

This is the December, 1944, issue of Horizons, regardless of whether the proposed change in mailing dates succeeded, its editor and publisher, Harry Warner, Jr., 305 Bryan Place, Hagerstown, Maryland, cannot let a transitory thing like a few Futurians and Larry Shaw upset the course of something that goes on forever, like the just referred to publication, Horizons. This is volume 7--no, sir, it's volume 6; maybe by volume 7 I'll have some correction fluid; number 2, EAPA number 15, whole number 21, published on the Doubledoubletoilandtrouble Mimeograph.

In the Beginning

Norman Stanley postalled that "You will have your hands full if 65 fapa members all write in to you and insist that you send each of them three complete, unread and recent issues of Horizons." That, of course, was inspired by my words about the top lines on each page which I incautiously typed too high on the stencil. Here and there on an occasional copy of one or two of the pages, a sort of ghost thereof may be glimpsed, but their actual content will remain lodged in my heart eternally hence. I haven't the ambition to try the experiment again.

This, I must regretfully announce, marks the end of an era. With this issue of Horizons, one of the oldest and best-founded traditions in fan publishing is closed, and no more Warner publications will appear with three staples to hold them together, barring a sudden brightening in the military situation or information on where staples to fit my antiquated stitcher may be obtained. My carefully hoarded stock is more than 50% depleted at this writing, and must be made somehow to last for the duration.

"...words of learned length and thundering sound..."

I fear the worst for the length of these reviews, shall do my best to hold them down, and reiterate that the amount of space I spend on any given publication is no criterion of its merit.

Twilight Echoes: Joe sounds like a better fellow now, and real activity on his part should be a definite advantage to the EAPA. It's still very amusing, though, how proud he is of that famous "misspent youth". My apologies, incidentally, for mixing up the Philly fame, Jean Bogert, with whom I had such a ridiculous conversation, with Joe's fiancée. Banshee: Both issues superlative. Larry has come a long, long way in the last year and presently stands as one of the most valuable fans in the country, which I hope his return to school doesn't affect. It's significant, though, that he has shown his intellectual powers only since graduating from high school. In the June issue, Spence's item is a dandy--first real surprise ending I've ever seen in fan fiction--and the final two lines of "Darkness of the Pit" redeem its mediocre remainder. Speer poll valuable for the suggestion that nominations or lists to choose from be provided in the future. The EAPA Forum is badly dated, and in certain cases brings up unwelcome subjects already disposed of. I don't know what Cabell meant by "desiderate" and "mundivagant", but suspect that they defined obscure ideas of little use to the average person. My own idea was for brief words that are really needed, like the already explained brickle. French, for instance, has single words to describe a one-eyed man and the act of blowing one's nose, that could be converted into English; and the German verb, "wähnen", can be translated only through three or four English words. Spencer again stars in the September issue; his Slan Snack tale is the best thing since Widner stopped taking trips and writing about them. Very violently protest against the Speer idea of voting on waiting listers. It would very strongly tend to petrify the EAPA's nature, and increase the danger of cliques, since concerted favor or disfavor on the part of the Futurians, Brain Trusters, or LASIS group could pretty definitely determine the acceptance or rejection of an individual. More important, however, is the fact that there is no way of telling the EAPA potentiality of a non-member. Stanley and Searles, for

instance, would probably still be outsiders, having done comparatively little in fandom before they became among the most valuable EAPA members; certain top fans, Ackerman among them, have failed miserably to help the EAPA. "Somehow I don't object so strongly to Larry's use of green ink. F. A. P. A. Fan: Prove that statement that "There is about an election something energizing", at least as it applies to fan organizations. Don't forget that the British Fantasy Society, active and successful for two years now, has been trying to hold elections for over a twelvemonth, and can't find anyone interested enough to nominate someone else for office. Fans just aren't politically minded, except when officers in power are obviously harming the organization. EAPA Variety: Was the name changed accidentally? And why not come out and name Shylock Held, long as everyone knows his fan dealing ways? A Rousing: Gordon still seems worried about printed publications; obviously EAPA members are interested in what they and others have to say, and care little for the appearance, as long as it's legible. When someone is as energetic as Watson, all to the good, but my greatest kick against the EAPA and its kindred aygay groups is the time wasted on printing postage stamp leaflets which contain just room for the publisher's name and a couple of comments on this or that that could have been better conveyed to the parties in question through personal letters. An Anonymous ... Civilian: I shall not ask where Willie buys those stencils; I've already done so via pony express. Milty's Mag: Milty's first postwar task should be that of figuring out the dating and numbering of his Army publications! Adam Singlesheet: The superlative Fancyclopedia being the matter in question, he is forgiven. Anidea: Supposed to be funny? Panty Raiser: Received and content noted. Agonbite of Inuit: Best chapter yet of Trigger Talk; more, immediately! This is an excellent chance to mention something that has bothered me for some time: why the growing tendency to refer to the EAPA without using the definite article? The only thing I can think of to parallel it, either inside or outside fandom, is the way Landon, I believe it was, in campaign speeches referred to "people of United States". The loudest sort of three cheers for the defence of Forrie topping page 4. Equally worthy is the plain talk about the tribute many fans have been offering up to the prozine editors who donate originals; such adoration has always struck me as the most childish thing in fandom. The idea of a library plan for the NFFF is basically sound, but a bit complicated and expensive-sounding; some sort of primitive circulating scheme to begin with would be preferable, reserving a more elaborate plan until more members and dough were on hand. The fundamental difficulty between Doc and the NFFF seems now to be that the former wants it to help stf., and the current crop of officers are more interested in fandom. It's interesting to note that Milty tells me Doc seems to be a very interested and active fan right now, despite his manifestoes. Fantasy Commentator: Superlative issues, marred only by Langley's infallibility complex, which he'll probably forget about before too much longer--after all, even I now realize that once in a while I'm wrong. Lengthy comments on these two issues are unneeded. Glad to see adoption of the page-biblio plan, though I object to the requirement of so much information about publishers and editions. Less thorough-minded fans will be frightened away; as long as space is left to fill such stuff in later, all will be well. The definition of a satisfactory EAPazine on page 52 should end difficulties; you'll find comparatively few that don't fill this bill. Sam's article swell. Most of his favorites stand out in my memory, though I'd probably have picked almost completely different a set had I done the same thing. The Hodgson dope will come in handy if I ever get to read any of his material. And consecutive numbering of the pages helps considerably. Bookmark: I told Larry I couldn't use it, because of the need to preserve my mailings intact. He thoughtfully sent along another, but that one turned out to be a second edition which varies from the first, and I'm still stuck. Walt's Wramblings: Wish I knew where the quotes from Starrett and Collins ended. Though they don't precisely concern rebellion, here's a good chance to plug once more Benet's "King of the Cats", and the best thing Tales of Wonder ev-

