

HORIZONS nobody mentioned these lines and I am sure it is about twenty times as long as you are.

You gaze upon vol. 4, no. 3, whole number 15, EAPA number 10, of Horizons, the pride and joy of Jerry Warner, Jr.'s (who resides at 303 Bryan Place, Hagerstown, Maryland) life. If you were to comment personally via letter, or indirectly via your own EAPA fanzine, he would be grateful. Ten cents an issue to non-EAPers; published quarterly on the Doubledoubletoilandtrouble Mimeograph. March, 1945.

IN THE BEGINNING

That quaint modern institution known as Selective Service is descending upon the no. 3 fan. I am, in fact, now a no. 1 fan--1-A, having just received my notification of that distressing fact today. All of which means that in an effort to finish up civilian duties ere possible induction, I begin stenciling the new issue of Horizons right away, on Feb. 9. I see no reason why this issue can't be completed. Since ten days are given for appeal from classification, I judge that I won't be sent induction papers until the 19th, at the earliest; and a week's automatic furlough goes to those inducted, so I have nearly three weeks at the barest minimum before switching from private to a private's life. And of course, there's always the delightful possibility that I'll be rejected at the final physical examination, or that the war will end this month. (See what crazy things stf. makes you imagine!)

At any rate, keep sending mail to 303 Bryan Place. The ancestral mansion will still maintain, even if the son and heir leave it, as far as I now know. It'll be far easier to have my parents forward mail to me, should I be inducted, than to try to keep fandom informed of those crazily shifting addresses every selectee experiences during his first few months of army life. If I am accepted, I'm going to make a stupendous effort to put out Horizons somehow. I might have the luck to be stationed near a fan center, naturally; in fact, it's slightly fascinating to know that three months from now I might be pounding an army typewriter in Los Angeles, or baking Army pies in Minneapolis, or walking up and down before the White House on guard duty in Washington. Should I have the misfortune to land in some wilderness like a camp near St. Louis or Omaha, barren of fan culture, possibly someone will be sucker enough to help me put this out, anyway.

Even if the late date of the sending out of the December mailing, I still don't like such delays, on general principles. It makes the time before the next mailing is due seem much shorter. And one of the EAPA's virtues for the last two years has been its promptness; lose that, and some of the enthusiasm might go. With which lecture, we must begin.

GLANCING BEHIND US

Salute, "Final of a set of 2". Did the first one go out through the EAPA? If it did, we got left out again. Cunningham picked an excellent story for reprinting; I remember how much it impressed me when I first read it, at a time when such a concept was tremendous to me. John's patriotism might be commendable, but I don't like that; however, after the war will be time enough to go into jingoism. EA Lean-to. No. 1. An excellent idea, which if not continued, independently, might well be incorporated into the Fantasy Amateur as a final page done at the last minute. S F Check List, no. 8. One great fault with these reviews is that, when one comes to a magazine like this, there's little to be said about it; therefore, greatly inferior publications get more space in the reviews, and hard-working people like Swisher get cheated. Just what can be said, except that it's tremendously valuable, and tremendously appreciated? Little; but a few words like that are dreadfully inadequate. Keep 'er coming, Doc! Horizons, vol. 4, no. 2. Only one person, to my knowledge, was taken in by the front cover and wrote me an enthusiastic letter of congratulations that I should have been kind enough to continue Spaceways after all. The issue isn't percep-

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tibly worse than preceding ones, whatever that may signify, despite the great haste with which it was issued. Roman. Quite the best fan poem I have ever read. The Miltonish syntax is a bit incongruous for the subject, at first reading; but that really didn't disturb my enjoyment. In the past, "stf. poems" have so carefully avoided any semblance of the old ways of saying things that we just come to expect bright shiny modernism. It's amazing, how even the poetry he writes is so completely and unmistakably Juffus. Z, no. 5. The Conway Genealogy should shock me, but I can't bring myself to condemn anything so completely funny and wonderfully done. Those names are nearly as good as the classics someone in the MRS (Sam Russell, I think) creates. As for the best stf. stories of 1942, I don't think there'd have been any trend away from Campbell's magazines in evidence, even if such a poll had been taken. Even if the fans think they're slipping, the other prozines are no better, and probably aren't any more thoroughly read by us upper-crust fans. Mutant, Winter. Quite okay. A couple of the surrealist jokes were new to me. Russell, I think, goes just a little too far in drawing such cosmic images from four lines by Lin Yutang! A Tale of the 'Evans. Too bad. Sci-Fic Variety, Winter, 1942. Ye olde teapot tempests still simmer merrily. The Letters of Henry S. Whitehead. Great stuff. I have a liking for reading two types of stuff that don't appeal to most people: plays and correspondence. Unfortunately, as far as I know, I've never read any of Whitehead's stuff. More, please! Caliban, Winter, 1942. The Bok cover--she ees charming! The whole magazine is a welcome surprise: one of the best first issues of an ERA I can recall. Cross fingers that Larry is too young for the draft--I believe he is--and hope he keeps this sort of thing up indefinitely. Larry need not complain that he's unable to get culture in Schenectady because there's little good music there. He need only turn on his radio, to 1360 kc., and get all sorts of wonderful music at any hour from 7 am. m. until midnight. WQXR, the station in question, is the only one in the country to my knowledge devoted so thoroughly to the best in music. I rise in defense of man's rule of this planet. Mosquitoes may annoy him more than he annoys them; but lock a man and a mosquito up in a room together, and see which one gets killed! To Leonard Marlow: the whole point of my article in Space Tales was that it's possible to get a lucky break and pick up piles of certain types of fantasy at ridiculously low prices, but still impossible to build up an anywhere nearly complete collection of every sort, without spending decades and thousands of dollars at the job.

