

SKY HOOK



FAPA

Spring 1949

Rotsler

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* A GAFIA PRESS PUBLICATION.

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... Scientific Fact is the Mother of Prophetic Fiction ...



"Look to the blowing Rose about us -- 'Lo,
 Laughing,' she says, 'into the world I blow,
 At once the silken tassel of my Purse
 Tear, and its Treasure on the Garden throw."

-- The Rubaiyat.

"We will hope, and keep on hoping. And every time we find a spark of hope and vision in anybody, we will blow it into a blaze. They will tell us we can't change human nature. That's one of the oldest excuses for doing nothing. And it isn't true. We've been changing human nature for thousands of years. But what you can't change in it -- no, not with guns or whips or red-hot bars -- is man's eternal desire and vision and hope for making the world a better place to live in. And wherever you go now you can see this desire and vision and hope bigger and stronger than ever, beginning to light up men's faces, giving a lift to their voices. Not every man nor every woman wants to cry out for it, but there's one here, one there, a few down this street, until you begin to see there are millions of us -- yes, armies and armies of us -- enough to build ten thousand new cities -- where men and women do not work for machines and money, but machines and money work for men and women; where greed and envy and hate have no place; where want and disease and fear have vanished forever; where nobody carries a whip and nobody rattles a chain; where men have at last stopped mumbling and gnawing and scratching in dark caves and have come out into the sunlight. And nobody can ever darken it for them again. They're out and free at last."

-- J. B. Priestley.

"May is building her house. With apple blooms
 She is roofing over the glimmering rooms;
 Of the oak and the beech hath she builded its beams
 And, spinning all day at her secret looms,
 With arras of leaves each wind-swayed wall
 She pictureth over, and peopleth it all
 With echoes and dreams,
 And singing of streams...."

-- Richard Le Gallienne.

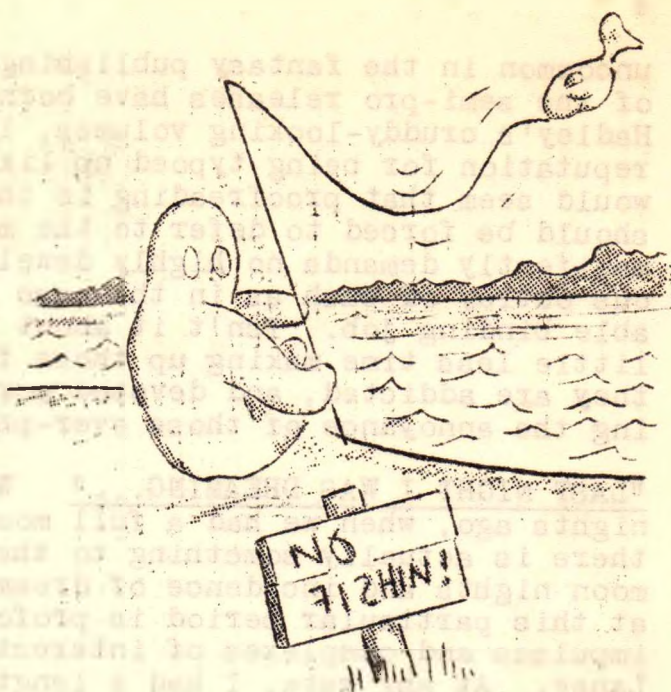
TWIPPLEDOP

A MATTER OF NOMENCLATURE. Our parlor radio (sic) is only 16 months old, but it is almost as out of date as an outside dollar bill. We are planning to buy a new set soon that is up-to-the-minute in every respect and have made up a list of "must" features for the new machine. It is probable that all these features are not available in one set, in part due to the stupid war going on between Columbia and Victor, but it would seem that, in any case, with all these features available in some set or another, that the usual name for the thing -- the "radio" -- is becoming more and more inaccurate. Consider: the

family "radio" should now possess the following features: AM receiver, FM receiver; short-wave receiver; standard record player; 1-p record player for two or three kinds of 1-p discs (I've lost count of how many it is, now); wire recorder; and, of course, television facilities. In the foreseeable future a gadget for receiving "facsimilie" copies of newspapers may become a must. If the trend continues, a well-equipped machine including all these features -- and the others which will be added in the next decade or so -- will take up half the living-room. The question is, what will be an accurate and appropriate term for the thing? "Entertainment machine"?

THIS IS HOLLYWOOD FOR YOU! A local newsitem says: "Antal Dorati, newly appointed director of the Minneapolis symphony orchestra, has the distinction of being featured in the first pure music film produced in Hollywood. The 75-minute flicker, called 'Concert Magic', is similar to a concert hall presentation. No fancy costumes, no scenery, no glamorous women or love interest -- just good music." After "Carnegie Hall" and similar pix, that sounds good, but I wonder -- what in the name of the Comic-All did they put it on film at all for? I envision 75 minutes of closeups of fingers hitting mirror-backed keyboards, fingers plucking strings, fingers pushing valves; and shots of the maestro's back, and crazy-angled shots of the violin section sawing furiously, or the woodwinds etched strikingly against a magnificent backdrop of collonades and gingerbread. 75 solid minutes of that would drive anybody crazy unless he closed his eyes and just listened to the music. In this case, I repeat, why did they film it? It should have been issued as a record album.

ITS TO, TO BAD? DONT YOU THINK. Forry Ackerman's recent review of Dr. Keller's The Solitary Hunters in Fantasy Review gave well-placed emphasis to the execrable proofreading job the New Era boys performed on that otherwise attractive and worthwhile book. He said, as I recall, that "it's difficult to believe any proofreading at all could have been done on the book." This situation, unfortunately, is not at all



uncommon in the fantasy publishing field. A disheartening percentage of the semi-pro releases have borne the onus of distracting typos, Tom Hadley's cruddy-looking volumes, in particular, achieving a darkling reputation for being typoed up like a Cosmic Circle Commentator. It would seem that proofreading is the last department where semi-pros should be forced to defer to the moneyed professionals. Proofreading manifestly demands no highly developed skills and requires no prodigious outlay of cash as in the case of obtaining (for example) a suitable binding job. Isn't it about time the fantasy publishers spent a little less time making up those flossy leaflets and catalogs to which they are addicted, and devoted more attention to the task of eliminating the annoyance of those ever-present typos?

"LAST NIGHT I WAS DREAMING..." Well, not last night; it was a few nights ago, when we had a full moon. According to my observations, there is actually something to the supposed connection between full-moon nights and incidence of dreams. The reason I dreamed about fans at this particular period is profoundly linked, no doubt, with various impulses and complexes of interest to Dr. Kik, not to mention our Dr Laney. At any rate, I had a lengthy dream about fandom, and FAPA in particular. I cannot remember the framework -- the plot, as it were. All that remains with me now is that I wrote a long epic poem for Sky Hook, celebrating the debate between Milt Rothman and Rog Graham. The poem was cleverly based on "Beowulf", with Rothman (spelled Hrothman) becoming the king, Hrothgar, and Graham (spelled Graham) being identified with Grendal, the monster. (Subconsciously, I must not believe Ackerman's claim that Rog is "socially acceptable!") My poem was written in modern English, of course, but utilized the Anglo-Saxon measure. Too bad I can't remember any lines from it. Speer would have loved it.

