

I attribute to clean living and cheerful thoughts the ability to call this the autumn, 1953, issue of Horizons. It is also volume 15, number 1, whole number 56, and FAPA number 50. Harry Warner, Jr., 303 Bryan Place, Hagerstown, Md., writes it and publishes it on the Doubledoubletoilandtrouble Mimeograph.

In the Beginning

The Fantasy Amateur: Those statistics on the mailings of recent years prove a puzzling tendency which I've long suspected. The autumn mailing is usually smaller than those in the rest of the year, for no apparent reason. You'd think that the enervating effect of summer, vacations, and outdoor activities would cause the summer mailings to be the smallest. But these figures show that autumn has had the smallest or nearly the smallest bundle in each of the past six years, with one exception. I'm sure the same holds true in the more distant past, because I used to think that it was caused by uncertainty over where to send publications during the election period. That's hardly a valid reason for the past half-dozen years, when contests for official editor have been rare. And you'll note that the smallest mailings during the terms of Coslet and Boggs came during their re-election without opposition. Lark: The hi-fi addicts in the FAPA should be getting more sleep at night from now on—I've bought that Garrard changer with a diamond-point needle. Needle, I mean. It doesn't reveal any traces of wear on the records I've played so often with osmium and worn sapphire points, either. I don't have much use for the changing mechanism, since I prefer to get some exercise every half-hour with lp's and don't want to risk putting irreplaceable 78's through the drop. But it'll come in handy with 45's. ' ' Danner is the first person of whom I've ever heard who sold his television set without buying a bigger one. I congratulate him, and hope that this is the start of a new trend. Stefantasy: L. V. Kupper, if still alive, should turn his talents to inventing a way to carry cameras in an auto. The company's 4x5 Crown Graphic sits quietly enough on either the seat beside me or the floor of the auto on trips. But its film holders and flashbulbs slither around exasperatingly, no matter where you put them. A gadget bag is no remedy, when the camera is so heavy and I'm so puny. My own 35 mm camera can't be put into the glove compartment, because it gets too hot in there, and there is no other place in an auto where it may be left safely when you aren't keeping your eye on it. It seems odd that nobody has rigged up lockable containers for cameras that can be fastened securely to some convenient part of an auto's interior. Irusaben: You're right about the shakiness of La Vie en Fandom. In French, there are two words that correspond to the English "in": en and dans. The former is used very sparingly with nouns, usually with the few that don't require any modifier in established phrases, like en garde. Dans is used elsewhere in prepositional phrases, and fandom in French would require an article, although I'm certainly not going to try to determine whether the word would be masculine or feminine. ' ' A couple of insignificant corrections for that valuable article about Penguins: Adam and Eve and Pinch Me is still available in this country, or was a few months ago when I bought it; Mr. Petre is fantasy only by the greatest stretch of the imagination. It has a theme which is unusual (an amnesia sufferer gets mistaken for a great power in the world of finance who lives so se-

