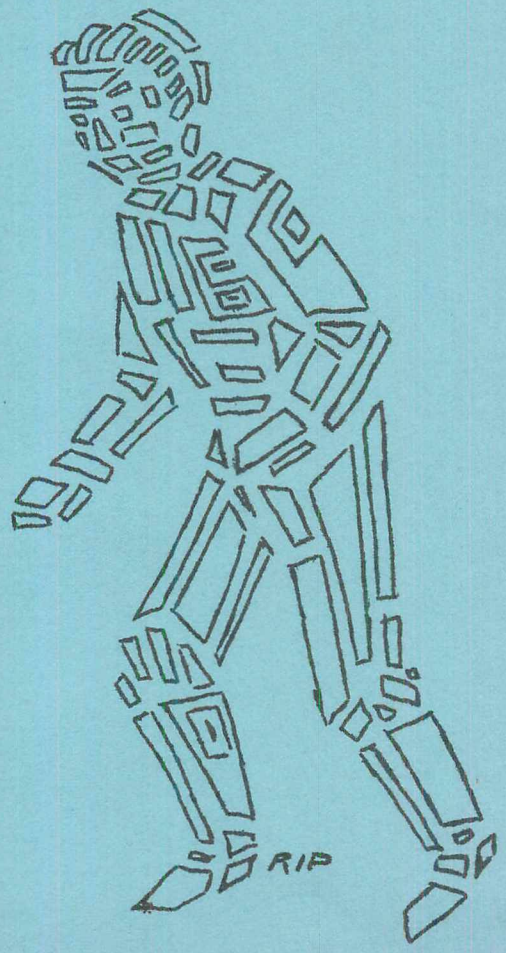


# HORIZONS







I couldn't understand why I was dawdling so badly over the task of stenciling this issue of Horizons, until I noticed that it is whole number 100. I think that I have every right to feel tired. The next time I reach the 100th issue of a FAPA publication, I'll celebrate with a super de luxe giant hundredversary issue. Almost overlooked in the sensation involving the whole number are the additional facts that this is FAPA number 94, volume 26, number 1, the November, 1964 issue. (It is also probably the 101st issue, but I never have gotten around to searching out the discrepancy in the numbering.) Harry Warner, Jr., 423 Summit Avenue, Hagerstown, Maryland, 21740, cuts the stencils and looks for someone like Dick Eney to do the hard work involved in publishing.

### In the Beginning

The Fantasy Amateur: It's unrealistic to the facts of life to attempt to keep track of activity credits for individuals in dual memberships. Nobody can be sure who does the publishing and I'm quite sure that most individuals involved in dual memberships are capable of imitating the spouse's writing style well enough to fool the secretary-treasurer. And if we do our best to keep track and this results in dropping half of a dual membership, what practical effect would this have on the membership or the organization? The individual who gets omitted from the membership roster can still contribute via the spouse's publishing, or do the publishing for his writing, as before. It's just more work for an officer and a potential source of arguments, to keep up this pretense. Ankus: Publishing lists of fans' telephone numbers could backfire. Suppose two or three drunken fans in the early morning hours decide to have some merriment and proceed to rouse fannish households all over the nation by direct dialing of all these numbers, but hanging up before the sleepy household has aroused enough to answer the telephone. It would not cost a cent and might worsen the condition of a sick child. Cadenza: So many Dr. Keller contributions to fanzines have been obvious rejects from his fiction files, and this has probably caused him to be overlooked as an individual who writes for fanzines. But I believe that his non-fiction output for fanzines could be collected into an interesting publication of 60 pages or so by some fan who is looking for a way to use up a lot of time and this would make a very old man extremely happy. From the fiction standpoint, I believe that Keller's tragedy was his failure to find a strong agent or editor who would impel him to stop doing certain things clumsily. Nobody who has written frequently for the prozines does things so superlatively and so terribly within the same story. Kteic Magazine: All those statistics about the immensity and complexity of aircraft carriers fail to make the impression on me that comes from Rotsler's casual mention of the fact that the admiral needs two cars to get around it. But almost every page of this travelog contains some equal felicity that should make it the best single issue of any FAPA publication in 1964. It's encouraging in particular to find someone reacting to Washington and Baltimore as I do, without the long-ago events as a factor that could possibly influence me to detest one and like the other city. It would be a shame if a worldcon went to Baltimore just because of The Block. There is no other imaginable reason why anyone not wearing legirons and handcuffs should enter the city, and I must point out that the forces of sweetness and light may close down that part of the city any year now. Horizons: I intended to put another Theodor Storm translation into this issue. But I felt remorse over the fact that I sort of cheated in the last issue, occupying most of

it with material that was not written for FAPA originally. Next time, probably, a long Storm translation. Why Not: My knowledge of art hasn't extended far enough to understand why anyone worries about the question of whether a painting is genuine or a forgery. It sounds Babbitish to ask the obvious question, but why not? If human eyes and human judgment can't detect anything in the painting to prove it was not done by a master, where is the justification for resorting to X-rays and chemical analysis of pigments and so on? Music is an art in which inanities are numerous, but at least it doesn't put much value on authenticity. Pergolesi, for instance, is one great composer who apparently didn't write any music at all, yet the dozens of works listed under his name and known to be the work of minor masters continue to be performed and enjoyed. Sometimes I suspect that somewhere in Italy there is a concerto factory, devoted to the business of creating music that will be listed in programs under the name of an entirely mythical man named Vivaldi, but I find as much delight in all the latest Vivaldi works as if I still believed that anyone could have turned out so much music for so many combinations of instruments. Godot: I plan to say nothing more on the Breen situation unless developments force my fingers. But I think I can agree without breaking my resolution with Mike Deckinger's dissatisfaction with the Speer poll. The use of "charges" was particularly ambiguous: Breen has been charged with nothing in the eyes of the law and he has been charged with everything except the disappearance of the Marie Celeste in one fanzine or another. Celephais: I also feel that we would do well to retain the "blackball" provision in the constitution as it is. The recent experience demonstrates that its misuse is not permanently damaging to the individual or to the organization. Amperсанд: Then there were the cigarette machines for people who didn't even want to pay a dime for a pack of cigarettes during the depression. A cigarette machine in those years was not a vending device that provided a pack of cigarettes for coins, but a genuine cigarette machine that created cigarettes one at a time in return for a deposit of loose tobacco, paper, and a soupçon of spit. You nestled a cigarette paper into a little groove at one end, poured in some tobacco, smoothed and evened the tobacco, moistened the proper section of the paper, then turned a crank and a cloth cover writhed and stretched and from the other end came a cigarette that with a bit of care would not fall apart until it was halfway to your lips. The Persian Slipper: Shucks, Pennsylvania sets up road blocks and stops every car to see that all is well with driver's license, registration card and license tags. I should think that doing it for only every tenth car would cause drivers to switch tags and leave home registration cards deliberately, for the sake of their gambling instincts. '' Now that another male fan has had the courage to speak up about the merchandise that may be bought in ladies' restrooms, I suppose it's safe to wonder if a partial breakdown in segregation by sex in restrooms is progressive or decadent. Where I work, most of the toilet facilities are small ones with one-person capacity and lockable doors. So the men slip into the women's room and vice versa during rush hours. Minimac: The attrition of my hermit nature has been halted, at least temporarily. Last year, I got to Lebanon, Pa., slightly more than 100 miles from Hagerstown. During 1964, I've not gone further than the 70-mile trip to Washington. The situation could change if I get a long weekend at the time of the Phillycon. '' The Polaroid people will undoubtedly think about this pornography matter and will build safety devices into their cameras any year now. If the warnings of the segregationists come true, in a few more decades the problem could be solved by causing too great an area of the uniform col-



