

Dup #31

Horizons hereby goes one up on Spaceways by publishing its 31st issue, and concluding its eighth year of publication in the course of which it missed only one issue. That would make this volume 8, number 4, FAPA number 25, whole number 31, and VAPA number 5. Horizons, as might have been expected, is published for the FAPA and VAPA on the Doubledoubletoilandtrouble Mimeograph at 303 Bryan Place, Hagerstown, Maryland, by one who is known to the world at large as Harry Warner, Jr.

### In the Beginning

First of all, I'd like to extend my thanks to everyone who was sympathetic and understanding during the last four months. To those of you who don't correspond with me: soon after the first of the new year, I was smitten with one of those spells which occur in every fan life, during which he feels his interest faltering toward those things he once held sacred—fanzines, prozines, letter-writing, and so on. I knew what it was, because I had had one around the middle part of 1942. The attack five years ago resulted in the end of Spaceways, a halt to my efforts to read all the prozines, and the realization that it really doesn't matter if I don't obtain all the fanzines that are issued. Apparently this latest surge of disinterest will have quite considerable effects on my fanning life, but I don't think it will drive me out of the field altogether. I've cut my letter-writing by one-half or two-thirds, have given up efforts to obtain fantasy matter second-hand, and have decided to confine myself to the reading of the half-dozen best fanzines. However, I'm retaining my favorite correspondents, maintaining my subscription to Astounding (and intend actually to read an issue of it some day!), and hoping to keep going in the FAPA and VAPA. It'll mean my removal to the extreme outer circle of our active fandom; but I think that it's far better than an effort to continue to spend a lot of time on things that don't interest me at all, or disappearance from fandom altogether. The latter would be an awful wrench, and I doubt that I could achieve it if I tried. After almost ten years of fanning, the stuff becomes a part of you. " However, all this leaves me in an awkward position. I promised repeatedly that this summer would mark the beginning of separate publications for FAPA and VAPA. Those promises were made before my partial metamorphosis. Right now I have the sensation and premonition that if anything goes wrong with Horizons—a mimeo breakdown, a careless remark that might cause a lot of turmoil, an edition becoming lost in the mails—I'll drop even my ayjay activities in disgust. Putting out yet another magazine, or two editions of this one, would be just about the same as having something go wrong. I'm backing down from the promise, temporarily at least. Those of you who are members of both organizations will be afflicted with duplicates of Horizons, at least until such time as my slipping interest starts up again the other way, and I don't think that that will be soon. (This might be a good place to mention that this whole problem could be avoided quite simply. Instead of me issuing two editions of Horizons, why not arrange for a merger between FAPA and VAPA? The contents of the two organizations aren't far apart in actuality, no matter how much they may differ in intent. The FAPA has room for the VAPA membership, and the combining would save payment of two sets of dues, two sets of officers, and would provide one mammoth instead of two medium-sized mailings per quarter.) " This is a good place to make one last confession. I may no longer be called the Hermit of Hagerstown. Another fan has turned up here, quite unexpectedly. He is a collector of ten years' standing, and is just becoming enthusiastic over the fan field. The name is William Lynn, Jr., and the address is 329 Linganore Avenue, Hagerstown. He may attend the Pacificon, and if he goes, he'll fly there, to become—I think—the first fan to attend a major gathering by piloting his own plane to the site. It is highly ironical that someone with enough enthusiasm to crank a mimeograph or pound a stapler should appear here in the twilight of my long and almost honorable publishing career. He would have been handy to have around, a few years ago!



