

SKY HOOK



JOHN GROSSMAN -46 F.A.

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the work of the editor and, where a definite statement is made, *
* represents the opinion of the editor 1949. *

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"All around are wild talents, and it occurs to nobody to try to cul-
ture them, except as expressions of personal feelings, or as freaks
for which to charge admission. But also I think that there is nothing
in this subject that is more reasonable than is the Taboo that is pre-
venting, or delaying, development. With the advantages of practical
witchcraft would come criminal enormities. I'd not like to have it
thought that I am only an altruist, or of the humble mental develop-
ment of a Utopian, who advocates something, as a blessing, without
awareness of it as also a curse. Every folly, futility, and source of
corruption of today, if a change from affairs primordial, was at one
time preached as cure and salvation by some messiah or another. One
reason why I never pray for anything is that I'm afraid I might get
it."

-- Charles Fort.

"Alas! for him who dwells
In frigid air of thought,
When warmer light dispels
The frozen calm his spirit sought;
By life too lately taught
He sees the ecstatic Human from him stealing;
Reels from the joy experience brought,
And dares not clutch what Love was half revealing."

-- Sir Edmund Gosse.

"It is a curious phenomenon that some of the great scientists when
they become critics, and are caught in efforts to explain their own
aesthetic reactions to poetry, become almost as mystical as the liter-
ary analysts. Occasionally a man's authority is so great -- in most
particulars rightly so -- that to criticize him is, in the eyes of the
learned world, like spelling God with a small g. I refer to Whitehead,
and in disagreeing with him I feel much like a Neanderthal man attack-
ing a mastodon with a bean-shooter. When he discusses the application
of Clerk Maxwell's equation to the interior of the atom, he has me on
my back. But when he begins to attribute references to some form of
Kantian, Berkeleyan, or Platonic idealism to Shelley in his poem on
Mont Blanc, or derives Wordsworth's nature worship from a "criticism
of science", he merely reveals his own inability to take his foot off
the brake of reason and coast freely with the emotions."

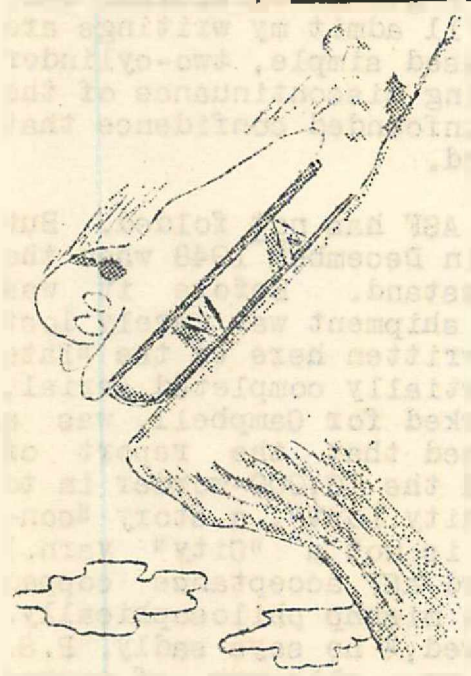
-- Hans Zinsser.

"For the sake of sanity, date -- date a woman, that is." -- St. Towner

A POLL I DIDN'T TAKE. Fans are different. Everybody says so. Even Towner admits it, although most of us are reluctant to take his word for it, with the peculiar emphasis he puts on "different" (sometimes he uses a synonym). But just how different are fans? Are most of them really intellectuals? From what is known about the species, it would seem that many of them are, but the probabilities in that di-



rection have been graphed by means of polls which themselves are slanted that way. In other words, most fan polls have contented themselves with asking questions concerning intellectual subjects -- favorite reading, favorite classical music, and so on. The Tucker poll of 1948 did consider briefly the sexual life of the fan, but there still are a few subjects yet untouched by the polls which are almost as interesting. If I took a poll, here are some of the categories I would include: Favorite sports, (a) participant, (b) spectator; Favorite non-stf magazines, (a) quality and slicks, (b) comic-books and pulps; Favorite radio programs, (a) dramatic, (b) comedy, (c) giveaway, (d) non-classical music programs; Favorite non-classical records, (a) popular music (NOT including jazz, Fran), (b) semi-classical, (c) hill-billy and old-time; Favorite non-fantasy movies (specific titles), (a) musi-



cals, (b) comedies, (c) dramas; Favorite comic-strips. # It seems very improbable that many fans would vote in more than one or two of the categories, let alone subdivisions, but even negative results would provide a line on the non-intellectual preferences of fans. We all know, for instance, that D. B. Thompson plays golf, and that Art Widner plays (or once played) a mean game of table tennis. But did any Fapate ever make a high school or college team? Did any Fapate attend a college football game last autumn? We know that Warner collects operatic and vocal discs, and that Laney collects hot jazz. But didn't anyone buy Blue Barron's "Cruising Down the River" or Evelyn Knight's "Powder Your Face With Sunshine"? And so on through the categories. I am not prepared to say, of course, whether results of such a poll, even negative ones, would accurately determine whether fans, in liking or disliking bourgeois entertainments,

were either (a) above normal or (b) abnormal, but at least such a poll might prove of value in arriving at a truer picture of that mythical and mysterious figure, the w. k. Average Fan.

HASN'T ANYBODY NOTICED THIS? On the last quire of A. B. Dick mimeograph stencils I purchased I detected something which so far I haven't seen mentioned in the fan press. It is: In the advertising and explanatory matter on the package the word "Mimeograph" is no longer followed by an asterisk and a footnote explanation, "*Trade-mark registered in U. S. patent office". The word "Mimeotype" and the distinctive A.B.-within-a-D symbol of the A. B. Dick Co. still boast the

asterisk, but it would seem that, at last, the term "mimeograph" is no longer the exclusive property of the A. B. Dick people. Royal gelatin may not be "jello" yet, nor Kelvinator refrigerators "frigidaire" -- at least, not officially -- but perhaps now "mimeograph" can be used in advertising as officially descriptive of Speedoprint, Niagara and other machines. It is nice to know that at last the lengthy and inexact term "rotary duplicator", used to describe mimeographs not made by A. B. Dick, is on its very unlamented way to limbo.