HERE COME THE EGOBOOLISHERS! The fantasy publishers take it in the neck again, for the third or fourth time in this issue. I have just looked over the new book Planets of Adventure, by Basil Wells (FPCI, 1949, \$3), at the bookstore. Did I buy it? Did I read it? Don't be silly. This book is, to be disgustingly Aristotlian, completely and perfectly lousy. The jacket design by Jack Gaughan is poor. The print job is competent; it must be admitted that it's a good book-making job -- despite the use of inferior materials, particularly the hard covers which, in common with the covers of other FPCI volumes, have a tendency to curl if released from the 4000 pounds per square inch pressure required to keep them straight. But the stories! Three of them are reprinted from Planet and another is from one of Doc Lowndes' old stf promags. The balance of the stories seem to be "dogs" no editor could be persuaded to buy -- at least, I consider it improbable that Basil Wells would publish these things in book form if some pulp magazine would pay $\frac{1}{2}\phi$ a word for them. All this, of course, is an indication that Planets of Adventure offers unusual fiction of high literary worth. Here is a sample quote, from the lead paragraph of "Quest of Thig": "The outlaw ships are attacking!" Old Garmon Nash's harsh voice snapped like a thunderclap in the cramped rocket-flyer's cabin." Superlative literature like this certainly deserves hard cover presentation, doesn't it? My answer, to turn serious at this point, would be a nauseated No -- obviously No! Why, then, has FPCI seen fit to put such unutterable tripe in a book? Isn't it about time someone exposed the shoddy methods used by a few of these fantasy publishers to

obtain "the best stf available" for their books? A bit of inside information has revealed to me that some of these semi-pro publishers are nothing more or less than vanity publishers, to be known henceforth as "egoboooblishers". These firms, long active in the "literary quarterly" field, will publish a book for anyone who has written something and can pay for the privilege of seeing it in print. Most such publishers will handle sales of the book and even distribute review copies. This racket, which preys upon feckless writers who never in the world could sell a manuscript to any professional publishers, has invaded the fantasy field. Basil Wells, unemployed when he began to write, is now in the chips and despite a lack of talent has managed to buy the publication of a book, it seems -- a book that's being sold to suckers who are completists in fantasy volumes. Of course, as it is being done now, one must have a reputation of sorts in the stf field -- not a big reputation, of course, because Basil Wells is, along with Frank B. Long and Ray Cummings, perhaps the most uninspired, out-and-out hack in the business. Far as I'm concerned, Jack Erman, Sam Moskowitz, Chan Davis, Rog Phillips, Lee Gregor, Tom Gardner, etc., are bigger names and better writers than such sad cases as Basil Wells. Why don't you fellows get in touch with FPCI immediately? You, too, can get rid of all those oft-rejected scripts in the attic!

SOMETHING ABOUT SKY HOOK. I was probably the most surprised member in all FAPA to learn that Sky Hook had been voted top Fapazine of 1948. I had a blithe and regrettably chesty confidence that SkHk would rank among the top ten, but that it would, in its first year, outrank such stalwarts as Synapse, Horizons, Fan-Dango, Plenum, Fan-Tods, Burlblings, Ego Beast, and about a dozen others which I consider, in all honesty, superior to Sky Hook, was completely unexpected. I sincerely thank all who voted for SkHk and for me in each of the categories, for they provided me with the best and most appreciated egoboo I've ever received, but please believe that I do not consider such commendation well-merited. No one has yet explained to me wherein lies Sky Hook's supposed superiority, and in default of that knowledge I shall have to consider SkHk's fine rating merely the result of its policy of neatness and attractiveness in format. Certainly there has been precious little in SkHk, other than contributions by other Faps, to merit perusal if it were presented in less legible form. Therefore, Sky Hook will continue to feature even edges, spaces between paragraphs, and strategically placed (I hope) pix. Material will be improved, if possible, during this year. F. Towner Laney has promised an article, perhaps for next issue, and another issue or two should see the inauguration of several features I have planned. Twipplepop has been enlarged and may remain a three-page item, partly due to several kind suggestions along this line, and partly because various comments have, too often in the past, been crowded out or unwarrantedly condensed by lack of space. Otherwise, Sky Hook will remain more or less as it is. I hope, however, that the changes that are made in the mag will make it a better publication, although on 1949's poll it has no place to go except down.



Ithotshewaswearingabathingsuitbutitwasmerelyafigleafofmyimagination.

White Lilacs

• by RUDIE LINDGREN

SEVEN ASSORTED FELLOWS and girls spilled out of the back seat, four more from the front, and two lanky joes with crew cuts slid off the fenders. Doug grabbed me by the hand and started up the hill.

"Last one to the top is a zombie with buck teeth," he called back.

By the time the others caught up with us, we were sprawled full length, laughing breathlessly. The sun traced lazy patterns through the trees, and the air was soft with the scent of early spring. The new grass was stubby and fine against my cheek.

"Crummy looking joint, isn't it?"

We all looked toward the house set back slightly in the woods. It seemed to peer out suspiciously at us. Wind and rain had painstakingly scoured off every bit of paint, and the windows were staring black holes. But it wasn't ugly. Like something an artist might paint and call Desolation.

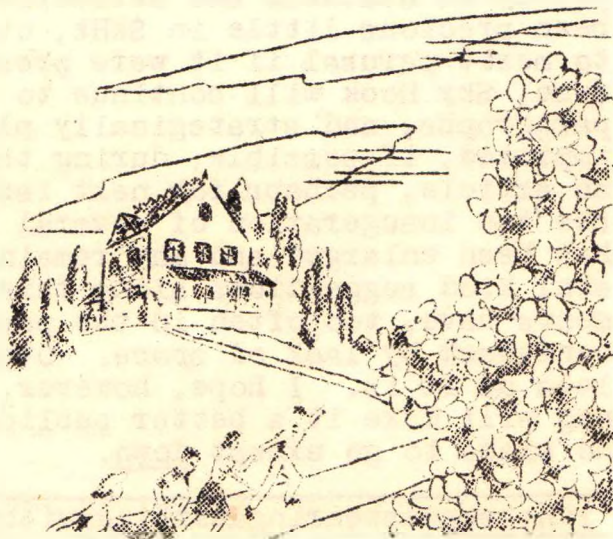
At one corner of the house was a white lilac-bush, snowy lace against green heart-leaves. It was our main objective. We were decorating the gym for Commencement, and we had begged lilacs from nearly every bush in town, but white ones were scarce.

Celia would let us have some. Every spring she let us pick the bluebells that swelled in blue waves across her front yard. I remember how she used to stand in the doorway, her faded blue eyes almost swallowed up by wrinkles as she smiled toothlessly, wisps of hair escaping from the skinny knob at the back of her head and little pink bare tracks showing through the grey. I remember how she used to wave from the window as we climbed over her fence on our way to picnics down by the river. And the way she would cackle with delight when we left a couple of oranges or maybe a piece of cake for her when we came back.

I know she would have told us to pick all we wanted, but she died last winter. Maybe it was wrong to go out there to pick them, I don't know.

"Hey, look, kids, all you gotta do is swing back this little board."

Skeets was standing by the door, and he had already slipped back the bolt and pushed open the



door. We hesitated, someone said, "Shall we?" and then without waiting for an answer, we crowded in after Skeets.

The room was so dark that for a moment we couldn't see much. The musty, dusty, dead smell seemed to close in around me, and I noticed the inexplorable odor of ginger.

"Hell, there's nothing here."

There wasn't. It was the barest room I had ever seen. A squat, black stove stood awkwardly in the corner, a cot covered with a moth-eaten Indian blanket was pushed against one wall, and a table staggered against the opposite one. Someone must have removed all of Celia's things, for there wasn't a single personal article in the room except a funny little clock with one hand missing and two brass cherubs floating solidly on each side at the base.

There was one other room, the kitchen, and we were exploring the cobwebby depths of the cupboard when several of the fellows clattered down from the attic. Skeets had a shapeless black-felt hat pulled down over one eye, and a dingy red plume curled coyly around his left ear. He snaked his hips sinuously. Everybody laughed.

But it wasn't funny. I was remembering how Celia used to slip into the back seat of the church some Sunday mornings wearing a rusty black fur piece around her shoulders with quiet dignity and that hat with its brave red feather.

