You must wait three more months if you're expecting something original or clever in Horizons' colophon. I don't feel well and I'm not sure I'll be capable of thinking up anything by fall. This is the August, 1980, issue, volume 41, number 4, FAPA number 157, and whole number 162. It's written by Harry Warner, Jr., 423 Summit Avenue, Hagerstown, Maryland, 21740, U.S.A. and published by the Coulsons.

In the Beginning

The Fantasy Amateur: I supp ose the dues increase is inevitable and I'll vote for it. But I don't feel happy about the fact that most or all of the deficit incurred in the past two mailings came from non-FAPA publications published more than a year before they were dumped into the mailings, giving their editors activity credits which are invalid according to any reasonable interpretation of the constitution. FAPA Egoboo Poll Results: The poor response is what I expected as a result of the points distribution system and inexplicable categories on the ballots. Time after time, it's been demonstrated that the best way to get lots of response to the egoboo poll is by keeping the ballot simple: favorites listed in order of preference in categories which the content of the recent mailings dictates. (There was a time when a fiction category was proper, for instance, but no longer.) Poor Fish: I think I've finally remembered the other H. W. in fandom whom I couldn't bring to mind in a telephone conversation about this new organization. There was a Harry Wasserman or maybe a Henry Wassermann or some combination of the two who published a fanzine perhaps a dozen years ago. But I have no idea whether he liked Sherlock Holmes or where he might be today. Yhos: I like an element in administering justice which was probably unconstitutional and seems to have been dropped by the courts around here in recent decades. There was a time when a judge would decide not to send a culprit to prison on condition that he would get out of town and never come back. This was criticized as an expedient which caused criminals from one area to be dumped on another section. But it had the merit of separating the malefactor from his gang of buddies. In some cases, at least, I suspect that a fellow who had fallen into bad company managed to avoid the same mistake in whatever town he chose to settle down in. But there's one value to prison that Art doesn't mention. A cell keeps a criminal away from the ability to harm the general public for at least a few months or years. Kathy Nixon's killer hasn't been found yet, but the "crime solvers" reward system established as a result of her death has led to the apprehension and confession of a driver who killed a man on another road near Hagerstown and didn't stop. This driver had a long, long record of convictions for driving offenses, including another hit-run accident. If a long prison term had been imposed on him for the first hit-run case, the man he ran down would be alive today. '' It seems like I must explain as a result of popular demand my continued use of the Jr. about once every two years in Horizons. I use it because it's my name, legally and familiarly. I feel it's democratic to use it, as proof that a little guy can do the same thing that big shots like Franklin Delano Roosevelt, Jr., and Sammy Davis, Jr., have done. But there's a new reason, one that has emerged just in the past year or two. More and more of the people who know me best have been urging me to retain the Jr., telling me that the j and the r seem ideally suited to my personality. '' I sold stories to

the prozines mainly because I wanted to prove to myself that I could accomplish what so many other fans were doing. That accomplished, the main incentive was gone. I was writing about a million words per year for the local newspapers, which left me reluctant to continue to produce still more wordage in accordance with professional editors' whims, the prozines didn't pay enough to make it financially attractive after taxes and agent's commision, I knew I'd never write fiction well enough to embellish the world's literature holdings, and a final fillip was the unspeakable way in which Bill Hamling totally destroyed all the very limited merits of a story which he bought and rewrote. '' Just reading about Art's chili recipe made me more than ever convinced I have an ulcer. I'm sure a coroner's verdict would be suicide, if I actually ate a plateful of something that potent and expected it to interface with my stomach. TNFF: One slight correction from memory which I hope is accurate: TNFF didn't start under the title of Bonfire. I'm pretty sure it was called Bulletin of the National Fantasy Fan Federation, which was so unwieldy that someone's suggestion of Bonfire was quickly adopted. I'm less certain about the identity of the inventor of the new name, but it runs in my mind that it was Russ Chauvenet. '' I dislike the use of the two-letter abbreviations approved by the postal people for states for the damage that a typographical error can do. The two-letter abbreviations are fine when used on an addressograph plate which is checked for accuracy before it goes into regular use. But when writing addresses by hand or putting them into a fanzine, it takes very little extra time to write out the state's full name and this permits a mistyping to be recognized as such; hitting a wrong key when only two keys are struck can mean that the reader won't recognize the error, if the typo is another state's abbreviation. Letter from &c.: The discoloration at the edges seems to indicate that these are genuine crud sheets from a long-ago edition of The Immortal Storm. But the alleged letter doesn't ring true: Laney was more inventive in his invective than these cliches that bob up in almost every line. Disinformation: Didn't that business of an American attempting to speak Swedish and saying something awful accidentally turn up in The Great Barnum or some other movie about the showman? I was awfully young when I saw it and I've never caught it on television since, but I'm pretty sure it was an episode in Barnum's first encounter with Jenny Lind. I've found nothing in printed biographies of P.T. and Jenny to show that it ever happened. Flossy: I don't quite understand Mike's unwillingness to write mailing comments when he has established such an enormous annual output of locs. The two types of fannish output aren't too different from one another except in the obvious superficial differences: most of us try to boil down mailing comments to keep that section down to manageable length while a loc may be padded in the knowledge that the long loc makes the recipient feel better and he'll be the one who has the task of cutting the stencils. '' I have a theory that the ook ooks of fandom are a direct descendant of an American Indian tradition. If anyone takes the trouble to read The Song of Hiawatha, he'll find in it one complete conversation which consists entirely of ook ook, with the slight difference that Mr. Longfellow spelled it ugh ugh. SPECAPA Commentator: "More than 10%" of teenagers being alcoholics strikes me as a very delicate way of describing the situation. I suspect that at least one out of every three teenagers is an alcoholic in the sense that the individuals couldn't continue to function in the same way

without the stimulation and social confidence they acquire from drinking. Conacs: It suddenly occurs to me that a few more years will produce a situation in fandom which has never occurred before. The number of cons seems to be approaching already the number of regularly published, generally available fanzines. I wouldn't be surprised if cons become more numerous than fanzines before long if one-shots, apazines, and secret fanzines aren't counted. Already, I suspect, there are some quite well known fanzine fans who attend cons more often than they receive fanzines. '' The best thing in this issue, from the standpoint of good news, is the listing of Rich Frank among the guests of honor at Son of Paracon. I'd been led to understand that he was in precarious physical condition a few years ago and it's nice to know he's now capable of congoing. Drivel: I'm positive that there's a correlation between smoking marijuana and the difficulties so many young persons have nowadays when they try to park a car. A quarter-century ago when the average car was longer and the average kid didn't smoke anything that interfered with muscular coordination, a teen-ager seemed automatically able to maneuver an auto into a space just four inches longer than the car. Grandfather Stories: When I was new in fandom, I made it a policy not to get involved in controversies about politics or religion. Now that I'm old in fandom, I think it best not to get myself involved in worldcon controversies. Horizons: Soon after I stenciled this issue, I found specific information on the climate in Denver and New York City. The average winter temperature in Denver is only 1.9 degrees lower than in New York. There's a bigger difference in the average summer temperature, 3.7 degrees. Dayton, Ohio, and Indianapolis gave me the biggest surprises in these statistics: both have lower average winter temperatures than Denver although not quite as many heating degree days. '' And as it turned out, the local cable company surprised me by carrying the Phillies' Sunday afternoon games this year, preempting for several hours for that purpose the programming on a Baltimore channel. But the picture quality is bad, not comparable with what I could obtain with my rooftop antenna. The Continuous Brian Earl Brown: I wonder if the size of FAPA really is the cause of the impersonal impression that Brian gets. I suspect that the large proportion of minac members is a key factor: when so many members limit themselves to eight pages per year, there's the source of much of the fact that "people don't talk to each other": how much can you say to how many members when you're creating only perhaps 4,000 words every dozen months? In any event, this May mailing might be the worst in several decades as far as mailing comments are concerned: I can't remember the last mailing with so few pages devoted to comments. '' Maybe the boss Stanley doesn't really want to disturb people with all those telephone calls to employes. He might watch Laverne and Shirley regularly and admire the way its brewery company president transacts business. '' I don't worry much about making mistakes when I type. I reason that after all these years in fandom, the word should be pretty well disseminated by now about my possessing human failings, and hitting wrong keys is a natural outgrowth of that situation. I read hastily over a letter after I've written it and scribble in any corrections that I didn't notice as I typed. But perfection of typography in something as informal and ephemeral as fandom seems wrong somehow, so I've never retyped a page of a letter or used any of the methods of correcting a typing error in a less conspicuous way than a strikeover or a written change. The Hog on Ice: I suppose it's