er published, Bill Temple's "Smile of the Sphinx". Fan-Dango: I'm probably a bit dumb about the whole thing--but may I ask why a group of fans in this or that city should form a club at all, if their beliefs about fan organizations are such as expressed in that Arisian charter? But what is all this in the Outsiders' constitution about Project M? Ah, yes, Fran, stencils do debilitate the typer, though the rubber gradually recuperates if not used for stencilling for a few months. Macbeth was critically ill during 1942, but has been convalescing gradually ever since, having to contend with only about 60 stencils annually at the present time. I think I'll try to thrash out my labor ideas via correspondence with Fran; they aren't such as I'd care to publish just now, for a couple of fairly good reasons which themselves had better go unstated. The remarks on three separate issues of Eccentric's Orbit puzzle me no end. Caliban: Larry brings up something important when he asks for a definition of a "total fan". I insist that the thing has never existed. Ackerman may have come closest to it, but even he has had other hobbies--collecting stamps and movie stars' photos, to name two that I know of. No one could have been much more active than I was between 1939 and 1941: I read an average of two prozines a week, all the fans, averaged writing one letter a day, issued Spaceways and Horizons eight and four times a year, respectively, and wrote voluminously for the fanzines, besides even attempting prozine writing. Yet I figured it all up in an article for Fantasy Science Digest once, and discovered my time devoted to fan activities averaged only something like 16 hours a week. My objection to ~~presumption~~ assumption of Hermit, Herr Shaw, is that you ain't no such thing. You're always gallivanting all over New York state and beyond to meet fans. I'm the one and original. The Dent Smith quotation hits the spot. Janus: Remembering my own transgressions of the sort, I read all the unreadable stuff. I question whether anyone would notice the fact that someone halfway across a room wasn't breathing. Cuteto: Content valuable this time. Is "Hovels" a mistranslation of the word in the Poe collection, or is Esperanto incapable of producing a word that means a short story? Certainly there aren't a half-dozen Poe stories that even fall into the novella length. Fan-Tods: Just noses out the Searles efforts as tops of the mailing. As at least twenty others will probably mention this mailing, no known kinship exists between the Searleses. Would smaller keyboards be necessary for very young typists? There doesn't seem to be a six-year-old in the house just now, so I can't make experiments, but find via ruler that four keys on my Underwood occupy one-eighth of an inch less span than four white keys on my piano; yet from six to eight years is pretty generally agreed to be a satisfactory age to teach a child that instrument. Of course, you have to reach in two directions on a typewriter, which might make some difference. Is there any reason--medical or otherwise--why the four banks of keys should be comparatively distant and sharply banked? I think I could get up much better speed, were they jammed together on nearly the same level like an adding machine's keyboard. How about reprinting the cartoon, and doubling its size so I can get the point and decide whether it's funny? Kelcam is definitely not Kenealy. Horizons: Sorry about The Blind Spot on page 3. I found out after stencilling but before mimeographing that I'd spouted off about something I knew too little about. Elmurmurings: Revival of picture section in EMFA publications good to see. Can't be very helpful about the plagiarism questions, but "First North American serial rights only" is usually appended to pulpzine manuscripts, and means, I believe, that the purchaser gets rights only to print a guaranteedly unpublished story one time on this continent. Is the last page deliberately made up, or did Elmer inherit the type already set with his press? And would it be too childish to ask him to print us up some neat membership cards? Tale of the 'Evans: I don't care too much for the hospitality box idea; we've had as many as five fans here overnight at one time, and never begrudged them meals and quarters. Naturally, since my father's illness, such hospitality has become out of the question. Toning down a bit the raving about the wonders of fan hospitality might help more than anything it should be suggested when proffered, but not looked for, as Charlene

