

chronological note this issue is begun on a prill 2 plenty of time if i can cut a stencil each day

Here you hold vol. 4, no. 4, of that staple of the American way of life, Horizons. It's whole number 16, EAPA number 10. Harry Warner, Jr., who is to be found at 303 Bryan Place when he isn't elsewhere, is to blame. Ten cents an issue, if anyone is that much of a sucker. The Doubledoubletoilandtrouble Mimeograph puts this here fanzine into ink, and if you insist, you can call this the June, 1945, issue.

IN THE BEGINNING

Behold one of those rarest of critters: a male not in (a) the armed forces, (b) a war plant, or (c) a wheel chair. In other words, I'm in 4-F!

That means that unless the army's physical requirements be lowered some day in the future, you will experience every threemonth the intoxicating bliss of pulling another edition of Horizons out of your EAPA mailing. For the benefit of such breathless spectators as may not have already heard, I was crated up with seventy-five other specimens of America's youth and shipped off to an induction center on March 9 last. After eight grueling hours, and questionings that made radio quiz shows seem like pikers, they turned me down. I think the thing that decided them on my rejection was the fact that the dentist couldn't get any results when he tried to use his little mirror to look at my teeth.

About the elections: I do not yet know whether I shall choose to run. I'm eligible only for the offices of Secretary-Treasurer or Official Editor. To be frank, I don't like the idea of the work connected with the latter, and I'd be ashamed to tackle The Fantasy Amateur after the wonderful issues Al Ashley has been putting out. I'd much rather see fresh blood take over the offices this year. So let us not be hypocritical. If I run, it'll be because I want to keep out of office someone running for the post whom I don't think to be qualified, and against whom there is no serious opposition. If my name goes on the ballot, of course I want you to vote for me. As before, I offer no platform or policies. I'll just try to do my best, for the good of the organization.

GLANCING BEHIND US

This mailing was particularly valuable to me. It helped wile away a couple of train rides and a dismal wait for connections. As a result, many of the magazines are soiled, from Warnerian dirty fingers. One of the peculiarities of this thing we call civilization is the impossibility of finding soap, water, and towel in a large city without renting a hotel room.

As there is no good reason for so doing, I shall first do away with the only item I received after the mailing was out, Moonshine, no. 2. It's distinguished for the second degree. This is the first and only case of absolutely, undeniably, completely unreadable baktoing I've ever seen in a fanzine. If Ien was rejected by the army, I hope he celebrates and buys himself a mimeograph!

On, then, to the mailing itself. Collected Verse. These poems are quite as good as the first work of many a very great poet. Of themselves, I don't think them as a whole too excellent--a conclusion with which I'm sure hussell will agree --but I think they're full justification for his continuing to write poetry in the future. It's the only way to find out whether he's going to become a great poet; stopping counting the muse because of a change in mental attitude or something would be just plain ridiculous. Not a single one of these poems is thoroughly satisfactory to me; but in nearly all of them is at least one good phrase. I can't quite figure out why "Departure" should appeal to me most, unless its effectiveness lies in the simple statement of an emotion too obvious for most of the great poets to have troubled themselves with. The make-up of the collection is swell, and the notes at the end proved extremely helpful. The Manman of Mars, Mardi, 1945. Getting funnier. But the thing is made me realize most vividly was probably not one out of five fans today would recognize the quote syaspos unquote.

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for what it really is. Thinking that that was nearly ten years ago makes me feel old, old, old.... Walt's Wramblings; Spring, 1945. Does Walt read all those books he buys and writes about? If so, when? Or is he just catching up and telling about books he has read long ago?—if so, what will he do when he comes up to the present? Pardon my nosiness; despite it, I like this sort of gossip, even though I haven't knowledge of most of the works mentioned. The Stephan. No. The Stefan; sorry. Very, very funny—I enjoyed the illustrations, especially the last one, almost as much as the poem. It so happened that I had just read Poe's essay on how he came to write "The Raven" as he wrote it, a day or two before getting this mailing. Which set me to pondering on the mystery of how I can enjoy a piece of art, like "The Raven", both as a great poem and as something to be ridiculed. I don't know whether any of the rest of the present people feel the same way; possibly it's a fairly wide-spread attitude that most of us don't even admit to ourselves. In other words: I can still get a certain amount of chill and awe out of the raven croaking "Nevermore!" (though not so much as the first few times I read the poem!). And the last stanza or two seem to be to be the greatest single passage from Poe. All the same, without any trouble I can realize how ridiculous the whole thing is, how perfect a set-up the poem is for parodists. Even more ridiculous, of course, is Poe's account of how he wrote it. If a poem or story were put together that way, we wouldn't have literature, we'd have a new kind of algebra or calculus! To compare with a field with which I'm more familiar, take Donizetti's operas. With the greatest facility, I can actually be stirred by the things, or I can guffaw at them, or at the exactly similar music Sir Arthur Sullivan wrote for the ~~British~~ Gilbert and Ditto operettas.