### Memories from Manila

There's supposed to be a postmailing on its way here, but I can't wait for that. So: Fantasy Amateur: Rather odd that with all that delay in issuing the mailing, no one thought to insert a note in the FA, asking people who were planning to run for office to hurry up and do so. Especially since two constitutions were stenciled this time. Vote for the right men, gents, if you have any choice in the matter. I can't figure out the activity credits system. Tom Gardner, who has been represented pretty regularly in Horizons and Fan-Tods during the last year, still is supposed to have eight pages to go, and only one mailing to make them up in. And I still think that express mailing is going to cost a lot of money. Snix: The check-listing of the 1946 prozines is apt to come in very handy some day. 'Twould have been nice, if published separate from the rest of the magazine where it could have been filed for reference with Kennedy's annual. I'd like to know some details of the multilith process. What's the cost of the machinery and supplies, in round figures? It's dirtier than mimeoing, according to this issue, but is it easier? Reproduction fully satisfactory in my copy. Tator: I can see no point whatsoever in a new ayjay group for fandom. The objections to separate FAPA and VAPA hold good here, and are even stronger. If some potential SAPS members wouldn't enjoy the non-fantasy content of the FAPA, they could always skip those parts of the mailings, and still get their money's worth. Gloom: E. Douglas Branch is a man after my own heart. Derleth is a very bad anthologist, and an even worse writer, and we shouldn't let his real service as the organizer and brains behind Arkham House blind us to that fact. I've run across only one worse collection of weird fiction than "Who Knocks?"; that was the group of short stories published by Avon in the same 25c edition with Collins' "Haunted Hotel" a few years back. ' ' Is that the way you always pick markets for manuscripts, Forrie? It doesn't sound like a very professional way of agenting. Willie Acquires... This shouldn't have been mailed, since its writer and publisher is not an FAPA member. The comments are so old that it's hard to recall what they're all about. The letter is vaguely amusing, but it's easy to find cases where nature improves on art, in almost any fanzine letter column. Harold W. Cheney, Jr.: I still think there must be a lot of medium-large towns where the second-hand stores haven't been stripped of their fantasy. You could probably make trips to those within easy traveling distance, and recoup the transportation expenses by selling the duplicates you acquired. Burblings: "Al Ashley and the Next 100 Years" ought to go into every anthology of fan writing. Stuff like that makes me wonder why Burb asks others for manuscripts for Shangri-L'Affaires. Sustaining Program: I'm pretty sure that I've seen the Emberejected letter in print somewhere. Green ink is pretty hard to read, for those of us who aren't color-blind. (Sudden thought: is there any way in which a person could be caused to grow color-blind?) Spengler sounds poetic, but I still don't think that a gnat has much free will. I really must catch up with Campbell too, one of these fine days. I'll bet that I have a dozen and a half issues of the last two years, still untouched. FAPArition: When was there a mailing in which it was ever experienced before this one, that three new members issued good first issues of FAPA publications? Jewett, Cheney, and Coslet; regular appearances by all three would help the organization tremendously. How can sound go at supersonic speed, though? Funny thing, everyone saw the Heinlein stories in the Post, but no one mentioned the ghost story that got a big play there a few months ago, all about a performance of "Hamlet" in which a dead actor played the part of the ghost. Avon Fantasy Reader puzzles me no end. The first issue was so predominantly weird and pure fantasy; the second one sticks pretty closely to science-fiction, and has three stories on virtually the same theme, the horrors of super-mechanization. It might be policy, but at a guess, I'd say that the issues were probably thrown together hastily and carelessly. There are other signs of it—misspellings of authors' names, a reference in the first issue to a Howard story that isn't included, and the uncertainty over fre-



quency of publication. These offsize Avon publications get very poor display in local newsstands, incidentally. They're too large to fit the 25c book racks, but dealers seem reluctant to put them with pulp magazines, and usually hide them in some unlikely corner. Evenso, Avon must be cashing in on this proposition, what with the high price, small number of pages, and no big-name authors who require high payments for reprint rights. The journey into the fantastic sort of wandered away from the original idea, somewhere in the middle of Amazing Stories. Sticking to one scheme or the other would have been more consistent and more enjoyable. Horizons: I note with horror that the copy in my mailing is stapled on the wrong side. If I did the same dirty trick to the copies that any of the rest of you received, I'm very sorry. It wasn't an effort to be a little different, or some subtle and significant gesture, believe me. Add to the list of typps at the worst possible places my writing "prose" for "poetry" at the very end of the article on "Faust". Moonshine: I'd have never held such a sentiment a year ago, but now I believe that the only way something like Kennedy's Fantasy Review can be managed in fandom is for it to be a one-man proposition. A little assistance with the crank turning or contributed sections on this or that phase of the fantasy field don't go amiss; but to try to split it up into a big cooperative project would meet the fate of most of the NFFF efforts. Plenum: Well, this is one time I don't have to sit and wonder for three or six months what the cover is all about. The main article in this issue made sense as far as it skirted the field covered by the Penguin or Pelican volume, "Mathematician's Delight", the only book on higher mathematics that has ever made sense to me. I'm too hopeless when it comes to calculating to be a good test of whether Milty has learned how to expound his subject; at a guess, I'd say that he tried to cover too much ground in two few pages this time. But it's highly amusin' for the pictures, not too confusin' for the text, and makes me think that MAR could write a good full-length book on math. Halfway down page 14 we see "with blood sweat and tears". Does anyone know why the "toil" is almost invariably left out of that quotation? Blitherings: Already attended to, in a preceding issue of Horizons. Giving ~~Gus~~ Gus activity credit for turning the crank on a reprint publication seems like stretching things pretty far to me. Fan-Tods: I wonder, did any fan readers of Korzybski besides Rothman manufacture or buy one of the little gadgets that serves as the basis for Norm's cover? It seems to occupy the same place in general semantics as the crucifix in the Holy Roman Catholic Church. Bob Tucker sounds something like Charles Pry in his reactions to the critics' comments on the first novel. Me, I seldom read the book reviews; I find that the publishers' advertisements and the jacket of the book usually give a pretty fair idea of its content, and I prefer to judge for myself the quality. As long as there are people who like to have their judgments made for them, we'll have the book reviewers and book clubs and best sellers. Wonder why the writer for the Columbus Dispatch includes amateur journalists in the list that proves there's "Not a thing new in the lot"? I hope to see Norm go in for more frequent By-Ways, I dutifully read every line of the pages devoted to math without understanding anything at all, and I wonder just what NFS's idea of the proper sort of ayjay activity is, since he's always so apologetic for the things he does produce on account of they're a bit late. Agreed, that this fantasy book market isn't going to last indefinitely. Even if the customers are still available, pretty soon there's going to be a dearth of stuff to reprint. The prozines' best stories have been pretty well picked over already, and reprinting of novels that first appeared in book form would involve complications in a lot of cases. These "semi-pro" outfits wouldn't find the going so easy, if they reached the point where they had to pay the standard amounts to the authors or the holders of the original rights. It would require selling a lot more copies of each book, and that in turn would mean the need of expanding out of the present set-up, which is mostly mail order, into the regular channels where you have to reckon with the retail bookseller's profit.



