Dup #30

Here begins volume 3, number 3, FAPA number 24, whole number 30, and VAPA number 4, of Horizons. The 30th issue is the point at which Spaceways got stuck, incidentally--not that it has anything to do with the business at hand. Horizons is published quarterly from the Doubledoubletoilandtrouble Mimeograph, at 303 Bryan Place, Hagerstown, Md., by Harry Warner, Jr.

Memories from Manila

Technically, this is the issue with which Horizons should split up and become separate publications for the FAPA and VAPA, if I keep to the letter my promise of what I would do when the draft threat ends. But there just isn't time this month, boys. By next issue, I hope to get Horizons arranged in separate FAPA and VAPA editions, as Stanley does with Fan-Tods, and perhaps by the issue after that one it will give two separate and distinct magazines. '' The FAPA reviews this time obviously aren't going to require much space. To business, then: ForLo Kon: In the fourth issue, I don't get the point of the editorial. Why would the removal of institutions like courts and prisons clear away mental "blocks" and allow the clearing out of the causes of crime? It sounds as if you believed that crime is committed because the criminal wants to discover whether he can beat the law. I'm inclined to agree with Bernard Shaw's claim that punishing a person for committing a wrong is simply creating a second wrong, but I can't subscribe to his desire to end the penal system, and simply kill off anyone who becomes too much of a nuisance to society. The fifth issue has something in common with Astounding--the story synopsis tells a lot you won't find in the part of the story it synopsizes. Glom: Maybe the magazines just weren't interested in the Pacificon, Forrie. Or maybe the article was too much of a fence-straddler between a journalistic account and a feature. I think that the "superintendent of Hollywood station" is going to get himself into a bookkeeping jam if he uses the same system of arithmetic on everyone that he used on Abbott and Costello. The cartoon about the centaurs is one of the funniest I've ever seen anywhere; what's "Lilliput", and is all its stuff as excellent? ATOTE: I'm inclined to agree with Everett on the great cover controversy. It doesn't really matter whether Weidenbeck was trying to be funny when he did the Time-Binder job. Anyone who has read Freud can think of dozens of dangerous symbols for a drawing that another guy might put there quite innocently, and they would never cause trouble with the postal authorities. The two culminating figures drew my attention for a moment, when I was trying to find the trouble with the controversial cover, then I decided it unlikely that their pose was anything but an accident, searched further, found nothing else, and until this mailing arrived feared that I was just plain dense about hidden significance in pictures. Moonshine: Tell us what "Waiting" means, Len. I can't figure out the secret, unless you're trying to expound the belief that souls hang around after we're dead, awaiting the signal for judgment day. Exposé: Better rush full instructions on the official title of this publication, to prevent chaotic conditions in future FAPA indexes and check lists, Joe. Highly entertaining account. The Fantasy Amateur: I hope a lot of people heed the call for laureate award nominations. Why isn't Gardner getting activity credit for the articles he has had published in Horizons? I have a vague theory that the current anemia in the mailings may be blamed on the waiting list of the last few years—people had to wait so long that they passed their fan activity peaks before admission to the organization, became members when their interest was declining, and thus do little publishing now that they're in. If this is so, the end of the standing line is good. Plenum: It's a good thing I didn't have access to a copy of the Journal of the American Rocket Society; the duplication between the articles in Horizons and Plenum on the USRS is bad enough already. I'm having a dreadful struggle with destiny in recent fan articles; between the time they're written and their publication, something turns up to invalidate or duplicate most of them. I write for Alchemist an article on fiction in which Christ figures, and

before it sees print someone publishes a big scholarly book on the same subject. I lament in Horizons for three pages the loss of interest in Hawthorne's short stories, and by the time the issue is distributed he is represented in a couple of new anthologies and appears in an entirely new edition of selected short stories. Horizons: Highly stupid remark on Matters of Opinion; it's a good thing Speer published the part of my letter in which I said much the same thing and didn't misuse "mandatory". Eight Pages: Something tells me Sam is simply looking around for some sort of justification for his failure to be active in the FAPA, and thinks he has found it in lack of discussion on his one big effort. He should know by this time that the amount of critical comment any item will raise is a highly unpredictable thing, and has nothing to do with the essential importance of the things discussed, or the brilliance of the remarks, or any other discernible factor. If there was a real reason for the lack of discussion, it was probably that most members were unable to risk arguments about books they had never read. Matters of Opinion: Do the Animists mean their "party" to be an attempt at a third party to fit alongside the Democrats and Republicans, or a revolutionary group, or which? Sutaining Program: I presume that Nelson Eddy sang the songs that turned out to be choruses three or four times, taking first the melody, then the lower parts to supply the harmony. That would give the effect of a male trio or quartet, after which the recording technicians could easily give the effect of a whole chorus by playing back and re-recording the thing a couple of times. It isn't a new trick. Incidentally, Juffus, I'm almost certain that when it comes to music you like what you know, even though you think you know what you like; it is with great difficulty that I restrain myself from an all-out discourse on this subject. The Navy, or maybe it's the Army, has an even prettier recruiting poster about the world of tomorrow on the streets by this time. Back cover is wonderful.

