

I have begun cooking up another one, which is vol. 6, no. 1, EAPA number 14, whole number 20, of the tri-monthly terror, Horizons. Harry Warner, Jr., 303 Bryan Place, Hagerstown, Md., puts this out, and doesn't guarantee that any individual statement contained refers to anything whatsoever. Stencilled on Macbeth and duplicated upon the Doubledoubletoilandtrouble Mimeograph; September, 1944.

In the Beginning

Don't look for the Degler Memorial Issue of Horizons; it isn't in this mailing. Either I'm slipping or the ability of fans to keep promises is degenerating. The three or four persons on whom I counted for the best articles for that issue never came through, after swearing mighty vows that they would oblige on time. And so I must apologize to the ones who answered my request, and point out that I still want to put out that issue, and shall be most happy to do it if you, you, you, and you will write the articles you promised.

The running lines at the top of each page--let's hope they print legibly this time--are all taken from a single issue of a single publication, of which three complete, unread and recent issues will be donated to any person discovering said publication's identity.

This June mailing has just about reached the top limit, I think; much larger ones will make it impossible for EAPA members to read everything and still have time to engage in other fan activities. If prodded, I'll be willing to vote to up the membership quota to 75, but think that that's the absolute top, especially if that new activity-stiffening requirement goes through.

"...words of learned length and thundering sound..."

Has anyone, I'm wondering, recognized the source of the quote which heads off this department?

My hope that I could write twenty lines or so on each of a dozen topics has been blasted by the size of the last mailing, and Speer's departure for the wars. There are far more than a dozen things needing mention, and someone has to take over the job of inserting the irrelevant reflections and answering the insignificant statements and queries, until Juffus' returns to the fold. Just what, however, would the mailing have been like, had Speer and Shav put on the spurt that characterized the December bundle?! Now then, take a deep breath--

En Garde--Of which two copies were in my bundle; what'll I do with the spare, Al? Despite the noble and fertile efforts to think up a new term for fans, I shall stick to fans. Futurian is the only other word that is satisfying to me, and its connotations are such that it's out of the question, for a quarter-century at least. Even it isn't perfect, though, since the future has nothing to do with the fantasy and weird fiction in which most of us take an interest. Ted Hoescoe was Max Brand? Sounds incredible, considering the difference in styles of the stories appearing under the two names, but I'll have to accept it, apparently. Al's philosophy as boiled down at the end of page 9 and the first lines of page 10 resembles mine remarkably, though I'd never tried to put it into words before. Incidentally, how about a clarification of the amount of writing and work Almy Lu does for En Garde? Such would prove useful if we ever attempt an EAPA index.

Memoirs of a Superfluous Fan--The most downright fascinating thing in the mailing. It's so long that remarks on it would require three or four pages, to be complete. I'll content myself with stating that the remaining "volumes" must appear, and noting a few surprising things--Tabby's use of phlegmatic on the seventh page of the tale itself; his remarkably high opinion of Hornig; and the occasional remarkable instances of the undying strife between T. Bruce and the English language. It's hard for me, for instance, to conceive of any type of man store other than a stationary one, for instance, unless it's one of those PKs which roll all over India in a box car for the benefit of troops in isolated.