FULL CIRCLE

A Bookette Reviewette, with inextricably interwoven Allied Observations  
by  
Forrest J Ackerman

Algernon Blackwood's Woburn Book (London/1929) is a 23 page allegorical fantasy. It is the simple tale of John Jorden, whose thots, with increasing age, return more frequently to his youth, until at last he enters his second childhood.

It is at 36 that he first realizes he is growing old. (Shortage of breath is the symptom.) For the firsttime he glimpses a boy who fills him with a strange melancholy for younger days, younger delights. The reader guesses what the man does not know: That the boy is himself.

I have realized 5 years earlier than John Jorden that I am growing old. Not really old, of course; when Al Jolson can set the world on fire at 60, it would be hypochondriacal to imagine I am falling apart. But--I know I am not 22 any more. I can tell it by thinking back to how when I set out for New York in '39 and the First World Convention, I blithely brot enuf baggage with me to make up a full army pack--plus my typewriter! Now, contemplating the trip to Philadelphia, I find I'm not interested in lugging the least bit more luggage than I have to--and my portable doesn't seem as portable as it used to.

At 40 John Jorden has his second fleeting glimpse of his youthful self. I expect to have contributed my molecules to the L.A. atomiccloud by the time I'm middle-aged, otherwise I don't know how slowed down I'd be by then; but comparing the benzedrined merryground I rode at the Nycon eight years ago with the ovaltine routine I anticipate at the Philcon, I see I'm giving myself the brakes. I realized that when I went to reserve my hotel room. I discovered I was less interested in saving dough and doubling up with some fan than having a niche of my own to hole up in when the whole thing overwhelms. Just call me "Calm" Kin-nison, the Gray(beard) Lensman!

As John Jorden dies, "Time behind him had telescoped, dwindled, vanished. Life had performed full circle here. Entering it at a point, from invisibility, he had now reached that point again--back into invisibility."

Then there is this lovely poetic line as Jorden's soul, freed of its senile body, leaps back to its elasticity, and "Old age and recovered youth went off dancing to the stars."

!.....!

To Speak of Many Things

The above gives the lie to a statement elsewhere in this issue that claims that I had no contributions on hand from other people's. Acky's bit arrived just in time to fill the need. 'I've been giving the NFFF a pretty rough going-over in recent months, and still don't think it has any future as an organization. But it is doing something that is interesting; to anyone who has ever read and liked fantasy fiction; that applies to virtually everyone in the present company, I think. It is the sponsorship of publication, in book form, of Dr. David Keller's novel, "The Sign of the Burning Hart". This is something different from the countless other fantasy book projects of recent date. It is being done with no effort at profit, and is a "reprint" in only the strictest sense of the word. The novel has previously appeared only in an edition of a hundred copies or so, published in France, and for years unobtainable except at impossible prices. As for the literary quality of the volume, I am not going to outrage the present company by trying to argue Keller in to a place among the great writers of the world. His characters never act quite normally; his philosophy is usually sophomoric; his writing style is hardly a model of purity. But queerly enough, his science fiction stories are good. The flaws are obvious, but after 15 years of reading stf., I still amunable to argue away the magic of the pleasure that one



more perusal of almost any of those multitudinous short stories and novels that appeared so frequently in Amazing and Wonder from 1926 through 1936 gives. Enough correspondents have remarked on the same thing to assure me that I'm not the only one who feels that way. So, here is the opportunity to purchase a Keller novel that is, to all intent and purposes, new. It is not science-fiction, and it is not fantasy in the strict sense of the word. But a lot of people who have read it are remarkably loud in their praises of it. You can order a copy before publication at \$1.50, if you're an NFFF member, or \$2.00 if you are not a member --and I don't recommend joining the organization to save the four bits! You aren't likely to think it's wasted money. The check or money order should be sent to K. Martin Carlson, 1028 Third Avenue South, Moorhead, Minnesota.