"Come on, let's get out of here," Doug whispered in my ear.

We stood in the warm sun without speaking until the rest followed us out, and then we began to pick the lilacs. Doug brushed one across my cheek. It was cool and damp and fragrant.

Bob and O. T. were holding down a heavy branch while Jean stripped off the graceful, smaller branches from the tip. I heard a sharp crack and the splintering of wood.

Someone screamed, "Hey, look out, you slugs!"

I turned and saw the white gash that split the branch, the fragile blossoms crushed against the ground.

"...May is lilac here in New England;
 May is thrush singing 'Sun up!' on a
 tip-top ash-tree;
 May is white clouds behind pine-trees
 Puffed out and marching upon a blue sky.
 May is a green as no other;
 May is much sun through small leaves;
 May is soft earth,
 And apple blossoms,
 And windows open to a South Wind;
 May is a full light wind of lilac
 From Canada to Narragansett Bay...."

Amy Lowell.

I LOVE THAT AD =

in the abstract

THE hardest thing in the world to tell is what is going on, subconsciously, in your own mind. After all, there are subtle influences constantly at work, in the formative stages of which the conscious you is totally unaware, and until it bursts forth into conscious thinking, you never know what's going on in your own mind.

That's the way it was with me and the ad. Guess I've been kicking it around in the back of my mind for years. 'Way back into the days when Robert E. Howard and C. L. Moore made Weird Tales a necessity to my mental diet.

I've seen it change faces, text and appeal too many times to be recalled now, but the impression remains the same. It is, and always was, fascinating, fantastic, thought-provoking.

If I can steal a paraphrase from The Hucksters: Love that ad!

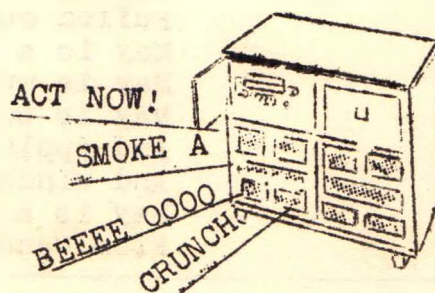
And it is a unique affection, too, because I know better than to fall under the spell of the propaganda of the advertising field. For, like so many others, by now I'm allergic to commercials either in print or on the air. I've learned to look at the purty pictures and to cast a cynic eye of appraisal at "catch" approaches, all in good clean fun.

But I still love that ad. It sneaks up on the subconscious, gets under the skin. You can guess how much malarky there is to it. All the hocus-pocus and monumental fakery attached. It is to hook suckers and get dough from them. And if it didn't succeed tremendously in doing just that, it couldn't have continued, as it has, for years and decades. Yes, it hooks the suckers, all right.

But still I love that ad. Why?

Because it contains, despite its faults, an element of unknowingness that has existed ever since man originated his first "unnecessary gesture" and thereby differentiated himself from the animals. An unknowingness that admitted man had a purpose and destination, but that they knew not the paths which led there, and often got side-tracked.

by MARIJANE NUTTALL



It contains all the elements old Khayyam lamented:

"Would you that spangle of Existence spend
About THE SECRET -- quick about it, Friend!
A hair perhaps divides the False and True --
And upon what, prithee, does life depend?"

Let's call that ad the dividing hair, then, and admit that the suckers who fell for it are probably all wearing hair-shirts. That's the seeming penalty for going overboard about anything, these days.

But then, again, it can be very contagious, even at that, in the abstract. I have no positive proof to go on, but from the way it sneaked into my affections, it has me wondering about the reach of its influence in greater spheres, too.

"That the human mind can truly exert an influence over things and conditions was not a credulous belief of the ancients, but a known and demonstratable fact to them."

Recognize it? I don't say that this ad is directly the inspiration, but, with much philosophy to back it, Jack Williamson used this widespread theory nicely, terming it "paraphysics", in "...And Searching Mind".

Williamson did a neat job of summarizing the modern situation in that story. There we find the scientist desperately concerned with saving the world by scientific invention (atomic bombs -- future Projects Thunderbolt), and the mystic equally desperate to save it by mind-power. There science is science, and mystic mystic, and never the twain shall meet in an understanding of each other.

"I'm a physicist," Claypool asserts. "I'm used to limiting my inquiries to phenomena that are reproducible at will, by mechanical means, under strict controls. This paraphysical stuff always upsets me."

And the red-bearded Mr. White: "Sledge put his faith in machines ...but I was groping for a better weapon. I put my trust in human beings -- in the native human powers I had begun to learn. To save themselves, I saw that men must now develop their own inborn capacities -- crippled and neglected as they are from long neglect."

We find him adding later: "And these are my soldiers." A mighty indignation throbbled beneath his drawl. I like that phrase -- how very much I like it! "Look at them -- the most talented citizens of the planet! I found them in the gutter, the jail, the madhouse. But they are the last hope of man."

There Williamson gives us a picture of the two extremes -- and of the man in the middle -- Ironsmith! And because Ironsmith realized the value of both concepts, and wove them together, he was a whole man.

He knew why the scientist was unable to detect paraphysics, why mechanical means alone cannot detect it. "Which was an excellent proof

of extra-physical action," he told Claypool, "because any sort of extraphysical research requires a slight modification in the methods of classical physics. The experimenter is also a part of the experiment, and your negative results are a logical outcome of your negative purpose."

And Williamson, towards the end of the story, gives us a modern version of a truth known to the Indian mystic centuries before Western civilization. This scientific version goes: "Because every electron, as a wave, exists everywhere. The chemical and physical properties of matter are only patterns of electron identity. A change of substance -- and the patterns are functions of exchange-force probability."

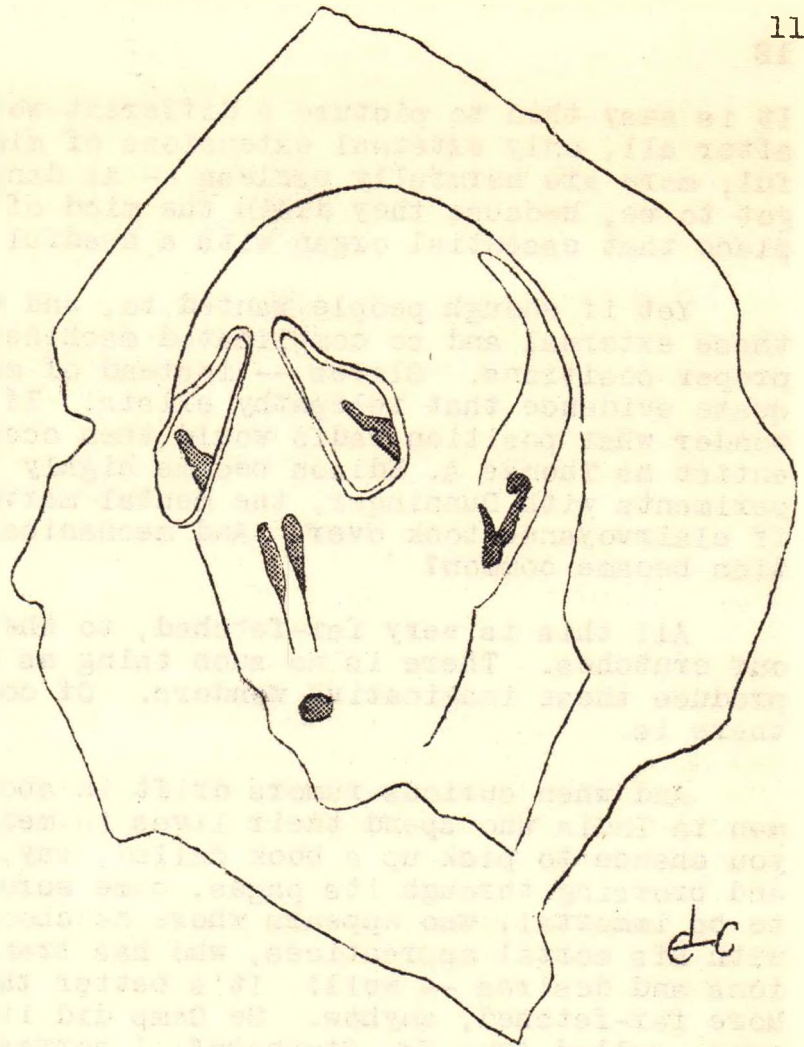
Lecomte du Nouy clarifies the wave theory even more in Human Destiny, a new book that is rumored soon to be required reading in colleges. Here is du Nouy's scientific version: "He (the scientist) admits the inconceivable space in which the electrons move (three dimensions of space for every electron present; thirty dimensions for ten electrons). He admits that the electron is 'a wave of probability'. ...He knows and does not even discuss the fact that the image he has built up of the universe rests on reactions determined in him by a minute fraction (less than one per thousand billions) of the vibrations surrounding him and which go through him without leaving a trace in his consciousness."