cludedly that he can't be recognized by face). But the non-mundane content is limited to showing that the action takes place in the future through an occasional reference to a firm or process which doesn't exist today. Stfstuff: I'll make myself unpopular by offering that never-wanted commodity, advice, to Charles Wells, Peter Graham, and a few other FAPA members. Advice: Detailed descriptions in your FAPA publications of the dates when you cut the stencils, at whose home you cut them, the hour of the night at which you will mimeo them, the odds against getting done before the deadline—all those details are the dullest reading imaginable to everyone excepting yourself. They're just like a letter from a vacationing friend which is devoted to listing what he ordered for breakfast, the number of miles he covered each day, and where he stopped for gas. Of course, Lee Hoffman made things interesting in that fanzine produced the time she sprained her back. But not many FAPA members can capitalize on things as Lee can. Flop: More than two major parties cause a number of serious complications in this nation's method of running the country. When you get beyond a conservative and a liberal party, you run the risk of a situation like France, where there are so many parties with delicate shades of policy that only a practising politician can understand the true score. But I'd definitely like to see the United States have a true liberal and a true conservative party. The Republican and Democratic parties are so similar that it's hard to vote with real reason, except in rare cases where one candidate is personally far more acceptable than the other. Shadowland: This splendid publication gives me a chance to confess a psychopathic tendency. I prefer pictures of nudes to be drawn extremely small, like those in this issue. The fact that I don't like page-size nudes probably indicates some dreadful neurosis, and analysts are welcome to go to work on me. However, I don't think it's aberrated to add that whoever drew these should be congratulated for ability to draw faces, the thing which makes so many other nude drawings repulsive. '' This entire magazine is the nicest general-purpose fanzine that the FAPA has had for several mailings. Skyhook: A few fans did almost all their crifanac by penmanship rather than typer. Remember Louis Russell Chauvenet, R.D. Swisher, J. Michael Rosenblum, and Larry Farsace/i? But Chauvenet was probably the only fan to publish a large-scale handwritten fanzine. I don't know whether those people disliked typers, couldn't run them, or lacked access to them. '' Didn't Morey write and coverdraw a story in the old semi-pro Marvel Tales for Bill Crawford? '' Hagerstown newspapers ran blank crossword puzzles (whose official name is diagramless) fifteen years ago. But I don't think they're syndicated any longer. Probably after the crossword puzzle craze declined, they proved too difficult for the average person. Dream Quest: It's not accurate to equate the McCarthy sheep with the people who hate the Jews or the Gentiles or some other group. Prejudice and whipping boys have always existed. But the McCarthy type of guided hysteria is something different, a major leg on the journey toward 1984. It consists of the skill to whip up public opinion into a frenzy of half-fear, half-hate toward some given person or organization or idea of which the average person hadn't heard before, then as quickly diverting that peculiar mixture of emotion toward something else when world conditions change slightly. Unasked Opinion: This argument between Marion and Gertrude might be a good central theme for the next convention. By the fall of 1954, Christine's rates

should be low enough for fandom to hire her as the convention's central attraction. Imagine the international publicity that would result, as Christine did a strip tease under the attentive gaze of the two principals. ' ' Do you credit McCarthy and his people with psychic ability or do you just assume that they are on the same level as the Russian seekers after truth? It must be one or the other, after such remarks as "A man who sells out to the enemy is guilty of treason even though nobody happened to witness the sale or can prove it," and "These committees are not wasting time investigating innocent people." A number of your efforts to argue by analogy are apt to backfire, too. For instance, your reference to Typhoid Marys attempts to illustrate the fact that abridgment of personal liberty is accepted in this country, when an individual is dangerous to others. But if we continue the analogy beyond the point at which you stopped, we find: A Typhoid Mary is identified after an impartial examination and study by men and women who have spent most of their lives specializing in medicine; an individual is not proscribed in 1953 because in the height of the depression he poured drinks for a friend who later became ill from typhoid; a Typhoid Mary is not cried in the streets, and remains undisgraced as long as he does not attempt to pursue some occupation that would result in the spread of disease; and even your best friends aren't advised if you've been suspected of being a typhoid carrier but turn out to be innocent. I think a much closer medical parallel to today's witchhunting could be found three or four centuries ago, in the days of the Black Death. In those days, people had enough sense to understand that some agency spread the plague, despite all their theorizing about the will of God. So they killed every dog that happened to be around during plague outbursts, thinking that canines were the carrier. This had no effect on the spread of the plague, but people had the satisfaction of knowing that they were trying to stop the plague, so they went right ahead killing dogs and dying from the plague. Science hadn't advanced far enough to determine theoretically the cause of the plague. But the scientific method was known, and if hysteria hadn't prevailed, people might have used it, simply by killing other things which might spread the plague and waiting to see what happened. They might have slaughtered a lot of innocent chickens and cockroaches and rooks, but eventually they'd have gotten around to rats. Government and politics aren't exact sciences today. But we have the scientific method, and we should realize after a half-century of hysteria that hunting bogeymen isn't checking the spread of communism. I think that sanity and the national safety demand two things: elimination of communist-proved techniques of judgment by rumor and slander from this country's daily life, lest we become a slave state in every respect without even the formality of a revolution; and an effort to eliminate the conditions in this capitalistic republic which cause so many of its most intelligent people to assume for brief periods in their youth that communism might solve the nation's faults. Damn: There was a PAPA for a brief time. When Olon Wiggins was an officer of the FAPA, he became a father, and the organization's name was temporarily changed to Phantasy Amateur Press Association in his honor for a brief time. ' ' Something tells me that whatever happened in that memorable instant, it wasn't genuine mental maturity. Light: The aerials are the only thing about television that I really like. In a town like this one, many miles from the nearest transmitter, the aerials must be elaborate and fanciful. They provide a welcome relief for the eye, in comparison

