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On this frigid August morning, stencilling commences on volume 7, number 1, EAPA Number 18, whole number 24, postwar number 1, of Horizons, the only EAPA magazine which is always yellow. In accordance with immemorial custom, Horizons is reproduced on the Doubledoubletoilandtrouble Mimeograph, stencilled on Macbeth, the whole proceedings under the direct supervision of Harry Warner, Jr., 303 Bryan Place, Hagerstown, Maryland, who hopes the mimeoing turns out as well as last time.

In the Beginning

Although the situation is just now a bit muddled, it seems quite likely that the surrender of Japan will materially shorten the duration of the war. It were an unheard-of omission to fail to consider, among other things, the immediate future of the EAPA; besides, it may serve to keep us from thinking of the last twelve months. It seems quite improbable that a mailing will be as poor as this last one for some time to come, and it is quite possible that at least a temporary increase in EAPA activities and interest may be forthcoming. " At the same time, I believe it would be well to consider a thorough revision of the EAPA constitution. The present document has served well during its five or six years of existence; but altered conditions and certain experiences make a number of changes advisable. It isn't a matter to be rushed; I'm suggesting it here with the hope that the next mailing will see discussion of it, the mailing following that rebuttals and criticisms of the discussion, and a new proposed constitution put up for vote with the July elections in 1946. Meanwhile, here are a few suggestions: An end to the fixed dues system, providing instead that dues each calendar year shall be determined by the operating expenses of the EAPA during the preceding 12 months (which is much better than annoying assessments); provision that the official editor may be reelected--the five-year gap makes it necessary to find five good men for the job every five years, and at least 75% of the EAPA troubles in the past have been due to incompetency in this office; setting a definite period of time ^{for voting} after a mailing containing ballots is posted, to eliminate the confusion caused when a mailing is late going out; elimination of the laureate and critics jobs, since they're never filled properly anyway; definite regulations for credentials needed to gain admission to the waiting list, retain a place there, and gain admission to the EAPA; an approved procedure for the official editor to follow when he must decide whether a magazine contains unmailable matter; disowning as part of the EAPA any publications mailed by anyone other than the official; and a clause that no retiring officer or resigning officer may appoint his own successor. " Besides all this, the EAPA urgently needs a completion to date of the index to its publications which Shaw began, and that summary of vice-presidential decisions.

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I am tempted to choose a as the finest publication of the mailing. How about showing the method by which the translator circumnavigates the Lewis Carroll puns, since he does so admirably by the poetry? " I claim a new EAPA record: three full and complete copies of Fantasti conglomeration No. 2 were included in my parcel. Still wish Ackerman would be serious in his EAPA publications. " Did anyone besides me actually play "Cry in the Night"? It is really good stuff, chums; coax someone who can play the piano into going over it for you. " Nay, nay, Dunk, you don't have to read the pros to be a fan. " I claim no credit whatsoever for assembling the third issue of The Science-Fiction Savant, no matter how much credit Raym gives me for this operation. The other Raymish publication in this mailing, "Plaintive Numbers", is easily the finest thing Raym was yet done for the EAPA. The poems are uneven in merit, most of them marred by occasional lapses in taste and trite phrases, but all bear evidence of a real talent. A couple of spots in "Epicuria" rise to something really excellent. I am happy to have been able to help bring this into being. " Trouble is, Joe, when you call yourself a Futurist, people will talk to you about perspectives and oils instead of lightyears and mimeographs. Aside from the muddled first two

first pages, a very good issue; my views on the NFFF coincide pretty well with Joe's. " The Fantasy Amateur does well to point out a situation that has needed attention for some time--the dues--but we'll have to find some other method to meet it than the assessment; betcha we don't get more than 50% response to this call for four bits. Incidentally, the organization would save money by electing official editors from the east coast. A hasty count shows something like 29 members in the eastern seaboard, against 16 from California or thereabouts--this count omits the mid-westerners, foreigners, and overseas service members. The difference in postage between parcels going 200 and those going 2,000 miles is something tremendous. I question whether Ken Bulmer has the activity credentials at this time for admission into the FAPA, incidentally. " Finding only one Sustaining Program and the already outdated decimal classification in this mailing was a dismal letdown; I had expected at least six Speer effusions. The Sus Pro is mostly of only academic interest, being so dated by now, although the decimal listing of the astounding stories is valuable. " Time-Binder descends in quality considerably with this issue; it remains to be seen whether Everett can prevent it from falling into a rut of true descriptions of personal adequacy experiences. Much could be written about the conscientious objector situation, and Mrs. Wesson's comments thereon. More to the point, though, would be a query why this nation refuses to accept conscientious objection when the person in question bases his beliefs on other than the orthodox religious grounds. As far as I know it is impossible to be accepted as a co if you haven't been an active participant in the affairs of one of the small sects which consider non-participation in war as one of their cornerstones of belief. Things are more liberal in this respect in England, although the co there probably has a harder time of it in the end. " This issue of En Garde is probably the best of them all. More like it, please! " Tale of the 'Evans makes me wonder why heavy colored stock can still be purchased although no mimeographing white paper with more opacity than Kibbenex is available. " Thanks a lot for taking up for me, Norm, and for the superb work in these issues of Beyond and Fan-Tods. Rosco's "The Pen Hand" is the neatest bit of FAPA fiction in a long while; it could have been so very, very bad, too.