The Angles on a Needlepoint

Christmas brought me a record-player, and the three months that have intervened have been most fascinating ones. The music that can be played through this contraption is its best feature, naturally, but I have had almost equal fun investigating the strange world of the disc fiends.

After asking advice on the purchase, playing, and care of records from a number of correspondents, and after reading books and magazine articles on the subject, I've come to the conclusion that the field closely parallels religion. Everyone has the same general aim if he likes music and owns records—to get the maximum enjoyment out of them—but the ways of doing that are as manifold and as inconsistent as the methods of getting into heaven after death. People who seem to get equally good playing quality and longevity from their discs are split half and half on the question of "permanent" needles. I also find the widest conceivable divergence in beliefs on the virtues of different types of recordings, while another fellow thinks salvation lies only through a featherweight pickup arm, though he admits you can't play the music very loudly when you use it because the vibrations cause the arm to jump out of the proper groove. About the only agreement that I've found on the subject lies in the treatment of records when they aren't in use. This would be more impressive to me if I hadn't run across the other day a stack of cheap records of popular music that hadn't been disturbed for more than a decade, piled in an unheated room that is frigid in winter, stinking hot in the summertime. These platters have been stacked, some with and some without protective envelopes, one atop the other in blasphemous fashion and against all the rules, yet not a one exhibits the least sign of warpage or other damage. (Laney and other interested parties may relax; they are not the type of records to interest devotees of jazz.)

My own conclusion, after this brief period of introduction to the subject, is that there isn't too much difference between the tone quality and record life

obtained by the use of the various types of reasonably priced, standard equipment. The monumental disputes over the merits of this needle or that pickup system make just about as much sense as the great religious disputes over a minor theological point a few centuries back. It is, of course, quite probable that in time I shall become just as bad a fanatic for my own preferences, but that still won't affect the validity of my present belief.

As far as esthetic matters go, of course it's axiomatic that records are important because of the opportunities for repetition that they afford. The situation would be much better if the major recording companies concentrated more attention on the seldom-performed works of the established composers and the best of the output of modern composers; I see no point in releasing new versions of the entire symphonic repertoire every year or two, when there hasn't been much of an advance in engineering technique to justify new recordings. The only way to learn to enjoy a lot of music is by hearing it repeatedly, and buying records of it is the only way to hear it repeatedly unless it sounds good on the piano and you know how to play the piano.

But there's another point which seems to escape most people. That is the opportunity that recordings provide for listening to the latter portions of the lengthier compositions without the need for first sitting through the earlier portions. For years, I used to wonder why Wagner seemed to concentrate his best music into the first and second acts of his operas: finally it dawned on me, after listening to record programs on the radio for a while, that I was simply tired out after three hours of music and unable to get the most out of the third acts when they finally began. On a smaller scale, the same thing is true of the bigger symphonies, large choral works, and even some piano music. I see nothing sacriligeous in performing only the fourth movement of an hour-long symphony; yet it's almost never done in the concert hall or over the air, and the listener is seldom able to hear it with a fresh mind.

After all, there's no reason why there shouldn't be a limit to the amount of music that can be absorbed before facilities dull and interest wane. It's impossible to say just where it lies, but that doesn't mean it doesn't exist—just because different men require differing amounts of time to run a mile, we can't find one who can do it in four minutes flat. That saturation point occurs to me, I find, after from 20 to 35 minutes of listening. It varies widely, depending on what I had been doing before listening to the music, what I'll be doing after I'm finished listening to it, the type and quality of the music, and a number of other factors. Five or ten minutes' intermission will usually bring me in a position to enjoy almost as much more music. But it's a situation that can helped only through recordings, considering the length at which operas, symphonies, and the like are written. It is also, I think, a sound reason why concerts should be arranged in such fashion as to present the longest compositions first, and why it will be hard to get opera on the screen--there are plenty of good operas that could make a two-hour movie with little abridging, but two solid hours of music without a break would be a dreadful ordeal to any audience.

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Something else that impresses me quite forcibly these days is the manner in which fans are failing to live up to the convictions they have expressed about the danger of a prompt end to civilization. I am among them, and as far as I know Ackerman is the only possible exception. He has admitted, via Fantasy Review, that his fear that The Bomb may fall have caused him to take a particular kind of job, and to try to have as much fun as possible in the time allotted. All the rest of us, however, are not actually so worried or very short-sighted, one or the other. Only 18 months ago I was dead serious in my plan to try to buy some land in Montana or the Dakotas, store a couple of months' supply of food there, and attempt to reach safety there in case another war should come. I still think it's a wise thing to do; but I haven't noticed myself doing it. Is there anyone in the audience who can truthfully say that he's changed his way of life because of conviction that a great war may soon destroy this civilization?

I'm Gland If You Are

by

Bob Tucker

Science-fiction is educational--Gernsback said so. I didn't so much as wait to finish "Maturity", Theodore Sturgeon's fascinating story in the February Astounding, before rushing out to the public library for a research job into glandular activities. I can't decide if it was pure happenstance or my own peculiar talents for coming up with the unorthodox, but the research job quickly became sidetracked when I discovered a small, ten-year-old volume entitled, "Ain't Love Gland?"

