

Walt is surpassed only by Michael Rosenblum, in ability to arouse interest in a book through a half-dozen lines of comment. But look, Rooster: "its" is a possessive personal pronoun, and "it's" is a contraction of the two words, "it is". How about saving me the trouble of underlining them every time I run across them used in correctly? All you have to do, if you don't want to worry with figuring out the forms of speech, is to try to change its-it's to "it is". If it can be done, put in the ', if it can't, leave it out! ' ' Yhos: In case no one else happens to tell you, "ktp" is Esperanto for etc., though I can't remember offhand what Esperanto words it abbreviates. Swisher's precision--to write "hos" to a person who signs himself "yhos"--is truly astounding. By all means, let us see a secret to Alicia. I still can't stomach the idea of Slan Island. If one is made necessary by unbearable world conditions, those world conditions will be such that no nation will take a chance on letting us develop unhindered. Even if they would, how could we get along? We'd need supplies, couldn't save up enough money to pay for them over a course of decades, and what could we do on that island as money-making means, without wrecking the purposes for which we went there? Write science-fiction stories? I still like the idea of a Slan Center, however, and think it would work if some system were set up whereby only fans apt to prove congenial, without non-fan members of the same household, and proved to be capable of holding a job and paying their share, were admitted. Alas, those very qualifications let me out. Sardonyx: Tapafile is the most downright entertaining thing to come out of the EAPA in a long while. Parsaci is faring very well in the army, Russell, and showing unsuspected wolfish tendencies. What's all this about "on no known railroad in the United States"? And as a dozen others will probably say in this same mailing, Russell has confused EAPA member Langley Searles with P. J. Searles, the retired naval officer who reviews books on sea warfare for the New York Herald-Tribune and used to help Olon Wiggins with Science Fiction Fan. Tapa Fan: I wonder did I miss anything in the last few lines which wobbled out? Statement from the Futurian Society of New York: Surprised to learn that the Futurians are a closed group. Outside of the criticism of Julius Unger, this seems like a decent interpretation of Dogler and his relations with Palmer. Phantographs: Like many another, DAW is taking HCK's hisskrieg far more seriously than it is meant; even so, usage of a term over the course of centuries doesn't necessarily make it correct. Xenon is a most promising start. The field of general ayjay might well prove a fertile recruiting ground for fans, and I'm wondering just how much effect we EAPA members could have therein, if a dozen or so of us joined the NAPA or AAPA and distributed our publications through them. The amended Fan-Map duly noted and appreciated, though geography doesn't help me to remember fans. ' ' I'm forgetting to use the ' ' symbol between publications. Fran tells me that he put out this issue of Fan-Dango while in a terrible mood, so his questionable remarks therein will go unchided. Except that the fact that LA is a poor town for labor seems to be a very telling argument against located Slan Center there, unless Fran is referring to "labor" as a synonym for "unions". Sappho is positive, wonderful, and I insist on an issue per mailing. I enjoyed the poetry more than that in the subscription issues, too, probably indicating that it is of poorer quality. I have no illusions on my ability to judge the worth of poetry, but do think that "Solar Perplexity" and "Fantastic" are darned good stuff. Light is considerably more entertaining than its first EAPA issue, marred by the inclusion of dirt for dirt's sake. Nevertheless, Crutch's remarks on the Fanfare ad caused me to wonder whether he's really as lecherous as the harsh world claims. ' ' Beyond is swell; what Rosco can do, others in the service should be able to do, provided they can find an amanuensis like Stanley. "A Tale of Edon" strikes me as best. The dreams that have such an influence on Rosco, and the similar effect nocturnal adventures had on Lovecraft, the efforts of the Ashleys in that direction, and similar fans' interest in them, would seem to indicate that here is one of those actual differences in fans from ordinary people which Spear, Stanley, Widner, and others have been seeking. ' ' I don't get the cover of Sustaining Program, unless it's meant to be a typex working without an operat-