Better start another line for you, Seedy. I can think of some reasonably logical answers to the questions you ask, but I don't think they are the right ones. The question of why some cadences sound better than others may be due in large part simply to the fact that we've heard them that way all our lives. The traditional full cadence which concludes every composition or major part thereof up to the middle of the 19th century probably isn't based on any scientifically logical series of vibrations, any more than the progressions composers now use; it certainly isn't logical to believe that the new harmonies are an advance on the old, because lots of people find it easier to "understand" and enjoy Stravinsky than Handel. The subordinated position of the plagal cadence, I've always believed, has happened because it has a sort of sugary sound. Isn't it possible that it sounds that way because we've heard it concluding every hymn we have ever been forced to listen to? " Maybe even long themes contain breaks simply because the mind demands a ^{relaxational} breathing space, not because the mind translates an instrumental melody into song and expects pauses for physical breath. It is significant that themes which are unsingable because of their great range are quite acceptable in orchestral and other instrumental works--the opening of "Heldenleben", for instance. " The strangest part of it all to me, though, is the thing you cite--how much more interesting it becomes when you learn what makes the wheels go 'round. College courses in literature don't urge the student to diagram all of Shakespeare's sentences, or make a statistical analysis of the scanning of each line in "Paradise Lost"; if you consider the artistry of a great poem or play or picture too closely, it disintegrates into a lot of very commonplace units, and I find it difficult to become impressed by the whole again, after that happens--it's just like Humpty Dumpty falling off the wall. But you can sit down with a Beethoven sonata, study and write a treatise on its adherence to and variations from the classic forms; make a complete analysis of the harmonization, actual and implied; study the leading of the voices and the faults and virtues of all the progressions; study the development of the themes, and try to

discover how derivative they are; memorize the composition; turn the more tricky parts into finger exercises for improving your piano technique; try your hand at orchestrating the work, or rearranging it for string quartet; and yet in the end it remains just as great a piece of art, just as impressive, just as unified and varied, as it did the first time you heard it.

Down with the Money-Changers!

The recent crusade of Tucker, Lane, and a few others against the fantasy dealers who charge prices even more fantastic than the books and magazines they resell is one worthy of being continued. However, I don't believe that anyone has yet pointed out just how silly it is to pay the enormous prices, when the best fantasies are available in the second-hand stores in even the smaller town by citing chapter and verse. ' ' Hagerstown contains a population of about 50,000, and at present only one second-hand magazine store. There is nothing locally to encourage the growth of the second-hand book and magazine trade--the proprietors of the store are a singularly stupid and unambitious set of people who run it as a parttime occupation, and make certain that they're making more than a fair profit. There are no colleges or large secondary schools near Hagerstown which might account for exceptionally good bookhunting. I see no reason why the local situation should be superior to that in any other town of like size in the nation. ' ' Here, then, is a partial list of the stuff I have found and purchased in this store during the past year. My memory is not perfect; a couple of these items may have turned up more than a year ago, and a couple of them were purchased in the other local second-hand emporium which is now closed down. For ten cents a copy, I have procured "Looking Backward", Edward Bellamy's famous novel; James Stephens' "The Demi-Gods"; "The Master of the Day of Judgment" by Leo Perutz; Merritt's "Moon Pool" (American book edition, not the 25c edition or a bound volume of the magazine publication); Robert Chambers' "The Tree of Heaven"; "Glenallen" and "Night and Morning" by Bulwer-Lytton, the last-named containing both stories in a single volume for the dime. In the next-highest price bracket--books which cost me 25c or 35c--were Chambers' "King in Yellow", first American edition of "Trilby", the short stories of Edward Lucas White published under the name of the most famous, "Lukondoo"; Frank McHugh's "I Am Thinking of My Darling"; Frank Baker's "Miss Hargreaves"; "The Sword in the Stone", reviewed in this issue; and a wide variety of other stuff. In addition, there were a number of duplicates of things I already had, which I bought and used for trading purposes. I claim no credit for this, and consider it to be no feat of ingenuity. It is just the sort of thing that can be done at almost all second-hand book stores; all you need do is know what to look for, and avoid the scattered few dealers who charge two and three times as much as their competitors and somehow get away with it. Another suggestion: scorn not the lowly five-and-ten. The local McCrory, Woolworth, and Newberry establishments regularly put out a counter of remaindered volumes, or a rental library's stock, for sale at 25c or 29c a book. In this manner I found brand new copies of "The New Adam" and "Sugar in the Air", and excellent used copies of such things as Fowler Wright's "Deluge" and "Island of Capt. Sparrow", "Three Go Back" (which is in book form considerably more interesting than in the FEM version), "Gabriel over the White House", and a number of others. All this, of course, does not count the innumerable 25c editions which may be picked up for a nickel or a dime a copy in second-hand stores; the percentage of fantasy or partial fantasy in these paper-backed reprints is very high. ' ' And so, to the fan who lives in a town boasting one or more second-hand stores, I say to him, investigate there before paying from five to ten times as much to a fan dealer. Fans who live in towns too small to enjoy the blessings of a second-hand store are urged to invest a couple of dollars in train or bus fare to the nearest large community; it'll save money in the end. If you're looking for a particular book, you may be forced to risk your pocketbook with a fan dealer; but if you're just looking for fantasies in book form to read and collect, it's the only smart thing to do.

