

SKY HOOK

AUTUMN 1948



* * * * *
* SKY HOOK, volume I, number 4, published for the Fantasy Amateur *
* Press Association by Redd Boggs, 2215 Benjamin Street N. E., *
* Minneapolis 18, Minnesota. This magazine is not intended for *
* circulation outside FAPA, and all reviewers are requested not to *
* give the above address when commenting on Sky Hook in non-FAPA *
* publications. This issue was published for the Autumn 1948 mail- *
* ing. Artwork credits are listed elsewhere in this issue. *
* * * * *

" "

"The maple turns to airy lemon leaves,
With drops of scarlet oozing strangely through;
The sumach crimsons, under lifted sheaves
Of somber red. Wild ivy has a new
Magnificence in lacy threads of fire,
Leading from earth to the sky caught in the trees.
The poison ivy is a flaming lyre
To brighten the wind's chilly harmonies..."

-- Clement Wood.

"Now and then admirers of my good works write to me, and try to convert me into believing things that I say."

-- Charles Fort.

"Just turn, just turn the camera back --
The bomb flies up, wrecked house together;
The plane arcs home; the aviator
Unreels to civilian, to unscripted
Smiling youth -- to boy bare-kneed,
To babe at breast, to sleeping seed;
To mote in the dark where suns attack."

-- Tom Boggs.

"If a woman wants to sell her sexual favors, instead of giving them away, as so many do, that is her business. If she wants to employ a Madame to arrange meetings with clients, that is her business too. If a man wants to purchase sexual gratification, that is his business. Only if other persons' rights are violated, if a harm is done, for instance by fraud and seduction and if common decency is offended, then it becomes the business of the authorities. All else is rank moralization."

-- Dr. Harry Benjamin,
Medical Journal & Record.

"Women of active brain and balanced personality, who at the same time know how to remain essentially feminine, i.e., women who understand their own nature, their real superiorities and their defects -- are very rare."

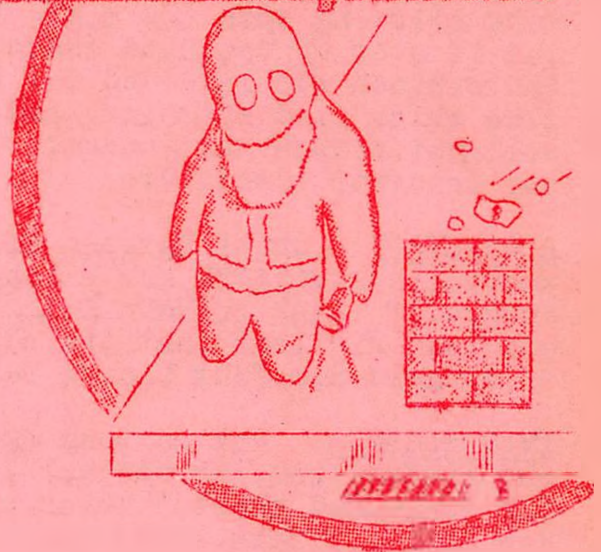
-- Jules Huret.

Shmoo-skin, when dried and pressed, makes high-quality mimeo stencils.

Twippledop

R

"WHERE THE EDITOR TALKS". Several Fapates have wondered if Sky Hook is to continue as an individzine. Seems the note in last issue where I offered to publish material in Sky Hook to help out any Faps who need activity credit to remain members has set some to thinking this mag is to become a sort of Fapan generalzine. It is possible such speculation will increase with this issue, what with the colored stock and ink and other features of a generalzine appearing herein. However, despite all that, Sky Hook will continue as a predominantly individzine, using only occasional material from other Fapates or non-members. I know this announcement will set literally dozens of minds at ease. # This magazine henceforth will be known as SkHk, rather than SkHo (a purely accidental combination), in its abbreviated designation. Ed Cox is responsible. # Incidentally, the colored paper and ink used in this issue is material left over from Chronoscope #1, the rainbow fanzine.



THE CASE OF THE CROOKED QUASI-QUOTES. It's a good thing that Speer or whoever it was that invented those handy quasi-quotation marks didn't own this typer when he was doodling around on the edge of the Great Discovery, else this boon might have been discarded instead of presented to a grateful fandom. This machine obstinately refuses to make acceptable quasi-quotes without a little coaxing. Witness: " " " ". To center the hyphen exactly under the quote marks necessitates use of the back-spacer at the crucial instant, the carriage being set one space ahead, rather than under the quote marks. Precisely the correct pressure must be exerted, however, unless the marks look like this: " ". Judging from this punctuational innovation's popularity in fandom, it is difficult to believe anyone else has typer-trouble with them.

THE STORY BEHIND THE CARTOON. Somewhere or other in this issue is a cartoon which has had a long, rather curious career. The pic was drawn in the autumn or early winter of 1944-45 by Lt. Robert C. Triplett, public relations officer of the 467th bomb group, Eighth Air Force, stationed at Rackheath, England. With a caption which related to the task of gathering public relations news-stories in somewhat the same way the present caption refers to stf (original gagline: "Can't you give me anything but publicity?") this cartoon graced a wall of our PRO office for some months before Triplett, tiring of it, took it down

and tossed it into the coal scuttle. I rescued it (without his knowledge, I think) and took it over to my barrack, where I stuck it over my bunk and where it remained till I shipped out in April 1945. Then I shoved it into my duffle bag and toted it to southern England, and into Belgium, all the way across France, and finally onto a ship at Marseille, and across the Atlantic. Several times I had a chance to sell the original, which is tinted with colored pencil and is much more alluring than the mimeo reproduction. But I brought it home and put it over my bookcase where it remains today. In its present form, the cartoon was intended for the cover of Ad Lib, my ill-fated SAPS-zine which died aborning, and it appears in SkHk with the hope that it will not seduce our younger, impressionable members from the cause of our favorite literature.

A DOPEYARN. Chief Surgeon Silky of the Interstellar Patrol viewed the unconscious zwilnik for a long time and finally said, "This man's been drugged." Pink Lensman Killison, who had brought the man in, turned pale and his lens lost its shimmer. "It's my fault, sir," he gulped. "I drugged him four blocks to get him here."