Compare that to the age-old version of the yogi, which goes thusly: "Through meditation one may achieve a cosmic illumination that pierces the veils of maya. Maya is a physical illusion of reality that must be dispelled before one arrives to a comprehension of universal truths." Is this so much razzle-dazzle still to you? I think it makes a world of sense, myself. I think it reveals two vastly different approaches that arrive at the same conclusions.

In Generation of Vipers, Philip Wylie has this to say about it: "The results of scientific endeavor piled up, however, in such a variety and size as to be convincing evidence of the efficacy of the method. On the outermost fields of speculation, science did not reach any conclusion much more satisfying to the average man than some of the postulates in, say, the Vedas, which are at least three thousand years old. But the new measures satisfied the scientific passion for description. And, if the Aryans of 1000 B. C. somehow got onto corpuscular and radiant speculation -- if they meditated the firmamental origin in somewhat the same terms as Abbe Le Maitre -- it is nothing against science that it should derive the same notion and express it even better, ninety generations later."

On other pages, Wylie, Williamson, and Ironsmith get together, as Wylie states: "What science did achieve is no secret. Science took the atom apart. It put together a relativistic definition of the tangible universe. It ruled out as nonexistent all elements it could not detect by machinery, even though man is preoccupied with such matters throughout his days. What you could see through the front windows was scientific. What you were not allowed to examine through the darkened rear windows was not merely nonscientific -- it simply did not exist. No medieval theologian ever touched off a sophistry of greater magnitude!"

So there we have it: the secret of the Ancients newly discovered, and maybe only in part! Maybe they knew more. Wouldn't it be a joke on Western civilization if the genuine Indian truth-seekers are ahead? If their "illumination" is, in truth, a mental awareness of pure energy, that our scientists can only put down as mathematics to marvel over? The atomic bomb is our proof, yes -- but destructive proof! And when the atomic machinery comes, it will mean complicated additions to an already over-technical set-up.



No wonder I love that ad. For I'm lazy -- lazy, in the definition of a vast inertia that overwhelms me when I think of western technology. For instance, it would have to be a wonderful movie indeed to balance off the picture I see of mankind exhausted in the scene behind the screen. Ever count 'em up? I'll miss a lot, of course, but actors, extras, directors, script-writers, photographers, stage-hands, scenarists, make-up artists, designers -- why go on? And the scene behind that scene? Factories producing technical equipment. And the scene after these? Laborers building fancy movie-houses, sound equipment, projectors; an operator to run off the film; movie trucks eternally delivering changes. All so we can sit a few hours, and come out saying lousy, or fair, seldom wonderful! And so the younger generation can fill their minds with plastic images of a false, paper-mache universe, and make idols of heroic drugstore cowboys like Roy Rogers.

And the picture behind the picture of radio? Ditto, only worse. Of course, many wise people have already said all this, only much better. And of course, anyone who is satisfied, and needs all this to fill in a vacancy because they don't know what to do with their spare time, will disagree violently. They are in majority, and make this entertaining little set-up go round and round like a carousel at a fair-ground. That's what they are here for; they are the wheels and ball-bearings of it all. They can have it.

I'll take the ad. I'll sit back and dream a little, like some of the authors in Astounding do. Dream of a world where people have the time and peace of mind to develop inherent and neglected inner talent.

It is easy then to picture a different world. Because machines are, after all, only external extensions of mind. Many are extremely useful; more are harmfully useless -- as dangerous as any vampire ever got to be, because they drain the mind of individual effort, and replace that essential organ with a headful of ... you name it!

Yet if enough people wanted to, and made a concentrate effort, these external and so complicated machines could be relegated to their proper positions. Slaves -- instead of masters of man. We have adequate evidence that telepathy exists. If it were developed fully, I wonder what position radio would then occupy? Even as eminent a scientist as Thomas A. Edison became highly interested in a series of experiments with Dunninger, the mental marvel. And how about television if clairvoyance took over? And mechanical conveyances if teleportation became common?

All this is very far-fetched, to the Western mind. Machines are our crutches. There is no such thing as a mental effort that could produce these imaginative wonders. Of course not. We don't believe there is.

And when curious rumors drift in about Tibetan monasteries, or men in India who spend their lives in meditation of cosmic truths, or you chance to pick up a book called, say, The Autobiography of a Yogi, and browsing through its pages, come across accounts of a babu claimed to be immortal, who appears where he chooses, who converses mentally with his mortal apprentices, who has transcended all earthly restrictions and desires -- well! It's better than a fairy tale, isn't it? More far-fetched, anyhow. De Camp did it up nicely in a wacky tale once, called "One Was Stubborn". I corresponded with de Camp (one letter, anyhow) about Eastern philosophy. He was following factual evidence with typical Western logic and cynicism. So do I. You can't pin down mere rumors, can you? And there's no proof.

But wouldn't it be funny if they had these hidden talents over there now? If they were on the right track, and we were derailed -- lost in materialism? Yes, it would be quite a joke. And we love jokes, don't we?

Just like I love that ad -- in the abstract.

THE LANEY-BURBEE INFLUENCE?

"In his centennial day address to a joint session of the legislature, Governor Youngdahl [of Minnesota] warned: 'Beware of sloth, of timidity, of fecklessness.' Since most persons do not have very violent opinions about fecklessness, and can take it or leave it alone with equal aplomb, we thought a clarifying word or two might be in order. A 'feck', says Webster's Collegiate dictionary, means 'efficacy' or 'value'. Fecklessness, therefore, because it indicates a regrettable lack of 'feck', refers to the state of being spiritless, weak or worthless. What the governor is telling us, in short, is 'Don't be weak or worthless.' An expression of great feck, obviously, and more than a little sipid."

-- Editorial in Minneapolis
Morning Tribune, 5 Mar 49

HARVEST OF STARS

WHAT PERCENTAGE of aSF's contents in its best period -- during JWCJR's editorship, 1938-1948 -- has been selected for book publication? That is the question I asked myself. Below are the results of my research on the question. This is, I believe, the only extant list of stories from aSF that have been hard-covered, or soon will be. Although it is possibly incomplete -- Arkham House's catalog doesn't list the complete contents of several forthcoming collections (vV's, for instance) and I've probably missed news of books from several presses -- and I may have erred in my calculations a bit, I have discovered that 150 stories out of 734, the total for the 11 years, have been "booked", or soon will be. This is approximately 20% of the stories in aSF from 1938 through 1948. This is an amazing total, when you think about it, considering the crud aSF has published along with the "classics". Was there ever another mag in any field which had one-fifth of its contents achieve the distinction of eventual book publication?