or of flesh to cause fogging of the entire section of film exposed. But for the present, a thermocoupling device will undoubtedly be hooked up with the viewfinder. It will be operative only at times when a major portion of the substance viewed radiates heat at approximately 98 degrees, and it will lock the shutter release. The Phineas Pinkham Pallograph: I don't know what Stevenson may be doing now. But I'm still in touch occasionally with Don Thompson and Paul Spencer. Thompson is still working for the government, now stationed in Texas, triumphantly adhering to his bachelorhood principles, reading little science fiction, possessing no interest in fandom, and devoted to bowling despite continuing foot trouble. Spencer is a happy and prosperous family man with an excellent job at Prentice-Hall, no time to spare on fandom, but constantly fearing that he'll be sucked back into the field despite himself. He visited Gerry de la Ree recently and finding it furnished with almost nothing but books and original illustrations re-awoke old instincts for Spencer. He is the only person in the world who admires the music of Richard Strauss more than I do. The BNF of Iz: It is somehow touching, that these pages that lay unstapled so long should have lost their staples after only two or three minutes of handling. I didn't have the heart to restaple. I enjoyed reading it, but more for the sake of catching the references to fannish matters than for the proper reasons. I've never read any of the Baum books, so a parody could neither delight nor scandalize me as it must do to the devoted Oz fans. Lighthouse: Just when I was depressed about the uniformity throughout the nation, I run across an encouraging item like Metzger's description of the auto graveyards of Oklahoma. Their fences awaken my sense of wonder because there has been a legal battle lasting a couple of years locally over the failure of the junk dealers to put fences around their yards. The county tried to require fencing to prevent the rusting machinery from sticking out of the countryside so jarringly. The dealers finally got circuit court to rule the ordinance unconstitutional, on the grounds that a fence would be an unreasonable expense. Now the county is attempting to enforce a requirement to put fast-growing shrubbery around the vehicles. ' ' Pete Graham, you got your wish about the format of Horizons without the year's wait that an Astounding reader endured before he got the issue just as he'd imagined it. ' ' Vox is a first-rate record line. The "cheapness" comes from several factors. The firm is using large remainder houses to merchandise lots of its discs. There is no reliance on the big name artists who help to keep up the prices of records by larger manufacturers. And Vox has been issuing lots of sets in which the packaging is spartan, permitting a lower list price than usual. ' ' Newspaper lines that are partly empty on the right side come from hurrying workers. There are several possible causes. One long story has been divided into a half-dozen or so sections of equal length which are set by a half-dozen linotype operators or tape perforators, to save time, and there was no paragraph end at a suitable place for one of the cutting points. Or a reporter was interrupted while writing his story and the completed part went to the composing room to get that much into type, even though it ended in mid-sentence. Or there was a major typographical error near the beginning of a paragraph consisting of the omission of several words or repetition of a phrase, the correction would involve resetting the entire paragraph, and the correcting was done to salvage the non-erroneous sections. ' ' I have never played in an orchestra of more than 75 members and have never played anything but woodwind instruments, but I never experienced the least difficulty hearing my own sound. But on the major point of Walter's article: I think that great music is tough and

that it suffers little from performances by inadequate musicians, arrangements for radically different instrumentation, and so on. I don't see any point in efforts to rediscover lost secrets of performance techniques that may have existed in the old days, or slavish insistence on the use of obsolete instruments. If Ward Swingle causes some more people to get acquainted with Bach, fine, but I don't believe that he is committing sacrilege or making it possible for the public to grasp the true worth of Bach for the first time. (This is where I find jazz so vulnerable: almost everyone, hater or lover of jazz, agrees that it requires expert performance to be enjoyable.) '' That story cited as a classic example of amateur fiction at its worst sounds very much like one that won lots of praise and anthology appearances a few years ago. I forget the title and author. It concerned a captive in a specially constructed prison on a distant planet, and his escape at the end by flying away. I didn't think it a bad story but I did think it was only the start of a story, not a story in itself. Sercon's Bane: The ironic thing about the fan who was really chased out of fandom may not be known to Tucker. The fan in question is now struggling without much success to prevent his own son from becoming an all-out fan. The father sent the boy to an expensive military school, in an effort to keep him too busy to think about fandom, and before a month of classes had gone, a fairly large fanzine came scooting out of that military academy. A Propos de Rien: Let the Caughrans' unhappy experience serve as warning to all fans: please try to forewarn me by telephone or postcard, if you are going to come through Hagerstown and want to make connections. My working hours are so broken and sprawl over such a large part of the day, my whereabouts are so completely unknown even to people at the office when I'm on duty, the house is so empty when I'm not home, that it is very difficult to set up a pleasant chat by trusting to luck. I can usually rearrange my duties if there is some time to work out such things. Damballa: Now it starts. This is the first large batch of additional information I've seen about a fan history topic already covered in a completed part of my manuscript. This produces a frantic desire to rewrite part of a chapter to utilize the new knowledge. Presumably, I shall resist the urge, in the knowledge that the same tantalizing event will recur time after time, and the manuscript will never be complete if I slow down the writing of it to tinker with sections already done. '' Zimmerrein means literally roompure and it is used for the concept of housebroken. But when I referred to my delight in the term in a German fanzine, the editor changed it to stubenrein. Stuben is a synonym for zimmer. Maybe stubenrein is the more modern term. I first encountered zimmerrein in Rosenkavalier, where a dealer in dogs advertises that skill in a puppy while the orchestra tells us he's lying by making a tinkling little noise. '' For my particular set of human limitations, it would be necessary to put out the shadow mailing at the same time as the regular mailing, to guarantee mailing comments from me. When the shadow mailing comes later or earlier, I never manage to keep it with the regular mailing and forget to dig it out when I'm stenciling comments. Moonshine: A market price is not always a fair price when the government buys up property. Time after time, the land acquisition for interstate highway construction causes financial tragedy. Middle-aged or elderly persons on a small farm or just a rural home are in the path of the road and get the going market price. But the shock of uprooting from the property they'd owned for decades causes someone to become physically incapacitated. Or no house is for sale equally close to relatives who were able to look after the transplanted elderly folks. Or the couple who were happy with their third-rate house because it was



home find every other house in the same price range impossibly shabby and smallish, and won't be happy with anything costing six or eight thousand more than the price they received. I've had to attend many condemnation hearings lately and they shake me up much more severely than the average manslaughter trial or serious automobile accident. 'I also think I've outgrown playing games. I can imagine myself doing it to kill lots of time with nobody around capable of carrying on a good conversation, no typewriter available, and no interesting reading matter. But in general, playing cards is almost as bad as listening to someone describe his latest golf-playing experiences. RPM: This is cheating, to put into mailing comments an irrelevant explanation. But it has occurred to me that some FAPA members may wonder about Norm, me, and the fan history manuscript. To prevent any suspicions of a big fuss in the making, doubledealing on my part, or worse, I'd like to tell the history's history in very brief form: In the fall of 1963, I began to send the first completed sections of the manuscript to Norm for publication. He didn't acknowledge receipt of them until I prodded hard and to this day hasn't said if he likes what he's seen. I began to hear many reports on his unlikelihood as a fanzine publisher in the future, he told at least one fan that he wasn't going to do any more publishing, and some time in the spring I began to ask if he intended to publish any of the history. I got no answer of any kind. Finally I told him that I was withdrawing the history from his hands if he didn't tell me his intentions promptly and get some of it into general circulation by June. Still no reply of any kind. Around the start of July, I told him that he had failed to publish, to answer my letters, or to meet my conditions and the history was withdrawn and please return the manuscript. Weeks later I got a brief letter saying that I was too late, he had published an issue of New Frontiers, didn't intend to waste the stencils on which he'd put the history, and he wasn't going to return the manuscript because it was packed away. I don't intend to make a big thing over all this. I have carbon copies of the chapters that he refuses to give up and he won't get any more manuscript. Advent will publish the whole thing, in two volumes, if present plans succeed. The manuscript for the first volume is perhaps two-thirds complete, and I have hopes of finishing the other volume by the middle of 1965. Day\*Star: It's good to see Marion writing so freely and cheerfully about her girlhood. The resentment and anger that used to boil up whenever she mentioned that past period of her life seem to have melted away wonderfully. 'Driving after dark is absolute hell to me, even when I'm in a trustworthy car, the weather is good and the roads are familiar. This description of the New Mexico adventure frightens me dreadfully. 'I understand that airliners are now prepared to show television to the captive audiences, although I don't understand how they manage to avoid switching channels every ten minutes or so. 'Alban Berg was asked what Bach would do today and replied that he would be blacklisted as a Red. I'm sure that I can't imagine a Bach lasting more than two weeks around the committees and choirs of modern churches. Self-Preservation: Every time I hear about something like the non-existent kitchen floor, it removes my scanty stock of faith in old craftsmen by several more degrees. The local school system is putting a big addition on one of its oldest buildings. The workmen discovered almost by accident that there were no footings or foundation on one side of this old structure. There were just a lot of stones that were doing a fairly good job of propping up that side of the walls. Apercu: I know that all the archeologists, musicologists, philologists, historians, and other experts tell us that the Greeks and oth-