Penny a Tear Man

If there were such a thing as laureate awards for the least appreciated of the fanzines, my vote would instantly go to Andy Anderson's Centauri. I consider it to be easily among the top five general fanzines, but it seldom receives the recognition it deserves, when the chatter veers to fanzines. This probably is due in largest part to the almost incredible length of time it takes Andy to mint a new Cent; but the result is usually worth the long wait.

The point of all this is that the latest issue surprised me by containing a five-page forum on a few remarks I had made in a preceding issue. I had suggested that short subjects might be the best opening wedge for getting more fantasy onto what was known in my youth as the silver screen. The reactions were very interesting: Elmer Perdue suggested that working with cartoons would be preferable, Forrie told some new or forgotten facts about previous efforts, Don Thompson mentioned the technical difficulties of making fantasy motion pictures, Bob Tucker cited the headaches devolving from getting a studio even to open an envelope containing a suggested script, and Tony Boucher emphasized the unwillingness of the movie moguls to agree that good fantasy draws big crowds.

All this has been intended primarily as a plug for Andy's fanzine (which is procurable from the editor and publishers, 1011 West 54th St., Los Angeles 7) but a few more remarks inspired by this forum might not be amiss. The principal thing, it occurs to me, that is needed, is to make Hollywood aware of the film possibilities in so many fantasy stories. I don't mean that we should strive to get something like "Methuselah's Children" or "At the Mountains of Madness" turned into a movie. No one in Hollywood is capable of doing them properly, and almost no one would pay money to see them. But there are hundreds of novels and short stories that are every bit as fit for filming as "The Picture of Dorian Gray" and "Between Two Worlds". The NEFF, aided by people already in the studios like Ross Rocklynne, is the logical body to make the effort. The emphasis should, of course, be on stories that would not require immense amounts of money to produce--elaborate sets and faking wouldn't be needed for many fantasies, Don--and that are either already reasonably popular, like those of H. C. Wells, or easily comprehensible to the average person. "Odd John" could be done on a limited budget, for instance, ditto "The Time Machine", with a little judicious use of montages and miniature sets.

The matter of cartoons is something else again. I am not at all sure that plotted fantasy will ever be made completely effective in this medium. where everything is possible, the impossible becomes boring pretty quick. Its effectiveness for something like "Fantasia" is undeniable, but when you leave the realm of the purest of fantasy, I'm not so sure. Walt Disney, remember, has now been the same since "Snow White" and "Fantasia"; his efforts to mix propoganda into cartoons failed, and he is now having an equally painful time with the experiment of combining animation with photography.

I don't think that getting up a petition, or writing letters to the directors, would do any good. The thing that needs to be done is the concrete--deciding upon suitable stories, finding out about the question of film rights, sketching out rough adaptations for movie use, and tracking down agents or others in the proper places who might prove interested.

Incidentally, I think that I might as well retract my original opinion, the thing that started all this, about the suitability of short subjects as the opening wedge. Checking through trade publications, I note that only a minute percentage of the total output contains real plots. The animated cartoons make up something like 25% to 35% of the entire shorts output, apparently, propogand a shorts take another big hunk out of the total, and sports subjects, travelogues, community sings, flashbacks to old movies, and similar items make up most of the rest. Three Stooges comedies and the "name band" shorts don't offer a very fertile field, I fear. But I'm still trying to figure out why all sorts of serious short stories haven't been turned into equally short movies: MGM seems to be the only studio that has done anything along this line in the last year, although Paramount has also been working some reasonably good plots into its "Musical Parade" series of Technicolor two-reelers.

Music for the Fan

(Cpl. Milton A. Rothman, what time he was stationed in Paris, attended the Opera on many occasions. After a performance of "Manon", he was kind enough to send me the program from the Theatre National de L'Opera Comique. This minute booklet, which sold for huit francs, contains in addition to advertising and the names of the cast of the 1644th representation of Manon, brief summaries of the plot of the opera in both French and English, the latter presumably for the benefit of foreigners. I regret that the person who wrote the English synopsis, hereunder appended, was too modest to sign his name.)

People are awaiting the coach in the inner courtyard of a small French Inn, during the XVIIIth Century. Manon, chaperoned by her cousin Lescaut, is however reluctant to being sent to a Convent; the Chevalier des Grieux appears who at once falls desperately in love with the girl, he offers to show her Paris instead. Manon easily agrees that eloping with the attractive Chevalier will be much more fun than being shup up in a Convent.

Both are living, happy and careless, in a tiny Parisian flat. Des Grieux already penniless is placed in a hopeless dilemma by a letter from his angry Father. Lescaut urges Manon secretly to become reasonable and listen to a wealthy admirer called Bretigny most willing to play the part of the Chevalier. Bewildered at first she hastily makes up her mind, but before leaving the rooms where she has spent many a sweet hour Manon sing: "Adieu, notre petite table".

Now a most fashionable woman, Manon lives in rich surroundings; while the Opera-Ballet is giving a performance for own sake, she hears that her still dear Chevalier is soon to receive the unexpected title of Monsieur l'Abbe; deeply upset by the news she rushes to the Seminary so as to win back his heart, if not too late.