TSK! RIGHT BACK AT YOU, MERWIN! In advocating a policy of discontinuing to send FAPA bundles to the pros for review, I referred to Sam Merwin's review of Sky Hook #1 and his assertion that SkHk's poetry was "some of the worst verse ever" by remarking, "I'm not mortally hurt by this devastating criticism...but it strikes so close to home that I am wide open for a charge of wounded pride when I propose that FAPA mailings henceforth not be sent to the promags for review". And in quite legible mimeoprint I stated in the next sentence: "Actually, the blast at Sky Hook's poetry is not the reason I advance this suggestion". All this appeared in SkHk #3, a copy of which I sent to Merwin since it is customary courtesy to allow one who is criticized to see the criticism and formulate a reply if he wishes. So all right. In the January 1949 Startling Merwin came up with these remarks in the fanzine review column: "We...drew a FAPanning from something called SKYHOOK, chiefly for panning the poetry in one of these magazines... All we said of his opus was 'Good thoughtful comment on fan-topics, which suffers from a sea anchor in the form of some of the worst verse ever (up to and including our own)'. Surely, a gentle criticism. Tsk, tsk!" Well, what can I say now? My god, I'll admit my writings are only a blind stagger from incoherence, but I used simple, two-cylinder words when I explained my reasons for advocating discontinuance of the FAPA reviews in promags. I had a silly and unfounded confidence that even a pulp editor should be able to understand.

ASTOUNDING FOLDS! No, that rumor is false. ASF has not folded. But it was a pretty hot rumor in the Twin Cities in December 1948 when the December aSF failed to hit a single local newsstand. Before it was authoritatively asserted that the Minneapolis shipment was merely lost in transit, some beautiful eulogies had been written here to the "late great Astounding." Cliff Simak, who owns a partially completed serial, and had a just-finished novelette, both earmarked for Campbell, was a chief mourner. He perked up when it was learned that the report of aSF's demise was greatly exaggerated, whipped the 10,000-worder in to Jawn and landed it instanter. (Title: "Eternity Lost", a story "concerning the ethics of human immortality". It is not a "City" yarn.) But chief victim was Poul Anderson, whose third aSF acceptance copped the December cover. Poul, typically, took the mishap philosophically. "At least my local reputation has been preserved," he says sadly. P.S. The aSFs for Minneapolis still haven't turned up, although of course the January and February issues arrived here without a hitch.

PERSONALS COLUMN. Thanks to everyone for the Christmas cards. They were appreciated. A much belated MerryXmasandHappyNewYear to you, and may I be the first to wish you a Happy Easter? # It is the policy of SkHk to feature an article by a Fapan other than the editor in every issue. Who will it be in the May issue? Contributions are welcome!

Yngvi1949 is one no more.



CALLING MR FLUGEL



Was he pixie, gnome or elf? This I do not know. And I fear now that I will never know. I am speaking of Mr Flugel.

It doesn't worry me. Strangely enough, though, the thought of Mr Flugel (pixie, gnome or elf) pops into my mind. And though more than five years have gone by, the memory is still razor-sharp. My memory of Mr Flugel, the man whose name I heard every day for nearly a year. I never saw the name written until I just now wrote it. I am wondering if I have spelled it correctly. It might be Flugle. But I seem to stick to the Flugel spelling. Isn't there a musical instrument with that name -- or is it the German word for flute, maybe?

For nearly a year I worked at the El Segundo plant of Douglas Aircraft. This was during the war. Offhand, I'd say it was sometime in 1943 and possibly into 1944. It was a rather large place, sprawling over a fair amount of territory. One of the buildings took 10 minutes to traverse from one end to the other. That was the building in which the assembly line was. Every four hours they opened the huge doors at the far end, and two SBD's, completed, rolled out. This went on around the clock, 24 hours a day, seven days a week. An SBD? That stood for Scout Bomber, Douglas. I couldn't tell you these things sooner for security reasons.

Yes, but where is Mr Flugel now? Well, he's around, all right, but I was sketching in local color and forgot him for a moment. All right. They had a public address system in the plant. Scarcely a corner of the place was safe from that public address system. Not even the clatter



by Charles Burbee

of rivet-guns could drown out that insidious system. If the area was noisy, the system was noisier. If you were in some quiet office, the system spoke softly, but still insidiously.

They called it the "auto-call" but it was not that. They called people by their names rather than by signals of flashing lights and tooting horns in code. It went like this: "Mr Flugel, call 286. Mr Flugel, call 286." If Mr Flugel did not call 286 inside of a reasonable time, it came on again.

Of course there were other names that were called frequently. Names called on the auto-call were those of shortage-chasers, heads of departments, Navy inspectors, and the like. Common laborers did not achieve this distinction of having their names blared forth all day long. Sure, there were other names. There was Lloyd Lightfoot, who was one of the first names to insinuate itself into my thoughts. I got to see Lloyd Lightfoot, though. I never did see Mr Flugel. I got to see Frank Wright, and Jack Johnson, and Art Kelly.

They were all ordinary looking goops, about like you'd expect them to look. And I suppose Mr Flugel would have looked the same.

Maybe I did see Mr Flugel but didn't know it. After all, Douglas El Segundo at that time had 25,000 workers, and sooner or later I must have seen them all. I must have seen Mr Flugel and not even recognized him.

"Mr Flugel, call 571. Mr Flugel, call 571." That name. Flugel. What sort of man would wear proudly a title like that? What sort of fellow was he, anyhow? Did he have a Heidelberg scar on his left cheek? Did he like beer? How was he in a crap game -- could he talk to the dice? Did he have a crew haircut and downward slanting eyes? Did it show in his face? Did he have golfball eyes?

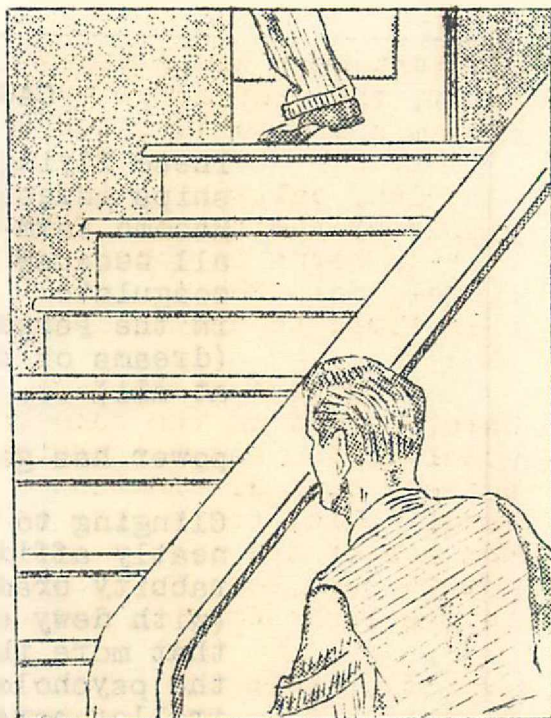
I don't know. But I came damned close to finding out the answers to some of these questions one day. I was in the cowlng fabrication section looking for a lost cowlng. I guess that is what I was there for. I remember I had an order in my hand. A shop order. It was buff-bordered. Of course that doesn't mean anything. I usually carried some kind of order when I went astray from my section. An order in the hand imparts a species of "this-man-is-on-business" impression. Anyhow, I was talking to a blonde inspector (she was looking at tubes) and she said something about: "I wonder where Mr Flugel is? He was here a minute ago and was supposed to sign these orders out." An anticipatory thrill went through me. Here was a person who knew Mr Flugel! Had even spoken to him! And I had heard his name daily for months and months and had never seen him! I could scarcely control myself. The blonde went on talking and suddenly broke off with words that shook me to the core:

"Oh, there's Mr Flugel now!" Then she shouted, "Mr Flugel! MR FLUGEL! MR FLUGEL!"