indicates elsewhere in this mailing. Main objection to the mailing review is Tripoli's refusal to tell just in what respects he agrees and disagrees with this or that thing. Sappho: Willyam comes close to being the most skillful fan with the mimeo of past or present, I'd say; Pluto was more colorful, Scienti-Snaps more faultlessly exact, certain British fanzines contained better stylus techniques, but the Watson publications stand alone in their general appearance. I found the poetry much more interesting this issue, aided perhaps by the illustrations in some cases, and the fan stuff was better than the Mudie and Pound reprints. Furthermore, the explanation of Shirley's poems achieved the seemingly impossible: it was harder to understand than the works themselves! Cover the finest piece of fan art distributed via WAPA so far this year. The Nucleus: Let us hope Trudy does get access to that good mimeographing equipment, and is able to emit at least ten pages a quarter henceforth. As with Fran Laney, I'll take up my complaints about the writing here with Trudy in person, I can't help bewailing that someone else has fallen for the old chestnut about "management" holding back technological advances. It's a wonder that the famous eternally sharp and lasting nickel razor blade wasn't cited.... Cushmanodree: Bad example of washing dirty linen in public. A couple of hundred words in self-defense would have been more effective, although I'm inclined to think Daugherty is basically in the right, and erred only in failing to explain the situation at the beginning. Tell me, why not have one-man counting committees hereafter? On the ballot, provide space for the voter to insert a pseudonym of his own choice; with the next mailing, and publication of results, an appended list would show the way each person cast his votes, listing him only under the pseudonym, permitting check by each voter, yet keeping the ballot secret. En Garde: I like quizzes, but would prefer something having to do, for instance, with fandom, or perhaps some along the line Chauvenet ran in *Detours*, challenging the reader to identify famous stories by their first or last lines. I protest against no. 19, which admits properly of neither a true nor a false reply. Only physical peculiarity I possess, Al, is an extra tooth on the upper jaw, one on each side of the mouth, behind the regular line of crunchers. My doctor, though, says they are a reversion to the primitive. My jaw also slips out of joint once in a while, but I cannot see that that is a significant mutation. Paradox: May it appear ~~manit~~ every mailing! First part of the story on page 6 is missing in my copy, only the red heading and illustration being present. Looky, Norm, suppose that coiled spring were made out of a rustable iron and allowed to rust into nothingness? Connor poem superb. Sardonyx: I hope to see Russell's rating system adopted generally and used for the laureate awards. Mine will be appended at the end of these reviews; however, I'd like to see an unwritten law established that one's own contributions be not considered. The ethics are perfectly satisfactory to me. Thos: Speer's contribution very good evidence of the way one can write today in stfnal terms without deviating from the truth. Shorttype particularly interesting to me, who had worked out a similar scheme and expounded it to various correspondents, notably D. B. Thompson, a year or more ago. My main objection to Art's is that he seems to be striving for both phonetic spelling and time-saving spelling at the same time, which are perfectly incompatible. Specially-built typers would be the only real solution for the first, so let's concentrate on a real shorttype, for which adopting Gregg as model may not be the best thing. There's at least one system that uses the regular letters and numerals that might be more practical for the typer, but I know nothing of it. Generally speaking, my ideas ran the same as Art's. However, I don't see any point in distinguishing among the e sounds; I'd prefer to use a wherever the large circle is used in Gregg. When it comes to the small circle in Gregg, we might as well type with the e or the i, depending upon the traditional spelling, for greater reading ease, since it takes an equal amount of time to hit either key. C for ch is okay, but I'd use z for s'h indicating both the s and z sounds with the character s, and for the th sound type q. Use of q for ing is an excellent idea that hadn't occurred to me; and the x character, though should be used to cover a wide range of "troups;