spots. Let's have more, quick! The Future brings so unnecessarily complicated, in the case of admission for the British club? If the group desires to participate, they can easily avoid attempting to go through all this unconstitutional rigamarole by simply having one of their active members go on the waiting list and eventually join in the regular way, and distribute Cosmic Cuts through the NAPA as they see fit. I certainly don't like the idea of using the NAPA as sales agent for Beyond or anything else. Futura--Invaluable for its dope on the pseudonyms. To see Fred Pohl's name on the honor roll is surprising--I had thought him still persona non grata with the New Yorkers, both factions; and Marie Antoinette Park sounds most interesting. Caliban--Must disagree with Larry with regards to the merits of having the NAPA officers centered in one locality. There are indications that when fan activity in any town starts to drop, the depression carries all the fans within 25 miles along. If only one officer is among them, the other three can usually take up the slack; if not--! Black & White--Wherein Speer seems to be soundly basted in an argument for the very first time. I refuse to believe that the Harlem Negroes are of lower intelligence than the first- and second-generation Italian immigrants, or those of several other races. Is Speer color-blind, though? I had thought Perdue the only fan with that ailment. Phanny--Contains some of the very finest verse I've seen from a fan. "Realities" are particularly good, being that rarest of things, worthy stf. verse. Gray's poems, while satisfactory, suffer in comparison. My-brows raise at the top of page 12--"Men have the privilege of moving from job to job..." Not if the War Manpower Commission sees you first! My opinion of "A Guy Named Joe" happened to be in the last Horizons, so I'll spare inactives this time. Most satisfactory way of settling this censorship question, probably, is the very simple method of displaying doubtful material to postal authorities in the town from which it's to be mailed, and letting them pass on it. The publisher can always mail it himself as first class matter later on, if he simply must share his nudes with others. Inspiration--I question the statement that fans are particularly prone to 4-Fism, despite my being in the category. A check of any current list wouldn't prove anything, since activity usually ends when a fan is drafted; remembering that almost half the men called for physical exams are turned down, I'd like to go over a 1940 NAPA membership list, and see the result. How a Popular Science movie short the other week depicting aerial sewing of Raym. Take-Off--Is most enjoyable, but Raym is really much more fun than he's writing prose about himself and his opinions. The poetry, as a general, is all right; but I would have preferred the space to be used for the sort of thing that appeared in The Raym's first NAPA effort. Incidentally, despite claims to the contrary, the person who co-edits, finances, and publishes a periodical must be held partly responsible for whatever appears therein, and is taken to approve exactly and generally with the contents. Agonists of Inwit--It'll be next week, at the very earliest, before I'll be able to decide whether DAV's good takeoff compensates for the loss of the serial. Star-Stung--I want to know how many of these poems had already appeared in fansines before publication here. As a rule, a poem of any real merit sticks in the memory--so does a lot of bad stuff, but the good rarely is forgotten in a day or two. Yet only two or three of these were familiar to me--Invictus II, Summer Discord, possibly Who Is the Moon. Too many is some trickery of worth--The Dark Room long. But write it out in "our long lines, read it over, and it is lousy. As in the case of Fleeting Moments, the format is hardly worthy of the contents' damn. I mean that the content isn't worthy of the format. Browsing--Remains one of the most pleasant spots of the mailing. Is "The Intelligence Gigantic" the prozine story of around 1933? I don't remember it as booklength. I hope to have a page suitable for the bibliography in this issue of Horizons, and shall keep extra copies in reserve for when they're needed. Mention of "Terwyn Clitheroo" reminds me that Collins' "After Dark" is another false alarm; because Langley included it, I bought a copy and read it from beginning to end. Be ye hereby warned! Light--Still picking up and ought to be in the groove with another issue or two. The page on Canadian prozines is best, and the proposed index is worthy of publication. Unscientifacts

is excellent, also. The Works--DAW is ever six months behind the times in these latter days; "Sound the Charge, Fandom", would have come at the right time and provided badly needed support for the NFFF back in the winter. What's this, though, Doc, about the end of science fiction? First I'd heard about it! Johnny's lead article is mainly interesting for a couple of classic cracks which are presumably original, particularly "...it is entirely possible for a dripping water faucet to disguise itself as a biped." Toward Tomorrow--No room here for a point-by-point refutation of Tubby's derogatory remarks about fans. I'll content myself with saying that his attitude probably won't change until he gets away from Los Angeles, and that I'm happy to see someone else rooting for Youd's poetry. "Born on Earth" is one of the finest stories I've seen in a fanzine for a long while. "Superfluous" notable for the remark that "the negro will shine", and I'm glad to see someone take the trouble to dissect Shirley Chappner's sophomoric stuff. Fan Slants--A lot of us say

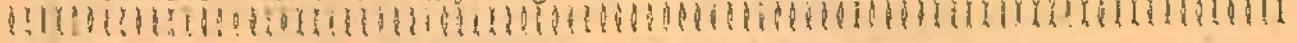
for the official editor. Outside of the explosive remarks about Gernsback, DAW's article is very valuable and seems remarkably unprejudiced. Me too, Fran, guys who collect with no intention of reading strike me as nuts. I'm currently buying faster than I can read, but the intention is there and I can catch up when the current run of good luck is exhausted. I doubt that there's much danger of the EAPA withering up fandom, as long as we have prizes for recruiting new blood. However, it's quite conceivable that the EAPA might cut loose its anchors with the rest of fandom, and drift down time independently, gradually becoming--its activities and members--a mere legend, a Hendrick Hudson, to regular fandom. Even more fascinating is the possibility that this has happened in the past and that a hundred or so of the supposedly inactive fans are even now in close communication and activity, so wrapped up in themselves that they can't be contacted! "Weird Music" stinks; have you ever actually heard that Walpurgis Night scene from Faust? It's never performed when the opera is presented in this country, and I doubt that it's available in recordings, because the music is hopelessly inadequate for the intentions of the librettist. The first few bars of Faust's song in praise of these unholy delights are identical with the beginning of "Home, Sweet Home", honest! I've always inked my mimeo from the outside, and think it's the better method for runs of fewer than 200 copies. Elmurrings--Agree that some common sense must be mixed into the interpretation of the increased activity requirements, if they've passed, as in the case of Wiedenbeck. Ephemeron--Congratulations! The EAPA Fan--I don't agree that putting the vice-president into the judge's seat was the wise move. I'd much rather see it a dummy office occupied ~~in~~ by people like Koenig or Swisher who wouldn't ordinarily care to officiate, but would be dependable in the emergency of vacation of one of the other three posts. It's hard enough to find three satisfactory officers each year, much less four, and would be far simpler to let the president do the ruling. Incidentally, the alertness for "constitutional snarls" of which DAW speaks consists of squawks registered a couple of years ago when a member sent two years' dues to the treasurer and when dues had to be raised to 50c. and DAW ~~missed~~ spotted a technicality in the vote which forced postponement of the raising for three months and cost the treasury a couple of dollars. Thos--Hoping Art's job lasts long enough to permit production of some big issues. La Vie Arisieme--Duly noted. EAPA Blotter--Works much better than sand. File Cards--Slow but sure! Walt's Ramblings--Poor Superfan; he can't even scoop fandom on the idea of using white ink! If I see another fanzine review of C. S. Lewis' books, until such time as he writes another one, I'll--well, I'll just I'll. Otherwise, a good issue. EAPA Poel Kitten--Excellent idea; another case of using common sense in activity requirements, if the time should come that Art could contribute only this to each mailing. Arcadia--Before we say nasty thing, gentlefen, let us consider what we should have undergone had not Bill been around to insert his comments! I do feel