ers of B.C. days had no harmony in their music. I refuse to believe this. Wherever and whenever we know by pictures that a culture used a multi-string instrument, I'm convinced that some sort of harmony would inevitably follow: if the harmonic nature of the music did not compel the perfection of the many-stringed instruments, I think that the creation of such instruments would create harmony. As for all this fuss about modal influences, I think that this is just another critics' cliché, dusted off wherever a composer has flatted a leading tone or raised a fourth tone in an otherwise major scale in a melody. '' The only justification that I can imagine for these claims that some keys are brighter or darker than others might involve the hollow sound that comes when stringed instruments are bowed on an open string. This could cause some composers to feel that keys like D minor and G major have a different sound in orchestral music (and the ease of writing double and triple stops for the strings in such keys might also be a factor in making certain keys sound fuller and more solid than others). '' The critic who found inner voices in a piano selection written in octaves was talking of a Chopin sonata finale that goes extremely fast, almost all of it consisting of short diatonic scale passages or broken arpeggios on common chords. The whole thing goes like lightning and sounds blurred, and I challenge even the worst playback equipment to have time to create fake inner voices, and there are no independent-motion inner voices written in broken form as in lots of Bach. The Vinegar Worm: I believe that the brand new folk songs deserve that name as fully as the ones that are excavated from the hillfolks by research men. I don't believe in this mysterious spontaneous generation theory of the folksong. I believe that all folksongs are direct descendants of commercial songs and the differences found in the folk songs are the result of poor memories, not a divinely guided refining process. '' Erik Fenel does or did indeed exist. I had some correspondence with him perhaps 15 years ago. He was living in Hawaii and making his living out of free lancing, despite the rarity of his sales to the prozines publishing science fiction. Phantasy Press: For an hour or so last Saturday, I feared that Dan would never speak to me again, because a Hagerstown man almost destroyed the Oklahoma football team. He was Phil Petre, the sophomore quarterback who played most of the game after the star signal caller was injured and nearly pulled out a victory. I saw a lot of him when he was playing high school football and basketball here, and he might get a lot of national attention if he's as far ahead of most collegians now as he was superior to most high school kids then. As far as I have been able to determine, he is the first Marylander who has ever played football for the University of Maryland. Sambo: Many of the elephant jokes were new to Hagerstown and have caused much happiness among the simpler souls thanks to my propagation of them. I hope that your publication of them doesn't prove as disastrous as the last time a FAPA member ran several pages of jokes. '' Somehow, I feel that guided use of leisure time is worse paternalism than anything else government threatens to provide. I grumble at the thought that I am not allowed to reach old age without the certainty of social security payments but I will refuse to cooperate if any authority tries to guide my loafing hours. Jesus Bug: One of my pet delusions is that most accidents occur when two reckless, drunk, unconscious, or otherwise inferior drivers are involved and that a skillful, alert driver can usually avoid a crash. Obviously there are frequent exceptions, but I believe that in most accident the innocent party could have avoided the crash. '' Besides marveling at the way names survive unchanged, it's instructive to watch other names undergoing weird changes. This area is overrun by people



named Keedy. They were badly shaken a few years back, when someone deduced that their common ancestor was a German named Gütig. The name may have changed when a careless clerk tried to write the name as he heard it or it could have been a deliberate change when he found English the predominant language around here. ' ' With George Metzger in Oklahoma, I've done my best to visualize the kind of a one-shot that he and Dan McPhail would put out together. My imagination isn't that good. ' ' George, the sound fancier, might have been equally crushed if he'd known my current speaker placement. My old equipment has been causing an increasingly shrill sound to come through the speaker. Fortunately, this is a highly directional speaker whose highs attenuate quite perceptibly, as you move away from dead center in front of the speaker. By experimentation, I found that the best quality sound reaches my ears if I sit only a few inches from the speaker cabinet, facing in the same direction as the cabinet, with my head about six inches behind the speaker cone. Please don't all come running to see this remarkable situation, because I've started to buy new audio equipment and may have rid myself of the shrillness in a more conventional and more expensive way by the posting of this mailing. Target: FAPA: Dick wants me to make sure that non-FAPA recipients of Horizons realize that his name on the masthead doesn't signify that he agrees with all the things that appear in the magazine once the masthead is safely negotiated. This is a good place to explain, too, that an acute case of perforated ulcer of the stencil resulted in the decease of the Schultz cover. It exists only on the non-FAPA copies, and that means that any completist collectors in the Horizons readership must resign from FAPA in order to complete their sets. Kim Chi: The telephone company has provided a good way to determine who is really worldly wise. The new directory appeared with an enormous numeral 1 on its front cover. Only one of the more than a dozen innocent and sheltered employees in my office guessed what I was talking about when I grumbled at a public utility putting such suggestive literature into every home. The number is there to try to make people aware that around here they must dial that number before dialing the area code and the number on a long distance call. Warhoon: Blish has an ingenious theory but I think it's wrong to generalize about motives like this. If there were superbeings who could read the hearts of men and interpret their subconscious impulses and determine the effects of all the glands on their actions, I imagine that the science fiction writers would turn out to write the stuff for entirely different reasons: A because the first piece of fiction he ever wrote was rejected by Tremaine at a time when A was in a fuss with an inferiority complex and now he's devoting the rest of his life to proving that Tremaine was wrong about the quality of that story; B because he doesn't know how to make people and surroundings seem real when he writes fiction, and can sell nothing but the stuff about the future and the distant with which the editors and readers have no familiarity; C because he can sell only when he uses someone else's fiction as a model on which to form his story, and he can get away with transmuting a story into science fiction with less danger of detection; and so on. ' ' Some day I want to devote an entire Horizons to one long article on opera librettos. I agree with much of what Lowndes says but he fails to treat of matters that should be written. For instance, he fails to speculate on the cause of this sudden disillusionment in so many quarters with the typical opera libretto. I suspect that the recent popularity of complete operas on records has caused it. Years ago, the opera libretto was usually sold to people in the opera

house to keep on the lap and glance at occasionally when the events on stage grew obscure, or to take home and toss aside as a souvenir. Some singers bought librettos because they preferred to memorize first the words of a new role before starting to learn the music. That was about it. The singers quickly got deeper into the total words-music combination than the average person ever delves and the opera goer didn't read through the libretto before the performance, any more than you sit down and read through the program book the moment you register for a world-con. Then came the lp complete operas with librettos enclosed. It put the words and translations (usually inaccurate or clumsy or both) into the hands of multitudes who would never see the operas in question and who would be apt to want to get their money's worth from the considerable cost of two or more lp records. So librettos were read without playing the records, in an effort to get acquainted with the work before hearing it, and they were followed while the records were being played, and they were left lying around the house when the owner forgot to slip them back into the album box after turning off the audio equipment, where everyone could look through them. Of course, a libretto will seem inadequate under such circumstances. So would the choreographer's notations of how the dancers are manipulated for a ballet. So would a set of photographs showing the sculpture collection of a museum. So would the orchestral part without the singing in most operas. In short, this is the first time that opera librettos in general are being read in a way that they were never intended to endure. I think that the best way to get away from this attitude toward librettos is to do what music lovers normally did when they were interested in opera in the past. Between opportunities to go to the opera, they used vocal scores, which contain words and music. An opera can be surprisingly dramatic and effective and beautiful if performed by one person with inadequate pianistic ability who sings all the parts himself with a voice whose range doesn't quite equal a full octave. The words and the music are together as both the librettist and the composer intended. Even if you don't know the original language, the poor translation doesn't intrude so badly when the movement and life and rhythm imparted by the music are there no matter if they are badly performed. Lowndes mentions in passing another extremely important point that I pounded against hard a few years back: the fact that old opera librettos seem antiquated because they are antiquated by modern standards. We forget that operas are the only dramatic works more than a few decades in age that hold the stage. Rare revivals of Shakespeare, occasional university productions of Racine, an occasional off-Broadway risk production of Strindberg are exceptions to this general rule: the only dramatic works of previous centuries that can be found on the stage in any month of any year all over the western world are these operas on those much-maligned librettos. Old novels have only a slightly stronger grip on continued usefulness than old plays. '' An aside on the remarks on Rosenkavalier: the libretto has been made available in Germany as a spoken word recording, without music, and I believe that Adler's in New York has imported it. I don't agree at all with the dissatisfaction that Lowndes feels with the first act: I find it easy to make out most of the dialog in the Baron-Marschallin scene and if the bass doesn't ham it up, it can provide the best clues in the opera to the contrast in their characters. '' Siegfried is "too stupid to realize that the dragon could hurt him"? How account for such remarks as: "I'd better stuff his neck up, so I won't get bitten." "I'll sneak up alongside the dragon, so that his poison spit doesn't scorch me." "I'll stick Nothung in his heart; can you call that fearfulness?"



## Silhouette of Mr. W. H.

--an extended mailing comment  
by Walter Br  en

In a recent Horizons some speculations appeared to the effect that the language Shakespeare addressed to the anonymous "Mr. W.H." in his Sonnets was sycophantic rather than loving or sexual. As there has been a great deal of nonsense written about the Sonnets, both by romantic homosexuals interested in proving that Shakespeare belonged among them and by hard-nosed types who will have none of it, perhaps a little common sense and noncommitment to either school of thought will help. I have recently been studying the Sonnets and have discovered something which answers, for me anyway, the two questions: (1) what was Shakespeare's relationship with W. H.? (2) who was W. H.?

First, let's dispose of the claims that Shakespeare was That Way. references to homosexuality in the plays are very few. Eric Partridge has turned up only three: (1) Margaret of Anjou sneers at Edward Prince of Wales, 3 Henry VI, act II, scene 2, line 34--"Go rate thy minions, proud insulting boy!" (2) Thersites rants at Patroclus that he is considered as Achilles's "masculine whore", in Troilus and Cressida, act V, scene 1, 14-16; (3) the Hostess refers to Falstaff in 2 Henry IV, act II, scene 1, 14-17 as sexually indiscriminate, sparing neither man, woman nor child. To these I would add the following: (4) "A came ever in the rearward of the fashion", in 2 Henry VI, act III, scene 2, 326 (in effect calling F. a bougre); (5) "Better would it fit Achilles much / To throw down Hector than Polyxena", in Troilus and Cressida, act III, scene 3, 209-10 (the term "throw down" is definitely sexual and, according to Partridge, connotes the image of a rooster's treading a hen). One could even claim that the overstrained emotional closeness between Brutus and Cassius, and the passionate friendship between Antonio and Bassanio, bespeak homosexuality barely beneath the surface. But with these two doubtful exceptions, the references are all unfavorable. (Contrast Marlowe, whose Edward II, Dido and Massacre at Paris all deal with That Subject, and who had Elder Mortimer argue in favor of it in the first-named.) One might say that Shakespeare's public attitudes appear in the plays--aimed at the groundlings--and his private opinions and feelings are reserved for the Sonnets, which circulated only among his closest friends. But the Sonnets explicitly deny any sexual interest on his part for their recipient!