whenever, generally speaking, the ng and nd sounds are preceded in speech by a vowel. Probably Thos hadn't yet progressed in his studies to disjointed prefixes and suffixes, which would come in very handy in shorttype. Capitalizing to represent them would be most simple, I suppose, since the typewriter is one-dimensional. Finally, abbreviations and shortcuts should be utilized far more. Following a Gregg dictionary would probably be the best bet, remembering to run together common wordgroups without spacing, when for instance a pronoun is followed by a form of the verb "to be" or a preposition and article come together. izbgl tse u is much easier to write than i z b gl to se u, and just as clear to a person who knew shorthand. The whole idea, though, would seem useful primarily for copying, for instance, on the typer something from a book or magazine, or for communication between two persons who knew the system. Its one tremendous advantage over shorthand is that notes could be transcribed by persons other than the writer. Oh, yes, and I and many another couldn't use your symbol for sh even if we liked it, for the cents sign is missing from lots of typers. Browings: An extra-special treat every mailing. "The World Behind the Moon" is one of the most remarkable stenciling jobs I've ever seen. And whenever I think I get quite a bit of reading accomplished, I recall to mind J. Michael and am thoroughly squelched! Light: Length of comment doesn't indicate how much a publication was liked, ol' bhoys; look at how cursory were the mentions of "Memoirs of a Superfluous Fan", yet most of us thought it one of the top mailing items. The handwriting analysis has been done before, in Southern Star, and maybe elsewhere. Someday an interesting story will be told, about that "Stroke of Twelve" ms. listed for future publication in Light. I'd be glad to write said story, except that I know nothing about the ms.'s whereabouts before I accepted it for Spaceways in 1938. The Mad Muse: Best of the poetry books circulated via EAPA so far, I believe. Gray doesn't aim so high, but usually manages to hit the mark. Omitting "Moon" from the table of contents was most exasperating, after the mention of it in the introduction. Beyond: Rosco is nominated as least appreciated EAPA member. This is another swell issue. James Stephens sounds worth investigating; "The Demigods" makes two fantasies by him of which I have knowledge. "In Moonland" is good Poe. The Slan Shakers could make their greatest contribution to Randon by revealing the photostencil process; I'da sworn this cover was lithced. Fantasy Fiction Field Presents--: I'd still like to see Julie come up with something original, though this was appreciated. Burroughs stuff valuable, though horribly unorganized. The Fantasy Amateur: My remarks on the various disputes could run to 5,000 words; I'll boil them down and say that: Proposed article 13 nasty for inclusion of its rider, though I voted yes on the theory that the dirt must go immediately. Article 9 changes silly: if the mailing goes out when it's supposed to, it only grazes the beginning of the Christmas rush, and may in fact be expedited because some postoffices put on their extra help on December 1. On the other hand, the January mailing would mean that every publisher would have to get his stuff mailed to the official editor around December 20, right smack in the midst of the real rush. Agreed that Article 12 needs the clarification, but I'd like to see a voting requirement, as the Los Angeles group suggests, tacked on. Don't like the appointing of DAW to three posts; it's suspiciously close to a Futurian effort to gain a permanent stranglehold on EAPA affairs. Laureate awards screwy; I agree that Stanley deserves the best-in-mailings award, but it doesn't make sense, he not being listed in the other six groups which cover every individual EAPA activity. If the critics are to be retained, they should publish their effusions at their own expense, it's silly to spend EAPA money on it, when it could be used for a worthy idea like the annual index. Other notes: How about dating all messages henceforth? It would have cleared up the Degler vote tangle this time. Please, was it Bill or Everett Evans who got that sec-treas vote? I think posterity might be curious. And why have a vice-president as judiciary, if D is going to make the final decisions, as he did on the Degler incident? "Postmailing must, darn it, run this over to another page. I feel like ignoring it."

Impressions: 1C; 2D; 3A; 4A; 5C; 6A; 7A; 8A; 9A; 10B; 11C; 12B; 13B; 14A; 16B; 17B; 18C; 19C; 20C; 21B; 22B; 23D; 24C; 25C; 26C; 27C; 28B; 29C; 30D; 31C; 32C; 33D; 34B; 35B; 36B; 37B; 38B. Editing and Publishing: Watson, 1st., Searles, 2nd. Shaw, 3rd. Fiction: No award, 1st., no award, 2nd., Wright, 3rd. Article: Searles, 1st., Moskowitz, 2nd., Spencer, 3rd. Humor, no award, 1st., Spencer, 2nd., no award, 3rd. Poetry, Common, 1st., Gray, 2nd., McEane, 3rd. Art: Watson, 1st., no award, 2nd., Wiedenbeck, 3rd. Best in mailing, Searles (Fantasy Commentator) 2nd., Stanley (Pan-Tods) 1st., Watson (cover for Sappho), 3rd. See no reason for detailing precise item for which award is made in any but the last category, and apologize for mixing up Stanley and Searles therein.

Penned Col. Milton A. Rothman between hymns: "Morn Stanley's repeated factorial ($4444!!!!!!$) is indeed exciting. The entire business of big numbers as explained by Karter and Newman in "Mathematics and the Imagination" is as breathtaking as any super-scientific story by Smith or Campbell. '' The most exciting part is where Stanley is wrong in saying that 'Evan Skewe's Number...is the largest number ever to be put to any use in math....' He would be correct if he said 'finite number'. For mathematicians have now brought in 'transfinite numbers', or numbers too large to be counted. '' Look at this: The googol is a large number. It is 10^{100} , or one with a hundred zeros after it. That is larger than the number of electrons in the universe. But it is still very small compared to the googolplex, which is one with a googol of zeros after it, or 10^{666666} . Still greater is Skew's number, which is: $-10^{10^{10}}$

lily used the Alph twice, but I don't know whether I'll stencil it right once!

