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Arulzak

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This is GRULZAK, an amateur magazine of science-fictional commentary, published now and then by Joe Kennedy, 84 Baker Ave., Dover, N. J. You'll find it in the mailings of the Fantasy Amateur Press Association and the Spectator Amateur Press Society. If there's no credit-line attached to any of the stuff herein, we'll give you three guesses who wrote it. The cover this issue: "Earthbound".

Issue # 2

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Fall, 1947

.....

AND NEVER THE TWAIN---

"A wise man believes anything until it is disproved. Only a fool refuses to accept anything until it is demonstrated."

--Amazing Stories, quoted in
Sustaining Program, Spring, '47.

"A refusal to come to an unjustified conclusion is an element of an honest man's religion. To him the call of blind faith is really a call to barbarism and slavery. In being asked to believe without evidence, he is being asked to abdicate his integrity. Freedom of speech and freedom of action are meaningless without freedom to think. And there is no freedom of thought without doubt. The civilized man has a moral obligation to be skeptical, to demand the credentials of all statements that claim to be facts. An honorable man will not be bullied by a hypothesis. For in the last analysis all tyranny rests on fraud, on getting someone to accept false assumptions, and any man who for one moment abandons or suspends the questioning spirit has for that moment betrayed humanity."

---Bergen Evans, The Natural History of Nonsense.

The ULTIMATE FAN

A Fable

AS HE PASSED ALONG THE NARROW CORRIDOR, lined by row on row of bookshelves, the Ultimate Fan was glad. Carelessly, he allowed his gaze to wander over the treasures surrounding him on every side, glittering in their utter magnificence. Stacks of SCIENCE WONDER STORIES stretched before him for miles on end -- until their very numbers were swallowed by the distance. In one obscure corner of the vast cavern were the fanzines -- several hundred tons of them. Heaped in a colossal pile near the center of the vast cavern were the twelve-hundred-odd copies of THE OUTSIDER AND OTHERS.

Half a century, the Ultimate Fan reflected. It had taken him nearly fifty years to accumulate the collection stored within the walls of the titanic cave. The better part of his lifetime. But it had been worth it.

His throat choked with nostalgia, the Ultimate Fan let his memory slip back over the long years . . .

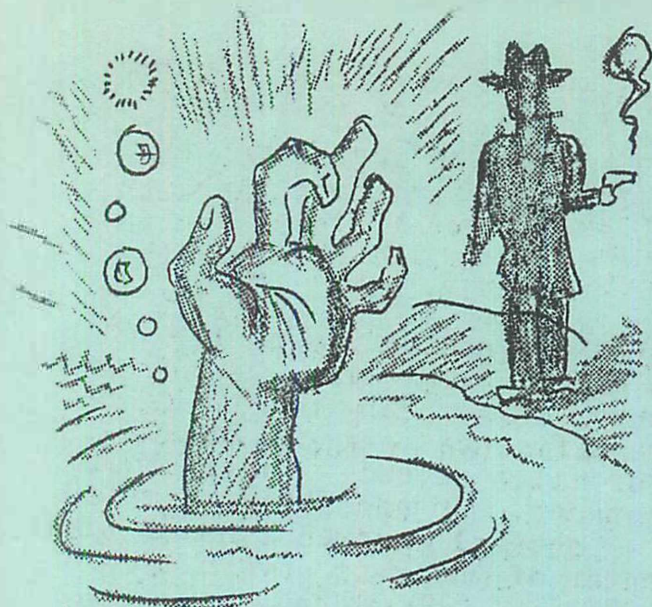
In 1949 he had begun the collection. Money, of course, was no object. When the Terran Rocket Company, Incorporated (of which the Ultimate Fan was president) had established trading colonies on all the moons and planets of the solar system, he had been able to maintain an exclusive monopoly on all interplanetary travel. This shrewd business move had earned him a comfortable income of seventy billion dollars per year.