The Phantograph, May, 1942. Get a doctor, quick; Wollheim has put out an FAPA publication in between elections! En Garde!, no. 4. "Beyond the Portal" is amusingly like my Probability Zero in Astounding a few months ago. The whole thing is interesting, though, and I've been half-consciously experimenting along those lines for some time. My tries, though, were more in line with clairvoyance: I've tried to visualize things like a newspaper in that half-awake stage when the mind is theoretically at its best for such things. Not much luck, but I'm keeping at it. Genuine dreams, in my case, are wholly anarchic--uncontrollable, and usually inexplicable. For instance, there's the persistent one wherein I discover that a nice old lady two doors down the street is running a brothel. It's good to see that Adkerman is reacting well to army life. I feared for him, wondering whether so individualistic a guy could possibly make the change without either going nuts or negating all his past habits and becoming an entirely different person. Sardonyx, vol. 2, no. 3. It was Walt Marcquette, not Daugherty, who did those hekk-toed covers for Horizons. I'd meant to try to contact him, and get one for this issue, but put it off too long. He may be in the army by now, anyway. Russell is a piker when it comes to the season's greetings in various languages. Come next December and I'll really show you a thing or two, with my assortment. Gad, more patriotism! I'll be fandom's only unreconstructed rebel, if this keeps up much longer. I certainly do want to see a return of "The Listening Post". The Readers and Collector, vol. 3, no. 1. The issue sparkles, and is one of the mailing's treats, as always. The Outsider's quotations and comments don't seem to hit the spot this time, though. I can't help wondering why an intelligent man

HORIZONS please pay particular attention to the one on head a case on another page it's important.

like Mr. Koenig delights in spending time comparing the illustrations with the texts of the stories, though. Walt's Wramblings, no. 1. I like chain letters, in the original or reprinted. Does the D. O. after Alan Becker's name mean Doctor of Osteopathy? If so, we're coming close; I'm willing to join the first ship to the Moon, as soon as a chiropractor fan turns up to care for my aches and pains en route. The power of the press: the note on page 10 of this issue is at least the fifth request I've seen for a copy of "The Circus of Dr. Lao", since Paul Spencer gave it such a fine review in the last Spaceways. The page of book reviews in this issue, slender as it is, is encouraging. I'm inaugurating something along that line in this issue of Horizons, if room is available.

The Fantasy Amateur, vol. 6, no. 2. Was the extra cover included with my copy intentional? Not that it matters, but it seems unlikely that in stapling the magazine, the Ashleys wouldn't have noticed an extra so-heavy cover. Glad to see the Critics' Report business cleared up. The advertisement for the RAPA files is another good move. Unfortunately, I can't make any use of it in the financial sense, since I have everything listed, received in the regular mailings. Which will explain any apparent indifference from 303 Bryan Place. Pogorus, vol. 1, no. 1. One good thing this does is clear up the mystery of Ackerman's mysterious open letter of a few months ago. Another t. t. I'm impressed with Rus Wood's contributions, all of them, and wonder why he hasn't been appearing in other fanzines regularly. Leaving aside the question of patriotism, I am feverishly awaiting the denouement: did Rus' little slant or his induction papers arrive first? And how did Fortier's article sneak into there? Yhos, no. 5. Who will be the third brave RAPAer to admit that he doesn't understand poetry? I disclaim any credit for being a good poet; the only readable stuff I've ever turned out has been excellent imitations of Lovecraft's 14-liners. But I don't think poetic ability has anything to do with being able to catch what a poet meant. The writer of the successful play, "The Barretts of Wimpole Street", made Robert Browning admit he couldn't remember the significance of one of his poems. Dunno what Speer thinks, Art, but I try to keep the size of these reviews down because I'm just oozing over with other stuff, and want to get as much in the way of reviews, independent articles, and so forth, as possible in each issue. As for comic strips, my liking runs much to Widner's, though he doesn't mention the excellent "Right Around Home" Sunday spread or "Alley Oop". Incidentally, I detect signs of improvement in Buck Rogers; there was a wonderful little scene a few weeks ago when the action was taking place in a space ship, of the vessel soaring over a planet on which the most ridiculous little creatures were agitatedly dancing around looking at it. You're dum tootin', that Baseball is a better game than football. Those who go around claiming that everyone should play football because most of America's war heroes and leaders were stars might just as well agitate for the abolition of hospitals, because so many people die in them. Two or three hours a day several days a week three months a year, playing football, never made anyone a perfect physical specimen. Tennis, I should say, is the best sport from the health-building standpoint, but it has its bad features in the special court needed, and the way only two or four can participate. Baseball comes next; and from the purely personal point of enjoyment of watching, none is its equal for me. Fan-Tods, no. 1. Super swell stuff. I'm apparently getting intelligent; I actually know the meaning of the names of half the things he and Chauvenet were discussing! If there is any truth in that rumor of the Ziff-Davis annual, they'd better give away a degravitator with each copy purchased.

