Intentions guaranteed to possess the highest quality and purity called for something special and gigantic from me in this 100th mailing. Circumstances of fearsome complexity and vigor probably have intervened. I hope to do better for the 25th anniversary mailing in November while all the rest of you are idle from absolute exhaustion from the effects of Old Hundredth. Meanwhile, do all that you can to content yourselves with this issue of Horizons. It is volume 23, number 4, whole number 91, and FAPA number 85. The cover is probably by Rotsler or non-existent. Mimeography may be by either Dick Eney or the editor, Harry Warner, Jr., 423 Summit Avenue, Hagerstown, Maryland.

In the Beginning

The Fantasy Amateur: The poll results make me feel silly for the remarks in the last issue of Horizons. Thanks to everyone for voting, but please deposit those checks promptly to avoid messing up my account at the bank. We should have consistency from year to year in the fanzines category. If listings were by individual instead of by title, as they were last year, Danner would be in third place instead of tied for fourth. '' Greater love for FAPA hath no man than Avram Davidson, for listing the Magazine of Fantasy and Science Fiction as a "fantasy amateur publication (fanzine)" to get onto the waiting list. But why aren't the identities of the waiting listers who get dropped published in each Fantasy Amateur? I think this listing would reveal the havoc that the acknowledgment system does in the waiting list. Phantasy Press: My Montgomery Ward catalog is the Middle Atlantic edition and lists stores in Delaware, District of Columbia, Florida, Georgia, Maryland, New Jersey, North Carolina, Ohio, Pennsylvania, South Carolina, Tennessee, Virginia, and West Virginia. Even if some state tucked into a remote corner of the union does not possess a branch of the chain, its inhabitants can still purchase by mail order from the nearest mail order branch in another state. '' No intention of continued sniping at the government employment service, Dan, but I can't help wondering why this is never cited as an intrusion into private enterprise or criticized as a form of subsidy, through reducing the work involved by the hiring department of large factories and businesses. It's just the farm subsidies that get blasted by people who nevertheless keep on eating farm products. Poo: I agree that improving the general populace in scientific thinking and opinions is more important than squeezing a few thousand more kids into colleges. This is like the point I tried to make on politics: it's useless to replace a few crooks with honest men in public office, while much good could be done by teaching the public that it is desirable to have honest men in office. Revelations from the Secret Mythos: You just don't understand how aging occurs in Maryland, Ron. You see, a 16-year-old is free to drive a two-ton automobile one mile per minute, or quit school, or if feminine get married, but it takes another two years to have enough antiquity to read Playboy and nobody has enough self-control or intelligence to do important things like buying a bottle of beer or voting until the age of 21. Masque: I think this should have been withheld from the mailing. I have no objection to the slight risk I run receiving and passing along the Kteic source material. But a few of these lines shouldn't be exposed to full FAPA distribution. '' Are they still using ortho film in Hollywood? Red

safelights became useless a couple of decades ago when pan film came into general use. The only safelight filter that can be used with today's film is a dark green one so dim you can't even see it until your eyes convert to the surrounding darkness. A yellow-green safelight is used for print making. This applies to black and white emulsions. No safelight is possible with color film until the processing has reached a point at which white light can be ignited. The Fantasy Ambler: I like the registration fee for waiting listers, but not the reasons given here for adopting it. When are we going to remember that FAPA is not SAPS and that the sensible procedure in one group may be wrong for the other? SAPS has a small waiting list and extremely rapid turnover in membership; FAPA is just the opposite. I imagine that the acknowledgment procedure is good for SAPS, which requires activity every other mailing; it provides no housebreaking for potential FAPA members, who can go six mailings without activity and still retain membership. I like a registration fee for waiting listers because it will ease the burden on the treasury of FAPA, but I think it will cause the waiting list to grow more rapidly, if anything, on the grounds of the human delusion that something you pay for is better than something you get free. I agree completely with Marion's opinion that the acknowledgment system causes us to retain many plodders and lose many good potential members. I wish the FA would publish in every other issue along with the constitution her warnings about seeing how far we can go toward breaking the postal regulations. Wraith: This is notable for the good essay, additional proof that some members who normally confine themselves to mailing comments are wasting their talents. I wonder if there is anything in the Tarzan books to prevent them from being banned in the South as integrationist propaganda? Badli: I would guess the title to be an anagram for ad lib. The increase in length of comments is encouraging, too; regular articles some day, maybe? Salud: So they hardly ever start Christmas before Hallowe'en? I was in Baltimore in late May and found one store with its entire display window filled with Christmas wrappings and decorations, on sale at half price. '' It's nice that some persons took seriously my proposal of a fannish identification mark. It should be inconspicuous, distinctive, and available cheap without a special order to a manufacturer. Maybe the fleurdelys would serve, except that it's a frequent enough design to threaten mistaken greetings that would be hard to explain away. Of course, fans could wear it sideways or upside down for more positive identification. Vandy: If you've never seen a purple fanzine, I'll try to dig out a copy of the old hektographed Horizons to complete your set of experiences. '' The advertisement for machine guns reminds me of the handcuffs that are usually on display in a local pawn shop. I wonder how an individual could think up a sensible reason for pawning a pair or for purchasing an unredeemed pair? (The area's towns are solvent enough to buy new ones for officers, and I understand that different types of manacles are used to restrain delirious individuals.) '' Wilde remarks that have basic truth? "I can resist anything except temptation." "Memory is the diary that we all carry about with us." "Nothing produces such an effect as a good platitude." "There is no such thing as a moral or an immoral book. Books are well written or badly written. That is all." "As long as war is regarded as wicked, it will always have its fascination. When it is looked upon as vulgar, it will cease to be popular." This must

suffice, although I have just acquired ten volumes of Oscar and I would require little nudging to quote at interminable length. Celephais: I don't mind the slimness of this issue, because the main peril was averted. You lived through the 30th and goodnight issue that has been the fannish equivalent of great composers' ninth symphonies. Ankus: Only Dick Deadeye is miserable as a result of the happenings in Pinafore? Somehow, I doubt that the spouse of Little Buttercup and the man whose rank has suddenly dropped from captain to common seaman would be merry. Horizons: Typographical errors had a higher survival rate than usual in this issue. In the mailing comments on The Fantasy Amateur, I wrote "mailing list" when I meant waiting list. The others are obvious enough to be attributed to ignorance and carelessness. Target: FAPA: Let's not be too sanguine about unmailability and legal processes. Remember, disaster could hit FAPA from numerous directions, such as a professional author or a publishing firm that would want vengeance even if the organization or individual named as defendent had no means of paying a fine. '' The only fictional role in which I can imagine myself is that of a rich, retired person with fairly good health. Fie upon Conan amd all the messes he gets into. Sercon's Bane: After many inquiries, I have been persuaded that in my case, it's more economical to leave the thermostat untouched from October to April. I'm told this is particularly valid for large houses with steam heat, like this one. Raising the temperature is not just a case of warming up the radiators but also getting the chill out of the walls. Next winter, I might even pulverize logic by opening the doors and turning on the radiators in the upstairs rooms I never use. '' Men wander around Hagerstown constantly carrying rifles, either because they've been hunting or practising with reactivated Civil War outfits. Pistols at the belt are rare, however. Hoohah!: The material on the Linards had added poignancy from the course of events and it's pretty good to start with. Why be surprised that you struck it off with a French soldier? Two soldiers of different nations have more in common than the soldier has with a banker or mother-in-law in his own land. Nations should be divided by ages and occupations, not by geographical considerations. '' Someone will cluck the tongue at the Corey clipping and will rave about what queer ducks fandom attracts. I prefer to remember how nearly complete was the antipathy he aroused in fandom, as proof that we can spot a dubious individual readily. The Cambridge Scene: The story, if that isn't exaggerating a definition, is remarkably fine. Twice that long, and the New Yorker might be interested. Comet Summer could benefit by cutting, however, and I would feel more comfortable if I knew its origin. The typeface looks like Larry Stark but it doesn't sound like him. Antaios: But I do proofread all the Horizons stencils before correcting any errors. I find this provides more speed for the total process. I jot onto the stencil tab while reading the number opposite any line that contains an error, then tackle the actual fluid smearing and retyping the first time the slightest twinge of energy arrives. '' And I always thought that child's verse about the robin came from England where a robin is a different type of bird. '' My memory of The Strange Flight of Richard Clayton is the story in which a pioneer space traveler underwent all sorts of harrowing psychological adventures during the first trip through space and learned in the last paragraph that his craft had never gotten off the ground. My impression is that fandom honors Bloch for his