very solemn and sorrowful toward Mangio, and hope that she has no further unhappy experiences. But after all, she probably brought it on herself. Fan-Tods-- Is there any scientific or cultural reason why the United States apparently does not have a really blue blue mimeograph ink? All that I've seen has a definite greenish cast, even unto that contained in Efty-Seven. In Australia, where blue seems to be more popular than black, it's a real blue. For Christmas, I'd dearly love an issue of Efty--out, superfluous f!--containing nothing but Norm writing in the vain of this issue's By-Ways; could do? The continuing sound and fury on a decimal system for fiction awes me more and more: to think that I started all this! My copy of "The Island of Captain Sparrow" has virtually no foreward; was one omitted from later editions? Milty's Mag--I think you'll find brown-nose as a verb in Studs Lonigan, though if memory serves, Farrell doesn't hyphenate. Fan-Dango--Word reaches me that Degler's expulsion resolution passed, so there's nothing to be said about the lead article in this issue, except that I'll have the faint satisfaction of being able to say I told you so, if the things that may result from setting up this precedent do result. I suggest that the simplest and more accurate method of estimating activity per mailing would be by weighing each mailing; while that wouldn't give any indication of quality of content, it would be more accurate than judging by titles, which method will be wrecked by the Degler contribution to the June mailing. The argument for liquor would hold up if only people who think this is a "hideous and hateful" world used it. Unfortunately, others do too. However, don't number me as a reformer, please! "I try to dispose the tall ones (books-) on a high shelf immediately beneath the low ones on a lower shelf." I'll believe it when I see it; fourth dimensional rotation, apparently! So Saari--Most promising newcomer to a mailing since Langley Searles' one-shot beauty. I pretty much agree with Ollie throughout, except when it comes to temponautics--it is a little long, but has an entirely different use from that of time travel. Emergency Flare--Who put it out? Obviously someone from California, but the initial or initials at the bottom are too cryptic. Venus-Con--Uncommentable. Banshee--Larry's efforts at putting out a general sort of publication are along the right line, for such are badly needed in the FAPA, but it's going to be a tough job after the material he has on hand is exhausted. I don't agree with Bill Ryder on the matter of write space, but second his motion for smaller and more frequent issues, am neutral on the cover question, and fear the small size format is too much work for the benefits resultant, though folded legal paper makes the ideal sized fanzine. "Alien" has never meant the appearance of a thing to me, but rather its origin or history regardless of what it looks like. Heck, a jar of Martian water will be alien, but not noticeably different from Mississippi juice unless it happens to be full of some kind of adult-erating element that colors it. "Robot's Soliloquy" mm I nominate as the best fan poem of 1944. Investigation in Newcastle: Wish I'd had the courage to publish it myself. The Stamp--I'm stumped for comment, since returns on the elections haven't reached me. The Reader and Collector--One of the very finest issues yet. Hodgson's works, however, are entirely unknown to me, and unavailable locally, so I'm at a loss to comment. Let's have more issues devoted to a single author. Eccentric's Orbit--My, what a brain trust there'd be in Washington now, if Spear hadn't gone to Africa! I like immensely the habit of most FAPA fans' introducing themselves briefly when they first become active; Fern, Keener, and Brown were just three names to me for a long while, but I'm gradually learning to tell them apart. Now that the NFFF is taking over part of the Fancylopedia responsibility, it's the logical group to do the work of keeping it up to date. I think the best plan would be appointment of one fan as coordinator, charged with bringing together necessary data from a half-dozen others who are authorities on different aspects of the fan front. Eddie Clinton's analysis was more enjoyable than the story itself, as I remember said story. The Phantagrah--Well, we can't accuse this fanzine of verbosity! The New Hieroglyph--Howard's poetry is much better than his prose, if I may judge from the very small amount I've read of the two. Blitherings--The comparison of plants and animals is something that hasn't been brought up before, anywhere, to prove this particular

