

Here we have the December, 1945, issue of Horizons, otherwise known as volume 7, number 2, EAPA number 19, and whole number 25, stenciled on Macbeth and mimeographed by the Doubledoubletoilandtrouble Mimeograph through the efforts of the editor and publisher, Harry Warner, Jr., 303 Bryan Place, Hagerstown, Maryland. Horizons is combined with Fantasy Magazine, The Time Traveler, The Fantasy Fan, Pluto, Stardust, Scienti-Snaps, Cosmic Circle Commentator, Terrifying Test-Tube Tales, Literary Digest, Youth's Companion, The Spectator, and The Tattler. Negotiations with Poor Richard's Almanack may produce startling results very soon.

In the Beginning

It becomes necessary to reverse my stand on two matters of EAPA importance. One of them is easily disposed of, simply by stating that I believe it is time to raise the membership limit to 75 and agree with Laney's reasons for this change. The majority of present EAPA members are probably not aware that we really have competition on our hands in the form of the VAPA, and simply cannot afford to lose the intelligent and capable fans on the EAPA waiting list to the new group. Further, such an increase in the EAPA membership quota should take care of the waiting list for a long while to come. The more careful scrutiny of activity requirements that is upon us will help in this direction, and the tension will be relieved still further when some of our overseas members who have lost interest and are simply hanging on through their activity exemptions return to this country. ' ' The other matter is that old bugaboo of unmailable matter. Amid the sound and fury that has accompanied the latest flareup, the most important fact of all has been overlooked. It is that the impression which most of us held, regarding the postoffice's right to pass on questionable matter, was a false one. The onus is now squarely on the publisher of the matter in question and the EAPA official editor. We have had great difficulties in the past, finding members willing to do the very time-consuming and irksome work of the official editor. If the oe is to be faced with the danger of suit, we'll find it impossible to persuade EAPA members to risk election to the post. I see one solution, and one only: Authority for the oe to refuse to include any publication on which he feels doubts, and expulsion for any member who postmails such questionable matter under the EAPA banner. It is putting too much authority into the oe's hands, but is the lesser of two great evils.

This Time the Mailing Gets a Longer Review

The Voice: Why do you think "Venerian" is the correct form, Les? Consult a dictionary. The latest edition of Webster's International lists Venerean and Venerian only as obsolete words which have a half-dozen different meanings, including "attractive" or "venereal" or one born under the astrological influence of Venus. Venusian is listed as the word which means something referring to or appertaining to the planet Venus. Certainly you can't claim that "Venusian" is not derived from the Latin; and common sense says that when you have two possible forms of a word, it's best to use the one which will avoid confusion with a word meaning something else altogether different. I also think you make the same mistake as Moskowitz, in overemphasizing the importance of Lord Harry. He was actually an unimportant figure in the Wilde novel and in the movie, who accidentally touched off the fireworks. In fact, that was shouted at the movie audience through the verse from Khayyam—does anyone know whether Oscar ever used it in connection with his novel? The distaste for Canadian money around here probably comes from unfamiliarity with it—not enough of it circulates for people to be familiar with the exchange value. Come to think of it, I don't believe there's any place in Hagerstown where it can be exchanged. The situation may be altogether different near the border, of course. Fantasy Amateur: Were the election results ever published officially? The coding in the membership list has long been needed; ditto the Authorized Version of the Constitution.