something like Walt Willis' imaginary postage stamps that grow so large that they smother civilization, for me to worry about future books which contain no words at all. But it sure enough looks as if the publishing industry is moving that way. The graphics experts seem determined to prove their genius by the vast amount of empty space they leave on pages, and more and more of the unempty space is occupied by pictures. '' Redd Boggs is on the right trail in his complaint about failure to imitate good fanzine writers of the past. But I think the main problem has been the great predominance of humor in material chosen for reprint. Dick Bergeron has taken care of Walter Willis, but how about all the other fan writers of the past who emphasized things in their writings other than froth? Sambo: This information about the Wells-Paul movie idea was completely new to me. I wonder if they meant the productions to be in color? I think there may have been some hand-coloring of movies by 1895 and colored lantern slides were widely used by then. But the most radical thing about this proposal, probably, was the fact that it would have broken away from the way movies in 1895 mostly strove to give the spectator the feeling he was watching a stage play, with most of the set visible at all times and the players visible on screen at full length. Damballa The way infants scream and kick as soon as they come into the world, you'd think birth is as terrifying an experience as death is for many old people. '' Full agreement on the way Judith Crist's movie opinions can be trusted if reversed. Another thing I've noticed: she is invariably wildly enthusiastic about any movie that shows lots of men in jail or a concentration camp or otherwise held in severe bondage. '' Worry can have a certain amount of usefulness when applied to one's health. Sometimes it can lead to getting medical attention for an ailment and alleviating it before it becomes dangerously severe. I can't remember who wrote the story in a long-ago prozine about the discovery of a way to eliminate pain from the world: of course, the painless life was worse than the painful one, because people weren't warned in time of physical problems. Worry may be as useful and natural a thing as pain. Phantasy Press: I wonder if the Rogerses hold the fannish record for artistic creativity over the longest span of years? I can't think offhand of any fan artists from the mid-1930s who are still drawing for fanzines today other than this pair. '' The back cover causes me to wonder if anyone knows the present circumstances and whereabouts of Charles Hornig. I've heard nothing about him for many years in either fandom or prodom. What the Dormouse Said: The curious thing about Marc's reference to "lino" as both a filler and something in the kitchen is the fact that the floor covering once helped to fill up fanzines. A few early fanzines were illustrated by tediously carved-out pictures on linoleum. '' I suppose that the old Hagerstown name of Yingling came from the Scandinavian Yngling. The name was awfully prominent here for many years because one possessor of it publicized so lavishly the tire company which he named for himself. . Bill Lee is a left-handed pitcher who is often called Spaceman because he's so far out. He spent most of his career with the Boston Red Sox where his statements and behavior had a particularly good chance of being publicized because there are so many newspapers surviving in that area. Now he is with Montreal and not much has been heard from him this season, partly because he has not been pitching very well, partly because of the emergence of a Cleveland outfielder named Joe Charboneau who opens cans with his eyesockets.

SuperTwain

I didn't quite tell all in the last issue of Horizons, when I described so many reasons why my loc output had declined so miserably. Even as I was writing those stencils, I was using up time that could have been lavished on locs for a formidable undertaking. I read straight through my 26-volume set of the collected works of Mark Twain, late last year and early this year.

It was the first time I'd read straight through the set since I acquired it gradually a long time ago. In the intervening years I'd re-read this or that book but some of them had remained unopened for decades. I don't know quite why I suddenly felt impelled to read through all those books again, unless it had to do with the suspicion that I'd better do it now, just in case something permanent prevented me from doing so in the near future. For that matter, while I was renewing old literary friendships in this manner, I kept subduing the persistent, nagging premonition that this would be the last time I'd make the complete journey through all those pages.

I can thank the Philadelphia Record for my possession of these books. I must have been in my teens when that newspaper began promotional bookselling ventures. By clipping little coupons from page two of each day's newspaper, and sending the specified quantity of coupons from different dates along with a small sum of money, you could build up sets of Twain, Dickens, and maybe Kipling although my memory registers some uncertainty about the Kipling set. I recall clearly the terms of the Twain books, however: coupons from 24 different issues and 99¢ would get you four Mark Twain books. If you persevered, in about a half-year you owned the complete 26-volume set. The two extra books came as a free bonus for anyone who persevered and obtained all six four-packs of Mark Twain. As it turned out, it was fortunate that I chose the Mark Twain set. I couldn't afford to buy more than one set of books in this manner. As it turned out, I eventually picked up Dickens and Kipling sets in local second-hand stores but I never ran across a Mark Twain set until last year when a local store put on its shelves a set of the very same edition in the same bindings, probably acquired in the same way by someone else in this area. I keep wondering if I outlived that other purchaser or if his eyes have failed or if he decided after three or four decades that he really doesn't like Mark Twain after all.

The books have survived their long passage through time remarkably well, considering their modest cost. The gilt stamping on the substantial green bindings looks almost as bright as ever, there has been no perceptible discoloration of the edges of the pages even though I kept them exposed to light in a bookcase for many years, and when I re-read all of them, there was none of the dreadful loosening and breaking at the binding point that often afflicts old books. Harper and Brothers obviously didn't skimp on the production of my set, even though I regretfully declined to obey my impulse to be extravagant and buy a de luxe edition with fancier bindings that could be obtained for the same coupons and a trifle more money.

I read the books soon after each carton of four volumes arrived. I'm not sure if I was at that time engaging in a habit I maintained for a few years, that of re-reading immediately anything interesting. While I was engaged in this complete rereading procedure last winter, I was startled by both the number of passages I remembered clearly from the long-ago first acquaintance and by the fact that so many

other sections seemed as unfamiliar and new to me as if this were my first encounter with them. What, I wonder, causes memory to be so erratic? Was I more attentive when I read certain pages the first time than usual, causing them to be retained in memory cells more faithfully? Or are the parts I could recall over the decades memorable because they were the best written or most original or particularly vivid examples of Mark Twain's writing? Or are the remembered parts the ones that I've since read about in books and articles about Mark Twain and his books? Or is it some other cause like body chemistry at the moment of reading or some combination of all these potential factors? The most lamentable aspect of my memory problem is the fact that I couldn't find on this recent rereading a few things that I recalled clearly from the long ago. I think I've quoted Mark Twain in fanzines on several occasions to the effect that spelling the words in the English language in the way the dictionary does indicates a lack of imagination. But I didn't run across it this time, although Mark wrote quite a bit about spelling. I was sure I'd read long ago the famous passage in which Mark Twain disguised so well his description of someone thumbing his nose that none of his readers realized what that character had done. But now I discover that the set contains only an account of that literary feat, not the item itself.

I was resigned to the fact that I would react differently to many things in Mark Twain in my fifties. It turned out that way. I don't remember having been impressed very strongly by The Mysterious Stranger when I first read it. Now it impresses me as perhaps the most terrifying and greatest horror story in the English language. The travel books seemed much more enjoyable last winter than they had when I first read them, possibly because in the intervening years I learned to love travel writing from the typewriter of Walter Willis. But my opinion of the duller things in the Twain canon has changed little: I found What Is Man? and some of the other long essays as hard to plow through when young and old both.

There is one other facet of this straight-through rereading after such a long chronological gap. I think it will cause approximately the same length of time to have elapsed between long fanzine writings about Mark Twain. I know of nothing massive in fanzines on that writer since Jack Speer did one emphasizing his fantasy fiction. That must have been in the late 1930's, perhaps only a year or two one way or the other from when I acquired and first read these books. I seem to remember having received Juffus' essay with one of the first FAPA mailings I acquired, but after the tricks memory played on me involving the Twain books, I wouldn't guarantee that I ever saw that Full Length Articles issue or whatever he called its publication, and I haven't taken the time to try to dig it out.