Until a few months ago, I was in a most peculiar situation: a reader of fantasy for ten years, I knew next to nothing of the writings of Edgar Allan Poe or Howard Phillips Lovecraft. Lack of acquaintance with the former was just one of those inexplicable things, caused conceivably by my discovering prozines five years too early and as a result neglecting book fantasy during the period from, roughly, 1933 through 1940. The Lovecraft situation was more easily understandable: *Weird Tales* simply wasn't available at any of the newsstands I frequented, and I did not buy my first copy of it until around 1939, or possibly a little earlier--after the great mass of Lovecraft manuscripts, in any event, had been published.

Of late, through one means and another, I have managed to read a fair amount of Lovecraft's stuff, though hardly a major part of it. I might mention by way of a hint to anyone who has some stray copies of the Arkham House Lovecraft kicking around loose. More important, I received as a birthday gift the Modern Library edition of Poe. (More strictly speaking, I purchased it as a birthday gift for the sake of parties who knew of old my impatience with the kind of reading matter that usually comes at Christmas or natal anniversary, and told me to get what I wanted and act surprised upon opening it.)

Two nights ago, I finished the last page of "A. Gordon Pym", and must here report that I believe Lovecraft to have been a superior master of words, of the two, judging by incomplete acquaintance with HPL and a cover-to-cover reading of EAP. Further, I cannot understand on what Poe's claims to genius rest; this may quite obviously come from lack of appreciation on my part, but I can usually discern the reasons for the lauding of most of the other accepted great writers, from Moses through Joyce, even if I can't say that I enjoy their work.

There is, to begin with, absolutely no excuse for inclusion of many of the items included in the Poe volume (which Modern Library edition, I think, jibes pretty well with the "accepted" complete editions of the last couple of decades). Hervey Allen's introduction admits that "even the trivial" is in some cases included, which is a gross understatement; the publication of *Philosophy of Furniture*, "The Sphinx", and the review of "Astoria" are as inane as would be including in Mark Twain sets all the thousands of words (most of them fortunately lost) that he wrote during his journalistic period in the West. It is, incidentally, also most inexplicable why they ~~is not two items~~ should be included under the "Tales" classification in this edition.

Now, my past acquaintance with Poe, before going through this book during a period of several months in the late summer and fall, had been most skimpy, as noted above. I received when perhaps 10 a cheap edition of four or five stories, and read from it only "Hans Pfaall", which bored me dreadfully. I read, dutifully though unenthusiastically, the stories T. O'Connor Sloane reprinted in *Amazing* around 1934 and 1935, and "The Fall of the House of Usher" at a much later period, when it appeared in *Weird Tales*. That is about the size of it. Even less commentary and biographical information have come my way: a few platitudes in school textbooks and such places are to this day all I've seen of the former. I didn't go to the movie on Poe's life, and know only what I read in the *Encyclopedia Britannica* when Raym Washington was desperately trying to find a ~~comp~~-back at some of his friends who were gossiping about Edgar Allan and his women. I hope soon to remedy these deficiencies of learning through perusal of a two-volume critical biography at the local library, but it is to be understood that I am unaware of what may have been written about Poe during the last hundred years.

Today I believe, Poe is considered greater for his ~~contribution to the art~~ of the detective story than for his fantasies. I cannot discern any logical reason for this. "The Murders in the Rue Morgue" and "The Purloined Letter" are both inferior detective fiction, even if they are forerunners of their genre. The former fails in this respect: the reader is ~~obviously challenged~~ to figure out how the murder was committed, he is ~~lead~~ to understand that his powers of deduction are weak if he does not guess the answer after the clues have been put

forth yet the denouement depends upon a couple of factors--principally that of the broken sashnail--that no one not on the scene could possibly have discerned. "The Purloined Letter", even if the psychological point is granted, of the best hiding place being the most obvious, is simply not logical. The minister was frequently absent from his lodgings all night, yet the letter's importance rendered it necessary for the letter to be in a place where it would be produced "At a moment's notice". It is a bald non sequitur to say that the letter therefore had to be in the lodgings; the minister could have hidden it anywhere in Paris and been equally able to obtain it promptly.

Poe's excessive precision in the use of words and scrupulous attention to detail are present in almost everything he wrote; yet this sort of fakery is to be found all the way through the book. It ranges from absurdities such as that on which "The Sphinx" rests down to even more curious if less important matters in the "Narrative of A. Gordon Pym." (Specifically, the incident in which the letter Pym receives while hidden in the ship's hold deludes him when he finds one side blank; later, we are told that Augustus wrote the letter on the reverse side of a first draft of another epistle. Again, in the middle of page 783 of the Modern Library Poe, Pym implies that at some indefinite time, years in the future from the time of the narrative, he learned certain details about Augustus' actions; yet Augustus is killed off only a few days ~~hence~~ later while adrift at sea. These two items struck me upon the first reading; I dare not estimate how many more incongruities or absurdities would turn up from a careful study!)

Despite all this, "A. Gordon Pym" seems to me to be Poe's finest work. He knew when to stop; in too many of his other, shorter tales, he didn't. Of the celebrated terror and horror stories, several are thoroughly impressive to me--Usher, the two mesmerism stories, "The Assigination", "MS. Found in a Bottle", and above all, "The Cask of Amontillado". Others, like "The Black Cat", simply read like bad fiction; a cat can be a most sinister thing, properly treated, but Poe's feline is only slightly amusing to me, and the final scene in which it sits on its dead mistress' cranium provoked no horror, only a smile.