### Through VAPA with Gun and Camera

Vanguard Amateur: It looks like "Mailing No. 77" on my copy. If that is so, I think that I've missed several in recent months. An Explication of Finnegans Wake: I'll say this much for you, Jim: you've gotten me more interested than all the other reams of praise, criticism, and reviews of Joyce that I've read and heard elsewhere. But I still wouldn't want to guarantee that I'll get around to reading either "Ulysses" or this book for a while yet. Incidentally, if "no one person could have all the special knowledges necessary to do a complete job" of explicating Finnegans Wake, how did Joyce manage to write it all by himself? I don't dare make specific criticisms of your notes, without having access to the text itself. I can think of lots of other meanings, but they might make no sense in the context; for instance, "retaled" in 3-17 sounds to me as if it might also have something to do with retailed, coming immediately after a word that refers to business; and in 5-8 "scutschum" would seem to be a corruption or pun or something on "escutcheon". Occasionally you seem a bit too thorough: that "from swerve...to...bay" ought to describe pretty well any shoreline anywhere, not just the one around Dublin. I hope you keep this thing going, in any event; it's fun to read it. Stefan-Toddy: The very best of all the very fine issues that Danner has emitted for the VAPA. I laughed myself sick over practically everything. There seems to be something subtly distorted in "Today's 10,000 Tears", but I can't figure out what it may be, unless the names of the authors of the quotations have been switched around. Comment on Vortex isn't completely justified, because it turns out that that publication was set by a linotyper in Germany who didn't know a word of English. Horizons: Burbee seems to think that my habit of growing tired of music after a half-hour of uninterrupted strains could be rectified if I had high fidelity equipment for record playing. Not so; I forget to mention in this article that that's the way I get even when attending a symphony concert or a recital by a soloist in person, where all the overtones that my ear is capable of receiving are present. Discrete: And I hope you'll both be very happy. I can think of at least three reasons why the cats should have been chosen for the symbols on the cover, and wonder whether one of them is correct. I'll bet that Drene Shampoo would pay you lots of money for the gun jingle that begins this issue. Apparently my remark re Kennedy was misinterpreted; I didn't intend to imply that the VAPA is too highbrow for him--the whole idea was that his publication was pretty exclusively fantasy, and as such would find more of a welcome among the more fannish population of the VAPA. I still think the Emden style is the most entertaining of any of the VAPA members. Agente of Inwit: I've often wondered what critics mean when they refer to a composer's "thinking". It's apparently supposed to be a very good quality, but I gather that it's an m.o. term of all-out proportions, such as would give even Korzybski the jumping heebies. Sometimes it seems to be equivalent to simply technical skill in putting together counterpoint, but that would presumably make the early British composer, Thomas Tallis, one of the top composers for the forty-part counterpoint that he contrived. Brahms is supposed



to "keep up a terrible thinking" in a lot of his compositions, but that seems very often to be an alibi for places where he isn't lyric or dramatic, simply crabbed and forbidding-sounding. Again, "thinking" might be equivalent to new ideas in the sense of advanced experimentation with harmony or rhythm or form. But entirely too often, I think that "thinking" is applied to music exactly as "sympathetic painting" or "musical poetry" are used: as terms which sound like something, and come in handy when the critic can't think of any specific remark on the subject. Snark: I would like to ask the San Francisco Chronicle to find any 50-word statement about foreign policy, or any 50-word abstract of a speech about foreign policy, that wouldn't suffer this same fate when this sort of trick "semantic analysis" is applied. The editorial is valid only if explanation of what Wallace means can be found nowhere in his other speeches, writings, and press conference statements. As for poll divisions, why not keep it nice and simple? Divide things into best publication, best non-fiction prose, best fiction, and ~~now~~ best poetry. (Include art if the VAPA suddenly starts to turn out pretty pictures, of course.) Allow five votes in each classification, permitting votes to be cast for either individual items or for their creators.