Inspiration no. 4 and Phanny vol. 2, no. 1. As for the business about whether the past affects the future: I think people who claim it doesn't matter who might have won past wars are implying that we'd be fighting today, regardless, and some people would be poor and others rich, and some good and others bad. The present day wouldn't be the same, but people would. Don't forget, Don, when you sneer at the Moors' blind adherence to the Koran, that many Christians act in the same way with reference to the Bible. And I've been known to rave the same way about Beethoven's sonatas and quartets; they mean as much to me as a Bible or Kor-

Now is the time for all good fans to come to my rescue: my stencils I ordered haven't come.

an does to anyone else. Inspiration is always welcome; if only Lynn manages to get a furlough every three months! Censored, no. 4. The Peck article on names touched on a neglected subject. He omitted to mention my favorite stf. character's name--one that appeared in a story in Planet recently: a Martian's name was Besmo Who Fell in the Canal when an Infant. (Incidentally, the story, "Peril of the Blue World", was a delightful little yarn that went unnoticed in fandom.) I like Hurter's little touches of sly humor that pop up everywhere. Seari's fiction was the best; Hurter had an idea that would probably sell, worked up by someone like Hamilton or Cummings who need only wave a manuscript in front of an editor to get a check. Fred, incidentally, isn't getting the praise he deserves for putting Censored out through the RFA: he's the only member sacrificing copies of a publication intended for general circulation this way.

Ramblings, no. 12. Someone reviewing Sustaining Program in one of Norton's magazines, called it "a running biography of Jack Speer". That suits Ramblings, beautifully. Not that it matters, but was "Rrepublicans" intentional? Speer is so subtle that I'm suspicious of everything that looks like a typographical error. Sustaining Program, Winter, 1942. I did mean that I stopped reading every Famous Fantastic Mystery, Jack. However, since then I've procured the ones I missed, and shall sooner or later get around to them, now that it's appearing so infrequently. The same Maurbis wrote both "The Thought-Reading Machine" and the French tent-book, in addition to which he turns out tons of every other sort of fiction and non-fiction; latest is a big biography, "Remember, I Remember", which for some reason has also been published in this country in French, under the title of "Memoirs". The Philly quote on page 4 is out of date; Milty has changed his mind, and stopped raving about any city except Los Angeles. What gives on p. 6? "...my weekend being full of engagements with females of the opposite sex...". It reminds me of when the local paper published statistics on the use of the municipal swimming pool last summer. Some tens of thousands of adults paid, tens of thousands of children; in addition, there were a few hundred "others". I've informed the Fortean Society, which tells me they expect startling discoveries. They Did Not Lie would be more interesting if I could remember the appearance of that TWS cover. The covers on Startling Stories usually represent something from short stories because the cover is done and a story made to fit it, in most instances. This issue's front cover reminds me of the Sunday comic, "Connie", which has been featuring an underwater submarine spotter, with adventures bordering on the fantastic.

I think only the envelope from LA is post-mailing this time. The Madman of Mars, Dec. 1942. I'm almost beginning to suspect that Ackerman is writing it as he goes along, the opportunity for cracks wise come so beautifully. Pvt. Milty's Mag. Unfortunate that I went and published part of his letter in Horizons saying about the same thing as part of this issue. Guteto, vol. 2, no. 2. Articles like the featured one leave me unreasonably angry. I just can't stand the general tone: "Come on, let's do something". Downat? Why not a suggestion? A "new" system certainly isn't going to be successful, simply because it's new. In fact, I don't think it's conceivable. Is there any possible social order that hasn't been tried out in human history? I doubt it. Some are worse than others; none is a cure-all. The only way the evils of life could be eliminated would be the perfection of man. Since man isn't going to become perfect, all we can do is keep plugging along, experimenting, and hoping to find the least imperfect ways.

It was a whopper of a mailing, gents!

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Just room here to give a breathless fandom our choice for the best stf. humor of 1942. It comes from a prozine this year: the Amazing Stories with a cartoon depicting newsreel men and crowds of people around a huge hole in the middle of a block in a metropolitan city. The caption was something like "And to think we kept telling old Pinchponny that you can't take it with you!" Among fan quips, I was inexplicably impressed by Larry Shaw's expansion of his title, "The Hermit of Schenectady"---"Look for the big red letters on the cave."

A THIRD YEAR OF ASTOUNDING

This issue, the reviews aren't going to be quite so lengthy, I hope. That is partly because there's a lot of other stuff to be crammed into this Horizons; mostly because Astounding didn't interest me so much in 1942, and I have little to say about most of its stuff. Ratings from 1 to 10, as of when first reading.