1938 (14 out of 89 stories)

Dead Knowledge (Jan)
Pithacanthropus Rejectus (Jan)
Galactic Patrol (ended Feb)
Flight of the Dawn Star (Mar)
Children of the "Betsy B." (Mar)
Hyperpilosity (Apr)
The Faithful (Apr)
The Legion of Time (May-3)
Seeds of the Dusk (June)
The Terrible Sense (Aug)
Who Goes There? (Aug)
Robots Return (Sept)
The Merman (Dec)
Helen O'Loy (Dec)

1939 (12/82)

Living Fossil (Feb)
Cloak of Aesir (Mar)
One Against the Legion (Apr-3)
The Day is Done (May)
Black Destroyer (July)
The Luck of Ignatz (Aug)
The Blue Giraffe (Aug)
Heavy Planet (Aug)
Lifeline (Aug)
Ether Breather (Sept)
Gray Lensman (Oct-4)
Misfit (Nov)

1940 (14/65)

Requiem (Jan)
If This Goes On-- (Feb-2)
Final Blackout (Apr-4)

The Roads Must Roll! (June)
Coventry (July)
Dark Mission (July)
The Stars Look Down (Aug)
Vault of the Beast (Aug)
Slan! (Sept-4)
Blowups Happen (Sept)
Quietus (Sept)
Farewell to the Master (Oct)
Butyl and the Breather (Oct)
The Warrior Race (Oct)

1941 (18/75)

The Mechanical Mice (Jan)
And He Built A Crooked House (Feb)
The Best-laid Scheme (Feb)
Logic of Empire (Mar)
Poker Face (Mar)
The Stolen Dormouse (Apr-2)
Microcosmic God (Apr)
Universe (May)
Solution Unsatisfactory (May)
Artnan Process (June)
Methuselah's Children (July-3)
Nightfall (Sept)
Adam and No Eve (Sept)
Short-circuited Probability (Sep)
By His Bootstraps (Oct)
Common Sense (Oct)
Two Percent Inspiration (Oct)
Second Stage Lensmen (Nov-4)

1942 (17/76)

Recruiting Station (Mar)
Goldfish Bowl (Mar)

The Wings of Night (Mar)
 The Embassy (Mar)
 Beyond This Horizon (Apr)
 Asylum (May)
 Secret Unattainable (July)
 Tools (July)
 The Contraband Cow (July)
 Jackdaw (Aug)
 The Link (Aug)
 Nerves (Sept)
 With Flaming Swords (Sept)
 The Twonky (Sept)
 QRM -- Interplanetary (Oct)
 The Second Solution (Oct)
 The Weapon Shop (Dec)

1943 (12/62)

The Search (Jan)
 Time Locker (Jan)
 The Weapon Makers (Feb-3)
 Mimsy Were the Borogoves (Feb)
 Flight Into Darkness (Feb)
 Q.U.R. (Mar)
 Gather, Darkness! (May-3)
 Calling the Empress (June)
 The Renegade (July)
 The Proud Robot (Oct)
 Symbiotica (Oct)
 Recoil (Nov)

1944 (17/55)

As Never Was (Jan)
 Far Centaurus (Jan)
 Off the Beam (Feb)
 Deadline (Mar)
 The Changling (Apr)
 The Long Way (Apr)
 Lobby (Apr)
 Latent Image (Apr)
 Juggernaut (Aug)
 A Can of Paint (Sept)
 Beam Pirate (Oct)
 Killdozer! (Nov)
 The Harmonizer (Nov)
 Nomad (Dec-3)
 Firing Line (Dec)
 No Woman Born (Dec)
 Tricky Tonnage (Dec)

1945 (12/55)

The Piper's Son (Feb)
 Special Delivery (Mar)

Filch (Mar)
 Blind Alley (Mar)
 Correspondence Course (Apr)
 First Contact (May)
 The Trap (May)
 Pandora's Millions (June)
 The Ethical Equations (June)
 World of Null-A (Aug-3)
 The Power (Sept)
 The Critters (Nov)

1946 (12/60)

N-Day (Jan)
 Pattern for Conquest (Mar-3)
 Guest in the House (Mar)
 A Logic Named Joe (Mar)
 Loophole (Apr)
 Memorial (Apr)
 The Nightmare (May)
 Rescue Party (May)
 The Cure (May)
 Film Library (July)
 The Last Objective (Aug)
 Vintage Season (Sept)

1947 (12/58)

Housing Shortage (Jan)
 Maturity (Feb)
 Tomorrow's Children (Mar)
 Child's Play (Mar)
 Time and Time Again (Apr)
 With Folded Hands... (July)
 The Figure (July)
 The Person from Porlock (Aug)
 The Thing on Outer Shoal (Sept)
 Collector's Item (Oct)
 Children of the Lens (Nov-4)
 Thunder and Roses (Nov)

1948 (8/49)

...And Searching Mind (Mar-3)
 Ex Machina (Apr)
 Strange Case of JohnKingman (May)
 No Connection (June)
 The Monster (Aug)
 In Hiding (Nov)
 Period Piece (Nov)
 Genius (Dec)

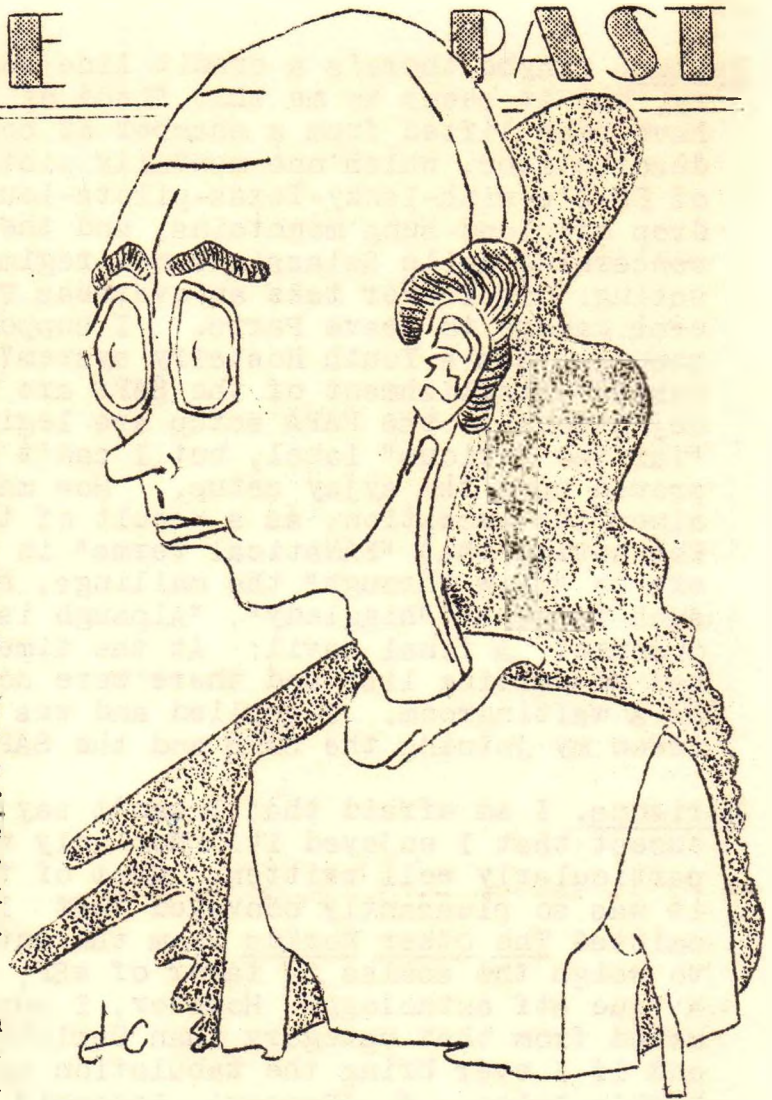
<p>SKHK ARTWORK: Front cover and p. 5 by Bill Rotsler; bacover and p. 6 by Bob Dougherty; p. 11 and 15 by Eugene Calewaert. Recall him?</p>
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EYE TO THE

PAST

Comments on the 46th FAPA mailing:

Light. (Numbers 37 & 38). For some reason I received Light #39, mailed separately, long before the bundle arrived. And I thought #39 was doubtless a postposting of the Fall 1948 mailing! # Speaking of Singer, did you note Tucker's comment in Bloomington News Letter about Ben and Schaumburger joining the armed services: "The army's loss is fandom's gain"? But Ben has changed -- according to those who saw him when he was home on furlough. # The Lamb review of The Great War in England in 1897 was the first Light book review I've read. Heretofore, the block of solid typing had deterred me. But this might better have been skipped. Why did Lamb synopsise rather than review? # Some of the artwork, particularly the full-pager in #38, was good.