Tan-Teds: Still think I was overly pessimistic about the NTFE, Al? "Now that wire recording is becoming usable, I don't see why "electric organs" can't be rigged up in such manner that the sound produced is simply a recording of a full pipe organ. Each pressure of a key would activate the record of the particular tone, as long as the key was down. That would eliminate the present efforts at "electronic" means, which sound like a cross between a pipe organ and a mouth organ. I'm inclined to think we'd have come pretty close to losing this war, if there'd been conscription between 1918 and 1941 in this country. Look at what happened to France and look at what almost happened to England, with their armies so thoroughly trained by the conservative military men of the old school who naturally get into the driver's seat during times of peace. Hitler and the United States were able to start almost from scratch. Even now a lot of this nation's preparations for World War Three seem to be along World War Two lines; they're still talking about the value of island bases, and "wrapping up" airplanes in a protective covering. Discrete...I mean Distemper, sorry, Judy: I sort of like the poem on the cover, better than anything inside. The analysis of this fellow Strugeon is highly interesting, although I think the first version of the poem is the best. If only you hadn't uttered that fatal word, "sonnet", Judy! Agonbite of Inwit: Doc's stupendous knowledge of recorded music never ceases to amaze me. It's easy enough to listen to a lot of records, if you live in New York, and it's also easy to obtain the catalogs of the large recording companies and thus be able to list what has been done for any particular company. But to be able to remember each individual waxing, and compare one with another in honest fashion as Doc does, is no small feat. Only two objections to this record section: I can't find anywhere the name of the soloist in the much-discussed Prokofieff concerto, and I object to applying the word "fury" to the Jupiter. Another loud huzzah should go up for the reprint of the Hayakawa article. Chisholm sounds like an extraordinarily sensible person.

WQXR is getting the publicity for pioneering in good music over the air, but any day now the magazines will discover WQQW, which is doing almost as well in Washington. It has come in very handy to me, since WQXR is audible here only in the evenings and that's when I work. WQQW doesn't devote quite so large a percentage of its on-the-air time to good music, but it does go farther in other directions--commercial policy, particularly. Singing commercials and all types of exaggerated advertising is prohibited; moreover, there's never more than one commercial announcement each 15 minutes. WQQW is also experimenting in an almost untouched field--that of rebroadcasts of programs from other countries. They picked up an act of the premiere of Benjamin Britten's new opera through the help of the BBC the other day, and regularly present a recorded version of the best in French broadcasting, direct from Paris.



LARGE, E. C.

Asleep in the Afternoon

Henry Holt and Company, New York. Copyright, 1939.

The story within a story device has been worked to death in novels and plays, but this book gives it a new twist. "Asleep in the Afternoon" is the first time to my knowledge that the story itself in a novel is mundane while the story within the story is a fantasy. ' ' This book continues the adventures of Charles Pry, the hero of "Sugar in the Air", Large's first fantasy novel. Pry himself, however, does not share in fantastic adventures this time. Instead, he does something quite unexpected and astonishing, but mundane--he writes a novel. This novel has a science-fiction plot, and Large uses a generous portion of "Asleep in the Afternoon" to quote excerpts and resumes from the pages of Pry's novel. ' ' The whole thing begins when Pry is out of work. He determines to idle for a while. His wife is pregnant, the family isn't rich, but she has no real objection to his desire to take things easy until their small savings reach the exhaustion point. Pry falls into the habit of napping on the floor during the long, slow afternoons, and one day begins to toy with the idea of writing. He starts out by writing the blurb for the dust jacket of a novel, and is so pleased and interested by this blurb that he decides to write a book to go with it. ' ' The afternoon naps form the inspiration for Pry's subject-matter, and from here on Large's book is partly a digest of Pry's novel, partly a description of the things that happen to Pry. It sounds quite confusing in the describing, but it isn't muddled in the reading. Pry writes a novel about a mathematician who stumbles onto a method of inducing sleep instantaneously, harmlessly, and conveniently through a small electrical device. The mathematician's over-energetic wife immediately takes charge of the invention. She enlists the resources of one of Britain's capitalists, and promotes the discovery under the intriguing name of "Boom Sleep". The idea takes hold very rapidly, and soon all England enjoys the apparent luxury of this sleep. (The artificial naps can be spiced up with highly colored dreams, through a slight alteration to the gadget.) The nation falls into an apathy whose synthetic slumber symbolizes the generally declining vigor of England. ' ' That's about all there is to the fantasy story within the story. Large, meanwhile, is tracing Pry's quiet discovery of the world of publishers and critics. Pry grows more and more determined to publish his novel. He almost decides to have an affair with an old girl friend, squabbles a little with his wife, spends some time at a tragicomic "advanced living" colony, and despite himself gets interested in some backyard scientific experiments. Just when the analogy with Voltaire's advice to cultivate your garden becomes a little obvious, Pry actually sells his book. It is a minor sensation for a while. But Pry decides to go back to his work, instead of pursuing the author's career. "He knew that he would not continue to study parasitic fungi for their own pretty sake, and that he would find no lasting contentment in being a spectator, either of his own phantoms or of others' work in the fields." ' ' Large tells his story amusingly, and wields the satirist's flail more gently than in "Sugar in the Air". The mild tone of allegory that pervades both novel and internal novel is pleasant, and the reader gets the impression that there may be something of autobiography in the story of Pry's writing adventure. Since anything and everything in the book happens in England, American readers probably lose the full value of some of the obscurer points--but it's still a highly entertaining semi-sequel to the more widely read "Sugar in the Air". ' ' This should be as good a place as any to chronicle the fact that I own a spare copy of "Asleep in the Afternoon." I'd like to trade it away for almost any fantasy book that isn't already in my collection, rather than sell it, and would be highly pleased to hear from anyone who has something to offer in exchange for it.