I turned in the same direction. "There he goes up the stairs!" she said. "MR FLUGEL!"

I looked at the stairs, just in time to see a pair of legs disappearing from view upwards. As the blonde shouted again, I watched entranced. Surely he had heard this foghorn voice. This dainty feminine voice, calling to him from the wilderness of machinery. I expected the legs to appear again, clad in their pin-stripe pants, and descend majestically, as Flugel legs should, till the whole animal Flugel stood exposed to my gaze.

But the legs did not appear. "I'll go get him," I said. I ran to the stairs. At the top I saw a three-branch corridor, and the closed doors of a dozen or more offices. Only a giant female in a very tight sweater was visible. I looked at her awhile, till I decided that she wasn't Mr Flugel.



I went away. After all, Mr Flugel wasn't a way of life to me. I didn't have to see him. I had plenty of time. It wasn't urgent anyway. Or so I thought then.

Right now, I tell you, I'd give my soul to see Mr Flugel.

FourfemaleFapansIwonderiftherewereevermorethanfourfemmesinFAPAatonce??

AT SECOND GLANCE

These are some additional comments on the Autumn 1948 mailing, which I neglected to dummy for "Eye to the Past" through the simple procedure of mislaying these notes before I began to dummy that department. They turned up just in time to provide a filler for this space. # In connection with Ego Beast, I meant to correct Burbee's statement that Ted Sturgeon coined the phrase "agile tendrils looking". Not quite, Burb. Sturgeon wrote, "...agile tendrils of his mind whipped out..." Let's be more accurate! # Horizons: You listen to two hours of classical music daily? Probably you can dial in many more stations back East, but here, out of eight local stations, I'm unable to discover even an hour a day of good music, except for a few record programs that gaily mix Morton Gould, Kern and Gershwin, with some of the shorter, familiar classical works. And in England they complain about too much classical music on BBC. # Are you trying to legitimize "irregardless", Harry, or was that just a slip of the typer? # Jabberwocky: You don't infer that Dr. Keller still edits Your Body, Popular Medicine, and Sexology? Hasn't it been ten years or more since Dr Keller was an editor? # I see by the new NFFF roster that Cynthia Carey is (presumably) a real person, living in Minnesota, at that. She must certainly be a true worshipper -- but so far from the Stroudsburg shrine! Where did I get the idea she was Mrs. Keller's penname?

CAUSE NOT SO CELEBRE

These flying disks and rocket
ships infesting the clouds; these
Macomb farm-buildings blazing
all because Fort had the gout
coagulate
in the Perpendicular
(dreams of sheer nothing
at all) ... for

power has gone to Burbee's head.

Clinging to my M-1 with bayonet
neatly affixed, as I bound over
rabbity brambles I solemnly consider
(with dewy eyes)
that more than the lack of obliterate
the psychological barrier of
trolley-cars rattling at all hours
is the calibrated trap ...

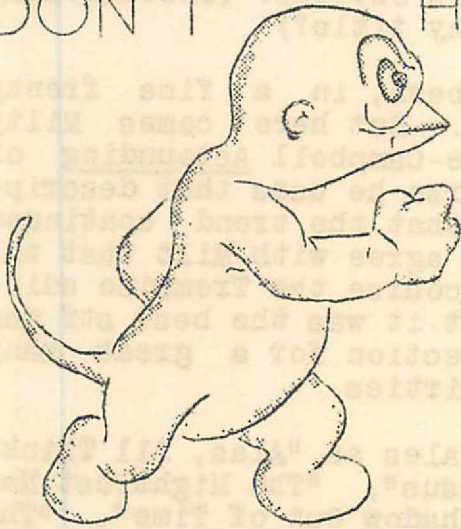
Long ago (maybe 30 mailings)
King Towner sat on his throne
and was blotted up by daemons
from fishy precincts.
Then, alack, a trolley-car ruffled
the brackish Innessmouth water
and quicker than you hope
Towner whipped out his
rusty typewriter
and stencilled E. E. Evans to a
blurry x, and lent Elmer a
busted comb, and radiated

power into Burbee's head.

Juffus missed a mailing or two
simply pondering the wonder
of it (for Burbee runs his mimeograph
with electricity still)
but Ackerman, feeling strangely
elated, cleaned his garage
of books and the corpse of a
junkman,
and contemplated the raw, ravening
(but harnessed, thank ghod) horses
in a 1949 Crosley
(almost as much power
as in Burbee's head).

Unimpressed, I deftly dialed
a number, precisely realizing that
every kiss shortens a lifetime by
3½ minutes.

DON'T HIT 'IM AGAIN, FELLERS!



In Gostak #2, a postmailing to the Summer 1948 bundle, Don Bratton hung one on the jaw of F. Orlin Tremaine in an article titled "Crackpots on a Pogo Stick". Attacking an item by Tremaine in the December 1948 TWS, Don concluded by alleging that F. O. T. has joined R. A. P. "in jumping off the deep end".

As Tremaine reeled from this blow, Milt Rothman peeled off his dressing robe and began a brisk round with the dazed ex-Astounding editor in a paragraph on page 21 of Plenum #10. This alleged that friend Orlin presented in the old Astounding "stories of vast concepts, unfettered with any regard for the things that we held valid in science". Milt lashed a haymaker to end this snappy set-to. "Of course," went this crushing blow, "it was Tremaine who published 'Lo!' in Astounding."

For god's sake, fellers, let the poor guy alone!