or, which is not very impressive to anyone who has had occasion to marvel at tele-
 etypes. I'm glad to see Speer using my own " " marks, which I first introduced in
 Spaceways in 1939, and no one ever took up until now. It was Paul Spencer, not
 I, who reviewed "Die Frau Ohne Schatten", and it isn't "Schatter", either. The
 pages on libel and obscenity are very valuable; naturally I'm particularly inter-
 ested since I was the one to suggest such an article. Let us be warned, gentle-
 men, and give the FAPA official editor to reject or censor by clipping anything
 that might get us into trouble; and let us make it unlawful for an individual to
 mail out his publication himself and labelling it FAPA, without first passing the
 censor. Suddsy misses the point: the cosmic rays actually were responsible for
 the creation of Amazing Stories, and the decline in science-fiction which old
 timers tell us began with the second issue of that magazine and has continued
 ever since won't end until the crs resume their intensity. The pictures duly
 appreciated, and SP the best thing in the issue. " The S-F Democrat: I lose
 more darned magazines when they're this small--though this one was conveniently
 fileable by sticking it between two of the photos in SP. " Matters of Opin-
ion: The diagrams clear up for me the dimensional time points excellently; I
 still think, however, that a decimal system strictly adhering to this basis is
 not the most satisfactory thing that might be worked out. Speer's remarks on
 the difficulties attending larger membership are well taken--don't forget the
 OE's increased burden. Then there's the matter of sheer bulk: if activity could
 be maintained with an organization double the size of what we have now, who
 would find time to read everything in a mailing? Yet knowing everything that
 goes on in the FAPA is half the fun, and we certainly don't want to exclude so
 many fans that they set up a rival group. Six months' truce from tampering
 with membership limits and requirements would be the safest thing at this stage,
 I'd say. Fantastic conglomeration: Now, why can't we do this every time? Put-
 ting a few more clothes on the females, that is, and omitting the cartoons that
 are merely stale stuff transferred to another planet. Fleeting Moments: Behold,
 it was just one year ago that Chauvenet gave us his collected verse. Who will
 take the step for the March, 1945, mailing? Larry's idea of poetry just doesn't
 click with mine; that's shown by what I think of most of the material he used in
 Stars, and naturally I can't find myself in sympathy with this; most of these
 works seem like very excellent imitations of very bad poetry. "Castle O'hillon",
 the only item that deviates from the "beautiful" ideal, seems most effective.
Milty's Mag: At last I've found something harder to understand than a Cunning-
 ham letter--a Milty discussion of math! The letter on Degler almost precisely
 mirrors my opinions, and I stick to them despite what Speer has discovered about
 Claude. " Fantasy Amateur: Larry Farsaci has all his mailings in their origi-
 nal envelopes, complete; if you'll try to catch him on his next furlough home,
 he could probably unearth the data necessary to establish facts about the FAPA
 urwelt. Doc. By all means, let us make the OE a critic, too, as Larry suggests.
 The list of members past and present brings some interesting matters to light--
 for instance, is it possible that Ackerman's lack of activity in the FAPA comes
 about because he wasn't member no. 1? Glad to see that I'm something like no.
 20, if you cancel out those who have dropped out, and bound to rise up one more
 notch by June. The Nucleus: First thought that occurs: supposing Trudy's class
 got hold of a copy of this--and then too, how would the school board feel about
 certain of the remarks therein? The description of how fandom loses appeal when
 a fan discovers the great outside world doesn't fit me. That discovery has been
 going on for the last three years, in my case, and I'm coming to realize more and
 more how much more fascinating fandom is than anything else in the universe ex-
 cepting the music of Beethoven, Mozart and Wagner. " Forgot to mention while
 disposing of Speer: who originated the term "fandom"? I don't see it used else-
 where; at least, I can't recall having noticed motion picture fiends called that,
 although the magazines like Silver Screen, Movieland, and the rest are sometimes
 called fan magazines. " En Garde: My own idea is better; soon as summer is
 over and the electric fans are no longer needed, put them inside all the street

drains, pointing down the sewers, and turn them on whenever it starts snowing. Their suction force will draw the whirling crystalline particles down into the nother regions, and will blanket the stink for the rest of the winter, thereby killing off most of the rats who certainly couldn't find any reason to live without nice foul odors. The matter of fan ethics calls for a lot of discussion. I don't feel up to writing a whole article on the subject, but some of my ideas, very briefly expressed, might run like this: Visits to other fans don't oblige hospitality, when the other fan may not find it convenient. They similarly don't excuse too borrowing of money, clothes, or anything else in the name of fandom. Correspondence involves the duty of answering letters, when they obviously need an answer, and promptly. The free fanzine question: no fan editor should expect or demand payment from those to whom he send his magazine, if such sending hasn't been solicited; there are always those who just aren't interested, and are no more obligated to pay or return the publication than is a stamp collector who receives sheets of "approvals" without asking that they be sent. Fan publishing certainly entails a number of points: excerpts from correspondence that may prove embarrassing to the writer or someone else shouldn't be printed, though on the other hand the fan who writes a letter should specifically state the fact that something therein is not for print or quotation to others. Material unused because of a magazine's folding should certainly be returned to author, not given to another fanzine. Unauthorized use of names, a la Degler, is most certainly not cricket; ditto stealing of fanzine titles, ideas for projects that the creator is planning to carry out, and such like. Who else has ideas? "Fan-Tods, as always, is frighteningly thorough and final. I can merely say that it's swell reading, that I wish it were clear whether Suddsy or Bates was responsible for the editorial notes in Yesterday's 10,000 Years, and that unless the war gets over very soon, there's little need to worry about what an oboe is doing to me. My mentor is now an infantry lieutenant, with the result that I have no source of reeds, and can't play the oboe any more until he comes back to civilian life or someone who knows how to make the things takes pity on me. "Palen of the