non-fiction and conversational genius, rather than for his stories. I'd like to see him grow so rich that he would write some fiction the best way he knows how, without commercial considerations. His place in weird fiction will probably be that of the very skillful writer who refused to imitate Lovecraft when it was fashionable to do so; without him, this type of fiction might have perished completely from inbreeding. What's this about Frank Carr worrying about my links with pinkish people? Was it a published item that didn't reach me, or just something that came up in conversation? I'm curious, not worried. I've explained elsewhere my unconcern with whatever might be made of my refusal to ignore people with different political philosophies. '' The story possesses at least one character too many. But it's so nice to read fan fiction by someone who can handle legal and court stuff. Everyone, including me, makes some kind of elementary mistake in this respect. '' You think Whatever Happened to Charlotte provides an example of how too much fannishness can be harmful. I think the moral is different, because the character of Mark Walcott was modeled with moderate accuracy on a second cousin who has never heard of fandom and has probably never read a stf. story. The point: there is no fandom, really, but there are fans and some fans are as incapable of handling their lives as a lot of non-fans, and trouble comes when someone starts to use the abstract concept "fandom" as a threatening blob of substance with dangerous qualities. Helen's Fantasia: The continuing migration of fans to the New York area remains the biggest new trend of the 1960's. I don't like what I've heard about California, but it's still nice to know that there's one non-conformist, Gregg Calkins. A Fanzine for Jim Caughran: This achieved a genuine miracle. It stirred up some interest in a part of the world that normally bores me past all endurance to be forced to read about or look at pictures of. It also makes Art Wilson for me a more than lifesize figure, one with some of the attributes of Captain Easy and also possessing the impression of recent emergence from the latest Graham Greene novel. Null-F: I've heard of one nostalgia-type airplane fandom. This is a club named for a famous motor used in planes in the 1910's and possibly later. The motor was known as the OX5 or something similar. The group met here a couple of times to look at old airplanes and talk over the old days. Membership was limited to those who had actually flown planes with these motors. The man at the local Fairchild Corporation factory that arranged the conventions died or took a job elsewhere and I've lost track of this particular fandom. Alif: If I know fans, Karen touched off a lot of pocket- and purse-describing with this issue. I travel quite light; only a handkerchief, two keycases (one for auto, the other for house and office), billfold, pen, pencil, appointment book, small notebook, and a flattened paper cup in my suit and shirt pockets. I've also carried a coin purse for the past couple of weeks, but it feels slimy and I plan to dispose of it. Plus a billfold, of course, and the billfold contains nothing but money, passes, and various types of identification and membership cards. I used to lug a comb, knife, aspirin, flashlight, and other impedimenta everywhere, but lately I've been living dangerously. Moonshade: I think that fans are suspicious of cliquish actions in California because of the secrecy which you people have voluntarily imposed on your internal squabbles and antipathies. We realize that there are factions and collisions between personalities and similar mishaps. But we don't hear constantly about them,

as we do about New York fandom. So we unreasonably hang onto a pointless notion that all Los Angeles fandom will unite on this or that matter. It's time for a new Laney to rise and clear the air. '' The awards committee as a replacement for a general fan vote on fan achievement awards would probably end up with the apathy with which pronouncements of the FAPA laureate committee used to be met. If you know something about the committee members' preferences and opinions, you can usually guess beforehand who will get awards, so there isn't even the advantage of suspense. Self-Preservation: The text of The Beggars Opera is available in an Anchor paperback, one of the series edited by Eric Bentley. You can buy the vocal score of Benjamin Britten's realization of the original work from Boosey & Hawkes if you're trying to find an outlet for ten bucks. There are or were a couple of recordings available, none of which won complete happiness from the critics. I've heard none of the records, but the deleted RCA Victor set seemed to satisfy more than the others. '' Recognition for artists is useful in the same manner that letter columns are useful to people who write for fanzines and prozines. There is something more, as a rule, when a play or concert is given before a live audience than when it's being done in an otherwise empty auditorium for recording purposes. I don't oppose fan art shows and other recognition for fan accomplishments, but I dislike violently the theory that expensive and impressive objects must be provided as the honors. '' I renewed old acquaintance with Russell Chauvenet recently, too. I regret to say that we did not talk about FAPA, but immediately engaged in speculations on the possibility of hitting a baseball completely over the new D.C. Stadium in fair territory. '' Some of us think changes in FAPA's rules are desirable because the organization and its environment are changing while the rules remain the same. Increased numbers of ayjay groups in fandom, bloating of the waiting list, and the metamorphosis of the organization as a prestige symbol and a means of regaining fannish youth are new in recent years. If we don't figure out ways to avoid a static membership and stationary waiting list, there will be serious consequences for FAPA within the next few years. Melange: The pages devoted to Burbee are very nearly the equal of The Incompleat Burbee in miraculously concentrated and undiluted form. Please, everyone keep this in mind when thinking about egoboo votes next winter. '' I hope that the retrenching in fanac for the Trimbles proves a masked blessing, one that will keep them in fandom for decades to come. This beats another year or two of frenzied all-out fanning followed by complete gafiation from sheer exhaustion. Light: Can someone explain why it is important for auto doors to make a solid sound when they are closed briskly? It seems to be the deciding factor in the purchase of a car for many individuals. But I've noticed that some other persons insist on kicking the sides of two of the tires, another learned procedure whose validity eludes me. '' Capital punishment does solve one thing, in a sense: it takes away from the central figure the years in which he might have repented. It's difficult to understand how a nation that claims to operate on Christian principles can justify this; most of the major religious bodies in this country accept the belief that a man can still be saved, no matter what his past actions, if he undergoes a genuine conversion and contrition before death. Le Moindre: I own three winter suits, whose combined cost probably wasn't as high as the $70 that Boyd pays for one. But you should realize that clothes don't even try to fit when I put them

onto this bony frame, and I might as well look poorly dressed in cheap chain store garments. I'd give a lot to have a job that didn't require suit-wearing. '' Cars with automatic transmissions don't behave as you say. You leave them in gear while waiting for the traffic jam to clear up or the light to change and they just sit there if the road is fairly level. Null-F again: It's quite difficult to imagine Ted White listening to Gershwin played by Gershwin. Next, Wayne King? Headphones seem to be the only solution to many music-listening problems. But I wonder if a listener can accept them as a complete substitute for loudspeaker listening, over a long span of time? This is important to me, because if I should decide to move into smaller quarters, I'd probably be forced to convert to them out of respect to the neighbors. '' I think you overestimate the wisdom of the average guy in his probable use of mescalin. You've heard about the experiences of very intelligent individuals who were half-afraid of it. If it became popular with the stupid individuals, it might not seem so pleasant a narcotic. Lighthouse: The mention of Harry Golden reminds me that I was trying to figure out how good a reception he'd get if his little articles were mailing comments in FAPA. I think they're inferior to good FAPA stuff. But there is one encouraging thing about the Golden popularity. It proves that essays will sell to the general public if they're widely distributed and sold at a competitive price. '' I like Carol's poems but she should study pigeons a little more. I've never seen one that had half as many delusions of grandeur as a sparrow or blowfly. '' Look again at a telephone dial to understand why exchange letters are being converted gradually to numbers. There are letters for only eight of the ten spots on the dial, a 25% gain to begin with, and the use of numerals eliminates waste in certain combinations for which there are hardly any common words to serve as dialing letters: 59 or 95, for instance. '' Germelshausen is a novelette that nearly every college student of German is forced to read at one time or another. '' One envelope of Kteic has reached me in the past six months. Someone is apparently keeping them on my chain, because Bill asked why I hadn't been passing along issues that I never got. NFFF Entry Blank: It would be more interesting to be told about the results of the first contest than to distribute an entry blank for the second that nobody in FAPA will use anyway. Elmurmurings: Hagerstown has had those midblock pedestrian crossings supplied with traffic lights for some time. But Hagerstown retains its precedence for idiocy in this respect, too. Los Angeles, I'll bet, doesn't have them controlled by pushbuttons which pedestrians are supposed to punch when they want to walk across. You can guess what happens: every small boy and every other adult who walks down the sidewalk gives the button a punch even if he has no desire to go across and traffic snarls up from red lights which do nobody any good. We also have at downtown crossings lights that warn you not to walk while traffic is halted for that very purpose. The system was intended for intersections with two-way traffic and apparently was installed by someone who didn't notice that all the downtown streets here are one-way. Day*Star: Why is it wrong for a physically capable man to refuse army service, but right for a mentally capable man to refuse to become a physician or a woman to refuse to become a nurse? There are not enough doctors or nurses, just as there are not enough volunteers for the armed services. The need for the doctors and nurses is con-