Again short of money, des Grieux follows Lescaut into a famous gaming-house, there Manon falls suddenly into the hands of the Police while the Chevalier escapes on account of his Father.

Condemned to be deported, poor Manon is on her way to the boat, after bribing the soldiers des Grieux stops the cart to see her once more, but the last experience has been too hard, Manon dies in his arms.

(So, don't be too hard on the poor girl; maybe the whole thing would have never occurred, if she had not been shup up in the Convent!)

The News of the Day

It seems just now to be the fashion for fanzine editors to make pious comments on the manner in which science-fiction has been justified by the events of the first two weeks of August. I liked best Milty's comment--"Damned if this war didn't end up exactly like a dozen science-fiction stories!" However, in the excitement about the atomic bomb, quite a few other matters of interest were buried away in the papers. (Incidentally, atomic energy, heavy water, and the radio-active elements were among the things I hinted at last issue, as forbidden of mention by the censorship code.)

Dr. Goddard's death, for instance. It received unexpectedly large amounts of newspaper space in the Baltimore, Washington, and New York press, probably because of the recently increased interest in rockets; however, some editors apparently didn't think it worth publishing, since Dunk could find no reference to it in the papers to which he has access. The AP wire carried three or four paragraphs; the larger papers which maintain obituary files of their own, like the New York Times, ran a half-column or more, and I saw one picture. In addition, a few papers carried follows a few days later, in the form of eulogies from the American Rocket Society.

Then there was the bright idea of Mr. R. L. Farnsworth. He is the gentleman who operates the United States Rocket Society, used to have a page of news in Spaceways every so often, and has been mentioned in the pages of Horizons for

the AP story written about his letter to the Department of the Interior which asked how he should go about filing claims for land on the moon. As soon as the news of the atomic bomb was released, Farnsworth apparently called a press conference, and told of his latest letter, asking for permission to be the first to use this atomic energy to power a flight to the moon, and even setting up a time table of regular flights (which, he admitted, was only a tentative schedule). And still some people say that the fans are the ones who are nuts!

The NFFF missed a dandy opportunity to plug the science-fiction stories that came closest to guessing correctly about the atomic bomb and the end of the war. Most of the newspapers published letters almost daily from various readers who had dug up something prophetic in "Things to Come" or Nostradamus. One industrious lady even resurrected this quotation from Don Marquis: "I have declared war upon humanity I even shall fling the mighty atom that splits a planet asunder." (For the benefit of the uncultured, it might be appended here that this is not written without capitals because of such people as Mr. E. E. Cummings; it is the work of Archie, a cockroach who could type but was unable to use the shift key.) And of course, the publishers of Willy Ley's book on rockets promptly issued a new edition, and sent me another advertisement--the 17th time they have personally invited me to buy this book, if memory serves. They discreetly fail to mention, in their latest publicity, how consistently the volume ridicules the value of rockets in warfare.

The death of Franz Werfel should not pass unnoticed. This extraordinary man, whose dramatic escape from Europe left him shuddering at the memory of having been forced to walk two full miles across on a frontier on his own feet, was the author of at least one fantasy book, "The Song of Bernadette". At least, it is fantasy if we, the fans, read it in the same spirit as he, a Jew, wrote it.

On Dit

It is much easier to quote Don Thompson on the subject of Joquel's article in *Toward Tomorrow* than to think up another way of saying the same thing, since our opinions tally. He wrote on August 14: "I can't say just how reliable Joquel's article is as a whole, but the fact that he makes not one iota of difference between his presentation of thoroughly verified facts and his presentation of the wildest of fancies, is sufficient to cast great suspicion upon the whole thing, of course. I have no objection to his presenting the doubtful material, but he should qualify it in some way. The stuff about the burning of the libraries is partly verified, but I suspect that he got that stuff about the preservation of great quantities of the material by the staff of the library, entirely from Rosicrucian sources, than which I can think of nothing less reliable; I'd as soon accept Shaver. Although I had never read it before, the statement that the officials of some Egyptian city told certain Greek historians that the history and records of their city went back 3,000 years, I can see no reason for accepting with no proof available. It is quite possible that the officials believed their statement true, on the basis of a few fragments from relatively recent (such as 100 to 200 years old) records which referred in turn to others. But such records, unless actually backed up by the written material, like Egyptian papyrus records, or Sumerian cuneiform, can have no real value other than that of ordinary hearsay; after all, most Romans, and all modern scholars of a few hundred years ago believed implicitly that Rome was actually started by Romulus and Remus at the date fixed in their 'histories'--something like 553 BC, wasn't it? But modern research has proved that to be entirely false. Compare the documentation there with the mere hearsay represented by the statement of the Egyptian to the Greek, and it looks like unvarnished honey. Accredited research shows no written records which would substantiate the statements about the salvaged books, or the ancient origin of the Egyptian cities; of that I'm fairly sure. Maybe some day-- but not now."

Always forget to date this magazine. If anyone is interested, it's Sept., 1915.