Evans: My only experience with hunches comes when I use the telephone, which I have to do very frequently in the course of an evening. The instant the operator rings a number I'm calling, I get an irresistible feeling of whether or not I'll get an answer, and find myself to be right about nine-tenths of the time. Of course, other factors enter into this: I know something of the at-home habits of many of the people I must call, and the fact that people are more often at home than away makes me think I'll get response more than 50% of the time, thus lessening chances of error. "U Phanny: "Random as a Way of Life" one of the best bits of writing in the mailing. "Browsings: JMR's patience in waiting this long to blast at Miske is most astonishing and commendable. The latter is, though, in the armed forces now. I think however that he waited for the draft to catch up with him. All these notes on books I'll probably never see are fiendishly fascinating. "Guteto: Here is one person who has investigated Esperanto, RoLand; I ever wrote letters in it, eight years ago when some of my first correspondents and I discovered it simultaneously. My interest in it continued a little longer than theirs, I think, but I eventually gave it up as silly to try to force on the world, when so large a part of mankind either uses English as his mother tongue or has a good working knowledge of it through study, and can therefore switch to Basic English with almost no difficulty. Not that I'm positive Basic English is the answer: it's just that I'm convinced that Esperanto isn't, after 60 years or so of vain efforts. "Blitherings: Hah, a new brain-truster, another of that group like which I wish I could write! "Sf is sposed to happen; fantasy is just a story so what the hell" is about as close as anyone will ever come to defining the difference between the two. Only fault I can find with this issue is the Sandburg poem, and I'll not go into my opinions on Sandburg here, lest I be taken for a heretic and a couple of dozens other things. I just don't like his poetry or his newspaper columns, and that's all there is to it. "

"Each paragraph in these four pages is meant directly at Leslie A. Orin."

One of my chief claims to fame, intelligence, and sensible living has gone by the boards, vanished, utterly disintegrated. I have begun to attend the movies rather regularly.

Between Tucker and me, there stretched an awesome gap only a year ago; he, the projectionist, witnessing four or five complete shows six days a week, I the ordinary fat boasting that I had seen not more than two movies a year during the last half-decade. From this very commendable stage, I have disintegrated since last summer to the point where I rarely miss a week, though to be frank about the matter, the world of finance is responsible for the change. I now get paid in check, you see, banks close at 3 p. m., and my work doesn't begin until 4. That means I must go downtown--no mean problem, when you live in the edge of the open country and have no car--at least an hour and a half early once a week, and to kill the intervening time, I've gotten into the habit of dropping into a movie picture bistro. Some notes on what I have found during the last year, and the impressions on my virginal sense of movie-appreciation, may not be lacking in interest.

Main decision I've reached is that the average good motion pictures--the ones that come to the town's first-run theater and play three, four, or seven days at a run--are unbelievably bad and that the public attends them for every reason except to find entertainment, even as I do. At least a fourth of the audience is always made up of children who are not even watching the screen, I find, between 2 and 4 of a Friday afternoon, and don't ask me why they aren't in school. Quite a few more are slacked women who work in local war plants, and very often remain in the place not more than a half-hour or so. The only people who really seem interested in what goes on are the very old ladies who always sit to themselves, carry a huge black ~~notebook~~ pocketbook, and find a seat rather close to the screen.

At last half of the forty-odd features I've witnessed during the last twelve months are by now inextricably blurred together in my memory, and form a pattern no more distinct than what comes to mind when I think of "a summer day". Among them are all the "musicals" with the single exception of "This Is the Army", and all of the war pictures excepting "Bataan", "Corregidor", and "Edge of Darkness". Add "The Watch on the Rhine" to that trio, if you consider it a war picture.

"Corregidor" stands out because it was so unbelievably bad, and "Bataan" because, with the same basic idea and methods, it was a really tense and gripping drama. The men striding through the low mists of the Philippine jungles are just as firmly in my mind now as the trenches of "Journey's End" and the airplane shots and combats in "The Immortal Dawn Patrol". "Edge of Darkness" had an excellent title to begin with. Not having seen "The Moon Is Down", I can't compare the two, but found myself enjoying "Edge of Darkness" rather more than I enjoyed reading the Reader's Digest version of the Steinbeck story. The only real fault was the stereotyped ending, of a picture that was otherwise sound and for all I know presents a possible picture of what may have happened here and there in occupied lands. "Watch on the Rhine", of course, suffered from attempts to adapt situations written for the stage to the "effects" movie directors love to employ. Otherwise, the Hellman drama came over very well, the acting was for the most part superb, and it came as close to justifying the present conflict as anything I've seen or read.