The book purports to be a glandular guide to young men and ladies bent on discovering, loving, and laying the proper type of the opposite sex. It briefly describes eleven each types of boys and girls (the grown-up ones, silly!), tells how to spot them, what one may expect from them, and the particular kinds of entertaining evenings to show them if the pursuer seriously desires to latch onto the object of his affections.

Setting aside the probable worth of the book, the temptation was too great to overlook, so I promptly got down to the profitable business of "typing" friend and foe alike, both in and out of fandom. Number one on our list is this little lady whom a great many fans will undoubtedly recognize (all quotes from the book):

Excessive Postpituitary

"Here's a little lady who can't get sex off her mind. It's hard to tell which you'll notice first, her figure, her face, or her walk. Her walk, we'll guess. For it's so voluptuous as to be thrilling, even though obvious. She's what gentlemen call swivel-hipped.

"She's got plenty of figure. Though undersized in height she makes up for it in bosom and hips, of which she is not ashamed. ... She flaunts her figure proudly. Her face is not serene, though it sometimes has the stiff poise of the poker player's. Yet you can detect a restlessness there without having to be too clever. There are probably little unexpected plumpnesses, dominated by prominent, though not brilliant eyes, uniquely interesting.

"Need we really tell you more about her? Ten to nothing this girl needs only the slightest encouragement."

I'd probably bring a libel suit down on my head if I mentioned inwhat part of the country this chicken roosted, so you'll have to guess for yourself. Some fans on both coasts have met her, she has been a fanzine publisher, and she's fairly well known to all fandom. Now let us pick out some poor, helpless male to crucify.

The Adrenal Dominate

"Behold the simple male famed these many years in song and story. The hard-hitting, hard-working, straight-shooting, charging bull of a male, who always says what he thinks, does what he says, and is always doing something. We give you the extrovert.

"He's medium in stature, but powerful looking. You'll notice his broad shoulders, his tremendous chest, his short, thick neck. He's the guy in the bathing suit whose muscles you'll have to comment on. He's got a large, square head and a broad face, with quite a chin. And how he is hirsute. You can't miss it. He has hair on his chest, on his abdomen, his back. The hair of his head is thick, often curly. His hair line is low. In other words, he's got lots of hair."

Stop there; you've got the picture. Reconsidering the remarks about the hair and the bathing suit, almost any FAPA member will tag this husky fellow immediately if not sooner. He dwells on the east-coast, he's been all over the country with national conventions, and he pokes a hairy finger into many a fannish pile.

Among the male members of fandom it is quite easy to pick out many parathy-

roids, here and there a hyperthyroid, and two distinctive subthyroids. Looking at the field as a whole, fandom seems to have provided a safe refuge from the world for a number of parathyroids. Many, many critics of fandom have phrased that last remark in other ways to prove their point that the field consists of misfits. You've heard the cry often, usually from some departing ex-fan who has had his toes stepped on. The odd thing seems to be, this departing fan is also a parathyroid of the identical class he is castigating.

Thus, with the helpful little book out of my way, I intend to continue research into glands for purposes other than waylaying prepituitary and postpituitary women who can't help themselves. Me? I'm a parathyroid.

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Through VAPA With Rod and Camera

Stefantasy: This continues to be my favorite fanzine. I don't think the ads are as funny when Danner doesn't write them, but that's compensated for now by the "Science Briefs", which provide such fine suspense until you find out whether they're going to turn out serious or funny. More about obscurity, Doc: It may occur in a poem in several manners. The poem may use rare or archaic words, or it may put words together in a manner that impedes comprehension. It may, on very rare occasions, deal with a subject that cannot be phrased in simpler fashion. Much more frequently, the poet alludes to fields with which his readers are not apt to be familiar, or to personal experiences which none but his intimate friends know. This is what most of my griping is against: poetry which requires this special sort of knowledge on the part of the reader for him to be able to comprehend the thought. I refuse to believe there is much, if any, merit in writing a poem that can be comprehended only after repeated readings or special study. Mark well, I do not say that the poem should permit the reader to extract all its poetic content at first reading. There's a big difference between permitting the reader to understand, and the subsequent process in which he, his contemporaries, and generations to follow draw their own and varying conclusions from the poem. It's hardly likely that any hidden meanings will be unearthed in Keats at this late date, but Somerset Maugham is quite right when he says that Keats' poetry is greater now than it was in the 19th century. There is this prominent danger: that the reader will estimate the worth of a poem too highly, if he deciphers it after a struggle with the obscurities, simply because of the boost his ego has received at solving the puzzle. And, of course, there are the people who worship devoutly anything that is incomprehensible. I partially understood what was back of "Sachs", before it was explained. But I'm sure my enjoyment of that poem would have been greater, if I hadn't been distracted by wondering whether the title really did refer to Wagner's character, trying to decide what noun or pronoun should be understood at the beginning of the first line, wishing I had handy a libretto of "Rosenkavalier" to find the exact context of the concluding German lines, and so forth. You can divide any poetry into two parts--the thought and the manner in which it is expressed. (The former is occasionally almost completely absent, but only rarely, especially in modern verse--people seldom bother to describe the appearance of a tree in poetry without complications.) If the thought is to exist in the poem, I see no reason why it should be obscured, irregardless of what experiments the writer is making with poetic style, which is something altogether different. I find it easier to make sense out of "Finnegans Wake" than a Sostman poem. '' Apparently "The Chastener" burlesques a recent van Vogt story. I just can't bring myself to struggle through his fiction just for the sake of getting more enjoyment from the satires. '' I still think, Bill, that artificially increasing the volume of various instruments would prove valuable, even in the established orchestral repertoire. Even 19th century symphonic music, as played today, doesn't sound exactly as the composer intended it to sound, nor as it did sound 100 years ago. When you go back further, the differences become greater. There have been major improvements