He had started by placing full-page advertisements in all the newspapers of the world, offering five dollars a copy for all and any fantasy, science-fiction, and weird magazines. Most of the fans had hastened to sell him their collections and, with the profits, retired for life. But when he counted all the magazines he had bought, there were only one hundred million! Some were missing. His collection was incomplete. He promptly raised his price to ten dollars a copy. Not until he possessed EVERY copy of EVERY issue of EVERY prozine EVER published could the Ultimate Fan rest in peace.

It became obvious that, excellent as it had seemed at first, his plan would not succeed. There would always be ardent fans who would refuse to sell him their collections, just for spite. Besides, he reasoned, there were doubtlessly many magazines lying obscurely in forgotten cellars and attics. No, the Ultimate Fan mused, he would have to try different tactics . . .

"AFTER SEVERAL YEARS, THE FANTASY DETECTOR WAS PERFECTED..."





"MESSRS. ACKERMAN WOLLHEIM,
SEARLES, AND MOSKOWITZ
DISAPPEARED ONE DARK NIGHT..."

After several years, the fantasy detector was perfected. This intricate machine could scan continents in seconds, and without error could spot a science-fiction book or magazine thousands of miles distant. As soon as the item was detected, agents of the Ultimate Fan would leap into their rocket planes, rush to the spot, and purchase the book or magazine at an incredible figure.

Still, some fans were obstinate. Forrest J Ackerman, Donald A. Wollheim, A. Langley Searles, and Sam Moskowitz stoutly refused to part with their collections. So the Ultimate Fan had no choice. Messrs. Ackerman, Wollheim, Searles, and Moskowitz disappeared one dark night -- and their collections with them. And

by some unaccountable twist of fate, their possessions somehow found their way into the hands of the Ultimate Fan. Reluctantly, other fans who had been holding one or two cherished items surrendered them.

One morning the staff of the Library of Congress found every fantasy book and magazine mysteriously missing. A Senate Investigation Committee was quickly organized to look into the activities of the Ultimate Fan. But they were never able to prove their suspicions.

HAVING ACCUMULATED ALL THE FANTASY BOOKS AND MAGAZINES ON EARTH, the Ultimate Fan went after fanzines and originals. The detector indicated that a copy of COSMIC CIRCLE COMMENTATOR had become wedged in an elevator shaft somewhere in the Empire State Building. The Ultimate Fan immediately purchased the building, dismantled it, and combed the walls and ledges of the elevator shafts until the elusive fanzine was located. Then he casually added it to his collection. Fan publishers who refused to give up file copies of their own publications also began to vanish. In the end, however, the will of the Ultimate Fan prevailed.

To save himself trouble, the Ultimate Fan halted the publication of further scientifantasy magazines. He simply purchased all the stock of Popular, Fiction House, Street & Smith, and the other publishers and ordered them to go out of business.

Having acquired all the prozine original illustrations ever drawn (and a hideous collection they were, too), the Ultimate Fan paid all the artists fabulous sums, enabling them to spend the remainder of their lives in Paris. Never again would they draw another fantastic original.

This, of course, was merely to insure the perfect completeness of his collection.

So now, on this bright morning of January 1, 2000 A.D., the Ultimate Fan surveyed his completely complete fantasy collection with a feeling of pride. Every existing science-fantasy item -- was his! GHOST STORIES . . . BLACK CAT . . . TALES OF MAGIC AND MYSTERY . . . THRILL BOOK . . . TERRIFYING TEST-TUBE TALES . . . he had them all. The books, too, were complete. He smiled as he recalled what a battle the public schools had put up when they had discovered that no longer could students read THE ODYSSEY . . . the works of Edgar Allen Poe -- simply because the books did not circulate. For they were all in the collection of the Ultimate Fan.

Slowly, he stepped over a sprawling pile of DAWN OF FLAMES and SHIP OF ISHTARS. With one last, lingering glance at the vast cavern, the Ultimate Fan stepped into his private rocket plane. With a flick of the control stud, he soared high into the stratosphere.

Twelve miles up, directly above the cavern, he dropped the atom bomb. Insanely he shrieked in glee as the huge cave and all its contents were blasted into powder.