point, far as I know. There must be a ~~part~~ ~~to~~ lose speed and gain speed, and to make things better, he even writes about stf on occasion. A Tale of the Evans--The rhyme about Debussy is nice, even if Debussy doesn't write with gay blue sea, which it doesn't. The co-operatives idea sounds good, but there's probably a difficulty somewhere, and I haven't the energy to read more about co-ops and try to figure out what keeps them from saving mankind immediately. MAPA Variety--Seems to have been the only postmailing this time, probably because the mailing was delayed even beyond the time for most such things. Presumably a lot of fans are getting their prozines and fanzines bound nowadays--Moskowitz and Wollheim, to name two besides Tucker, and Bob seems to have inspired various characters like Liebscher and Spencer to investigate the possibilities. My only regret is that Spaceways wasn't included in the photograph; now I'll probably never know just how "monstrous" a book it makes. There is the little question of what the bindery does when confronted with the postal-size publications that infest the MAPA, of course. Very astounding is the advertisement of the autographed Weinbaum Memorial Volume. Presumably it's signed by the author, who was dead some months before it appeared. Gift of a pack of stencils strikes me, too, as the most sensible award the MAPA could offer. Not that it really matters, but I have a book jacket oddity, too--the name Morley appears on it as the author of "Three Go Back", though Mitchell is credited properly in the volume itself.

The Cosmic Circle publications inspire me to start a new paragraph, but in no other manner.

Now to see whether everything can be stuffed back in the original envelope.

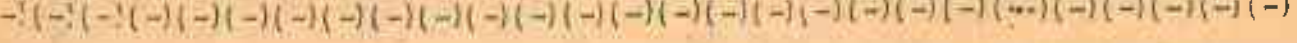


QUOTEWORTHY QUOTES

I'd thought all along that Jack Williamson and Ross Rocklynre were the first two people to use this idea, and what do I do but come across it in Balzac? To save myself the laborious process of stylussing in the accent marks, (and) will be utilized; don't pay any attention to anything but the top part of them, and the direction in which said top part heads. This is, incidentally, from "Le Succube", from the second dizaine of the Doll Tales.

"Par ainsy, ie veis comme ung brouillard les villes de la terre, cà, par un espécial dm, i'aperceus ung chascun couplé aveques ung démon femelle, et sacquebutant, engendrant en grant concupiscence tous criant mille paroles d'amour, exclamations de toute sorte, et tous unis, chevilles, triballant. Lors, ma cavale, a teste de Morisque, me monstra, volant tousious et galopant à travers les nuées, la terre couplée aveques le soleil, en une conjunction d' où scourdoyt ung germe d'estoilles; et là chaque monde femelle faisant la ioye aveques ung monde masle. Ains, au lieu de paroles comme en disent les créatures, les mondes suovant d'anan nos oraiges, lançoient des esclairs et crioyent des tonnerres. Puis, montant tousious, ie veis au-dessus des mondes la nature femelle de toutes chouses en amour aveques le prince du mouvement. ... Alors, le succube, me monstrant ceste grant tache d'estoilles qui se veoit ez cœulx, me dit ceste voye estre une goutte de semence céleste eschappée d'ung grant flux des mondes en coniunction."

I am tempted to add at this point an even more interesting passage which tells what a little boy glimpsed through the window of a house with red curtains where a man was being constructed, but I dare not risk it--Honig might decide that I'm a kindred soul to him.



This is one of those embarrassing spots which comes from not dummying. Naturally, leaving it blank would be the most logical thing to do, especially since Horizons is always lacking in white space, but I can leave no white space for the duration because I'm publishing on yellow paper, and who ever heard of a fanzine publishing achieving neat format through judicious use of yellow space?