I'm also shaky on Mark Twain scholarship in general. I read all the way through the big multi-volume Paine biography by borrowing it from the library, I've acquired a few books about Twain's life and his writings, but I've never seen the more specialized critical material or the publications of Mark Twain fandom. I haven't even acquired the several books published in recent years which contain Mark Twain writings which were omitted from the collected edition. (I think I can be pardoned for having assumed long ago that eventually I would be able to read all the unpublished Mark Twain manuscripts. It seemed logical to assume that Harper or someone would launch into a systematic publication of a really complete

edition, by the time everyone who might be hurt by the more biting things had died. But now it's pretty obvious that no such complete edition will be started in time to have a reasonable chance to come to completion in my lifetime.) So I can't know if some of the things that occurred to me during all this re-reading are comparatively fresh ideas about the Twain books or hopelessly overworked cliches of Twain criticism.

For example, I was particularly surprised last winter to discover how frequently Mark based a novel or an essay or something else on a variation of an apparently obsessive idea which bobs up as twins or as two lookalikes or as an imposter or in some other form that bears the possibilities of mistaken identity. Pudd'nhead Wilson is permeated with this, and the author told how much trouble he'd had preventing that novel from suffering the unwanted intrusion of additional twin complications. The Prince and the Pauper couldn't exist without the lookalike notion. He loved to write about siamese twins. The American Claimant involves the imposter notion. The mysterious stranger indulges in an awful lot of phantom-creating to fool people. In one form or another, this duality leitmotif bobs up on hundreds of pages in the 26 books in my set. I suppose the most fashionable way to explain it would be through a sort of long distance psychoanalysis of the author. Mark Twain was clearly a man of contradictions. Paine mentions somewhere the woman who described him as the best man and the worst man she had ever known. He could write some of the most blasphemous material that appeared in print during his lifetime and yet he was genuinely in love with his image of Joan of Arc. He could be bigoted against whole nations and hold certain representatives of them in the greatest respect. He was an absolute roughneck as a youth and fastidious in dress and appearance when old. Contradictions like these caused him to personify his dual nature in his subject matter when he wrote, the literary analyst would argue, and maybe he really has. Of course, he'd be wrong because most authors and most other human beings are a mass of contradictions approaching or exceeding those in Mark Twain, and very few of them harp away at the twins and imposters and lookalikes in the things they write or talk about so much. Maybe there was a simpler cause, some single event in early childhood that left a lasting impression on the future author. I would find it more convincing an explanation if someone somehow traced down a mixup in Florida or Hannibal over the identity of someone who was close to the Clemens family, just at the time when the child was most impressionable.

Then there's the matter of form. I can't imagine what an agent or an editor would do, if an unknown author presented him with a manuscript of a novel as lacking in the customary arrangement of beginning, middle and end as any of Mark Twain's novels except The Prince and the Pauper. All the others, the best and the worst, seem to do everything wrong. One or two might be called picaresque without stretching the facts too far, but the others have plots that meander as wildly as Delius' music or no plots at all. The big climax can occur at any place from beinning to the middle, and they apparently stop because the author got tired of writing or felt he had a long enough manuscript to fill another book. And yet most of them are magnificently readable and seem as alive as a genuine circus freak, unable to beget others of their like for future generations but much fun to enjoy for their own selves. Mark seemed determined to carry this formlessness over even to his non-fiction.

A travel book will suddenly speed up in giddy fashion toward the end and condense several weeks of the last stages of the journeying into a couple of chapters. When Mark decided to try to create an autobiography by dictation, he wasted a lot of words and time repeating how proud he was of the fact that he wasn't remembering things consecutively or systematically but meandering from one topic to another, even including something that had caught his attention in the day's newspaper. Here again it would be tempting to indulge in psychoanalysis based on false premises. Journalism was the first sort of published writing that Mark Twain did, after he'd learned that trade he was magnificent at reporting something like a fight for survival at sea, and it's tempting to speculate that he may have hated so much the requirements of journalism that he deliberately avoided any sort of orthodoxy when he found himself able to write books and magazine articles. I hope it wasn't that way. I'd prefer to think Mark Twain wrote in such odd forms simply because he felt it the best way of expressing his own special talents.

Before I acquired this big set of Mark Twain books, I knew only two of his works. As a child, I'd received as Christmas gifts very nice editions of the books about Tom Sawyer and Huckleberry Finn. The former is still one of the most beautiful books I own, lavishly illustrated, beautifully bound, and my parents must have had a premonition of my future love for Mark Twain when they decided to spend so much instead of purchasing one of the cheap editions. I must have re-read Tom Sawyer a dozen or more times during the first year or two I owned it. This was remarkable, because at that time I preferred to read about familiar things and Tom's environment was completely different from mine: I'd grown up as an only child with parents, not a semi-orphan with an old aunt and her children, I'd never played around any water larger than the puddle which formed in my back yard after a particularly heavy rain, I lived only a block from the black neighborhood of Hagerstown but no black boy ever played with a white boy, I knew nobody even half as disreputable as Huck Finn, and so on down the line. Nevertheless, I came to know the sequence of events in Tom Sawyer by heart and I probably could have done a fairly good job of rewriting the entire novel if book-burnings had suddenly destroyed all printed copies. The Adventures of Huckleberry Finn didn't make quite that favorable an impression on my boyish self. Its length may have been one problem. When I re-read it, the first half of it seems much more familiar than the remainder, so I suspect that I frequently started it in childhood and bogged down before finishing it. I was too stupid to comprehend when young the humor in the marvelous final chapters involving Tom's insistence to stage a dramatic rescue for Jim. The duke and the king confused me; I seem to remember having been unable to be sure whether they were bad or good men. And some of the brutal events in the book were a bit too strong for me. For that matter, I'd been badly shaken by the discovery of Injun Joe's body in Tom Sawyer and admitted that fact in my first published writing. I sent a review of Tom Sawyer to St. Nicholas, the most wonderful magazine ever published for children in the United States, and it was printed, complete with my expression of dismay over the chapter which describes the corpse.

Now I can understand why the literary establishment considers Huck's book to be better than Tom's, but I remain fonder of the earlier work. I wonder if the collective soul of Hollywood feels the same? To the best of my knowledge, while Tom Sawyer has been filmed

repeatedly and even turned into a musical for television, there has been no attempt to cover the entire sequel in a movie. Maybe the importance of Jim was too much for Hollywood in the old days, but the novel would seem ideal for the socially significant film-makers of the past couple of decades. The ideal way of putting it on film would be as a miniseries on television, because it would take five or six hours to do a really good job on capturing both the general atmosphere of the novel and all the important events that occur in it.

Among the infinite quantity of fannish projects which I'll never get around to accomplishing is a parody on the James Joycean material that used to turn up in the more pretentious publications of the Futurians. I would use the first page or so of Tom Sawyer for my gloss. The full title is The Adventures of Tom Sawyer. I could have begun with the premise that the book's hero is a Christ figure, the same claim that literary analysts advance for most of the other important pieces of literature that seem particularly unlikely places for Christ figures to appear. I would have explained that the very title was a subtle combination of allusions: an Advent is to be found in Adventures, Christ was a carpenter and sawyer is an old English word for a person with that trade, while the deity who transcends time is meant by the hero's given name, a Joycean pun on Tom-temps, the French word for time. Further allusions could have been found in the author's choice of penname: the second Gospel was written by Mark, so its appearance under the byline could refer to the second coming, just as Twain does. The first lines in the book are spoken by Aunt Polly, and I could have gone on to speculate that this was the author's allusions to the many tribulations of the world, since poly is a Greek prefix for multiple. However, I probably would have had to take a vacation from the theological interpretation to explain away Aunt Polly's first two words, which consist of calling Tom by his first name. I could have cited those two words as an ingenious intimation to the reader that the book would reach its final climax with a confrontation between Injun Joe and the youthful hero, since a tom-tom is an Indian implement. I suppose it's just as well I didn't go through with this writing idea. There is always the danger that it might have reached someone in the literary establishment and given him the inspiration to produce a five hundred page analysis of the entire novel from the Christ figure standpoint with such features as a triumphant seizing on Tom's return from the dead after the pirate adventure and his emergence from the cave near the book's end.