### When We Were Very Young

The issue of The Fantasy Amateur that appeared in the mailing just five years ago proclaimed triumphantly "Fifth Anniversary Issue", and contained a two-page history of the organization by Donald A. Wollheim, one of the mid-wives. The mailings in that first wartime summer of 1942 had a very familiar look--a little more familiar than those of 1947 to date, in fact, with Ashley, Koenig, Chauvenet, and so many others of the old guard represented. Louis Russell had emitted a superb issue of Sardonyx, writing in longhand a few of the pages: "There will be those who know me best to say..." that I am one whose creed of life is decidedly materialistic, and surely they will be right. It is not that I might not prefer a world of dreams and illusions, but rather that I can turn nowhere without realising afresh my helpless dependence upon material objects and things. For instance, call to mind, tho it be painful, the appearance of the last Amateur; just because the stencils I cut, done in haste, were not cut cleanly, and those Harry (W) used were aged and decrepit to begin with. And well I know that I could sit at my desk for all eternity, thinking such thoughts as are possible for me, without influencing another human being in only the slightest way. Yet give me paper, typewriter, pen, ink, stencils, stamps, erasers, correction fluid, and other material items, accompany them with the will to bestir myself, and lo! a very miracle--one who is successful in influencing his environment!" "It makes the medieval days of fandom seem very close, to realize that it was after all only five years ago that Julie Unger finally got around to issuing for the EKPA his pictureless Illustrated Nycom Review. "The exclusion act was a stink," someone wrote in that issue. Julie was selling at the time all Amazings from September, 1926, through December, 1928, except those containing EBSmith stories, at 75 cents per. Idle thought: wonder who got the auctioned manuscript for "Cosmos"; where is it now? "Larry Marsaci was on hand again, this time with "The Rochester-American Patriot", one of the less satisfactory results of Pearl Harbor. It featured a "stirring war poem, which won recognition twice in the Rochester Times-Union" that was "the result of five minutes' poetic inspiration four weeks ago". The author, Florence Adelaide Reed, is identified to posterity only as "a defense worker who wrote such lines as "America shall never fall, Will never lose the strife". Larry didn't do the reputation of HPL any good by unearthing one of his World War One jingoistic ditties. "Jack Speer was still playing around the edge of Libol in Sustaining Program, with such Call It What You Wish items as "Robert W Lowndes has crashed the slicks at last, with a poem entitled 'Contentment' in the Ladies' Home Journal." Juffus also turned out to be a pretty good prophet, elsewhere in the same issue: "I suspect that the fonograf recordings have about reached their peak (reference to now-forgotten home recording efforts by fans), and until all fans become plutocrats this custom of long-distance fone calls will not reach great proportions. I doubt that the tempo of exchanges of visits between fans will exceed last year's for some time now. And the signs of cracking in the pro magamarket gives extra reason to look for fewer first sales to the pros by fans." "The Scientifan contained quite a few noble pronouncements by Fortier, but one item of some real value: a listing of fantasy material from The Atlantic Monthly, Harpers Magazine, and Century Magazine. It was compiled by the late Walter Sullivan, and a good start in the right direction, even if my suspicions about its incompleteness are justified. "Wollheim was on hand again in Jinx, warning that mention of the NAPA in NAPA publications might be a dangerous precedent, or something of the sort. "Unless Groveman renounces the APC for these tactics, he does remain a potential menace to fan publishing. He has allowed himself to acquiesce in the vile acts of 'Trainer and (-Burton-) Crane. Unless he clears himself, he must be a source of suspicion. To introduce robbery of titles in fandom would rapidly develop into complete disorganization. Every fan publisher must be aware of this. Every fan publisher has a duty to be on guard against this!"



### This Has Nothing To Do With Fantasy

Sometimes people ask me why I don't move to a big city, where I could meet interesting people.