IMPROPAGANDA. Not so long ago, I saw a movie. I do not remember what the feature was, or whether I enjoyed it or not. But I remember one of the "selected shorts" which accompanied it, and I remember that I did not like it. This short was called "Israel Today", and it was sponsored by an American society which is friendly toward the Jewish cause in Palestine. Let no one misunderstand: I feel strongly that neither side in that conflict is in the right (thus in any war), but I do sympathize with the Jewish cause. However, I do not believe there is any excuse whatsoever for the blatant propaganda embodied in that "Israel Today" film, which described the Palestine war from the Jewish viewpoint and assailed the Arab side with such fervent flag-waving on one side and bitter contempt on the other that it resembled "Bataan" or "Wake Island" or other propaganda-laden movies of the last war. I can excuse, if not condone, propaganda on the American Way, for basically it is often in our own interests to spout such stuff, but propaganda for a foreign cause which, on a political level, is none of our business is completely out of place on any movie screen.

SCIENCE MARCHES ON! During the Middle Ages, a person took no more than three baths in his lifetime. However, since the day Sir Walter Raleigh got his feet wet garnering egoboo at the expense of his cloak and discovered how refreshing water can be if used externally, the bath has met with increasing favor through the years. Only a few years ago one argument against the bath -- that it was a time-waster, occupying an evening hour which could more profitably be devoted to something else -- was removed when the ball-point pen was invented, enabling bathers to utilize the bath-time for writing letters or novels in the tub. In 1948 another mighty stride has been made! It is possible now to sooth jangled nerves, cure throat-irritation, and generally to enjoy the multitudinous benefits of cigarette - smoking while in the shower. Life, the waterproof cigarette, provides this boon to mankind and is to be commended. I've soap in my eyes at the moment, but when I find the towel I'll be staring ahead, wondering -- what next? (Note: The above discussion was postponed from SkHk's August issue when my spies reported Life cigarettes were not available in California. I do hope you all are enjoying this great scientific discovery by now.)

CLANG! CLANG! CLANG! WENT THE TROLLEY....

In Thots in the Summer mailing, Henry Elsner writes of the great advantages of trolley-car fandom over science fiction fandom, but despite his enthusiasm for this new activity, he fails to mention perhaps its most favorable aspect. A trolley-car fan, I take it, can quit his activity without finding it necessary to unburden himself of his "advanced" philosophy, wherein the "real" world at last is seen through unscaled eyes and the fan world shrinks to its "proper dimensions"; without bemoaning his shattered idealism, left in ruins by the cruel realities of the microcosm he is leaving; and without heaping vituperation on the unawakened fuggheads who are remaining in the field.

Here in science fiction fandom we have the spectacle of Laney, Burbee, Elsner, Stevenson and others harmonizing on the theme of fandom's complete rottenness in bitter, satiric, scornful tones. How G. Burton got in on the chorus I don't know, for he's never been an acti-fan to my knowledge, but most of the fandom's-no-damn-good guys were intensely active for years -- long enough, that is, to become heartily sick and tired of it all. That's understandable, of course, but what is the reason for the traditional goodbyeandgoodriddance farewell?

Well, the theory begins like this: The "average" fan is an idealist who sees in fandom the ideal society itself, or else a level road that seems to lead there. Moreover, according to Laney's theory, fans generally are maladjusted people who find in fandom, perhaps not a crystalized paradise, but a lovely escapist world where mental quirks and the cruelties of modern civilization can be forgotten. Both these alleged fannish qualities are, assuredly, good reasons for the bitter farewell, for when the scales fall from the eyes in either case, the retiring fan is likely to call himself a fool for squandering his life in such a murky microcosm.

Few persons, I suppose, take up trolley-car fandom because of an idealist turn of mind, but like most all hobbies, the collecting of trolley-car pix is in a sense a retreat from reality -- an avenue of escape from the worries of business or the nagging of a wife -- and in the case of the t-c fan I imagine there is a minor mental quirk, an inclination to return to the good-old-days instead of facing the future. But it is difficult to imagine any t-c fan matching the pyrotechnics of a stfannish farewell when he becomes weary of publishing a trolley-car fanzine or decides that having the biggest trolley - car pix collection on earth isn't a thing worth striving for.

As I see it, this state of affairs arises from the fact that trolley-car fans seldom, if ever, equal a stfan's high level of activity. If his hobby resembles most other mundane ones, the t-c fan follows his avocation desultorily, sometimes merely because he has nothing better to do. In the stf field, traditions are exactly the opposite: The ideal stfan is one who goes at fanning hot and heavy most of his spare time, publishing fanzines by the ton and writing for a staggering pile of others.

Several months of such super-activity not only burns up interest in fandom at an amazing rate, but soon leaves the fan appalled at the tremendous amount of time he has "wasted" on fandom. He simply cannot leave fandom without justifying the uncounted hours he spent in garnering egoboo in a microcosm. After all, he has his pride, and in retro-

spect hiding his light under a bushel (when he might have been gaining fame in a larger field) is painful to recall. But it's hard to justify such activity, and there is an easier way out of it: If you can't justify fan-activity, you can condemn it. Condemnation satisfies the ego. You, not the silly dolts still in fandom, discovered that fanning is stupid, and you are going on to something better, while they still wallow in the muck of crifanac.

Justification or condemnation! At this point, I am wondering which I will choose when I leave fandom. My reasons for being a fan are nebulous in the first place, although I think I became one because I liked to read stf (I still do) and was interested in contacting others with similar interests. My ambitions in the field are similarly hazy; I have no positive goal -- only transient and occasional ones like editing a readable fanzine or writing a good stf poem --- and without either a positive reason for being a fan or a goal by which to measure my accomplishments, it will be difficult to justify my years in fandom, when I decide to leave. Will I, too, have to resort to condemnation to salve my ego?