What stands out then from the rest of the hours I spent in flickering darkness? Well, "The Miracle of Morgan's Creek", for the astonishing treatment of the problem of a pregnant and unmarried girl. By completely ignoring the usual movie clichés and stock situations and whirling along the action so fast that the patron didn't have time to be disappointed over the absence of the routine stuff, a very remarkably excellent picture was produced--the only movie over which I actually laughed. "The Human Comedy" because of its disappointing demonstration that Saroyan's stuff isn't so hot when put on the screen. While not pure Saroyan, this came out close enough to the level of his average stories to

warn me to ~~me~~ keep my distance from similar picturizations in the future. Only the sequence of the soldiers on leave and the automatic man in the store window had the real Saroyan magic. "A Guy Named Joe", for one glorious moment in which I thought I was set to see a good fantasy. After the first ten minutes of the character's new life, I was wishing frantically that he had found death to be all our militant atheists claim, which would quite naturally have spared the necessity for finishing the film. The one great moment in an otherwise insipid film, "Madame Curie", when the isolated radium is seen through the dark laboratory, as a shining white spot. The honest-go-goodness entertainment value of "Saludos, Amigos", the only Disney item I saw which was free from disturbing ideas about a mission or cultural influences. The unacknowledged use in "Dubarry Was a Lady" of the chorus of the druids from my favorite opera, "Mona", horribly butchered to pep it up and accompany a French revolutionary mob.

And so it went, with my main impression of all those films being that I'll find some other means of killing the time before long; this way, madness lies. Profit apparently lies that way, too, for the town supports four theaters running seven days a week, but I can see no reason why anyone should attend them for the sake of entertainment.

Warrior Compromised!

Herewith I deny, categorically and with emphasis, any suspicions which may have dwelt in the hitherto pure minds of FAPA members, since they received the last sheaf of Claude Degler publications in general, and number one of Futurian Letters in particular.

On the final mimood page of this affair, you will find the astonishing statement that "Jody works at Hagerstown". I am very much afraid that this will seem rather sinister to a number of my friends, and that they will begin to worry for my respectability and such things, especially since "at" sounds much more fiendish than "in" would have been.

Let me explain, therefore, that if this Jody exists--and I don't think she does--and if she does work in Hagerstown, Maryland, I have never knowingly seen her, or had any contact of any sort whatsoever with her: this line in the Degler magazine is my first intimation of such a tragedy to the otherwise innocent city of Hagerstown, where we don't have a rape case oftener than twice a week, and hardly any race riots.

Further, I am very much inclined to think that Degler-Bradleigh-Dornick is actually referring to Hagerstown, Indiana, as the place in which or at which the very probably imaginary Jody works. And to conclude, this is as good a place as any to ask once more that mail to me, of any sort, be addressed Hagerstown, Maryland, writing out the Maryland in full instead of taking the easy way out and abbreviating. When it's abbreviated in handwriting, the Md. looks very similar to Ind., and there is quite often a delay of a week or more while it goes to the Hagerstown, Indiana, postoffice and must be forwarded this way. Even if the abbreviation is typed, very often it's missent, especially if posted in Indiana or an adjoining state.

Business Matters

Is there any FAPA member who reads most or all of the prozines, doesn't collect them, and would be interested in hooking up with me in a deal whereby he'd sell them to me for postage and a fair price? Presumably because of paper cuts, stf. and fantasy magazines no longer appear in local second-hand magazine stores, and I still refuse to help support the things by buying them from the stands. My once fine collection is shot full of holes, and I'm very urgently in need of some help in this line. If you're willing, or know someone who might be, let me know!

Music for the Fan

VII—The Sonatas of Beethoven

Strictly speaking, Beethoven wrote more than the thirty-two piano sonatas which now constitute the New Testament of the pianist's Bible—the Well-Tempered Clavichord of Bach comprising the Old Testament, or according to some authorities, being the pianist's Bible, beginning with Genesis in F minor, and ending with Revelations in C minor. There are three very early piano sonatas which are among the first of Beethoven's compositions, written at the age of twelve if I remember my biographies, not included among the complete editions, and as far as I know, not published in this country. There is also a four-hand sonata for one piano, and various other and like the composition now published as a separate selection originally intended as the slow movement of the Waldstein sonata, and left out because the work was "too full of music".