Well, there was the girl who worked at the newspaper office for about a year after she graduated from high school. She aged about ten years in the 12 months that followed. For one thing, she developed ideas, a lot of them. She was reasonably attractive, but refused to help herself out with makeup, and I don't think she dated a boy after graduation. Her interests were few but powerfully strong--mostly literature and hiking. There was the time she had a violent attack of Dostoevsky, and spent all her waking hours dragging the thick Modern Library editions of his novels between her home, the office, and the library. But the hiking was even more of a passion. Armed only with a guide to the Appalachian Trail and a straight razor (which she never needed, as it turned out), she spent all her weekends tramping along the less-frequented roads and dirt paths of the mountains that form a box around Hagerstown. Sometimes she took a camera along, but never a human person. But she wasn't satisfied yet. One day she developed the idea that she wanted to spend the next summer alone in one of the forest fire watchers' towers that are located in various parts of the wooded hills hereabouts. Her family thought that was going a little too far, especially since it would mean that she wouldn't be bringing home her wages for three full months, and I don't think she was ever quite the same after that. During an idle moment at the office, she started to chat with one of the linotype men about religion, a subject which had never been of the least interest to her. Two weeks later she was attending the Baptist church regularly, two months later she was its most zealous youth worker, was wearing lipstick, and hadn't touched the razor, camera, or "Brothers Karamazoff" again. Before the end of the year, she was enrolled in a church-run college, training to become a missionary (a slight setback occurred when she broke a leg playing basketball the first day at school), and this summer word reached Hagerstown that she had married the son of a preacher who is also training for mission work in the Far East.

Or you could consider the case of the little old man who used to make engravings for us. He worked and lived in an incredible big room above a shoe shop. Although he was the only person doing photoengraving within 25 miles of Hagerstown, he was the most ardent union man I have ever encountered; his principal hobbies were figuring out new regulations to observe in carrying out his trade (such as demanding a photograph on Wednesday if he was expected to turn out the cut for Saturday's paper), and examining every piece of printed matter in sight, to see whether it had adopted the policy of re-setting all the type that is often matted along with cuts, a rule that unions require in some cities. At that time, the local papers ran only three or four cuts weekly, of local origin, because of the perils involved in getting an engraving made. It is not easy to believe the things that could happen to this little man, to prevent his getting the engraving to our office in time. We might leave a photograph in his mailbox, and never get a cut because he had looked in the wrong box. If the picture contained any lettering, he was almost sure to eliminate one of the stops in the cut-making process, as a time saver, and bring down a cut which contained a reversed picture and lettering that looked as if it had been held up to a mirror. He also had a habit of dropping engravings to the sidewalk on rainy nights, then stepping on them as he tried to pick them up. Once, from somewhere he procured two small wild foxes. He kept the animals penned in a tiny box at a lightless and airless spot behind the building until they died. One Sunday afternoon he was returning home from the postoffice and stopped to watch firemen fighting a downtown blaze. The local legend insists that the fire was almost out when he suddenly realized that it had been burning in his factory-home. Everything was ruined so completely that he cleaned up with the insurance people, taught someone else in Hagerstown the engraving business, then decided to enjoy life ~~him~~ with the insurance money. First of all



he went to Florida, where it turned out that this man, who seemed incredibly old to us, had a daughter just entering her teens. He bought her a bicycle, but came back bitter. "She ignored me, denied me, rejected me," he said. "It was like Christ and Judas." He then went to New York, where the first hotel in which he stopped burned down. The last word from him arrived from the mid-west, where this fumbling ancient somehow was managing to earn a living as a busboy in an eating place.

The stories in *Astounding* that refer to bacteria with extremely specialized function or unlikely favorite living quarters have always appealed to me. But no bacteria has a job as queer as that of another old man I knew for a week. He makes his living by doing nothing but dismantling printing shops which have been sold or have gone out of business. When the local papers decided to get rid of their job printing department, he was called to the scene. During the week he was here, preparing the stuff for shipment to South America where he had sold it, we learned quite a bit about him. He thought only three really great men had ever lived: Jesus Christ, William H. Prescott, and John D. Rockefeller. Although not a highly educated man, he read books of history as other men read detective stories or as fans read science-fiction, and seemed highly disgusted with me when I was unable to indulge in an intelligent discussion of certain obscure points in "The Conquest of Peru". One other habit made him distinctive: the most incredible thirst I have ever witnessed. He drank whisky, of course--there never lived a printer who didn't--but not more than a pint or two a day. To supplement this, while at work he kept himself surrounded with piles of bottles of soft drinks. Instead of returning the bottles, he kept them there and refilled them with water time after time. The man's specific gravity must have been within 99% of that of H<sub>2</sub>O.

