnight of solitude has been signalized by a distressing plethora of work, a picturesque siege of indigestion which had me in bed 2 days (I'm hardly out of it now), and a sorrow of unfeigned poignancy...the passing of my little black friend across the garden, of whom I spoke so frequently last month, and whom I vainly tried to find when you were here. Poor little Sam Perkins! And he seemed to be getting along so well -- even making his peace with the old Toms of the shed roof and becoming a member of the Kappa Alpha Tau! On the 7th he was here nearly all day -- climbing over Grandpa, rustling the papers on the old gentleman's desk, and signing a letter to my aunt with a tiny footprint. But on the 10th he was found lifeless -- from no apparent cause -- in the garden, and was interr'd amidst universal mourning. Blessed little Piece of the Night -- he lived but from June to September, and was spared the knowledge of what savage winter is like!" **

*. Quoted in HPL: A Memoir, p 31; copyright 1945 by August Derleth.

** Quoted in "Ave Atque Vale!" by Edward H. Cole, reprinted from The Olympian #35 in Spaceways V4, N5, June, 1942.

#The book /Selected Letters by H. P. Lovecraft/ will have to be cross indexed to weed out numerous duplications" Derleth at ESFA 3 Sept 47

POST-MAILINGS

Oracle. Nice mag. # Why the insistence on never being addressed as "fan"? Whatever we shall call you will be merely a euphemism.

Miniature Mailing. Ashley's contribution was about the only thing of interest here. But I thought Al was no longer a Fapan.

THE HISTORY OF THE UNITED STATES

CHAPTER I

The first part of the history of the United States is the history of the colonies. The colonies were first settled by Englishmen in 1607, and they grew in number and importance until the Revolution. The colonies were first settled by Englishmen in 1607, and they grew in number and importance until the Revolution. The colonies were first settled by Englishmen in 1607, and they grew in number and importance until the Revolution.

CHAPTER II

The second part of the history of the United States is the history of the Revolution. The Revolution began in 1775, and it ended in 1783. The Revolution was a struggle for independence from Great Britain. The colonies fought the Revolutionary War, and they won their independence. The Revolution was a struggle for independence from Great Britain. The colonies fought the Revolutionary War, and they won their independence.

CHAPTER III

The third part of the history of the United States is the history of the Constitution. The Constitution was adopted in 1787, and it is the foundation of the government of the United States. The Constitution established the three branches of government: the executive, the legislative, and the judicial. The Constitution is the supreme law of the land.

CHAPTER IV

The fourth part of the history of the United States is the history of the Civil War. The Civil War began in 1861, and it ended in 1865. The Civil War was a struggle between the North and the South. The North won the war, and the South was reunited with the Union. The Civil War was a struggle between the North and the South. The North won the war, and the South was reunited with the Union.