Musings on the Muse

During recent weeks, I have been indulging in the purchasing of quite a bit of poetry, brought about by the availability second-hand of any number of volumes of the collected works of this and that versifier at the sum of ten cents per book. The purchases have been made, in large part, through a refusal to let these books fall into the hands of the junk dealers, to whom they would otherwise be sold as scrap paper. However, there is the secondary consideration that by diligent perusal of these tomes, I may be able to acquire a slight veneer of culture and such things. The books average around 500 pages each, and I have salvaged almost a dozen of them so far, so I shall not want for new aesthetic delights for a long while to come.

Naturally, it has been impossible to read thoroughly these books in the brief period since their acquisition. However, one thing struck me very forcibly, in glancing through them: the extremely high percentage of the fantastic in the writings of nearly all the most famous poets. I was aware that such was the case, of course, in the past, but the facts became glaringly apparent only upon this inspection.

It seems to me that all this offers a very fertile and almost untouched field for the writers of fan articles and the cataloguers. It is almost completely new territory. Every now and then in the past someone has remarked the situation, in print, and occasionally someone has cited a concrete case, like Louis Smith's quotation of a Byron stanza or Speer's article on Tennyson. Yet there is material for dozens of articles, surveying the whole field, parts thereof, the works of individual poets, or the treatment of particular subjects in the poetic field.

It might be objected that the dividing of poetry into fantasy and non-fantasy is arbitrarily, and as useless as if it were to be divided into poems written in dactyls and those not written in dactyls, or those written by poets on vacation in the Alps and those not written by poets on vacation in the Alps. However, I believe there is a real difference. Poetry is really a much more pliant and logical form for the expression of fantasy than prose; the only trouble is that it is much harder to do well, and there's no market for it these days. The effect Seabury Quinn produced by writing one of his novelettes in blank verse and disguising that fact by publishing it as straight prose was hardly spectacular, but gave an indication of what might have resulted if Merritt, for instance, had written his tales as long narrative poems. In fact, it would be a very interesting experiment to try one's hand at rewriting a climactic chapter from one of the better Merritt tales as unrhymed but definitely cadenced poetry.

The whole field of the narrative fantasy poem is seldom ventured upon today. Speer did a good job on one a couple of years ago; then there a couple of fable-like stories in the early Unknowns, whose author I forget, which occasionally fell into meter. Those, and the Quinn yarn previously mentioned, just about complete the published examples of the last ten years, unless there have been professionally-published fantasy items of which fandom is not aware.

Once more the Verdict slipped my mind; I wish we'd reach a decision on whether any attention should be paid to these if the laureate awards are to continue, incidentally. Because the portion of the mailing which emanated from Watson was so anemic, I'll have to take into consideration the Speer and Stanley post-mailings, but am not counting Toward Tomorrow, since it was designated as a post-mailing to the spring bundle. A to D ratings, as on the Fantasy Amateur's last page, B, B, A, B, C, B, A, A, B, C, B, B, B, C, merciful silence, B, B. Fan-tods, A, Beyond, B; the Speer post-mailing deserves a collective A. Editing and Publishing: Ashley, 1st, Speer, 3rd. Fiction, Crutch, 3rd, Wright, 1st. Article: Speer, 1st, Stanley, 2nd, Swisher, 3rd. Humor: nothing worthwhile, aside from that in a. Poetry, Washington, 1st, Nanek, 2nd, Montgomery, 3rd. Art: that in En Garde, 1st, Wright, 2nd. Best in mailing: Speer (for the six items), 1st; En Garde, 2nd, Fan-tods, 3rd. Some sort of special award should go to the Kornbluth-cum-Shaw-cum-Blish effort.

More Suggestions

I'm just full of them this issue, for some reason. They fill up space, too.

The latest idea was inspired by the excellent and valuable index to The Fantasy Fan recently distributed by Bob Tucker. It represents, let us hope, only the first step in a long series of such indexes to all the giants of the fanzines. However, there is another type of fanzine index that would in the end be of even greater value for the more enthusiastic fans and readers, although considerably more complicated and difficult. It would be the fandom equivalent of the "Reader's Index to Periodical Literature" (if I remember correctly the name of the publication that serves as reference index to everything published in the slick and semi-slick magazines).

Now then, the current vogue for indexes, bibliographies, check lists, and similar compilations began to become evident two or three years ago, when it became obvious that if such listings weren't made soon, they might become almost impossibly hard to compile. A really thorough fan index has already reached and passed that "impossibly hard" stage, in that it's too much work for any person or small group of persons to do. But with honest efforts in this direction, the more important stuff of the past could eventually be indexed, and keeping up with contemporary publications could of course be managed.