Catalyst. Lack of room requires me to skip this mag on a technicality -- it's not a Fapazine. But I'm glad the mag is to appear again.

Micron. I read "Time-binding", but found nothing new on which to comment. Articles like this are usually more confusing than instructive. # That was a most commendable reply to Paul Cox's blattings.

Glum. Nice to see S. K. Rewd again, but it's surprising to see him elaborating on the old, usually wry statement that "this first issue will become a collectors' item", which fanzine editors have kicked around for 15 years. RPG's own introductory remarks on page 0 were more appreciated, especially "Fantasy Book, the 5¢ prozine for 25¢". # I'm glad pages 1-5 came out so illegibly in my copy. It saved me reading the discussion which I would have understood only by some miracle. # Great Shaver, Rog, why did you copyright each page separately, rather than the whole mag? I'll bet the thing will be difficult to file in the Library of Congress, since it is innocent of a title -- at least in this version. # "On Sophistry" was a neat bit of contrived sophistry and, to my eyes, more devastating to the Ple-num side than those five pages about the spin problem. Where do non-Arisians go to register?

Yellum. Maybe there's a credit line somewhere that disproves my theory, but it seems to me that "Land of the Fabulous Frontier" must have been lifted from a chamber of commerce pamphlet. Despite the lush descriptions, which one mentally pictures opposite full-color photos of DC-3's-with-lanky-Texas-pilots-lounging-in-front against a backdrop of cloud-hung mountains, and the utopian air of the passages concerning Haile Selassie's new regime, this article proved interesting. If I ever take an overseas vacation, I'll drop by -- if I ever manage to leave Paris. I suppose Ethiopia, such a progressive country, has a Youth Hostelry system? # The remarks about motives behind establishment of the SAPS are the most cogent I've seen. The objections to the FAPA setup are legitimate, I think, except for the "far too serious" label, but I can't see where the SAPS have improved upon the ayjay setup. How many hektozines has the SAPS seen since its inception, as a result of the small membership? And, in re the notion that "FANatical terms" in FAPA make it tough for newcomers to "claw through" the mailings, hasn't the SAPS given birth to such terms as "higgledy", "Alpaugh is ghod", etc., which are equally obscure? A final cavil: At the time the SAPS was organized, FAPA had no waiting list and there were no "poor guys" languishing in the FAPA waitingroom. I applied and was accepted for FAPA membership between my joining the SAPS and the SAPS first mailing.

Horizons. I am afraid that I can't say much about "The Grandest Opera" except that I enjoyed it. Not only was it informative, but it was particularly well written. Most of this article was news to me, and it was so pleasantly conveyed that I'm glad I learned it. # I omitted The Other Worlds from the anthology boxscore tabulation, not to weigh the scales in favor of aSF, but because I don't consider it a true stf anthology. However, I suppose it's not much farther removed from that category than Derleth's two alleged stf anthologies, and if I ever bring the tabulation up to date, I'll add the Stong book's tales. # "Peccavi, Peccavi" necessitated looking up that "poem", "Upon the Way", for the second time. The first time was occasioned by someone's mailing comment on it -- Coslet's, I believe -- which proves that someone did mention it, after all. In any case I don't consider the silence on the subject indicative that Fapans and Vanguardifs are unable to "recognize abominably bad poetry when confronted with it." Whatever its origin, "Upon the Way" was better poetry than most fan verse and, in comparison, was not so ridiculously lousy as to draw attention to it. "Vortex of immensity" and "the whispering chambers of imagination" aren't half bad for "fan verse". Sure, it was obscure. But the cerebral poet, who describes (or attempts to describe) his "psychic life", must invariably render himself incomprehensible to those who have never experienced similar psychological impressions, and who look for logical sequences and connection. # I doubt if most modern poets would say "sweet it is" or "what ho!" or "the vision fadeth" -- which, I submit, is a point in modern poetry's favor, at least!

Moonshine. "Change of Station" was rather enjoyable, although I doubt if space trips will become so routine within the next 14 years. If they are, the year's service on the Moon, with continuous day on day off duty without liberty, sounds unrealistic. If the moon rocket makes the trip once a week, it seems that weekend passes would be feasible, and even desirable. # Replies to Cox were both fine.

Fan-Dango. It's surprising to find the Petrel in purple this time, and maybe the unfamiliar duplication is the reason this magazine seems to miss fire this time. # The comedy of errors described in "It Might Have Been" is scant solace for the loss of the Burbee ms. # "Bureaucrats and Bumpers" is amusing, and probably more or less applicable to many businesses that by no means hold a monopoly in their fields. Especially the intra-office feud of the girls. # Condra's review of the Bailey book amuses me particularly with that parenthetical matter on page 5. Otherwise it parallels Ley's aSF review of the volume, and should be considered in the light of Dr. Bailey's "The Story Behind Pilgrims Through Space and Time" in Tympani #15. # Pages 6 and 7 show Laney in more familiar guise. I am still unable to fathom Towner's Wollheimish tactics of harrying an opponent long after the original feud has died away. The LASFS will not fold its tent merely because such attacks as FTL's "Problems of the Isolated Fan", and the matter of the "LA former fan, formerly of Michigan" is no longer a matter of concern to fandom. # I thought it was "Muscat Ramble."

Meteor Shower. The GAPA's ultimate requirement of 200 copies deters me from thinking of joining. Cranking off 200 copies even of a single-sheeter is something like work. # In re Stein's cover for Sky Hook #3, Art Rapp suggested that Bob had reproduced the "elled" lines of the Rull. # Why, sure, Astra's Tower saw at least two issues. I don't know if it is still extant. Zimmer planned to change the title, but must have folded it instead. # "Tamam" is a real word. See The Rubaiyat. # The Clement Wood quote on Sky Hook #4's ifc was lousy poetry, but was the first verse I happened upon in my search for some lines that would refer to the autumn leaves I pictured there. I should have looked up Shelley's "Ode to the West Wind" (as I thought too late), the lines about the dead leaves "driven like ghosts from an enchanter fleeing, / Yellow and brown and pale and hectic red" (quote not guaranteed 100% accurate). # The lines in SkHk's interlineations are never typed, though it is a violation of the Speer Code. My underline key cuts the stencil all to hell. (Incidentally, "key" is the wrong word, isn't it? "Type-face"?) # From your description of the sixth SAPS mailing, it seems doubtful that the Society has improved since the third bundle. JoKe, Lyon and Coslet were the only consistent performers then, and were half-submerged in crud like Froeder's parodies, Joe Gross' covers, etc., apparently still the situation. Sure, if Fapates like Laney, Burb, Nuttall, Speer, Wilson, FrauBlish, 4e, etc., were to join SAPS, the junior ayjay would improve. But why should that club be turned into another FAPA, when its present and only legitimate function is as a vehicle for "sophomoric" humor? # If the SAPS had subscribers, I'd join as a subber, just to obtain Spacehound's Gazette and three or fewer others. # "Answer These" quiz would be more interesting if it had a motif and also if it omitted such questions as "how many issues of aSF appeared large-size?" I could figure it, knowing which was the first and which the last to appear in that format, but I'm not inclined to count them up.