Even as they now are sold, these sonatas represent a stupendous feat of composition. In the Schirmer edition, which is most popular in the United States, they run to almost 700 pages of music, averaging six lines of music to the page—probably equal in sheer number of notes to the entire piano music of Chopin, for instance.

Now, in my estimation, these Beethoven piano sonatas are the greatest single group of compositions in all music. There is nothing like them among the works of the great composers for the way in which they show the gradual and sure development of the man's genius, and there is no mood or tone-sensation not somewhere in them. They are in every form—while the first eleven conform to some extent to the Haydn late sonatas and to the Mozart sonatas, after that they may contain any number of movements, those movements arranged in any imaginable way, and the individual movements themselves in every form known in Beethoven's time—fugue, rondo, sonata, three-part, sonatina, theme with variations, or the "fantasia" that consisted of any movement which didn't fit into an accepted form.

Of course, as in all Beethoven's music, it can't be said that this or that work fits snugly into one of his accepted three periods of composition. In the slow movements of the fourth and seventh sonatas are second-period works, although the rest of those particular sonatas fall unquestionably into the first style. Similarly, here and there in the 32, a single sonata seems out of place, particularly nos. 19 and 20, which are quite obviously either early works Beethoven resurrected to meet a publisher's demands, or a deliberate reversion to his earliest style to please part of the musical public. These two are, in fact, the only two sonatas that could without real harm be omitted from the 32, but they serve a purpose in being of an ease of performance and giving the learning pianist a starting point, and an access to the more difficult ones. This difficulty ranges all the way up to the famous and sometimes infamous Hammerklavier sonata, which some excellent musicians still call the most difficult of all piano works, but only a half-dozen of them are unplayable to the average pianist.

Where should the listener start, then? Well, it depends on what he already knows of Beethoven's music, what he likes of it, and what he has access to through phonograph recordings. All the Beethoven sonatas are on wax, but some of them, I believe, only in the Schnabel set which is now unavailable.

The "Moonlight" sonata is the most famous, of course, through its completely unsubstantiated lore and the manner in which the rather simple music has been ballyhooed into a tremendous technical feat by piano teachers who want to impress parents into thinking their young daughters have made great strides. Actually, even the impressive-sounding final movement is very simple to perform.

But to the fan who may enjoy some of the symphonies and overtures, I'd suggest he make his approach to the Beethoven piano sonatas through the aforementioned Waldstein, opus 53, which is easily available on records. It's perhaps the best single example of Beethoven's second period of composition, with the quietly energetic opening movement the perverted French have called the "Sunrise" and made it sound like the William Tell overture: the wonderful two pages that Beethoven

wrote in place of the original slow movement when he found the work getting out of hand; and above all, the glorious and tremendous rondo finale, the pianistic equivalent of the allegro music of the Leonora overtures.

Considerably more spectacular, though of more dubious artistic value, is the sonata opus 57, the "Appassionata". Critics are still not certain whether this is filled with genuine storm and fury, and Robert Haven Schauffler, in his excellent critical biography of Beethoven, claims that the first movement is a sort of fake bluntness. But the energy and power unleashed in the final movement is undeniable, and the slow movement is one of the greatest triumphs of static motion in all music--serene, long variations on a theme like the slow movement of the violin concerto, never modulating or moving from the calmness of the original melody. Third of the greatest of the second period sonatas is the so-called "Farewell", opus 81a, although this shows unmistakable signs of the third period Beethoven. It's a sort of glorification of what Weber tried to do in his pleasant if uninspired Concertstuck, and from the pianist's point of view, one of the most rewarding of all the 32.

However, it's the last five or six of the sonatas that are the greatest, if not the most often heard. The Hammerklavier is among them--and of this work, you must judge for yourself the value. Nothing anyone can say about it seems to change opinions on whether it's one of Beethoven's greatest compositions, or his faults carried to their extreme. It may be heard occasionally over the air, and is available on records in both the original version and an orchestration. Which ever way you may want to get acquainted with, I recommend trying a movement at a time. I can't conceive of anyone taking it all in at once; the first movement is big of itself, the scherzo that follows would have made a good-sized sonata out of the first two movements. But there is still the longest and ~~mm~~ most complex of all Beethoven's slow movements for piano alone, and the whole thing is topped off with the gigantic fugal finale.

The next two sonatas are great enough, but the final of the 32 is the Choral Symphony for the piano, my favorite of the entire set. How it would impress the fan, I don't know, and would most certainly appreciate it if you would find out and let me know. There are only two movements: a stormy allegro preceded by a majestic introduction, and a sublime slow section that is in my opinion the greatest set of variations on a theme in existence. If anything in music corresponds to the Apocalypse, this is undeniably it!