Second supplement to the Imagi-Index; valuable. A praise-worthy project, which will alas go unsung. Most needed list of this sort is of course the one of fantasies in Argosy; but who could or would tackle the job of compiling it? Might Unknown. I don't suppose it's relating any secret to say that Gerger punctuated this. Otherwise, I understand, it's the same as Pvt. Manse wrote it. An excellent illustration of the truth that one is more apt to write at ten than at twenty fiction that might sell to the pulp magazines. Gizzle-Pop; buzz 2. Russell is sadly out of date. I noted the essential stuff about Bryan's book in Fantasy Fiction Field Illustrated Newsweekly three or four months ago. Unless I wrote about another book concerning the Marie Celeste, which may be possible. I believe there have been several recent ones. Sustaining Program; Spring, 1943. Foo on Speer for the military, jingoistic spirit that pervades the contents page in the form of decoration between the masthead and list of contents. Notice the clearly evident Fascistic appearance of the characters. Since Jack is showing off his knowledge of geography on page 1, possibly he can give me information I want badly. What has happened to the little country of Andorra, which at last reports was a couple of acres up in the Pyrenees? We hear lots about Luxemburg, but Andorra must not have had a press agent. And what does Cis-Atlantic, on page 2, mean? Speer's resurrecting so boldly his article on shorthand is a break for me. It gives me moral courage to publish without the labor of re-writing a hideously organized article on Basic English that Frontier accepted long ago, and never used. If there's room, it's in this issue; if not, next time. More ignorance: J-20 and Jane 6L152 strike no responsive chords in me. What is Gertie? No birds that I know of nest in Boston in February. Funny thing about the Mark Twain quote. In later years, after he had published Grant's autobiography, he was fond of saying that his own name would go down in history—as having helped get Brant's book into print, and for no other reason. The small g on Jack's typer makes me unconsciously believe he's writing in a mild dialect, dropping of the last letter from words ending in ing. And there's that old subtlety trouble again. A couple of lines in this issue may be a sly hint Speer knows something he shouldn't, or a case of out of the mouths of babes. The Fantasy Amateur. Perfection! May future editors never let it fall back to the thing-to-be-dispensed-with-as-quickly-as-possible status. I'll continue to supply 55 more more copies of Horizons each

HOWLINGS does anyone have any suggestions of covers for horizons? I can't think of any good ideas.

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edition, gladly. Be careful that the selling doesn't turn the EAPA into a magazine-distributing agency, though, for anyone interested. I think items that appeared in previous mailings should be sold only to new members, who couldn't obtain them in any other way. The EA Lean-To; vol. 1, no. 2. I still think it's an excellent idea. Sardonyx; vol. 2, no. 4. Night of Brahma has a good final page that makes up for the stereotyped beginning and sluggish middle. Did Russell ever attend a parochial school? I did, for eight years, and found absolutely no grounds for his statement that "no fair presentation of the non-Catholic viewpoint is ever made". At times I was the only Protestant in the class; mostly there was at least one other rebel in the same room. I can't remember any comparisons ever being made between the two faiths, or any mention of the differences between them, for that matter. No attempt whatsoever was made to convert me--when the rest of the class attended a special mass, I was free to go with them or stay in the classroom, if during school hours. (Occasionally I went along, for the pleasantly awesome feeling the dimly lighted big church, so different from mine, produced in me!). The only trouble I find is in the way they taught us to respect the Immaculate Conception, and to memorize even the "Thou shalt not commit adultery" Commandment, when we were in the first grade, and wouldn't answer our questions as to the exact nature of conception and adultery! Russell forgets in pleading for an impartial presentation to youth of all forms of government, that as yet no Arisians are around to make that "impartial summary" really impartial. Further, a child's choice, granted such a presentation, would not necessarily be wise, as viewed from later years. As long as there's a fairly good possibility of seeing all angles of questions, as exists today for anyone willing to do a lot of reading and thinking, old opinions can easily be changed. The third paragraph on page 3 is important: curiously enough, I've seen a couple of warnings about the same situation from technicians in the newspapers in the last week or two. About Singleton's address: it's obtainable in a book considerably less mysterious and scarce than the Necronomicon--the Washington telephone directory. I've never read a book of 1,000 or more pages straight through. I've read everything in books that size, but they're non-fiction in which I dipped here and there until everything was perused, like Ernest Newman's "Stories of the Great Operas", which I earnestly recommend to anyone who wants the best guide to the best operas.

Wudgy Tales; no. 1. Disappointing when considered in the circumstances--i. e., the exceptional gift of the Minneapolis boys to turn out really swell humor when in the mood. Milty's Mag; March, 1943. I don't know much about such things, but in the comments on Censored is some stuff that looks suspiciously like military information of value, to me. I like the comments on Salute: it's what I've been thinking about Cunningham, and couldn't formulate into coherent words. What in the name of all that's holy is a short-arm inspection? I get the general idea, but not the reason for the name. Inspiration; vol. 2, no. 1. Lynn's borders are swell; would that I had a machine with such perfectly coordinated type! The comments of this issue are a vast improvement over the last one, when Lynn was so obviously desperate for stuff to write about just for the sake of filling up the pages. Mention of Superman makes me wish again that we could have a nice argument on just what has made him so popular. His invincibility is nothing new--comic strip detectives have had that for decades. The fantasy element is hardly original. Popeye was producing those mighty feats long before Clark Kent. So what? (Which reminds me: last issue I made a horrible error. I listed Alloy Oop as one of my favorite funnies, which I meant all along Oaky Doaks. Consider this a correction.) Phanny; vol. 2, no. 2. Don's exposition of his dreams is most interesting in this issue. In the light of this, the one by Chauvenot, and others, I can see that a Freudian would have a wonderful time talking with fans. En Garde; March, 1943. Anent the first article: I may not like Astounding much any more for any one, or combination, of several reasons. I may be losing interest in stf. I