It can be argued, of course, that the actual worth of Poe's writings lie in their originality, their effect on the future of the short story and weird fiction, not upon their effect upon the person reading them today. This is tommyrot. By this reasoning, one Ignaz Franz Mosel is one of the greatest of all musicians. Ever hear of him? Neither did I, until recently, when I learned that he published--in the same year of Wagner's birth--a book on music and the opera in which he outlined and advocated almost all of the things Wagner later did for music and opera. By the same token, it would seem probable that the work of most great innovators would be dull to me; but it isn't. I shudder to think how many novels I have read in my checkered career, yet upon reading "Madame Bovary" for the first time a couple of months ago, I instantly understood what Flaubert did for writing and at the same time enjoyed the reading tremendously.

On the credit side is Poe's humor. Not having read much of the critical commentary on his work, I'm unaware of just how it's regarded today, but it strikes me as being remarkably fresh, remarkably funny, even though so much of it is based on transient things whose associations of a hundred years ago are absent from the mind of man today. "The Devil in the Belfry" amused me as much as anything I read or saw in 1944, and "Hans Pfaall" is the only good example I've ever run across of a hoax readable and apparently logical when presented as fact; the final pages are unbeatable.

For the poems, I can't say very much that is good. Browning was a piker, when it came to being senselessly obscure, compared with Poe; the poems that are lucid are for the most part pleasant or pretentious doggeral. "For Annie" and "The Raven", with all their faults, I love still, most of the others I have no intention of ever reading again, and am beginning to realize that "To Helen" is almost as bad as a poem as the music to which I set it in a mad hour a couple of years ago.

Lovecraft wasn't perfect, either--but he wrote better weird fiction than Poe.

Music for The Fan

For a long time, "Don Juan" was my favorite among the Strauss Richard tone-poems. However, about the time my wavering doubts about how much of a genius Strauss Richard really is were pretty well resolved, my affections took a sudden veering in the direction of "Don Quixote", which is the matter under consideration in today's lesson, children.

Precisely why this should be remains one of those mysteries of the universe. And to be frank about the whole thing, I care as little about solving one riddle as the other.

Now, the odd thing about Strauss Richard and his music is that his conservative, unexperimental compositions and parts of compositions are those that are most often performed and most highly considered at this late date, a half-century after most of Strauss' best work was written. Scriabin is remembered now for such items as his "Poem of Ecstasy"—I refrain with great difficulty from quoting Philip Hale's wisecrack about the title—and his lovely early works are forgotten; Shostakovitch's new works have usually eclipsed their predecessors; and so it goes. Almost alone of the most celebrated living composers, it is the old, not the new, that finds favor in Strauss.

"Don Quixote (Introduction, Theme with Variations, and Finale): Fantastic Variations on a Theme of Knightly Character" is the full and complete title of this composition. The composer has followed the book, in a sense, in that after the work was published Strauss connected up each of the "variations" with an episode from Cervantes, and the music follows the descriptions so precisely that it probably was composed with a plot in mind, instead of being written as pure music and accidentally coinciding with certain pages of the novel. The form of the work, theme with variations, is as far from a Haydn set as I am from moving to Los Angeles; in fact, you can solve the question of whether it is or is not a theme with variations only if you can figure out when a kitten becomes a cat. There are three melodies which run through the entire work, and at least one or two of which appear in each "variation", and that's about as far as it goes.

The "plot", of course, is the height of simplicity and familiarity. An object lesson to fans, Don Quixote's good mind snaps under the strain of reading too many novels about chivalry, conceives an obsession of his "Ideal Woman", and goes through numerous escapades battling against the hordes which seek to oppress and separate him and her, accompanied by Sancho Panza, which musical character deviates to a certain extent from that depicted by Cervantes.

You can't "follow" the plot without knowing it in advance, but you can keep up with the various episodes with ease, if they're laid out before you. First comes the lengthy introduction, a sort of "once upon a time" affair in which the theme of the Don is followed by the lyrical Ideal Woman melody, who is promptly attacked by a giant and rescued by Don Quixote. The music builds up to one of Strauss' more violent sets of thundering discords, obviously intended to represent the snapping of the Don's intellect.

The "theme" presents that of the Don, almost identical with the woodwind passage that begins the work and is taken to signify chivalry in general, usually thereafter given to a solo cello; then that of Sancho, generally in the solo viola, and always reminding me of the "Horses, Horses, Horses" ditty. A little queer sort of run for the clarinet is also evident, the strangeness of its harmonic progressions throughout the work keeping up the sense of unreality.

Then begin the adventures, one to a variation. The first is that of the attack on the windmills. Next is the "Victorious Battle Against the Host of the Great Emperor Alifanfaron", which turns out to be a triumph for the Don, who scares to death the flock of sheep. You can't miss their rather realistic baaing, imitated by extremely discordant muted brass instruments.