Pfc. Paul H. Spencer: "I've spent the past two week-ends at Slan Shank.... " Slan Shack's physical appearance is worthy of comment. Beautiful originals are omnipresent, the richest catch being Walt's. Each room has a name over the door --more than one door entitling it to more than one name. Walt dwells in Chenti-clearing; Jack in Artesian Well; a closet is Stuff, another Abbatoir (which I mistook for what turned out to be the Control Room); the dining room is Royal Gorge; a bedroom has the twin titles of Playground and Rosebud Room; the kitchen is Nitrosyncretic Lab; Evans' room is Temple of the Ol' Foo; the living room is the Zoo; the front door opens on 'Civilization', and one door is disturbingly labelled We Never Found Out. (The attic, come to think of it, is Shottle Bop.) " Robinson, who professes a vast knowledge of the publishing business and did in fact give me some interesting data, declares that sales of ASF rose with the adoption of the large size, and he expects it to return to it after the war. Foo Foo grant that he be right!"

The "Bibliography"

That was an unfortunate term for the sort of thing J. Michael, and a few others including my humble self, have been planning, and a sample of which was to be found in the last Browsings and will be found on the reverse of this sheet of paper. The stencil is being preserved, and the additional hundred copies will be mimeographed on heavy white stock so soon as a distributor and such details are decided upon.

However, a few words of comment here might not be amiss. I have not used precisely the same form at the top as Michael did in Browsings: price of any but recent books is practically impossible to discover, and if the individual wants to include the information, he can stick it among the "Further information" part. The "Appeared in magazine form" is necessary, I think, seeing as how so many books are originally printed in some periodical, and since FPM is now reprinting. Plenty of space is left for "editions"; such information is seldom available to the person making the review, and will have to be filled in gradually as it comes to light; similarly, there ought to be space for filling in any extra publishers who put out later or earlier editions than the one presently at hand. And the "Ch" at the bottom right is merely for convenience, in the event that we ever get a couple of hundred of these together; a sort of thumbnail index, don't y'know.

Now, I'm rather disappointed that there has been so little interest in the idea on this side of the Atlantic. There does seem to be a feeling that it's a lot of unnecessary work. But let me point out that fanzines constantly publish reviews, many of them running about one page in length; it's only a moment's extra labor to fix them up in this manner, and if the editor and publisher didn't care to make up the extra copies, he could at least mail the stencil to someone else willing to do the job. With fanzines now appearing so prolifically--200 this year, Tucker estimates--in the subscription field, we ought to be able to get at least a hundred pages annually from that source; in the ZAPA, with such people as Liebscher, Koenig, and Searles ardent book hounds, possibilities are even greater.

One more thing I'd like to point out: the fact that a book has already been reviewed in this manner won't prohibit someone else from doing the same thing in his own style with his own opinions. The ideal "bibliography" of this sort would be constantly changing in content; when a better review of a particular volume appeared, the inferior could be discarded, or comple'tests could retain both.

So, now we need two things: a really satisfactory name for the project, and someone to be editor-distributor, preferably on this side of the Atlantic where paper and such materials are more plentiful. Over and above that, we need a lot of reviews; let's have a half-dozen, at the very least, in the coming mailing.

Incidentally, whether the rest of youse cooperate or not, you'll see one of these in every issue of Horizons for the next few years.

Type: _____ Author: Chambers, Robert W.
Class: _____ Pseudonym:
Code: _____ Title: "The King in Yellow"
Size: (June, 1902) 274 octavo pages. Subtitle:
Publishers: Harper & Brothers, New York and London

Editions: "Copyright, 1895, by F. Tennyson Neely; Copyright, 1902, by Robert W. Chambers.....Published June, 1902."

Appeared in magazine form:

Further information:

Review published in Horizons, vol. 6, no. 1, September, 1944, page 8. H. Warner, Jr.

"The King in Yellow" contains nine stories, or more strictly speaking eight short stories and a small collection of "fragments", not all ~~man~~ of them fantasy, most of them loosely bound together by cross-references and a mention of an unspeakably terrible play, "The King in Yellow", which holds the same position in these stories as the "Necronomicon" in the writings of H. P. Lovecraft. Two of the stories have the play as their central theme; in others it is only briefly mentioned or does not appear at all. Occasionally there is a quotation, always from the less horrible first act of the drama: "Stranger: I wear no mask. Camilla (terrified, aside to Cassilda). No mask? No mask!"

First, and perhaps most fantastic of the tales, is "The Repairer of Reputations", set two decades ahead of the writing time of the book, and presumably the story of a madman who, the reader uneasily senses at the very end, might possibly be sane. In it, the narrator believes himself coming king of "The Yellow Sign, which no human being dared disregard. The city, the State, the whole land, were ready to rise and tremble before the Pallid Mask." Finest of the nine stories, however, is the next--"The Mask", full of the Parisian artist life which Chambers excelled in describing. "The Yellow Sign," on the other hand, is a slightly conventional horror story, distinguished by the influence of "The King in Yellow" upon the victim. "The Demoiselle D'Ys", entirely free from the terrible play, is out-and-out fantasy of a man transported into the fourteenth century.