Astounding Science-Fiction, January, 1942. I still think there was too much useless discussion over the change in size. Large or small makes little difference, except in the practical way of which size is more convenient for carrying in a coat pocket, or which fits the shelves where your collection is stored. I sympathize with the excerpters who had to contend with it in the middle of Smith's serial, though. The cover on this first large size issue is exactly like all of the other 1942 covers: completely uninspired, uneyecatching, vague and pointless. Breakdown: And this is a perfect example of what is wrong with Astounding's fiction. A dull hybrid between "social significance" and fiction, with nothing new or important concerning the s. s., and the fiction slightly disguised blood and thunder. The characters in most of Astounding's stories this year fit more perfectly into little groups and set patterns than do Hamilton's. Mechanistria: Slightly more interesting; and a case of a better idea perverted to "slant" to Campbell's whims. The Invaders: I remember nothing about this but the ending. Now I'm going to complain about the titles, which are another of Astounding's woes. A title, I think, should either attract interest and cause one to read a story he might otherwise pass by, or somehow throw additional light or comment on the story after one has finished it. Most of Campbell's titles do neither. "The Invaders", "Breakdown", "The Rebels"--they fit neither of these requisities, and they aren't individual enough even to serve the purpose of memory-aids for remembering what the story was about. At least half of Campbell's titles are this way, and the situation gets no better. Soup King: The title is better, and story nicely worked out; harmless, anyway. Fugitive from Vanguard: Possibly the best in the issue. No ratings have been given here, because each and every story got a 6 from me. They weren't bad, and they weren't good. Jameson's article informative, and do Camp's worth the rest of the issue put together.

February, 1942. There Shall Be Darkness: 7. Badly overrated, I thought. It was an exceptionally good story, but not classic. There wasn't enough new or novel in it to make it memorable for that reason; and the atmosphere and writing, although well enough done, wasn't by a Conrad. The Rebels: 6. I think and hope this series is over. I've never read about such dull people. The Sorcerer of Rhannon: 7. Another I remember not too much about; I just liked it, as I (being different from most of fandom) like practically everything Leigh Brackett writes. Starting Point: 6. Another problem story. I used to complain of them, but they are really preferable to the even worse things that have been popping up of late. The ending is completely unconvincing. Medusa: 5. Sloppy; that's all I can think of. The Long Tailed Huns ended up swell. Second Stage Lensmen: 8. As I stated in Brass Tactics, the story deserves neither the harsh criticism or unqualified praise it got. Regardless of whether Smith weighs carefully every word he writes, he writes far too many. I'm wondering whether I'll feel like re-reading the first three years in the series before starting the fourth and last when it appears, as would be proper. The editorial this issue is extremely interesting, conceivably because it concerns something I can understand. Salant's letter is typical of the unthinking criticism against Smith that was rampant. What he says is true, but only in the sense as it applies to all stf. stories, in which the arrival of a deus ex machina is far more possible than in any other type of fiction.

March, 1942. Recruiting Station: 7. I don't see the sense in Van Vogt's way of making his fiction so unduly complicated. Most of his recent stories are very entertaining, as long as they can be followed without note-taking and thorough study. This is one of his lesser offenses in this respect. Day After Tomorrow: 8. It was interesting. Goldfish Bowl: 8. The best thing in the first three 1942 issues. The concept was worked out just as I would have like to write

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it. The Wings of Night: 7. Read while I was suffering from a stupendous headache, and nonetheless enjoyed. Lhin is one of the few convincing aliens we've had in the last few years. The Embassy: 6. Nicely written, but vaguely unsatisfying, and a poor attempt at a surprise ending. Runaround: 6. This started the wave of robot stories, I think, in which the mechanical monster proves inconvenient through some device unthinkingly installed in it. It's a welcome variant from the older idea of robots being just plain onery creatures. Dispersion had some more nice things to know, uninspiringly told. The nice big Brass Tacks helped to offset the particularly lousy cover.

April, 1942. Silence Is--Deadly: 5. How did it escape Palmer's avid fingers? Co-operate--Or Else: 7. Ewal is no. 2 on the list of 1942's good bug-eyed monsters. Other than that, there's nothing much to say about the story. (Did the printers have an excess of dashes which they used up in this issue? Four of the seven stories have a — somewhere in the title.) Monopoly: 5. See remarks about this sort of story on preceding page. "If You're Smart—": 6. I have a feeling that no reader who finished it was smart. Strain: 6. Other than being against my preference that stf. stories be not transplanted ordinary fiction, this one hit the spot. The ending is an example of how an unexpected close can be surprising and effective both. The Eagles Gather: 6. Failed to do what it attempted by a long shot; notable as being about the last indication in a prozine that wars in general and this one in particular are all to the good. The Fatal Coloration was, next to de Camp's two-parter, the best article of the year. Old Wild Bill Hoskins' return brought back nostalgic memories. The Probability Heroes are hardly like those that followed; either the pro authors didn't turn out what Campbell wanted, for this first appearance, or he has had to put up with something inferior to his wishes since.

May, 1942. Asylum: 6. The story suffered in the same way as Van Vogt's "The Ghost", which appeared in Unknown around the same time. The answer to the problem just wasn't satisfying. Besides, Campbell still hasn't gotten around to publishing with a WW yarn outline, study aids, memory helps, family trees, and glossaries. Foundation: 6. And what is there to say about this? The Push of a Finger: 7. Don Thompson tried to explain it to me; but I still don't understand why "I'll be a pie-eyed emu" changed the course of history. Who would be apt to remember an off-hand sentence like that, spoken in the midst of excitement? Forever Is Not So Long: 6. Just how did this sneak past Campbell? It was a welcome change; undistinguished otherwise. Beyond This Horizon—: 8. I think I raved about this in Brass Tacks. I insist that the people who complained about its long expositions, multitude of plots and counter-plots, and similar eccentricities, are the ones who enjoy fiction according to rules, rather than make up rules from the fiction they enjoy. The metaphysics toward the end did jar a little; but I'm inclined to think that was more because they entered so unexpectedly, than due to inappropriateness. The entire world of the future, despite what some have said, as depicted here, breathed and moved more convincingly than did the entire series that fitted into Heinlein's history of the future. "The Birth of a Superstition" is a swell piece of debunking; I'd like to see more like this from Ley, and fever pieces which are obviously painfully pieced together from textbooks, encyclopedias, and other source materials. I was surprised to see Russell Chauvenot make that old complaint about stories which center about the asteroids and ignore the way ships could just as easily go above or below their plane. That, friend, is one of the sacred things of stf., that space ships are going to have wonderful adventures getting through the asteroids; let us not be disillusioned by the cold truth!