For this conclusion, surprising to readers of Wilde's "Portrait of Mr. W. H.", Samuel Butler, Frank Harris, Gide and Joyce among others, the evidence is--to these eyes--conclusive. Sonnets 135-136 seem to come first: they are courting pieces, punning endlessly on "Will", sometimes as Shakespeare's own name, sometimes apparently as the name of the recipient. Then comes the set of 25 first in the usual enumeration, together with #26 which is an envoy on those and possibly should have headed the group. Of sonnets 1-25, the first 17 are variations on the theme, "Get married and beget children, so that the personal beauty you now possess shall not die forever." If this is homosexuality, I am F. Towner Laney. #18 and #63, #19 and #55 vary the theme, "My poems shall keep your beauty immortal even after you have grown old and died." #20, "A woman's face, with Nature's own hand painted," is the one that sticks in the throat of both the "Shakespeare was gay" crowd and their opponents. Its sestet is the key to the whole sequence. "And for a woman wert thou first created, / Till Nature, as she wrought thee, fell a-doting ((foolish and fond)), / And by addition me of thee defeated, /

By adding one thing, to my purpose nothing, / But since she pricked thee out for women's pleasure, / Mine be thy love, and thy love's use their treasure." Which is as much as to say: since you were after all created male rather than female, I cannot demonstrate my love to you as though you were a woman; I will still care for you, but not in that way. In an age where the Queen herself was sexually ambiguous, this sort of sentiment was not too rare; but it is explicit enough.

Whoever W. H. was, he was probably not a nobleman: Shakespeare's language is--aside from sonnet 26, which is a formal envoy--never sycophantic, but always intimate and intense. There are dozens of references in the Sonnets which make me think he must have been an actor, or at the very least someone intimately familiar with the world of acting, despite his green age (Sonnets 15, 23, 53, where the image is definitely that of a boy taking a female role on stage, as was common then, 59, 78, "In others' works thou dost but mend ((amend)) the style", etc., not to mention the dozens of allusions to mirrors, suggesting their normal use as an actor's professional equipment). We have also seen that Shakespeare kept insisting on his marrying. This, together with Sonnet 20, indicates someone in his teens at the time, someone who was still neither too tall, too heavily beardstubbled, nor too broadshouldered to take female roles on stage.

To establish the identity of Mr. W. H., we have to consider the chronology. Thomas Thorpe, notorious pirate of manuscripts, published the Sonnets from a third- or fourth-hand copy in 1609; textual errors prove that Shakespeare had no hand in this publication. The placatory dedication indicates someone then in public life who might have been hurt by the intimate and sometimes strange language in these poems. The sonnet craze in England was during the middle 1590's. Munro (*The London Shakespeare*, IV) regards as justifiable the assumption that Shakespeare began writing sonnets then, probably 1592-96. Their mention in Sir Francis Meres's *Palladis Tamia* (1598) proves only that some of them--not necessarily the whole group of 154--were in manuscript circulation before 1598. The *Passionate Pilgrime*, 1599, includes a version of 144, proving that the "Dark Lady" had already shown up; Shakespeare here refers to young W. H. as "a man right fair", though this does not preclude his still taking female roles in plays. Vocal training such as produces countertenors to the present day extended young actors' usefulness in female roles for quite a number of years after the chest voice began to appear. The craze died out by about 1600.

For the internal chronology, the evidence is almost as good. Sonnet 104 proves that at least three years had elapsed between the courtship sonnets and that particular stage of their affair, at which time Shakespeare speaks of his boyfriend's having become a man ripe for wedlock and beyond his adolescent freshness--as in 108 and 126. The affair may have lasted longer than three years. Sometime during it there was a break, possibly more than one (33-34, 86-90), possibly once connected with courtship of young W. H. by a rival poet, most likely George Chapman (86), or with W. H.'s and Shakespeare's rivalry for the Dark Lady (40-42, 142, 127-152). Shakespeare and W. H. for some time lived apart without loss of love (36, 39, 43-45), and from context had been earlier living together or else at least in daily personal contact. This again suggests that W. H. was a fellow-actor.

In the known rosters of actors in companies with which Shakespeare was connected, there is one and only one with initials W. H. whose chronology is consistent with the above, namely William Hostler. The name is given as Hostler in the April, 1604 list of The King's Company,



though it is spelled Ostler in the roster of Ben Jonson's Poetaster (1601), beside Nat Field, Salathiel Pavy and John Underwood, three of the more famous boy actors of female roles; presumably he was still playing female roles then. (The dropped H was probably a scrivener's error, the H being silent.) By 1611 the position of Ostler's name on programs indicates that he had given up playing female roles in plays for male roles; by 1612 he was married; and in 1623 the First Folio lists him--again along with Nat Field and Dicky Robinson, though above them in rank--among the 26 "Principal Actors in All These Plays", this roster being headed by Shakespeare himself. I suspect that the later consistency in spelling his name Ostler may possibly have been a way of concealing his connection with the Sonnets.

The only thing left unaccounted for by this theory is the supposed name pun on Hews in Sonnet 20: "A man in hew, all Hews in his controlling, / Which steals men's eyes and women's souls amazeth." This is the word leapt on by Wilde and his followers to postulate an otherwise unknown "Willie Hews" as Mr. W. H. But if Hews is simply plural of Hew (hue), then the couplet is simply a compliment to the recipient's complexion, as in the first few lines. A possibly unintended name pun need not outweigh all the arguments advanced here for a known and honored Will Hostler, young actor-protege of Shakespeare in much the way Salathiel Pavy was of Ben Jonson.

\* \* \* \* \*

#### With the Compliments of Barbara

Increasingly I am disturbed by my boorish refusal to do anything about persistent favors and kindnesses from a female of whom I know nothing but the name and function. Every second or third week comes a science fiction book in a plain brown wrapper sealed with a tape that no ingenuity of the postal service has yet succeeded in breaking or tearing. In fact, I was resigned to the use of an acetylene torch to get the books out of the envelopes, until I discovered that the wrappings have a soft underbelly and can be removed by an incision at the bottom. Each book contains a neat little message from Barbara Hendra. Sometimes she is curt and provides nothing but the basic information about the book on a stiff slip of thin cardboard, as if she were losing patience with my lack of attention to her. On her good days she is expansive enough to provide a little synopsis of the story (and Barbara, Four from Planet 5 didn't quite contain the same story that this synopsis told). Women get strange notions about men and when Barbara sends me these books for review, I wonder if she conceives me as the editor of the celebrated little magazine, Horizons, which has never found a science fiction book worthy of its avant garde attention, and hopes to score a genuine coup by inducing a review from me? I can think of no other cause for all these review copies when they meet so regularly apparent oblivion at my editorial hands. Or perhaps a rumor floats eternally through paperback publishing houses in New York that Horizons is the old British literary periodical of the same title gone underground to escape contamination by the rise of the proletariat throughout the world of letters and that the only way to get on its mailing list and enjoy the delights of the old publication consists of bait in the form of review copies. Could Barbara be a penname for a Shirley Camper who has decided to expand that Cosmopolitan article into a four-volume treatise on how the American fan behaves under unusual stimuli of many types?

Whatever the situation, it twinges the conscience to get these books and to read some of them and never to write a word of review or comment. It would be absurd to get myself into the position of a letterhack for the professionals, as I've done for fandom. Maybe just one puny, informal, semi-review article about these books won't get my harried self into serious danger of this calamity.

Several of the recent gift books can be disposed of rapidly. I turned a Philip Wylie volume into a faan story in a recent Horizons, but there was nothing fictional about my description of how I felt on that volume's meager merits, as the story described. I've never pretended to understand the publishing industry, but the review copy of Time Is the Simplest Thing causes exceptional confusion for me. I received a free copy of this Simak novel just about two years before the arrival of this one: the date sticks in the memory because I read it during the only globetrotting that I did in 1962, consisting of a trip over seven mountains and two plateaus to Pittsburgh and the bus caught fire, something that the novel fails to do. Barbara's little insert in this second review copy dutifully gives a release date of September 15 and there is nothing on the page with the publishing history to show that it has had previous softbound incarnation: the cryptic notations seem to refer to the original magazine publication under another title, the first hardbound edition, and the Science Fiction Book Club edition. Have I skidded into another timestream in which the novel did not reach paperback status until two years later than in my former surroundings? Did someone in the shipping department find an overstock and forge Barbara's little note in order to find an excuse to unload some more copies on reviewers? Am I supposed to go through both copies, line by line, and locate the change in text that will win me a prize for keen observation?