No, I think not. Even if I accomplish nothing important in fandom, and achieve no goal which, measured by worldly standards, is worth striving for, at least I shall not be frustrated by this lack of accomplishment -- for I felt no ambition to try. And I, for one, have not seen my ideals twisted out of shape in fandom. Although when I entered fandom there were no bitter ex-fans around to sing their doleful warnings, I brought no pretty illusions with me and never did I regard fandom as an Eden for supermen. Therefore, I never awoke, like so many fans, to find my dreams shattered. Such newly wakened people are a peculiar breed, it seems to me -- all the world must have seemed to them an idealistic existence, for why else would they believe that a segment of humanity, into which any person can come if he wants, would embrace only intelligent, moral and well-adjusted people?

(For the god's sake, this type of person would have believed the non-coms who stood on the platforms or little hillocks by the rifle ranges and drill fields in the service and told us that the U. S. army air forces comprised "the finest young men in the country" and that only those with IQs of more than 120 were accepted!)

For my part, I never held any illusions concerning the intellectual or moral standards of each of the airforcemen. I knew. Nor did I feel particularly surprised when the rosy propaganda in a few fanzines proved wrong, and I discovered some homosexuals and misbegotten wacks in fandom. Frankly, I was more surprised to find talented writers and competent scientists and others of the brain-trust type among fans, for at the time I still regarded stf as too sensational in reputation to draw such intellectuals into its ranks.

It seems, however, that most neophytes do enter fandom "seeking the bluebird of happiness", as Tucker (quoting someone else, I think) put it. Therefore, it seems to me that debunkers such as Burb and FTL perform an important function in dispelling such illusions. Ah, Sweet Idiocy!, for example, is a beautiful antidote for that disease whose symptoms are the rapt face and dewy eyes. But for FooFoo's sake, let us give the newcomers both sides of the picture! Neofen should be assured that fandom, per se, is not a harmful pastime, that an interest

in fantasy or fandom doesn't necessarily lead to homosexuality or lotus-eating, or conversely that such practices are not manifestations of an interest in "escapist" literature. Such assurances seem silly and unnecessary, but many neofans seem to believe so firmly in the inevitable partnership of aberrations and fantasy that such assurances seem essential.

Assuredly, let's blast any ideas that fans are star-begotten -- if, as Elsner claims, such ideas actually are held; frankly, outside of Degler, the Pro-Scientists and a few others, I've never heard any fan advance such a theory seriously. But let's blast any ideas that all fans are homos and misfits, too.

Let's concede that fandom is a microcosmos of little consequence -- even to the prozine editors -- but let's concede, too, that it's an enjoyable hobby which offers a commendable variety of activities to the interested person. Let's admit that some people do find fandom a morass, a shell, a hindrance to mental or moral development, but let's admit also that their transition from microcosm to the "real" world is not the right or inevitable thing for everyone, and that their adjustment may be no more wise than the one which brought them into the field originally.

After all, what is this "real" world which so many former fans are seeking? Isn't life made up of a lot of microcosms? And which can be designated as the "real" world? Some of life's microcosms can be labeled thus: School; job; evening-at-home; night-out-with-the-boys; dates; sleeping-with-your-wife; and so on. Is school or job the "real" world? Not entirely; remember what made Johnny a dull boy. Out of school activities are equally fragments of reality, and although there is considerable romantic thinking about sexual activities ("you haven't lived unless you've loved") surely one who devotes most of his time to "wolfing", to the detriment of his job or college work or home life, is just as maladjusted as the most super-active fan. Life after all is made up entirely of microcosms that blend into one another, together forming the "real" world. The microcosm "fandom" has a legitimate place in the life of anyone who enjoys fan activities.

Almost the whole trick of enjoying fandom -- or any of these microcosms -- without becoming "maladjusted" in the process is, I believe, the practice of moderation. If the neofan makes sure he is not becoming so involved in fandom that he cannot enjoy the company of non-fans or the reading of mundane literature, then he is quite likely keeping his balance. The fan who is sensibly moderate in his activity can (all other things being equal) be just as unfettered an idealist, just as realistic an observer of the "real" world, and just as perfectly attuned to that reality as anyone on this earth -- anyone, including ex-fans!

When in Rome, let the Romans do as they please.

ARTWORK CREDITS: Cover by William Rotsler. Bill also did the following interiors: page 3 (lettering only); page 9; page 13; page 15; page 19. The cartoon on page 8 by Robert C. Triplett. The autumn leaves on page 2 and the "Boggbem" on page 3 were drawn by the well-known artist Ann O'Nemuss. Jerri Bullock's bacover was crowded out, but will be in issue #5. The cover next time will be by Grossman, stylused by Miller.



"Aren't you interested in anything but science fiction?"

CONSERVATORY

I bade my thoughts like slaves to sing
strange throbbing song not of my throat;
grotesqueries and riddling runes
they made, and twisting broken tunes,
with mockery in every note.

You could have told me, were you here,
that perfect song is never sung;
you could have told me thought alone
won't make words sing with joyous tone
I must be old or very young.



SKY HOOK BOOK NOOK

GUEST BROWSER: THYRIL L. LADD



Just finished reading two books by Gaston Le Roux -- The Kiss That Killed (1934) and The Machine To Kill (1935). These two titles really compose one long story, and they should, perhaps, have been together under one cover. While at times the style could be more vibrant, the plot is interesting. Here is interwoven the theme of vampirism in modern time with the tale of the creation of a marvelous puppet, practically undetectable from a genuine human being. At the conclusion of the first title, the apparent murderer of a number of girls has had his head removed, in the fashion of French execution, and we leave this story with the idea that the properly guilty person has received his deserts. But the second title alters this opinion, and there is serious question raised as to whether the man really was guilty. When his brain is transferred to the empty skull of the puppet, and it moves and acts with the impulses of the executed man, a really tense situation is provided. Le Roux has worked out in this two-volume novel -- for such it really is -- an excellent situation; despite rather poor handling, it is still, in this writer's opinion, worth reading.

Harold Steele Mackaye's The Panchronicon (1904) is really amusing. It is a tale of travel backward in Time, into a previous age. For one thing, the method used for this travel is, as far as this writer's reading goes, quite unique, being a business of tying the Panchronicon to the North Pole, while it revolves backward across the meridians! Quite accidentally, the party, consisting of a middle-aged gentleman, and two sisters, aged 42 and 22, respectively, find themselves in Elizabethan England. The author uses the tale to dispute the allegation that Bacon wrote some of Shakespeare's plays -- Bacon being a prominent character of the tale. There is much to-do at the court of Queen Elizabeth, who is frankly puzzled at the elder sister, finally assuming her to be visiting royalty from a strange land and according her treatment due such rank. Queen Elizabeth has a modern newspaper to read and confound her, and all in all, a number of laughable situations liven this unusual book. No great classic, this story provides its reader satisfactory amusement.