I've read quite a bit of more sensible critical writing about Tom Sawyer. I particularly liked one analysis which proved that it was eternal summer in Mark Twain's novel, because the references to the weather aren't consistent with the approximate chronological sequence of events. Maybe that excuses to some extent the way the leaves are always green in episodes of The Waltons, and the fact that one episode of Little House on the Prairie traced a woman's pregnancy from beginning to completion and it remained summer the entire nine months outdoors. I was also impressed by the ingenuity of an essay which proved that a line or two in one chapter are inconsistent with surrounding lines, an obvious case of incomplete revision of some earlier draft which no editor has ever caught in all succeeding editions down through the years. But I haven't seen anyone remark on a strange thing about the very last page of the book. That's the one where the author steps forward and explains the difficulty of knowing when to stop in a novel about children. "When one writes a novel

about grown people, he knows exactly where to stop--that is, with a marriage." The thing that should be remarked about that statement is the failure of Mark to conclude his novels about adults with marriages. (Incidentally, I feel I should restrain myself in direct quotations on these pages. I have no idea how much of Mark's publised prose has gone into the public domain by now. Certainly Tom Sawyer must have long since outlived the copyright protection, but many of the books in my set contain a mixture of old and more recent writings which aren't keyed in the text to original publication dates and some of them might still belong to the Harper firm. In a fandom past, I would have gone ahead with lots of quotes, confident that it wouldn't cause me trouble even if I was technically in violation of the copyright law. But even FAPAzines are being huckstered so much nowadays that it's hard to be sure where issues of Horizons will migrate, and at a time when there is threatened litigation over cons, it isn't impossible that someone would tattle in the hope of winning favor with the copyright owners.)

As I intimated, almost everything in the Mark Twain set was new to me when I acquired it, except for those two novels. On this recent re-reading, I found that the book I could remember most clearly among those other 24 volumes was Life on the Mississippi. Here again, as in the case of Huckleberry Finn, the first half of it seemed to snap back into the focus of memory more readily than the remainder during the rereading. This time, the phenomenon might be attributed to the fact that Life on the Mississippi peters out a trifle in its final stages. The chapters in its final half or third are splendid, read separately, but they seem a bit sketchy and unrelated to one another when they're read immediately after the wonderful first twenty chapters, which tell a more or less consecutive and photographically detailed narrative of how Mark learned to know and love the trade of steamboating down the Mississippi.

I wonder how much information about the art of steamboat piloting would be lost to the world, if Mark Twain hadn't written it all down so minutely. I suspect that there's nothing else published that explains so clearly and so fully the prodigious feats of knowledge and memory that the pilot needed to ply his trade; in fact, the major era of steamboating on the Mississippi didn't last long enough to give very much opportunity to get such things written and published. I also wonder if all the resources of modern science as applied to navigation would be sufficient to take the place of the pilot's brain, if steamboating for some reason returned to the river today. Would radar and sonar and all the other technologies suffice when it's a question of a few inches of sufficient or insufficient water or the condition of a half-visible tree stump?

When I reread Life on the Mississippi and some of the other nonfiction books in the Mark Twain oeuvre, I suddenly realized something. Mark Twain's career would be perfect material for a new sort of television feature, non-fiction sitcom. By stretching the truth no further than Mark did when he narrated events, it would be possible to run such a series for years. Ralph Waite will probably be looking for regular work after the last season of The Waltons, and he wouldbe ideal as Mark Twain: he doesn't look too old to portray the author's earlier adventures,and it wouldn't take much makeup to transform him into the elderly writer. So many things happened to Mark Twain and Mark Twain happened to so many things that scores of episodes could be carved out of his books and biographical material about him, ranging from major events like the night the cow fell

through the roof to small calamities such as his endless preoccupation with the question of why he always got out on the same side of the path no matter whether his carriage went clockwise or counter-clockwise around the loop leading to his home.

Roughing It is another book that I found fairly familiar when I re-read it from beginning to end for the first time in at least one-third of a century. The first copyright date I find in this edition is 1871. I'm not sure if that refers to first publication of the entire book or only parts of it. Whichever, at least part of this book must have been in print a full quarter-century before most of the falsification of the Old West began. It seems strange that the glorification of despicable petty criminals into folk heroes should have been accomplished while Mark Twain's matter of fact accounts of how men really behaved out there was in print, and that other romanticisms about the Golden West could have survived when this book was available to show how tedious and difficult it really was to live and work out there. The best parts of Roughing It deal with the adventures Mark Twain had in the West, in which I suppose nobody will ever be able to disentangle completely the tangle of truth and lies. But there are other wonderful things in it, some of which appear more so now than they once did. One small sample occurs in the course of Mark's description of his earliest journalism endeavors. He was writing about editorials and his words had little meaning to me when I was a railroader. B ut now they seem like the wail of a kindred spirit over the space of a century, with the trifling difference that my problem is columns: "It is unspeakable hardship to write editorials. Subjects are the trouble--the dreary lack of them, I mean. Every day, it is drag, drag, drag--think, and worry, and suffer--all the world is a dull blank, and yet the editorial columns must be filled. Only give the editor a subject, and his work is done--it is no trouble to write it up; but fancy how you would feel if you had to pump your brains dry every day in the week, fifty-two weeks in the year. It makes one low-spirited simply to think of it. ... Ever since I survived my week as editor, I have found at least one pleasure in any newspaper that comes to my hand; it is in admiring the long columns of editorial, and wondering to myself how in the mischief he did it!" I sometimes marvel at myself when I calculate that it's now close to eight and one-half years that I've been writing a column a day, I also feel that my brains have been dessicated, my low spirits should be evident from recent issues of Horizons, and the only trifling difference is that I get four weeks' vacation each year, a luxury that newspaper people couldn't enjoy in Mark's day.

Then there are the chapers about Hawaii. They seem curiously modern in outlook. I wish I knew enough about the late 19th century to be sure how daring Mark Twain's attitude toward the natives and to the whites who had usurped the islands really was. The general spirit of his chapters on Hawaii seems closely akin to the movie I've watched several times for the sake of Julie Andrews.

I suppose the book that has been most written about in fandom, among Mark Twain's output, is A Connecticut Yankee in King Arthur's Court. (Can't you visualize a modern editor pouncing on that title and demanding that one word of it be expunged, on the grounds that Yankee is redundant after the mention of Connecticut?) I've seen it cited as a possible inspiration for all the 20th century fantasy novels in which a more or less contemporary individual somehow gets transported to the past and his experiences as he attempts to mesh modern knowhow with oldtime thinking and habits. It also has some

significance as an early factor in the modern tendency to take the Arthurian legend less solemnly than Malory did. It would be nice to know exactly how much it might have influenced The Once and Future King or rather the original versions of the novels that were rewritten as that work. For that matter, I've been unable to find outhow well Mark knew Don Quixote.

But my latest reading of this novel caused me to ponder about the other side of the picture: its failure to have any apparent effect on an entire subdivision of fantasy fiction. All the countless tens of thousands of pages of published fiction written in imitation of the Conan stories show no apparent evidence that Mark Twain ever wrote this novel. I find it hard to believe that authors can create and readers can go wild over the Conan derivatives when they are so filled with the very nonsenses that A Connecticut Yankee so amply analyzed. Whether it's Arthur's world or Conan's world, the handful of strong people enjoy that status only by maintaining the most unspeakable attitudes toward the weak majority. Mark Twain's hero at least tried to do something about the horrors of the medieval world. The Conan-type characters seem content to do nothing about the status quo other than to kill off anyone who happens to get into their way.

Then there are the small matters about A Connecticut Yankee that make it enjoyable to me. One is the references to baseball. That sport didn't become a really big thing in the United States until after the Civil War, which seems to have been responsible for spreading it everywhere. This novel was published about a quarter-century later, and apparently by then baseball had attracted enough attention from Mark Twain to be made a part of King Arthur's Court in its yankee revision. I can't find now the exact spot in the book where I ran across another small matter which amused me vastly. I hear language purists complain when sports announcers say OFfense and DEfense, instead of obeying the dictionary's instructions on where to put the accent. But somewhere in this novel, there's a conversation in which one speaker utters the two words and Mark Twain puts the first two letters of each word in italics to show how he was accenting them on the first syllable to stress the distinction. So I imagine that ordinary people were putting the accents there in the late 19th century, and I imagine that around the end of the 21st century, the dictionary compilers will become aware of how the words are pronounced and change their markings to prove how up-to-date their new editions really are.