with the standardization and ugliness of most of this city's roofs. Esthetically, a person might object to them on the grounds that they provide too severe a contrast with the solidity of the other elements which make up a city's skyline; and an electrician might be worried about proper grounding. But I suspect that the politician simply was speaking for the elements in a city which refuse to consider any change. ' ' I've had two more experiences with radio repairmen. Our old Philco went on the blink in the short wave regions. The repairman did a good job of eliminating the trouble, charging seven bucks. But when he returned the set, he added a note of caution: the tuning mechanism had gone bad while he was repairing the innards, and Philco no longer makes replacements for this model, so from now on I'd just have to keep twisting the knob and guessing what stations were passing in review, since they would not correspond with the numbers on the dial. Our home remedy for this situation consisted of one highly obscure and rare piece of electronics equipment, known as a small rubber washer. Then my Meissner FM tuner developed an annoying habit of losing and regaining signal strength every few seconds. A different repairman kept it for a week, came back shaking his head in bewilderment over how it functioned at all with three tubes so badly shot, presented his bill for parts and labor, and departed. The tuner when turned on had all the faults that it had shown before retubing. Again home remedies helped: logic said that signal strength depends on the aerial, and a bad connection turned up in the attic antenna, removing the difficulties. Filler: There aren't too many real belly-laughs in this collection. But the merit of an outstanding filler lies in its ability to bob up suddenly amidst a long stretch of lines with low entertainment value. So it's probably all for the best that the quality isn't too consistent. House of Wack's: Here would be a good source for the start of a new filler collection. I love that remark: "That explains why some of you may have gotten copies with footprints." ' ' I've never looked closely, but I don't think vomit is orange in hue very frequently. Racy Pacy Spacey Tales: Some people who should know tell me that the money you save in gasoline purchases, by use of overdrive, is exactly balanced by the money you must spend for earlier relining of brakes necessitated by the same cause. Not that it matters to me; I'm determined to get at least seven more years of use out of the Oldsmobile that has been occupying the Warner garage for three years. Fanews: There's something awesome about the way manifestations of life keep erupting from Dunk through this medium, at a time when he is apparently completely dead to fandom in every other respect. I'm going to get violent if he publishes any more poems by J. J. Metcalfe. And what ever happened to Harry Jenkins, Jr.? I assume that this yarn was written in his active fandom days, when he was displaying real talents and needed only experience to turn out good fiction. Bergeron: I have a bit of space for postmailings this time, but I can't find any title on this four-pager. The Russians don't seem to object to science fiction stories except when the yarns conflict with their ideals. It's just the same situation that all the arts encounter in Russia. For instance, Debussy's music is anathema there, because it's not based on easily hummable tunes and pounding rhythms; and a love story in which the hero gave up some sort of duty for the sake of the heroine would never get printed there. Operation Fantast: The best possible answer to persons who insist on saying that the NFFF is doing the best job expectable. I'm duly grateful for the information on how I can get the non-exported titles in the Penguin edition.

## Opus 2021

I get a guilty feeling, every time that I put something about music into the FAPA. "What's that got to do with fantasy?" someone is sure to yell. But it occurred to me that a series of articles dealing with the future of serious music could hardly be ineligible for the FAPA. After all, Astounding doesn't hesitate to publish articles dealing with the future of calculating machines. (At least the magazine didn't hesitate back in the days when I read it.)

So I propose to deal at trimensual intervals with various musical ideas of today which may mold the compositions of the future. Most fans like music but have surprisingly conservative tastes—they seem to feel that a liking for Debussy is enough to stamp them as liberal-minded listeners. I hope that these articles will show that there isn't much in really modern music that can't be comprehended readily by anyone capable of listening to the Meistersinger overture. I plan to be brief—though you can't get through some matters in a hundred words—and will shun technical terms wherever their non-technical equivalent requires less than a page of space.

The text for the first sermon, then, is the technique of many modern composers which is variously known as 12-note, 12-tone, tonerow, and duodecaphonic music. It is atonal music, supplying a means of unity and coherence to atonality which more traditional compositions acquired by means of a binding melody or consistency of key or adherence to one of the traditional forms.