June, 1942. Bridle and Saddle: 7. I see no reason why two stories were made out of what should have been a two-part serial. A sequel coming a month after the original is just plain silly. This was a bit more interesting than the first "story", however. On Pain of Death: 6. Charming, completely unlikely, stuff. I hope

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Williams continues to sell a story of this sort, every now and then, to reassure us that he hasn't lost the ability to write really good stuff, like his first stories. My Name is Legion: 6. Strangely ineffective. Heritage: 7. Almost ideal de Campism, with a pleasant freshness and vigor that makes me suspect that Robert Abernathy is Robert Heinlein. (Does anyone know whether the A. that is Heinlein's middle initial stands for Abernathy?) The Slavery: 5. Blood and thunder trying to be a little dignified. A Nose for News: 5. Not much better. Time Dredge: 6. And I still can't understand why Robert Arthur suffers such a paralysis of his writing facilities when he does something for the sf. magazines. One could never imagine that the same guy wrote this as turned out those wonderful little fantasies in Argosy. Mudman: 5. Running as usual, much the same. Proof: 6. The hardly original idea is worked out pretty well, though the unusual manner of telling the story, which I usually enjoy, doesn't click in this instance. The teller is made to seem too dumb, simply because the reader knows all along what he doesn't. The Richardson article didn't do any harm, as far as I can see; if Campbell's editorial had had any sound backing, it would have been the finest thing I read in 1942.

In other words, I didn't care for the 1942 Astounding, and shall continue this jeremiad in the next Horizons.

I have the damndest luck with my book reviews. The one I published last time was rejected by a fanzine. It met with such unusual response (two ELFF members actually mentioned it in letters to me; double the usual number of comments on any single item!) that I'm encouraged to print the following. It was done for some guy in Pennsylvania who was projecting a fanzine; he took my article, disappeared, and but for my cunning in keeping a carbon copy, the manuscript might be irrevocably lost to posterity. Therefore, this is a review of

A. Crystal Age, by W. H. Hudson

Hudson's best known book is, by far, "Green Mansions". This novel is not nearly as familiar; but it is a fantasy story well worth reading, and most certainly among the best of its type.

What little plot there is can be told in a few words. A young Englishman, walking in the country, tumbles into a gully and is knocked unconscious. He wakes to find himself in some indefinitely far future. With great effort and trouble, he learns the strange customs and beliefs of the people of this age, and falls in love with one of the women.

How many hundreds of stories have been published with this same idea?—and how few are worth reading! Hudson, working on this unpromising outline, has written a beautiful, poignant story, with some of the most magnificent descriptive passages I've ever found in a fantasy. The restraint with which he writes is wonderful. Nowhere in the book, for instance, is a jarring, outright "realization" by the hero of what has happened, such as almost always occurs in a book of this sort, ten or twenty thousand words after a moron would have realized that he was in the future. Heroes are usually mentally weak in that way; this one isn't. Nor is there any clumsy attempt to tell how the manuscript reached our present day—for that matter, it could never have been written, according to the ending.

The men and women of this future have, in some inexplicable way, become wonderfully altered. Evidently there has been some sort of tremendous upheaval, in fact, for no single trace remains of the civilization we know today, except for the English language which is still spoken. The people are child-like, naive, and their life is Utopian in a decadent, Wells' "Time Machine" future, way. They are very long-lived, maturing much slower than men of today, and their home life is to say the least peculiar. Scattered over the world are huge mansions, in

each of which lives a "family". There are a father and mother, and dozens of children. There is absolutely no sexual attraction, except for the few chosen to propagate the race; it is this which eventually leads to the hero's end.

The life of the people is simple. They work for the necessities of life, are completely without mechanical contrivances and "civilization" as we know it, and there is no government except for the Fathers and Mothers, who guide their various Houses. Their religion, while it might be called Christianity, is very different from today's creeds.

Most public libraries have this book. Read it; it's a greater story, and you'll remember it longer, than anything in pulp fantasy magazines.

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MUSIC FOR THE FAN--III

Strange things have happened to legends, fables, novels, and plays that were set to music in one form or another. There's hardly been anything as often treated, and as maltreated, as Faust.

The legend of Faust, of course, is an extremely old one; but today, it's so linked up with Goethe's epic poem that most composers have used that as a starting point. To cover in a couple of pages even all the well known musical versions of Faust is impossible; to catalog everything that has been done on the subject would be a nice life-time project for some rich person. Some two hundred operas on the subject had been listed before Gounod wrote his; and an uncountable number of oratorios, cantatas, suites, overtures, and everything else besides. So, I'll talk here about just a couple of the best known (not necessarily the best) works in which Faust has injected himself into music.