The third of the variations contains only an animated dialogue between Don and Sancho over the merits of this life of chivalry; the fourth—omitted from at least one recorded version—consists of the Don's unhappy attack on a band of

pilgrims.

The fifth, entitled by someone or other "The Knight's Vigil", contains some of the greatest and most impressive of all Strauss' music. Unable to sleep, Don Quixote keeps watch by his armor, and Dulcinea, his Ideal Woman, appears in a vision. No description of the passion and power of the music is necessary; the composer equalled it in only one place in his tone-poems, the love music to "A Hero's Life" which redeems that otherwise spotty product. The sixth variation, on the other hand, comes close to being jazzy, when a country maiden who is probably no better than she ought to be comes along and Sancho almost convinces Don that she is Dulcinea.

The most famous individual feature of "Don Quixote" is used in the next variation--a wind machine. The Don and Sancho sit blindfolded on a wooden horse, and believe they are soaring through the air, the sound of their passage being assisted by the wind machine. Strauss keeps a deep noise coming out of the bass fiddles all through the section, to indicate that they didn't really leave the ground; as usual with the best and subtlest things in his orchestration, the noise made by the rest of the orchestra pretty well drowns out the rumble.

In the next two variations, the adventurers almost drown in the course of a boat ride, and actually succeed in coming out of one of their engagements victoriously when the knight routs two monks. In the tenth and last comes the fight with the Knight of the White Moon; the Don is soundly defeated, and his mind begins once again to grasp the reality of things. For no discernible reason, a little phrase for English horn that had been prominent in the fight with the sheep reappears; this fragment happens to be suspiciously similar to a part of the shepherd's piping at the beginning of the last act of "Tristan".

The finale of the work is reasonably long, but simple. The theme of Don Quixote has been almost unrecognizably different, through alteration of its accent scheme and augmentation, and the odd clarinet harmonies mentioned above become orthodox and natural, indicating that Don Quixote is in mental health once more. Not so physically, however, for his exertions have proved too much, and on his deathbed he speaks through the voice of the cello in noble music such as has not been written otherwise for that instrument since Brahms' and Dvorak's concertos. "To conclude, the last day of Don Quixote came, after he had received all the sacraments; and had by many and godly reasons made demonstration to abhor all the books of errant chivalry. The notary was present at his death and reporteth how he had never read or found in any book of chivalry that any errant knight died in his bed so mildly, so quietly, and so Christianly as did Don Quixote. Amidst the wailful plaints and blubbering tears of the bystanders, he yielded up the ghost, that is to say, he died."

Unlike most of the compositions I have mentioned in these articles, this one is readily available through recordings. Being no connoisseur or owner of records, I cannot cite chapter and verse, but judging by record concerts on the radio, would heartily recommend the version released two or three years ago with the late Feuermann as solo cellist, and I am reasonably certain the Philadelphia Orchestra conducted by Stokowski. Technically, the performance is nearly flawless, and the sound goes over the air with greater clarity and realism than most "live" symphony orchestras.

The death while serving his country of Walter Sullivan, reported first in Fantasy News, probably means nothing to all but a half-dozen WAPA members. To me, it brings back many, many memories. I met Walt in 1939, and corresponded with him regularly from 1938 through 1942, and was probably the last active fan to be in touch with him. Actually, he gave an inescapable impression of being "a man of the crowd", was in the background in fandom, yet active and had to my knowledge no enemies. He wrote a couple of the most popular articles that ever appeared in Spaceways. Almost no one in fandom knew his real plans and interest--archaeology--and his intention of making certain sf stories come true.

Type: _____	Author: White, Edward Lucas
Class: _____	Pseudonym: _____
Code: _____	Title: "Lukundoo" and Other Stories
Size: (1927) 328 octavo pages	Subtitle: _____
Publishers: George H. Doran Company, New York	

Editions: "Copyright, 1906, 1925, 1927, by Edward Lucas White. Copyright, 1907, by the Bellman Company. Copyright, 1909, by Henry Ridder, publisher."

Appeared elsewhere:

Further information:

Review published, Horizons, vol. 6, no. 2, Dec., 1944, by Harry Warner, Jr.

The ten short stories in this volume, according to White, were for the most part dreamed, not composed. Occasionally the strange logic of dreams is apparent, and most of the themes are such as very often present themselves in sleep, but I question the author's claim that they came from dream with almost no changes.

The title story of the volume is the most famous. Written after a reading of Wells' "Pollock and the Porroh Man", it is an infinitely better yarn, but not quite the best thing in the book. That honor must go to "The Snout", which presents one of the clearest-cut impressions of reality anywhere in strange fiction and is marred only by White's taking for granted a rather thorough knowledge of certain things about Egyptian mythology. Actually, it may be a merit; I know nothing about "that magnificent, enigmatical blackdiorite twelfth-dynasty statue which represents neither Anubis nor Seth, but some nameless cynocephalus god," and still found the story to be one of the finest fantasies I have ever encountered.