I fail to see the need for raising dues to \$2.00. The EAPA's very nature prevents it from offering better service when there's more money in the treasury, and operating expenses should decline slightly from here on out, granted a more stable set of officers and an eventual decrease in reproduction costs of the EA. The bonding proposition is satisfactory, though we'd better make sure first that an officer of a peculiar organization like the EAPA can be bonded and collected upon. The Reader and Collector: Opinion on the Butman essay is reserved until I see the rest of it, but I'd prefer 12 pages of notes and comments by HCK to this opening installment. It simply states in a less lucid way what the Onderdonk article in Fantasy Commentator did a few months back. I object violently to the footnotes; there is no conceivable reason why the information contained in them should not be embodied in the text to save the breaks in continuity that is forced by the necessity of jumping from the body of the article to the bottom of the page so often. Fantast's Folly is the first really entertaining account of a fan gathering that has reached me in 1945. I like the plan of presenting the same thing from several viewpoints; it gives a sort of three-dimensional effect, something like Thomas Wolfe's method in "The Lost Boy". Fan-Dango: Horizons is not distributed through the VAPA. Nonesuch: It devolves upon us to get Malcolm Ferguson ensnared in American fandom. To let him lapse back into the obscurity that prevailed before he was sent overseas were a dreadful waste of a real talent. "The Michel poem, and little else, is interesting in the Wollheim effusions. Fantasy Jackpot: I for one would like to see much more from Beyond, if these two short stories are representative of the quality of its contents. "The Stone" is extremely well done, and I'd never have guessed that the ending was improvised by someone else. News that pornography collecting is licensed in some states is interesting, but not worth the page-and-a-half required to convey that little morsel of information and much padding. The histomap impresses me as a little too much work for these days, when so many other more urgent projects are staring us in the face. Hope no one is given activity credits for the London Times reprints. Afterthought: "(precisely none)" was an unfortunate overstatement, of course, but one which I think was quite easily spotted as such. A Tale of the 'Evans reveals many details about the westward journey I had desired to know. Let us hope a similar document is forthcoming from the Ashleys while their memories are still reasonably fresh. I have no objection to "newspaper verse", except that it may encourage some people to be satisfied with reading nothing more profound than Eddie Guest. "Newspaper verse" isn't quite a satisfactory designation, incidentally, because a few of the larger journals do publish stuff of real worth, like the brief little poem that fills out the end of the second column of the editorial page of the Washington Post most mornings. Sustaining Program: My impression is that Rothman, not Speer, was the highly magnified Woggle-Bug. It isn't important enough to check up on, though. The Speer sticker is almost a shock. Remember the days when no self-respecting fan had supplies of less than five ^{different types of} stickers containing ~~his name~~ his name, and a dozen different implements of gummed propaganda for various societies, Yngvi, and so forth? The colors on pages 10 and 12 stood out quite clear to my 20-20 eyes. Me, I always make a reasonably accurate facsimile for my files of anything that must be mailed away, like the EAPA ballot, but distribution of an extra does help considerably. The Mag Without a Name: I too required three inspections before I decided what was dangerous about the Le Zombie litho—but "discovered" something entirely different from Stanley's find. Minds that wallow in filth, etc. Reading that article on fandom now is rather painful. I can't recall the occasion for which this was written, but am pretty sure it was about three years ago, and for a publication intended for prospective fans. In fairness to all of us, we ought to figure out some system of indicating when a published piece is not of contemporary creation. The very bad poetry I wrote within a period of a week or two back in 1938 kept bobbing up in fanzines for the next five years, much to my embarrassment and dismay. Opinions change; so do writing styles and ability. I suggest that all manuscripts be dated, by the author, and that fan-

zine editors request permission to publish anything more than six months old. Of course, an end to the practice of shoving mss. from one editor to another, without the authors' permission, is also needed. Inspiration: Let's compare first reactions to the news of the atomic bomb. I learned about it gradually. Walking to work one fine summer afternoon, I glanced casually at an afternoon paper, which lay on someone's doorstep where it had just been tossed by a carrier. The headline was all I could see from the distance---"We Drop Terrible Atom Bomb on Japs", or something of that sort. Knowing the sensationalistic propensities of the local afternoon daily, I immediately surmised that it was just another scare head, and a trick name for an improved explosive. Even after ~~and~~ reading the full first AP story, I didn't completely comprehend what had happened; it wasn't until 8 o'clock that evening, when I saw a late edition of the Baltimore Evening Sun, its first page almost entirely given over to the news and background data, that the thing struck me fully. "I'm opposed to a change in the calendar; the present one puts a little spice into life, and despite the claims of world calendar enthusiasts, doesn't complicate things unduly. One aspect of religious opposition which Lynn doesn't mention is a very tough obstacle for the world calendar folks: though Seventh Day Adventists and Presbyterians can't agree which day to be kept holy, they and all other sects want it to be every seventh day, and introducing an extra day once or twice annually would break up that procession. It may seem incredible to you who live in large cities, but that's the sentiment in places the size of Hagerstown. (Leap Year Day doesn't break up the seventh-day progression, of course, because it shoves all the days that follow it back a notch.) Allegory: I always wonder whether it takes longer to think up or to figure out allegorical and symbolical writing. Speer is about as subtle as Edmond Hamilton here and there, but has nevertheless done an excellent job on something that could easily have turned out to be simply a satire on Pilgrim's Progress or an autobiographical sketch. I admit to not having figured out a few of the references, and the ending gives me almost as furiously to think as that of "World of A". In Memoriam: One suspects that we shall see Russell active yet again; he showed entirely too much enthusiasm for a chain letter to which we both belong to "must away" completely. Is the poetry original? Some of it sounds vaguely familiar, but I can't place any of it definitely. Fan-Tods: The article and figures on the proportion of fantasy to non-fantasy in the FAPA is almost as awe-inspiring as the S F Checklist. I am also fascinated by the derivation of "Yesterday's Ten Thousand Years". My only contribution must be that Khayyam (or maybe Fitzgerald) devoted a thousand years to each planet known at Omar's time. Maybe the de Camp story concerned a trans-Plutonian planet, or maybe his memory just slipped up. The Time-binder: Still the sort of publication that I feel like commenting on in a letter to Everett, not here. This issue is good evidence that the contents aren't going to get into a rut, or degenerate into endless discussion on remarks made three and four issues past. Both ~~EEE~~ and Les parallel my own religious feelings to a certain point, especially in distrust of the Old Testament and uncertainty on the exact nature of the deity. Th' Ol' Foo, though, slips into the paradox of orthodox religion, when writing of the possibilities of reaching greater heights, if man so desires, and the "opportunities" in this direction that have been made available. Obviously if the Creator knew what he was doing when he created man, he knew the ingredients, and knows whether any given individual will or will not do this or that. Unless you want to believe that humanity was created to be a sort of cosmic pinball machine, with forces for good and evil deliberately balanced so delicately that even God can't be sure which will triumph, and gets a kick out of watching the results. "Lack of comment on any given item does not necessarily mean that that magazine or publication was not enjoyed. Although I don't think I skipped very many this time, a few just don't offer any logical grounds for public remarks. Let us hope for a better mailing next time, and for the return to activity of Thompson, Wright, Ashley, Tucker, and others.