For the Ultimate Fan hated science-fantasy.

FURTHER FORLORN TITLES

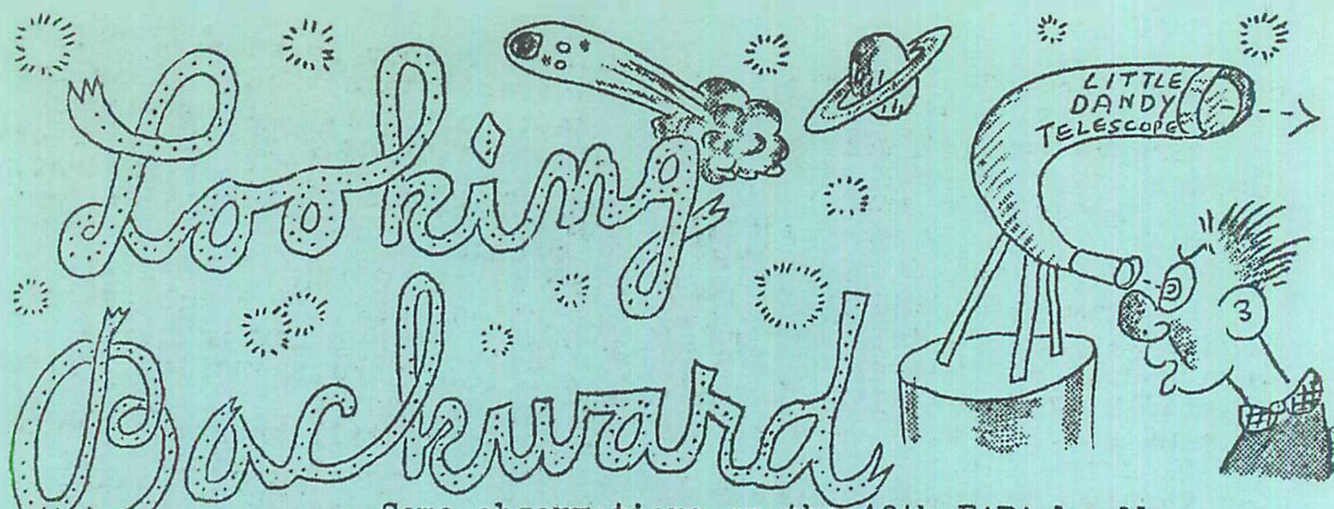
Not long ago in FAN-TODS, Norm Stanley published a list of some of the saddest-sounding stf titles from the prozines -- including such classics as "The Elephant's Breath Ray" and "The Ho-Ming Gland". This inspired me to search through some of the more recent promags in an attempt to prove that Gernsback had no monopoly on sorrowful stf names. Such beauties as Frogfather, Through the Asteroids---to Hell!, Spider Men of Gharr, Journey in Time to Cleopatra, The Hairy Ones, Cosmic Yo-Yo, Trog, Homer and the Herring, Rocket Skin, Mind-Stealers of Pluto, The Tiger Has a Soul!, Love Among the Robots, The Serum Rubber Man, Dead Hand, Fricasee in Four Dimensions, Prisoner of the Brain-Mistress, World of A, The Bloated Brain, Among the Scented Ones, and The Diversions of Mme. Gamorra oughta prove that Palmer and PLANET STORIES are a goldmine for such novel titles -- altho Campbell was by no means exempt! The first sixty-five fans to send in a list correctly identifying the above story names will each receive a hand-painted time warp, in your choice of six delicious colors.

SCIENCE MARCHES ON! CORNER

Lloyd Alpaugh swears he heard the following commercial over New York's WQXR: "Buy a Turno -- the only stop-watch with a built-in slide rule."

THE-JOYS-OF-FAN-PUBLISHING DEPARTMENT

On September 16th I received a dollar bill and the following letter from a gentleman in Canada: "Dear Sir-- Please send me all the fan magazines listed in the new STARTLING STORIES from FANTASY ADVERTISER as far back to VAMPIRE as this dollar will stretch."