And I wonder if this novel pioneered in naming a character Sandy? In recent years, movies and television dramas seem to have bestowed that name on at least half of the female leads who are particularly plucky or constant or competent. I'd assumed for many years that the name was inspired by Little Orphan Annie's companion, until my reacquaintance with this novel reminded me that Mark Twain had used it. Then there's the matter of that famous television commercial for an office copier which ran over and over again a few years ago, the one in which a monastery needs copies of a priceless manuscript in a hurry and when a monk produces them with this machine, the chief rolls his eyes heavenward and murmurs, "A miracle!" Chapter 26 of A Connecticut Yankee tells about his production of the first newspaper. He shows the first issue to a group of monks, and when they estimate it took a year to produce a thousand copies, he explains that it was merely the work of a day, and they replied: "Ah-h--a miracle, a wonder!"

This time, I enjoyed some of Mark's adult fiction more than I had on first acquaintance. Joan of Arc strikes me now as something like Mark's Parsifal. I know that his Joan is outlandishly pure and devout, but the character as he describes her probably isn't any further removed from the historical Joan than the intellectual Joan whom Shaw dramatized. I can't remember from the Paine biography if Mark originally intended to keep his novel anonymous. (He'd published it that way because his reputation as a humorist was so firmly fixed in the public consciousness that he feared readers would consider this long novel yet another attempt at comedy.) If he had no intention of revealing himself as author at the time he was writing Joan of Arc, maybe his real opinion of Joan is the one he put into the novel, under the assumption that it wasn't necessary to be consistent with the way he'd always imbued his female characters with generous quantities of basic faults. Still, it's curious that the author should have emphasized at the very beginning that "It is the only story of a human life which comes to us under oath, the only one which comes to us from the witness-stand." His distrust of organized religion surely must have been comprehensive enough to cause him to doubt the total accuracy of the transcripts of an eccelesiastical court and his years in journalism must have convinced him that courts in general aren't always calculated to provide accurate material for historians.

Still, I enjoyed very much this time the earlier part of the historical novel, the chapters whichdeal with Joan's girlhood and with the earlier stages of her rise to fame. It's a very long novel, but its length seems to threaten tedium only in the latter stages with their recounting of the dreary succession of efforts to find a way to put the woman at the stake.

The Gilded Age was I think the only book in this set that I thoroughly disliked when I first read it. In truth, it creaks under the burden of a lot of the worst sentimentalities and melodramas of second-rate 19th century novels. The chapter headings become a bad joke incessantly repeated. The lovers are cardboard figures. But today, I can find more to admire in it than I did then, particularly the wonderful character of Col. Sellers. When I saw Mickey Rooney on the Tony awards telecast a couple of weeks ago, I was struck by the idea that here is the perfect person to portray Col. Sellers in a filmed version of this novel or The American Claimant, the other and better novel in which the old promoter appears. Mickey has begun to bear a startling resemblance to W. C. Fields, but I think Mickey would make Col. Sellers a more fully human and better rounded character than Fields might have done: Mickey is a more versatile actor who could bring out the pathos and the basic benignity of the colonel.

There's also a great deal of fun in the portrayal of politicians and Washington society in The Gilded Age that went completely over my head the first time I read it. I think Will Rogers may have found more inspiration from Mark Twain than he's generally credited with having done. I don't remember now if it's in one of the Col. Sellers books or elsewhere that Mark made a remark which certainly sounds like Will: something to the effect that inflation was so bad that now for the same sum that once purchased Manhattan Island from the Indians, it's possible to buy only one Pennsylvania legislator.

Pudd'nhead Wilson is the one long work of fiction by Mark Twain which I think he should have rewritten after publication. The other novels seem for all their faults as if they'd fall apart

beyond all hope of reassembly if tampered with. But Pudd'nhead Wilson seems to contain within itself the potentiality of another Huckleberry Finn, if only the author had recognized the full potential of his title character, made him the genuinely central character throughout, and relegated the matter of Tom Wilson and Roxy to a major episode but not the central core of the expanded novel. As the book exists, Pudd'nhead recedes from attention just when the reader has grown thoroughly interested in him. In this Harper edition, the novel is published between the same pair of covers with a hundred pages which Mark snipped out from his original manuscript after he realized that his story was running out of control. This section is published as Those Extraordinary Twins, with explanations of where various sections would have fitted into the story as it originally grew. There's also an extended explanation by the author of how this strange circumstance occurred in which he confesses the chaotic way in which he wrote long fiction. He apparently wrote a novel when a short story refused to be told with a moderate number of words, and the whole nature of the tale sometimes changed while it was coming into the world. In the case of Pudd'nhead Wilson, he confesses, the story changed from farce to tragedy during its creation and also had two separate stories entangled as one. I think this preface is the best possible rebuttal to the often advanced theory that Mark Twain was incapable of judging the quality of his own writings. But he seems to have been disinterested in his books once they had seen print, aside from the natural interest he took in royalties; and he must have sometimes stopped improving a manuscript because a deadline was at hand or he needed quickly the income it would produce, not because it was as good as he could make it. Even if Pudd'nhead Wilson as a picaresque tale of Huck Finn's length wouldn't have turned out to be a much finer novel than it now is, the change would have guaranteed us many more of the wonderful brevities which Mark put at the beginning of each chapter under the guise of quotations from Pudd'nhead Wilson's Calendar. Some of them have become household words but others aren't as often found in anthologies nowadays, like "One of the most striking differences between a cat and a lie is that a cat has only nine lives" or "Few things are harder to put up with than the annoyance of a good example."

But maybe Mark wrote The Prince and the Pauper to prove that he knew perfectly well how to construct a fine novel according to the rules, if he really wanted to do so. This book somehow didn't make connections with me when I was young enough to read it as a children's book. I'm not sure if I would have enjoyed it, because of that discomfort I've already mentioned with fiction set in far times or places which bedeviled my reading appreciation until I was about thirteen and suddenly made a complete about face by going wild over the most extreme example of what I had always disliked, science fiction. Still, I might have made an exception for The Prince and the Pauper because of the speed with which Mark Twain plunges into his narrative and makes that long ago, far away poor little boy seem so real and sympathetic. By now, I can perceive something that would have escaped me totally in childhood and I probably wouldn't have thought of upon any other rereading until comparatively recently. I detect a strong influence by the novels of Sir Walter Scott which Mark didn't exactly admire. His basic plan is similar: insert a few fictional characters and events into known historical matters. The archaisms in the narrative sound like

those of Scott. I don't remember that Scott used the Burroughs-style cliffhangers at the moments when the Twain story shifts attention from this group of characters to that, and The Prince and the Pauper is a much more compact story than most of the Scott novels, both in wordage and in plotting. I read most of Scott's fiction a few years back, enjoyed most of it, and I admire him as an author more than the majority of modern readers do. But I can't help the feeling that the Scott novels would still be popular today if he'd been as restrained as Mark Twain in the way he put his novels together. (Another oddity that never occurred to me until I reread all these books: Mark Twain is generally considered the quintessence of the United States author, and yet a remarkably high percentage of his best known writings, both fiction and non-fiction, are set in Europe or have Europeans as major characters in United States settings.)

There are four big travel books in the Mark Twain canon. The Innocents Abroad is the most famous and probably the best of them, but all four of them stand up wonderfully well on rereading today, not as curiosities of how things have changed in far lands, but as brilliant pieces of writing and commentaries on the unchanging things about the world and the humans who inhabit it. If I understand the literary situation correctly, The Innocdnts Abroad was a blockbuster inthe sense that it demolished the old solemnities and humilities with which books about Europe had been written by United States residents up to then. The preface makes it plain that Mark Twain knew what he was doing: "I make small pretense of showing anyone how he ought to look at objects of interest beyond the sea--other books do that...."The book has a few minor faults. Some parts of it contain sentences or paragraphs which were needed for the newspaper correspondence form in which they were originally written and really ought to have been expunged for book publication. It's a shame that Mark wasn't able to tell about the final part of the journey in the same detail he'd lavished on what went before, but I suppose his book had become unwieldily long even under publishing conditions that existed more than a century ago. Elsewhere in this set of books there is a note about an episode which Mark really should have used and apparently didn't out of respect to some fellow-travelers. One of the party came down with a critical illness and he was almost left to die alone in a foreign land by those who feared contagion; the author seems to have been responsible for saving him from such a fate.