I hasten to intercede for Tremaine mostly for old times' sake. As Don Bratton says, F. Orlin is "perhaps surpassed as a stf editor only by John W. Campbell, Jr." I agree with that statement, and I agree quite closely with other things Don says -- including his accusation that Tremaine's theories parallel Shaverism and Rosicrucian mysticism. But after all this is no new facet of Tremaine's character. Far from being influenced by Shaver, he anticipated some of Shaverism's minor features by a matter of four or five years. Witness his advertisement in Comet, December 1940. "The Orlin Tremaine Co., Publishers" offers in that magazine two "Crimson Shelf" books, Scare Me, by Ed Bodin, which purports to contain "fact stories of the supernatural aura-ectoplasm; prophecy; witchcraft; ghosts; clairvoyants; mystics; zombies; werewolves and black magic" and Who Do You Think You Are? by Arthur J. Burks, a book on "Genosophy -- a revolutionary study of hereditary psychology -- the key to your personality; the science of the subconscious; you will understand what your hunches are, and premonitions; intuition, telepathy."

Then there is another "Crimson Shelf" volume, also published by the Orlin Tremaine Co., and prominently advertised in Comet (May 1941 and other issues): Sown in the Darkness, The Story of the End of the Century A. D. 2000, by William Richard Twiford. This 384-page book features "1. A new printed alphabet; 2. A new script, 'Shortrite' (can be learned in one week!); 3. A new monetary system; 4. Ultra-modern styles; 5. New machines, inventions; 6. The building of the 8th wonder of the world, Miami Mountain...."

Of course, unless (as one suspects) Twiford is a pseudonym for

Tremaine, F. O. T. did not write this Shaverish crud. But since he is advertised as publishing them, the inference is obvious. (Incidentally did anyone ever see a "Crimson Shelf" book, any title?)

So all right, Tremaine is, and long has been, in a fine frenzy about occult and pseudoscientific mumbo-jumbo. But here comes Milt with his paragraph that mostly accuses the pre-Campbell Astounding of publishing "unbelievably bad" stories. Of course he uses that description for the Clayton Ast, but seems to infer that the trend continued into, and through, Tremaine's regime. I will agree with Milt that the Clayton magazine was unutterably bad, and of course the Tremaine edited book wasn't comparable to today's aSF. But it was the best stf mag of its day, and I still hold considerable affection for a great many of the yarns Tremaine published in the mid-Thirties.

Hotdamn, any editor who presented such tales as "Alas, All Thinking!", "Twilight", "Night", "Rebirth", "Colossus", "The Mightiest Machine", "At the Mountains of Madness", "The Shadow Out of Time", "The Far Way", "Strange City", "Spawn of Eternal Thought", "Old Faithful", "Man of the Ages", "The Phantom Dictator", "Davey Jones' Ambassador", "Born of the Sun", "Greater Glories", "The Adaptive Ultimate", "Farewell to Earth", "He from Procyon", "Fires of Genesis," and dozens of other memorable yarns, need not fear his reputation will be obscured by such criticisms as Rothman's. While some of these will not stand up with modern stf stories, most of them are still highly readable -- more so than a majority of Campbell's pet techni-tales. Note how many have been anthologized in the past few years.

As for Milt's more pointed observation, that these stories were "unfettered with any regard for the things that we held valid in science", I suppose this means they were more "unscientific" than "anti-scientific", but either of these alternate adjectives could be applied to many of Campbell's acceptances, just as well. The 1939-40 Astounding wasn't so different from the Tremaine-edited mag, you know. And, yee, of course, it was Tremaine who published "Lo!" in the stf field. But it was Campbell who influenced stfans toward Forteanism even more strongly by publishing that super-propaganda piece, "Sinister Barrier", in Unknown, and more recently, "He Walked Around the Horses" and "Police Operation", in aSF.

And it was Campbell who, in reviewing The Books of Charles Fort in Astounding for August 1941, wrote such heretical statements as the following: "The idea that science thinks it knows all stems from the time of Fort's own education when science was convinced of its all-knowingness, when physicists were saying that the next generation of scientists would have to devote their time to a mere determining of the next decimal place". And: "This we're-infallible attitude did not color Fort's facts". And: "Unquestionably, Fort's collected facts are important". And: "If only we could find the pattern hidden there among the vast jumble of facts, the book contains the root truths of about four new sciences." It would seem that from your viewpoint, at any rate, Milt, these Campbell remarks smack of treason.

In any case, leave us not jump on Mr. F. Orlin Tremaine for being a bad editor just because of his Shaverish beliefs. It seems to me that he was one of the greatest of stf editors -- in spite of them.

One Against the Legion (LEE jun)

"Don't be confused by words or expressions. It's important to understand the true facts," says the good old American Legion to all the ignorant Little People it could reach through the U. S. postoffice (the Best Postal System in the World). "There are," the reliable old A. L. continues, "well organized forces which maliciously attempt to confuse our thinking on issues that are essential in maintaining the American Way of Life [capitals theirs]. These are the days when steadfast loyalty to all that supports Americanism, our Constitution, our form of government, our successful economic program needs fullest understanding, re-inforced with a vigorous determination that American Principles [capital theirs] be protected to the limit."

The (as above) American Legion says all this in a booklet distributed through the mails recently, a highly informative tract entitled Dictionary: 50 Strange Words Made Plain. In carrying out its noble plan for defense of American Principles (with the ringing phrases "Talk Americanism, Live Americanism, Fight for Americanism" as its motto) the Legion presents in this booklet 50 "simple, down-to-earth definitions of some complicated words and expressions" the newspapers, magazines, and radio have brought into daily use. In their Dictionary the Legion reduces "the language of newspaper reporters, statesmen, diplomats and college professors" into "simple, everyday English as talked and understood by us plain Americans". It says that right on page 1 of the pamphlet. If one is interested enough to flip over to page 2, he will note that the definitions "represent the interpretations of the author" (name nowhere in evidence), but this admission is figuratively in fine print, which we plain Americans traditionally never read, of course.

Let us befuddled plain Americans look at a few of the words which the obliging American Legion has translated from diplomatic rhetoric and journalese. They run from "Agitator (AJ i ta tor)" to "Veto Power (VEE tow POW er)", and include such definitions as these:

"Godlessness: Absence of belief in a Supreme Being. (Communism seeks to destroy all organized worship, to separate man from his religious practice, and destroy his belief in everything but the Communist State. Russia, for many years, has had a Godless government which is putting the organized church out of business)."

"Imperialism (im PIER e'l izm): A policy of government which seeks to bring other territories under its control or domination. If we were an imperialistic people with the desire to build an empire, we would have refused the Philippine Islands their freedom."

"Regimentation (REJ i men TA shun): Organization into groups, to reduce all to sameness and uniformity at the expense of individual expression. Communism regiments or herds the lives of its followers, imposing state and community control at the expense of personal liberties. Regimentation is state control operating under dictatorship -- communism flourishes best where regimentation is most complete...."