"The Prophet's Paradise" consists of eight, brief word-poems, sometimes clearly and beautifully symbolic, occasionally utterly nightmarish in quality and enigma.

The remaining four stories are unconnected with the first half of the book, and lacking in fantasy. Titles, for the sake of completeness and reference, are "The Street of the Four Winds," "The Street of the First Shell," "The Street of Our Lady of the Fields", and "Rue Barrée".

Although magnified absurdly beyond its real worth through overenthusiastic fanzine reviews, and not nearly so rare a book as prices paid would indicate, "The King in Yellow" is important both as fantasy itself, and for its influence on a whole generation of authors of fantasy in general, and the Lovecraft mythos in particular. Chambers' style is scrupulously polished, almost always restrained and lacking in lavish adjectival strokes, relying more upon innuendo and hints to the reader on the terrible "King in Yellow". The four fantasies and "The Prophets' Paradise", it should be noted, are related in the first person, while the other more mundane stories are told in the impersonal third person.

--Harry Warner, Jr.

Personal addenda:

Ch

In Praise of Efficiency

Like unto many another fan, I have never been noted for careful ordering of my fanish affairs, careful filing of my effects, or systematic placing of things in such places as they might conceivably be remembered as being in which. Now, however, things are different. I cannot say to have seen The Light, but can recommend this business of efficiency in handling of fan affairs, to such of you as may not already utilize it and have opportunity so to do.

It all started one rainy Saturday afternoon when I was trying to find room in my desk drawers--of which there are eight small ones--for something or other. After unsuccessful attempts, I came to the conclusion that (a) no space existed, anywhere, and (b) the thing I wanted to put away would be better off discarded, and would certainly be taking up space that would be better used for more important, desirable to have at hand, things.

That got me thinking. What was the use of having this nice desk, anyway, with the top so cluttered that ten minutes' rearrangement was necessary to find room to blot a signature, and the drawers full of impedimenta never touched? In the drawers, for instance, was a complete file of Spaceways and Horizons, from beginning to date, representing the only thing left me of thousands of hours of hard work, but not touched oftener than once every four months. They could go to my closet--and did, except the last couple of Horizons. Then the tremendous pile of carbon copies of my fanzine writings--they could be burned, being no longer useful. (They haven't been, to date.) Worst of all was one drawer which had served as catchall for the last five years, and most of the contents of which were hopelessly dyed by some stray hekto carbons of practically prehistoric vintage.

Gritting determinedly the teeth, I plunged in. After about ten hours of labor over a period of several weeks, I'm now in a position to compare my affairs favorably with those of a Washington bureaucrat. One desk drawer contains unanswered correspondence and unread fanzines; another the answered mail and read magazines. A third holds stationery and scratch paper supplies, the fourth the multitudinous pencils, paper clips, gum bands, blotters, ink, gummed paper, rulers, and such stuff which must be instantly available at all times. Fan matters needed for reference or foreseeable use have another drawer--contents include a folder which holds notes for coming issues of Horizons, the last few issues, the completed part of the Searles Bibliography, any stencils that may be on hand, fan photos, and so forth; there will go such things as the Daugherty fan directory. One drawer serves to hold music matters, another stuff connected with my work, and the last one works admirably in the function that all eight did a month ago--as catchall for clippings, odd magazines, and similar stuff.

I even managed to clean out the little metal filing case, a 'birthday present years ago, that housed for years manuscripts for Spaceways. Those mss., the dummies for all 30 issues, subscription lists, and other related matters, are all bound up, awaiting either microfilming or transferral to The Foundation. So far, however, I haven't decided what new use is the destiny of the filing case.

Net result: I find myself saving at least an hour's time a week, and a lot of bothersome steps around the house and desperate searching for stuff that ought to be where it isn't. If you've prided yourself on the disarray of your stuff, the way I long did, I recommend investigation of the possibilities of re-ordering these matters.

My own next move will be toward my books, transferring from the cupboard where many of the best ones now are stacked to the bookcase those I read oftenest and want on visual display, and packing away juvenile volumes those that have outlived their usefulness. In particular, I want to get my fantasy volumes separate from the others, though this can never be done in the ideal way; I refuse to break my 26 volumes of Mark Twain, for instance, just because of "The Mysterious Stranger". Logically, an attack on the correspondence files should follow, then an ordering of prozines including a cataloging of what I need.

Over my fanzine collection, I can only weep bitterly. Horrelous, stark chaos.

--Digressing from usual policy to devote a page to some books about, not of, music

For a long time, I was quite certain that Hagerstown and surroundings had no resident with any sense of musical values, this impression having come from the worth of music teachers' recitals, the programs of the local music club, and such other musical evidences as originate in a small town like this one. However, I was wrong--an anonymous donor presented the local library with a complete set of Tovey's "Essays in Musical Analysis".