But the book is so wonderful that you don't think of such trifles while you're rereading it. You don't even stop and wonder if this or that page is truth or lies or somewhere in between. Here and there you're jarred for a moment by a passage which seems like a quotation from an orthodox guidebook or history, but those are small spots on the brilliant sun. I think my favorite section remains the same as it was when I first read the book so long ago, the clandestine sightseeing of the Acropolis by Mark and a few other daring passengers when the ship was under quarnantine and unable to make its scheduled stop in Greece. This should be the most suspicious section of the book for its apparent improbability. But the tale of how they snuck ashore and saw Athens and the Parthenon by moonlight has the ring of absolute truth and I'm inclined to think that practically everything happened just as described here.

I've never felt any interest in collecting first editions of any books. But I had a terrible halfhour at a flea market several months ago when I stumbled upon a copy of the gaudy, massive first printing

of Following the Equator. Its asking price was as much as I normally spend on second-hand books in a half-year, but a bargain compared to asking prices I've seen advertised in catalogs. Somehow I resisted and in a way, I was rewarded just recently when I happened across a first edition of the collection of short pieces published under the title of its first story, The Man Who Corrupted Hadleyburg, for a dime. Following the Equator doesn't have quite the energy and sense of freshness that The Innocents Abroad possessed, but that's understandable, considering the fact that it was written so much later in the author's life, at a time when he was extricating himself from a financial mess. Aside from those minor problems, I like it almost as much as the older book. And it has the great special merit of many quotations at the start of chapters from Pudd'nhead Wilson's New Calendar. "Few of us can stand prosperity. Another man's, I mean." "It could probably be shown by facts and figures that there is no distinctly native American criminal class except Congress." "The universal brotherhood of man is our most precious possession, what there is of it." Delicious quotations like those remind me of my old notion which I wanted to work into this article somewhere. Maybe they remind some older fans of the spirit and style of Poor Pong's Almanac. That's the comparison that strikes me, and it brings me to my belief that Bob Tucker has had a lot in common with Mark Twain as a humorist and might have been his near equal and successor, if Tucker had chosen to fight for recognition in the mundane professional writing field. I haven't the time or courage to try to cite specific passages for comparison, but I feel that in his novel about the search for a lost Lincoln speech, Tucker captured much the same ambience of 19th century United States life that emerges from Mark Twain's books. There is much in common in the sort of philosophic humor that both Twain and Tucker achieved when they were i a good groove. I know Bob is in an enviable position today as a near-deity and elder statesman among fans and the possessor of a splendid reputation and regular royalties as a pro. But I can't help wondering if he blew his chance to be another Mark Twain by squandering so many thousands of hours on fanac and by writing professionally a type of fiction which gave little opportunity for the interjection of humor.

And while we're thinking about such things, I would also venture the claim that I have found the earliest Feghoot in existence, in A Tramp Abroad. Ferdinand Feghoot was unknown when I first read this travel book, so I can be pardoned for not noticing the pioneering chapter at this time. If you want to take the trouble to dig it out at your public library, it is in chapter 17, and for all I know the story may have been told to Mark by Ferdinand Feghoot, because he doesn't identify by name the captain of the raft who told it to him. The principal characters in this Feghoot are a particularly loathesome dragon, an impoverished knight, and the monopoly for the manufacture and sale of eyeglasses in Germany.

Europe and Elsewhere isn't a consecutive travel narrative like the other three books, but rather a miscellany of separate writings, most of them dealing in one way or another with that continent. I wonder if present-day Iran keeps a translation of this collection in print for the sake of the long piece entitled O'Shah. The Shah was visiting England, Mark Twain was writing about the event, and he wasn't too impressed by "this splendid barbarian, who is lord over a few deserts and a modest ten million of ragamuffins--a man who has never done anything to win our gratitude or excite our admiration,

except that he managed to starve a million of his subjects to death in twelve months. If he had starved the rest I suppose we would set up a monument to him now." And later: "If he learns that a throne may rest as firmly upon the affections of a people as upon their fears; that charity and justice may go hand in hand without detriment to the authority of the sovereign; that an enlarged liberty granted to the subject need not impair the power of the monarch; if he learns these things Persia will be the gainer by his journey, and the money which Europe has expended in entertaining him will have been profitably invested."

Five years from now, the 150th anniversary of Mark Twain's birth will arrive. It would be wonderful if that occasion should inspire this or that publisher to issue as complete and systematic an autobiography as can be compiled from the wildly scattered materials which Mark Twain left for one in this and that form. Sometimes he wrote substantial amounts of wordage intended for an autobiography, late in life he dictated regularly to a secretary toward the same purpose, and there are sections in his other writings that probably contain few enough exaggerations to be utilized for such an autobiography. The two volumes in my set entitled Mark's Twain Autobiography contain more than 700 pages of fascinating material, but apparently it wasn't edited any more than was necessary to expunge things that would have offended living persons when this batch of material was issued in 1924. The conversational style of the dictated sections clashes with the more Twainian style of the stuff he wrote with his own hand. There is little chronological ordering, and a good many pages aren't really autobiographical at all but rather the author's opinions on current events.

Mark had one particular idea about autobiography that is accurate as far as it goes but quite disastrous as far as its apparent effect on his spasmodic efforts to create an autobiography. He explained on several occasions that it's quite impossible to write an autobiography because what the subject thinks is more important than much of what he does and in each day he thinks enough things to fill up an entire volume or two. I suspect that Mark was so obsessed by this notion that he never really intended to tell his life's story from start to finish, convinced that any such attempt would be futile because of that book-per-day necessity for completeness.

Still there are so many wonderful things in these two books that I'd love to live long enough to own the most complete and properly ordered autiobiography that could be created under today's conditions. Another of those quirks of memory had caused me to think often through the years of just one passage in the autiobiography, the description of the abundance and variety of nature and food and other fundamentals that Mark knew in his boyhood home. There aren't as many of these pages as I had remembered, but they're still as magnificent as I remembered them, unique in Mark's writing I think for the way they sound like passages out of Thomas Wolfe's books, as in part of his paean to the watermelon of his youth: "I know how inviting it looks when it is cooling itself in a tub of water under the bed, waiting; I know how it looks when it lies on the table in the sheltered great floor space between house and kitchen, and the children gathered for the sacrifice and their mouths watering; I know the crackling sound it makes when the carving knife enters its end, and I can see the split fly along in front of the blade as the knife cleaves its way to the other end; I can see its halves fall apart and display the rich red meat and the black seeds, and the heart standing up, a

luxury fit for the elect; I know how a boy looks behind a yard-long slice of that melon, and I know how he feels; for I have been there."

The best way to read these two volumes is by dipping and picking, a few pages here and there. In that manner, the pace doesn't seem as jerky, because you feel it's your own fault that the subject matter changes so abruptly and so many things you'd like to know more about aren't told. There are many wonderful things in them, along with the irrelevant and repetitious sections. Mark's remarks about spelling aren't as I remembered them, but really much better. He believed that a person is either born with the ability to spell or not and any efforts to rectify this congenital situation are useless. His wife and her sister didn't have the native gift, and the sister-in-law and wife between them once spelled "scissors" in seven different ways in one letter they ha written together, a feat which seems to have impressed Mark more than many of the worldshaking events through which he lived. Moreover, they wouldn't believe him when he insisted that "sicisiors" isn't the proper way to spell the word.

One strange thing about these autobiographical volumes isn't in the text. One of them has as frontispiece a sketch of Mark Twain at the age of 18 which I've never seen reproduced elsewhere. It is almost impossible to believe that the youth portrayed in what must have been a watercolor is the same person whose face and bearing are so familiar from other paintings and photographs made later in life. He looks in this early sketch heavy-set, half-sullen, half-wild, with a disordered collar and mouth which seems about to fall open, jet black hair apparently cut rather short, deep-set, small and staring eyes and strangest of all, the sketch makes him look quite a bit like Muhammad Ali. It must be the only pictorial evidence of the other Mark Twain, the one who did so many things he regretted later but never described in detail for the edification of posterity. (I sometimes wonder if Mark Twain ever came through the Hagerstown area. There is apparently no complete documentation of all the places he worked during his early years as a journeyman printer. I suppose there would be a local tradition created by local persons remembering Mark, if he had spent a few months laboring in a local printshop. In all these 26 volumes, the only reference to the western part of Maryland is a few lines about a Maryland politician who was known for extreme eccentricity while Mark was living in Washington, but this politician had only passing connections with Hagerstown and Washington County and never actually lived here. I would have expected Mark to visit Harpers Ferry, at least, at one time or another in his life, but I can't find any evidence that he did so, or that he ever followed the National Road through here; that highway, however, was already losing favor to the railroads by the time Mark began to grow famous and make trips through the East.)