siderably more regular than the use of soldiers, and it might be argued that the doctors and nurses are more useful to the nation than the soldiers. The old excuse that the soldier risks his life has lost its validity. It is probable that civilians will share danger equally with soldiers in future wars. The Rambling Fap: Full agreement on the superiority of many fan artists to lots of the pros. However, I don't think I'd want to pay money for fan art, unless some special good purpose benefited. Both fan and pro art in the stf. and fantasy field look quite crude beside a good reproduction of a firstrate piece of modern art. Tidmouse: The title is inspired, if it's intended as the ironic commentary on modern tendencies that I suspect. Of course, as the only previous audible proponent of big houses, I'm happy to see the Silverbergs move. I don't feel quite as strange, one person in eight rooms, when I know that there are two persons in fifteen rooms. Poor Richard's Almanac: Coffee before driving at night would be a surefire method of suicide for me. Coffee puts me to sleep. One physician claims that this holds good only if I try to go to sleep within the first hour after drinking it, since it takes some time for caffeine to have its effect. I don't believe him. Warm liquid is my sovereign remedy for any ill and its soothing effect apparently overrides the drug content. '' "Crime and Punishment" wouldn't qualify for reprinting or filming if Michael McQuown has quoted correctly the rules. I doubt the existence of such a society as a governing force. '' It was difficult to distinguish between Lichtman and Brown toward the end of the letter section. I fear that this is a prime exhibit of my remarks last issue about saying too much in fanzines. Besides, some sections bear a startling resemblance to the letters that appear in the abominable Dear Abby column on which I get stuck with proofreading once in a long while. '' No wonder Rich didn't become a poet if he tried to be identically like one. Rich Brown isn't Don Marquis and he'll never determine if he has any genius unless he tries to develop his own talents instead of trying to counterfeit someone else's. A Fanzine for.... One gafiated fan correspondent is about to quit an excellent, good-paying job, simply because he can't live with the necessity for deciding on promotions, raises, and occasional firings of employes under him. The closest I've come to such responsibility is deciding on extra money for stringers in outlying towns, and I equivocate and shift responsibility like fury. I'm obviously not the authoritarian type, and I hate to have people exercise authority over me, so this leaves things in a general mess. Descant: What madness lays waste to fandom, when fine writers like John Berry and Gina Clarke go on for pages uncounted with descriptions of television programs? If it keeps on, I intend to strike back by beginning a series of reprints from One Hundred Synopses of Favorite Operas. '' The h is sounded at the beginning of many French words beginning with that letter; see any dictionary in the proper language. The French-speaking people who say "why" for oui are obviously communists on their way to invade the United States via the Arctic. If Dickens reproduces speech correctly, some Britishers reverse the v and w sound, not other Europeans, although Germans and Scandinavians have great difficulty to prevent the w from sounding like v. '' I'm glad to see another battler for something more than mailing comments. But the opinion about the superiority of the forgotten jazz and humor is too mystical to satisfy me.

Return of the Screw

Two or three recent fanzines have published brief reviews of the new movie, "The Uninvited". But I haven't seen any mention so far of the fact that this film is the third in a trio of events that threaten to create a major revival of interest in a famous work of fantasy. The fannish press has allowed to pass without mention the appearance of a fine paperback devoted to the story that inspired the movie and the composition, performance, and recording of Benjamin Britten's opera on the same plot.

"The Turn of the Screw" is one of those in-between stories in a number of ways. Its length is among its dubious points: too long to qualify as a short story, not long enough to be a novel in the way novels were defined at the time of its writing, although it contains more words than many works published today as novels. The title itself must be considered embarrassing enough to have resulted in the change of title for the movie; Britten's opera was virtually forced to retain the title for reasons that I shall explain later. The final ambiguity lies in the real nature of the story: is it or isn't it a ghost story, a fantasy?

In 1960, Crowell published the paperback with the unwieldy title, "A Casebook on Henry James's 'The Turn of the Screw'". It is edited by Gerald Willen, and contains not only the entire text of the story but also some of the tantalizingly indefinite things that James later wrote about it and an elaborate series of essays and lengthy criticisms with the story as topic.

The fanzine reviews of "The Uninvited" seemed to be written by individuals who have never read the James story or have forgotten the details of it. None that have reached me to date has pointed out that the motion picture chooses to end with the mundane explanation of the story: that the ghosts existed only in the imagination of the governess and that it was her neurotic behavior that caused all the trouble. Apparently the movie makers did not go as far as some of the critics, because there is one theory which insists that not only were the ghosts imaginary, but the children also were nothing but the products of a warped imagination. Benjamin Britten's opera treats the story more literally, however, as a genuine ghost tale. His ghosts, in fact, are more busy than the ones in the original story, probably because this was the only way in which he could give Peter Quint a good bit of singing to do in a cast consisting otherwise of nothing but a boy soprano and several female voices.

Henry James very rarely expresses himself clearly about anything. But the things that the author said about "The Turn of the Screw" are phrased with such diabolical cleverness that I suspect him of deliberately creating a problem for his readers and critics that they could pursue down through generations to come. He hardly could have foreseen the Freudian interpretations that were to be made of it, but I can believe that Henry thought to himself: "Reputations grow weak in literature, and what better way to try to keep mine a little stronger in the far future than by writing a story so delicately poised between reality and fantasy that each reader must decide on its meaning for himself and the critics must invent evidence to support their theories down through quarterlies yet to be born in the new century?" The author's statements on the story consist mostly of those in the preface to "The Aspern Papers" in a collected edition of his works. Here is the passage that makes me suspect a deliberate, calculated trick:

"It is a piece of ingenuity pure and simple, of cold artistic calculation, an amusette to catch those not easily caught (the 'fun' of the capture of the merely witless being ever but small), the jaded, the disillusioned, the fastidious. Otherwise expressed, the study is of a conceived 'tone', the tone of suspected and felt trouble, of an inordinate and incalculable sort—the tone of tragic, yet of exquisite, mystification. To knead the subject of my young friend's, the supposititious narrator's, mystification thick, and yet strain the expression of it so clear and fine that beauty would result: no side of the matter so revives for me as that endeavor. Indeed if the artistic value of such an experiment be measured by the intellectual echoes it may again, long after, set in motion, the case would make in favour of this little firm fantasy—which I seem to see draw behind it today a train of associations."

Essewhere in this preface, James makes a point that the movie producers ignored but the opera librettist respected. James explains the reasons for his failure to give any details on the precise nature of the wrongdoing that the bad man and woman possessed both before and after attaining the state of ghosthood. "There is for such a case no eligible absolute of the wrong; it remains relative to fifty other elements, a matter of appreciation, speculation, imagination—these things moreover quite exactly in the light of the spectator's, the critic's, the reader's experience. Only make the reader's general vision of evil intense enough, I said to myself—and that already is a charming job—and his own experience, his own imagination, his own sympathy (with the children) and horror (of their false friends) will supply him quite sufficiently with all the particulars. Make him think the evil, make him think it for himself, and you are released from weak specifications. This ingenuity I took pains—as indeed great pains were required to apply; and with a success apparently beyond my liveliest hope. Droll enough at the same time, I must add, some of the evidence—even when most convincing—of this success."

There are other passages in this essay that lend support to both the fantasy and the mundane explanation of the story. But the long series of commentaries by others on "The Turn of the Screw" have mined both the preface and the key points in the story so methodically that it's unlikely that anyone will produce incontrovertible proof that the author intended any one solution to his mystification.