The Iron Pirate (1897), by Max Pemberton, is an exciting and interesting novel. It is featured by having no female character, save for the casual appearance of the sister of one of the characters. The tale tells of the creation from unusual metal of a huge ship, armed as has been none other, operated by gas, and capable of great speed. It is engaged in piracy, robbing wealth-laden ships, then sinking them with ruthless disregard of loss of life. The hero of the novel is captured and held prisoner aboard this craft, his life protected by the captain, who has taken a liking for him, although the vicious and numerous crew-members often demand his death. He learns thus where the Iron Pirate's secret port is, hidden in the icy wastes of the far North. He is finally able to escape, and aid in the destruction of

this evil ocean menace. The story is written and presented with highly commendable skill.

Zona Gale's Romance Island (1906) suffers considerably from its much-dated love story but, aside from this, it is a very interesting tale of an island kingdom hidden in another dimension. Here, safe from the interference of the outer world, has existed for generations a superior race of people, ruled over by a distinguished dynasty of monarchs. This people is master of considerable advanced science, and the little group of Americans who are led to this invisible land -- invisible, that is, to those who do not know how to pass into that dimension -- have exciting and bewildering adventures there. The story reaches its climax with the restoration to the nation's throne of its rightful king, who has been subjected to a potion which induced artificial old age and forgetfulness. With its admitted faults of treatment, the novel is worth reading because it is of out-and-out unusual nature.

In the Sargasso Sea (1898), by Thomas A. Janvier, is an absorbing and beautifully written book. The hero, a young man, is wrecked in a great storm, and finds himself alone in the legendary great Sargasso Sea. As he makes his way farther and farther into the huge stagnant weed-choked region, he finds there a legion of ships -- and as he pierces toward its heart, the ships go back in time, until he finds himself among ships of earlier centuries. One human being he finally finds in that desolate, ship-jammed region, but he is insane. The hero's adventures in this weird ocean area, and how he eventually escapes from it, make up one of the most gripping presentations in fantastic literature. Janvier, author of the famous Aztec Treasure House and a distinguished writer, has brought all of his skill and powerful descriptive ability to this fine story.

The Elephant And The Kangaroo (1947), by T. H. White, presents the theme of an Englishman who receives a command from an Archangel to construct another Ark. Given no material aid from his heavenly visitor in executing this command, he has to go about it as best he can. With the aid of an able, but stubborn, handyman, it is determined that the best way to build this Ark is to turn the barn over, using its roof as keel. Upon this theme the story progresses, with many ludicrous situations. White, already famous for a series of fantastic stories such as The Sword in the Stone, The Witch in the Wood and Mistress Masham's Repose, does well in this book, but does not, in this reader's opinion, come near the charm and success which he attained in Mistress Masham's Repose. After reading it, however, one wonders with what theme this author will next come forth, to amaze and entertain his reading public.

Furlough From Heaven (1946), by Jerome Dreifuss, affected this reader as being one of the most entertaining and charming stories of recent appearance. It has to do with the return to earth, after about 400 years, of the great Leonardo da Vinci -- his amazement at modern things, especially flying. The great artist and savant, of course, soon is able to understand the most complex of modern inventions; in fact, he makes the pointed comment that, though the people of this age use and enjoy many attractive and comfort-saving devices, very few of them really understand how such things operate, and of even what they are composed. He meets a little waif, a girl-child who has fled from

an institution, befriends her, and she befriends him in his bewilderment with present-day wonders. As no time does the tale seem to let down in its attractive perusal of its theme, and on his return to heaven -- for his stay on Earth has been strictly limited in time -- da Vinci composes and hands in to the "Authorities" a report on our present day world wherein is found many a sharp and deserved criticism of our civilization.

Guy Endore's Babouk (1934) tells of the plight of the African native who is captured and brought to the West Indies as a slave in the early French colonial administration of that region. The book is somber in tone throughout, relating events and moods which descend, at times, even to a level disgusting and sickening. There is no lightening of the terrible story, which works its way through all the indignities which the blacks were compelled to suffer in Haiti and other island slave-empires of this continent in those early days. It indicates how the white plantation-owners felt about the Negroes -- their sincere questioning as to whether their slaves really were possessed of true human characteristics; and describes the terrible cruelty to which the poor blacks often were subjected. Finally, the book gives a vivid account of the slave revolt, the uprising of the blacks when plantations were burned, whites put to death in a revel of blood -- and we are forced to envision the awful scenes of the time, such as the striking picture of Babouk leading the black revolvers, a white baby stuck on the end of his spear as banner and symbol of the horrible revolt. Babouk, of course, is finally captured and executed for his leadership of the revolt, but not until a complete gamut of horror has been run, not until the too-frank Mr. Endore has treated us to scenes which make us shrink in distaste. Immediately after completing this book, this reader deleted it from his fantasy collection, as one which he would not care to read again -- but I cannot help admitting that its too-vivid descriptions will not leave my memory.

VANESSA

You are an arrogant argument
for the existence of the female.

No wonder
a spring wind snarls
as it tossles your black hair.

My fingers ache to claw your throat
that is a cobra sleeping.

Penetrating your black eyes
which are fathomless dimensions
I kiss you.

And my soul snarls.

THE GLIMMERING INSIGHT

In death as in life he came to haunt her. A vapor, a puff, no more substantial than the autumn wind that rattled the shutters, he stood beside her bed -- silently, somberly, like a worshipper bowed before a dark god. In his new existence he no longer knew how to laugh.

She had returned the ring and his letters. She had done it matter-of-factly, as if there really were many other men in the world. The gesture hadn't worked. He had laughed, not in bitterness, not hysterically, but in a way that seemed to say, Well after all I did have a good time and I'm sorry it's all over. He hadn't said much, just laughed uproariously, pleasantly as ever.