As far as I know, no efforts of this sort have ever been made. The Bratton lists concern only books. Doc Swisher's files concentrated on prose stories and references to fans. The Fantasy Fan index comes closer, but is concerned only with the title and author of each item published. The real, exhaustive, index would mean from two to a dozen entries for each fan article; a single issue of a fan news publication might require around 50 notations. The compiler, of course, would be forced to use his discretion, and conversely, his imagination, in figuring out whether certain entries would have any real value. To illustrate, let us use the latest two fanzines to reach my mailbox: the sixth Chanticleer and the 26 August Stefnews. Channy would be rather easy to do. Each item in the issue, of course, would be indexed under its title, and under the name of the author. Each of the many book reviews in the last half of the magazine would receive three entries: one under reviewer's name, one under author's name, and one for the title of the book. Anthologies would be entered under the title and compiler, and also under each title and author in the book mentioned with worthwhile comment appended in the review. In the remainder of the issue: Lowndes' Myffsaw would necessitate an entry for each story and author mentioned; the comments on "Sweetness & Light" and Astounding, on the other hand, aren't pretentious enough to require a listing. Bloch's Fantasy would require some sort of entry under "radio" or "radio scripts" and a humor notation. O. Larue Steer's epic means an entry under "motion pictures", and others for each of the Frankenstein epics referred to. The indexer would have to use his own judgment with the Brazier and Tucker articles, to decide whether additional listings of them under "scrapbook" and "introduction to fantasy" headings, or something similar, would be worthwhile. The issue of Stefnews would consist primarily of entry requirements under the names of fans. Also needed for the first page would be notations for "Adventure and Romance", "Atomic Bomb", "NEFF", Brooklyn Confabulation August 12, "Pacificon", "LASFS"; on the back page, the fanzine reviews are long enough to make inclusion advisable.

So, you see, it would be an enormous job. Further, its full usefulness would not be apparent until several dozen of the leading fanzines, past and present, had been processed. But it would be very handy, on only a limited scope, and is something precisely suited to such fans as enjoy indexes and indexing. I have reasonably strong intentions of testing it out on a good-sized scale this winter, working with the 30 issues of Spaceways. If I don't hit a snag somewhere along the line, and actually get the job accomplished, I'll publish the result and hope in that manner to get the ball rolling.

STOP PRESS!—Yet another advertisement for Willy Ley's "Rockets" arrived in the mails yesterday, September 4; the 10th. I modestly claim a world's record!

A Prophet, A Very Small Prophet

Remember how H. G. Wells' "The Shape of Things to Come" was cited so repeatedly a thousand years ago, back in 1959, for the prediction he made therein about the beginning of the Second World War, which came so close to being correct? Wells correctly hit on the approximate place of the first "incident", was right on the score of the nations involved--Germany and Poland--and was only four months off on the exact date for the beginning of hostilities.

All this was long 'ago. Now that the war is over, the Wells book has turned out to be a case of pretty sour predicting, and yet its errors go unnoticed.

Now then, "The Shape of Things to Come" is a very unusual book, in that it is obviously a fictionalized exposition of what Wells thought would happen. Oh, quite obviously he didn't really think that a jammed dental plate would be the cause of the first incident in this war, even though he wrote that it would be. But it is clear that Wells expected the major trends he outlined, or something very similar, to come to pass within the next century or two. He could not be expected to predict properly which way Turkey or Bulgaria would jump in the Second World War; he can hardly be blamed for failing to guess that gas would not be utilized. Yet the broader things which he said would come to pass did not materialize, either. Wells believed that the conflict would not draw in Japan, England, and the United States. He insisted that the advances in warfare would mean a war in which the offensive powers of the belligerents would wear one another down to the point where no one could score a clean-cut victory, and only the fear of insurrections and revolutions finally necessitated the truce. He prophesied little interference with commerce across the Atlantic, and denied the probability of great invasions or land operations.

The Wells book has never impressed me as a magnificent achievement of either imagination, prophecy, or literature. It is, of course, something almost unique among published novels--500 pages of predictions which cite chapter and verse in sometimes bothersome minuteness. But so far, it hasn't done anything to improve the reputation of H. G. Wells as a social prophet, or to disprove the assertion that he would have been better off if he had continued to write stories like "The Time Machine", and refused to try to save the world through letters.

Incidentally, please don't get me wrong: I am not inveighing against stories whose predictions do not come true. The Wells book is a special case altogether; virtually all other books of prophecy either use that prophecy as a convenient springboard for expounding the author's own opinions, or prophecy merely as a background for a good story, or set up a mythos-pattern of the future, as in the case of "Last and First Men". Conversely, I don't think there is anything significant in the occasional correct guesses, like the one Wells made. If you have a hundred stories about the discovery of atomic power, or the end of the war, and most of them set the dates as being within the next half-century, the law of averages makes it probable that one or two of them will be right.

One other matter deserves attention: that of Nostradamus. Some of his predictions about this war are impressive, if they have been translated properly, like "...the old dreamer and the Genevese will be exhibited the tracks of the Aryan country". But I object strenuously to the practice of twisting one of his prophecies around to fit every contemporary event of any importance. A recent newspaper article, for instance, said that these passages were predictions of the atomic bomb: "The central fire of the earth which causes tremblors will make a trembling about a new city" and "By the forces of earth and air the great revolution will be frozen". Atomic power doesn't have much to do with the central fires of the earth, especially since there probably aren't any fires down there, this war isn't a "revolution", and Nostradamus, if he really wanted to predict atomic power, would have made some reference to the forces of the sun, rather than those "of earth and air". The only thing on those two passages that is remotely interesting is the "new" city: Hiroshima was one of the more modern places in Japan. Other spots are cited with positively ridiculous effect: for instance, "The times and localities shall compel meat to be replaced by fish" is said to be a forecast of the OPA, when it's actually only a statement of what happens all over the world in any century when there isn't enough meat to go

around. "While little men shall talk of peace, soldiers going out from their shores shall betray a mighty fortress" applies more exactly to a dozen military events of the last three centuries than it does to Pearl Harbor, the latest use to which it is now being put. The article I read, however, went out on a limb, and made a prediction about a prediction; we must wait and see whether this applies to Hitler: "Buried, not dead but in an apoplectic fit, he shall be found... when the city shall condemn the heretic who changed their laws."