There's also a great deal of autobiographical material in the volume entitled Mark Twain's Notebook. The title should be plural since Paine put this volume together from a numerous assortment of notebooks that he used during most of his creative life. I don't know how much unpublished stuff may remain; Paine says in the foreward that the notebooks "are now offered in full" but it's obvious from his interjections in the pages that follow that much has been left unpublished. Fortunately, Paine used considerable material from the notes that Mark kept during the cruise of the Quaker City which inspired The Innocents Abroad. Some of these notes help us

understand various things about the real passengers who were used as rough sketches for those that appear in the book (it's reasonable to assume that Mark was truthful in his notebooks at this early stage in his career when he was a virtual unknown and couldn't possibly guess that his notes would someday be published in a book all their own; maybe he had this on his mind when he took notes later in his career). Here and there are wonderful quotable quotes, like: "What a good thing Adam had--when he said a good thing he knew nobody had said it before." Or: "When we remember that we are all mad, the mysteries disappear and life stands explained." And there are tantalizing things in the notebook volume. In 1885, he noted that this was the anniversary of the day in 1858 when he parted from a girl friend who prophesied that they would meet again in thirty years. Paine notes that the prophecy wasn't fulfilled, and it was 48 years until he heard from her again in the form of a letter which asked a "favor" which he granted. Paine doesn't know why they had broken up, he doesn't explain the nature of this favor, and there's nothing to help the puzzled reader understand why the girl should have predicted another meeting after three decades. I didn't watch the PBS program which recently featured Mark Twain's more bitter and disillusioned writing, but it's easy to find plenty of examples in the notebook extracts, like his admiration for another man's anecdote about a man who went to heaven, got an excursion ticket to go sightseeing in hell, and then found he couldn't get anyone there to accept the return ticket when he decided he didn't want to use it himself.

I know that Mark Twain's manner of moving about is preserved on some silent film footage, and I seem to remember having read somewhere that his voice exists on a phonograph record or two. But it's sad to know that we'll never know exactly how it was to attend a speech or a lecture by Mark Twain, who was almost as famous for talking in public as for writing during his greatest years of fame. There's a collection of his speeches in the set to which is appended a detailed explanation of how he went about it, and Mark reminisced so often about his speech and speaking career that it's possible to get a rough idea of how different he was from the orators and from the wild purveyors of comic talks. He seems to have used much the same easy informality on the lecture platform that Will Rogers made famous, and his manner of saying things must have been almost as effective as what he said. Fortunately, this book contains the complete text of the talk that caused Mark to fret and worry and alibi and change his opinion of what had happened over almost half of his lifetime. In fact, American Heritage revived the episode some years ago. In Boston, of all places, at the 70th birthday celebration of John Greenleaf Whittier, of all celebrities, Mark took it into his head to do something different. He invented a visit he'd paid during his Nevada stay to a miner who complained that he was having too many literary visitors, because Mr. Longfellow, Mr. Holmes, and Mr. Emerson had just left. Mark then put into the mouths of the visitors extracts from their most famous poems, applied to purposes wildly out of context, and ended by explaining that he had discovered that the visitors were imposters. He had hardly launched into this performance when he sensed that he'd gone too far in bandying the names and works of such literary deities on such a momentous occasion. Somehow he finished, he wasn't banned from Boston, but the conviction that he'd done something awful haunted him, the press seemed to back up his misgivings, and down through the years this or

that person would suddenly bring up the event in conversation with Mark. Curiously, the poets themselves didn't complain in public, and Mark seems on some occasions in much later years to have felt he had done wrong while at other times he decided he'd overreacted.

Then there are the books in the set which contain a miscellany of shorter fiction and non-fiction pieces. Many of them are close to the status of potboilers, others are gems that shouldn't be as obscure as they are. Many fans, I imagine, would enjoy A Double-Barrelled Detective Story. It was first published just after the turn of the century, so it must be one of the earlier burlesques of Sherlock Holmes. The opening sections are uncannily accurate imitation of the American sections of a couple of Doyle's longer Holmes stories. Sherlock himself doesn't appear until rather late in the story but his nephew, Fetlock, is there at an earlier stage. This, incidentally, is the place where Mark almost got away with one of his wildest literary pranks. Buried in a long paragraph describing the glories of nature on an early October morning out west were the words: "far in the empty sky a solitary esophagus slept upon motionless wing". A few readers wrote to him or to the magazine where the story first appeared, complaining that they couldn't find any such bird in their dictionary. Most persons apparently didn't notice anything amiss.

Since he was capable of such iniquities, I hesitate to put full faith in anything Mark wrote. But tentatively I assume that a curious little article entitled The Austrian Edison Keeping School Again is based on fact. It's about an early effort to create television, by a Moravian schoolteacher who had invented a "telelectroscope" for seeing at great distances. According to this piece, he had sold the invention to a French syndicate and it was to be exhibited at a world's fair when the undated article was written. I don't remember reading references to this fellow with the tough name of Jan Szczepanik in the books about the early near misses in television technology.

Then there's the strange autobiographical article, My Platonic Sweetheart. It seems intended as truth and sounds totally sincere. It sounds exactly as if Mark Twain had been subject to occasional glimpses of a parallel universe. In the past 44 years at the time of writing, he had had more than twenty encounters with his platonic sweetheart, sometimes in dreams while sleeping but on other occasions while wide awake. He was always 17 and she was always 15 in these mental encounters with her. He remembered conversations and details of the surroundings from these visions much better than we normally can preserve after we wake the substance of dreams. Some of the words he encountered in his mysterious encounters with this girl weren't in any known language: a sufa was a word which meant part of a continent, for instance, and I don't know of any English word which is a synonym.

Extract from Captain Stormfield's Visit to Heaven has been mentioned in fanzines with fair frequency. Aside from its theological implications, I think it might deserve a place in literary history as an ancestor of the Dr. E. E. Smith type of space opera. Its early pages aren't too far distant in spirit and statistics from the mighty chases through space between Dick Seaton and Blackie Duquesne. Lots of early science fiction emphasized the enormous number of miles between Earth and Mars. But did anyone except Mark Twain think at that time in such big terms as the cargo of one comet, "eighteen hundred thousand billion quintillions of kazarks?" A

kazark is mass equivalent to 169 Earths.

Mark Twain as a music critic won't be found too often in his collected works. But he managed to work in quite a few references to his reaction to Wagner, not all of them consistent with one another, and we know that he loved to play some sort of early model of player piano. At the Shrine of St. Wagner seems to be the longest writing about music that has been published. It seemed strange that I should have re-read this description of Bayreuth in 1891 just a short time before I had my first extended Bayreuth experience in the form of the PBS telecast of Tannhäuser. This gave me a good chance to notice how the introductory and intermission sections of the telecast seized upon many of the same things about the Bayreuth festivals that Mark had emphasized. However, reading his article makes clear what the telecast didn't mention: today's custom of dimming the house lights and waiting for the audience noise to subside before starting a performance of an opera, a play, a musical comedy or any other sort of live dramatic performance was invented by Wagner at Bayreuth. And Mark was ahead of his time when he suggested that he'd like to "see a Wagner opera done in pantomime once". Nowadays we call it a concert performance, of course, when the orchestra music without the singing is performed in a concert hall, and I imagine that Mark would also have enjoyed Wagner on longplay records more than he did in the opera house. Curiously, Mark found great pleasure in the enormous first act of Parsifal despite his accurate description of Gurnemanz, "who stands on the stage in one spot and practises by the hour, while first one and then another character of the cast endures what he can of it and then retires to die."

There must about about 10,000 pages in these 26 books. I don't feel that I wasted my time rereading about ninety per cent of them. Now that the rereading process has been completed and a few weeks have intervened to smooth out impressions somewhat, I'm struck with a few general matters.

