

103

An old fan, and tired, begins at this point whole number 103 of Horizons. It is also FAPA number 97, volume 26, number 4, the August, 1965, issue, mostly written and all stenciled by Harry Warner, Jr., 423 Summit Avenue, Hagerstown, Maryland, 21740. Dick Eney does everything after the stencils are cut and partly corrected.

In the Beginning

The Fantasy Amateur: Since my signature is attached to the proposed change in the waiting list objection protocol, it's obvious that I think you should vote for it. But I must point out that this change is not the whole answer to the problem. I feel that we'll eventually want to go somewhat further than this amendment takes us. It is true that this amendment would lessen the problems that the present procedure creates. But it will do nothing at all to block blackballs that are intended only to embarrass waiting listers or to demonstrate dissatisfaction with something else that has just occurred. Moreover, it will not prevent any small clique in FAPA from blackballing year after year a batch of waiting listers in the hope that sooner or later so many members will be busy elsewhere that a blackball will be effective. I believe the only full solution to the problem is a procedure that I would have liked to incorporate into the amendment at once. This would be a fannish equivalent of the grand jury system of making sure that a suspect is suspicious enough to be officially suspected. My plan would retain the ten-member objection principle. But members of the waiting list who were objected to by ten or more would not go automatically onto a ballot for full membership vote; instead, their names would be considered by a jury composed of incumbent and the previous year's officers, together with whatever statements the blackballers wished to make. This jury would throw out the blackball if the motives seemed trivial or unsubstantial. If the jury thought the blackballers had a case, the membership would decide. This would not put too much power into the hands of the jury, because it would still be possible for 33 members to blackball any waiting listers by simple petition. Moonshine: That "detached and amused" air you find in my writings could mean that I really feel about life and the world the way I usually imagine myself feeling: that almost all things generally considered important aren't worth taking seriously, and the few remaining things of grave portent are of such nature that my actions or reactions couldn't make any difference, anyway. "Dissatisfaction with tape on television is yet another reason for being a baseball fan. Sports are the last major pocket of resistance to video tape. " Many cheers for the proposal to return the egoboo poll to the old simple method of listing the best things in order of preference. I hate like poison to try to allot points under the present system, and I suspect that I do a hasty job of selection for that reason. Queebcon: The most pregnant statement in this mailing is that casual reference to what might happen if I went visiting fans on an icy day. I can imagine no worse fate for any fan than to find himself saddled with his status as the only acquaintance in town of a person who will be laid up in that town for three months with a broken hip. " Canadian commercials can't show bottles of beer? I thought the American, U.S. subdivision, restriction against commercials that depict the drinking of beer were the ultimate. Shelta Thari: Now I can't remember any fan's address, except my own. A psychiatrist might find amusement for many spare evenings, figuring out why I can remember another fan's address only about once per decade. Now 417 Fort Hunt Road has joined 101 Wagner Street as useless bits of

knowledge. Damballa: If a wrong has been done, and no action has been taken to prevent recurrence of the wrong, there is perfect justification for continuing to discuss the matter. That justification is the hope that years of turmoil and arguments will cause people to hesitate before risking another wrong of similar sort involving someone else. But you are right when you say that Martin started it; the Breen episode would hardly have reached FAPA if Martin hadn't been tossed out of the organization in a manner that made it look easy to accomplish. I doubt that FAPA will ever be the same again, as a result of the Martin ouster, just as the history of the world was irrevocably changed when the United States bombed Hiroshima; the persons involved fade away but the moral issue won't go away. ' ' Why not let FAPA decide about the merits of the sketches that you think aren't so good? Remember, you didn't think much of that cover that all the other members recognized instantly as excellent work. ' ' The quickest way to cut down on juvenile crime would consist of making the punishment for the first offense more severe than the normal punishment for whatever crime is involved. Today the standard operating procedure lets the kid off with a warning or suspended sentence or probation without verdict the first time he gets into trouble, and all kids are tempted to use this free ride on the path toward a criminal life as a result. Qurp!: Maybe others aren't as sentimental about English placenames as I am, but I know that anyone who took me to Nottingham Gate, even by mistake, would be my creditor for life. Cadenza: The DAR insists violently when queried that it never prohibited Marian Anderson from singing, but encountered some sort of local law, written or unwritten, while attempting to sponsor a concert. ' ' Total freedom of speech in FAPA isn't about to come from 423 Summit Avenue, as long as FAPA publications are given away and sold by so many members. I narrowly escaped genuine physical danger this spring because a non-fan misunderstood something involving me and someone else in a fanzine that would normally have even less chance of circulating in mundania than Horizons. If we could get general agreement among FAPA members not to let mailings get out of their hands, I would write much more freely than I do. I still hope to start Horizons Confidential one of these times, a carbon-copied supplement to each issue that will contain all the things I decide I'd better not put on stencil; I could control circulation of this to reduce the danger of complications. As long as some members circulate FAPA publications widely, I wouldn't hesitate to begin legal action against a statement in FAPA libeling me. ' ' And I'll let John Boardman in on another little secret. The broadcast power that he writes about sends out enough energy to be used without amplification from house current or a battery. Didn't he ever hear of a crystal receiver? I understand that transistorized radios that are powered by daylight or incandescent bulbs are about to come on the market, too. It would be nice to photograph one with a camera whose shutter speed and aperture are changed by light power. ' ' Words already exist to transmit the sensations that humans experience under the influence of LSD and various drugs: oink, baa, moo, and woof, for instance. ' ' Maybe Poe didn't write fiction about marrying a child because he just went out and married one himself. The Time Machine: I felt all sorts of nostalgia reading this, until I realized that I hadn't attended the Chicon and simply remembered it more clearly than most persons because I'd been studying the conreports long and hard in connection with fan history work. That anti-Semitism was a matter that I couldn't decide whether to include or omit, and I'm glad that Bob has the nerve to put it into print. The only inaccuracy that I can find in this volume is in reference to Degler's obsession with the alleged communique from the Martians. That happened the next year at the Denvention, not at the Chi-