...Some observations on the 40th FAPA bundle...

In these dreary days when FAPA envelopes are slimmer, and fanzines which have led the field in recent years are vanishing like AMAZINGs at a Rosacrucian convention, it is by no means a cheerful note to learn that such staunch fans as Harry Warner, Jr. are drifting away from stef. Yet Harry's attitude as expressed in Horizons #31 is understandable. For a man to publish thirty-one regular issues of an amateur journal over a period of eight years is, I think you'll agree, a highly respectable accomplishment. For that man to grind out the thirty-first number of that journal with as much enthusiasm as he had when he produced Volume 1-No. 1 would be well-nigh miraculous.

It's funny, but fandom can be a dangerous thing. Collecting books and prozines ... keeping up a large correspondence ... devoting hour after hour of work to mimeographed fan publications -- these things, once ambitiously indulged in, can fall into a habit-pattern which isn't easy to break. When an inveterate actifan tries to pull out of stfanning, or cut down on activities, he finds himself time and again running up against the barriers of habit; of ways of living and thinking with which he's been deeply indoctrinated over a period of years. Despite the traditional "lack of time" excuse usually ventured by retiring stefnists, sooner or later the ex-actifan finds himself with time on his hands. And then he finds himself thinking of touring the second-hand book stores again, just like the old days; of writing a fanzine article or two; of publishing just one more fan mag. These things can be enjoyable, stimulating -- in moderation. But there's always the strong temptation to dive right back into your former pitch of activity, merely from an obscure sense of duty, whether or not such diversions are any longer pleasurable!

I know. Know it well, dammit, because six months ago I attempted to sever connections with science-fiction fandom. The publication of Vampire, always previously inspired by the joy of working for the fun of it, had metamorphosized into drudgery. For gradually I realized that only a steadfast devotion to stfantasy could justify the existence of such a publication. And, after pouring every spare minute into fan activity for more than three years, I was thoroughly fed up with stef.

So Vamp was chucked down the disposal shoot, and some \$30 of subscription money mailed back to its patrons. Correspondence piled up -- and was ignored. I stopped attending the ESFA. Nearly a

thousand assorted fanzines -- the bulk of a once impressive file of the things -- were scattered to whoever'd take them. Plans for a future annual Fantasy Review were wastebasketed. All unwanted fantasy items on my bookshelf were disposed of at profitless prices; then replaced with mundane literary classics. At last, I thought, I'm free! I've broken Dat Ol' Debbil Stef's strangle-hold at last!

The "freedom" lasted about three months.

I began wondering what the localites were doing of late ... began wishing, rather wistfully, for another marvelous bull-session with people who shared my own interests ... began toying half-heartedly with the idea of rattling off some more stencils, trying my hand once more at some on-the-wax scrawlings.

To trim down a lengthy tale -- Kennedy's still knocking around the fanways once more, and he isn't sorry about it, either. He's simply reaffirmed faith in science-fiction. When you've made a pack of blamed fine friends in the long months you've been a fan, there's not much pleasure in emulating the ostrich and pretending all those swell people never existed. Yet science-fiction fandom includes more than personal friendships. The wool-dyed science-fictionist who is sincere in his love for stf has a certain unique outlook on things -- an outlook which may be found in part in many, many people who've never heard the names of Campbell or Merwin or Gnaedinger -- but rarely duplicated. This may sound corny as hell, but here's an example. When the average individual -- your nextdoor neighbor, the guy you say "hello" to every day on the bus or train, or the lady who runs the corner store -- when that individual glances up into the sky at night, what does he see? A stolid, everyday moon. A lot of little bright lights sprinkled around -- little lights called stars. And the s-f fan? He, I sincerely believe, sees a lot more.

Right now, I think I've discovered approximately where fandom fits into my personal scheme of things. Maybe I'll never again attempt as ambitious a project as publishing an annual, or maintaining a subscription fanzine. But I'll be plodding around to East-coast fan gatherings once in a while. And -- alas! -- you'll be seeing Grulzak's ugly snout from time to time.