in certain instruments' tonal qualities, and some things have been lost--the sound produced by orchestras in which there were a dozen or more oboes, and the effect of music written for certain early keyboard instruments which automatically doubled the note played an octave higher or lower. And, of course, the same symphony is never given identical performances, even by the same orchestra under the same conductor; Tschaikovsky under Stokowski and Tschaikovsky under Koussevitzsky becomes two different composers. So it's not too much of a precedent to go a little further, and let electronics help out in spots where a composer's idealism tangled up with the practical difficulties of orchestration. Usually the composer succumbed to the inevitable and rewrote the passages that just wouldn't "sound", but it's still surprising how much you can find in an orchestral score, even of 19th century music, that is virtually inaudible in performance. When you come closer to modern times, the situation becomes worse. I think it was Deems Taylor who pointed out that a famous bass clarinet passage in a Strauss tonepoem, quoted in the orchestration manuals, is absolutely inaudible in performance. Schubert's "Unfinished" symphony provides an excellent example of all this, because the composer couldn't hear it in performance, and left certain things in the orchestration that he would have probably altered if given the opportunity of finding how they sound, improving the clarity but destroying the original conception. In the first movement, for instance, after the cellos have presented the second theme it's repeated in the violins; the characteristic fall of a fourth that begins the theme is at the same time imitated in the cellos, off the beat, but inaudibly unless you're trying very hard to hear it and know it's there. A dozen bars further along, when the development of this theme is interrupted by a loud chord, the full significance is missed, because the flutes, clarinets, and oboes play two notes that represent the fall of a fifth--the fifth that characterizes the main theme of the symphony--and can't be heard easily. (When the same thing occurs in the recapitulation, the trouble is even worse, because drums and trumpets have been added to the already thick orchestration.) Similar examples can be found all through this work or any other. Consider the place in the second movement, when the full orchestra is going with a loud repetition of the second theme. There's a rapid figuration for second violins, violas, and oboes. The oboes are inaudible in the din, and this means one of two things: either Schubert wanted them to color the tone, which they fail to do, or tried in vain to increase the volume of that figuration. Discrete: It's a very remarkable thing--two detailed essays on "The Fountainhead" in this mailing, and I still don't know what the book is all about. My means of handling best sellers are simple. I just don't read them, unless they're still being talked about five years after original publication. I make about two exceptions to that rule annually, and usually regret them. '' Maybe that's the way Schubert felt toward religion. I'm not acquainted with that particular mass, but suspect it's more fun to listen to than the ones that try to be properly devout. You can count the ones that succeed in the latter effort without taking off your shoes. '' Finding typerrors is a lot of fun, but not when you're the person who wrote the thing in question in the first place. I have my troubles with the newspaper here, especially because of the weird assortment of linotype men we have. One of them used to edit a country weekly, and likes to edit the copy to suit his own ideas as he goes along. Another is a former national champion weightlifter who has since taken up literature as a hobby, and a third is a deaf mute who has something wrong with his brain--he insists on setting in type any mistakes that have been x'd out, if he can possibly decipher them. I still don't know what happened the other day to one of my stories; when the good burghers of Hagerstown looked at the monthly health report, they were surprised to learn that "The Health Department said there were four cases of measles during the month. Two cases of measles were reported, and there were three cases of measles." And just the other day someone dropped an r out of "brotherly love" at the worst possible place. Music reviews suffer worse than anything else. No linotype man can resist the temptation of changing "minuet" to "minute", it seems.