Much the same holds good for the review copy of The Day of the Triffids. But I can't justly claim that I got a review copy previously: I may have bought it or received it while in the hospital. I'm certain that the cover is different in this copy which I should have reviewed on August 11, 1964. Here again, the publishing history provides no hint that it has gone through a new edition or new printing since the 1951 hardbound edition. I wonder if such practices aren't misleading advertising? It is conceivable that a science fiction enthusiast, knowing the frequency of title changes and cover replacements, would get into the habit of looking at the fine print to determine if the new arrival in the paperback rack is something he's seen before. In this particular case, the mystery is deepened by the last page, an advertisement for other Crest volumes that seems to be at least a year or more outdated.

I'd also read Four from Planet 5 through a non-review copy and didn't think it justified a re-reading despite the natural urge to get the most out of that which costs nothing. (It would be unchivalric to a lady to point out that anyone who uses review copies of paperbacks for their intended purpose in a fanzine loses money on the deal. The cost of the production of that part of the fanzine devoted to the review will usually prove to be somewhat higher than the cover price of the book.) Gratifyingly, the Leinster novel plays fair by listing the book as a second printing of a novel that the same firm issued five years earlier.

Tomorrow x 4 was welcome for the temptation that it presented to me to re-read The Roads Must Roll. I didn't fight the urge and I'm glad that I didn't. To read this vintage Heinlein is like the sensation that you get when you first encounter Macbeth or Othello on the



stage, heroic and blameless and somehow causing you to feel that they can never do anything evil or stupid, no matter how well you know what dreadful things will happen in the coming hours. Heinlein obviously was writing about the things he knew well, people and machines, he did not preach despite his obvious distrust of the labor movement, and if the climax is unconvincing, the reader at least has the consolation of knowing that much greater writers had equal trouble with making things come out right in the end: Scrooge is as unlikely to have reformed as Van Kleeck is apt to have been tricked in this manner. If Damon Knight had kept his mouth shut, everything would have been fine. But as if an evil sprite incited him to the deed, Damon as editor has praised in his introduction the one thing that Heinlein cheated on. The moving roadways, Damon says, "are not just a fiction writer's half-baked idea; they are worked out in careful and convincing detail." They are no such thing, they are a transparent fraud, because there is not the slightest attempt at an explanation of how the roads get turned around for the return trip. Even such an enthusiast for the potentialities of capitalism as Heinlein would hardly believe that new sections of roadway are manufactured as rapidly as the roads run and the sections arriving at the other end are allowed to slide into the ocean to get them out of the way. But it is hardly possible that the roads operate like the belts on the supermarket's checkout tables, carrying buildings and everything else upside down through a tunnel all the way back to the starting point. I have finally conceded the existence of the differential in the automobile, after years of skepticism. But I don't think that the equivalent is likely in the form of a moving highway that makes 180-degree turns to come back the other way. The title of this collection may not be Damon's fault, but it is also misleading because only three of the four stories deal with the future: the best-written item in the book, *The Sources of the Nile*, is quite clearly about the present. I don't intend to reread any more stories by C. L. Moore. I prefer to keep my illusions about the quality of her writing, formed when I was less able to ascertain the difference between good and exaggerated writing.

The *Day New York Went Dry* made me unhappy at first because it belongs to a type of science fiction that I find increasingly annoying. This consists of stories that are not concerned with the things that may happen in the future, but rather with the things that might happen if the things occurring today were to suffer extreme exaggeration of degree. Quite a few science fiction writers would have starved to death by now, of course, if they had been forced to think up original ideas, instead of writing novels in which the world was ruled by almighty advertising agencies or Red Chinese or the New York Yankees. (Almost as bad are the writers who create a future simply by turning the present upside down, causing that which is pleasant today to be frightful tomorrow, but we won't go into that now.) However, Einstein is such a knowing writer that I dropped my prejudice against his basic assumption quite soon. He writes about some subjects and types of people with whom and which I have thorough acquaintance, and he shows such absolute knowledge of them that I'm forced to believe that he's an exact, total authority on the topics that I'm ignorant about. This is the first science fiction novel in my experience that talks about baseball on the level of the baseball player or team owner or good sports writer, rather than like the man who turns on the television set to get the scores at 11 p.m. daily. I can't remember how long it's been since I saw such a concise and accurate explanation of why the earned run average of a relief pitcher may be misleading. I would advise everyone to buy the novel to

increase his sophistication with baseball, even if he's not interested in what happens when a big city runs short of water. I'm not quite as sure of myself around politicians as around baseball, but I believe that *The Day New York Went Dry* does a better job of depicting congressmen than *Advise and Consent* did: they're parodied just enough in the new novel to be immensely entertaining, and described with such absolute exactitude in the older book that they bore me to tears. If Bob Tucker isn't going to write any more science fiction novels, I can think of nobody who can come closer to providing adequate substitutes than Charles Einstein.

I didn't react strongly in any direction to the three-story collection entitled *Get Out of My Sky*. Both the title story and *Sister Planet* are plagued by the mannerism that afflicted good science fiction writers for so many years, the habit of starting almost every story with a thousand words that contained no apparent relevance to the main narrative that followed, stuck in the memory tenaciously enough to distract you while you read the opening chapters of the yarn, and were partly forgotten by the time you reached the point that was supposed to tie in with the opening. *Alien Night* is not nearly as well written as the Blish and Anderson contributions, but it is a happy sensation to plunge right into the narrative without the equivalent of a few conventional and meaningless chords to bring silence in the audience at the start of a symphony or concerto. I wonder, incidentally, if it would be possible to find a second paragraph of any science fiction story that was so completely typical of one extreme in the dear old pulp fiction style? Of course, you won't hunt up this story to find the passage, so even though Barbara's little notes say nothing about brief quotations for review purposes, I'll risk the direct quotation: "The words axed through Kenneth Huber's thoughts, scattering them in jagged fragments. His muscles knotted in abrupt panic. For an instant he felt cold air on his face. His body swayed toward the deep abyss outside the open window of the Universal Building."

Most of the stories in *13 Great Stories of Science Fiction* were familiar when I read this collection, and I may have encountered this particular collection somewhere else. And I wonder how the libraries will quote the title? Science fiction is hyphenated on the front cover, appears the normal way on the title page, and I don't believe that the collection's title is put into words anywhere else between the covers. Whatever the decision on that weighty matter, I believe that this batch of short stories represents the greatest pleasure that Barbara has yet bestowed upon me. Too many of the stories are padded out practical jokes to be great science fiction in the technical sense. But they make much better reading than the more pretentious efforts to create a whole new universe in 3,867 words, and some of them give support to my half-believed hypothesis that the ideal science fiction short story consists basically of one event that is described from beginning to end. Poul Anderson hit a very sympathetic emotion for me with *The Light*. But it had never occurred to me to approach the matter from this angle. Rather, I've always been struck by the peculiar distinctiveness that I find or seem to find in any photograph or good painting of the moon, the curious sensation that this is something familiar from personal experience. I feel more at home reading about adventures on the moon and looking at the illustrations than a person should who doesn't always look up when he's walking in the moonlight. Paperbacks have such a short rack life that this printing may be gone already; if you can still find it, I recommend it for your own reading or missionary work on someone who should enjoy science fiction and won't.



## The Worst of Martin

--being the second in a series of reprints of the FAPA publications of Edgar Allan Martin, published to keep certain memories warm aglow

Then, I know, I should have written to you sooner to thank you for the wonderful time we had in Newark. But, I had to wait for the pictures to be developed to find out who was there. Besides, now that you've all had your say in the last bundle I can be really scintillating. Yes, the pictures are back, the ones I took with the f4.5 lens, without flash, at night--anyone care for shots of the Holland Tunnel after closing?

What impressed me most about the Convention was the way everyone got right down to business--or pleasure. If the lights were any dimmer the convention would have been a miner orgy. Luckily, by mistake, they raided the wedding next door. What a honeymoon!

If you're reading this to see if your name is mentioned, read on! But among some of the lesser known delegates, but quite sociable, were Kinsey, Carstairs, Lord Calvert, and the Gallo twins.

Really though it was a gala occasion--we flew down to Newark--man, did my arms get tired. And then, that convention paper! Well, I want yuz all to know that I pumped the 5x8. The first time in years! 175 copies! Three days later I was still chinning myself in and out of bed.

You've heard of Galley Alley?--well, this comes from just an old alley. And when you get through reading this I probably won't have an "ally" left. Okay I'll leave quietly. Apparently this edition is also destined for tremendous success--already three people have labeled it completely ridiculous.

Next convention we're going to have lessons in typesetting. Did you ever see anyone set type upside down and backwards--double? I'm not mentioning any names but it's a "ruthless" approach.

Actually the pictures did come out. I'm probably the only person who has a collection of convention pictures of people taking convention pictures. Let me run through them for you--which is cheaper than having plates made.