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may not have time enough to read it; my literary tastes may be improving beyond the type of stuff Astounding publishes. I may be growing tired of the Astounding type of story; the stories in the magazine may be getting worse. Maybe I'm prejudiced against it for some reason; possibly the stories are too good, and over my ability to appreciate them. There is no way of being certain, and claims that science fiction stretches the imagination further today are no more valid than my own belief that the magazine just isn't as good as it once was. That's why I'm now content to pick it up occasionally, second-hand, and when I find both a copy of it and one of *Astonishing* or *Super Science*, I read Norton's publication first. *The Nucleus*; vol. 4, no. 1. After devoting a whole page to apologies disguised, Trudy did the best mimeoing job that has yet come from the Russian mimeo. Further, the contents are most interesting this time of any issue yet. They are of a nature to require either pages of comment, or none at all. So I'll refrain from diving in, contenting myself with the indignant statement that I don't care in the least how much intellectual pleasure there is in football, I still like baseball better and in sports as in art, let my heart decide and care not if the head objects to the unreasonableness of decisions. *Fan-Tods*; no. 2. The excerpts from Chauvenet's correspondence makes me wish he'd just ramble on like that in *Sardonyx* for ten or twenty pages every mailing. Glad to see someone agrees with me about *Nonan*, which reminds me that I forgot to scold Russell for his comment. If serious, I can't believe that he'd fail to read something on the strength of a disliked beginning, unless it were almost certain to be bad, like a story in *Amazing* or the average speech about post-war plans. If he was trying to be funny, he failed. Louder huzzahs than ever for *Yesterday's Ten Thousand Years*. Norm's paragraph on the way he listens to program music checks with my sensations. I don't quite get the point of the second quotation of a *Horrible Example*; it doesn't seem to me to be a HE at all; being quite easily understandable. But the first is a beauty. I've always thought text books should be written as a person learns about the subject. If he waits until he's well acquainted, his statements will be clear enough to himself, but hopeless for a reader.

Bah. There were a couple of other post-mailing publications, which I'd overlooked. *The Fighting Fan*; no. 1. Very satisfactory, with the most interesting letter being Martin's, who seems to be able to write better now than when in civilian dress. I'm glad someone recognizes the fact that even if draftees are released six months after the duration, enlisted men are going to be absent for a long time to come! *Thos*, no. 6. Stop talking about me writing an opera on *Nonan*. It's a tempting idea—but I've been two years now getting a libretto for *Macbeth* satisfactory. I should be finished slicing up Mr. Shakespeare by the end of the year, but have none of the music except a few rough sketches finished, so far. Speer can wait for his work to be immortalized; he's young yet. Quoting commentators about the worth of a musical composition is wort of futile, since the case for both sides can usually be found supported by competent musicologists, and it's very seldom anyone gets convinced anyway. But as long as Art started it, I might toss back Philip Hale's comments on Moussorgsky's piece: "Having heard several musical descriptions of these unholy Sabbaths, where reverence was paid Satan, exultantly ruling in the form of a he-goat, where there was horrid, obscene revelry, if we may believe well-instructed ancient and modern writers on Satanism and witchcraft, we wonder why any woman, young or old, straddled a broomstick and made her way hopefully and joyfully to a lonely mountain or barren plain. If we can put faith in the musical descriptions given by Berlioz, Boito, Gounod, Satan's evening receptions were comparatively tame affairs..... In Moussorgsky's symphonic poem the allegro devoted to the worshipers of the devil is rather commonplace; its laborious wildness becomes monotonous in spite of the editor's instrumentation. Far more original and effective is the second section, in which a church bell puts the blasphemous revelers to flight." Thanks for the copy on linotypes; funny that I should have worked around them for quite a while, and never bothered to investigate! (this is concluded somewhere; look around!)

UNPUBLISHED! -- FRONTIER.

TOWARD DEBABELIZATION.

Granted: we need a Universal Language. There are very few people today who would argue against one. And virtually the only argument that can be set up against such a thing is on "esthetic" grounds: that it would be a dreadful shame to deprive the world of the flowing and liquid Spanish and Italian; the guttural consonants of German; the nasal tones of the Frenchman. I frankly have my own opinion of people who think that way, and I wouldn't dare write those opinions down for publication in a nice family magazine like this. But they're taken care of, anyway, if we keep our Universal Language as an auxiliary; one to be learned in addition to one's mother tongue. Later on, if everyone does learn a Universal Language, will be time enough to argue whether it's worth while to scrap all existing tongues.