I still enjoy reading about the cats. VAPA Index: One field in which the VAPA has it all over the FAPA. It's pleasing to note that I'm eighth senior member by this time; some of those ahead of me are getting up in years, and my position may become even more exalted within a few decades. Deepest appreciation to those who did the titanic indexing and publishing job. Vanguard Amateur: Sorry to see that three months will elapse before another mailing. Otherwise a satisfactory issue. Snark: Very, very funny; I hope I don't forget it when the time comes for voting on 1947's humor. Constitution: So be it until the next rainy evening when the urge to write constitutions strikes again. Tumbrils: Looks as if my draft problems are ended for a few months, although very probably there'll be a strenuous effort to revive selective service before this congress goes home. The funny part of it is that induction might be the best thing that could happen to me, in the sense that it would yank me forcibly loose from my present way of life; if I survived the training and returned to civilian life I might subside into a better rut. But that doesn't mean that I would like to take the chance! As practically everyone else will probably point out, the "Siegfried Idyll" was written long after Wagner's son was born. I think that the "Faust" overture is quite mature as a symphonic work, too, incidentally. Agenbite of Invit: My remarks on Stefantasy cover this pretty well. "The Pallid Men" and "Jeremy" make more sense than most of the latter-day Lowndes poems, however; "SPQR" leaves me completely baffled, including the Latin implications of the title. Tumbrils again: I don't think the Associated Press carried very much on the demonstrations--it didn't come in at any great length over the circuit to which we're attached, covering parts of four or five states--but one of the photographs was pretty widely published in small papers in this section a couple of days later. Could be that Truman was impressed, and it could have had some measure of effect on his decision to go against the recommendations of selective service in refusing to ask for immediate extension of the draft. Temper: : It is very good to see that someone else agrees that two men who speak the same language should be able to comprehend each other. The penultimate paragraph of the article in question worries me, though. I don't think enough Greek verse has survived to let us be sure that the men who wrote it were in tune with the intellectual forces of the time, even if we have interpreted those forces correctly; there certainly isn't enough music "of the dark ages" alive to day to put any meaning into that part of the statement; I don't see what free exchange had to do with poems of the "feudal agrarian economy"; and though only the future can prove the last statement in the paragraph, I don't think that the experience of the last hundred years leaves it a safe prediction. '' Has anyone compiled statistics on how many of these divorces occur to childless couples? When there are no children involved, the divorces aren't such a strain on society as a whole. I'm inclined to think that marriage should be made a more difficult procedure than it now is; it certainly isn't too logical to permit it almost without restrictions, then lock the door after the mad scientist has stolen the giant amoeba by setting up a highly complicated and expensive divorce system for the too-hasty unions that go on the rocks.

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I hope you were all honored with an invitation from Chester S. Geier to join The Shaver Mystery Club, like I was. They're going to publish a magazine, which will cost only 50c per issue, and Shaver promises "to give you the straight truth as he knows it. Among some of the features in the magazine will be a serial publication of the thought-record Mandark, which is some 500,000 words long, and which deals with the record of the Life of Christ as that record exists in the caves, and as it came to Mr. Shaver's mind via the telaug. This thought-record could not be presented in Amazing Stories. There will also be articles by many of the experts, scientifically-minded persons, people who have experiences such as Mr. Shaver and can corroborate him (such as Margaret Rogers, Roger Graham, etc.). ... Do you want to be in on the showdown? We assure you this isn't going to be any 'cult' or racket. This is honest."

DANE, CLEMENCE
The Moon Is Feminine

Doubleday, Doran and Company, Inc., New York. Copyright 1938.

This is a "not quite" book. It is not quite a great one, not quite a fantasy, not quite even the standard length of a novel; but with all its faults, it is a highly entertaining book to read, and one which did not deserve to suffer so much popularity among the sentimental old ladies. '' Dane claims to have found the idea for his story in old chronicles from the beginning of the 19th century. To the author's everlasting credit, it must be immediately added that this is the first novel about society at Brighton--or any other fashionable British resort--that I have ever found bearable. '' The hero is Henry Cope, a reasonably intelligent, slightly bored, and quite rich young man. The heroine is Lady Molly Jessel, a big girl, who has the title but not too much beauty and very little money. Henry rescues her from the violence of the wind one day, a deed which sets the matchmakers to work with incredible speed but also interests him a little in the girl. However, something else unusual has happened. Walking along the beach, he finds a great seal entangled in a net, rescues it, and later dreams most peculiarly of swimming, a mysterious figure in a dark green cloak, and even Napoleon, then on the rampage. A day or so later, returning to the spot where he had encountered the seal, Henry meets a strange youth, owner of the seal, who presents him with a "small brown cup" as a reward for saving the animal. Their interview is short; the boy will tell him only that "My cousins live in houses, here and there, all along the shores", waving toward France and England. This encounter means a great deal to Henry, although he cannot decide why this should be so. Old French phrases seem to buzz through his head, he tries to figure out who the youth might really be, and falls madly in love with the cup. '' The remainder of the book consists of the conflict for Henry's interest between Molly and the strange youth, Henry's desperate attempts to learn something of the boy who has fascinated him so queerly, and the more mundane doings of the society around them. Little hints of the outre turn up at the most unexpected places --some of them objective, more of them subjective. Once when Molly glances casually at Henry she finds that "Looked at from her low seat his tallness was exaggerated. He became a creature in a green coat emerging from a leafless, an artificial wood. Behind the artificial glimmered the impossible. There were soap-bubble domes dwindling into minarets, and minarets swelling at their peaks into soap-bubble domes again. There were rows of secret windows leaded with cupid-bows. There was movement, there was colour, there was curve, curves of music, curves of wit, evasive curves of power. Everywhere there was proportion and not a moral anywhere. The illusion solidified into a mirage of a pale pavilion washed pink by the light of a morning which had not yet dawned. Against it the figure of her lover was enhanced to the menace of a green-clad scarecrow, arms outstretched, scaring away the approaching times." '' The climax comes swiftly at the end. Henry can resist the lure of the unspecified realms of mystery of this youth, and decides to go to them withhim. Molly goes down to the beach by moonlight in an effort to forestall him, but rushes into the arms of the sea-boy. And at that moment, Henry preparing for his journey in his room suddenly feels a little sleepy, knocks down the cup without noticing it, and goes calmly to bed. The body of Molly is found on the shore the next morning. Henry a few days later falls from a cliff, having been lured by the vision of a girl who turns into water-covered stone, is carted away by friends to recuperate, and the story ends. '' The author's best work in this book is on the purely mundane level-- the encounters between Henry and Holly are handled with a great deal of skill, and she comesto life as a character, something which Henry fails to do. The restraint in handling the mysterious youth is overdone at times, when he turns into little better than a common gypsy. At the best, the descriptive writing has the feel of cool green depths and mysterious lands a little beyond the sea's edge.