If this story is one that you've always intended to read and never gotten around to, or a tale that you read so long ago that its details have grown hazy, its skeleton is this: It is a story within a story, with a brief preface in which the narrator is in a story-telling group around the fire, promises to produce a climactic yarn, and reads it from the manuscript of a long-dead old friend. The main story is contained in this manuscript, by a girl who accepted the post of governess to two orphaned children whose guardian wanted to providethe best of care without undergoing personal bother. The young governess begins to see apparent apparitions about the house and grounds, and on describing them to the housekeeper, is told that they fit the appearance of two deceased servants, a man who had possessed a nature of unspecified evil qualities and the woman whom he had led to an equally vague ruin. The governess fears that the ghosts are reaching out from beyond the grave to tempt the children into their evil ways, fights for the children's innocen e, until the small girl is taken

to live elsewhere and the boy dies in the governess' arms as she believes herself victorious over the work of the male ghost.

There were preliminary skirmishes, but the first major salvo in the literary conflict over the interpretation of the story resounded with the publication of an essay by Edmund Wilson, republished in revised form in this casebook. Wilson seeks to prove the thesis "that the governess who is made to tell the story is a neurotic case of sex repression, and that the ghosts are not real ghosts but hallucinations of the governess." Wilson seeks to show that the young woman has fallen into complete love with the guardian, and dreams up the ghosts as apparitions as she longs to see the guardian whom she is forbidden to contact under the terms of her employment. "There is never any reason for supposing that anybody but the governess sees the ghosts," Wilson says, not altogether correctly. "She believes that the children see them, but there is never any proof that they do. The housekeeper insists that she does not see them; it is apparently the governess who frightens her. The children, too, become hysterical; but this is evidently the governess' doing." James admits that he is not the first critic to disbelieve in the ghosts, but he seems to have been the first to explain episodes in Freudian terms: the male ghost appears first on a tower, the female on a lake, and so on. Fifteen years later, Wilson admitted that his essay forced a point in his attempt to explain away the fact that the housekeeper identifies the male ghost from the governess' description, and says that the James notebooks make it plain that his conscious intention was to write a bona fide ghost story. And in yet another postscript after another decade had passed, Wilson adds: "Since writing the above, I have become convinced that James knew exactly what he was doing and that he intended the governess to be suffering from delusions."

If one critic could suffer so many changes of mind about the meaning of the story, it's not surprising that other essayists chose up sides pretty evenly. The casebook includes a sampling of their arguments that is guaranteed to leave giddy the person who reads them all from beginning to end. I liked in particular Nathan Bryllion Fagin's debunking of the Freudian interpretation. Following this procedure, he reasons, we would be forced to assume from Washington's buildings that Washington was the father and Lincoln the mother of the nation. Fagin prefers a different type of symbolism and probably goes to as excessive extremes as Wilson did to back up his belief that the story is an allegory of the battle between good and evil rather than a description of neurosis. Fagin even thinks that the names were chosen to symbolize the elements of good and evil in children: Flora, for instance, "part lovely flower and part wanton weed". He thinks that the boy was not frightened to death by the hysteria of his governess, as Wilson presumed, but "too corrupted to live without evil" like some characters in Hawthorne who meet equally complete annihilation without any physical reason.

Another essay, this one by Glenn A. Reed, is useful for explaining where James got his basic theme. He heard an archbishop narrate a little tale about two children in a remote spot to whom the spirits of bad servants were believed to have appeared with the intention of getting hold of them. Reed finds evidence in the James notebooks to back his thesis that the author based the story on the relationship between the spirits and the children, rath-

er than emphasizing the governess as the central figure.

But a little later, Oscar Cargill had popped up with a new source for the story and the flat statement that it could be the direct influence of Freud's work. Freud hadn't gotten started full blast when "The Turn of the Screw" was published in 1898, but his "Studien über Hysterie", an early work, had appeared in 1895. In it, Cargill found the case of a young governess of two children who was haunted by the smell of a meal she had allowed to get scorched some time ago. Freud cured her rhinitis and I hope that some readers of Cargill's essay can figure out what this has to do with the James story more easily than I did. He also theorizes that into the character of the governess there might have entered elements of James' mad sister, Alice. He finds it significant that we never learn the name of the governess, and believes that this is "an unconscious revelation of how deeply fixed was James's caution to avoid the suspicion that his narrative had its source in Alice's illness." He attributes the mumbojumbo that James says about the story to "the duty of shielding Alice's memory and the necessity of setting up a legal shield", and by the time he arrives at the end of his essay seems so enraptured of this explanation that he never mentions again the absent-minded victim of rhinitis.

I think that a much more sensible doubt of the reality of the ghosts may be found in a long article by Harold C. Goddard who wrote before the controversy had arisen and ignored the weapons in the Freudian armory. He says: "If on your first reading of 'The Turn of the Screw' the hypothesis did not occur to you that the governess is insane, run through the story again and you will hardly know which to admire more, James's daring in introducing the cruder physical as distinguished from the subtler psychological symptoms of insanity or his skill in covering them up and seeming to explain them away." He emphasizes that the ghosts appear only when the governess is in a state of tension, not according to the state of the children's minds. Goddard sensibly admits the other possible interpretation of the story, and suggests a third alternative: "Perhaps the governess' brain caught a true image of Peter Quint straight from Mrs. Grose's memory via the ether or some subtler medium of thought transference."

I think the paperback is worth tracking down, even if you aren't interested particularly in the James story, as an example of what varying interpretations can be drawn from a piece of alleged fantasy fiction and as a possible reminder to fanzine editors that they could do worse than turn over an occasional large issue to reprinted and newly written articles about some provocative recent pieces of fiction. The book's main drawback is the policy of reprinting all essays complete: this causes an inordinate amount of repetition of arguments and space wasted on long quotations that could be replaced by footnotes referring to the relevant pages in the story as it appears at the start of this book.

Benjamin Britten's opera has appeared on London Records, and I would be willing to bet that it will find a television performance soon. Its length, intimate settings, and small instrumentation are ideal for a television set's small screen, poor sound reproduction, and sponsor problems. (It's curious, that all three Britten operas on commercial recordings deal with cruelty to children, a theme which doesn't recur in any of his unrecorded operas. "Peter Grimes" is based on the deaths of two apprentice

boys, caused by the irresponsibility of a reckless boat owner. "The Little Sweep" has as hero a child who is sold to a mean man who makes him climb up dark insides of chimneys.) The librettist was Myfanwy Piper, who follows the James story with fair accuracy except for making the ghosts real beyond all possible doubt: they even have a scene together when no humans are around. He has botched his job in one spot quite unforgivably, though. He makes the scene at the lake start with awed remarks by Flora at the size of the body of water, which she must have seen a thousand times before, then causes her to sing a song in the form of a lullaby with the most extravagant language which the governess ignores, although she had previously wondered where Miles learned the words to a much simpler song.

Britten used James' title as a construction device for his music. He conceives each revolution of the torture device as a trip through the dozen notes of the chromatic scale. This permits him to flirt with twelve-tone music, although he doesn't go the whole way. More important, he is enabled to increase the pressure on his listener-victims by forming the dozen notes into a theme on which he writes fifteen variations. Each variation is used as an interlude between a change of scene. The theme not only holds the work together in this manner, but also turns up occasionally in the vocal sections between the formal variations. I might warn the person who listens to the records without a score that it is almost impossible to comprehend the theme at its original appearance: by design or accident, it is only partly audible through the rustle of the accompaniment. London Records, which provides such superlative musical examples and keys to their appearances in its releases of Strauss operas, doesn't give any musical notes with this release and makes things even more inconvenient by printing analytical information on the album itself and the libretto in a separate booklet.

However, the performance is nearly faultless, unless Britten wanted that theme to be heard immediately. The prologue is recorded at much too high a level, but engineers do something stupid in every opera release, presumably to prove that they're on the job. The orchestra consists of only 13 musicians, but don't start to think about the possibility of a fan production of this for a convention. The instrumental parts require virtuosos, most of whom must cope with more than one instrument at various times. Britten obviously loves children, despite the things that sometimes happen in his plot, and it would be impossible to imagine music for the two children in this opera more neatly balanced between innocence and evil, sweetness and corruption, with modernities that blend in the most magical way with a couple of familiar nursery tunes and an apparently invented folk song. Olive Dyer sounds a trifle too old for Flora, and in fact sounds ready for trying Madama Butterfly's part, but David Hemmings is magnificent as Miles: the first English boy soprano I've ever heard who doesn't sing as if he wanted to wipe his nose. Britten's favorite tenor, Peter Pears, has a voice that is darkening rapidly but still has just enough flexibility for this cruelly difficult music.