Her anger had grown as she had seen him ignore what the shattering of their love really meant. For three years they had planned to marry. For three years their plans had centered on that. Well, she changed her mind. That was all there was to it. This should have made him furious. This should have made him rage. He should have frothed; he should have stormed. But he just -- just laughed.

And now, here he was, a silent ghost, bowed at the foot of her bed.

"Strange," she whispered as fear congealed into comprehension, dim...dim... "I never did understand. Why did you kill yourself?"

Kinsey Gold or Kinsey Silver?

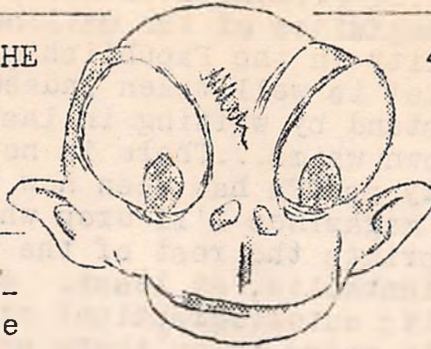
"With men who know stf best..."

ASTOUNDING IS SOURCE FOR TWO-THIRDS OF ANTHOLOGYYARNS

| <u>Anthology</u> | <u>Source of Stories</u> | | | | |
|--------------------------------|--------------------------|---------------|------------|---------------|--------------|
| | <u>ASF</u> | <u>WONDER</u> | <u>AMZ</u> | <u>SLICKS</u> | <u>OTHER</u> |
| POCKET BOOK OF SCIENCE FICTION | 3 | 1 | 2 | 1 | 3 |
| THE BEST OF SCIENCE FICTION | 25 | 6 | 5 | 1 | 3 |
| ADVENTURES IN TIME AND SPACE | 31 | 0 | 1 | 0 | 3 |
| A TREASURY OF SCIENCE FICTION | 25 | 3 | 0 | 1 | 1 |
| STRANGE PORTS OF CALL | 5 | 3 | 2 | 3 | 7 |
| TOTALS | 89 | 13 | 10 | 6 | 17 |

NOTES: The six stories from slick magazines include one from Once A Week, later to become Collier's. # A breakdown of the "Other" column shows 9 stories from books; 2 stories each from Planet and Weird Tales and one each from the following magazines: Unknown, Comet, Science and Invention, and Blue Book. # The 10 stories from Amazing include none from the magazine under the Ziff-Davis regime.

EYE TO



THE PAST

As I dummy this department, one Bob Tucker, editor of an obscure fanzine titled Bloomington News-Letter, is in possession of my copy of The Fantasy Amateur, patiently copying names and addresses of Fapates for his mailing list. Consequently I am unable to follow my hallowed custom of reviewing the Fapazines in the order given in the FA. You'll all be saddened by this collapse of a tradition begun in the dim past (eight months ago), but I hope the alphabetical listing will suffice. Incidentally, this Tucker seems to be a fan editor and writer of at least modest ability; I suggest we invite him to join our erudite little group.

Ad Interruption. Or is the title Atlantic Monthly? # I know not how to take most of this magazine, but I assume Frank isn't serious -- I hope he isn't. # "The San Francisco quake of several dozen years ago" apparently refers to one other than the famous "Fire", which occurred nearly four dozen years ago. # You mean someone was actually born in California? I thought everyone migrated there during the war. # Chapter I of Memoirs should have carried a line something like "With apologies to Bob Tucker"! (Ref "Confidential Notes on Editors".)

Ah, Sweet Idiocy! A lengthy review of Parts One and Two has been re-scheduled (again) and will appear in the next Sky Hook. Meantime, my only observation is that "likable" is one of the most frequently misspelled words I know of. I wonder why "lovable" isn't also?

Burblings. Burbee must be happily married indeed, else he'd automatically have noted that the girl's name was Zeda, not Zelda. # Those new type-faces are beautiful, but I suspect you left out the "me" in the first paragraph of "A Concert at Burbee's" just so you could try out the caret. Incidentally, it's obvious the type-face you really need is the ϕ sign, so you could type it in only one operation. # It was Burbee, Bach aficionado, who answered my query in last SkHk's Horizons review, about "Air for the G String". Thank you, sir. # A long time ago Jack Riggs mentioned "Cigareets, Whusky and Wild Wild Women" in a letter to me, but I've yet to hear it. What's the matter? -- is it banned from the air? (I never play nor listen to juke boxes.) # Better save that mimeo ink formula, Burb. It will come in handy after Atomigeddon. # Gad, the Laney's bought their radio in the dark ages. First time I remember seeing a radio was in the summer of 1927; my grandfather had set one up in his store and we all went in one evening to listen to it. Unfortunately a thunderstorm was brewing and all we heard was static. We bought a radio in 1929, a spindly-legged model called a Westrad. It was one of the earliest to have an enclosed loudspeaker, and all the neighbors, upon seeing for the first time, sniffed, "Oh, an earphone model, huh?"

(Continued on the next page.)

Ego Beast. Although showing evidences of hasty preparation, this ish of EB is among the top magazines of the mailing and at last gives an indication of Don's ability in the Fapublishing field. # The point of "What FAPA Means to Me" is well taken indeed, but I think Laney repudiated his alleged stand by writing in last Fan-Dango, "Just publish according to your own whims...There is no such thing as a typical FAPA mag." # Cruddy as FFM has been now and then, I think it will be one of the last magazines I'll drop whenever my interest in fantasy wanes. If it prints the rest of the Taine books it'll perform a service to this fantasite, at least. # "The Odds Are Against It" is interesting for its autobiographical content. I'll leave the argument to Milty, but it seems to me there was something to be said on both sides, and both sides have said it well. # I don't follow your thought regarding Ackerman's "offering so many books for sale in so many places". It goes without saying that book ads are out of place in a poetry brochure, for instance, but you may be sure that if I were a book dealer I'd utilize SkHk, the subzines and any other media I could reach for the purpose of advertising. I don't think Forry overdoes it; in fact, I sort of enjoy his ads. # I accede to your suggestion and fill that SkHk back page with artwork this time. Perhaps someday I'll get an idea for a regular feature back there. # "There is something infinitely disgusting and discouraging about people who go overboard for things." Truer words were never spoken. Is it the semanticist in one? # Thank you for the egoboo in the election propaganda, Don. It puts me on the spot, though -- FooFoo help me if the mailings this year don't go forth on time. Your prediction of "four error-free membership lists" is probably proved a mistake with this mailing. Well, ghod knows I tried....