The Devil To Pay

Last summer I spent two months' spare time reading "Science and Sanity", which seemed likely to be the peak of sluggishness for a long time. But barely six months later, that record is completely shattered, for it has taken me a full three months to plow through the original German of Goethe's "Faust". It would have been much easier to read a translation, of course, but the opera libretto knowledge of German that I've picked up, aided by a good annotated edition, made it not too difficult--just very slow. And now that I'm finished, I'm convinced that a poet as great as Goethe would be required to do a really competent translating job. Further, individual phrases or brief passages are flatly untranslatable into good poetry, because they express the thought in the perfect way, and that way naturally fails to scan and rhyme if translated literally, but loses its effect if put into different words.

Externally, of course, "Faust" is the familiar story of the man who signs away his soul to the devil, which removes the danger that someone will complain that I'm putting non-fantasy matter into Horizons by writing about it. This theme is familiar in English literature through Marlowe's play, and in music through works by Gounod, Wagner, Liszt, Schumann, Berlioz, Boito, Busoni, and many another. In science fiction it still bobs up occasionally; witness the recent Astounding yarn, "The Code". Goethe goes immeasurably further than any of these, and is at once more explicit and more puzzling.

Philosophically, it's still not easy to settle on a "meaning", although the question has been argued for more than a century. The edition to which I had access insists that a middle course must be taken: the reader must consider the drama neither as a single unit in which everything contributes to the whole, nor as a series of disconnected and meaningless episodes. The underlying philosophy might be construed as a vaguely pelagian and very comforting one to the man who can believe it, although hardly a logical one: that salvation, or some kind of eternal reward will come to those who try earnestly to live a fruitful life, even though their efforts often result in events that turn out to have quite evil results. "A good man, through obscurest aspirations, Has still an instinct of the one true way," the German-speaking God tells the Devil in one translation of the prologue in heaven. Faust, who very frequently in the play symbolizes humanity as a whole, gets himself into some awful messes, partly through the machinations of the devil, partly through his own human weaknesses. He deserts the girl he has seduced and becomes responsible for her ruin. He helps out the Devil in various diabolical schemes that lead only to trouble for everyone in the surroundings. Even when he becomes old and begins to get truly altruistic ideals, Faust quite ruthlessly removes an old couple who annoy him by living quietly in a hut which spoils the view on his domain.

The enormous work, longer than 12,000 lines in all, contains a lot of concepts that sound straight from the volumes of Arkham House. There are two long Walpurgis Night scenes, one in the best German tradition, the other a Classical one, in which anything from debates over geology to the wildest of revels happens. Once Faust visits a mysterious spot where apes are playing with a ball which, being the earth, is liable to explode at any moment. After his affair with Margarita, Faust enlists the aid of the Devil in bringing back to quasi-life Helen of Troy: the couple promptly bear a son who turns out to be the manifestation of poetry, but destroys himself after a few minutes of life in an effort to soar too high into the airy heights. Then there's a little critter in a glass tube, all intelligence and no body. He represents artificially created life, and has quite a time before he finally learns a way to get a real body. The realm of The Mothers is described in terms far more awe-inspiring than anything in Lovecraft or Dunsany. However, the reader gets the impression that this particular matter is a tongue-in-cheek affair, somewhat like another set of gods whose stupendous powers are exalted at length, but finally appear and turn out to be nothing but a few little clay-filled pots.

In the wildly improbable event that all this may inspire someone to investigate the drama for himself, I would like to make one suggestion: don't read the first part without immediately following it with the second part. The first part, by far the most widely read, simply poses the question and shows one of the events in Faust's career, that of the affair with Margarita. I'm inclined to think, too, that the second part contains the highest spots poetically in the entire work, although it also contains some of the less satisfactory moments--the German monarch whom Faust and Mephistopheles assist with such spectacular results is probably the greatest bore in all literature, and the scenes in which Faust is reclaiming land from the ocean just don't come off. But the whole scene with Helena is tremendously great poetry, the dirge on the death of Euphorion--probably intended as a lament for Byron, whose death had occurred just before it was written--and the final pages of the second part match the superb rhetoric of the first section's prologue in heaven, the lyrics which Margarita is given to sing, and Faust's philosophizing in the early stages of the work.