The latest Schwann catalog indicates that this recording is available only in the monaural version. If you're interested in acquiring it, I'd recommend purchase as soon as possible. Britten's music has a habit of vanishing from the London catalog in a manner that tortures music lovers nearly as much as the meaning of the James story.

The Fandom of the Opera

If the title frightens you, please read at least a few lines further along in this article. The title is more ingenious than accurate. I don't intend to confine what follows to opera, and it will not deal with people who are generally regarded as fans. Instead, I want to deal at medium length with the entire field of serious music and the quasi-fandoms that have grown up around it. In the process, I might succeed in proving that there is more fannishness in musical activities than even the participants believe, and I may also reveal to my audience some previously unknown facts about the scope and nature of what I call for convenience music fandom.

First of all, it will be convenient and expedient to emphasize the differences between music fandom and the fandoms with which we are most familiar—our own science fiction fandom, and the fandoms about which we know something, like those centering on Sherlock Holmes, trolley cars, and circuses.

Music fandom is much larger than science fiction fandom, just as music is enjoyed by a much greater proportion of the populace than science fiction. But it might be possible to find a rough correlation between the ratio of music listeners and music fans and the ratio of stf. readers with stf. fandom. It might be safe to estimate that music fandom is ten times the numerical size of stf. fandom. You and I will never agree on the size of stf. fandom, which could contain 300 or 3,000 persons, depending on how you define a fan. Multiply those limits each by ten and you may have a very rough estimate of the number of music fans as distinguished from music listeners.

Music fandom is considerably more varied in its outlets for action than stf. fandom. Our fandom consists largely of people who either collect, or go wild over fanzines, or go to club meetings and conventions, or combine the three basic activities in various proportions. Later I'll go into the various forms in which music fandom can express itself. But it is interesting to note that only collecting is a good common activity in the two fandoms. Little publishing of a completely amateur nature is done in music fandom, and the convention stf. fan is usually a fake fan in musicdom, the nasty person who runs around to festivals or buys a box for the winter symphony series solely to create an impression or to climb socially.

Music fandom has a tremendously long history. It's been going on for centuries, not the three or four decades that stf. fandom has been aware of itself. Music fandom has been truly international all through those generations, too, in sharp contrast to the scant stirrings of fandom in non-English speaking nations until a half-dozen years ago.

And a very important difference is the more blurred dividing line between professional and fan activities in music. In our fandom, the true hybrid fan-pro is quite rare. After you've named Tucker, Bloch, Davidson, Wollheim, and a few more, you have difficulty adding to the list of individuals who make money regularly in the field and still produce genuine fanac the year around. In music fandom, there are hundreds or thousands of these hybrids for each example in stf. fandom, mainly men and women who make part or all of their living as teachers, performers, or in other phases of music, yet turn out volunteer accomplishments that can be rated as nothing less than musical fanac for the sheer love of it.

A science fiction fan might be most aware of the musical fandom subdivision involved with recordings. At least one fan and one pro in our field, Bill Evans and Anthony Boucher, are genuine collectors of serious discs. Vernon L. McCain once wrote at length on certain aspects of music fandom involving jazz record collecting. But even if you buy lp's regularly and occasionally look through the 78 rpm discs in a used record shop, you may not understand all the exciting things that can be done in this part of serious music fandom. Of course, the straightforward collecting of old records is a basic procedure. Much of the publishing that most nearly coincides with fanzines in music fandom is done for and by these people. Often dealers' catalogs are close to being interesting for the sidelights they throw on the material offered. All over creation, record collectors are constantly producing one-shots in the form of indexes to this or that artist's recorded output or to the most complete possible numerical listing of some obscure recording company. Occasionally something more elaborate appears: a standard price list of records most frequently bought and sold and average prices involved, or a who's who among record collectors or dealers. You must understand that only the most naive record collectors just sit there and play their records; this would be akin to a science fiction fan who spent his time reading the prozines. All sorts of research can be done into matrix numbers and detective instincts can go to work on the whereabouts of test pressings known to have been made on takes that were never issued commercially, and some collectors can be kept amused for months with nothing but a pile of old records, a pitchpipe and a stroboscope, from which they try to figure out if the disc was originally made at a deviation from standard speed or the artist just happened to transpose the song into a different key. Remember, serious music on 78 rpm discs was appearing several decades before the first jazz recordings and even in more recent years the releases of serious music have always outnumbered those of jazz on a worldwide basis, so there is a tremendous backlog for collectors to work on.

But this phase of recording subfandom is only the most obvious. Many persons who buy lp's monthly don't realize the extent of the collecting operations that involve the microgroove discs. It might seem unlikely that a type of record which is hardly a dozen years out of the invention stage could already be the basis for the same pursuits as those involving 78 rpms. But lp's have always suffered from short spans of availability from regular dealers, a few standard best-sellers excepted. Thousands of them have been issued by small companies that never achieved national distribution in all record shops, big and small. The initial production of a new lp is likely to be quite small, even if issued by one of the big companies, and if these first few thousand fail to sell well, there may never be another pressed. Already some lp records are bringing more in used record shops than any but a tiny assortment of 78 rarities have ever been worth. The top asking price that I've encountered lately is $100 for a copy of the Lotte Lehmann farewell recital; this consisted of one twelve-inch and one ten-inch lp in an album issued by a company formed specifically for the purpose, Pembroke. But it isn't just the obscure releases that get valuable. The lp dubbing by RCA Victor of the old Walter set of the first act of Die Walküre now brings an average price of $25, even though it remained in the catalog for several years and could return to circulation at any time in Angel's reissue series.

One encouraging thing about the lp record collecting is that out-of-print discs seem to get that way for musical values; too often, a 78 rpm record has become tremendously expensive not because it is well-performed but because collectors need it to complete their run of discs by some particular musician. (I would urge readers to be cautious about buying out-of-print lp's, however. They are much more likely to have suffered severe damage at the hands of the previous owner, if in used condition, and are always liable to return to availability at original price or through reissue in a cheaper reprint label's catalog.)

That's still not all. Recorded music subfandom still has plenty of additional areas not involving records that were manufactured commercially. There is an awe-inspiring treasure trove of recorded music that has never sold in the stores. Mainly it consists of professional and amateur recordings made off the air during broadcasts of live performances of serious music. Additionally, there are the recordings made with varying degrees of openness at non-broadcast live performances. Only a few drops of the first trickles of this treasury of recorded music has been offered to the public up to now. Once in a long while there is a release of a record put together from tapes taken at a great conductor's rehearsal, Allegro once issued a near-complete Nibelungen Ring composed of off-the-air dubbings from Germany, Asco has recently begun to issue some two-volume sets of great musicians of the past that draw on both records made by obscure companies and dubbings of air checks, and the only recording of Wozzeck really falls into this category. Although issued by Columbia, it can't exist by all contract regulations, and was made possible as a recording only by rare cooperation among competitors. Fortunately, as time passes it is almost certain that there will be much more available from this backlog: performers will die and will no longer be able to threaten suit against pirates, the British government will have a financial crisis that will induce the BBC to go into the record-selling business, and already there is talk that recordings of Met broadcasts may be tied in with a fund-raising campaign for that institution. But already, if you know where to look, you can negotiate for much theoretically unavailable material. Paul Spencer, a former FAPA member, has built up his collection of recorded Strauss operas to near completion by getting tapes of European performances through various entrepreneurs; he needs only Guntram for completion. I've heard reports that any Met broadcast back to the 1930's can be obtained. Naturally, anyone with a tape recorder and a home near a large city can copy the fine things that are distributed in this country by European stations; this is just about your only chance if you feel you must have a perfomance of Haydn's Creation sung in Czech or an Italian version of Meyerbeer's Les Huguenots.