What else is there to say? The music is there, and if you insist on listening to Tschaiikovski, you have less intelligence than any self-respecting fan should.

Clod Again

I refuse to comment on the two packs of Cosmic Circle publications which seem to have been meant for FAPA matter simply because it's quite impossible to tell which is and which isn't meant for the purpose of this organization. IQ would seem to be, and shows that our New Castle pal can think of something besides Suzie and the Planet Fantasy Federation, but it would take a better fan than I to unscramble the maze of publications; I suggest that the whole lot, with the possible exception of IQ, be stricken from the FAPA records.

Which gives me opportunity to mention that barring unforeseen accident, the Degler Memorial Issue of Horizons will be in the next FAPA mailing. I can still use some anecdotes about Degler or accounts of his adventures--I'm particularly interested in learning what really happened in the Florida everglades, and if any fan was told this, kindly tell me all about it.

This DMI will constitute the issue of Horizons skipped over the winter, and bring the publishing schedule up to date again. I can guarantee that it'll be funny and contain lots of hitherto unpublished stuff all I ask is that you do your share by contributing anything worthy of inclusion.

Six months or so ago, during the days before Francis T. Laney moved to Los Angeles and thus became subject to the fan paralysis that attacks all who emigrate to that otherwise blameless city, he and I had plans for doing our views on education up brown. We had discovered that neither of us had much respect for the present system of schools and teaching, but that our ideas of what to do about the problem varied almost as much from one another as from the commonly accepted faith in public school curriculums and college football educations. Our plan was to write, each of us, an article describing our idea of the ideal set-up for teaching the youth of this country, then submit these plans to one another, and write lengthy rebuttals of the other's proposals, after which we'd publish the whole shebang through the PAPA, and invite additional discussion and criticism.

Unfortunately, it never came to pass. I was too busy to write me share at the time, and the FTLanic was preparing to move. Since he is in LA, I'm quite positive that he doesn't care to do up the project as originally planned, so I'm ~~sustaining~~ here some of my beliefs and proposals, in the hope that the rest of you will tell me what is wrong with them, and whether I have something practical in my basic assumptions.

Just now I believe, there is great excitement and disagreement in educational circles over whether a child should learn things empirically or in the accepted manner of statements by the teacher that such and such is so; all of which seems rather analogous to the learned men of a few hundred years ago who debated on the exact number of angels that could hold a ballet on the point of a pin, instead of considering the basic question of whether there are angels. In other words, the matter of whether a child shall be encouraged to deduce facts for himself by reasoning and research, or told by the teacher, is quite beside the main points.

Those points, I'd say, are simply these: that the whole educational setup is quite the opposite of practicality, in the sense that the child is taught academic subjects when young--from the time he is six or seven years old--and the practical arts by which he will probably earn his living when he finishes school are deferred until he is near or in his teens, and for the first time mentally equipped to learn the trivium and quadrivium that teachers have been trying to drill into him all through grammar school.

By this, I certainly don't mean that a boy or girl should learn to operate drill presses, fly airplanes, and breed new varieties of roses up to the age of adolescence, then be taught for the first time that the earth is round or that two and two make four. The manual and academic learnings must go hand in hand at all times, but there is little sense in continuing the present time-wasting methods, with its attendant repressing of the energies of small children whose greatest joy in life is doing things with the hands.

To outline my ideal schooling program very roughly, and subject to alterations without further notice, I'd begin by shortening the school day to two hours in the morning and two in the afternoon, omitting the recess which always requires at least an hour to recover from, for children in the first five grades. Of the twenty hours in the school week, between twelve and fifteen would be devoted to "things to do": tasks which a small child is capable of accomplishing that will remain useful to him throughout his life. Specifically, during these first five years he should learn how to operate a typewriter, conjointly with instruction in reading and penmanship. He should learn how to saw a board and drive a nail correctly, and by the time he is in the fifth grade, should be capable of building any reasonably difficult item from plans and diagrams, given the proper tools and equipment. He should certainly learn how to cook--and naturally, the girls would spend about twice as much time on the culinary arts as on carpentry, and the boys would have it just the other way around. He should learn the proper methods of oiling machinery, planting a garden, even--carefully supervised--driving a car, in trainer autos cut down to the right size.

In short, the first years of schooling would concentrate on manual arts that

once learned are not quickly forgotten, within the ability of a boy or girl between the ages of 6 or 7 to 11 or 12, and quite possibly the basic functions by which he or she will earn a living in the years to come. During these five years of schooling, at least two-thirds of the "academic" hours of instruction would be devoted to teaching the child to read and write--with pen and typewriter--rapidly and comprehendingly, with great emphasis on ability to distinguish between the essential points and the elaborations in a piece of fact or fiction. Knowledge of spelling and grammar would of course be ~~an~~ corollary to this. What time was left would be taken up with teaching the four fundamental operations of arithmetic--including perhaps the rudiments of fractions, but certainly nothing further--and the barest of outlines of the fundamentals of such things as history and geography.