Fan-Dango. I trust that neither the practice of having a cover pic nor the mailing comments were passing fancies. Encore, please. The Rotsler cartoon was amusing, but dammit, can't you guys pick on anyone but Forry? # And thank you, too, Mr. Laney, for your endorsement and support in the great FAPA election campaign. I note that your backing did not prove to be a kiss of death as one person in a quasi-humorous communique predicted! # Maybe physical fitness hasn't been mentioned in FAPA discussions of bomb-dodging, but when I met Rustebar at the Torcon and complimented him on his H-1661 article, "Among the Bomb-Dodgers", he moved directly into a commentary on that phase of the subject. He evidently had given the physical fitness angle considerable thought, and I rather expect him to take up your discussion. But are you inferring that most fans aren't of the type that can survive under the conditions you describe? I am a pretty strong subscriber to the theory that a man can do almost anything he has to do. Hell, I'm a skinny, unathletic guy myself, but I surprised myself by getting over army obstacle courses in good time, not infrequently outdistancing the bull-chested type. I did pretty well toting a full field hump on rugged hikes. Being an air force clerk, I never had the opportunity of doing much of this Samson stuff, but I never was shown up too badly. From my own case, which I consider more hopeless than most, I am certain that if these pale, skinny office-workers and scholars that make up fandom were dumped into the null-everything world of post-Atomblowup they'd land feet first and some of them soon would be out-doing Moe Musclebound and Bill Brawn. I may be tromped into the ground for attempting to steal one of the tribal chief's harem beauties, but I don't expect to be out-walked when we start the great trek to Imperial, Nebr.,

or wherever it is that food and safety is to be found. # The problem of temperament may be more important than I see it, but -- aside from the numbness we'll all feel at the "permanent loss of nearly everything we now take for granted" -- I can't believe that even confirmed city-lovers will be unhinged by those primitive conditions of which you speak. If we're constantly walking, climbing, as you say, we won't have time to worry about our surroundings. I doubt if I mourn the non-existence of beer if finding enough food to keep alive is a 24-hour-a-day task. # In re HPL's letters about the kitten Sam Perkins, I note he wrote similarly to E. Hoffman Price also. It probably didn't take any more thought for Lovecraft to write to his dozens of correspondents than it would have taken to write to me, since he wrote the same thing to everyone. # Your "Horizons" review is the high point of your mailing comments, both in regards Harry's draft blues and the reminiscence of Adamo Didur. # It is interesting as usual to compare Laney's and Burbee's comments on the same subject, this time Burb's winning of an NFFF laureate award. As usual Laney uses the event to stick in some "anti" propaganda. Idle thought: Did Burbee ever win a FAPA accolade as top humorist before 1948 -- while the illustrious Dr. Hoy Ping Pong was a member of this here now organization? The inscrutable Oriental's presence, rather than any policy of snubbery, just might be the reason Oxnard never quite won the coveted NFFF laurel crown before. (Personally, I don't think LeZ was any funnier than Shaggy, although in my dewier years I appreciated its type of humor more, but then, some people must have preferred it. Wasn't it #1 fanzine during the war sometime?)

Fanews Portfolio. I must have received three or four copies of the Fanews Third Ann-Ish Pacificon Special from various sources -- yet I was not a subscriber when it appeared. How many million copies were published anyhow? # Every time I see that issue I think how much more professional it would have been if the pix of Evans and WJD, and of Forry and Bob, had been reversed so that all four were looking toward the center of the page, rather than staring off the page and away from each other in so rude a manner. But maybe they liked it that way. # The Convention Celebrities page by JoKe and "Intolerance" were the only new items to me; both were excellent. Oh yes, and the Nuz From Home conglomeration. I don't recognize anyone but Dunk, but I suppose most of 'em aren't fans. # Is Dunk an accident-prone? Gawd, his physical misfortunes! Hope you're okay now, Dunk.

Fantasy Amateur. As I remember, this issue was up to snuff.

Funcyclopedia. An amusing, if disappointingly unsatirical, takeoff on Speer's masterpiece. If you're in the mood, I suggest a series of burlesques on FAPA standbys: Fun-Dango, Burpings, Phunteur, etc. # I thought your Philcon definition the funniest.

Galactic Island. Quite a "Explanatory Rumbles" but fails to explain. appear quarterly -- with this mag? What Snix's ever-changing busy to publish much, mundane ayjay outfits there? And what un-



good cover, at that. # "ings" rumbles all right So Snix never managed to what's that got to do is the dark secret of title? If you are too why are you joining the planning to publish earthly good will stan-

nish propaganda do in the mundane apas? # Your mailing comments are much more palatable without those puns on mag titles. I suspect you used the "Ego Greased" and "Demolition" ones because the Banning boys had so much to say about the practice. # I doubt if the conventions will stick to the East. In fact, I'll bet a Canadian penny left over from the Torcon that Denver or Portland, Oregon, will get the 1950 affair. I was a bit disappointed myself that the 1949 con didn't move farther west than it did (not that I've anything against Cincinnati, of course). Everyone at the Torcon seemed to agree with Sam's contention that the cons should be held "in orderly progression westward". Personally, I'd like to see New York get the 1951 event -- 25th anniversary of magazine stf. # The title of "The Road from Edward to George" is obscure, you say. Ah, but the poem (which was in Sky Hook #1) was a poetic expression of aSF's evolution, 1938 to 1948 -- is it still obscure? The original title was "The Road from Edward E. to George O." Did I err on the side of subtlety when I removed the initials? # How shall I take your remark that "The War Rockets" (another poem in SkHk #1) "exhibits the type of blank verse which makes me wonder what type of mentality is required to produce it"? Is that a compliment or otherwise?