One of them is how Mark Twain's books display the same contradictory interests that so many fans possess today. Like many of us, Mark was intensely interested in technology and science, with the changes it was making in the world, and with the possible consequences of those changes. Yet he shared the nostalgia impulse that is chronic among many of us. He wrote these books so long ago that we might not realize the fact that so much of his total output is fiction set in a past day or non-fiction primarily concerned with history. To a youngster today, there might not seem to be much difference between the late 19th century in which those books about Tom and Huck were written and the much earlier part of the 19th century in which the fiction is set. But the difference must have been as important for those who read the books when they were brand new as the sensation we get from the many television series which are supposed to occur at times ranging from two to four decades ago. Maybe Mark thought the writers who were his contemporaries were mostly good ones or maybe he didn't want to engage in controversies over the quality of their work, but whatever the cause, he preferred to fire off destructive volleys against Cooper or Goldsmith. There were ample opportunities to dissect the private lives of men who were writing in his own lifetime, but he wrote instead a lengthy dissection of the women in Shelley's life. Mary Baker Eddy seems to have been the only living person he singled out for extended detonations.

Then there's the matter of Mark Twain's mature writing style and how he acquired it. The most ingenious theory I've read on this matter involves the Bible. His style changed from flat journalism to the wonderful command of language which appears in almost all his important works just after he'd indulged for the first time in a prolonged spell of Bible-reading, and there do indeed seem to be certain things in common between the way he wrote and the language of the King James Version of the Bible. The obvious next question is: if Mark Twain was among the many great authors who owe something of their writing style to the King James Version, how much damage is being done to writing in the United States by the switch by many denominations to revised translations which may be closer to the text of the original languages and are more in line with the phrasings that you'll hear in modern conversations but lack the qualities which caused the King James Version to influence good writing century after century? Mark was certainly no orthodox Christian, he must have read the Bible as much as a source of good writing example as for theological purposes, and I'm sure that the King James Version shaped the writing abilities of many important literary men in the United States well into the 20th century. What will take its place, now that so many Bibles are published in language that lacks the sonority and dignity and cadence of the King James Version?

If there has been any big trend in Mark Twain criticism since his death, it's been in the direction of redrawing his literary portrait as a frustrated writer because his wife exercised so much censorship over what he published. I can't help but feel that this theory results more from the general desire to debunk genius than from fact. It's a chance for a critic to imply that Mark Twain's books aren't so good after all, by describing them as blunted and watered down by Livy's deletions. But Paine, who knew the Twains for a long time and was writing about them after both were dead, didn't follow that theory. Mark himself denied it. There were a few things which Mark had written with no thought of publication, part of this phase of his output has found its way into print in recent years, but I don't think there's any evidence that he wanted to write X-rated material most of the time. And if Livy had really beenthe destructive influence on his writing that she's sometimes pictured, how did so many blasphemous, iconoclastic, and radical things reach the presses during his lifetime and survive in manuscript to be published soon after his death? I might also suggest that Mark expected his readers to infer certain things which changing times and circumstances cause us to overlook today. Tom has an adventure which ends him in his getting soaked by liquid from an upper story: when the book was new, I imagine everyone realized that only one kind of liquid would normally be within reach at night in the upper floor of a village home in pre-Civil War days.

The real tragedy involving inhibiting effects on Mark Twain's literary career results from the way he let himself get involved in projects of other sorts. He was canny enough to foresee the inevitability of mechanical typesetting, he had the courage to invest much money and time in a device to accomplish this goal, but he was unlucky enough to get mixed up with the wrong inventor. I'm sure at least one, maybe more, Mark Twain books never came into being because of the endless complications which resulted from his dealings with the half-genius, half-charlatan who didn't invent the linotype after all. Then there was the failure of his publishing firm. One

travel book can be credited to that mess, because it wouldn't have been written in the way it was if he hadn't found it necessary to make a global lecture tour to help pay off his debts. But maybe a couple of good novels would have been born if Mark had never gotten into the publishing business. Even a simple little matter like the burglar alarms with which he had his house equipped may have had disastrous literary consequences. Severalamusing pieces are included in the collected works about those burglar alarms, but if just ten per cent of the troubles described on those pages really happened, the mechanisms must have prevented writing sessions on many an occasion.

It's possible to find in the notebooks and a few other places some clues to what might have been. It's just as well that certain writing ideas never were carried out. One of the most alarming notes involves a new Tom Sawyer novel in which Tom and Huck would meet again late in adult life after disillusionment and trouble had been their lot in life. I'm afraid that such a novel would have severely damaged the pleasure we get from the books about Tom and Huck as boys. Tom Sawyer Abroad and Tom Sawyer, Detective, are pitifully inferior to their prequels, but the inferior stories don't diminish our pleasure in the big novels. And no matter how low the overall quality of the stories about the balloon and detection may be, at least they give us a chance to enjoy more of the special narrative style that Huck employs.

And I can't help wondering about the effect on Mark Twain's writing that the existence of prozines during his career would have had. Suppose Amazing Stories had been founded while he was an active writer, or imagine that his lifetime had been delayed long enough for him to have Weird Tales as a market. Would he have indulged his obvious interest in fantasy if there had been a specific market for that kind of writing? There's one short story in the set which is no great shakes as fiction, but it's notable in one respect: it involves a kind of communications device which didn't exist when Mark wrote the tale, and this futuristic element is treated in the story as an accepted fact, as if it were as much a normal thing as a flower pot or a pair of overshoes. At the time Mark wrote it, almost every science fiction story produced a marvel of the future with all the pomp of the entrance song of a Gilbert & Sullivan character, explaining the function and nature fully to the audience before anything else occurs. It wasn't until quite recent decades that science fiction writers referred to the devices of the future in this calm, unexplained way that Mark did in his little story.

Mark was very wise in another matter involving future shock. He began one article with these words: "We are victims of one common superstition--the superstition that we realize the changes that are daily taking place in the world because we read about them and know what they are." This introduced a description of a modern steamship and a comparison with the ocean liners that had been in use only a few years earlier. Being Mark Twain, he didn't stick to that subject but switched to a description of the difficulties Noah would have encountered getting the necessary permit from a modern bureaucrat for his ark, then a highly suspect account of what happened in 1492 aboard the Santa Maria and ending with some reflections on the disappearance of the old romantic aspects of sea travel. But I think the opening point is important even today. I feel dismay every time I see a fan casually taking pictures at a con

and apologizing for the fact that his camera is a couple of years old or cost only a hundred dollars, apparently unaware that even under those circumstances his camera is a technological marvel of miniaturization and functions which would have been a crazy dream of the future even a generation ago. Mark was probably the first important writer to have his manuscripts typewritten, the telephone fascinated him as soon as it became available, and I suspect that he would have been one of the biggest enthusiasts for the space program if he'd lived in the middle of this century instead of dying shortly after its beginning.

He also had startlingly modern ideas about such things as equality for women (although his belief that the vote for women would improve government seems to have been useless) and his brief, chaotic service as a member of the Confederate army had no effect on his belief that the color of a person's skin is unimportant. I suppose blacks are offended today by the accurate reproduction of the way whites referred to them in the 19th century Midwest in several of Mark's books but I'd hate to see them rewritten to conform to modern usage, just as I think it's awful that a few publishers have been issuing cheap editions of Tom Sawyer with the author's name given as Samuel Clemens.

Meanwhile, I've begun to wonder if I'm destined to suffer another severe loc slump in the final months of this year. It is a mere twenty years since I finished reading all the way through my set of Charles Dickens for the last time, but already I find myself experiencing a strong urge to dig out those heavy books and make this reading pilgrimage again. I think I've reread only four or five of the novels and the Christmas stories since the last complete go-through. In fact, I've encountered several sets of Dickens at yard sales offered at such low prices that I could barely resist the urge to buy; the devil whispered from his or her position just behind me that it would be less trouble to buy another set than to dig out the one I own from the box in which it's packed away. So I may get cut off more fanzine mailing lists because I have decided I can save myself money by unpacking the Dickens set and plunging into the rereading process immediately.

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<u>The Worst of Martin</u>

Sleep

O happy Sleep! thou bear'st upon thy breast
The blood-red poppy of enchanting rest,
Draw near me through the stillness of this place
And let thy low breath move across my face,
As faint wind moves above a poplar's crest.
The broad seas darken slowly in the west,
The wheeling sea-birds call from nest to nest;
Draw near and touch me, leaning out of space,
O happy Sleep!
There is no sorrow hidden or confessed,
There is no passion uttered or suppressed,
Thou canst not for a little while efface;
Enfold me in thy mystical embrace,
Thou sovereign gift of God most sweet, most blest,
O happy Sleep!

(original date and place of publication unknown)