Now, to begin with, this set of six volumes has one distinction--the author could not conceivably have chosen a more horrible title. I was scared away for some weeks, myself. But when I finally gathered myself together and opened the books, I found them to be the most fascinating and easy reading imaginable--although very, very learned and sound.

Sir Francis Donald Tovey, the author, died a year ~~more~~ or two ago; he had been called the man who knew more about music than any other single person in the world. These "Essays" consist mostly of his program notes for the concerts of a symphony orchestra in Scotland, complete with copious thematic quotations, plus many additional comments which the taboos of writing program notes kept out of their original form. For the program annotator, iron-clad tradition has it, must always be neutral or favorably inclined toward the work in question in his notes. While Tovey includes in these books only analyses of works he considers great, he adds herein his complete, nothing-but-the-truth opinions on their less satisfactory features.

The contents of the six books cover most of the modern American symphonic orchestra's repertoire, with the ~~innumerable~~ inevitable exception of some compositions occasionally unearthed by enterprising conductors, and the inevitable premieres that cause a great stew between October and April and are never again heard or heard of. In addition, Tovey lamentably takes up quite a bit of space on works that are popular in England, particularly those by Sir Edward Elgar, but unknown to this country.

If you are looking for books that go a little farther and a little deeper than the sort of thing Sigmund Spaeth writes in his Modern Library volume on Symphonic music, these are the ones for you. If you already have some knowledge of the works, you'll get even more pleasure out of Tovey--after all, it's much more fun to hear the latest gossip about a friend, and scandal about a stranger is never too intriguing.

While not exactly a crusader, the author did have some pet ideas and some very firm opinions. His words on the popular practice of excerptizing Wagner ought to be printed in letters of fire on every Wagnerian score, while his analysis of the concerto form is the only valid one in the English language; he removes the false impressions about this musical hybrid that have caused musicians and public to scratch heads over the fact that none of the classic concertos are written in the textbooks' classic concerto style. His analyses of the symphonies, overtures, and concertos of Brahms are enough to convert the most stubborn shouter of "Mathematician!", even if the reader doesn't agree that the "Tragic" overture is good music for "Hamlet".

Tovey doesn't exactly confine himself to writing about music. In the middle of any given dissertation, he goes off into a discussion of the German verb, "waken", as applied to heavenly bodies; a certain remarkable short story of Jules Verne; the spot where Byron used "lay" instead of "lie"; or a lament on how British sand is very often adulterated with spinach.

The beautifully bound books, thorough indexed, are published by the Oxford University Press and probably cost more than any RAPA member can afford. But any good library has a set, and if you live near such an institution, you'll do well to look them up.

Which leaves just room to commend Erich Korngold's incidental music to the movie version of "Outward Bound".

Since inscribing the preceding, I have received two items which are either post- or pre-mailings; fan historians will doubtless be arguing over the matter of which mailing The EAPA Bulletin belongs to for the next three or four generations. Said EAPA Bulletin is very encouraging indication that Larry is taking his job and responsibilities seriously, and not, as I'd feared, letting a little thing like college interfere with his duties. This attitude, which the Futurians would probably call dynamic, is very sorely needed just now, especially when it comes to discussing the actions of Walter J. Daugherty, as applied to both the EAPA and the NFFF.

Which brings us naturally to the new edition of the Directory of Fandom. It is a vast improvement over the original attempt, and if Walter J. used his own money in production, I can say little harsh. (If he used NFFF funds, on the other hand, I want to start kicking at the earliest possible opportunity.) The only trouble is, there are the same old names of fans of whom no one has ever heard, and people who certainly are not fans like Matthew Hurley and who might be alienated from fandom completely by the stuff they'll receive through their name appearing here in. And once again, the addresses are in many cases hopelessly antiquated; it'll never be safe to use the directory without checking it against some other source of information. Worst of all is the way service fans are handled. Many of them have home addresses included which are no longer valid because their parents or ~~fan~~ relatives have moved. The only logical method would have been that of listing their names in the general section, leaving the following two lines blank, which would have violated no address-publishing regulations, and left users of the Directory free to fill in current addresses as he ran across them in correspondence or other fanzines.

My estimation of Walt would go up half a dozen points if he'd prepare a really thorough list of corrections, and mail it to all who received the original work, in order that changes might be pencilled in the proper places. I'd be glad to help the project to the extent of at least thirty more recent addresses and correct spellings of names.

I had hoped to fill these last two pages with some sort of feature article, but Larry's grim and welcome warning that the deadline will be observed makes it necessary to get a move on and complete the issue but quick. Therefore, it'll be mere chattering.