Fortunately, it's much easier to understand the principles of tonerow music than to remember all its names. The system of tuning that is used for musical instruments in the western world gives exactly one dozen different tones; they may be played by starting at any point on a piano and playing the notes produced by any 12 adjoining keys, up or down the keyboard, both black and white. All the other keys on the piano are simply repetitions of these dozen at distances of one or more octaves, and the octave has no real harmonic sense. Until around the start of this century, all serious compositions and popular music were based on scales drawn up by the use of part of these 12 available tones. Sometimes as few as five of the dozen were used, for the pentatonic scale to which many Scottish folksongs are confined; more usually, seven were chosen in some specific alternation of adjacent and skipped tones, producing the familiar major scale, the various forms of the so-called minor scale, and the less frequently used modes like the Lydian and Dorian. Gradually, composers began to theorize about a scale which would include all of the 12 tones; piano students had long practiced such a thing, calling it the chromatic scale, but always in a rhythm that put accents on the tones that created a strong effect of one of the traditional scales. In a true 12-tone scale, all of the notes would be of equal importance, thus eliminating (for reasons too technical to be explained here) the sense of key and the classic system of harmonies. Theory was one thing; the tremendous force of habit caused by the influence of tonality over all existing music was another thing. Scriabin spent most of his life working on a specially invented harmonic system, and at the end of it admitted that he had merely been dealing with the chord of the seventh all the time. Schönberg, only 30 years ago, came to the rescue with an artificial way of exorcising the spirit of the scale and the tonic and all the other familiar things, by inventing the tonerow.

The composer who plans to write in this style sets up a tone-

row before he writes a note of each new composition. The tonerow is simply some arbitrary arrangement of the 12 available tones, using all of them, without repeating any of them. The composer uses a new tonerow for each composition (I'll leave it to the math fiends to figure out whether we'll run out of possible tonerows before we reach Proxima Centauri), and is bound by no restrictions except to make sure that his tonerow does not suggest orthodox tonalities. This tonerow is not printed as such in the score, nor played as a prelude to the composition, no more than a novel is prefaced by a list of characters. The composer has three other tasks before he can start composing. The first is to create a second tonerow, which is an exact reversal of the original. He then inverts both his tonerow and its reversal: that is, he retains the same distances in pitch between the tones, but raises the pitch in the inversions where it fell in the original, and vice versa. These four tonerows provide the material for his composition, just as surely as the themes are the kernels from which an entire closely-knit symphony grew in the 19th century.

Now, even the most casual lover of music knows a classic piece or two which is dominated by a single series of notes. Bach's frequently transcribed organ passacaglia is a series of counterpoints against an eight-measure phrase which continues inexorably. A melody continues in decorated, altered, or hinted form all through the simpler examples of theme and variations. Liszt built up his symphonic poems, concertos, and other works sometimes by ingenious disguises of a single series of notes, so altered by tricks of rhythm and harmony that the listener can hardly detect the system without referring to a score. Schönberg's tonerow music simply carries this old principle to its ultima thule: the classical use of the device made one series of notes serve as the theme for the entire composition, Schönberg made it serve for the theme and for all the harmony, counterpoint, accompanying figures, and every other note in the score. In a completely strict 12-tone composition, every note in the score could be explained by the tonerow and its three derivations.

Tonerow music has a number of important advantages that might cause it to become a leading force in the compositions of the future. So many theories of contemporary music are restricted to a few types of music—you can't expect a choir to sing a quarter-tone scale, for instance, or a violinist to have much fun with tone-clusters. It would be hard to imagine a sonata for unaccompanied flute written with tonerows, but there aren't many such difficulties. Tonerow compositions can be written for piano and voice, for string quartet, for piano solo, or any other combination. Moreover, the theory (in its basic form) restricts only the element of pitch, ignoring the other three elements of a musical sound—duration, intensity, and timbre—which means that you can write marches or fugues or New Orleans jazz with tonerows. The unity which the device automatically imparts to a composition is a big help, at a time when many important composers have despairingly reverted to literal use of the most hackneyed rondo and sonata forms through sheer inability to think of some better way to avoid incoherency. Finally, it is simple to introduce patches of tonerow music into compositions not wholly created through this discipline, without creating unpleasant contrasts.