Balance
by
Art Widner

The problem of raising the literary standards of fandom is one that has bothered its more thoughtful members since the renaissance of 1938, when fan publishing as it is known today began in earnest.

There have been various solutions proposed from time to time, none of which has worked. The most common of these is the laureate award system. In FAPA, awards were made yearly until recently, when a general apathy descended & smothered the whole matter. The awards were of a purely intangible nature, consisting merely of printing the names of the winners in the official organ.

At the Denvention, Walt Daugherty presented medals to several fan who, in his opinion, merited them for their activity in fandom in 1941. None, as I recall, had much to do with literary merit.

The NFFF took steps to initiate a series of yearly awards of a material nature (publishing supplies, etc.), but as yet nothing has come of it.

Around 1942 I wrote an abortive article, entitled "Too Many Fannags", which appeared in Chuck Beling's Fan-Atic. I raved & ranted about the plague of juvenile publications & their utter worthlessness, but failed to make any constructive suggestion other than that adolescent fan refrain from publishing until they had matured somewhat, both in fandom & in general.

However, it appears that there is no way to mature artistically, except by practice. Having printer's ink in one's veins is a fearful malady, & a tourniquet is hardly the logical treatment.

It is obvious that there are more publications than there is even half-decent material to fill them. We must either increase the number of writers or decrease the number of publishers, or both. It seems to me now, that I had the cart before the horse. The more logical course is for the older fan to quit & write for the younger publishers. Thus we kill two monsters with one Delameter blast.

What if they don't want to quit? The answer is simple—they won't. The purpose of this article is to convince some of them that they should.

It would be a good thing in another way. When a fan has published steadily for two years or more, mimeoing, stenciling, assembling, etc., become an increasingly onerous chore which most have learned to do reasonably well, so that there is no longer even the stimulus to good craftsmanship. I think we have lost a number of good fan thru this boredom, as the prevailing attitude seems to be that once one stops publishing, he is all done in fandom.

This need not be so. Personally, I'm endeavoring to practise what I preach. I have stopped publishing, & I intend to use the extra time thus achieved, or some of it, to write for other fanzines, & to improve what I do write. Most of the "old guard" who both write & publish, will agree that their writing suffers from spontaneity engendered by the effort to meet "deadlines", or just to get away from extra typing. I'm sure it has been true in my case, & I know of very few who do any revision except the most perfunctory sort.

It should be remembered that the fundamental reason for the existence of fandom or any amateur publishing society is the desire of the amateurs to improve their work, obtaining friendly criticism toward that end from others of their ilk. This essential fact has been more or less obscured in the blizzard of fanzines that has fallen upon us since '38. There are still some who pursue this goal—notably Laney & his Acolyte—but by & large the *raison d'être* of present day fanzinery is that the editor may gain recognition from the rest of the fan world, or merely satisfy the urge to be doing something, not knowing of anything better to do.