Recording subfandom meshes almost imperceptibly into another phase of music fandom. Some music fans concentrate on certain favored composers, and their fanac often involves recordings. Here is another place where it is hard to decide when a project is mainly amateur or mainly professional in scope. Even in the old days of shellac records, there were one-composer clubs and organizations without which certain releases would never have materialized. The Hugo Wolf Society got most of that composer's finest songs onto HMV 78's in a project that is still unmatched in these lp days for perfect wedding of the right performers with the out-

put of any great composer of art songs. There were four titanic albums of Delius music issued under auspices of an organization that may or may not have been mostly Sir Thomas Beecham. Medtner found an Indian maharajah to be the Derleth to his Lovecraft. As soon as lp records arrived, it became easier for a composer's enthusiasts to get into the act, because of lower production costs and greater ease in selling by mail. The Haydn Society was a genuine fandom that went bankrupt not once but twice in its zeal for that composer. The Rachmaninoff Society managed to emit a few records of the Russian's less often heard music before it shriveled. Today, these fannish manifestations seem to be more commercial in procedure. Haydn fandom has come back to life in a project of the Library of Recorded Masterpieces that operates under even higher ideals of scholarship and musicianship than the old Haydn Society, but is probably foredoomed by its pricing policy. You must buy scores along with the records and the cost of a complete set of Haydn symphonies under this plan will be nearly $500 by subscription.

But records are only one form of fanac for the music fans who concentrate on a favorite composer. A great deal of research and analytical writing about composers comes into being from impulses that can be defined only as fannish, when the subject is a composer who isn't widely enough known to cause a book on the topic to sell many copies or whose life is so obscure that a professor who simply wants to cover himself with research glory would choose something easier. For a few composers great and small, organized subfandoms exist. I'm fairly sure that societies, gesellschaften, unions, and sundry other groups are still alive for Bach, Beethoven, Wagner, Strauss, and a few more. Some of them issue a periodical bulletin or a yearbook, a few may have commercial tiein with the people who seek to attract tourists to the birthplace of the composer, and the organization may keep archives that have not been released to publication or outside scholars. Many other composers are assisted by unorganized efforts.

A good example of a composer subfandom and how it started concerns a very minor composer, Stephen Foster. Josiah Kirby Lilly is the Ackerman of Foster subfandom. He was a wealthy retired man who got into Foster fanning for no apparent reason. He happened to acquire in 1930 an album of Foster's songs, and he liked them so much that he started to hunt for first editions of the published music. This turned out to be even more fun than listening to the songs, and pretty soon Lilly was issuing a mimeographed fanzine for other collectors, corresponding with them, and hunting up Fosteriana all over creation. Lilly, unlike most science fiction fans, had enough money to do things in a big way, turning a small building on his estate over to his collection and hiring a staff of people to help with correspondence and research. He even published reproductions of first editions, sending them to libraries and museums all around, and reprinted a biography that had gone out of print. (This Foster museum at Indianapolis should not be confused with the tourist trap at Bardstown, Kentucky, which is billed as My Old Kentucky Home and contains some mementoes. This is a commercial and downright fake venture. Foster didn't use it as the basis for his song, which obviously refers to a small cabin instead of this mansion which he visited once or twice as a youth.)

Some people complain that science fiction fans don't concern themselves with science fiction. Well, some music fans don't bother about music. An example of a fan of fandom might be Lander Mac-

Clintock, the man responsible for the publication of "Orpheus in America". There is no doubt about MacClintock's fondness for Offenbach. He has sung in his operas, promoted his music, and done many other good things. But this book couldn't be construed in any way as a specifically musical project. It consists of MacClintock's translation of the travel accounts that Offenbach sent back to home and kept in a diary during a concert tour of this countryin 1876. Its references to musicians are garbled and provably inaccurate. But it contains many fascinating observations on American life of that day and to complain that it is not a valuable contribution to our knowledge of music would be equivalent to charging that "The Harp Stateside" does not increase our understanding of the nature of science fiction.

This book was published in 1957 by the Indiana University Press, and MacClintock is a teacher of French and Italian at that institution. This provides an excellent opportunity for describing the enviable advantage that music fandom possesses over stf. fandom. It doesn't have to worry about money problems quite as much as we do, because music fandom is subsidized in a partial sense. I'm sure that it will not be news to anyone that leading colleges and universities expect their faculty members to provide prestige for the alma mater by doing brilliant bits of scholarship and by writing. Hagerstown Junior College has one crackerjack instructor on its staff who quit a fabulously paying job with a top-notch university because she was told not to bother about the students in her class but to get on with her projects. Then there are the graduate students and the holders of fellowships and various other curious tribes of individuals who are privileged to engage in musical fanac and get paid for it. Just as important, their accomplishments have a good chance of getting published if their university has its own press, or perhaps made available in microfilm manner. The Offenbach travelog is an example of this beneficial situation which has some general public appeal. But much the same conditions result in the publication of highly technical books about music and musicians that could never see print if offered to general publishers of trade books.

There is no hope that science fiction fandom will ever be able to work out such a situation for itself. But I think that there is hope that some day we may be able to cash in on a slightly related additional advantage now possessed by music fandom. It is the presence of a hard central core of surefire customers for any publication resulting from music fandom: the big libraries and the institutions of higher learning themselves. No matter how obscure the subject matter or how dreary the syntax, a book newly published on music will be purchased by the institutions that must have available all the current writings on music. This means that at least a portion of the publication costs are certain to be recouped emmediately, even if most bookstores refuse to grant shelf space to the volume for its recondite contents. There are faint flickers of interest in our fandom by libraries, which should be nursed and fanned to a steady glow of passionate flaming desire-to-acquire as rapidly as possible. There are many fannish publishing projects of large dimensions that might be completed, if the day came when we could be sure that any well-done index or research volume would be purchased automatically by enough libraries to pay at least for the stencils.

But, to return to the topic of composer subfandoms, what can

you do as fanac? The answer is: many things. For some composers, there is the basic task of promoting the publication of his works in accurate and complete form. Fannish cliques were responsible for most of the 19th century's series of great collected editions of important composers; without this kind of projects, it is conceivable that much Bach and Handel would have vanished irretrievably through mislaying and war damage by this time. But the last century didn't get around to quite a few other important composers or botched the work on them. Vivaldi and Haydn are excellent examples of prolific giants whose works are only now appearing for the first time in accurate and complete editions. A composer subfandom can also pull strings for the writing and publishing of books and essays about its favorite. I believe that Bach and Beethoven yearbooks continue to appear on schedule, the Bruckner people occasionally give birth to something, but it's the Verdi enthusiasts who have really startled the world of musical fandom. They've begun a series of collections of writings on his works which will devote three volumes of some 1,800 pages altogether to each opera. Another form of composer fanac consists of finding out more about his life and locating missing manuscripts or letters or other material. It's surprising how regularly and in what outlandish places discoveries are made about composers who joined the great majority a century or more ago. Within just the past ten years, for example, Schubert fans have had these successes: Found the missing pages from his preliminary sketch for the F minor fantasia for piano duet, in a London collection; located most of a previously unknown song in Louisville, Kentucky, of all places; found after ninety years' mislaying the manuscript for the part-song, Die Allmacht, in the archives of Bratislava, Czechoslovakia; recovered the parts of the autograph of the early C major string quartet in a parcel wrapped in brown paper in the library of the Bradford Choral Society of England; deduced evidence that a mass published by Schubert's brother may have been partly or wholly composed by the more famous Schubert; located a photograph of a manuscript that is known to have been destroyed by World War Two bombs; and got fresh looks at some manuscripts that had been kept hidden away by their owners, permitting the correction of some misprints in the published works, including a very important change in a modulation in the Wanderer Fantasy for piano.

Composer fandom is not necessarily a thing that deals only with dusty and crumbling relics of long-gone generations. Almost every contempoary composer of any stature has at least a small fandom, although this type of composer fandom is quite dangerous, with a constant peril that the central figure will accept a job writing scores for television programs or get involved in nasty personal troubles. One indirect benefit from the fandoms of present day and recent composers is that they generally result in research on a biography before truth and myth have become inextricably tangled. You are reading this only a few weeks after the 25th anniversary of George Gershwin's death, most of his intimate friends are still alive and active, and yet a stupendous amount of misinformation has turned up on record jackets, in magazine articles, and in books by music popularizers: confusion over what he did and did not orchestrate himself, the inevitable legend that he worked himself to death, that asinine story about his alleged request for lessons from Ravel, for instance.