"Subversive (sub VER siv): That which is intended or designed to

weaken, undermine or overthrow the existing form of government -- tending to break faith or destroy loyalty and patriotism. In its determination to get a foothold in the United States, the promoters of communism have made many subversive talks and have printed and circulated vast volumes of subversive literature."

Here are a few random remarks from other definitions in the booklet: "In collectivism, private ownership by an individual does not exist, nor does any free opportunity exist." "The love of freedom is an ideology of the American people -- collectivism is the ideology of communists." "Most 'pinks' are dreamers who talk for communism, without knowing what it really means to live under communism. They praise most of the ways of communism, yet want all of the benefits of our form of government too". "Russia, having but one party, the Communist, has often purged those who would dare to make issue with its program." "Men, free and willing, are our greatest self-contained resource. In other lands not operating under our system of freedom, such as Russia, the natural resources are developed only by order of the state so the human there is less important than the natural resources." "The Third International would overthrow the Free Enterprise System in which the individual is free to work out his own future and replace it with communism."

The trend in this booklet is rather obvious, I think. As a result of this short course in Americanism perhaps a definition can be formulated for a term unlisted by this Dictionary:

"The american legion /lower case mine/ (a MER i can LEE jun): An organization which has lost its senses about an idea and goes to great extremes to sell it to other people. It is foolish or silly and can be a dangerous agitator."

I adapted this definition from Dictionary: 50 Strange Words Made Plain.

They've got it there, listed under "Crack Pot".

...ooOoo...

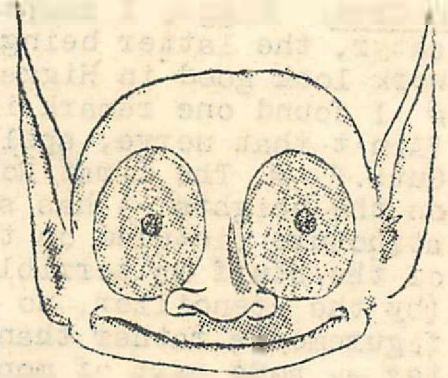
CULTURAL NOTE

I see where Tin-Pan Alley has discovered Lewis Carroll. Some ban-battered hack has turned "Jabberwocky" into a novelty song yclept "The Mountaineer and the Jabberwock". I presume the Rev. Charles Lutwidge Dodgson revolves, but the song is rather clever in plot (yes, songs have plots; at least, this one does) and rates as fantasy. Based on a folklore theme considerably older than "Jabberwocky" itself, the story is an acceptable tangent, if less original than Padgett's mutant idea. Considering the ghod-awful, tuneless "music" they've put to the "'Twas brillig" refrain (only part of the poem lifted bodily therefrom), maybe it's more likely Terpsichore who revolves in her slumber -- with a sympathetic whirl or two from others like Mercury and Pan.

ARTWORK CREDITS: Front cover by John Grossman, stencilled by Howard Miller. Backcover by Jerri Bullock, who also stencilled it. Interiors: page 3, by Ann O'Nemuss; pages 5, 7 and 16 by Bob Dougherty; pages 9, 13 (including lettering), and 18 by William Rotsler.

comments on
the 45th
FAPA mailing

eye to



H-1661. "A Question of Survival" was a very thought-provoking article. Rusty seems to be one fan who is really serious about bomb-dodging, thus refuting someone's remark that only bona fide "escapists" would think seriously about this matter. Rusty is certainly a realist. For myself, just as in the army I feel certain that I personally will survive even an atomic war and I have no real inclination to waste time and energy in assuring what I am already sure of. On a more realistic level I have little fear that I couldn't survive in any reasonably benign future, as far as obtaining food and shelter goes, but I worry about the matter of marauders who'll appear when law and order vanishes. Ken Gray suggests that the first thing to do when the bomb falls is to find a horse. He figures that a man on horseback has a much better chance of surviving than has a man on foot. Maybe, but a horseman makes a lovely target and he'll be a marked man, if only because he owns the horse. I'll trust to my own feet, I think. A guy on foot can outmarch and eventually outmaneuver a rider anyhow. # H-1661 -- does this designation have anything to do with your service serial number, Rusty?

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Full-Length Articles. I found many parts of this paper, "Does Common Law Copyright Cover Publications in Amateur Press Associations?", of considerable interest, but I'll admit I expected a more specific answer than the one apparently arrived at: "Maybe". I'll admit, too, that this answer is probably the only possible one at this time.

Frappe. Didn't care a helluva lot for Chan's poetry this time. Why in common expression is it always a Mack truck? Wouldn't "looms like an Autocar" do as well? I think so. # Your mailing comments always are diverting. Can we hope for them more often this year? # "Webster: Wordster" is a unique thing which I enjoyed. # Maybe "Cadavres Exquises" is more exciting to play than a hot tiddlywinks contest, but the pix themselves are about as interesting to look at as Fan-Crud artwork.

Stfanatic. "Lunatic Fringe" was amusing, but not the best of the Morgan Botts yarns by several parsecs. I believe this is the shortest of the Bottstories, too. # Although perhaps not masterfully expressed there was sufficient thought behind R. F. Carson's "Locale" to make it a worthwhile poem. # This mag was annoying because it quoted page numbers, which were not provided.

(Continued on the next page)

Fan-Crud. Higgs, I suppose, was responsible for the naked girl on the satyr, the latter being drawn by Rotsler? Why doesn't Rotsler artwork look good in Higgs' publications? It must be poor stencilling. # I found one remark in "What's Rotsler Got? -- " rather amusing: "Ain't that nerve, spelled with the big capital letter G, like in Guts." # The first Rotsler full-pager -- of the modernistic castle on the heights -- has some merit. (Incidentally, is it the same structure pictured on the front and back of Masque?) But the rest of the stuff is terrible. The way the girls' breasts are exaggerated (by the stenciller, no doubt) is downright disgusting: they are disfigurements rather than adornments. # The alleged drawing by Cortez -- some sort of monster hurling a nude over his shoulder -- is the crudest illo I've seen since the earlier Higgs-edited TNFF. This is lousy stuff. # Harry Moore's Torcon Trip account is familiar; I think it must have appeared, at least in part, in TNFF. # The only thing that intrigues me much about Higgs' mags is the type of paper he has procured for the covers. This double-leaf type of sheet is the touch that makes a mag neatly finished, and I wish I could find this type of mimeo bond around here.