It is easy to read a lot of false meanings into the poem, some of which Goethe could not possibly have intended. When Faust and the Devil produce inflation in the kingdom by issuing currency on the treasures which everyone believes is buried in the ground, the whole thing sounds like an inveighing against capitalism; and the little artificial man acts as if he knew all about the evolutionary theory when he decides to dive into the ocean and work up to the body of a man by starting with the simplest of forms. It isn't too easy to decide exactly what Goethe did mean in many places, and it is probably that he meant nothing at all in quite a few spots; and the whole thing is perfect proof that, the latest experimentalists notwithstanding, it's perfectly possible to write very great and very clear prose without being in the least obvious or superficial.

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It doesn't really matter, but if it doesn't get chronicled here, the matter will be lost to posterity: Johnny Campbell is becoming important enough to be quoted when people want money. Among the ten-pound bundle of press releases and photographs provided for the local Greek War Relief Association campaign, I found the following: "A fantastic future for the world has been described by John Campbell, noted science editor, following the fateful bombing of Hiroshima, recalls Mr. _____ _____ of _____ _____. In fact, Campbell's shrewd and accurate predictions have tagged him the Oracle of the Atom. '' 'The next war, the Atomic War, will come without warning, perhaps as soon as five years from now,' says Mr. Campbell. 'The atom bomb will soon be developed by amateurs in home workshops! The only army we can use is an army of 100,000 volunteer scientists and engineers in the race against this power of destruction.' " But there are others who recognize a greater power. " 'There is nothing as relevant in the world today as the force of love, forever toiling and dwelling at the heart of the universe, which creates, directs and accomplishes transformations,' says Alan Hunter, minister and author of 'Secretly Armed.'" And it goes on to say how this toiling and dwelling entropy should compel all of us to shell out for The Cause.

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I plumb forget how I used to do these ratings, so they may not be consistent with those of the past. A should mean tops, B good, C fair, D unsatisfactory, and E bad. So, taking them as numbered in the Fantasy Amateur: C, B, C, A, ?, D, B, C, B, A, and the FA itself, B. Editing and publishing should be Speer, Kennedy, Rothman; article writing, Rothman, Speer, Kennedy; humor, Speer (for the cartoon), Rothman, Kennedy; fiction just doesn't exist in meritable form since I've counted "World of T" as humor; there isn't any poetry except reprint stuff; and I can't find the heart to nominate anything for excellence in art excepting the Plenum cover, the design for the Fantasy Amateur cover, and maybe the Evans' Christmas--oops, New Year--greeting. Worst mailing in 5 years.

When We Were Very Young

The golden days of enormous FAPA mailings were definitely approaching five years ago. The mailing that went out during the first part of March, 1942, was probably the biggest yet, with the braintrusters in full evidence, and even the Futurians, with elections coming up, bestirring themselves to their annual activity spree. Wollheim published a whole group of brightly-covered Phantagraphs and assorted other covers. One of them contained Lovecraft's "The Bride of the Sea" and we never did find out whether the subtitle, "A Dull, Dark, Dactylic Delirium in Sixteen Silly Stanzas" was added by HPL or DAW. The description is rather just, though the poem is intended seriously, since it's a very weak imitation of Poe. But these words of Wollheim in another publication are slightly startling, considering what happened later when he helped organize the VAPA: "(Rothman's) latest brain-storm consists of an amendment which allow a set of the very finest hand-picked loafers to join the FAPA as 'associate members' at $1.50 a throw! What in the name of the four phases of eternity has gotten into the allegedly good brain of Milton Gautama Rothman? ... They could rely on Milty or others of his anarchy creating ilk to keep letting them back each year because the association would need their money!" '' Ackerman began the agonizing publication of "The Madman of Mars" in this mailing. '' I'll never forget the issue of The Fantasy Amateur that was included in that mailing. Chauvenet was official editor at the time, managed to get everything stenciled except the secretary-treasurer's report, and sent the stencils up to me for mimeographing. As I recall it, the deadline was almost at hand, and I had a bad cold, or maybe the weather was very bad out, so I used a couple of ancient stencils and had the most astonishing results anyone ever saw. "I hope you wince when you see this!" Chauvenet penciled on the copy that came back to me in the bundle. '' Joe Gilbert reprinted "Faster than Light" by D. D. Sharp and prefaced it with a florid introduction in the sole issue of "Unfamous Fantastic Mysteries", labeled a bi-yearly publication but never again destined to show up. '' Chauvenet was publishing a single-sheeter in German, citing as good poetry the text for one of Schumann's best songs. And Julie Unger distributed the February 27 copy of Fantasy Fiction Field, which revealed poll results from an unspecified source. Them were the days, when the top fans were Ackerman, Tucker, Warner, Lowndes, Gilbert, Rothman, Chauvenet, Evans, Bronson, and Wollheim. Hardly a manis now alive who remembers the top fanzines: Spaceways, Fantasite, Voice of the Imagi-nation, Le Zombie, Southern Star, Fantasia, FFF Weekly, Eclipse, Fan-Atic, Starlight, and Nova. '' Sardonyx was really in the groove, beginning with an enigmatic photograph which showed Rothman taking a photograph of a cow. Inside, Chauvenet spoke of poetry, war, ouija, and similar topics. I wonder whether the present Mrs. Chauvenet realizes that the ouija board said that Russell would wed Miss Frances F. Shaker, 191 Avon Plaza, Seattle,Wash.? Speer should make sure the postoffice was right when they returned his letter with the statement that no such street exists in that city. '' Fred Hurter, who seems to have unfortunately deserted us, had published a nice fat issue of Censored, and Fortier was represented through several things with pretty covers. Then there was Tucker's Sci-Fic Variety, which recounted the sad tale of Si Gustily. "We are always reminded, along about this time of the year, of our dear loving cousin Si Gustily and his rocket ship experiment. These beer cans with the screw-on (and off) top make dandy ash trays you know. When empty you merely pound the top in with a hammer. Not so, Si. He rather fancied that protruding 'nozzle' atop the can resembled a rocket tube. Which gave him an idea. Which he carried out. Which is why we now put forget-me-nots on his last resting spot. It seems he once filled a beer can with carbon-tetra-chloride and lit a match to it to see if it would 'take off'. We sigh for Si." And Milty had this to say about his doings in the FAPA: "(Once Russell asked me what was the use of all my activity, and I asked him what was the use of anything, and he said there wasn't any, so I said, what the hell, then.)"