Therefore, I extend the invitation to those of the older fan who aren't quite satisfied with their present situation, whose interest has flagged, has been crowded out by competing interests, or whose activities have been curtailed

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Though I would be the last to deny the need for more diligent and careful fan writing, it is my belief and hope that Art has not correctly analyzed his reasons for quitting the publishing field. I strongly suspect that he simply finds it impossible to publish while in the service, doesn't want to concede that fact, and has hit upon this scheme. Let us hope that I am right; a postwar world without Yhos is a chilling prospect indeed! ' ' Last issue, I intended and forgot to point out that the pages of Horizons are open for contributions from outside. No restrictions on subject matter or style exist. But please to keep submissions as brief as possible; there isn't much room. Art has promised to let Horizons have the remainder of the Gardner series begun in Yhos (remember, Art?) and if all goes well, the next H should contain some of it.

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"I came here at the summons of Khalk'ru." And he: "Strange it is, that I, who am High Priest of Khalk'ru, do not know of this." "For that, I do not know the reasons now," I answered casually. "Ask them of him You serve." He pondered over that. "Dwayanu lived so long and long ago," He said. "Before—" "Before the Sacrilege. True." I took another swallow of the wine. "Yet—I am here."

"His voice at last lost something
Of its steadiness. "You—you know
Of the Sacrilege?" His fingers clutched my wrist.
"Man—whoever you may be—whence do you come?"
"I come," I answered, "from the Mother-land."
His fingers tightened on my wrist. He echoed
Tibur. "The Motherland is dead. Khalk'ru
In wrath destroyed its life. There is no life
Save here, where Khalk'ru hears his servants, and
Lets life be."

"The Mother-land," I said, "is like bleached bones.
Its cities lie enshrouded in dry sands.
Its rivers have no water; all that runs
Within their banks is sand, sand swept
By arid winds. Yet still is life
Within the Mother-land—and though the ancient
Blood is thinned—still it runs.
And still is Khalk'ru worshipped and still feared
In that place whence I came—and in other lands
The earth spawns life as always she has done."

Yet what are all such gaieties to me
Whose thoughts are full of indices and surds?

—Lewis Carroll

Return to Tomorrow

Three years of experimenting have convinced me of one thing: the best and most satisfactory method of reading the prozines is to do it in spasms. After trying any number of different systems, from total abstinence to all-out reading of everything available, I find that I derive the maximum pleasure in prozine reading when I alternate periods of intensive perusal with several months of total neglect. It so happens that during the last few weeks I have gone through five magazines (and quite probably shall finish a couple of others before the present wave of reading energy ebbs) after five or six months during which I had scarce opened a pulp magazine's pages. The impressions might be of some belated interest.

Four of those five issues were the Astoundings from July through October of 1945. Had it not been for "World of A", probably I would have done more skipping about. It was, in fact, desire to read that much-discussed story which set me to begin operations on the prozines once more.

It is a shame that the first issue of Destiny's Child, distributed through the VAPA, could not be read by all EAPA members. It would evoke much more comment and discussion in the EAPA, where interest in the world of fantasy is much stronger, because of the long and highly heretical article Larry Shaw has written on Van Vogt in general and the latest long story in particular. I would be inclined to term it the most important fan article of 1945; it says things that have long needed saying, and its only fault is failure to spend enough time in ripping apart the earlier VV Rube Goldberg plots. (Yi! I meant to say the article is by Damon Knight; it's published by Larry.)

"World of A" left me with a wide variety of emotions and reactions, the most predominate of which were belligerency and amusement. Belligerency, that VV wrote and Campbell published a story which is either hopelessly illogical or infinitely subtle; amusement at the boldness with which VV evades logic in a story about logic, and the occasional hilarious situations which are presumably intended as dramatic climaxes. I don't regret reading the story, but it certainly hasn't added to Campbell's good reputation as an editor.