There's five of the banquet table--members are either eating or talking--no one listens. Harold, hand on press, pipe approaching mouth, he looks off into space--you can almost hear him say: "I claim these lands for the NAPA." (I didn't say it, I spelled it?) In the background Dick counts his money. Madeleine and Milt--eating. Marge doing the Mambo--at least she calls it the Mambo. Three shots of some jokers presenting certificates to each other, boy, do they look stiff. (This was towards the end of the evening.) One shot of a nude--oh, that's the wrong group. Two shots of a motley crew--whatever that is. Madeleine and Jim drinking, and making obscure gestures at me. Two of Verle standing over the press in his white jacket--now I think of it!--all you had to do was give the plate a fast spin. Milt taking pictures of Ginny taking pictures. Harold, hand on Al's shoulder, pipe approaching mouth, he looks off into space--you can almost hear him say: "I claim this lad for the you-know-who." (Hm--Hazel bears watching!) Floyd--counting his money. Lee--counting Floyds. And a good-looking doll--ah--Madeleine! Someone bend--No!--finally, the Holland Tunnel.

Being the obfuscations of Ed Martin, Berlin, Connecticut--writ by 10 pt. Caslon and laboriously cranked off a 15x32 flat bed Gutenberg, circa 1684. Satyric. Winter, 1955.

## His History Story

Annually, I've been bringing FAPA members up to date on the fan history and how it grew. It never occurred to me at the outset that I would need so many of these annual reports. If all goes well, this could be either the last or penultimate item of its kind. I hope to have the unspeakable manuscript off my conscience and hands in its entirety by the end of 1965, if it doesn't kill me or fandom first.

The odd thing about this sort of a writing project is: you don't know for sure how much progress you're making. I've been writing with no set wordage goal and I haven't even set up a rigid framework of topics or chapter headings as a guide. If I haven't forgotten about important matters, I should have about two-thirds of the manuscript dealing with the 1940's completed and in Earl Kemp's hands at the moment of stenciling this page. But it's hard to know before I do the actual writing how much space each incident or topic will gobble up. I have every hope of completing the 1940's and the previous events that Moskowitz forgot about before the end of 1964, after which I shall stop thinking about the job ahead for three hours, and then go to work on the 1950's.

One thing that would speed up production would be to get rid of an excessive amount of care to details. I don't believe that the extra scruples that I'm lavishing on the manuscript are paying off in the form of extra accuracy or writing quality. But I hope to continue the present regime unless something cuts still deeper into my puny stock of available time. I try to think out a chapter without use of notes before I start work on it. Then I write the first draft on the basis of all the information I've accumulated from old fanzines, correspondence, conversations, and imagination. After that first draft is done, I compare it with my notes, line by line for both sets of papers, to make sure I've omitted nothing of consequence that I know about, and that I've not made typing errors affecting the accuracy. Next comes a thorough search through notes on other topics, which often supply more information on the current subject matter. They are keyed in where necessary. The first draft gets yet another reading, this time for annotations directing me how to rearrange paragraphs or sentences, improve the style, explain a statement that is too cryptic, and otherwise dress up the manuscript. After that, the writing of the second draft for the final manuscript. By working a little more slowly when I write the first draft, I could probably eliminate the comparison with the notes, and I might get just as good results if I wrote the second draft from an unannotated first draft, changing things as I spotted deficiencies. But it seems more in the historical tradition to do it the tedious way.

Perhaps the greatest disappointment I've encountered so far is in the amount of material that must be omitted. What was originally intended as one medium-size book's manuscript has grown into a two-volume project and each volume has ballooned beyond the size I'd originally thought about for the single-volume intentions. And still I scandalize myself in almost every paragraph by deciding that this anecdote and that detail must stay out of the history, to prevent the manuscript from swelling to completely impossible size. I hope that the monstrous final manuscript will seem sketchy and incomplete to me only because I took my notes in extreme detail and because I went through many of the matters in the history on a day-by-day basis. If so, the readers may not reach the judgment that it's a pity that the whole thing must be done again by someone who will write a more complete history. In one

matter, I've omitted material that might have been a commercial help to the history. There has been strong temptation to drop names over every paragraph, in the belief that this would cause practically every past and present fan to think about purchase of a volume that proves that he played some sort of role, no matter how insignificant, in the history of fandom. But nothing is more dull than such lists of those who attended a fan meeting or contributed to a fanzine, and I've tried to restrain the mentions to those who did something significant enough to justify the reference.

Clearer every day is the fact that it would be easier to write a whole series of normal-length books about certain aspects of fan history, than to go through this agony of selection and deletion. The worldcons alone could quite easily spread over 100,000 words without too much trivia; at that, I suspect that the chapters devoted to them will top the 50,000-word mark. FAPA is certainly worthy of a book-length study for its own activities, for the effect that it has had on general fandom, and for the ways in which it has reflected fandom in general. So it goes, and I'm not at all surprised to learn from a Swedish correspondent that someone in that nation has completed the stenciling of a 150-page history of fandom in Sweden. My notes aren't adequate enough about Sweden to permit me to think about equalling that feat. But if a small fandom that sprang up recently in a non-Englished nation justifies 150 pages, my distress at boiling down fandom in the British Isles and Australia to manageable proportions might be forgiven.

There has been curiously little reaction to the publication of the first section of the manuscript in New Frontiers. However, its publication was so bungled and appeared only after a note in Starspinkle about my decision to withdraw the manuscript; this may have caused some readers to think that it was just an article about old days in fandom, not an early part of the whole work. Those who have responded have had some kind things to say about their impressions of those pages. It is comforting to know that only one inaccuracy has been spotted in this portion of the manuscript, and that one is quite minor in nature, possibly Norm's typing error rather than my own. I deliberately put an inaccuracy of no importance into the chapter in the hope that all the old-timers would spot it, and would then proceed to hunt diligently for other accidental mistakes. But it hasn't worked out like that.

I'm almost superstitious about the impiety of peering into the impossible future occasion when I'll find the manuscript complete and will know that I'm no longer under any obligation to write another word about fandom's past, if I so choose. Right now, I don't feel as if I could ever willingly take up the burden again. However, I do plan to try to do something less tiresome: keep up the notes. Those looseleaf volumes contain loads of information capable of serving a useful purpose to less weary fan writers in some future epoch. I believe that I can egg myself into the efforts required to type off in condensed form useful information about current activities in fandom and new revelations of the past, then insert them into the proper place in these volumes. Of course, even better for the sake of fandom would be the resumption of the old custom of publishing yearbooks that contain in summary most of the essentials about what has gone on during the dozen months. Such summaries are among the few things in this world that can brighten a fan historian's day: they provide information gathered when people remembered it clearly, and they permit him to be certain that he hasn't overlooked any of the matters that were attracting the greatest attention at the time of the yearbooks' publication.



## Hagerstown Journal

September 16--This has been one of those rarest of days for me, a day on which I have been haunted. There is nothing frightening or complicated about the haunting, but the situation is nonetheless as puzzling as if it were one of those riotous modern possessions that we used to read about in Unknown. Quite plainly, I am happy without apparent cause. Happy is hardly the right adjective but I can't think of a more specific term: bliss sounds too extreme and has vaguely religious connotations; there is something of peace and tranquility about the emotion, but it is more active than that; mellowness might fit, if mellow weren't so worn out from overuse in advertisements. Usually I can track down a cause for any deviation from the vaguely grumpy, vegetative frame of mind that generally accompanies me. Irritation usually comes from lack of sleep or sauerkraut for lunch, impatience from the fact that a bore came calling on the only night of the week I didn't have to work; but my sensation that became evident in midday and has been increasing ever since has no apparent First Cause. I remember the same strange situation on one delightful day last year, when it baffled me equally. Today has not been exceptional in any way: a working day, pleasant weather, no unexpected windfalls like discovery that the mailman had failed to bring a fanzine that required a letter of comment. I encountered an old friend for the first time in a dozen years but she brought up no particular glow of memory of past happiness and our conversation faltered after a quarter-hour when she began a sermon on how terrible are the publications displayed on the newsstands. The only special events at the office were encouraging but not spectacular in their nature: the editor got angry for the first time in three years and bawled out a proofreader who needed this treatment, and a reporter who always claimed inability to use a camera began to disprove her claim, promising slight easing of my future photographic burdens. I made the necessary arrangements to go tomorrow to the York Fair but this is a ritual that never produces the happiness that it implies because every year I make the same arrangements and some unexpected event keeps me in Hagerstown on that next day. The air in the house is breatheable again, after reeking for days with the insecticide that I had lavished everywhere upon discovery of the first wasp since last winter, crawling around near the top of the staircase to the second floor. There were minor inconveniences: my favorite waitress at lunch was out of sight most of the time in the kitchen and at dinner, a waitress whom I like to stare at for her incredible lightness of foot broke to me the bad news that all the platters were invalid because of exhausted food stocks and I was forced to subsist on a sandwich and pie. The Phillies are getting beat. I developed a late headache, an odd circumstance because this affliction usually comes early in the day or not at all. No, the pleasant emotion is not susceptible to logical explanation. I'm tempted to resort to thoughts of psychic influences. Maybe that headache is a clue. The only time I've meddled with esp experiments, I had unexpected success and disastrous physical effects in the form of sickness sensations coupled with suffering extreme fright. Maybe someone somewhere is thinking kindly of me today and the message is getting through by means of unconventional channels. Or possibly this world has become so hectic and materialist that haunts and spectres no longer produce the effects that they used to cause and some evil spirit is attempting to make me its victim, only to lull me into a state of near-blessedness because there's too much static between the transmitter and detector.