Horizons. Mailing reviews were, as usual, commendable if not commentable. # I wonder how many articles Harry has begun with a statement like "I started out to write this article but finally decided I wasn't equipped to do it justice" -- then gone ahead and written as erudite a discussion of the subject as one could ask? "Sound Your A" was excellent stuff. # The confusion regarding the Spectator Club and the SAPS amusing, particularly the mention of the shuddering Lowndes. # There's a lot of good sense in "Books and Bucks". The remark about the Modern Library edition, though: Haven't those editions raised their price well beyond \$1.10 in recent years? At any rate, a similar protest might be made concerning the auction of fantasy books at the conventions. At the Torcon several autographed books were sold at far beyond list price that were still available from the publishers. The autograph means little because almost any author will sign a book if you write and ask him. Supporting the con is fine, but what the hell! # The Return of George Washington has a hoax explanation, but I thought it was usually considered to be a fantasy of sorts; at least I've seen it reviewed in fanzines.

Klugg. "Asteroid Encounter" has a certain restraint that's easy to take -- and doubtless easy to write. Pretty good story. # I am moved to wonder why anyone who thinks "writing stuff myself takes too much time" would join FAPA. Even if a person becomes a Fapan just to get under the golden shower of fanzines, it would seem that he would understand that we are just as interested in his thoughts, opinions and expressions as he (theoretically) is in ours. From this brief glimpse it appears that Dave is a valuable recruit -- if he'll only give out.

Light. You're all fouled up, then, because the Michigan lad's name is Rapp, not Trapp. # My impressions of Forry were almost carbon copies of yours, but my idea of what he might look like wasn't as "glomerated" as yours. In fact, he lived up to my expectations almost completely. # Was it Milty who talked about semantics on the entertainment night program? The "thing-thing" thing? That was Norm Stanley, and like Bloch's talk, it was beautiful straight-faced humor -- one of the best things on the program, I thought. # Heck,

:(o):(o):(o):(o):(o):(o):(o):(o):(o):(o):(o):(o):(o):(o):(o):

SHORES OF AL MERDIN

Far in the languid dreamland realms
beyond the twilight gates of rose and grey
Beyond crepuscular horizons dripping with damp cloud
there is a land of pearl.

Moon-pearl, cloud-pearl
Black twisted trees
Sharp against the silver
Mist-drenched skies
Misted with hangings
Of wreathed fog coiling
And long mossy streamers
Of cold pearly dew;
And myriad small moons
Like tiny silver bubbles
Starry moons rising
Bubble moons rising
Star-bubbles rising
From pale pink foam.

The shells by that sea are the spiralled dwellings
Of stars that long ago cast off their confining rings
And shot up comety to glimmer elsewhere
Out of the pearl shells into the pearl skies
Leaving the shimmering shells on the languid sleeping sands.

And the only footprints
(Printed on the sands there
Footprints tiny, dainty,
Barely printed tiptoes)
Are the faintly printed tiptoes
Of light-treading Time.

-- MARION E. ZIMMER.

:(o):(o):(o):(o):(o):(o):(o):(o):(o):(o):(o):(o):(o):(o):(o):

that "hucky" fellow who recited "The Raven" was Mr Samuel Moskowitz.

Loxygen. Well, this mag was better than usual, maybe. Sneary was hilarious, but the "Ghod bless Rick Sneary" at the bottom of each page got sort of flat after second or third time. # Forry's comments on the H. G. Wells' films calls to mind one of the best articles 4sj ever wrote -- "Wells of Wisdom" in the last (I believe) Pluto, which described a lecture by HGW which Forry, Morojo, and others attended. Speer's remarks about "The Man Who Could Work Miracles" are in line with my own reactions to the film. That picture really impressed me more than "Things To Come" did; as Jack says, the sociological significance and the allegorical connotations were tremendous. I went out of the theater with my brain buzzing. # You must really have taken a quick shower only if your kid brother did that front cover pic while you were bathing! Maybe you just dampened the soap?

Moonshine. Public congratulations on First Person Singular, Stan; it was an excellent printed mag, and worthy of fan support. # Nice to hear of LeRoy Tackett again after all these years. I remember him; he used to live at Fountain Inn, or something, in Colorado. Right? # Sneary's bacover amusing, and everything else was pleasant.

Observations. I enjoyed Thyril Ladd's article, even though I've seen only a few of the books discussed. If the pix in the other books are as good as Thyril says, they shouldn't be mentioned in the same article with those monstrosities in Edison's Conquest of Mars. I can't agree with Ladd that illos add to a book's enjoyment, especially when they are as lousy as most of the artwork in the recenter fantasy volumes. The pix in all the Hadley and Prime Press books I've seen definitely detracted from the book's quality -- especially those ~~barbaric~~ things in Venus Equilateral, otherwise one of the best stf books I own. Fantasy Press had indifferent success in the art department till Sinister Barrier and Beyond This Horizon appeared. Both of these are well illustrated, but those in Spacehounds of IPC, The Forbidden Garden, Book of Ptath, etc., would better have been forgotten on the drawing-board. Some of the dust wrappers have been good, however, particularly the one for The Forbidden Garden, and I also enjoy the little decorations used as chapter heads in most of Fantasy Press' releases.

Phanteur Estivator. Enjoyable single-sheeter.

Prism. Contents page: What was that you were saying about illegible sheets in FAPA mailings, Stan? # Maybe I was unfair with Prism last SkHk when I chided it for being "unFapish". There's probably a place in FAPA for a general fanzine, as Diner says, and Prism is a good example. It's only that I get almost enough of its type of material in Gorgon, and for FAPA I'd appreciate a Mullenzine slanted toward the individzine ultimate. However, with this issue you seem to be moulding Prism into a mag in which one or two articles will provide the spark and the explosions will be heard in the letter department. That's a step in the right direction, although this time Wheaton's inconsequential item on letter-hacking and Harwood's elementary discussion, "Origin of the Earth", aren't productive of very fat sparks. The latter's flint quality was considerably reduced by Dr. Richardson's article "Paper Planets" in the September aSF.

Stfanatic. Noted.

Sublunary. Exactly.