Horizons. Let me state the obvious by remarking that this was one of the better mags in the mailing, and maybe it was better than usual, despite the absence of mailing reviews and "When We Were Very Young". Alack, I knew it would happen: someone would promise to publish HW's expanded mailing comments, then fail to issue a mag. That's the way it goes. # I've seldom enjoyed a FAPA article of the uncontroversial type more than your Spaceways story, Harry. I doubt if there'll ever be a fanzine beloved of dyed-in-the-wool fans that'll ever surpass Spaceways' popularity, and this article was an excellent, if long belated, memorial -- published almost exactly ten years after S. was launched. # I can easily imagine that Harry considered illustrations an "infernal nuisance"; it was obvious from the pix used in S. that they were stuck in reluctantly, with no editorial blessing. Of the Spaceways I've seen, the only good artwork was a cover by "I. M. Donnell" on some 1942 issue. At this late date, Harry, could you satisfy my curiosity and reveal whether this artist was the same Donnell who is a Fantasy Press associate or whether he (or she -- the latter, I suspect somehow) was a pseudonym? # Gad, you consider Denver midwestern, but not Cincinnati or Chicago? There is an Easterner's viewpoint for you. I think Chicago is just as midwestern as Denver, in a "real geographical sense". But the midwest is, like Southern California, a state of mind, not a geographical area. # I enjoyed "Quick, Watson, the Needle!", but found little to comment on. Ditto "Bureaucrats I Have Known". I think H.P.L., that perfect gentleman, would have appreciated your sentence, "I hesitated to tell him that I prefer not to hear them /Beethoven's nine symphonies/ all in a single evening, but I could point out that I have no wife." # It would be a long evening, wouldn't it!

Burp! A burlesque of a burlesque -- and quite the equal of Urp! I wonder if Coslet should get activity credit for publishing this mag, as well as Jabberwocky and other Fapazines? Seems that he should, but then he doesn't need the credit at present.

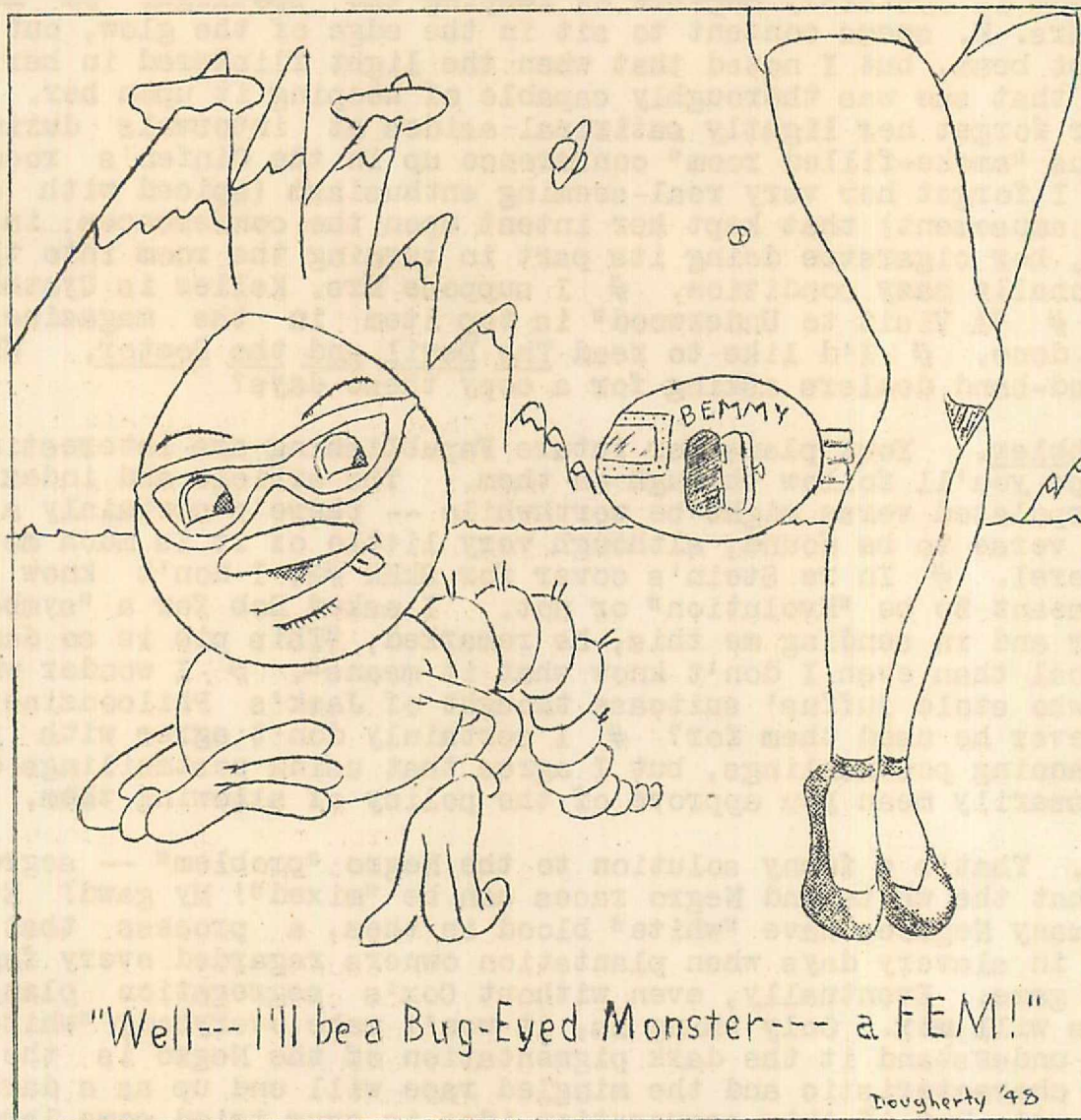
Jabberwocky. Several people have come forth recently saying that they are more fascinated by HPL himself than by his stories. That's the

way it is with me and Keller. While I have tremendous respect for some of Keller's output (Stenographers Hands, in particular, I get a kick out of) I see little reason to praise him indiscriminantly -- for few fantasy authors have contributed lousier stories to the pros than he has very often. The amazing thing is, Keller himself seems absolutely blind to the comparative value of his scripts. But the Doc himself is a real character. While I met others at the Torcon that I liked much better, I unhesitatingly nominate him the most fascinating personality with whom I talked there. Well, I'll take that back: Mrs. Keller was on a par with her husband on that score. The Doc is certainly capable of keeping the spotlight on himself, and Mrs. K. seems content to sit in the edge of the glow, out of the direct beam, but I noted that when the light flickered in her direction that she was thoroughly capable of keeping it upon her. I will never forget her lightly satirical asides at intervals during the famous "smoke-filled room" conference up in the Cinfen's room, nor will I forget her very real-seeming enthusiasm (spiced with a certain amusement) that kept her intent upon the conferences in SaM's room, her cigarette doing its part in turning the room into the traditionally hazy condition. # I suppose Mrs. Keller is Cynthia Carrey? # "A Visit to Underwood" is top item in the magazine; very well done. # I'd like to read The Devil and the Doctor. What are second-hand dealers asking for a copy these days?