The disadvantages center around the obvious question: does 12-tone music bear the same relation to orthodox music as crossword puzzles do to literature? The genius and the ingenious are

often confused. The system eliminates once and for all the tradition of sudden inspirations on the back of menus, or the composer who hits upon a striking idea while idly improvising at the piano. The critics of the system point out that even its most ardent advocates are not very consistent in their use of it; it is as difficult to find compositions which maintain tonerow principles throughout as it is to find a symphony movement whose sonata form corresponds precisely to the textbook rules. Bartok wrote a passage in tonerow which is sometimes cited to prove that he liked the method, but has also been claimed as satirical proof of another shaky claim to merit for the system: while written in strict 12-tone style, the passage in question gives an unmistakable effect of good, old-fashioned tonality. Bartok, the argument runs, proved in this dramatic way that the tonerow doesn't guarantee atonality, after all. Of course, it is impossible for even the most trained musician to follow by ear the manner in which the tonerows are being used in the course of a composition; repeated hearings would reveal to him the structure of the tonerow in use, but each note cannot be accounted for by the ear without the score. Finally, the one fundamental objection to many persons consists in the fact that tonerow music is very definitely dissonant in its effect on the ear.

There is only one practical way for most music-lovers to hear 12-tone music. That is by the purchase of records. It takes a really good pianist to play 12-tone music, its presence in the concert hall is usually confined to festivals of modern music, and radio stations shun it. Fortunately, the three major practitioners of the school—Schönberg, Berg, and Webern—are fairly well represented in the lp catalogues. More than half of the records bearing their music are bearing the labels of small companies, however, and must be ordered from a large dealer. The best path toward acquaintance with the style starts with Berg, proceeds with Schönberg, and finally makes timid acquaintance with the absolutely indescribable technique of Webern. Remember that none of these composers wrote exclusively in 12-tone style. A glance at the notes on the record sleeve will reveal whether any given composition is based on the technique. The works by these composers that you're most apt to find in record stores, like Berg's *Wozzeck* and Schönberg's *Verklärte Nacht*, aren't. Weirdly enough, the 12-tone work which has won some measure of acceptance in the concert hall isn't currently available on records. That's the Berg violin concerto, which was in the Columbia catalog at a time when you couldn't buy another note of 12-tone music on domestic records. As a starting point for the listener, I'd suggest Berg's *Lulu*, available in a Columbia recording; or some of the Schönberg string quartets, all six of which will be issued by Columbia this fall, probably at about the same time as this FAPA mailing.

If you want further information about 12-tone music, there is one English-language book devoted entirely to this subject. This is "*Schönberg and His School*" by Rene Leibowitz, published by the Philosophical Library. Warning: it is written by a fanatical devotee of 12-tone music and for persons who know something about technical matters. The best listener's analysis of a 12-tone composition that is readily available is Mosco Carner's essay on the Berg concerto, in a Pelican volume, "*The Concerto*" by Ralph Hill. For the opinions of an experienced composer who has never gone all the way into the tonerow camp, there is a good essay by Virgil Thomson in one of his collections of New York Herald-Tribune writings, "*Music Right and Left.*"

Next time: The Stravinsky Way.

## The Soldiers

General Wallace Lyconing rubbed his burning eyes. Blinking against the glare that the rising sun aimed through the unshaded window, he shoved aside the sheaf of frayed maps. "It doesn't look too bad," he said.

The dozing major on the other side of the staff conference table jerked into wakefulness. He nodded dutifully, trying to reconstruct the words that he had heard without comprehending.

"I can't find any new weak spots," General Lyconing said. He nodded toward the maps. Major Clarkson grabbed them thankfully, and bent over the worn, heavy sheets. Under the table, he flexed and twisted the muscles in his left leg, which had fallen hopelessly asleep.

"If I just had replacements," the general was growling, "I could make real preparations for a good counterattack. But I mean the kind of replacements that we used to get."

Major Clarkson looked up quickly, tried to find traces of humor in the general's expression, and failed. "The good ones got it in the thick of things. The only kids I can find for you now are the little squirts who would rather run a plow than the automatics. The guys who are left in the outfit weren't bright enough to fight when things were rough and they aren't good for teaching purposes now."