As far as batting out your gray-matter on fan activity, Harry, it looks as though Burbee's right -- "...Fandom is not a way of life, nor a vital philosophy. It's just a goddam hobby.. ** While it's fun stay with it -- if it gets to be drudgery, or you lose interest--why, just drift out."

Still, while acknowledging those comments as good common sense, and a workable basis for taking on crifanac, I'll probably never lose my respect for the concepts of science-fiction. SF will continue to be a kind of mental window, when we become too deeply buried in the hum-drum scurry of everyday existence, to expand our vision away from the here and now -- to remind us that Terra's only an infinitesimal molecule of space, and this moment but the smallest fragment of time.

Screwy? Sentimental? Well, maybe. What do you think?

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"Is there any way in which a person could be caused to grow color-blind?" Warner queries elsewhere in Horizons. Frankly, I dunno. However, several years back, Parent's Magazine published a tirade against the dime comic-books, claiming that the "cheap reds

and greens" used in printing the comix were distorting the kiddies' natural sense of color! Lovers of Superman and the Batman will recall that the color-printing jobs on some of the earlier comic mags were frequently sad to behold. The "reds" weren't red -- they were dark orange, and the "greens" were a weird variety of blue! Between the ages of 8 and 12, yours truly ardently read literally hundreds of "funny-books" (from PLANET COMICS to PLANET STORIES wasn't a difficult leap!). Anyway, some amateur semi-scientific experiments with neighborhood pals revealed that us vociferous comix-fans had difficulty distinguishing between the orange-red of the funnies' pages and items that were genuinely red in color... which may or may not be conclusive of anything. 'Tanyrate, Parent's Mag probably had something there. However, its accusations on the comix-publishers appeared some time previous to True Comics-- the funnybook which raked in greenbacks by the bal~~l~~ for its publisher -- Parent's Mag! 'Tis significant to note that the reds and greens used to print True Comics were just as crude as Captain Marvel or The Human Torch.

While I'm on the subject of funnybooks, do any teen-agers in the audience recall Gerry de la Ree's scientific tales in Minute-Man Comics, or the Gernsback-edited funnybook, Superworld Comics, illustrated by Paul??

* * * *

Gosh. Wow. Boy-o-boy! From the comic books, let's delve into semantics and A Study of History.

* * * *

Harold W. Cheney Jr's "Look---the Future" is the sort of thing that gives semanticists the meeming screamies. "Humanity doesn't solve problems," it says here; "surging forward with its irresistible inertia ((sic)), it meets them, and pausing not even momentarily, engulfs them and thunders on!" Bah jove, Harold, that sounds intriguing, but what in the blue blazes does it mean?

However, Cheney has got a point when he comments, "Humanity ... thrives on revolutions, upheavals, and enigmas." Cheney would probably find Toynbee's A Study of History stimulating reading. Now how in the heck a sober analysis of past civilizations (a couple of thousand pages condensed to a single volume at five smackers per throw) can catapult to the top of the best-seller lists is certainly the wonder of the decade. Either this country's intellectual tone is rising several notches, or the publishers' publicity men are improving. Out of pure curiosity, I tramped down to the public library and borrowed the book.

A few of Toynbee's theories seem to back up Cheney's observation. According to the British historian, humans need a challenge of environment in order to make progress. For one example, he cites the English settlers and the harsh environment of New England, which prompted the colonists to turn to manufacturing rather than farming -- and make a success of industrialization. (Yeah, Speer, I know that's an abstraction.) Ah -- but if the environment gives too stiff a challenge (i e, the Eskimos) or too little challenge (the South Sea islanders) the civilization stagnates.

Last term I was unlucky enuf to strike a highly religious English prof who used to bemoan the difficulties of making converts among the heathen of the world. "Why, in the South Seas," he'd wail, "the missionaries have a terrific job inducing the

natives to embrace Christianity! The churchmen will go out among the islanders and ask, 'But don't you want to pray to God for your food?' The native just shrugs and points to the trees, where coconuts and fruit grow in huge bunches. And it's the same way with everything else! The natives are in perfect health, need very few clothes, don't have many troubles, and don't feel they have to pray to the Lord for anything. . . . Alas for the missionaries. They usually give up in disgust."