Microkosmos. Since Terrell Jacobs himself appeared here in the 1949 Shrine Circus, I can report that Stein erred in spelling it "Terrel" in "There Must Be Easier Ways". I can also report (not for the same reason) that Vernell Coriell enjoyed this writeup. I did, too. #

"Intolerance" must be a fine film indeed, and this was a good review of it. It's too bad that superlative litho Dunk distributed last summer in the Fanews Folio couldn't have fronted this mag. # Has Occultism, S-F and Fantasy appeared? I note it is supposed to emanate from Stan Mullen's end of Denver -- at least, it has the same postal zone. Maybe he can give us a report.

Phanteur. Jim Nelson's cover was intriguing, but the interiors were not impressive. # If a 28-page Phanteur would result every time, FAPA should wish bigger and better blizzards on Imperial all during the summer. The voluminous mailing comments were appreciated. In re the mean intelligence of the Negro as compared with that of the white race, Stein published in one of his non-FAPA titles the averages obtained from IQ tests given recruits in WWI, which showed the northern Negro scoring higher than the southern white. The alleged

Resting Girl

Dark windy hair blows up, blows over
 from the young head on my shoulder.
 April again stirs grass and clover,
 and day, year, heart grow older.
 As so, too, the sweet, young, intemperate,
 the scent within whose hair
 quickens pulse and in the heart (oft bled
 before by love) kindles the ashes there.
 Thoughtless of love, of death,
 alive in the soft green
 years, blue-eyed, serene,
 she rests, here even, easy breath
 marking off the moment and the hour
 while the April wind spills petals from the
 flower.

-- AUGUST DERLETH.

15% difference cited in DBT's Primal comments is explainable by the lesser educational opportunities available to the Negro. # Hmmm, I thought the Bishop calculated the Earth's age as only 4000 years, but on second thought, I guess you're right. # That lengthy discussion of education was excellent, but I'll save my comments on it till next mailing, when my formalized discussion will be finished.

Primal. Stein's covers were particularly crude, and even the knowledge that the front cover was supposed to represent a "dream quest", having been drawn for that magazine, didn't make the symbolism any too clear. The ill-proportioned human in the inset on the front is particularly annoying, while the vaguely human visage of the monolith strikes me as the best thing in both cover pix. Too bad Stein's really fine work in oils and inks cannot be reproduced in fanzines. He's done some outstanding work in them. # Widner's book review

reminds me that I read Castaway somewhere or other, perhaps in the armed services edition he mentions. I didn't classify it as fantasy when reading it, far as I recall. # Jon Gordon's "poem" is interesting for one line: "Her flashing eyes...her snaky hair" -- a piddling echo from Coleridge's "His flashing eyes, his floating hair..." # Miller's inserted pic is on a sure-fire theme -- poised spaceship against a sweep of stars. Excellent. # "Surviving for surviving's sake" doesn't interest Widner, he says in "Hall of Mirrors". Does he mean he'd rather save civilization than assure his personal survival? This idea is putting the cart before the horse, it seems to me. Why not survive, then worry about rebuilding civilization? The latter postBlowup problem is one which is so dependent upon factors which are scarcely predictable that it fails to interest me. And if I survive I'm not going to worry about civilization. Hell with it.

New Purposes. See comments on Catalyst. An interesting mag, though.

Sky Hook. Permit me to rest awhile, allowing Art Rapp to take over with a few brief remarks about Sky Hook #5: "Illos were superb, as usual, especially the front cover, which is at least as good as any mimeo cover I've ever seen. What do you do, blackmail Grossman and Miller? # Contents also appreciated, particularly the cheerful dissection of the Legion. I trust they will blackmail you as a foe of democracy and demand that Congress investigate you for this. # The mailing reviews are tantalizing to one who has not seen the mags being discussed. Is this a subtle instrument of a FAPA recruiting program? ((No, but it's a good idea.)) # The girl on the equinoid -- er, isn't her center of gravity a bit too far forward of the center line for comfort? And who cares, anyway?" # Speaking of equinoids (this is yed again), I mixed up my Bulfinch in last SkHk when I mentioned the "satyr" on Fan-Crud's cover. Truly, I know better. I meant "centaur", damn it.

Sparx. Most everything in this magazine was of some interest. # The opening paragraph of Rapp's "Velocity" sounds wrong, somehow. Perhaps it is too explicit and not imaginative enough. I can't put my finger on the fault, but I'd bet that that lead would kill chances of "Velocity" selling to TWS. "Dug" is a helluva name. Is he part of a cow? # "Hank's Story" amused, but the ending didn't rate even a snicker. # Hmmm, five stories -- and four of them have one-word titles. I wish Campbell's influence was not so powerful in this case. I prefer imaginative titles. # John Strange's poem was wonderful, of course! Seeing it here reminds me that "living-room" was supposed to be "sitting-room". # Come, come, a Harvard man should be able to think up something better than that to fill a page.

Burblings Combined With Fantasy Amateur. Nice article by Nuttall, those three pages that touched upon Bradbury's penname, crackpotism, prefrontal lobotomy and topectomy, and water-dousing, with no lack of logic and with a well-defined line of sequence. Marijane is one of the few writers in FAPA who can ramble from subject to subject in the most unlikely sequence imaginable, and remain interesting and logical at every point. She does a particularly surprising job of it in this Sky Hook -- surprising to me, at least, though perhaps to the feminine mind starting out with an ad (or in the present case with a TRS letter) and ending up where she does is quite logical,

indeed. I'm not complaining, understand. But I find it amazin'. # What's chances of the water-douser Thompson merely applying a canny knowledge of likely water-places? # "Stibbard the Gay" is run-of-the-mill stuff -- just another Burbee classic. Was the error in nomenclature accidental, or is there a joke connected with "Stanley"? # A good article on fanzine filing, Towner, but I've run across an earlier article by you on the same subject. # Miller's heading for the WJD phone call item was good enough in Primal, but the Burblings heading for the same article was inspired -- the use of all those lettering-guides after poor Walter J. had phoned up Towner specifically to obtain some lettering-guides. # Which did you say, Towner, "Gad, what blatant censorship" or "Boy, what censorship"? The latter sounds like a rather improbable remark, coming from the dirtiest talking man Burb has ever met. For that matter, so does the former. # The lack of parentheses around one paragraph in the Primal version is the only other discrepancy I noted in a quick comparison.

Fantasy Amateur. I trust Towner will carry out the project of publishing a new FAPA index. It'll probably be quite a job, though. # Do any of you have any opinions on the non-inverted order of the names on the roster? Does it make the list easier to use when addressing postmailed magazines?

POSTMAILINGS

History of the Future cards. These cards, I understand, were made up in 1943 or 1944. At the time they indexed the history of the future -- but now they're merely the history of a world of if. In connection with the idea behind this project, remember Lowndes' "The Incredible Years"?

Plenum. The only thing I got out of "Elegance" was the fact that J.J. Coupling is a pseudonym. But who is it? I hope this inconsequential remark doesn't cause Milty to quit FARA, as Chauvenet is supposed to have done because someone said the "ads" (?) in Sardonix were better than the serious work he sweat over. # I hope you enjoyed Milt's article, Tom, Chan, Rog and Norm. Anyone else? DBT? Speer?