The Wabblor. Your plans for future Fapublishing are interesting, and I hope you'll follow through on them. The article and index on the interpolated verse might be worthwhile -- there's certainly a lot of such verse to be found, although very little of it is much more than doggerel. # In re Stein's cover for SkHk #2, I don't know if it was meant to be "Evolution" or not. I asked Bob for a "symbolical" cover and in sending me this, he remarked, "This pic is so damn symbolical than even I don't know what it means". # I wonder what the guy who stole juffus' suitcase thought of Jack's Philconzine, and whatever he used them for? # I certainly don't agree with you in re banning postmailings, but I agree that using postmailings doesn't necessarily mean you approve of the policy of allowing them.

Primal. That's a funny solution to the Negro "problem" -- segregation so that the white and Negro races can be "mixed"! My gawd! Even today many Negroes have "white" blood in them, a process that began back in slavery days when plantation owners regarded every female as fair game. Eventually, even without Cox's segregation plans, the races will mix. Only thing is, it won't make everybody "white", for as I understand it the dark pigmentation of the Negro is the dominant characteristic and the mingled race will end up as a dark skinned one! But if this segregation idea is ever tried some large area will have to be chosen. Personally my vote is for selecting Georgia as the site. Seconds? # I suppose Dr. Keller would add "So Unnecessary" to the list of his yarns he claims couldn't have been written by anyone but a medical man. The interplay of personalities in the story may show his psychiatric training, and maybe this thing really happened, but Keller seems to subscribe to the belief that because this happened, or would really happen this way, that it makes a good story. But I found "So Unnecessary" very unconvincing. # Don Wilson said so many things I meant to say about the Laney memoirs in his "Ah, Sweet Laney!" that I am left with almost nothing to add, thus putting the final kibosh on my long-postponed review of

ftl's controversial document. # That mirror pictured on page 15 would have been a better idea if it had been shown lengthwise. # I am afraid Rotsler isn't quite in his element doing portraiture or caricature. Of those pictured whom I've met both Ackerman and Evans seem dimly familiar; Bill has caught certain facial characteristics of each, but if I'd never met them I wouldn't have much of an idea how they look by viewing these sketches. # Here's a good place to wonder about something Laney's memoirs mentions but doesn't explain: How did the LASFS ever get Virgil Partch to do some fan caricatures?



Fan-Dango. There goes Towner "seminegating" (as he termed it) a part of Sky Hook by devoting four pages of review to a book Thyrl Ladd reviewed in my mag, also in the Autumn mailing! I doubt if I've ever read another review of In the Sargasso Sea before this -- and here are two reviews of it in one mailing. Anyhow, I forgive you, Towner, (if there is anything to forgive) because I enjoyed every word (as the saying goes) of "Seaweed Cemetary". According to Willy Ley ("Sea of Mystery", aSF, June '43) the Sargasso Sea is about two and a half million square miles; the weed, of course, not extending evenly over the whole region, but sparsely distributed, in most places, with as

few as five bunches of it "between the observer and the horizon". I don't believe Janvier's novel should be credited with originating the superstitions about the Sargasso, although that book helped popularize them. But the "sea of lost ships" legend must be as old as seafaring itself, and identifying such legends with the Sargasso was natural enough. Speaking of stories inspired by In the Sargasso Sea I remember Hodgson's Boats of the "Glen Carrig" having considerable wordage concerning such a Sargasso sea-trap... Or am I thinking of Unthinkable (a contradiction in terms)? # Burb's Bop blattings were crazy, which someone tells me is the Bop term for "solid".

Sky Hook. Mentioned, as usual, for the record.

Moonshine. Interesting, what there was of it. Miller's cover is the best artwork I've seen in this magazine.

Morpheus. One of the high points of the mailing was the erudite correction of Jack Speer's mistake in Synapse by Rick Sneary, D.O.P.E. (Doctor of Other-Planetary Evolutionism). Dr Sneary might have added, of course, that the pictured Sniffel Drift was a gemale -- the Sniffel Drift having three sexes, male, female and gemale. This is easily determined by noting the convex crescent of the eyebrow; the male Sniffel Drift's eyebrows are straight and the female's are concave crescents above the eye. # The rest of this mag was mostly diverting, but I've no special comment, other than to commend Ed Cox for his review of Sinister Barrier, which started out as a goshwow-boyoboy accolade but turned out much better.

Glom. I never managed to finish the Evans yarn, except for a skim-through. The descriptive portions of the part I read were nicely done, but I wasn't interested in the plot. What was this, a Weird Tales reject? # Hey, Acky, haven't you used the "Forry-Warned is Forry-Armed" gag before? # I would give a dollar for an 8-page Glom of old. Don Wilson is certainly right: Laney is now more active than Acky. Outside of a few fan-articles in the past year, and one in Ron #2, Forry has almost disappeared from the fan scene. # In the ad, does "jamport" mean "jacket-and-mint import"?

Ego Beast. I like the front cover, but admire the bacover more. The city reflected in that globe seems to me especially well-done. # I think your quote from S&S would apply more specifically to Ben Singer these days. I told Ben that very thing (wise I!) over a lettuce and tomato sandwich during the second evening of the Torcon. # The wire recorder article is of course informative and valuable. Somehow it was deterred me from thinking seriously about buying a recorder. Burb should write serious stuff more often. # "The Reactionary" resembled Speer's mailing comments about as much as it did the "Bandsawing" instalments in Fan-Dango. I'm not in the mood to discuss different types of mailing reviews, but I'll admit that more ingenuity should be used to provide variety in FAPA as to types of said reviews. There seem to be plenty of variations that aren't being used at present. # Yes, Clyde Beck was a fine writer and prophet in the fan field, but alas fame is fleeting and all that. When he sold a yarn to Merwin a year or two ago he was speedily relegated by the letter-hacks to the category of Another Kuttner Pseudonym. Or is that an honor? # I gather you aren't a Fortean, Don? Well, OK.