That hasn't much to do with Toynbee, but it gave me a few chuckles. Anyway, you'll find A Study of History makes highly thought-provoking reading. The condensed version isn't too difficult to wade through; the material is outlined in the back of the book. You can do what I did -- read the outline, and flip back into the bulk of the volume for points that need clarifying, or for topics you're especially interested in. Toynbee comments from a sociological standpoint on the Utopian novels of Wells, More, Huxley, and company -- so stf addicts won't feel slighted. There is, of course, a danger in listing civilizations in cut-and-dried charts and columns -- as an acquaintance with general semantics will indicate, there are far too many unknown factors involved for anybody to establish a convenient formula that'll predict the future course of contemporary civilizations. So it's wise, perhaps, to keep in mind that Toynbee's a theorizer, not a prophet.

Now, lookee, HWC, when you say, "The collapse of Rome was just as much a destruction of the world as any atomic war," you'll hafta define terms. It all depends on what you mean by "destruction". If you mean the disassociation of Western civilization -- well, maybe. To my mind there's quite a difference between the collapse of a ruling power which had previously directed and organized the peoples of Europe -- and the blasting of cities into powder!

* * * *

I very much enjoyed Laney's "Notes on Bomb-dodging". The faint suggestion of an atomic-war survival colony composed of fans almost inspired me to write a fan-fiction epic! Yet, seriously, the colony idea is far from being a secure refuge -- radioactivity could wipe out even the most remote "survival cell". Since bomb-dodging seems pretty nearly hopeless, wouldn't the question of whether an atomic war can be prevented (and whether we as individuals can do anything about it) be a far more profitable topic for discussion?

Jeez, maybe the pulp writers' hackneyed concept of a spaceship ark might not be so fantastic after all!

Viva the Laureate Committee! P.P.P.

Long live Norm Stanley! The practise of nominating laureate winners in FAPA definitely oughta be continued. Whether or not there's ever any award made, the delectable ego-boo entailed oughta be sufficient justification for the laureate com!

The increased size of the summer Fap mailing was an encouraging note. In the EDITING AND PUBLISHING corner, I'd nominate (1) Crane-Wesson for The ... Thing; (2) Dale Hart for Ichor; and (3) Speer for Sus-Pro.

VERSE: (1) Crane for "Rathnaka" in TuT; (2) Redd Boggs

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for "The Mighty Fort" in Ichor #2; and (3) Gus Willmorth, or whoever was responsible for the composite poem, "Drunkenness", in Slithy Toves. It was darned good, even if it was swiped! Ebeey deserves an honorable mention for "From an Old Faery Tale" in Ichor. He and Boggs are about the best fan poets in the field today, in the 'umble opinion of this scribe.

The FICTION department was pretty weak, but here goes anyway: (1) Cheney ("The Greatest Project"); (2) Riggs ("The Cat's Meow"); (3) Crutch ("Herby's Flying Pig").

Harry Warner cops first place in the ARTICLE-WRITING division, both for "The Most Unkindest Cut" in TuT and for "This Has Nothing to do with Fantasy" in Horizons. (2) Laney ("Some Notes on Bomb-Dodging"). (3) Evans ("Can Peace Really Come?").

HUMOR: (1) Burbee-Purdue for Burblings Combined With Elmur-murings; (2) Laney for "Tapping the Infinite Will" in TuT; (3) Ackerman for the "latest dirt from Hollywood" gag in Glom.

ART: (1) Alva Rogers for the Ichor covers -- especially the one on #1. (2) Bob Gibson for the mimeo'd cover on Light. That's all the artwork of note that appealed.

The BEST IN THE MAILING classification seems ambiguous, since every publisher has his own slant and standard, so I don't see much point in it. Instead, how about a BEST BOOK OR MAGAZINE REVIEW laureate? In this category I'd nominate (1) Warner for Horizons' review of Asleep in the Afternoon; (2) Speer for "Keeping up with Campbell"; (3) Ben Indick for "In the Realm of Books" in Light.