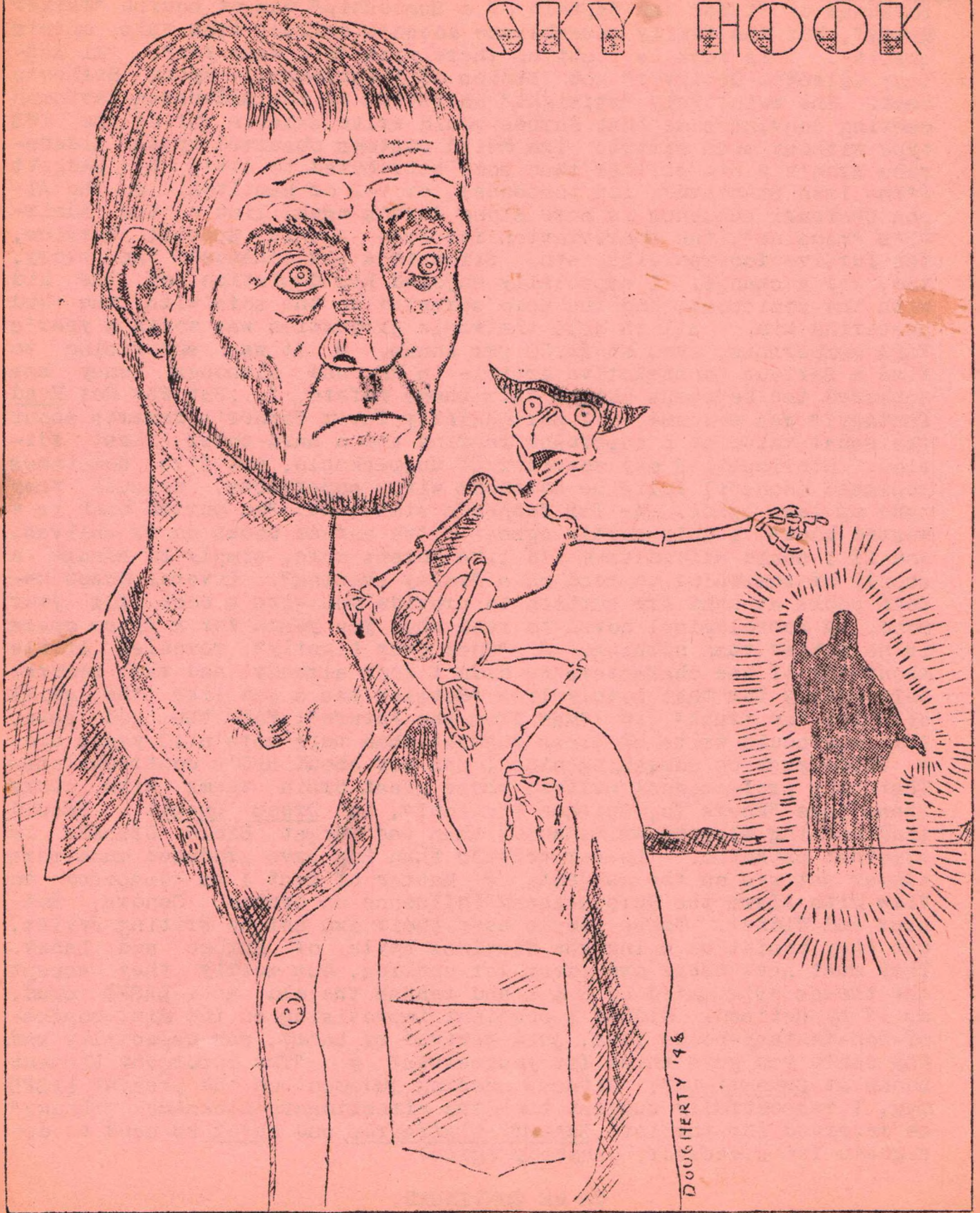
Masque. How comes it that two of the postmailed-with-the-bundle items in both of Laney's mailings so far have been Plenum and Masque? # This 4th issue is the least presentable Masque of the bunch. Except for a certain deftness of line in the central figure on the front cover, Stibbard's artwork wasn't up to snuff. # The fantasy gallery presented a lot of doodles that weren't much better than the Fan-Crud stuff Rotsler moans about. What Masque needs, I opine, is less emphasis on hurried sketches drawn at random on stencil merely, it seems, to fill up a page or two, and more space given to formal pix which present a full-page scene or impression. # Burbee and Laney maintain their high batting averages. They're both so hyperactive in FAPA at present that it's hard to remember sometimes which of them quit fandom some years ago. Rotsler's replicas of the NFFF bills were good, but one thing was missing: they should have been overprinted "SAMPLE". Way it is, somebody's going to scissor these ack-notes out of the page and use them. Beware! # Got Bull Hunter in your Max Brand collection, Burb? And do you collect Ernest Haycox books, Sundown Jim and Bugles in the Afternoon? Great stuff.

Wild Hair. Is this really issue #3? Where's #2? # The immediate forebear of "I Was the Captain of a Spaceship" was of course "Walter Mitty", but the family resemblance doesn't detract from this epic's quality. This work is right up there with "Big Name Fan", "Al Ashley: Galactic Observer" and "Ethics of Electronics" among Burbee's best. The relatively "straight" narration of the Aldebaran-Earthman meeting convinces me that Burbee could write salable stf of the TWS type without much effort. The weird customs observed by the Aldebarans aren't a bit sillier than some attributed to e-t's by Padgett ("The Iron Standard", for instance), or V-2 or Hamilton. # The Alpha Centauri sequence is more along Burb's usual line -- the Admiral's "fanzine", the abbreviation for Free Agents Special Service, the furtive footman Jake, etc. Stibbard's pix enhanced the story, too, for a change. I especially enjoyed his depiction of the kid with the comicbook, and the Hero sprawled on the sofa with the kid pestering him. All in all, the whole production was worth a year's FAPA membership, even at \$1.50 per annum. # It was surprising to find a Serious Constructive article in WH, and although Laney has squeezed the bejeezus out of this theme before, "...But Why Not Read Fantasy?" was welcome. I particularly favor Towner's remarks about the equal value of a paperback reprint and a hard-cover first edition. Bibliophiles may consider it unspeakable, but I've sometimes replaced (nonstf) fullsize editions with paperbacks, because they take up less space. As for Towner's statement, "an unread book is a wasted book", I only partly agree: I've unread books on my shelves, and if I could afford them I'd like dozens more, simply to assure a supply of something to read on a "rainy evening". Several dozen unread books at hand are certain to provide you with a book for your mood. A sociological novel to read when you yearn for a space opera is no better than nothing. # "Once Over Lightly" revealed little about any of the characters we didn't know already, and was remarkable mostly for that lovely line "Rotsler has a jaw like the grill of a two-ton truck". # "Man from the Future": For the god sake, Art, you could write 50 times funnier than this more'n 10 years ago. # There must be something nice I can say about RPG's contributions. That this professional writer, whose great brain teems with story ideas (see "Where To, Science Fiction?", in Dream Quest), should find nothing else to write about than the Great Bible Crusade is somewhat pathetic. Lesser writers than Rog have produced much more clever satires on the subject. # Matter of fact I am disposed to View With Alarm the Burbee-Laney influence on Graham, Condra, Rotsler and Widner. These people have their own unique writing styles, but they insist on aping the feckless style of Burbee and Laney. They must have their own ideas for satires, but meekly they accept the themes originated by B & L and rehash the old anti-LASFS crud, as if hypnotised. Widner's obedient improvising on the mint-copies-of-non-fantasy-books idea, just revived by Laney, was especially sad. Why can't you guys think for yourselves? # "The Insurgent Element Looks at Shangri-La": Without passing judgment on the present LASFS mag, I respectfully suggest that the affectionate nickname "Shaggy" be reserved for the late Shangri-L'Affaires and never be used to designate its successor. Anybody agree?

TO BE CONTINUED.

"The only fanzine published on profits from the Pcon."

SKY HOOK



DOUGHERTY '48