Let's look at one unimportant matter in the life of a less

publicized 20th century American composer, for a more detailed revelation of how a legend can spread out from a tiny bit of misinformation or a half-truth. Griffes' rather shaky grasp on immortality would probably have loosened irretrievably by now if he hadn't possessed a few devoted friends during and after his life. When we cluck our tongues over the way Bach or Schubert manuscripts were treated by contemporaries, we might take heed of what happened in the case of Griffes. He died in 1920 when only 35. The first thing that happened then was that someone ransacked his papers, presumably someone in the family who sought to remove material related to his strong homosexuality. Then it became impossible to determine how much music he had written and where it all was. As late as 1943, when Edward M. Maisel published the first biography of Griffes, it still had not been possible to draw up a complete catalog of his works. (The confusion was so great that his publisher, Schirmer, eagerly pounced on the manuscript of a sonata dredged up from somewhere by a friend, and was well along in the process of publishing it until someone noticed that the firm had already published this very same sonata in 1921, 20 years earlier.) Maisel was close enough to the scene to track down the slovenly way in which writers had monkeyed with the facts in Griffes' life. One example: The composer once told the press that he "studied with Humperdinck, but never composition and very little of that with anyone." John Tasker Howard either read that statement or was told about it, realized that Humperdinck was known to the American public as the composer of Hansel und Gretel, and decided he should drop the name in an article on Griffes. Howard wrote: "It was probably while studying composition with Humperdinck that Griffes conceived the ambition to be a composer." Then when David Ewen wrote Composers of Yesterday, he thought that the matter deserved a little more space, and this version emerged from his imagination: "While there he came under the influence of Humperdinck, his instructor in theory, who—sensing that Griffes's importance as a musician rested more in the creative than in the interpretative field —succeeded in diverting the young musician toward composition." These flights of fancy have since become the basis for several entries in musical dictionaries and encyclopedias. It's much more difficult to find the source and correct nonsense in the case of earlier composers. But fanac can do some good. It was just the other year that someone took the trouble to question the accepted story about Mozart's funeral, which has the body carried through a downpour to the cemetery and his wife callously failing her final duty by failing to accompany it to the grave. A check of the weather records disclosed there were only a few drops of rain that day and a study of funerary customs of the time showed that it was not usual for Austrian widows to go to the interment itself.

Music fandom also has subdivisions for individuals with causes or theories. Sometimes these music fans do real good, but more often they are as bothersome as flying saucer fanatics in our fandom. Some music fans are devoted to a sort of musical family tree study. I imagine that Beethoven is to blame for this. Ever since he used rather similar four-note fragments as the basis for the first and third movements of his fifth symphony, some music lovers have devoted all their spare time to trying to figure out cases of thematic derivation in other works. The most extreme example was the late Rudolph Reti, who was convinced that this thing formed the

lost secret of the great composers of the past. He professed to find a basic theme for an entire act of an opera, a whole volume of piano pieces, or all four movements of a symphony. I must issue a strong caution to everyone against testing out such theories, because some persons go bats over it, once they start, and never seem able to enjoy music in the normal way in the future, in their concern over the possible concealment of the first theme of the first movement in the viola part of the trio of the minuet. (There is no doubt that a few melodic traits seem to dominate certain works. But this may be nothing more than unconscious coincidence for the composer, and it's usually easy to find even stronger points of resemblance in some other contemporary work which he couldn't possibly have known.) Robert H. Schauffler devoted most of his biography of Beethoven to an effort to prove that all of that composer's music was the result of a melodic germ consisting of a diatonic rise and fall within the compass of a major fourth. I hope that tonerow music, which is deliberately composed along such lines, has provided enough material for these individuals to discharge their energies on for the next few decades.

Then there are the music fans who propagandize some rare instrument or the entire composing output of some particular time and area. Sometimes they are professionals who exhibit fannish traits like Wanda Landowska, whom I blame for the plague of harpsichords that has blotched so many otherwise fine performances of old music, or Joseph Cantaloube, who let the world know about the beauties of the music of the Auvergne.

I'm sure that I needn't go into folk music fandom, since many FAPAns are more widely acquainted with it than I am. It impinges upon the field of serious music about once every 50 or 75 years. Once or twice every century, some change in the world causes people to decide that the old music is vanishing irretrievably under the impact of civilization and that the beauties of the folk music must be preserved before they are lost forever. Today's concern about this matter is identical with that felt in Europe around 1810, and I have no doubt that the troubadours and minnesangers of the Middle Ages were blamed for causing their commercial successes to destroy the native treasures of the common people. I must confess that I think that folk mucic derives from commercial music, despite the violent insistence of some persons that all great art is rooted in the untutored creations of the folk. I'm reminded of the story about the thorough German folk music researchers who fed all the findings about the folk music of their native land into a modern computer, in an effort to learn more about its secrets. After six minutes of work on the thousands of tunes, the computer published a score of Der Freischütz. It is a fact that most of the Negro spirituals, alleged to be the product of generations of spontaneous musical combustion among the American Negroes, have been traced to popular ditties written scarcely a half-century before the white men became aware of the spirituals. Someone said that the existence of folk music proves nothing in particular except that the folk can't remember correctly the tunes that it hears.

There are many collecting fans in musical fandom. It is not hard to purchase a letter or page of manuscript by a famous composer if you frequent the proper galleries or write for the right auction catalogs. The packrat instinct must account for most of this collecting. But the practice has preserved quite a bit of important musical stuff that might have been lost without financial value. I've already treated record collecting, and I refuse to say

anything about musical instrument collectors, lest I inadvertently unleash on the world a remark as epidemic as Burb did when he told about the man who collected player pianos. For those who can't afford to collect original musical treasures, there is a steady output of facsimiles mostly issued in Europe by extremely skillful methods. You can now own quite lengthy scores just as written in autograph by the composer, for only two or three times the sum you would pay to have it as legible published music. Books and magazines about music seem to have a fairly large collecting public. I had been buying books about music from the Bel Canto Bookshop of Union, N.J., for several years, before the firm decided that I was worthy to go on its special list. So now I receive its listings of items of which only one copy is in stock, and you never encountered such a remarkable mixture anywhere. For $20, I could have bought (if I'd ordered promptly enough) an uncut copy of Burney's account of the Handel commemoration in Westminster Abbey in 1784; presumably the high price comes from the fact that the publication date is 1780. I'm sure that a bargain price of $5 caused a copy of Densmore's "Northern Ute Music" to be snatched up immediately. A listing of the musical instruments in the collection of Belle Skinner is listed at $12.50. Page after page of this listing is devoted to volumes of music originally published as separate items and bound up to order. "The entire collection was sent to us by a dealer in Ireland who claims to have purchased it from an old castle. We can believe it," the store explains.

There are two major drawbacks to music fandom that exist in our fandom in much milder form. You must have knowledge and money in at least moderate quantities to engage in musical fanac.

By knowledge, I don't mean four years at a conservatory or studies in the home of some great composer. But musical fandom has not concentrated on English like science fiction fandom, and its jargon is even more esoteric to the newcomer to the field. If you want to be a music fan of any more stature than the equivalent of a mere reader of Amazing Stories in stf. fandom, you ought to get a working knowledge of at least one other language, preferably German, and some familiarity with French, Italian and Latin at the very least will help. You'll find that much published material in your favorite subdivision of music fandom exists only in the original, and that quite a few scholarly works written in English quote extensively from texts or other publications in various languages without bothering to append translations. Just as in our fandom we have words to express certain concepts like gafia and grotched, so do music fans use unfamiliar words. Most of them may be found in large musical dictionaries, but they are quite a problem at first. It is not a desire to be esoteric that causes their use, but simply the greater concision and accuracy of writing that cause their use. Naturally, it is much easier to be a music fan if you know how to play the piano and can sightread music away from an instrument well enough to get some idea of what it sounds like without using your ears. Just as a science fiction fan can get along without a typewriter, a music fan can get along without knowing one note from the other, but it isn't easy.