Thots. While talking to some Fap or other at the Torcon, I happened to remark, "Elsner's a Fapate now, you know," and I made some brilliant comment about how we'd have to endure that awful question-mark that resembles a fat exclamation point. The other looked struck. "Worse than that," he groaned, "we'll have to put up with reams of Technocracy propaganda!" Well, although Henry seems not to have given up, this first Fapan Thots was pleasantly light on the Tech'y stuff. Let's hope the soft-pedaling keeps up. If Henry really wants to adjust himself to the world we live in, one of the first things he should do is admit to himself that Technocracy, its faults and virtues beside the point, has only one chance in ten million of ever being accepted and tested -- and less chance than that of succeeding. # The affair of the Singerites vs. the Hyperboreans seems to have been a disgusting thing all around. The Singer attack in Fanews

was ill-considered, but even if you discount Ben's story by 50%, the affair was temper+heating. A club should have some procedure for keeping out undesirables, but I'll be damned if "shunning" them is the way to do it. If I meet a fan in a bar and drag him around to an MFS session, I'll be annoyed if he starts preaching communism, and if the club votes against his becoming a member, I'll not complain, but since he's there as my guest I'll sure as hell kick if the members try Hyperborean tactics on him. I'll write to Fanews, too. # Incidentally, inferring that a guy is an undesirable because he failed to return some WSQs is amusing. Even an honest guy might not go out of his way to return some yellow-paged old pulps which look as if they're worth perhaps a nickel apiece -- especially if the lending parties were not cordial to him. Or maybe the fellow beat Henry to the verdict that science fiction is worthless?

Urp! This, I take it, is not an example of the "deep" Widner.

Ysatnaf. Interesting little mag. # "Bundle Busters" (good title) was well done, and I liked the idea of copying the distinctive title style of each fanzine reviewed. I suggest, though, that you either enlarge the department or reduce the size of the reproductions. As it is, the copied title-strips take more space than the comment.

shaggy dog story #17

POST-MAILINGS

Sky Hook. Mentioned for the record.

"Nameless". Outside the lack of title for this thing, Stein's mag is excellent. Who said he was going to squeeze by with Solipsist stuff as token activity? # Tympani, which Bob mentions so prominently, is now kaput, sad to say. Eventually it may be revived, and it may be replaced with a different type of magazine. # I thought "Shrieks from a Padded Cell" the best filler-item in the mailing. # Pages 3 and 4 were run off on my mimeo and their cruddy appearance was a big factor in my decision to buy a new Speedoprint.

Fan-Tods. Welcome back! # "The Drums of Rumor" chronicles one of the few incidents of 1947 that's a lead-pipe cinch to make the second edition of The Fancyclopedia. But alas, now that Seedy's wed, I am afraid this is the last history of that type he'll ever -- er -- make. # "Final Blackout" controversy was interesting; I was just looking at the St. Clair letter a few weeks ago, by some coincidence. "Roy St. Clair" sounds suspiciously like a variation of "Roy St. John Futurian", mentioned in The Fancyclopedia. # As for the math, I suppose this magazine, is good stuff for addicts.



Stan's News-sheet. Glad leading short-title for "SIN" -- or are you? Thank you for the Ron you contribute m a n y FAPA, Stan. This one

you're giving up the mis-First Person Singular of Hmmm, page 2 uses it. # plug, Yelnats. # I hope more printed pamphlets to was really neatly done.

Gostak. Not having gotten round to reading the Tremaine article, I'll skip commenting on it, hoping that Don has exaggerated a bit. # In re the Bomb article: Didn't several scientists say in 1945 that the USSR would have A-bombs in three years? What year is this? I can't see this idea that the Red army would move into Europe if Russia was bombed out. How long could they live off the land, without any of supplies coming from home? Or for that matter, without any hope of going home themselves? What's the fun of conquest if the country for whom you conquered is gone, to all intents and purposes? # The article in this SkHk was written before your prediction, Don, but it shouldn't be considered a "justification", I don't believe.

Muchado. Enjoyable. I've been wondering when some literary soul with a penchant for research would apply the Postscriptual idea to fandom and fantasy.

Fan-Crud. Aptly named. The note about the CAPA was interesting.

An Open Letter to Ray Bradbury. A well-expressed, well-thought-out commentary about which I have no particular comment.

Mirage. The first fanzine FAPA has seen since the last Frappe, if memory serves me. And Frappe's near-twin in excellence it is, too. Format good; contents enjoyable. Tsk, such modesty! This mag reveals you to be as fine a writer in prose as you are in poetry. # I might compliment you on your astonishing acumen, revealed in that sterling article titled "Dream Questing With Sky Hooks", but I fear you have seen more in that story than I knew I put into it. Possibly that is a good sign, but such a stupid story doesn't rate the intelligent commentary. # As for this idea that it takes three generations to accept anything new: Of course, there's a good reason for that in such matters as the airplane, and to a lesser extent in the past with railroads, steamboats, etc. Perhaps it was less a matter of reluctance merely to accept it than a reluctance to take your own life in your hands by riding the new contraptions. But of course the underlying fear is in the newness. The fact that I said "to a lesser extent" when mentioning railroads and steamboats probably indicates I've thoroughly accepted railroads but not airplanes! # I'm afraid the story "welled forth from the subconscious impromptu". All I know myself is what I see in others.

"For sale cheap -- one crystal ball. Dr. Gallup."

COMMERCIAL CORNER

Copies of Chronoscope #1, with material by Keller, Kennedy, Wilson, Spencer, Brazier, Rapp and others, are still available at 15¢.

The second issue is being assembled and will contain the following articles: "Edgar Allan Poe", by Joe Kennedy; "Lovecraft Is 86", by Francis T. Laney; and "Unusual Stories and Marvel Tales", by Lloyd Alpaugh, Jr. The Kennedy and Alpaugh items were obtained through the courtesy of Don Wilson who turned most of Dream Quest's backlog over to Ron when DQ folded. Chronoscope #2 will also contain two of DQ's most popular features transplanted to Ron: "In Arkham House" by Philip Gray and "Pro Phile", this issue by Noel Loomis. 15¢ will bring you Chronoscope #2; 25¢ will bring you both issues.

CHRONOSCOPE 2215 Benjamin St. NE, Minneapolis 18, Minnesota