Unfortunately, some of the criticisms that have been published in the fanzines were not satisfactory. Sam Moskowitz, who had the right idea on the yarn's value, failed to comprehend the identity of Lavoisneur and Gosseyn. Jay Chidsey caught up that error, but made a couple of equally grave ones, especially in his failure to understand that Lavoisneur figured out the personality-transfer system first of all, and discovered the mutant brain only later, by accident perhaps. However, I can think of at least two dozen important paradoxes in the story. Some of them could probably be cleaned up and result from my failure to understand certain facets of the plot; but a few of them, I feel there is no getting around. How did Lavoisneur discover the method of using the mutant brain, if "Gosseyn" couldn't? How could ~~getting~~ he get into a body with said mutant brain, if the transfer scheme depended on identicalness? Why didn't Lavoisneur inject into The Games Machine knowledge of the galactic civilization? (He built it only after returning from discovering the life on Venus via the mutant brain; the story makes that quite clear.) Why was it necessary that Gosseyn die a second time? If Lavoisneur was manufacturing the bodies, it would have saved much embarrassment to have put the mutant brain with the full potentialities into the second Gosseyn body. And if the third body was necessary, Lavoisneur was a stupid fool not to make up a few duplicates in case of accidental destruction, which did happen. Was Patricia Hardie another projection of Lavoisneur?

Aside from all these minor points, however, are the basic faults of the story and its plot. It is simply another repetition, on a yet bigger scale, of the same old superman-unconscious-of-powers-thrown-amidst-forces-beyond-his-control theme, that started in Astounding with "Slan" and reached real heights of excellence only in "Renaissance". Wagner did it better than anyone else 75

years ago when he wrote "Parsifal". There is the basic illogicality that something was obviously wrong about the A system, if an inimical conspiracy could spring up in its midst unsuspected. The "full implication" which Campbell said the reader becomes aware of a day or two after he has finished the story never reached me, and I have yet to hear of anyone who experienced it.

If VV tried to fictionize "Science and Sanity", as Don Bratton claims, it is an interesting thing to know, but does not particularly affect the value of the story. The book is unavailable in Hagerstown, and reading the story did not give me many clues to what the book may be about. You might as logically term "World of A" to be an elaborate allegory depicting one man's efforts to gain the true perspective on life and "personal adequacy"; in fact, the Rosicrucians should read this story! It is interesting to note from Don's letter that apparently a split is developing in the camp of the semanticists.

Many other things in those four issues of Astounding were more satisfactory to me. In general, Campbell's authors seem to attain the best results when they stay away from gadgets, Stories with a Purpose, and gotta-fixin'-thespaceship epics. "The Code" was probably the finest of the fiction in the four issues of Astounding, and an excellent blend of the weird and the scientific which is seldom encountered. "Lewis Padgett" is usually satisfactory, too, although I am not impressed by "The Lion and the Unicorn", the only story I have read in the series. It is simply another of the interminable series of stories based on the ingredients of "Slan". Linc is more idiotic than even VV's characters, to take it for granted that his new-born son is a true Baldy simply because the child was born hairless. Murray Leinster, who hit all four of these issues, is obviously another of Campbell's pets. Leinster's writing and plots have never impressed me as being perceptibly better than those of the average hack writer; of these four stories, none will have remained in my memory six months hence, except possibly "The Power" for its pleasantly different setting.

Others have noted the return-from-death theme which is an obsession with VV, but I don't think the insidious manner in which this virus is spreading throughout Astounding has been sufficiently bewailed. The August issue was the worst of them all. The serial and three out of the four complete stories dealt in one way or another with the same theme. Gosseyn got himself killed off for the first time. Asimov's robot solved the problem by killing off the men and restoring them to life. Leinster's bums woke up in the end, after being frozen to death. Simon Ames achieves a sort of immortality in del Rey's yarn. Only Rocklynne is immune. The trick was effective, if a bit tawdry, at the end of "Slan", but every time it has been used since then, it has smacked more and more of the deus ex machina; it should definitely be laid away in mothballs for a few years, at the conclusion of which time it will again have a surprise element.

The sole Famous Fantastic Mysteries reading during the current orgy is the June, 1945, issue. I was curious to see what impression another Hodgson story would have on me, and was reasonably pleasantly surprised. I still believe that the writer is considerably overrated; but "The Boats of the Glen Carrig" is an immense improvement on "The Ghost Pirates". It is not the ideal weird tale of the sea, by any means. There is the same padding noted in the other story—for instance, the thousands of words describing the making of the great bow, which advance neither the plot nor the atmosphere. To complain about the unusual construction of a story is to become vulnerable to charges of inability to appreciate new methods; yet I think that the first two chapters of this novel should be omitted from the published versions. The tale they tell of the land of the strange trees is a good one, and is effective, if read separately. But placed at the beginning of the novel, this episode simply confuses the reader in what follows; he takes it for granted all along that there is a connection between this adventure and the one that follows, and is let down at the end. These unsatisfactory features aside, there are several fine things in the tale. One is the oddly effective lack of definiteness throughout—we are spared the ten thou-