The greatest fault in these stories lies in White's habit of delaying the actual business on hand. The conventional sort of beginning and ending to "Lukundoo" is unobjectionable, but when the preliminaries occupy more than the first half of the story, as in "Alfandega 49 A", it's definitely detrimental to the work. In only one story is this device really effective: "Amina", whose climax is finished before the first word, and divides its conclusion between the beginning and closing pages.

"The Picture Puzzle" has an Unknown Worlds idea that is remarkably effective despite the syrupy kidnapping theme; "Sorcery Island" also is decidedly offtrail. The remainder of the stories are more or less conventional in theme, and of varying literary merit, the best of them perhaps "The Message on the Slate" for the queer way in which the perfectly obvious ending is delayed by ~~two~~ ^{thirteen} thousand words. The author himself seems to have been very fond of "The House of the Nightmare", because he succeeded in continuing an interrupted dream in which it was created, but it is painfully obviously the worst and most conventional story in the book. "The Pig-Skin Belt" and "Floki's Blade" are both painfully long, the latter fantasy only through the courtesy of the introduction of a magic sword near the end. An "afterword" for the author completes the volume.

This volume, I understand, is rather hard to obtain, and reprinting of its best stories in ~~FM~~ would call to attention the fact that White wrote something besides the so often anthologized "Lukundoo". However, as far as I have been able to ascertain, this book contains all of his fantasy shorts.

Personal addenda:

When the Foeman Bared His Steel

"Altho no study has been made, it seems that more fans were deferred from conscription than was true of their age group on the average."

—Fancylopedia, page 93

I selected the FAPA membership list that appeared in the September, 1940, Fantasy Amateur, in an effort to find out with reasonable accuracy just how much grounds lie behind these deferment charges, which almost always refer to the allegedly over-large number of fans like myself in 4F, temporarily or permanently. While a larger cross-section of fandom would be desirable, you run into the difficulty that so many guys have been lost in the abysses of the non-fan world. This list covers a time just four years past, but before any U. S. fans could have been drafted or enlisted.

The FAPA, with a membership list of 50 theoretically, contained only 46 members at that time, outlandish though it may seem to ye who have been on the waiting list for so many weary months. Of these, seven were draft-deferred or exempt because of age, sex, or other non-physical reasons--H. C. Koenig, Trudy Kuslan, Morajo, Pogo, J. Michael Rosenblum, Edwin Hadley Smith, and Tucker. Eight of the others I either have track of or am not certain about their status: Dick Crain, Tom Hognuet, and Dan McPhail have vanished, Singleton is an enigma but because of his work in Washington in all probability never took a draft exam, Robins is in the service my memory tells me but isn't listed in Le Zombie and I dare not list him conscientiously there; Schwartz, Swisher, and Edgar Allan Martin are still civilian the last I heard, but I don't know why.

Which leaves us 31 male, draftable, members from the 1940 FAPA list. Of them, 18 are now in the service, 12 in 4F, one honorably discharged from service. I am almost positive that I am correct in this calculation, but in case anyone wants to check me off: Serving, Ackerman, Agnew, Baltadonis, Carnell, Farsaci, Hart, Hodgkins, Kyle, Madle, Marconette, Miske, Pohl, Racic, Reinsberg, Rothman, Studley, Widner, and Wiggins. In 4F, besides yr. humble publisher, are Chauvenet, the late Paul Freehafer, Louis Kuslan, Lowndes, Michel, Perdue, Speer, Sykora, Thompson, Train, and Wollheim. It must be noted that certain ones of these 12 could conceivably be civilians for other than physical reasons--Louis Kuslan, Sykora, Thompson, and Train--but I'm giving the opposition the benefit of the doubt; and we know that the other 18 are definitely in the service. Sam, of course, is the gent who is back in civilian life after a year's soldiering.

Now, the thing that should conclude this report is a comparison with national figures on acceptances and rejections for physical reasons. Unfortunately, I haven't been able to dig them up; the library here possesses a 400-page unindexed report entitled "Selective Service in Wartime" which might contain them, but I haven't the heart to tackle them. The latest I could find in way of figures was from late 1942, at which time 8,717,000 men had been inducted, 3,412,000 rejected for physical deficiencies, or otherwise placed in 4F.

I respectfully submit that this shows that FAPA members, at least, aren't appreciably less healthy than the rest of the nation. A certain percentage of the 3,412,000 had been turned down for lack of education; but that is counterbalanced by the probability that at least one of the ~~many~~ "doubtful" 4Fs mentioned above isn't in that class at all. It should also be noted that the FAPA's nature makes it the most appealing fan activity to fans who are less than physically perfect; and that its average of members' age would probably turn out higher than that of any other list of fans, draft rejections naturally rising with the age of the individual.

To sum it all up, rejections for FAPA members have been higher than those for the nation as a whole, but not significantly so, and most of this difference would vanish if a similar check were made on, for instance, the subscription list of a top fanzine of 1940. I'm inclined to think that the remaining difference is solely the result of occasional fans who are active because of some extreme physical handicap or complete lack of adjustment with the world--like mine--and not an indication of a basic weakness of the body in Joe Fain.