So we have Esperanto. You've read all about it in numerous places, and perhaps have studied it, or at least gotten some idea of its essentials. For a long time it has had quite a few violent adherents, who have made some progress in publishing books translated into it. There have been radio lessons on it, magazines are published in it, and it's remarkably simple to learn, if your mother tongue is Romantic or Teutonic, and especially if you know more than one language already.

But--must Esperanto be the only possible answer? It seems as if it's the only "synthetic" language that has gained any headway whatsoever. But (and yet another but)--a synthetic language isn't the only possibility for a Universal one. A "natural" language--one which has grown up through the ages, like English, French, or German--is also a possibility. Such a language to be used as a world-wide auxiliary one would have to be shorn of its complications of grammar, syntax, and idiom.

Ah, yes, you say, but that wouldn't do at all. If English for instance were put into use as a Universal Auxiliary Language, people who already speak English would be at a tremendous advantage over those of other languages. And who would decide which language should be converted into the Universal one? With Esperanto, wouldn't we all start on an equal basis, no one feeling any more fluent in the language than anyone else?

That's only half the story. That few people realize is this: Esperanto is, in the end, nothing more than a digest of a dozen or more of the most widely spoken languages from the continent of Europe. It comes primarily from the Greek, Latin, and Teutonic tongues, and makes use of the improvements and modifications that are to be found in languages like French, German, Spanish, and English, as spoken today. Its words are almost completely derived from existing languages, and nearly all of them from English, German, and the Romance tongues. (The words from these modern languages, of course, are taken from the languages of the past several thousand years, distorted in sound and meaning.) Therefore, an Englishman, a Frenchman, a German, and an Italian would have approximately the same amount of difficulty learning Esperanto.

However, here's what the Esperantists conveniently forget: there are quite a few hundreds of millions of people in Africa, and Asia, and on big and small islands, who doesn't speak French or English or German. They speak Chinese, Persian, Burmese, Japanese, any one of a thousand dialects. Those languages have little or nothing in common with the European ones. They aren't built up the same way, they aren't spelt with the same letters, and the words for the most part are utterly alien to European tongues. So--is Esperanto so free and even, after all? Wouldn't it be a dozen times harder for a Hindu or an Arab, for instance, to learn it, than you or me?

As long as there is such tremendous variance in the languages spoken on the earth, it's impossible to devise a language which will resemble all tongues equally, and put all on an even keel in ability to express thoughts clearly and simply.

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(That is, unless you devise a language totally different from any now existing, like one proposed synthetic language based on the tones of the musical scale-- which would be the ultimate height of futility.) And that knocks in the head the chief argument against using a natural language as auxiliary, instead of a synthetic one. It's a difference merely of degree, not of kind.

Now you may relax. I have at last come to the point. Here it is: Why not Basic English?

Basic English has received relatively little publicity. Several of my correspondents to whom I've mentioned it have never heard of it. And it suffers-- in America--from two great handicaps. One is that the name itself suggests merely a textbook on grammar. If you'd go into a bookstore and see "The System of Basic English" on a shelf, there's little chance that you'd suspect it for what it is, without actually taking it off the shelf and looking at it. The other trouble-- it's so undramatic. There's no aura of mystery around one able to talk in Basic English; it's no crusading fun writing to correspondents in it and no incentive for beginning clubs devoted to it. All that would be fine in Siam or Borneo, but here in the U. S. we already know how to speak English, and since there's little to learn about Basic English; to us, it's hard for an English-speaking person to get up steam about it.

Basic English is, briefly, an auxiliary language (we hope!) using 850 English words as its dictionary. It is put together precisely the same as in regular English; spelling is the same; the grammar is almost identical; and it resembles ordinary English so greatly that it's rarely noticeable if a passage is written in Basic or regular English, unless you're on the watch. There are few rules. Of the 850 words, 600 are "things"--nouns, in other words. 150 are "qualities"--almost all adjectives--and the other 100 consists of other parts of speech. Of course, one part of speech may be turned into another without a change in appearance, as in regular English--"sweet" can be used as a modifier, like "the sweet candy", or in the more or less colloquial sense of "a sweet"--a piece of candy. By adding "ly" it becomes an adverb.

The main difference between English and Basic English is in the verbs. There are, strictly speaking, no "verbs" in Basic English. Instead, there are sixteen "operators". They are: come, get, give, go, keep, let, make, put, seem, take, be, do, have, say, see, send--and, of course, their different forms, which are learned by the rules and therefore not separate words. They can be used as simple verbs, of course, as in "He went there", or "I kept it". But to obtain a complex notion-idea, as we do when we write a verb, these "operators" are combined with a "directive" (the Basic English name for a preposition), of which there are twenty, or a noun or adjective. Thus, using an operator and a director, "to enter" is in Basic "to go in". "To climb" or "to ascend" is "to go up". There is virtually no theoretical limit on the number of verb-substitutes possible by combining an operator with one or more directives; of course, some would make little or no sense and be of little value. This immediately does away with the problem of the learning of verbs, and the necessity for inclusion of them in the language. (Example of operator and a noun combining to make a verb: "He gave answer" in place of "he answered". Operator and adjective: "It got stiff"--"It stiffened".)