Fanzines by the Ton

That famous rallying-cry is no longer so widely heard in these days of paper shortages, but is called to mind by a recent claim of Walter J. Daugherty. Fanews, a month or two ago, published a statement that he believed he had the world record of having published the most pages of fanzines--the figure given was well above 1,000 pages. I have since learned that this squib was actually sent to Fanews by another fan, after Daugherty made an incautious statement to the same effect at an LASFS meeting. However, it would be very interesting to find out who holds the all-time record, and claimants are advised to form a line at the right. Without having considered the matter very thoroughly, I am inclined to believe that Tucker, Speer, and my humble self are in the top bracket, if only publications on which all the work was done by one person are considered. There were 20 issues of Spaceways, each of them containing 24 or more pages, which gives me a headstart of 750 pages. This is the 24th Horizons; no issue has had fewer than 12 pages, and some of the earlier ones were reasonably fat; at least 500 pages from this source, in other words, so I'm well over the 1,000 mark. If you include publications on which I've done the stencilling and-or mimeographing while someone else did the editing, you can add at least two or three hundred more pages to the figure, and then there are a number of magazines whose editorial staff included The Hermit of Hagerstown. However, claims to fame on these grounds strike me as thoroughly illegitimate. It is hard to estimate Tucker's output; my issues of Le Zombie, for instance, are scattered over 100 square feet of the attic, and getting them together for the count would be a hopeless job. However, there must be a lot of pages in them, altogether, and every now and then Tucker has erupted with something really big, like Nova or the Yearbooks to add to his score. Speer should hold the EAPA record without challenge, and be near the all-time top, by virtue of the Sustaining Programs, Mopsys, other miscellaneous small publications, and the occasional Full Length Articles.

Forgottomentionthesethingsbefore

Along about this time it begins to get hard: two more stencils to type, and not the remotest idea of what I can use to fill them up. In fact, I'm very lucky to have neglected to mention several things elsewhere in the preceding pages; it makes possible the completion of this page. On the first page, I should have included among needed constitutional reforms that of getting permission for the official editor to repurchase EAPA mailings from members who are leaving; the organization, then resell them to new members who are trying to build up files. It would also be handy in repairing the iniquities of the past year, which are not yet completely chronicled; for instance, I've just learned that Lynn Bridges was never sent the spring and summer mailings. "It is good to see that no squabble over the Pacificon has yet developed, although the announcement that Daugherty is boss subject to impeachment is sort of ominous. Let us hope that by this time next year the NFFF will be in a position to help out with sponsoring the 1947 convention. Although an organization in the host city is essential, there is much in the way of publicity and events planning that should be done by fandom at large, through a national organization. " I have not yet decided which way to jump in the coming NFFF elections. This stencil is being typed on September 7, and I probably shan't file for any office for at least another two weeks. But since most of the EAPA members also belong to the NFFF, I might take this opportunity of asking that you remember me in your votes, if I do run for anything, come next month, whether it is the presidency or the directorate.

When We Were Very Young

— Being a backward glance at the EAPA mailing of five years ago: Fall, 1940. —

Wonder what Russell Chauvenet would think today of what he was writing then, in the first issue of Sardonyx? Sample: "And when he sought for it there came to him one who spoke from shadows of obscure things and again from sun in pitiless clarity till the mind sank and you are not fair he screamed in his agony you are torturing me and the silence spoke to him twice bidding him be silent even as they end he grovelled in fear before the shapeless things till the drip of the stillness splashed into a rising flood of obliteration and the walls drew back for a little--so now air to breathe but God I am going mad and they would not answer, sitting there in the silence and bidding him be silent and damn you he said and they would not answer and the walls drew back and there remained only the figure and shadow poised uncertainly where portals opened and closed by lanterns he could not see. " It was just a dream but the laughter rang back and rolled through rafters and he did not believe it nor when there came again one unknown did he scream but fled by ornate pillars and forgotten portraits and through dimmed galleries where remote moths flew idly and by cool corners through hushed rooms which loomed large in darkness and by sabered halls and silk carpeted stairways worn with the years to faded patterns on stained marble ringing hollowly to echo the diase in half repeated cadence." " The Washington Worry-Warts were being broken up by the departure of Perdue for the west. However, they were responsible for most of the mailing. All three were busily writing disguised autobiographies. Milty was having a good time, but with mixed premonitions: "But we want to warn Milty now not to be too optimistic. He's just gotten an idea in his head that things are going to go along pretty easy now. Here he is with a soft job, making a salary at which he would have fainted if somebody had offered him half of it two years ago, and going to school at night.... " I was just wondering if a scientist ought to make something deadly like atomic energy at a time when it would be used to kill people. Of course, in a capitalist world, with wars every 25 years or so, it would be a silly boy who would wait until after a war to finish a thing, because it would only be used during the next war. Under that idea, then, a truly pacifistic scientist must work on only those things which could never be used in a war at all, such as fertilizers, vitamins, etc. So I guess it doesn't really make much difference whether they get atomic energy now or after the war, because they'll ruin themselves with it sooner or later, and maybe it'll be a good thing." " Forry and Morojo published a two-page Novacious that contained excellent reviews of S. Fowler Wright novels by Jack Williamson and Lyle Monroe. Said Jack: "I believe that Wright has legal training--and the careful logic with which he upholds his fantastic premises, and develops the reactions of his mature and well-rounded characters, seems to show the work of a lawyer's mind." " I also discover that the revision of the original EAPA constitution was accepted just five years ago this summer. " Speer was able to crowd onto a single page the list of his accomplishments, and elsewhere in Sustaining Program published something that had been censored from a newsmagazine, referring to the coming Chicom masquerade: "Or Wollheim, Michel, Pohl, Lourdes, Kombluth, Gillespie, and Perri might arrange to represent the Seven Deadly Sins of 'The Tragical History of Doctor Faustus'. Book I of Spenser's 'Faerie Queen' would be found useful in this connection." " The Kuslans published an issue of The Nucleus filled with Gilbert & Sullivan lyrics which could apply to fans. This one was meant for Tote Miske, but a fit target arrives in fandom every year or two: "A most intense young man, A soulful-eyed young man, An ultra-poetical, super aesthetical, Out of the way young man!" " And Speer betrayed himself as the originator of the Degler Doctrines, in one of his verses on the Science-Fiction Song Sheet I: "And we who gather in this conclave Do assert that we will never be Content, until the flag of fandom floats over Proxima Centaurie!" " Tucker was president, Rothman Secretary-Treasurer, Perdue the Officed, and my humble self the vice-president...Tucker wasn't running against me that year!