Of course, one immediately thinks of Gounod's opera. Even people who know nothing about classical music know of the opera, because of the swingy little number which is variously called a march and a soldiers' chorus. Just now the opera seems to be a casus belli for conflicts over Victorianism; peculiarly so, because the old girl, Queen V. herself, was fond of the work. It is a sort of concentration, epitome, of Victorianism. Of Goethe's great work, the Frenchmen who wrote the libretto for Gounod retained only the first part, and turned it into a smutty love story; Gounod wrote the best French operatic music in existence to the not too effective text. (Best French operatic music of the period, that is; I exclude Debussy and Saint-Saens, but defiantly include Bizet; I'll take on the lovers of Carmen two at a time!)

A certain amount of difficulty lies in the extreme length of the opera; it's so full of swell music that something has to come out. The Metropolitan's version runs to almost four hours, and omits in the process two entire scenes, all of the lengthy and familiar ballet, and makes a huge cut in the love duet. In the process, the only faintly fantastic and Mephistophelean music is excluded--the scene of the Walpurgis Night. It's not particularly terrifying though, as far as I can judge from the piano score. Otherwise, don't listen to the music in the hopes of hearing something appropriate for reading Lovecraft. The music given Mephistopheles is charming, and nothing more; the only part of the score that really fits the character of Faust is the brooding opening bars.

As usual, I rebel against custom, and refuse to repeat the very bad pun someone made when the opera was so popular in the Met's early years. You can find it in evidence wherever the opera is mentioned, and I refuse to degrade myself.

Of quite a different nature is the music Franz Liszt wrote, when he tackled the subject. Shallow, tinselly stuff might have been expected from that enfant terrible of the nineteenth century musical world; on the contrary, his Faust symphony is quite possibly his best big work. It isn't very often played, for two excellent reasons--it's long, and it needs a male chorus, tenor soloist, and an organ in the last movement. The length keeps it away from radio programs; the elaborate cast of performers makes budget-troubled phil symphony orchestras shy away from it. However, there's nothing to prevent you from buying a recording of

it and discovering what fine music it is in that way.

Liszt makes no attempt to follow the episodes of Goethe's poem. The music is concerned only with the broad outlines. There are three sections, entitled "Faust", "Gretchen", and "Mephistopheles". Other than that hint, you really need no notes or analysis, for the music very plainly speaks for itself. However, you might like to know that the first section concerns Faust's moods, and his struggles. The brooding themes that open the work very obviously are intended to picture him in his philosophical despair; later there comes a hint of love music, storms and turmoil, all ending pessimistically. The second section might almost be love music from an opera. While in the final part, Satan himself appears, magnificently characterized, in his wicked, jesting, negating way. Much of the music consists of parodies and mockeries of previous themes; no less an authority than Ernest Newman says it's "the best picture we have of a character that in the hands of the average musician becomes either stupid, or vulgar, or both. As we listen to Liszt's music, we feel that we really have the Mephistopheles of Goethe's drama." After the climax is reached (possibly Liszt meant it to portray the Walpurgis Night), the melody that in the second movement symbolized Gretchen seems to clear the atmosphere with its sudden appearance; a little later one of the Faust motives comes back, the music calms itself to soft chords, and the male chorus with the organ and the solo tenor tell of man's redemption by woman.

A couple of very great composers intended to write elaborate Faust works—Beethoven and Wagner. In the case of the former, he never got around to doing anything concrete about it. He had planned an opera on the subject; but that isn't surprising, since there are very few subjects on which he did not plan an opera at one time or another. (Beethoven's biographers found, if memory serves, references to some three dozen different operas he contemplated, in his letters or authentic reports of his conversation.)

Wagner came closer, with what we now know as "A Faust Overture". It doesn't appear too often on symphonic programs, which is inapplicable. Although written at the beginning of Wagner's career, it's much further advanced music than his first four operas. More important, it actually has a unity, an entity, of its own, unlike those excerpts from the operas (like the Good Friday Music from Parsifal or Siegfried's Rhine Journey) which have been bodily lifted from their proper places in the operas, and have no real beginning or ending, and often little contrast or sense when played alone.

To understand what Wagner was doing in this overture, some knowledge of how it came to be written is necessary. Wagner originally intended to write a big symphony on the Faust idea, and completed a section of it that was approximately the same as this overture. With that much of it done, he laid it aside to take up work on "The Flying Dutchman", his first great opera (which I hope to discuss here in detail soon). He never finished the rest of the Faust symphony, and after a little revision, the work was given to the world as "A Faust Overture". It would have been the opening movement of the symphony, and entitled "Faust in Solitude".

Therefore, those who complain that it is not a complete summary of Goethe's poem simply do not recognize that it was never meant to be. When one of Wagner's friends suggested that a section depicting Gretchen be introduced in the middle, Wagner pointed out that that was not his intent; he would have to write another movement to treat Gretchen, and that he did not wish to do. So the second subject in the overture merely represents the "Eternal Feminine" that eludes the brooding Faust.

Of course, there are other famous musical Fausts. Berlioz wrote one, of which a few insignificant excerpts are still played today. The whole work is supposed to be great; but just as everyone praises Milton and never takes the time to read him, so is Berlioz' music lauded to the skies and not considered worth playing. Boito, who was a far better librettist than composer, wrote an opera; a couple of its arias are still sung occasionally. The great pianist, Busoni, wrote an opera; it too is theoretically great. But try Wagner, Liszt, and G. first.