August 28--I thought for a long while that I had exhausted almost

all the experiences that are granted to a fan. Attendance at the Discon had removed one of the few remaining gaps in my experience, that of worldconning. Perhaps I mentioned to some correspondents that virtually nothing remained between me and the dregs of the fannish draught, except for joining the waiting list of an apa and marrying a fan. Almost immediately, a kind Californian informed me that I was in line to join one of the most exclusive apas, and this group has such a stable membership that I may establish a new record for length of tenure as No. One waiting lister. Now, I hate to annihilate any delusions, but I am not going to reveal that I have just married a fan. Instead, I have realized that something else was lacking from my fan history, and simultaneously, the lacuna was rectified. I had never known what it was like to live in the same city with another fan, and I think that I have found one, although in actuality the circumstances suggest that it was he who found me. He is a high school senior named Steve Badrich who is on the verge of active fandom. A Terry Carr item in The Magazine of Fantasy and Science Fiction impelled him to send away for some fanzines. He found my name and address in Enclave, telephoned me, and we have had several talks since then. If Steve becomes really active, I feel sure that he will suffer all sorts of troubles, before he convinces fandom of his existence. The situation looks in many respects like a clumsy hoax on my part. It is not likely that another fan should emerge in a town of Hagerstown's size. Worse, Steve gives every indication of bypassing completely the neofan stage and neofan behavior. He is already rather tired of science fiction, after reading it since he discovered Heinlein in a school library seven years ago. He greatly prefers the faanish fanzines. Some of the terms that he found in them puzzled him, but I lent him the Fancyclopedia and he now can rattle off fannish lore and history more fluently than I can. He is extremely intelligent, several mutual acquaintances assured me even before I confirmed that fact by chatting with him. I hope that it isn't a desire to avoid false accusations of clumsy hoaxing that has impelled me to urge Steve not to do too much in fandom for the next nine months. It could mean the difference in his senior year between fair and magnificent college prospects. If the emergence of Steve has done nothing else, it has made me feel awfully old. My antiquity was something that caused me to wonder how I would get along at my first Phillycon; in that case, most fans knew enough about my chronology to avoid the topic politely. But Steve can't refrain from showing his sense of wonder when I inadvertently refer to the fact that I was publishing a subscription fanzine before the 25-years-ago start of Horizons; when I reminisce about the quality of Astounding before Campbell became its editor; when I speculate about what might have happened if I'd become a convention fan starting with the first Nycon. (I think it was Wrai Ballard who once defined age in a fan: it has arrived when he looks at a feminine fan at a convention and wonders what her mother looks like.) Steve puzzled mightily my fellow employees during a visit to the office, for I do not normally engage in long conversations with teenagers who are not news sources. Rather than try to explain everything, I just remarked: "Well, when a bachelor starts to reach my age, he sometimes gets unusual interests." That seemed to satisfy the curiosity. If Steve does risk his studies and begins to turn up at cons or in fanzines, I hope that you will take my word about his reality, even if he seems to possess knowledge of fandom that nobody in Hagerstown except myself could reasonably be expected to demonstrate. So far, I've found only one gap of knowledge about prodrom, for that matter. Steve thought that he should believe the library cards that say that Jack Vance is Henry Kuttner. I don't think he

accepts my insistence that there is a separate, thoroughly alive Jack Vance. If he suspects me of attempting to hoax him, I might as well complete the cycle and consider Steve to be the embodiment of some kind of unusually successful hoax that fandom is playing on me.

September 22--The house nextdoor has a comfortable and American sound to it. Its immediate relative, the girl nextdoor, is never flat-chested or hairy-lipped in the magazine stories. Even when an iconoclast writes about the house nextdoor, he provides it with nothing worse than shrewish occupants who disturb your peace or destroy your illusions. I would be comforted if the house nextdoor to me fit either predictable category. But it is a mysterious place, one that constantly acquires new occupants, none of whom has exactly the same eccentricities as the others. The house is quite similar to mine in outward appearance, but it has been converted to apartment purposes: one family upstairs, one downstairs, the basement has been fitted up for living purposes, two garages at the end of the backyard have been made habitable, and there is an airconditioner sticking out of the attic window and an occasional light up there when the rest of the house is dark, so something must be an occupant up there, too. It has now been three years since any of these apartments had occupants with whom I could act as peaceful neighbors normally do. They were the Joneses, I didn't try to keep up with them because they had four children under the age of six years, but it was nice to have him or her occasionally dropping in for a half-hour of chatter. They moved away when he got laid off, and maybe they weren't so normal after all because long afterward, an FBI agent came calling on me. I remember the day vividly because I had a complete file of Psychotic and several recent Cultzines scattered over my desk, and I knew that that was that, if it concerned fandom. But the agent asked many questions about Tom Jones, deposing that my former neighbor had applied for a top security job. The questions didn't sound to me like those that would be asked in such circumstances. It was right after the Joneses departed that a red-headed whore took up occupancy in the former garages. I didn't realize what was happening until the frequency of taxicabs emitting only males outside the house attracted my attention. Pretty soon the chief of the local detective force came calling on me. I began to assure him that I wouldn't feel right about financial transactions with a neighbor, but he assured me that he was interested in me for another reason. By accidents of topography, trees, and other garages, one window in one bedroom of my house was the only place in the universe where it was possible to observe unobserved the comings and goings at these former garages. This young lady presented the detective with a special challenge. "She tells everyone she went to school with Elton, so they don't have to worry about the police." I knew Elton, his daughter, quite well and agreed for her sake to let a detective take up occupancy in my bedroom. I confess that I was also tempted by the possibility that it would offer me when showing friends through my house, to open a bedroom door and say nonchalantly, "And here is where I keep the detective." However, an act of God intervened, in the form of a pregnancy, the landlord of the house didn't want to lose a month's rent, and someone else moved back there. The occupants of the main apartment house have been more law-abiding, I believe, but much less friendly. A young man who has had one of the apartments for many months stares at me when I speak to him, without replying. He has no apparent way to spend his time other than buying antediluvian Plymouths, trying for hours on end to get their motors to start, and suffering flat tires instantly on the rare occasions when the motor begins to turn over. Most of the time



at least two or three of these vehicles are awaiting the towtruck and one other still deludes my neighbor by showing some faint spark of life. I did make friends of a sort with a very small occupant of the house nextdoor. Unnecessarily, he informed me that he was a jockey. His great passion was roses and he grew quite provoked with me because he used to get poison ivy on his hands every time he helped himself to one of my nicest blossoms. (The poison ivy is a survivor of the time a family with a lot of halfgrown, rambunctious children lived over there and drastic defense mechanisms were an essential for survival.) I finally began to miss my new friend and asked someone else in the house why he had moved away without saying goodbye to me. "Hell, he didn't move away," I was told. "He wasn't living here. He was just paying a visit to the lady upstairs." Oddly, I do not mind the thing that the rest of the neighborhood thinks I should object to about the house nextdoor. A current occupant of the second floor owns an airconditioner that seems to possess a builtin public address system attached to its motor. The thing is audible a halfblock away, normal-loud conversation can't be heard outside either my house or the house nextdoor, and the window in which it is placed faces my side bedroom window, only ten feet or so away. The noise is not the steady purr of today's air conditioners but a rattling, crunching noise that apparently was possessed by air conditioners manufactured before the industrial revolution. In hot weather, it runs almost constantly, in cool weather about half the time. Some obscure neurosis prevents me from objecting to the racket as any normal person would. In any event, this neighbor's loss seemed imminent this spring. He bought a better car, told everyone that he was tired of Maryland, and was taking his wife back to their native Texas to live out their days. Both are elderly persons and we worried about their ability to make the trip without illness or accident, but no bad news came after their departure. The for rent sign remained on the lawn a couple of weeks, and then one evening I heard a familiar noise. My neighbor had returned from Texas, alone. He's still up there, drunk most of the time. Our only conjecture is that they wouldn't let him run his air conditioner in Texas. Nobody stays in the basement apartment more than a few weeks. Its occupants almost always move out at 3 a.m., with a commotion that arouses everyone in this part of Hagerstown except the person who would really be interested in their departure, the landlord. I'm not certain what's happened down there now. I was amazed to see a large truck pull up one recent morning and disgorge a few pieces of furniture, then vast quantities of boxes, all of them filled with books unless books were placed on top to cover some less legal contents. Then a moving man lovingly carried in a violin. I felt sure that at last I would be living nextdoor to someone with interests paralleling my own. Only one thing is wrong. No human has appeared to follow the evidences of culture and literacy. Once in a while a car drives up, someone gets out and looks through the basement windows as if hoping to glimpse a portent; then drives away and doesn't come back.