Otherwise, English and Basic English are written similarly. The difference that must be watched is in the use of words. If you want to say "impulse" in Basic English, you say it. If you want to say "incentive", "incitement", "motive", or "instigation", you still say "impulse", for those synonyms aren't included in the list of Basic words. Translations from English to Basic English are therefore simple; all that need be done, in most cases, is remodel the verbs, substitute simple words for complicated ones, and occasionally re-arrange a passage to get around some unusual idiom. (The most accepted "idioms" of English are retained in Basic English; all, however, are listed; most would be understandable from the sense of the rest of the statement, and many have equivalents in foreign lan-

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guages.) As a rule, a passage written in Basic English is very slightly longer in print; reading time is shorter, because of the lack of unfamiliar words.

There isn't room here to go into detail about the language. My main purpose is to show that there is such a thing as Basic English, give some slight idea of what it's like, and hope you'll investigate. There are a number of books available on the subject, both discussing it and translations from regular English and other languages into Basic. Your library should have "The System of Basic English" by C. W. Ogden, which gives full details of it, has more than 150 pages of Basic English matter, including "translations" of everything from The Kellogg Pact (!) and "The Chemical History of a Candle" to one of Lamb's "Tales from Shakespeare" and parts from the Bible. (The entire New Testament, by the way, has just been published in Basic.) It also gives full information on things I haven't mentioned, such as how really technical matters may be translated into Basic and the way sentences should be put together. Try it; it's intensely interesting matter.

Basic English, incidentally, has part of a chapter devoted to it near the end of H. G. Wells' "Shape of Things To Come". This passage is translated into Basic in "The System of Basic English". (It's interesting to note that Wells has the late James Joyce living until 1955!)

There is only one other point to be brought up. It is—why English? Why not some other language, like French or German?

Well, there are two very good reasons. Authorities agree that English is the most flexible of languages, most receptive to changes and improvements, simplest in syntax and construction. It resembles as many other languages as does Esperanto. It is the mother-tongue of about 225,000,000 people; Esperanto is the mother tongue of no one. Authorities estimate that 540,000,000 people understand English—a fourth of the world's population. Basic English, according to Ogden, is remarkably similar to Chinese in its construction and general aspects. It would place people now speaking English into a slightly superior position, if adopted as an auxiliary language; but that would be in large part nullified by the difficulty English-speaking people would have remembering not to use words not among the Basic 850. Once one knows Basic English, it's only a short stop to understanding regular English. That would be a tremendous help for those whose native tongue is spoken by but a few, and consequently must learn another language in order to have access to the knowledge in books. For instance, there is a considerably larger proportion of the world's knowledge, thoughts, and literature available in English than in Albanian! Already English is a compulsory language in the schools of dozens of countries. It's an accepted diplomatic language—the accepted one, it would probably be safe to say.

It may not be the solution to the Universal Auxiliary Language, I'll admit. But isn't it at least worth a thorough investigation?

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Surprise! Here's what you've been frantically hunting for since page 4, the rest of
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What's all this about "the first extra-system planet, believed to have been discovered near the star 61 cygni"? I've never heard about it. If so, it sounds as if Mrs. Noah had written in her diary on the 40th day: "Still raining." How about a really complete description of Interplanetary? Art's interlineations are almost as inspired as Speer's, which is going some.

The smaller the mailing, the longer these comments stretch out, it seems. And now there are five lines to be filled up, which in the best Columbia Camp tradition I proceed to make a herculean effort to do so. I can report that work on this issue of H is proceeding unexpectedly well. I tore a couple of ligaments in an ankle the other day, and am profiting by the enforced layoff to (a) cut stencils for the EPA, and (b) learn German for my own amusement. Only thing that worries me now is whether I'll be able to buy mimeo paper for this issue. I hear it's scarce, and haven't a sheet left.

A THIRD YEAR OF ASTOUNDING

—Subject to curtailment without notice. I have just made the horrifying discovery that the Nov. and Dec. issues are apparently not to be found on the premises. I'm pretty sure that I bought them, especially since the former contained my Probability Zero; and the fuel shortage in Maryland was not that severe! If they have not been mislaid, Vitons remain the grim and terrifying reason.

Astounding Science Fiction; July, 1942. Maybe I'm prejudiced, but I even thought the flag poorly done, to carry on the tradition of hideous Astounding covers. And there is absolutely no sense in putting the War Bonds and Stamps ad in the middle of the illustration, when there's plenty of vacant space in the borders where it would be more conspicuous anyway. Secret Unattainable: 6. The old hackneyed construction and motivation prevent the idea and the different manner of presentation from making the story better than mediocre. Penance Cruise: 6. A poorer, story, perhaps, as Eternal Verities go, but I did like the Exotican general, and have a hunch Reed could blossom out into another Nelson Bond. Collision Orbit: 5. (Which brings me to mention what is possibly the most annoying of all the troublesome things in Astounding: Campbell's way of getting ridiculously pompous and enthusiastic about a story which has a "new" idea, like this c-t business. There's no merit in it, really, if the story isn't good. Campbell introduced gobs of new ideas and discoveries into his works, and did it in a wonderful way that made his stories among the best. Stewart has not done anything with his "idea", which is new only in the sense that science has apparently confirmed the existence of another kind of matter inimical to ours. Stf. stories have been written on that theme in the past. Tools: 6. Entertaining, without being tremendous; the ending seemed wholly unsatisfying to me." Brimstone Bill: 5. Jameson should turn to Bond and learn how to write this sort of story. The Contraband Cow: 5. Potentially a marvelous idea, wrecked by unimaginative handling. Space Can: 5. I knew that space opera would sneak in the issue somehow! Maybe some radio technicians understood the editorial. De Gustibus and The Floater seem to me to be the only items that belonged in PF. The rest were based on presently impossible things like time travel in which one thing is as likely to happen as another, and therefore didn't impress me very much.