Last summer, the morning paper was running short on society reporters, and a letter from a girl who worked on *Newsweek* and wanted to learn what things were like on a small town daily came just at the right moment. Sure, come down and work for us, we told her. She came, and seemed sincerely glad to get away from the big city. She turned out to be the daughter of a Philadelphia banker and a cousin of Marshall Field, a summa cum laude graduate from Smith College, and the typical example of the young intellectual girl. Her favorite authors were Proust and Joyce, although she had never got beyond the second novel in "Remembrance of Things Past" and hadn't gotten around to reading "Ulysses" or "Finnegans Wake". She had opinions on all the latest books, plays, and movies, including those she had not seen or read, and those opinions were identical with those of *Life* and the *New York Times'* Sunday book review section. The only trouble was, she could not write in newspaper style. And something else was lacking. You noticed it when two telephones rang at the same time, or when someone wandered into the news room and said that he couldn't find anyone in the advertising department. She couldn't coordinate and meet with the simplest and least insignificant of unforeseen circumstances. Instead of doing things the easy way, she would get herself and those concerned in the matter horribly involved and mixed up in some complicated arrangement. "I just don't coordinate too well," she admitted, but she was a good golf player and could handle herself beautifully at social functions and teas. She went to a football game in which the local high school team participated, fell in love with the star halfback, and a month later announced her engagement to him. He was one of ten children whose father hadn't worked since the WPA went out of existence; he'd run away at the age of 16 to join the marines, then returned to finish high school. The *New York* and *Philadelphia* papers all carried good-sized accounts of the engagement. A month ago they were married, over the objections of all parents concerned, and the metropolitan papers refused to publish the news of the wedding. Last week they purchased a trailer and an automobile to pull it; they're going to live in the trailer just off the campus of a nearby college where he has been granted a football scholarship. She has decided that she has learned all she wants to know about newspaper work in a small town.



### On Dit

Since there isn't much time in which to produce this issue of Horizons, and no ms. contributions are on hand at the moment, I'm going to have to fill up a pair of pages with reprints and excerpts. So, from the June 22 issue of The Washington Post, I enjoyed this editorial: "Within the last ten years or so, while our attention has been pretty well distracted by other matters, such as wars, revolutions, famines, fashions in women's hats, baseball championships, atomic fission, bobby soxers, Communist infiltrations, existentialism, peace conferences, Shakespearean revivals, frequency modulation, ball point pens, and Mrs. Henry A. Wallace, an important new science has sprung into existence. It is called General Semantics, and in an editorial on this page in July, 1943, we naively confused it with an older and even more popular science called simply Semantics, for which we were properly rebuked by the more advanced and learned of our readers. " Since then, we regret to say, we have not found time to learn much more about General Semantics, except that it is based on what is called the non-Aristotelian universe. Now the old-fashioned Aristotelian universe is one in which you must follow all the conventional rules of reasoning set forth in the Organon. These rules are based on the notion of mutually exclusive categories, as for example that a given proposition cannot be at the same time both true and untrue. General Semantics, as we understand, rejects this notion, holding that what is more or less true in one way may be more or less cockeyed in another. Thus to the famous interrogation, "Have you stopped beating your wife? Answer yes or no," the appropriate non-Aristotelian response doubtless would be 'I have and I haven't,' or 'It all depends.' " We are happy to observe that this refreshing new non-Aristotelian universe has been officially adopted by the United Nations Commission on Conventional Armaments, now meeting at Lake Success. The members of the commission are not required, as is the stuffy old practice in our Congress here in Washington, to vote either 'Aye' or 'No' to a given question. The member, if he wishes, may, when his name is called, simply raise his hand and say nothing. This is called abstaining; and under this wise provision the member gets credit, without committing himself one way or the other, for having been present at the session in both body and spirit. " But again the delegate, when his name is called, need not raise either his hand or his voice. In this case he is marked down, not as having abstained from voting, but as having 'refused to vote,' in which case he is considered to have been 'spiritually absent,' although, indeed, corporeally present throughout the proceedings. Of course, to minds still hag-ridden by the Aristotelian categories, the idea of spiritual absence may suggest either a kind of pleasant daydreaming or some form of mystical flight after the manner of Plotinus. " Anyway, it is a very interesting procedural innovation which no doubt will be generally adopted. To be sure, until we get accustomed to living in the non-Aristotelian universe, it may make for certain confusions and complications, as for example when the foreman reports that the jurors have unanimously agreed to absent themselves spiritually from the case of Whoozis versus McJigger, or when the umpire, after a count of three and two, decides to be spiritually absent for the next pitch. And we suspect that it's going to make a good deal of trouble for these fellows who go around taking the Gallup Polls."

The other half of that awful team, Groveman and Crane, wrote recently in this manner: "I wrote to the Penguin people, as I believe I mentioned to you, suggesting a few titles for their lists. They said that paper was their main trouble in the reply, they want to keep up a high quality in their titles but at 25c they find it difficult to put out anything today with more than 200 pages, and of course that only allows them to hit a small percentage of the really good material they could get out. I had suggested Goethe's 'Truth and Poetry'. I also asked if they would bring out a re-issue of the British Penguin edition of