During the next five years, the pendulum would swing in precisely the opposite direction. Training in vocational fields would be limited to a single course, if the student had already made up his mind to enter a certain line of work for which he felt himself suited and in which classroom instruction might be feasible. An intensive course in literature, history, geography, mathematics, and one or two other elective courses would cover in five years what is usually spread over the student's last ~~month~~ ~~five years of schooling~~, from the fourth grade in primary school until graduation from high school. Length of the school day could be stepped up to five or six hours--certainly no more--and the current farce of "extra-curricular" activities that are every bit as obligatory and supervised as the regular course of study would be replaced by a really voluntary club and athletic program.

Instruction of religion is a point into which I'd better not go. I feel that this nation isn't going to become atheistic or pagan or agnostic for the next century, and that a knowledge of the nature and influence of the world's most important beliefs is desirable. Tolerance for parochial schools, as long as their students received an education equivalent to the public school student's, would certainly be desirable. Similarly, private schools for the benefit of the gifted children who obviously are capable of using their minds before they reach their teens, with special courses of study, would most certainly be desirable. All of which leaves a child with only ten years of education in which he learns as much as he does today in twelve years, and is able to go out into the world and become his own boss around the age of 16, which is just the time when most of us become capable of coping with the problems of adult life, and feel an almost irresistible urge to let the last couple of years of high school go. This completion of basic education at an earlier age seems to me to be absolutely essential for the postwar world, and merely recognizing facts about the physical development of a body that we try to ignore today.

Naturally, education of the young man or woman mustn't stop there, if that person has the ability and will to go farther. Government-financed and -operated colleges are the answer: the shorter course of early study would partially pay for their operation, and students might be given useful occupations in their off-hours to ease the financial burden. Students there would be supported by the country during their study, when family finances couldn't provide the funds, and along with the free college program would be a greatly intensified night school program for the benefit of those who just have to get out and earn their living at the earliest possible age.

I find, incidentally, that of all people, The Earl of Selborne agrees with my views to some extent, though very possibly he is ~~made~~ unaware of this interesting fact. Except that he persists in envisioning the vocational training after, instead of before, the age of 11, we hit things pretty closely, according to a recent address of his in The House of Lords on educational reconstruction.

At least, I hope that I've made myself clearer than our great vice-president's statement about "...education for tolerance will be just as important as the production of television."

On Dit

This is, so help me, a true and accurate account of what happened when a Canadian fan set out to visit Astounding author Vic Phillips. It is slightly expurgated in spots, I don't mention the fan's name because I've neglected to ask permission to publish it from its original place in an extremely letter to me (and after what I said on fan ethics!) and because I want to get this issue of Horizons finished inside of 12 pages, the account is considerably abridged.

"I told you that I would narrate the story of my meeting with Vic Phillips," the account begins. "To begin with, I shall give the causes of and things leading up to this meeting. Peck had seen a small picture of Phillips in Mechanics Illustrated and a brief article with it telling about a canoe or something that he had made. The article mentioned that he lived in North Vancouver. This fact naturally interested Gord especially as Crutch was throwing it down our throats that he had met A. E. Van Vogt. Thus when Gord came down to Vancouver for a holiday he got a Directory and looked up the name. He found that he lived on a street called the Terrace of which neither of us had heard. After a great deal of debating we decided that we'd devote a Sunday to seeking out this great man. North Vancouver is a twenty minutes' ferry ride from downtown Vancouver. When we arrived at the other side of the inlet we had to decide just where to go. Thus we pestered the street car conductors with questions about the Terrace. None of them knew of it. Finally we asked an old gent and he in turn asked us whom we wished to see. We had no sooner mentioned his name than he replied, 'Oh, sure, I know the family. Don't know that trail was called the Terrace though. Get a Capilano car.' Feeling like a couple of New Yorkers in Pumpkin Centre we followed his instructions. By an odd coincidence the conductor of the Capilano car we boarded had heard of the street and actually knew where we should get off in order to reach it. Away we went through thick jungles, through dark mountain passes, over shaky trestles beneath which thundered mighty torrents. Finally signs of civilization appeared and the conductor shouted, 'Okay, you young fellars. Git off hyar and go up thar a ways.' He shifted the piece of straw in his mouth and looked at us with his most rustic grin. We alighted and the vehicle rushed on. We proceeded up the road he had pointed out to us until we came to a cross-roads. We decided on the right division but when it became no more than a path and finally terminated in nothing at all we decided that we had been wrong. On all sides we could hear the sounds of wild beasts so we hastily retraced our steps. Finally through enquiring of various hermits we found along the way we came to the Terrace--at least what we judged to be the Terrace--no sign proclaimed the fact. There were houses along the way though and posts in front of them giving their addresses. When finally we came to Vic's home we discovered nothing but the fact that within was a large dog. On the porch was a scribbled note reading 'No Milk To-day'. We gazed entranced upon this thinking that it might possibly be one of his literary efforts. Strolling around the spacious grounds we came to a small building overlooking a canyon in which there was a bed, a radio and a shelf full of Ast., Thrilling Wonder and many other such magazines. We saw all this through the large window of the building. We decided that we would go for a swim in the Capilano River which we knew was somewhere around the district and come back later. The trip to the river was quite a long one and the hike down to its surface exceedingly tedious. We found a truly beautiful spot and were not long in sampling the water. There was a large rock from which we made dev'ous types of dives--some successful, some otherwise. After a few hours we were disturbed by the arrival nearby of two women. One of these had with her a small baby. This didn't stop us however and we prepared to make violent love to them. We were rather disillusioned when one of them shattered the tranquility of the scene with, 'Aw, beat it.' I remarked very socially that we had no intention of beating it and thought we might get along very well together. She apparently thought otherwise for she remarked that we had no right to be there and that she lived there. Gordon suggested that she might be a river nymph but the language that thereupon issued