THE LITTLE BLACK BOOK

It's the one referred to in Horizons two issues ago. Some particularly morose RAPA members actually seemed to enjoy my telling about my photograph "album". Therefore, to resume where I left off:

A particularly prized photo of August Derleth in his studio. And what a studio! Slanting roofs, stone fireplace, two huge windows, hundreds of books, and a wonderfully expensive-looking desk, all in the one corner visible in the shot. Derleth himself looks like Bob Burns, if this photo is accurate. ... My belief that Australia is a nice shiny new country is shattered by this photo of Bert Castellari, standing in front of a rickety board fence and a pile of rocks and trash that would make Philadelphia envious. ... Another shot of Walt Daugherty's room. I wonder whether it was taken before his marriage? If not, he has a wonderfully tolerant wife! Four stacks of magazines, a table full of trophies apparently for dancing, and the wall completely covered with every sort of illustration and photograph. ... Photo of Art Widner at the Boskone, behind which lies a strange story. ... Milt, pre-private, standing in front of an unidentified brick building. Just over his head is a five-pointed star set in the wall. ... Turbulent general view of a Boskone, in which everyone is looking in a different direction. ... Elmer Perdue with a haircut. ... Chris Mulrain, before induction, sleeves rolled up and with suspenders, typing. ... Me, taken by Elmer the night he stopped off on his way back to Wyoming. ... The Celebrated Ashtray, the story of which never did get into fanzines in its complete form. As far as I know, this is the only evidence that it ever existed. Legend on the back: "At the Philco, much merriment ensued when Balty went upstairs and brot down this ash-tray he'd made. It's Wollheim, and incredibly cruel. Art Widner is olding a gun against his haid." ... Widner addressing the Senate--nope, the Philco, although he looks just as earnest as Othello ever did. ... Donald Allan Wollheim, the unadulterated article, standing in front of an impressive-looking gate and brick wall, presumably in New York. ... Johnny Michel, looming by a quirk of photography high over a big building. ... J. Chapman Miske, as he used to call himself. Isn't it inconceivable that a new generation of fans has sprung up to whom he's only a name? ... Ping-pong table on the porch (or rather, a porch) of the legendary Chauvenet mansion. ... Russell himself, kneeling on the floor of a room therein, building a teeteringly tall structure with his small sister's blocks. ... Lester del Rey, who looks as little like he should as any person who ever trod this earth. ... Jimmy Taurasi. In this pose, his last name seems to fit his face, and his eyes might have been good models for the celebrated Bergey BEBs. ... Alexander M. Phillips at the rostrum of a Philco. ... Bob Tucker, holding the newly acquired son and hair. ... Son and hair alone. ... Robert Wellington Lowndes, striding down a New York street in a complaisant, debonaire manner. ... Cyril Hornbluth, gazing thoughtfully at the blank side of the base of a huge statue, large buildings in the distance; he is wearing a scarf and no hat. ... Jack Chapman Miske, looking exactly the way he hoped at one time he looked. ... Mark Reinsberg, feeling very sick, at the ill-fated beginning of the Chicon. You must look extra-close at this, or you'll miss Oscar, the famous skeleton of the once famous Decker, Indiana, fan group, who seems to grin in glee at Mark's distress. ... Milt Rothman once more, this time playing on a small piano. ... Jenkins & Gilbert; if they're as thin as they look in this photo, and qualified for the Mercant Marine, I should have no trouble meeting the army's requirements. ... Chet Cohen, in a photo that might be considered either striking or bad, depending on what you think of the lighting used. ... Misko's home. It gave me more information about him than all the analyses of his character that ever appeared in fanzines put together. ... Moskowitz, at the Philco rostrum. Effect of reading stf.: he has his mouth open in the best Paulian fashion. ... Ron Holmes, who pops up here very often, this time on a British lawn. ... Georges Gallet and wife. In the distance is a street down which Jean Valjean might have fled, and pretty little ships on a lake or something. Pre-invasion, of course. ... And there are still a few more for some other time.

HELP!

For nearly two years now, I've been going through the martyrdom of issuing an EPA publication, spending money on it that I could use for operatic scores, spending time that I could use reading a couple of Wells' novels I've never touched, getting no compensation but comments in other EPA magazines and occasional paragraphs in correspondence.

So, I think I have the privilege of asking for help. My problem is not one that can be referred to Dorothy Dix or the Office of War Information or even Information, Please. It is, simply: what to do for headaches.

I should be embarrassed, I presume; an all-out fan, able to watch universes tossed about in the prozines without batting an eye-lash, and unable to control his own cranium. But it's my situation, and I'm turning to you fine ladies and gentlemen, who may conceivably be able to help me.

If any of you know of a remedy for headaches that isn't more bother than the headache itself, habit-forming, or injurious to the body, will you let me know at once, via letter? You'll save me many an hour of misery!

I might point out that I've tried every conceivable way of avoiding them. Nothing seems to help; they come on in no set pattern, caused by no particular thing, and my doctor assures me I have no constitutional defect that they're symptom of. In short, it's just a migraine headache, simple and unalloyed. I have two methods of relief, both unsatisfactory: going to bed, and taking a certain kind of headache pills. The former I object to because sometimes it isn't feasible; it takes hours of my leisure time, and when I drop off to sleep, my night's rest is usually broken up because of daytime or evening slumber. The headache tablets I shy away from because they're habit-forming if taken regularly, and I dare not risk more than one a week.