"Oh, I'm not blaming you. You've done your best around the countryside. But we've got to find good replacements. Suppose I really did get orders to attack? What would I use? Or suppose the enemy starts attacking? We haven't had good intelligence reports since last winter. Maybe the enemy is getting over the radiation faster than we are. We've got to do something, man." The general paced back and forth, four steps each way, in the converted barn.

An enlisted man wearing a bright yellow sweater over his uniform moved halfway into the room and beckoned to the major. General Lyconing's face sagged at the sight of the urgently whispering corporal. "What in the name of all the gods of total atomic war is that?"

Major Clarkson rubbed his hand over his mouth to hide a grin. "It's cold in the barracks since we can't spare power to heat and you won't let them build fires." He shooed the frightened soldier from the room, a split second before the general pounced. When General Lyconing jumped toward the door, on the heels of the departing soldier, the major nimbly blocked his way, saying:

"It's that farmer. He wants to see you again. He says he'll stay until he gets to talk to you this time, no matter how busy you are."

The general clenched his fists until angry red streaks lined the whitened knuckles. "Get him away from here. I'm fighting a war to preserve the country, and every farmer in the neighborhood imagines that I'm making so much radiation that the cows will go dry. If I had the power to spare, I wouldn't waste it on cows." Unexpectedly, he yawned hugely, and added: "I got to get some sleep." He scooped up his maps, placed them beneath the pillow of his cot like a child taking to bed his favorite toys, and grunting, lowered himself fully dressed onto the cot.

Major Clarkson closed the door softly behind him, and walked purposely from the barn. Outside, a gleam of yellow caught the corner of an eye. The major walked over to the corporal and said:

"You know, son, you could wear that thing underneath, not on

top. Wouldn't it be just as warm that way?" The soldier grinned and obediently began to pull off his jacket and shirt, as the major turned away.

Major Clarkson wondered why dozing during a conference with the general should refresh him more than a good night's sleep. For the first time in days, he was alert enough to sense the hazy scent of autumn. The basic skeleton of the big tree behind the headquarters barn must have been obvious since the hard fall of leaves a week ago, but this morning he comprehended for the first time the accidental artistry of the branches, in their arbitrary unbalance. For the thousandth time since this part of the United States Army had settled here, he tried to detect a scent of the sea, which rolled a few miles to the east, behind the low hills.

Returning from the latrine, Major Clarkson skirted the rough log-constructed barracks, and headed for the quonset hut which housed the communications equipment. The sergeant on duty was lolling just inside the doorway, basking in the sharp slant of the early morning sun. The sergeant grinned, made a token gesture toward saluting, and nodded his head negatively before the major could speak.

"The air's been as dead as last year's herring. Don't you think we might as well cut off the tape monitor at night? If general headquarters has anything to say, they'll say it daytimes."

Major Clarkson turned his head slowly, until the faint hissing of receivers hit his ears at the angle that turned them into a strangely satisfying purr. After a moment he said: "That would save a lot of power. But keep a tape handy to play over for the old man, if he comes around. I think he's hoping for orders to swim across the ocean and make a personal attack on the enemy. No use telling him that we've got to save juice. He'd just start to waste power yelling at Des Moines to send more generating stuff."

"Wonder if things are as dull in Des Moines as here?"

"Impossible, my boy, impossible. Keep the spiders out of your antennas." The major moved away, and the sergeant inched closer to the door, as the patch of sunlight receded.

The army was waking. The mountain of empty food tins had acquired another ridge overnight. Recruits, grinning senselessly with fuzz-covered faces, earnestly tried to make long arms and legs coordinate with a sergeant's despairing commands. Atomic launchers, which had not known live ammunition since this uneasy truce began from sheer exhaustion of the world's nations, were creakingly practising the motions of war, protesting by hesitations and whines to the substitution of rock-filled oil drums for payloads. For the thousandth morning, mechanics hesitated between the desire to relieve the strain on delicate launching mechanism and the knowledge that the equipment was supposed to remain adjusted for payloads, then compromised by changing settings just enough to soften a little the audible complaints of alloys.