Apologies to the SAPS members for the above stuff. In times to come, maybe the reviews of SAPS mailings will appear in Gruzak.

WE QUESTION THE VERACITY OF THIS ONE

The following story, of doubtful authenticity, was making the rounds of the Philcon.

Seems some backwoodsman from Upstate Pennsylvania wandered into the Fifth World Science Fiction Convention hall, mistaking the SF shindig for the convention of the Sigma Alpha Rho fraternity, which was being held elsewhere in the hotel at the same time. He stared around at the bizarre originals, and mumbled, "God! Whoever decorated this place must've been stewed!"

Right by the door, some prima donna was taking great delight in introducing anybody within reach to the convention celebrities.

"Come over here," said the prima donna, grabbing the backwoodsman by the arm, "and meet John W. Campbell, Jr.!"

The backwoodsman gawked.

"Not THE Mister Campbell!" he gaped.

"Yes, THE Mr. Campbell!"

"Well, how do you do, Mister Campbell!" the backwoodsman beamed, pumping the great man's hand. "Why, you're one fella I always wanted to meet. Honest to god -- I've been eating your canned tomato soup and baked beans for years!"

DO YOU REMEMBER---

---the time Future Fiction (or else 'twas Science Fiction -- I forget which) ran a large blurb on its cover announcing a story by WEINBAUM in this issue? Most fans purchased the mag before discovering from the contents page that the Weinbaum was Helen.

BIBLIOGRAPHICAL BLATTINGS

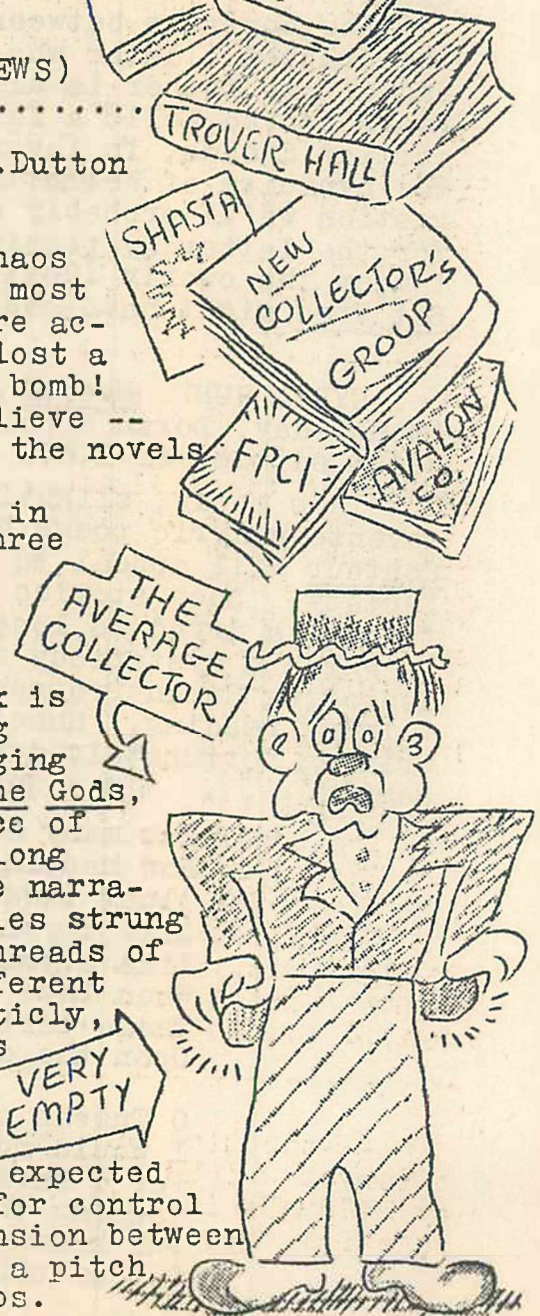
(IN OTHER WORDS ** BOOK REVIEWS)

H. G. WELLS: The World Set Free (E.P. Dutton & Co., New York. 1914.)

When the mushroom clouds of atomic chaos rolled away from Hiroshima and Nagasaki, most of the men and women of the world who were accustomed to thinking for themselves had lost a large measure of complacency. An atomic bomb! At first, it seemed too fantastic for believe -- like some mad superscientific dream from the novels of H. G. Wells.