When We Were Very Young

The Winter, 1940, mailing was somewhat fatter than its predecessor, but conglomerate and uneven in quality. Included were such monumental reference ~~to~~ as a portion of the S F Check-List, clumsily written Futurian propaganda disguised as an account of the Nycon by Jack Robins, many one-sheets, and some illegibly hektographed stuff, the latter including the first FAPA issue of Horizons. "In green ink, Novacious presented a review by Lyle Monroe of one of the John Taine books overlooked by Grant-Hadley-Krueger, "Green Fire". Lyle was reasonably sound in his summation of a Taine novel: "I will concede any literary criticism of his work that you care to advance, and probably agree with it. In the subject novel I found his dialog stilted and some of his characters not too convincing. Furthermore, the book starts rather slowly; one has to wade through about 100 pages to find what's up. But from then on—Hold your hats, boys! Here we go again!" "Russell Chauvenet liked this quote from Aldous Huxley: "'Deeper insight'—his pet name for his own opinions." "It isn't really fair to quote from Speer's "Über der Schönheit" and omit the long "pendant", but anyway: "We live in a world of a miserable mixture of grays. Nothing is seen in its individual perfection, if any, but either incomplete or unattractively mixed with some disturbing element. Waist-high weeds, ankle-deep mud, and swarms of gnats are the rule. I think it is unnecessary to expand upon this deplorable condition." "But everything that is, is intensely. Whatever dirty admixture may have gone into its makeup, it is that, definitely and completely, and as perfect as any other object for perception. It may be an uninteresting borderline somethingness that could not be defined if it were worth it, or it may be something that half exists and half does not, but whatever it is, it, in a larger sense, is keenly. "And here, perhaps, is the escape from the world's dirty grays that has been utilized by the poets and artists of whom it is said, 'There never was a real landscape as beautiful as those he describes.' And here, too, may be much of the reason that what is beautiful to me means little or nothing to you, and vice-versa. For I may have picked one object as an outer stimulus around which I have built this subjective vesture of hyper-perception, while you have chosen another for yours." "Blitzkrieg, one of the first attempts at presenting under one staple two or three narrations of the same occurrence, was included in this mailing. "HCK, writing a couple of years before the advent of the bibliophiles, said many interesting things about books on witchcraft and various other topics, which are too long to republish here. Someone with a good file of the older fanzines could do a lot of good by reprinting in large quantities such articles, virtually unobtainable now but important to the people who concentrate on books. "I see that my copy of the ballot which suggested dues-raising from fifty to seventy-five cents is still in the envelope. I must have forgotten to vote; for shame! "The Pro-Scientists debate was raging hot and heavy. You of the younger generation who have never heard of it need not ask questions; it wasn't nearly as interesting as the First Staple War. "The one good thing about the Robins publication were various fbds. attributed to this or that Futurian. For instance: "Wollheim: Michel is not real, he is a projection. He cannot be drawn correctly. Gillespie: I was just the way Freddie was when he was drunk. Pohl: He said he was a confederate soldier so I said I was a souvenir. I told him I was a member of the U. S. Cavalier. Michel: Sykora has won the war, we shall win the peace. Wollheim: You should have stood up and yelled at the top of your lungs." "According to The Fantasy Amateur, the FAPA had \$13.22 in the treasury, and 49 members. It had cost only \$3.15 for postage on the September mailing. And let it be known that the decrepitude of the records happened some time during these five years, because Secretary-Treasurer Rothman declared in his message: "We have a card file now. Glory!" One thing interesting to note is the exorbitant amount of address-changing on the part of fans: I don't believe more than a half-dozen of the 49 then members could be reached today at the addresses listed.

Lebensraum

Hitler and I had at least one thing in common: trouble with space. Not the same sort of difficulties that oppressed Dr. Gogdard and the others who merely want to travel through it, and aren't interested in it as a possession. Further, Adolf was at least altruistic about the matter: he wanted space for the people of Germany. What I need it for is my fanning and collection.

The chances are that there has never been a really exhaustive survey on the number of cubic feet required to become an active fan, and the number of extra cubic feet which must be provided for each year of fanning. Knowing as little as I do about geometry, I've had to find out the hard way, and am now in a real mess.

I am more fortunate than many fans, in the sense that I live in a full-size house, not a cramped apartment, and can always fall back on the attic when space for storing stuff in cupboards and closets becomes exhausted. What will happen if moving ever becomes necessary is a different matter altogether—I am haunted by fears of this eventuality, especially since learning of the dreadful time Tripoli encountered, when migrating to Los Angeles.