General Lyconing woke from a nightmare. He had been shouting unheeded to GIs who failed to comprehend that their bare hands were sufficient to destroy rickety defense installations in a barren, ugly land that was the general's mental picture of the homeland of the enemy. He lay still, one hand thrown over his eyes to block the light of full day. His uniform was soaked with a clammy sweat. The general remembered the months before the war, when he had woken in a cold sweat from nightmares, morning after morning. He had begun visiting a psychoanalyst on the urging of his wife. After four months, the expert had assured him that the true essence of the

nightmares' cause would be found in the next session or two. That night, the first atomics from overseas had wiped out most of Georgetown, including the psychoanalyst and the general's wife. The general had been in the Pentagon when the attack came, on emergency call. Like an actor who learns all the cues except his own, the general had gotten to the ruins in time to escape the larger explosions that destroyed the Pentagon. Today, curiosity over the cause of those nightmares was stronger than the memory of that night, or the turmoil of the chaotic transfer of the national capital to Des Moines.

He changed his uniform, uneasy because only two shirts remained unfrayed in visible places. A wisp of remaining unease from the nightmare itself vanished when he glanced at the maps again, and saw their markings as proof of the reality of things. Carefully fingering the faltering creases in his trousers, he strode to the door.

General Lyconing opened it, then turned back into the room quietly and closed the door cautiously. The overalls-clad farmer sat stiffly in the outer room, waiting for him to emerge. The general frowned at the memory of the last hour-long shouting session with a farmer who had failed to recognize the importance of the United States Army.

He walked to the window, threw it up, and prepared to throw one leg over the sill. A sentry on a beat fifty feet away caught his eye. The frown returned. The general balanced variables for a moment, weighing the ten seconds during which the sentry's back was turned on each trip against the seven or eight seconds it should take to climb out the window and get far enough away from it to remove suspicion about his means of exit. The general decided that the interval of safety was too small, the risk of lost dignity too great. Instead, he went to the table, and glanced rapidly through the skimpy sheaf of reports that had arrived by messengers during his nap.

The mimeographed communique from Des Moines, six days late, announced that the foreign powers had showed no overt signs of regaining military ability, and that the American forces were continuing routine protection against any possible surprise attack. General Lyconing jotted a memo for future use: Since neither Des Moines nor the scattered units of the army could waste power transmitting these long communiques, a simple code could be devised to signal them, since all but three of the past year's statements had been essentially based on two models: this one, and another which admitted that bad weather had slowed couriers and disrupted communications.

Major Clarkson walked in an hour later, while the general was attempting to prove by scanty birth rate figures that replacements must exist somewhere. "We caught the deserter," he reported.

"Shoot him." General Lyconing's lips pressed together so tightly that all the faded color in them vanished.

"If we do, you won't get chicken on Sundays. He's the only man in the camp who can talk the yokels into accepting scrip for them. And he was only gone four days. He couldn't possibly have had time to do anything serious, judging by what he's telling about the women he met."

The general moved to the door, squatted to peep through the keyhole, and saw the farmer who maintained the identical position. He came back, shaking his head. "Of course," the major was saying, "we could hatch some eggs and raise chickens ourselves. We could

keep the chickens in the guardhouse. That way, the deserters would have to raise them...."

General Lyconing made a meaningless noise. "How about the patrols?" he finally asked.

The other spread his hands eloquently. "They're back already. They couldn't possibly have covered that ground so quick. But if I sent out another patrol to check on the first patrol, they'd both tell the same lie, so I'd have to send out a third patrol the next day, and—"

"Never mind. How long is that hick going to wait out there?"

"He brought his lunch."

"Oh, hell. Send him in." It was growing too warm to sit still in the little room. General Lyconing, feeling the weight of the nation's well-being on his shoulders, suddenly wondered something: overseas, did the generals of the enemy powers feel these same emotions during this stalemate? He dismissed the thought as fantastic, telling himself that the enemy's leaders must be emotionless machines.

"I'm Bill Palmer," the farmer said. The general motioned him to a chair, but the farmer remained standing, big hands resting lightly at the edge of the desk's other side. He was tall and lean. He said:

"A bunch of us got together the other night and decided that we need this land. You'll have to move."

"Need this land? This is a military post, man."

"That can't be helped. We're sowing winter wheat next week, and we need lots of acreage that doesn't have too high a radiation level. Fellow from the city checked all over the county for us. He found that it's safe enough to grow it around here. And I ought to apologize for the way some of the boys have been getting mad at you, saying you were causing radiation. The man with the machine said you must not have used atomics since you settled here."