On Dit

from her mouth was extremely mortal. Enraged, we jumped upon the rock showing all our masculine beauty and threatened them with horrible things if they decided to remain. They left. Our next interruption came when two fellows came down the river in a canoe. One asked how the water was. We said that it was very nice. He asked if there were rapids further down. We said there were. They continued and disappeared. Soon after we also left. Coming back to the Phillips home we saw several persons in the front yard playing and watching a game of table tennis. After hesitating some time we went forth and asked for Victor Phillips. A toothless gent in the uniform of our army said that he was down at the river with his canoe and should be back soon and wouldn't we sit down and watch the battle of the celluloid ball. We sat down and watched and picked up the ball whenever it fell near us. We exchanged furtive sentences with each other. We had no idea how we would address this gangly creature we had seen in the canoe whom we now knew to be the whom we sought. It would be rather embarrassing in front of all these people. After we had become violently sick of table tennis we excused ourselves saying that we would go and look for the wandering boy. We walked down to the highway and then back thinking perhaps that Vic had come by another route by that time. He had, too. When he saw us he looked quizzically and then said, "Oh, yes, the rock." He smiled. He was far from handsome. His teeth looked like those of some savage beast. I thought that he would never hesitate to bite a person were he angry. He was hollow chested and delighted in scratching this imitation chest continually as though to encourage growth. He wore nothing besides a pair of wet pants. We explained in a rather feeble way that we wrote too, that we had read his stuff and so forth and so forth. He said, "I write for a magazine called Astounding. Have you heard of it?" This book us aback so we subtly told him all the facts we knew about this and that and were going wonderfully when a voice within the house called his name. It called several times before Vic tore himself away saying that it was time for him to devour some pie and coffee. You can imagine the sensation this filled us with as we had not eaten anything for many hours. He invited us to come again that week as he was having his holidays. Then he left! It wasn't as though he didn't know we had come a great distance and had waited all day to see him. Really I find it hard to believe how people can be such unmannerly bores.

I happened to mention his name to my sister some time later. She had heard of him as she had been a reporter on the North Vancouver paper some years ago and had received write-ups from the entire Phillips family. Vic's contributions concerned the activities of his church, etc. His mother sent voluminous poetry to the paper and as she was quite influential the paper printed a good deal of it. My sister remembered quite vividly the time Mrs. Phillips came into the office in a horrible rage because they had left a line out of one of these bits of verse."

And so you see, Claude, that there are people just as mean as Al Ashley everywhere, and you must continue to ignore such brutes and pay attention only to the more cheerful side of fandom.

I have a hunch that next issue will consist mostly of chatter about the June mailing, simply because that's the easiest way to fill up a publication like this, and the Degler Memorial Issue will sort of keep me busy in the publishing line, if I'm to get them both completed by September 1 or thereabouts.

Which leaves room only to say that I can't do any election propagandizing this time simply because I have no idea what opposition may be coming up. I can say though that Larry Shaw gets my vote for official editor, as eminently suited for the position, no matter who runs against him. Next year we really must try getting an exciting campaign ~~getting~~ going, beginning with the December mailing, and working up to a spectacular climax by June.

All this, of course, has been just in order to fill up the last dozen lines.