The matter of expense can be quite a nuisance if your interest lies in certain subdivisions of music fandom and you don't live in a metropolis or the home town of a great university. Science fiction fans are sometimes scandalized to find that they spend ten dollars a month or so on reading matter and a hundred dollars

every summer to attend the convention. But the cost of our kind of fanning is minute, in comparison with the expenses that a music fan can run up. Besides, the science fiction fan can adopt desperate measures to save money: get reading matter at cut prices from second-hand stores almost as soon as it is published, go to conventions by hitchhiking and sleeping on the floor of someone else's hotel room, obtaining fanzine egoboo by writing for the publications of others rather than publishing his own. It is less easy for the music fan to avoid expense. Nearness to a good library will help, making it possible to borrow books and scores and even phonograph records. FM broadcasting has provided in recent years a good substitute for concertgoing in some geographical areas. But the music fan who has specialized interests or is inconveniently situated finds it unnecessary to save his pennies, because pennies won't do him any good; he needs dollars, and lots of them. Phonograph records are the only form of musical merchandise that has grown less expensive during recent decades. Despite occasional gouging tactics like the Haydn symphony series, the cost per minute of music on discs in relation to the value of the dollar has shown perhaps a double or triple improvement since the early part of the century. Remember, in acoustical days those singlefaced 78 rpm discs cost $1.50 up and middle class workers were lucky to get $25 to $35 per week in salary.

But the price of printed music has skyrocketed and the peculiar nature of musical notation makes it unlikely that this cost problem will be solved. Music printed in the conventional way must still be engraved in the tedious handset way. Various means of photo-mechanical reproduction from pen-and-ink manuscripts require nearly as much time to prepare legibly and sales are not big enough to cause the per-copy price to be set at a reasonable level. It is true that you can purchase at fairly low prices the most frequently heard serious music that is a steady seller and is free from copyright restrictions. It's when you want to purchase new works or new editions of old music that you get a dull pain behind the right hip. A very rough rule of thumb is that you can expect to pay twice to three times as much for the music itself as you would pay for the recording. The vocal score of a full-length modern opera is likely to run from $12.50 up. A study score or pocket score of a new symphony may cost as much or more. A set of two ot three songs that require five minutes to perform will be priced at perhaps $2 or $2.30. Scholarly editions of standard music is just as conspicuous in its consumption of money. The new collected edition of Beethoven's works is priced at $12.50 per volume, with each volume likely to average perhaps 150 pages. It is not at all easy to find just what you want in the stores that handle used music, although some incredible bargains sometimes turn up. Discounts on new music are not as large nor as simple to obtain as for records. Maybe I don't know the right people, but I have not located any reliable source that offers more than ten per cent off list price for really desirable new music. As recently as the start of World War Two, you could count on a discount of 25 to 40 per cent on anything you ordered of any publisher through Theodore Presser.

There's no point in belaboring the obvious with a long description of the expenses involved in hearing specific live performances of music. Music lovers never had it better, if they're content to buy a season ticket to a civic music association or a symphony season and take pot luck with the artists and works.

But if you want to follow the career of a specific performer or catch all the performances of rare works by a favorite composer, you're in trouble. I don't know how much Paul Spencer has invested in his Strauss records and tapes. But a modest estimate of what he would have spent to go to those Strauss operas in just one performance each might be $10,000. Many of them would involve a trip to Europe, "Frau ohne Schatten" managed to get performed on the West Coast and revivals of several of them are rare even in Europe.

The music fan who wants to do sercon fanac may even be required to give up a normal life and career for it. Imagine for a moment that I had found an angel for my fan history project, who provided me with ample income and promised to meet all expenses involved in doing the research in the fullest manner possible. I would accomplish the task with only a slight bit more ease and speed than I'm doing by sitting in Hagerstown and writing letters and borrowing documents. But the music fan who wants to do some similar project must resign himself to a life of poking through the dust of centuries in monasteries, straining his eyes over almost illegible henscratchings on fragile old papers from library archives, tugging at tons of old choral and orchestra parts in cathedrals and universities, in the hope that somewhere he will find a lost work or evidence for the derivation of something that has survived only in mutilated form. He must copy off laboriously titanic manuscripts whose owners won't let them out of sight, scour five hundred square miles of countryside for a vanished second cousin of a direct descendent of a great musician, and indulge in many other pursuits that take months of time and small mountains of cash. It's small wonder that most of this fanac is done by educators who can claim it as part of their job.

One more common factor of stf. and music fandoms: both suffer from a lack of indexes. In our fandom, we are usually ten years or more behind on the basic indexes such as prozine contents and bibliographies, and nobody has ever tackled the job of recording what is where in fanzine contents. Music fans need in the worst possible way an index of all music and where it is. A major part of the world's great music is available only in manuscript form or in published versions so rare that only a few copies survive, but there is no general publication that tells where to find any given item. Every few years, some organization announces grandiose plans to begin publication of combined catalogs of major music-holding libraries and educational institutions, but the results are as invisible as if the NFFF had backed it. There is no full catalog of phonograph records, another terrible handicap in many ways to musical fandom. There are listings of all the records of certain labels, and several fairly complete encyclopedias of all electrical recordings in the major North American and European nations for given spans of time. But the complete listing does not exist.

I haven't even mentioned some subdivisions of music fandom. It would be easy to slice up many more stencils with descriptions of the people who specialize in making musical instruments as a hobby, and then there are those who prefer to form amateur orchestras and opera companies. But I hope that I've provided some reasons to justify my belief that the rich old woman who chases all over Europe to attend the most fashionable music festivals and the young man who memorizes all the record reviews in High Fidelity are no real examples of the real music fans.

Death of Iron

With mingled regret and glee, I must announce the passing after 112,949 miles of my 1947 Oldsmobile. It may still exist today somewhere as a lump of molten and stripped-down metal, but I have serious doubts that it was in good enough shape to survive even the junking process.

Everyone insisted that I ought to get a small car when it became obvious that the one I'd driven for 11½ years was about to leave us for ever. Everyone assured me that pretty soon Detroit won't be able to sell big cars at all because of their undependability and wastefulness. I would have agreed with this advice, if I hadn't heard the same predictions almost daily for the past three or four years, and the last time I looked, there were still more new big cars than new little cars on the highway.

Then, while I was undecided over what kind of replacement to obtain, I was walking home from lunch one day when I heard a tremendous roaring down a side street. It sounded as if Ted Sturgeon's killdozer had decided to make the rounds in Hagerstown. I retained for a few moments the hit-the-deck position I had automatically dived into, and did some cautious reconnoitering. The noise continued long enough for me to see what had happened. It was one of those itty-bitty cars, straining its insides out in an effort to drive up the Baltimore Street hill from a supermarket. It looked like a rather old compact car and the owner had made the mistake of filling up the back with groceries. I don't know if it ever made the grade, because I am too chickenhearted to watch at length such struggles. I decided then that if little cars behave that way when they're only three or four years old, I wanted a big one.

I finally decided on a 1959 Olds with everything except retro rockets. Experts on automobiles looked at me pityingly. I forgot their forebodings in my delight at stepping suddenly into the future. I had been driving no car except the old one, and this newer vehicle gives me more concrete experience of the advance of science than anything I've experienced for the past decade. New to me are power steering, power brakes, windshield washers, and so much power in the engine that you can make most trips by just taking a little pressure off the brake pedal. I don't know yet what happens if you press down hard on the accelerator. The lights vice meters on the instrument panel gave me concern until I remembered that I'd never acted on the indications of the pointers during all the years I'd owned the old Olds. I am very fond of the fins because of a belief that they give me stability at high speeds.

The lining of the brake on the right front wheel fell off before I'd driven the car fifty miles. "Now it's starting," everyone chanted. The dealer who sold me the car repaired the brake without charging a cent for materials or labor. In the four months since then, I've not had a bit of mechanical trouble. I get better mileage on everything but midtown traffic driving than I did with the old one. I find it much easier to judge distances when parking or squeezing through a tight spot with the much-ridiculed body configurations of this new, to me, car. Three acquaintances have needed hospital attention in these four months from crashes involving small or sports cars that suffered mechanical failures and weren't strongly enough built to provide any protection for the driver.

In short, I think Detroit iron is better than ever. Does anyone want to form a club for the preservation of the Michigan cars?