Please, no sarcastic or quasi-funny remarks, such as that I might try coming in earlier the night before. The situation is far too tragic for me to find any comedy in it!

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A few words of explanation about the departments and stuff might not go amiss. No On Dit this time; I just didn't get many brilliant letters the last few months, and can't spare an evening to hunt through my files for good spots in older letters. Words of the Wise wouldn't be here at all, if I didn't want to preserve my record of publishing something by Mark Twain every issue, because of lack of space. The following will appear each issue, barring disaster of my intentions, and one of those inimitable Warnerian manuscripts that failed to see print because a fanzine folded up, like the one reviewing the Hudson book, should be around regularly. Since The Southern Star seems definitely done for, you may be privileged to read in the next Horizons my biography, scheduled for that issue. (Provided the biog doesn't lead me into army life!) Also next issue, I hope to get into print the disgustingly long delayed "Joe Fann's Journal". Utopia will be here, making it out of date, before it sees print, if I don't hustle.
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HAVE YOU READ--

"The Man Who Was Thursday", by G. K. Chesterton?

If you haven't, do so, as soon as you finish this review. The only way I can find fault with my life to date is in my notes having discovered the book until I was nineteen.

It is, I should say, fantasy. You couldn't keep it out of Searles' biblio, at least, but to call it a fantasy and let it go at that is like calling Chesterton a writer. It is fantastic, and he wrote; but what fantasy and what a writer!

When I finished reading it for the first time, I was pleased, but rather dubious of whether I'd want to read it again. I feared, foolishly enough, that my knowing the plot would prevent me from enjoying it again. So I put it back on the shelves for a year, more or less, then took it out and went through it again.

12 this last page is cut on Feb 20 and I hope to finish them in time by the 21st to happiness HORIZONS

If anything, I got even more pleasure out of the story. In fact, it moved me to investigate what the local library had by the late Chesterton, and I spent the next two weeks reading joyfully a fat anthology of his stories, essays, sociological studies, religious writings, and poetry, entitled "The Man Who Was Chesterton", from cover to cover. (I'm not biding my time for an opportunity to go through a collection of the Father Brown stories; I got sidetracked by borrowing Galsworthy's "Forsyte Saga", and am now deeply absorbed in it. All this, however, is beside the point, as any fool can plainly see. See?)

"The Man Who Was Thursday" starts out as if it might be a philosophical work, the opening pages being full of a "social problem" that seemed as important when the book was written, in 1908, as fascism or socialism do today--anarchism. Gabriel Syme, who has rebelled from a topsy-turvy early existence and become a fanatic on the beauties of order and conventions, meets Lucian Gregory. Gregory is an anarchist, and in order to make the police believe he is harmless, acts like a typical anarchist. In this way, he is not disturbed by the law. Syme becomes interested in their argument on how fine it is to blow up things, and lets himself be taken to a meeting of a council of anarchists. One of their members has recently left this vale of sorrow, he who was known as Thursday, and Gregory confidently expects to be elected to the vacated post. Syme, however, by his eloquence, gets the job for himself, thus putting his person in a very dubious situation; for he is actually a secret agent of the police, out to combat and wreck anarchy. Monday, Tuesday, Wednesday, Friday, and Saturday are all very strange persons; but the head of the council, Sunday, is an awe-inspiring, hardly human giant who sometimes is like a monster and at others like an angel. Sunday startled the assembly by announcing that one of their number does not belong among them. This worries Syme no end.

Which is about as much as I dare tell you of the book. Knowing what happens doesn't spoil it, but takes away the first joy of amazement at the mad events that follow one another like lightning, and the totally unexpected, superb closing pages. Furthermore, I guarantee that the most phlegmatic reader will at least chuckle over parts. I, in my naive way, laugh unabashedly, especially over the duel with one of the anarchists in which Syme finds himself two-thirds of the way through.

Furthermore, almost every page contains at least a few lines which I feel like quoting in Words of the Wise. Open the book anywhere, at random, and see what you find. For instance, from a couple of chapter 9's pages: "It was not the hot hollow of a dream or of anything that might be exaggeration or delusion. ...It was like the stunning statements of astronomy about the distance of the fixed stars. He was ascending the house of reason, a thing more hideous than unreason itself." "If ever Death sat writing at a wooden table, it might have been he." "Syme sprang to his feet, stepping backwards a little, like a chemical lecturer from a successful explosion." "He felt still an entire trust and loyalty towards his companion; but it was the trust between two men going to the scaffold."

Like Laurence Sterne, Chesterton knew the secret of transcribing onto paper the sensations, feelings, fears, and fancies that everyone feels dimly but hardly realizes he experiences until he sees them on a printed page before his eyes. The subtitle of this book is simply "A Nightmare"; and in its way, it's far more terrifying than anything you'll find in Lovecraft or Poe. It's the old horror that everything might someday go wrong, not merely that you might find your wife to be a werewolf or that your middle bedroom--the one with a southern exposure--is haunted by the ghost of the second cousin who visited your home in July, 1926.

In short, it's a swell book!

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WORDS OF THE WISE

Syme's says of ~~James~~ Browning: ~~James~~ man asked him the meaning of a passage in Sordello. Browning puzzled over it awhile then said--"Once there were two who knew"--glancing skyward, then touching his own breast--"Now there is only one."--glancing again skyward.