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One of these bright days, the boys who are always going around and making up indexes and such things are going to turn their attention to the movies, and after listing the fantasy in feature film, they may investigate the bigger field of short subjects. May the gods help them in that undertaking. Compared to it, compiling a bibliography of the fantasy in the comic books would be child's play.

After looking over synopses of recent releases in this field, I've come to the conclusion that at least half of them definitely classify as fantasy. Of these, the great majority naturally are the animated cartoons, which can picture the impossible just as easily as the possible. But there are all sorts of other items besides, and a lot of borderline stuff like "What's on Your Mind?", a ten-minute production from the Film Board of Canada that treats of psychiatry, neurosis, the problems to the mind inspired by the threat of the atom, and such things.

So, going back over the last few weeks for a sample of the variety that is offered, we find:

A professor (it doesn't say whether he's absentminded or the mad scientist) is dying on a desert island, from hunger, and eventually prepares himself for cooking when the plane that appears from out of the skies turns out to be filled with vultures; this pastoral little drama is entitled "The Uncultured Vulture". More elaborate is "Jack Armstrong, the All-American Boy", who it turns out no longer confines his scope of endeavors to the Americas. Only the first installment is synopsized, but it has to do with atom power for airplanes, the use of "cosmic radiations" for experiments, and all sorts of things. The "Popular Science" shorts vaguely fall into this category; the latest one shows developments in gadgets for the kitchen, reclamation of desert wastelands, and less interesting items. Vaguely reminiscent of Bob Olson's stories might be "Gay Antics", in which a bunch of ants move in on a picnic and succeed in breaking up a human love affair--cartoon, of course. Much more mystifying is the description of a Lew Lehr item, "Fisherman's Nightmare". The review says that it depicts a fisherman's dream "as he comes upon the different ways of living under the surface. He first comes across a tribe of Indians and proceeds to smoke the peace pipe with the redskins. In his travels, the fisherman meets a girl getting a shine, washing clothes, a man taking a bath, and a couple with an umbrella." Sounds like dero at work to me. Mighty Mouse, who strikes me as the best of the animated cartoons these days, meets up with the Pied Piper in one recent episode, and in another rescues a fair damsel whose forced marriage to a king was being arranged by a court wizard. More definitely scientific is "Goofy Gophers", in which a bunch of gophers get rid of a bothersome dog by sending him on a rocket to the moon. "Have You Got Any Castles" shows book characters coming to life and acting out a little story. I saw this one by chance, and it stinks. Then there's "Shoe Shine Jasper", in which a good fairy appears to help Jasper win a jitterbug contest through the aid of golden slippers and wings. Dogs speak, revealing their inmost thoughts, in "Pooch Parade", and in "Monkey-tone News" the traditional type of newsreel is burlesqued by Lew Lehr, who puts monkeys where the humans usually are seen. "The Snowman" parallels a Hawthorne story as far as the point where the snowman comes to life, but then deviates considerably, seeing that it has to do with rabbits, a bear, a shotgun, and such things. Psychiatry and similar stuff gets burlesqued again in "So You Think You're a Nervous Wreck?", with dire results for the guy who gets his personality changed. "Spelunking--A New Science" also comes close to plagiarizing Shaver. It shows how "a new science called Speleology" has been developed in Europe, wherein the bottoms of huge crevasses, 300 feet or so down, are investigated, resulting in the finding of "specimens never seen before by human eyes, specimens which date back to pre-historic days." "Slappily Married" deals with the dreadful things that happen to a fellow who labors under the impression that the day is Friday the 13th....This could go on forever, but I've achieved my goal and filled this page.