WHITE, T. H.

The Sword in the Stone

New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons, 1959, 312 pp. 20 cm. \$2.50

Further Information: This is the first American edition of the volume, which had already been published in England. The author has dedicated the novel to "Sir Thomas Maleore, Knight", and has himself provided the line decorations at the beginning and end of each chapter. The end papers are by Robert Lawson, and Henry Seidel Canby's review of the book is quoted on the flaps of the jacket.

Review: Even the acknowledged classics need an occasional new review, criticism or other mention, to escape reduction to a mere mention in the histories of literature. That is ample excuse for yet another review of "The Sword in the Stone" which doesn't yet rank with what Sir Thomas Mallory and Alfred, Lord Tennyson wrote about King Arthur, but will some day. " This novel is the alleged story of the boyhood of King Arthur. As a result, the author has been able to reveal many happenings that you wouldn't find in "Mort d'Arthur" or the "Idylls". The future king does not yet know his mission in life--has not even encountered Merlyn, until after the story opens--and is known as The Wart, leading a reasonably happy life in Sir Ector's castle. One day he becomes lost in the woods and runs across Merlyn's cottage; that gentleman promptly is engaged to move to the castle and become The Wart's tutor. " It would be difficult to imagine a more delightful person than Merlyn. He is afflicted with the necessity of living backward in time, rather than forward (which manages to account for at least part of the multitudinous anachronisms in the book), is absent-minded, constantly arguing with the unseen power who is the source of his magic, and turns The Wart into all sorts of animals for educational purposes. " Various things happen to The Wart and his comrade, Sir Ector's real and proper son Kay, in the course of the volume. They are captured and nearly roasted by the dreadful Madame Mim; they help Robin Wood (which is Robin Hood's real name) to perform a rescue in the neon-lighted castle of Morgan The Fay; and have an ~~amazing~~ alarming few minutes in the castle of the giant Galapas. Finally, in the last chapters, the apparently episodic character of the book falls neatly into a unified whole, with the climactic withdrawal of the sword by The Wart. It doesn't happen in a very spectacular fashion --Kay, about to be knighted, mislays his own sword on tournament day, orders The Wart to find him another, and The Wart takes possession of one he sees sticking in an anvil. A little later, everyone realizes what he has done, Merlyn reveals the true secret of his birth and destiny...and The Wart, a very human and scared little boy, bursts into tears. " Like de Camp, White manages to infiltrate a bit of satire into his writing. It is interesting to figure out what signifies what, but it's pretty easy to spot the resemblance between a modern nightclub and Morgan's ~~palace~~ palace, while Galapas' home bears suspicious similarities to the circa 1938 Europe. Unlike de Camp, White is a poet, and all through the hilarious situations, absurd anachronisms, and fantastic adventures runs a strain of beauty and something very akin to magnificence. This mixture cannot be described; the book must be read to appreciate it. There is also a prodigious amount of learning demonstrated. White is an expert on falconry, knows a lot about the domestic economy of the medieval castle, and can see the world through the eyes of a snake or a fish to perfection. He also has a remarkable gift for spinning fables and new legends through the mouths of his animal characters; the badger's story of what God said to the embryos when they were given the chance of deciding what sorts of things they wanted to be born as, or the dream of the rocks which The Wart sees as an owl, are unsurpassed in any fantasy I have yet encountered. " This book is that rarity--a modern fantasy which became a best-seller, and resulted in a brace of sequels, "The Witch in the Wood" and "The Kill-Made Knight". With copies being easily available in any library, and turning up frequently in second-hand stores, there is no excuse for not reading and growing to love it.

- Harry Warner, Jr.