September 9--Until the start of this year, Maryland was unique in the nation in at least one respect. It was the only state where a pair possessing assorted sexes and the same intentions were required to find a clergyman to perform the marriage ceremony. The Maryland legislature finally provided for the legality of civil weddings in this state. As the January 1 starting date drew near, Marylanders were confident that those crazy legislators would not succeed in dragging the state into the 20th century by such rash deeds. Ministers and laymen assured me that the civil ceremony would become just another of the forgotten and un-

used paragraphs of the annotated code. People around here are religious, I was told. Even young couples believe in tradition in this state, I was reassured, unnecessarily. How could a girl invite all her friends to a wedding in that little courthouse? However, the clerk of court ordered a few of the necessary forms, just to be prepared in case someone asked him to tie the binding knot, and I suspect that he practised the text that he was supposed to read in the privacy of his own bedroom, so that nobody would take him by surprise. I saw him on January 2, the first business day of 1964, looking dumbfounded. He had performed two civil marriage ceremonies and the couples who requested them had not been physically different from any other young people who came to the courthouse to obtain marriage licenses. But we discovered with a little research that three of the four persons who had gotten married were West Virginians, a status that excuses many other types of eccentric behavior. Nevertheless, the clerk and his deputies soon knew the ceremony by heart, because couple after couple who came one day for a license application returned on the third day with the revelation that they wanted the job done here and now, not at the parsonage of this or that minister. Older workers at the courthouse shook their heads knowingly and ascribed this apparent irreverence of modern youth to the mistake of their elders years ago. When I was a small boy, several local gentlemen made an excellent living by lurking outside the courthouse, capturing couples as they emerged with marriage licenses, and taking over from there on all the arrangements about finding a minister, flowers, and the other minimum necessities of nuptials. A cut of the take from cooperating clergymen, kickback from florists, tips from newlyweds themselves, and miscellaneous other lagniappe made them the best-dressed men in town. County authorities broke up the practice on the grounds that it commercialized a sacred thing. But now the survivors of that era were telling me that with all its faults, it kept marriages on the proper high plane and civil ceremonies might have been avoided if the trade had not been exterminated. In any event, after the first eight months resulted in more than 300 civil ceremonies, and the wails of ministers with reduced incomes had become a new local tradition, the clerk's office decided to surrender. If people were going to insist on civil ceremonies, the civil ceremonies were going to take on something of the pomp and circumstance of genuine marriages. (Hopefully, no children have been born yet of a civil ceremony; when they arrive, I imagine that they will be rated as neither wholly legitimate nor yet stained with the blot of bastardy.) A room formerly used for juvenile court had become vacant because of a change in jurisdiction. It was occupied for the civil ceremonies, to take them out of the businesslike atmosphere of the clerk's office. After consultations with florists, the room was blindingly decorated with artificial flowers. The next Tuesday, the county commissioners got a bill from the florists, and screamed in the utmost agony: \$168 for artificial flowers to brighten up non-religious wedding ceremonies created the greatest scandal since the school board had put a booth for a pay telephone into the contract for construction of a new senior high school. The commissioners refused to pay. The clerk's office pointed out that part of the fee for each civil ceremony is promptly remitted to the county commissioners. One commissioner responded with a warning that people who want to get married without a religious ceremony might live in sin, rather than get married under artificial flowers. The florists began to grow impatient for the money. Finally, instead of money they got their artificial flowers back. The clerk's office announced a new service to couples wanting civil ceremonies: counseling. Any couple applying will



receive unsolicited advice: don't get married, but if you must get married, have it done by a minister of the gospel. This is the only way for the clerk's office to strike back at the commissioners, by an effort to reduce the financial take. Couples who insist on a civil ceremony can get it, by law. So several pounds of artificial flowers may have been the accidental medium through which the 20th century has come to stay in Hagerstown. Another generation or two, and it might be possible to get buried in slacks and a sport shirt, if you die in the summer and conscientiously object to wearing suits and ties in warm weather.

September 26--When I was a little boy, I used to watch the big boys playing baseball and dream of the day when I should have become big enough to aid one side or the other. I've waited so long for this day to come that I now begin to feel myself in the role of Mime, as I sit cutting this stencil with the noise of the keys failing to reach my ears and my mind occupied with quite another matter. The radio is on, the Reds and Cardinals are playing a doubleheader, and like Wagner's dwarf I hope maliciously that they will imitate Siegfried and Fafner and eat one another up. Because the Phillies are trying to clinch the National League pennant and the six-game lead would seem bigger with only 15 days left in the season, if I didn't remember the shattering final days of the 1950 season when the Dodgers came roaring up like a psychotic bulldozer out of the forgotten depths of second place as the season waned and only the one great throw that Ashburn ever made in his career saved the pennant for the Phils on that fateful final game of the season. If it is a proud and lonely thing to be a fan in the science fictional sense, it is nearly as solitary to be a Phillies fan in Hagerstown. The map might tell you that there should be much interest in the National League here, with Philadelphia and Pittsburgh only four hours away. But I have been something of a local curiosity for my continued interest in the Phillies during those dark years when I kept insisting that only a few bad breaks were preventing them from having at least two or three .220 hitters. If I have little company as a Phillies fan, I can at least indulge in a vice as solitary as the partisanship. This vice is hate. I try to avoid the emotion, either ignoring the things that are likely to cause it or finding the ridiculous side of the matters that can't be overlooked. Nonetheless, there is no way to escape hatred of the Orioles, for me. I feel toward them as Faulkner did toward the Snopes family. Once this was Washington Senators territory, back in the Maryland hills and over in Virginia tidewater country and in many happy lands in between. Then the St. Louis Browns moved to Baltimore because they were not allowed to go to Los Angeles and had to go somewhere, the only possible reason why anyone should go to Baltimore. Immediately the Orioles began a systematic program of taking charge in the territory. The management stole most of the radio stations that broadcast the Senators games, costing Washington most of its publicity. Then the Orioles began to woo the affections of all the sports writers south of the Mason-Dixon Line, giving them free trips with the team, free meals, and above all, free drinks. The fact that the team's management is dominated by a beer factory and the beer industry's domination in Maryland by the man who is the real, unofficial governor of the state made it impossible for the Griffith family to fight back for the Senators. Clark Griffith had many faults, but he kept baseball alive in bad times in Washington, and he did it by playing baseball, not by turning over his operation to the public relations people as the Orioles have done. Now, curiously, this part of Maryland is more solid Oriole country than Baltimore itself. On the last awful occasion when I was forced to spend a couple of days in Baltimore, I found few people talking about the Orioles or carrying



transistor radios around to listen to their progress down there. Locally, it is no longer safe to joke about the Orioles. I can get a smile in the football season when I say that the University of Maryland gridiron team has more Pennsylvanians than Fred Waring, but I lose friends if I revise the Orioles slogan to this form: I guess we'll wait/ 'Til Sixty-Eight. So I have been doing the next best thing: lying. I have deliberately and without foundation started the rumor that the Orioles franchise will be shifted to Atlanta over the winter. Atlanta is known to be dickering for a major league franchise, probably Cleveland's, but I have ruined the summer for a number of ardent Orioles fans by thinking up all sorts of rumors about the shift in the franchise. I remind acquaintances that there has been no announcement from Channel 13 about carrying the Orioles games next season, and the halftruth works, even though television arrangements for a season are never announced until a couple of months before the season begins. When someone says that it's Cleveland or Milwaukee that will go to Atlanta, I point out quite accurately that Baltimore is the only team in the majors whose outstanding players are all white men and I deduce from this fact, absolutely without any grounds for doing so, that the Atlanta baseball fans would much rather see a Boog Powell and Milt Pappas than a Henry Aaron or a Leon Wagner on their own major league club. I believe that I would be the only person in Hagerstown who would be surprised if the Orioles franchise should move to Atlanta soon, so successful have I been with my slogan, The Birds Are Going South This Winter. Meanwhile, I have had a bit more company in my partisanship of the Phillies this summer than usual. There have been some fakefans springing up here, the camp followers who follow whatever team is in the lead. Phillies interest has been so slack here that I can almost feel comfortable around these nasty people. We had some college kids from the University of Pennsylvania working at the office this summer, and they provided honest, native enthusiasm to go along with mine. And yet, despite the good condition in which I have kept my sense of hero worship, I don't think I can ever feel toward these Philadelphians quite as I felt toward the Athletics when I first became aware of the big leagues and Connie Mack was managing his last world championship teams. Lefty Grove's daughter lives three miles from my home, he often visits here, but I can't believe that the Lefty Grove of the long strings of scoreless innings, the titanic rages when an infielder bobbled a ball behind him, the heartbreaking final game loss to Burleigh Grimes in 1931, can be this skinny old man. I don't believe that any of the exciting Phillies games this season is as clear in my memory, after only a few weeks or months, as the first regular season broadcast that I ever heard. The A's lost it, 6-2, despite a seventh inning homer by Mickey Cochrane. I'm still trying to find someone at the newspaper office who knows what happened to the electric scoreboard on which I watched those series games in recreated form. It was almost too big even for this house, but I'd still like to have it for a souvenir, even if I had to dismantle it and fill up several bedrooms with it. The only disquieting thing about this first love is a matter of chronology. In those early 1930's, I remember how surprised I was to discover that some old men could remember when the American League had come into existence just after the start of the century, and the first world series games. Now here we are, almost halfway through the 1960's, and I am certain that something is wrong with man's method of keeping track of the passing years. Surely it can't have been as long from the start of my world series baseball interest to now as it was from 1900 to the last Mack champions.