August. Cover pleasant in a grotesque sort of way. The stories I have not rated: I jotted the figures down somewhere, and have since forgotten the location of somewhere. So you'll have to believe my statement that Waldo was one of the very few bright spots of 1942. The injected metaphysics were sort of jarring, but didn't clash enough to spoil the effect of the story—one of the few instances I can remember of successful inclusion of "fantasy" in stf. Jackdaw: Rocklyne is the unappreciated genius of this sort of story. Compare his less subtle, but somewhat similar if more cynical, "For Sale: One World", which appeared in Super Science some time ago. And who will forget "Quietus"? Impediment: hopelessly drawn-out, but enjoyable nonetheless. Deadlock: Here is a good example of an "idea" story that does click with a vengeance, and one of the few good robot stories of the year. The Link: A little better than the customary cave-man story, and nothing more. Milgallen's Lunar Legacy: Fails in its only purpose, which obviously was to be funny. The Ley article was probably intended as an indirect plug for his book on the subject, but was readable nonetheless. PFs pretty bad, all of them.

September. Covers smells. The Barrier might have been something good, if Boudier hadn't succumbed to Van Vogt's trouble of making everything inordinately complex. Best feature was the language—first attempt I've ever seen to mirror the future tongue right through the story. A couple of the expressions he disguises this way might have kept the magazine out of the mails if published in plain 1942 English. Nerves: A very entertaining, gripping story, but not my idea of stf. With Flaming Swords: If something this similar to "Sixth Column" appeared in a rival magazine, shouts of plagiarism would go up to the skies. No one paid much attention to this redneck version of the original story. Very bad ending, too. The Twonky: Now, this is really something like. It's getting so I suspect every new good author of being Heinlein in disguise. This is a particular case to be wondered at. Padgett,

HORROR! Shouse hunting any longer the de center as astounding has disappeared what to do now to do 09

ANOTHER YEAR OF ASTOUNDING

no matter who he is, wrote in this one of the best shorts of 1942. Pride was interesting, but Jameson took the easy way out, of making his robot a human with a tin body. The really good robots act in a way a flesh and blood person wouldn't act, as a rule; otherwise, there's no more point in reading stories about them than there is in reading stories in Amazing which are merely transplanted westerns or detectives. Starvation was not exactly the kind of story one feels like writhing in ecstasy about, though there was nothing particularly wrong with it. The Ley article proved competent, and not particularly enthralling.

October. The cover was the only really decent one of the whole year. It had an almost photographic quality, aided by a swell printing job in which the colors were perfect. Lunar Landing: It disappointed. Anachron, Inc. This is one of those stories whose ideas, as told in the blurb, makes me want to dive right in. Usually, I come up sadly disillusioned, as in this case. Turning it into a series was the final blow. I have wistful memories of L. Ron Hubbard's "The Crossroads". QM--Interplanetary: I remember absolutely nothing about it. Psychology; the mind tends to discard unpleasant thoughts. Warriors' Age: Ditto! The Second Solution: Entirely too much fuss was made about the Ezvals. I found Van Vogt's picturization of them to be thoroughly uninteresting, and I believe those who have been raving about them have confused the basic idea behind the stories with the stories themselves. However, this particular story shows how enjoyable Van Vogt can be when he keeps his plots sharp and lucid. The Wabblers: Utterly dull to me, and I'll bet Campbell wouldn't have considered it if submitted by anyone else. The Beast: Jungle stuff on Venus, and I read Astounding to forget Amazing! I wonder what Major de Seversky would say about this issue's editorial?

November. Overthrow left little impression on me. Minus Sign was considerably better than the beginning of the series. Of course, such stories always leave the reader a little disgusted at the idiocy of the characters, for being unable to understand what's going on. Four Little Ships was just as hopeless as The Wabblers; Sand seemed to me to be more interesting than most of the readers thought; at least it pictured vividly a Martian landscape, which most writers depict as a sort of mixture of North Dakota and the Sahara. The Gentle Pirates: Space opera. Not Only Dead Men: Van Vogt's best of the year in Astounding.

MUSIC FOR THE YEAR
IV

A couple of people are complaining because I'm writing about music which is only faintly, or poorly, fantastic, and saying the "programs" aren't worth the trouble it takes me to tell about. Such individuals have not sensed my real purpose: this is merely a thinly disguised excuse for me to write about my favorite music in an attempt to interest others into investigating it and so sharing the pleasures of enjoying it. When possible, I try to rave about a composition with a fantasy program. But you're going to find almost anything talked about here, and might as well get reconciled to it here and now.