In any event, the history of my collecting activities seems ready to enter its third phase—possibly its fourth; there are two schools of thought on the subject. In the beginning there was order. The quantity of magazines, letters, and similar trappings in my possession was small enough to be kept together in a single space. It might be possible to divide this urwelt period into two stages—the very first days, when I didn't have enough items to make sorting worth the while, and the succeeding years when much more was on hand, but kept in something very close to apple-pie order. Next came the chaos—it will be observed that I did not follow the tradition laid down in the first chapter of Genesis. This has been going on for some four years. New acquisitions have been stuffed wherever stuffing was possible. Piles of printed and mimeographed matters soared to mountainous, tottering proportions, but through it all I have retained by some dim super-sense native only to fans the ability to find a desired magazine or letter in a minimum of time. But at last the critical point has been passed, and the old order changes. Something must be done, and done immediately, about getting my stuff into some sort of order and sequence, if it is to continue to be of any use to me.

The prospect is a grim one. In two good-sized packing cases repose several hundred prozines, in reasonably good chronological order. But my closet is laden down with two or three times as many more, in almost random confusion. More packing cases seem to be the only answer—building shelves in a house you only rent isn't advisable. The fanzine situation is even worse; not more than 10%, at a generous estimate, are collated, and are further adulterated by being mixed with small quantities of non-fantasy printed pamphlets, mimeographed tracts, advertising matter, and suchlike. Correspondence is the only thing that is filed in proper order, but it presents a different kind of problem—each of the half-dozen pasteboard cartons filled with letters includes perhaps 50% excess cargo—correspondence that will never have any conceivable use, such as requests for sample copies of Spaceways. Even if I can ever get up the gumption to throw the worthless items away, the task of sorting through thousands of envelopes and postals will be an appallingly long one. Books are another matter altogether; I consider them the most valuable part of my collection, use them more often than the other parts, yet don't know where to put them. This is further complicated by my disinclination to separate fantasy books from non-fantasy books, and my unconquerable habit of purchasing at the second-hand store any volume on the dime counter which I have any intention of reading some day. Add to all these things the stuff required for action in fandom—my desk, typewriter, mimeograph, stapler, a box to keep paper and ink in, and so forth—and remember that I like music enough to want to save several hundred pounds of bound and sheet music, not to mention a 13-year complete file of The Etude. If, then, you can think of a method for adapting dehydration to fantasy collections, don't keep it a secret.

CARROLL, Lewis (pseudonym for Rev. Charles L. Dodgson)
Sylvie and Bruno

Further Information: A two-part story, the first half of which is entitled "Sylvie and Bruno", and the second half, "Sylvie and Bruno Concluded", each half containing 25 chapters, and a preface by the author. The complete story is included in the Modern Library, volume G28, "The Complete Works of Lewis Carroll".

Review: The two "Alice" stories are deservedly the most popular fiction that Lewis Carroll ever wrote, and will probably be his only prose to live through the ages. However, much of the magic of Wonderland is to be found in the lengthy "Sylvie and Bruno", a tale of almost 500 pages which is at once more rambling, more thoughtful than the "Alice" narrative, and considerably inferior. "Lewis Carroll's narratives were never completely successful when he wrote them with a purpose in mind. Purposes are painfully evident in this yarn, bobbing up whenever the story has fallen into the groove of Carroll's delightful fancy with a disconcerting shock. The prefaces are full of them—the preface to the first volume leads one to suspect that Carroll's principal intention was that of making money; the preface to the second crusades for such things as changes in spelling, more reverence in the minds of church choristers, and public acceptance of the need for the second half of the story. However, the entertaining parts of the story, though they fail to outweigh its faults, make it worth the reading." Carroll claims he constructed the story on a "theory", although the haphazard manner in which the first half grew out of a couple of fragmentary writings makes this improbable. But it is possible to evolve this theory from the story, when one is presented with the finished product. It is, as he puts it, "an attempt to show what might possibly happen, supposing that Fairies really existed; and that they were sometimes able to assume human form: and supposing, also, that human beings might sometimes become conscious of what goes on in the Fairy-world—by actual transference of their immaterial essence, such as we meet with in 'Esoteric Buddhism'." The contacts with the fairy world in this story are of several distinct sorts. At times, the narrator sees what is happening in Fairyland, while dozing, but has no effect on the action there; this dominates the first chapters, but is largely abandoned later. At other times, several of the Fairies become apparent flesh and blood, and visible to all the humans in the story. Still another state is that in which the narrator sees and converses with the Fairies while they are of the miniature proportions generally attributed to the species and invisible to others. "The book has a double plot. It begins with much intrigue, slight satire, and obvious attempts at recapturing the atmosphere of Wonderland, with most of the opening half of the first book occurring in Fairyland. Soon, however, the human plot—an extremely melodramatic romance—comes to the fore and provides the motivation for most of the rest of the first half and the second half. Near the very end, Carroll apparently had an attack of conscience, and picks up the loose ends of the Fairyland episodes to settle matters there." Carroll's main mistake was in making the most important Fairies, Sylvie and Bruno, into "adorable" characters that must have pleased his Victorian readers much more than the extremely capable and individualistic Alice. Bruno's eccentricities of speech and Sylvie's "sweetness" become very exasperating after a time. However, the Mr. O'Malleyish Professor, the mysterious Other Professor, and the Gardener are first-class flights of fancy. The burlesque poems scattered throughout the book are very nearly up to the standard of those in "Alice". The human characters are little better than puppets. Noteworthy, incidentally, are the chapters describing a backward in time episode (probably the first in all literature), the accidental but still interesting discussion on black light, and the cryptic reference to the only Lewis Carroll character that will survive as long as Alice, the Snark that turned out to be a Boojum. "If you're interested in a nice edition of Lewis Carroll, you might as well buy this Modern Library volume."