Funny, though, how many anti-Forsteans find Forstean propaganda in as many places as Forsteans find items to bolster their belief. For instance, Donn Brazier's "Which Leg Moves After Which?" (Ron #1) and several items he contributed to Tympani. Donn is presently as skeptic of Forsteanism as anyone who has ever heard of the Bronx eccentric, I think, but because Donn once headed the Frontier Society his byways-of-science items invariably receive the adjective "Forstean". The above commentary has nothing to do with Wilson, of course; it is merely a random observation inspired by Don's mailing comment about Fort. # Trolley-car fandom might once have been stable, but in the present electrified days I imagine it is now merely car-barn. O yuk yuk. # Fran's "Titans on Trask" is enough to inspire anybody to run for the official editor's job. This should have been published in the pre-election mailing! For gawd's sake do give us some of John Gay's poetry. I liked most of the stuff that I've read by this man, and always disliked his dismissal by literary historians as an insincere hack whose work compared but poorly with the Romantic stuff of a century later. # "Sneary Meets Burbee...Again!" is another delirious event that should make Fancylopedia, Second Edition. When does it go to press? # Rejection slip satire was good, but seems to me a little obscure. Seems that RPG could do much better than that.

Fantasy Amateur. Why, this was excellent, of course.

The antonym of Progress is Congress maybe...

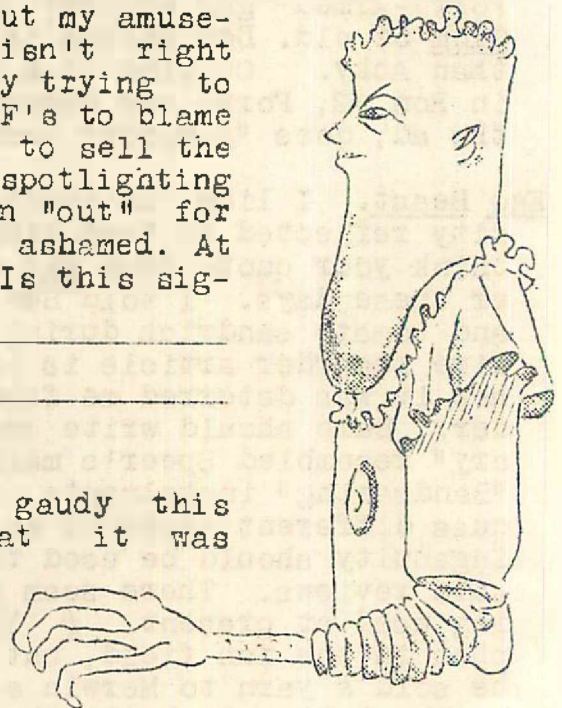
"PREMAILING"!

Burblings Combined With Fan-Dango. After reading "And Another Thing, Chas" I withdraw my remark in SkHk #4 that Burb should have noticed that Mrs. Mishler's name is Zeda, not Zelda. This is the most remarkable document, not excepting the Laney memoirs, that's appeared in a FAPA mailing since "FAPA Forever" (Fall 1947), and my reaction to the present item is similar to that occasioned by the latter: I find it hilarious, but my amusement is blunted by the belief that it isn't right to make fun of any person who is merely trying to be friendly and helpful. Sure, the NFFF's to blame for allowing such an inept "Welcomer" to sell the organization to newcomers, but this spotlighting of a woman who has found in the NFFF an "out" for loneliness and drudgery makes me a bit ashamed. At least Zeda didn't misspell "friend". Is this significant?

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POSTMAILINGS

Masque. This "gaudy fanzine" wasn't so gaudy this time; in fact, the page announcing that it was gaudy, and Stibbard's pic, were the only touches of color in the issue. # Burbee's "Big Name Fan": This is a classic! Burb, you should write for the pros. Merwin needs you. It



is your clear duty to fandom to make good in the great field of stf prodom. # That line Burb unearthed -- "Let's march to rest and set in gules, like suns" -- is an excellent one. # I don't think Stibbard's pix added anything to "Big Name Fan". The even edges were fine, however. # Of the pix in Fantasy Gallery, I particularly enjoyed the piper and the dueling horsemen. The girl's head and the girl holding a goblet (?) opposite the Manning Sketchbook were outstanding, but who drew them -- Manning or Rotsler? They resemble Rotsler artwork, but so does the girl under the dragon's head on Manning's page. The latter is definitely Caniffian, as are many of Rotsler's depictions of the female. The Rotsler pic showing a white queen resting on a knoll overlooking a battlefield (?) shouldn't be too difficult to write a story around, if this were an Amz cover and one were given such an assignment by RAP. # Is Stibbard's indigo-colored pic a linoblock? That's a pic I really appreciated.

Plenum. I endorse "An Opinion About An Opinion" most of the way, but you seem to infer that a "blind hatred of communism" is responsible for the war-with-Russia talk that makes the rounds in any discussion of world affairs. It is a factor, perhaps, but far as I can ascertain most such jingo sentiment results from dislike of Russia and Russians. At least until the recenter developments in the Chambers-Hiss spy hunt affair, I think very few persons honestly connected their dislike of Russia with any fear of losing their riches in a communist state or the like. FooFoo knows that from this distance Russia appears to have given America considerable cause for dislike and distrust without bringing political differences into it. Ask any five rabid anti-Russians why they hate Uncle Joe's chums and if they are specific, I'll bet something like "the Berlin blockade" or "taking over Czechoslovakia" will lead the list. Too many liberals resent any slam against Russia as a slam against communism, which is a blow that lands, inaccurately enough, too close to home. Even if Russia were still czar-dominated it would generate plenty of hatred here if it tried to blockade Berlin as Stalin has done. # I read the reply to Graham in the blissful way I waded out into the surf. Unfortunately a breaker with foam on top hasn't as yet tumbled me up on the beach. It is possible I may drown out here. # "A Story of Vast Concepts": Chan, are you trying to sell to Palmer?

Observations. Well, here are the Warner mailing comments I bemoaned the lack of, a page or two ago. This magazine hadn't shown up yet when I ran that page off. But better late than never, as someone once put it (I forget who, exactly). # In re your Horizons review, Harry: Do you mean you don't even consider the complaints concerning that mag's format? Good! Be independent. Still, though, I'm very curious as to what Horizons would look like on white mimeo bond, and without wrinkles. # If you can't draw yourself, you can easily get artwork from Rotsler, Stein, Miller, or non-members like Dougherty. I've got an envelope-full of Rotsler pix which would last me 3 years if I used it sparingly. # Speaking of the inability to draw, who did this Observations cover? Pretty crude, even if the idea wasn't bad. # I wish Cheney would have put his name on this somewhere. As it is I get Cheney and Spelman mixed up most of the time. If I hadn't a vague memory of Harry's Horizons remark that Cheney had accepted "Emergency Flare", I'd likely have credited this to Spelman.

Burblings. This hasn't arrived as of 27 Jan. No space left, anyhow.