Subject for discussion this time is "The Passion of Our Lord According to St. Matthew", by Johann Sebastian Bach. This is fantasy only in the sense that all music based on the Bible derives from what may be termed mythology without too much argument, whether one is a believer or not. Of that I care not; my main concern is that this work contains some of the world's greatest music.

A few words about Bach's place in the musical world of his day might be permissible here. It's a good lesson for those of us who refuse to listen to music as music, and let our opinions be prejudiced by facts about the composer, program, and when it was written. I don't claim to be exempt from such chances, and shall

MUSIC FOR THE MAN

am just as bad as anyone in that respect; but I recognize my failing, and try to minimize it.

Van Loon, in "The Story of Mankind", pointed out that history makes us think that things happened distinctly and separately, using for illustration the common impression that on a certain day people all over Europe suddenly became interested in art and beauty and things of the past and on that day the Renaissance began. In music, one gets the impression that first one thing happens, then another starts. One reads that Richard Wagner reformed opera, which is perfectly correct as far as it goes. But Carl Maria Von Weber started that reform before Wagner knew what was upstreet, some ~~minor~~ spots in his works being far more Wagnerian than anything in "Rienzi". And Von Weber got his influences from a number of composers of and before his day, good and bad, adding a little and borrowing a little.

Similarly, we read that Bach was the last great polyphonic composer, and that with Haydn the homophonic age, which has persisted to the present time, began. That, too, is not wrong. It is simply too bald. It makes you think that after Bach finished his last fugue, Haydn started writing his music in a new way, in which melody, not counterpoint, was the big thing.

As a matter of fact, Haydn wrote his first string quartet the year Bach was trying--unsuccessfully--to finish his monumental "The Art of the Fugue". And all around them, music was undergoing the huge turmoil of a transition to a new form of writing. Melody was winning out over counterpoint. Even the enormously popular Handel was seeing his fame as a composer of operas equalled by that of the pure melodist Piccini. (Note, please, Piccini, not Puccini! As an aside, I'm willing to commit heresy by saying that from what I've seen of P's work, he was a greater composer than Handel.) In the middle of it all, Bach wrote his music in the old ways. He was, to put it bluntly, a reactionist, a traditionalist. As such, his fame was far less than it might have been. After his death, his music was forgotten. Haydn, Mozart, Beethoven, knew practically nothing of it. Mendelssohn was responsible for its rediscovery, decades later. There has never been another case like Bach's in music, among the composers we consider great today. The closest approach is that of Brahms; but his "classicism" has been made to seem too great by the terrible turmoil that went on between his supporters and those of Wagner during the latter half of the nineteenth century.

In other words, if extreme radicalism like Beethoven's or Wagner's makes it hard for one to get his music heard, conservatism is perhaps worse. If the young-bloods of the year ~~in~~ 1800 had not been so excited about the new discoveries in music, they might have listened to that of Bach. But it was out of fashion; and that deadly crime discriminated against it for many years.

After which we get down to the present work. It consists of the following: choruses, recitatives, chorales, solos, and duets. It is scored for strings, flutes, oboes, and an accompanying instrument such as organ for which only the figured bass is given. For reasons too technical to go into here, Bach's original scoring cannot be used literally today. The changes necessary are, I think, for the better. The text of the recitatives and certain of the choruses are taken from the Gospel According to St. Matthew. The chorales are simply hymn tunes from German churches in Bach's day, to the original words. The choruses, solos, and duets are to entirely separate, specially written text, by someone whose name I know not. It isn't important.

For some mysterious reason, this work is almost invariably sung in an English translation in this country. Why this, and few other great works composed in a foreign tongue, should be presented translated, I know not. But the translating, while a step in the right direction, presents a peculiar difficulty. The German Bible, of course, contains exactly the same things as the English Bible. But a sentence or phrase is not necessary in the same number of syllables, and accounted in the same places, in the two languages. Bach composed his recitatives to the German version. The translator's problem: which to change--the King James version, to fit the recitative's music, or the music, to fit the new version?

MUSIC FOR THE FAN

The translation to which I have access, that of Troutbeck, is a compromise between the two--rather successful, I think. None of the very familiar passages are distorted, and only in a few places are there unpleasant cases of a single syllable being sung to two notes.

The writing of the music must have been one of the most stupendous pieces of sheer physical work of all time. The full score contains about 300 pages, some of them containing as many as thirty separate staves. This comes from Bach's method of writing: the orchestra and chorus are divided into two groups, which contrast with one another when necessary, thus providing a variety of tone not possible otherwise, with the limited instrumentation.

The music throughout is tragic--almost uninterruptedly. Every thing, except short snatches, is in a major key until the soprano aria, "Lord, to Thee My Heart I Proffer" half-way through the first section. The entire work is one of the two great musical representations of sorrow and suffering--the other being "Parsifal". Only at the very end is there a softening, calming, in the wonderful chorus, "Here Yet Awhile".