"Well, I'm a soldier, not a farmer," General Lyconing said genially, "but I don't think you've picked the right place to grow wheat. All the fields around here are pockmarked where bombs fell during the fighting. Now, further inland, there are nice, level—"

"We'll turn the bumpy spots into permanent pasture," Palmer interrupted. He shoved the hat back onto his head and turned as if to go. "Now, you'd better clear out. We want to get busy."

The general got up, shoving his chair backward and over with a crash. "You can't order the United States Army around," he bel-lowed. "We're defending the national safety, ready to repel another invasion attempt, and all you think about is wheatfields."

"You're playing soldier, that's what you're doing," Palmer said from the door. "You know that the poor devils in the armies over there couldn't invade us any more than you can practice shooting real atomics. You've worn each other out after you've smashed up all of each others' cities and spoiled most of the good farm land here and overseas. But you'll keep on having drills and wearing uniforms until all your guns rust away. Now, if you aren't off this county's land by tomorrow midnight, every building you're using is going to get burned down. We have a few fire bombs stashed away." He wheeled and walked out rapidly.

General Lyconing sat motionless for five minutes. Then he took up his maps, and began to fill scratchpad sheets with orders. Finally he sent for Major Clarkson.

"Thirty mile forced hike with full equipment tonight," he announced.

## Whither Wollheim?

I have just encountered what is suspiciously close to being a reformatory-published fanzine. It's The Beacon, the publication of the Maryland State Reformatory for Males, which is located about six miles from Hagerstown. There is one all-out fantasy story in it, "Earthman, You Failed," by James H. Johnson #7, telling about people from the Moon returning to Earth after the atomic wars and being puzzled about the function of the reformatory buildings they find there. However, some of the other material has an off-trail slant, like one excellent little cartoon, captionless, showing simply a shivering polar bear walking cautiously from one ice floe to another. The index page lists the reformatory psychologist among the staff of advisors, and I can think of a lot of other fanzines that might be able to benefit from that hint. "I have seen another movie, my third in the past two or three years. It was "Houdini," which I rather enjoyed. One strong point was the fact that it had no plot in the conventional sense. I can't recall any other commercial American motion picture that can claim such a distinction. The events in the movie probably have very little relation to the real happenings in the magician's life, but no particular effort was made to relate every scene to some particular central theme. The production is also less burdened with Hollywood cliches than most movies. For instance, when Houdini manages to escape from a straitjacket, he doesn't faint dramatically when he succeeds; he just sits down, dripping with perspiration, and rests after the hard work. The most amusing thing in the movie was the unintentional feat of legerdemain achieved after Houdini's escape from an English prison. Can anyone explain how to undress your handcuffed wife without tearing the coat? "Coincidence of the quarter: Some of you should be able to remember Vanguard Records, in which Jim Blish and some other New York fans were active seven years ago. This was an effort to put good, neglected music on domestic records, 78 rpm variety, which failed for lack of backing and inability to buck the distribution methods of the big record companies. The sole classical release consisted of one disc of piano music (that included a composition by a fan, Chandler Davis,) and German lieder, sung by Mary Paull. A few months back, I was re-writing a press release by a new local music teacher who offered free vocal lessons for the most promising high school girl. The teacher, the release said, has had much musical experience, giving recitals here, studying there, and recording Mahler and Franz songs for Vanguard Records. Recourse to the phone book showed that she's living on Bryan Place, only a block and a half away. She's married, which accounts for my failure to recognize her by name. "Discovery, a book-little magazine whose first volume was released by Pocket Books, Inc., early this year, has a couple of stories and several poems of fantasy interest. Kenneth Fearing's "Happy Ending" tells about a group of people who mutilate themselves so they can have a functional replacement installed—a flashlight in the socket of a missing eye, for instance, or a lipstick as the new end for a cut-off finger for the women. Julia Savarese's "The Outing" starts out like "The Lottery" and ends ambiguously; it describes the day that all of the nation's kids suddenly get tired of the nation's adults, and pull out. The poems are Louis Ginsberg's "My Sons, Watch Out," which uses atomic metaphors for old thoughts about sex and future generations; and David Ignatow's "News Report," which seems to deal with Pan.