—Harry Warner, Jr.

On Dit

John Steinbeck: John Whiteside always remembered how his father read to him the three great authors, Herodotus, Thucydides, Xenophon. The meerschaum pipe was reddish brown by now, delicately and evenly colored. "All history is here," Richard said. "Everything mankind is capable of is recorded in these three books. The love and chicanery, the stupid dishonesty, the shortsightedness and bravery, nobility and sadness of the race. You may judge the future by these books, John, for nothing can happen which has not happened and been recorded in these books. Compared to these, the Bible is a very incomplete record of an obscure people."

W. Somerset Maugham: "I've known far too many criminals to think that on the whole they're worse than anybody else. A perfectly decent fellow may be driven by circumstances to commit a crime and if he's found out he's punished; but he may very well remain a perfectly decent fellow. Of course society punishes him if he breaks its laws, and it's quite right, but it's not always his actions that indicate the essential man. If you'd been a policeman as long as I have, you'd know it's not what people do that really matters, it's what they are. Luckily a policeman has nothing to do with their thoughts, only with their deeds; if he had, it would be a very different, a much more difficult matter. ... I'll tell you what, there's one job I shouldn't like. ... God's, at the Judgment Day," said Gaze. "No sir."

Lewis Carroll: "When I use a word," Humpty Dumpty said, in rather a scornful tone, "it means just what I choose it to mean—neither more nor less." "The question is," said Alice, "whether you can make words mean so many different things." "The question is," said Humpty Dumpty, "which is to be master—that's all."

Raymond Washington, Jr.: Yes, scarfs are common here in Florida in what we consider cold weather. I rather like scarfs—I own three of them—because Alpha De Spain, the mad genius of "The Ark of Fire", always wore one to match the green flame that smoldered in his pale eyes.

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Pot Luck

The absence of Guteto from the latest mailing robbed me of the opportunity to refer to "Confidential Agent". This movie was a greater blow to the cause of the Esperantists than discovery of the ruins of the Marie Celeste would be to Forteanists...no, that's not right either, because the MC was found. Anyway, the purposes of the story required an international language and a school in which it was taught. Did the producers use Esperanto? They did not. They used something called Internacia, I believe. I seem dimly to remember that this is the name of the proposed il formed by use of Latin words minus the changes for conjugations and declensions, but it didn't sound like that when spoken in the picture—the net effect was that of Spanish spoken with an Esperanto accent. "Since writing about three-dimensional movies last issue, I've found several mentions of experiments along this line, in the public prints. One motion picture trade magazine, The Exhibitor, reports that Russia is making the first three-dimensional full-length film, "Robinson Crusoe", and suggests that it would be something for which to trade the atomic bomb secrets. "The death of William B. Seabrook went virtually unheralded in the fanzines, despite the popularity of his many books on occult subjects. For a day, it looked as if he might have been "removed", because of mysterious circumstances surrounding his death. The autopsy turned up, not a hex or pins-in-wax-doll, but too many sleeping pills. Seabrook, incidentally, was born in a small Maryland town only a few miles from Hagerstown, the son of a Lutheran minister, and received all his pre-college education in these parts. "Filling an issue of Horizons is very hard work.