With the very simplest of means, Bach creates the greatest effects. The opening number is a wonderful work for chorus and orchestra. One chorus laments bitterly, after the poignant introduction for orchestra. Later it is joined by a separate soprano section--the "ripieno". At intervals, then, the second chorus begins breaking in with interrogations--"What? Where?"--until at last it joins the first in the lament. Like all the rest of the work, this chorus is in the most wonderful counterpoint--but is not fugal. There is not a single fugue in the entire work, for that matter.

The recitatives are given over most to a tenor voice, representing the Evangelist, Matthew. When Christ, Peter, Pilate, or others are necessary, they join him. In one of the strokes of genius of all time, Bach has set off all of Christ's music with a simple accompaniment for strings along--giving an effect utterly indescribable; it must be heard to be appreciated. The chorales are in simple four-part harmony, in which the audience in Bach's time was to join. When the Apostles, priests, or people have occasion to speak, Bach gives them lively choruses in madrigal style, accompanied by full orchestra. The recitatives, on the other hand, are interspersed only with occasional chords, usually simple dominant and tonic progressions. The only exception is when Bach uses tremolo strings to emphasize the convulsions of nature when "...the veil of the temple was rent in twain from the top unto the bottom. And the earth did quake and the rocks were rent, and the tombs gave up their dead, and many of the saints were raised, that were sleeping".

When I started this article, I hoped to say something about at least half of the individual arias and choruses in the work. But space forbids. Fortunately, I know of no other music that needs so little "explaining" or discussion. For instance, no one who listens with any attention can fail to be tremendously impressed by one of the great moments in all music--the tremendous, sudden discordant shout, when they choose who shall be pardoned: "Barabbas!". Or the energy and fire of the only place in the entire work where the full power of chorus and orchestra are unleashed--the chorus beginning "Have lightnings and thunders", and the storm bursting full force at "Let hell with its manifold terrors". It's almost impossible to realize, listening, that there are no trumpets or drums; no other composer found the secret of such music until Wagner came along. And the short, exquisite quasi-recitatives that precede many of the arias, anticipating Wagner's discovery of "continuous melody".

To phonograph fiends: as far as I know, there are no uncut performances available on records. Don't get discouraged; you probably couldn't afford it, if there were, for the entire work runs to more than three hours in length. Many of the individual numbers are obtainable. Investigate, by all means.

Next issue, we may have a guest artist. Prof Paul Spencer should appear with an article on Richard Strauss' little known opera, "The Woman without a Shadow".

12:00: about comments on this issue in letters from some of you guys who haven't appeared in HORIZONS

MUSIC FOR THE EAR

But in four years of publishing Spaceways, I learned never to promise an article unless it's right before your eyes. If by chance Paul doesn't come through, you won't be spared one of these. I have just oodles of subjects for them!

SCOOP!

Horizons proudly presents the first piece of Raymond Washington's Japanese poetry ever to see print! It's colossal: the freedom of Whitman, the succinctness of Parler, the social message of MacLeish, the dramatic qualities of Shakespeare. This is a great moment in Horizons' turbulent existence! Therefore, prepare to read

DILEMMA

by

RAYMOND WASHINGTON, JR.

Here in Japan,
City boys go into the Navy.
Country boys go into the Army...
I, alas, live on the outskirts of town.

Maru, bring me my knife!
Ahhhheeeeee!

P.S.: We didn't get Raym's permission to use this. If Horizons doesn't show up next issue, shed a tear in our direction. It'll mean that he did something violent.

HAVE YOU READ—

"The Promise of Air", by Algernon Blackwood
You haven't? Gee, you're lucky. Don't!

MLN S>

Alas. I intended to review Thornton Wilder's "The Skin of Our Teeth" in the above department this issue, space forbade, and I haven't another stencil in the house. Maybe I'll squeeze it in next time. Other things are not included. My autobiography, originally intended for the "Unpublished!" section, isn't there, because flickering embers indicate a thousand-to-one chance that the anniversary issue of The Southern Star will someday appear after all. I have enough stuff together for On Dit, so that should reappear next issue, which I hope to make an extra big one, in belated celebration of my draft rejection, my sentiments about which occurrence I make no hypocritical bones about revealing. (Incidentally, I intend to include this section at the close of each issue from now on, as a catch-all. Its title indicates that I've now studied another foreign language. I don't know how I'll show off the same thing in Spanish, if I ever get started on that.)

If I could be sure the news is accurate, I might also insert here a diatribe on the Decline and Fall of the Proxine Empire, as exemplified by the annihilation of four of the things at one fell swoop. But the news comes to me third-hand, and I'll not consider it verified until I see it in print. If true, I point with pride to the prediction I made in print almost two years ago, that only three or four proxines will be left by the end of 1945. There are still nine of them, but there are still seven months to go!

I anxiously await what this mailing's periodicals bring forth in the way of headache remedies. I got two replies to my plaintive plea for help last issue, via the mails. Julie Unger discouragingly said, probably accurately, that sleep is the only thing that will help that particular kind of noggin nausea. Ackerman sent a clipping from a newspaper—"Snap back with Stanback!", or maybe it was in praise of B. G., in direct contradiction to my request for something other than patent medicines, of which I already know of one which brings relief.

Hope you all had a Lovely Mother's Day. Goodby now.

Harry Warner, Jr. X (his mark)