Science-fictionists lost little time in pointing out that Wells had, more than three decades earlier, predicted the discovery of atomic energy -- and its devastating role in a future war in his startlingly prophetic The World Set Free.

As a piece of storytelling, this book is by no means comparable to the fascinating fantasy of The Time Machine, to the engaging tongue-in-cheek speculation of Food of the Gods, or to the terrifying, other-worldly menace of The War of the Worlds. Consisting of a long prelude and five good-sized chapters, the narrative is really a series of separate stories strung together, each episode carrying on the threads of the one previous, but highlighting a different set of characters. A trifle too optimistically, Wells has the power of the atom tapped as early as 1933 by an obscure young physicist named Holsten; by 1953 the factories of the world are being run by atomic power. There are accounts of the expected legal struggles among greedy capitalists for control of the new energy source; but in 1956 tension between the European nations has mounted to such a pitch that it precipitates a war of atomic bombs. The atomic war, quite understandably, is no mere



trench-by-trench struggle on the battlefronts. It is a conflict in which the solitary chance of victory lies in getting in the first blow. When German flyers destroy the headquarters of the French, a pair of Frenchmen weight their plane with a-bombs and succeed in blowing Berlin off the map. Wells describes the battles as seen through the eyes of one Barnet, an English soldier -- a war of cities blasted to nothingness, of floods and famines.

Stalemated, the "last war" is of brief duration. Up until this point, Mr. Wells is a highly convincing prophet. But when the countries of Terra unselfishly cease hostilities and combine into a glorious World-wide Utopia, the yarn becomes just a bit too pat. Like the pieces of a child's jigsaw puzzle, the picture of Utopia fits together a bit too neatly. Oh, there's a minor diplomatic spat or two with a rebellious monarch, but the inevitably glorious Socialistic never-never land blossoms into the sky with surprising ease.

The contrast between this younger, ultra-idealistic Wells and the crabbed oldster who, just before he died, saw mankind at the end of its tether is almost unbelievable. Although the passage of years proved Wells a fairly accurate prophet, he still renounced his earlier dreams, in favor of blankness and despair. How much of the cynicism of Wells' last writings can be attributed to bad digestion we'll probably never know. However, if it had been possible for the latterday pessimism of the Father of Science-Fiction to temper the overly idealistic tone of his earlier work, The World Set Free might have been a far more satisfying book.

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CYRIL HUME: Myself and the Young Bowman and Other Fantasies (Doubleday, Doran & Co., N.Y. 1932. Published in a signed, numbered edition of 1,500 copies.)

This moody, slightly philosophical collection of six tales and seventeen lyric poems by the author of the well-known Wife of the Centaur will appeal to you if you're partial toward light, subtle fantasy. Such stories as "Forrester", an account of a woodsman who tempts a dryad to lose her immortality, and "Progress in Arcadia", in which a mysterious sculptor turns an art contest into bedlam by depicting Human Progress as a galloping herd of pigs, make entertaining reading. Hume's slight weakness for occasionally colorless writing fortunately does not carry over into his verse. Here's a sample . . . "In a Tuscan Garden":

Too many evil things have loitered here
For happiness ever to run again
Along these garden paths, untouched of fear,
Like a young child with wonder in his brain,
Like a young girl in that triumphant year
When Love came down upon her like spring rain.
These tortuous footways bring the heart too near
Upon the cypress-shaded pools of pain.

O Tuscan sun! Shine on your olive trees!
I would not break one twig to wreath a crown!
For I have looked with hidden eyes on these,
Tossing their youthful branches up and down,
And known them well for vampires that have sprung
Out of unhallowed graves, perversely young.