One chattering point would be in defense of the stories of Ray Bradbury, at whom a number of fans have been pointing the finger of ridicule because of his harping on children, and particular small boys, in the stories he's selling with such regularity. Sour grapes, and nothing more, seems responsible for most of these wisecracks. Me, I haven't read all of Bradbury's published stories, but of those I've gone over, have yet to find one that wasn't considerably above the level of today's average magazine fiction, and one of them--about a reaper, in Weird Tales possibly eighteen months ago--was genuinely great.

The fact is, Ray is doing the very wise thing of finding a good type and making that peculiarly his own. The use of children in weird and fantasy fiction has been very limited; Lewis Carroll's "Alice", "Mimsy Were the Borogoves", "The Turn of the Screw", and a little short story in Unknown about a small boy who exorcised a devil by means of holy water in his squirtgun, are the only successful cases I can recall. In my book, Ray Bradbury is the finest writer yet to come out of fandom. (This, naturally, does not include men who had some interest in fandom at one time, but were primarily authors, like John W. Campbell, Jr. Ray is a Native Son.)

The year 1944 ought to become known in fanonals as Suggestion Twelvemonth. For we've had a powerfully long series of suggested projects for fandom, some of them big enough to occupy dozens of hard-working fans for years, like the Great Bib that Anthony Boucher, I believed, proposed in a recent Shangri-L'Affaires. The odd part about it is that all this has come about purely voluntarily, whereas

months and months of strenuous work by the old NFFF Planning Committee never got any suggestions even as far as a fanzine's pages.

Obviously, the NFFF can't possibly be sponsoring a Fancyclopedia, Directory of Fandom, Great Bib microfilming, Perdue's history of the future, Rosenblum's organized system of book reviewing, the Swisher check-list, and a dozen things of similar scope, all to the oncost. Which means that there is really nothing to prevent you or me from ground breaking on these things, until such time as they can be taken up in an orderly way.

That Great Bib, for instance. We have no coordinator, no plan of action, not even a systematic idea of what we want in this line. But if some of us, for instance, should feel in the mood, we could very profitably spend some time going over our own particular fields of interest, noting down the most vital facts on white paper, and putting said white paper where we can find it again if need arises. If I don't happen to have any particular field of knowledge about a certain author or magazine, I could still do a lot of valuable pioneer work by extracting all pertinent facts from my fanzine files. Some of them, like the otherwise excellent Stardust, would contain little or nothing of this sort of value; The Reader & Collector, on the other hand, has had an immense quantity of Bib-worthy material in almost every issue. With activity of this sort going on for a year or two, a good start would already have been made on the project by the time the NFFF disposed of more pressing matters and turned attention to it.

The chronology of tomorrow might very well be worked on more intensively, and be published in a slightly more practical form than the printed card system, which is theoretically swell but apt to prove rather slow work. I'm pretty sure Elmer would give any RAPA member the chance to use his research work, and mimeograph the facts, as many pages per year as needed. The sheets wouldn't be stapled, and new ones could be inserted in the proper place as further research divulged new facts.

All of which will tend to help the NFFF, too; there's no telling when we'd get the Fancyclopedia done if the preliminary work hadn't already been done by Speer. Until such time as the organization is very large, rich, and strong, it will be easier to coordinate and complete work on which a start has been made than to work from scratch--and final results might prove better, too.

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Walt Liebscher and some other bibliofans don't hesitate to talk about borderline stuff, or even volumes they frankly admit aren't fantasy. Which leads me to inquire ~~mann~~ why the "Winter's Tales" by Dineson--I hope the name is spelled right, but it's a pseudonym and so doesn't matter--didn't get any recognition in fandom. Only a couple are fantasy, strictly speaking, but all of them have a sort of other-world quality, and are aided immensely by the magnificent illustrations that appear in the original illustrations--damme, edition. The same author, I note, has a book in the Modern Library edition, "Gothic Tales", which isn't available in the local library. Does anyone know whether it's worth buying?

Reprinting of "Rebirth" is the best news in months. It's probably the first case of a prozine story being reprinted on the basis of the story itself, instead of its author's fame. For a long time, that was my favorite of all stf. yarns, although I think I know better today, and even at this late date, the thought of ten thousand words of previously unpublished text sets the arteries to quivering, or whatever arteries are supposed to do. As long as the two-bits edition publishers are turning to stf., they ought to take up this marvellous opportunity presented by Laurence Manning's Stranger Club stories. A collection of them would make a real book!

Very interesting, incidentally, is the way two publishers openly call "Rebirth" and "escape" novel on the cover blurb. It's an excellent indication of the changing trend of thought and opinion in this country; "escape" literature two years ago was frowned upon almost as much as people who didn't believe in peace-time conscription.

May Larry's intentions to get the mailings out on time be crowned with bliss!