con. '' Hang onto this booklet and any others that may appear for later worldcons. My fan history, even if it does get published, won't have enough space to give such thorough treatment to each worldcon. Vandy: Maybe prisms glass is what I have in two or three panels in the front door. It's very nice to look at but heat from a nearby radiator has caused one of the panels to become concave and I suppose eventually it will grow so distorted that it will bust, and then where will I ever find a replacement to match the other side? '' The advantage of slaughterhouses over bullfights lies in the fact that the former do not have large audiences brutalizing themselves by watching the blood and gore. '' The point I was trying to make in my complaint about high prices for scarce recorded material was: Most of these people are hobbyists, or they'd be trying to make money in a field with more potential customers. By charging whopping prices for dubbings from items in their collection, they are only driving up the cost of their hobby, including things they want to acquire from other hobbyists, and increasing the probability that attorneys for the networks and recording firms will go to court. I wouldn't mind paying the cost of the tape used for the dubbing plus a fair labor price for the time the fellow monitors the recorders to make sure nothing goes wrong, but ten bucks or more for a half-hour of old radio fare is outrageous. Self-Preservation: The commercials that make me furious are those that you get when you answer the telephone. My standard response is to interrupt the pitch with the remark that I never patronize any firm that solicits by telephone but that message doesn't seem to get around advertising circles. Maybe it is a good argument in favor of telephone rates based on how many calls are made from the telephone, not the flat rates that Hagerstown has. '' One great evil effect of sound in movies is the way it has caused screen fights to grow tame and fake-looking. Turn down the sound the next time a scrap brews on television and you'll see how obviously these characters are afraid of hurting one another. The grunts, thuds and general commotion in the ear fool the eye. Kim Chi: Praise be that a few bold fans are finally admitting that they like The Man from UNCLE. There for a while, I thought that fandom was as unable to appreciate this sort of thing as the people I know in Hagerstown. '' You mean your maestro can't read English, so you must recite the reviews over the telephone? I've heard quite a few conductors who obviously couldn't read scores, but this is a new kind of disability to me. '' If blood donations stir up sexual vigor, maybe we've found the reason why blood-letting was such a popular medicinal art when people didn't feel well in the old days. Incidentally, does anyone in FAPA know where I could find in black and white the facts about the Red Cross's payment for the blood it collects? The organization makes a great to-do about this free service for humanity, and I know I read somewhere that it is paid by the federal government for its work on a per-pint basis. SSSFRBGA Journal: If you like real air in your room when you sleep, why not open a window? I do on even the coldest nights, about two feet from the edge of the bed, and rarely catch cold or feel chilly. Dakini: How in the world did I learn to read? My mother used to tell me the external procedure: she would read to me from storybooks, I would watch over her shoulder, and before long I was correcting her when she left out a word. She made no systematic effort to teach me complete words, I was not wise enough to unravel the mysteries of English spelling at a pre-school age, and I can't figure out how it happened, but I could read very well before I got into the first grade, even difficult things like newspaper stories. Synapse: A cushion sheet will sometimes prevent doughnut effects on the o. I used to utilize yellow second sheets for

this, the rough-surfaced type, not the shiny and flimsier variety. The cushion sheet goes between the carbon sheet and the backing, then you don't type quite as violently. ' ' You've obviously proved by now your point, that some FAPA members do not use the kind of grammar that is taught in college. But I dispute the occasional implication that this causes confusion of meaning. If I went onto the local skid row and said, "It is I," my grammar would be correct but my audience would have the same momentary loss of quick comprehension that you experience from a dangling participle. Good grammar is the kind of grammar that is customary in the environment and there are more important things to do with one's time than to try to remember to use someone else's pet rules on proper usage. ' ' I thought that reactivated military forces would vanish, now that the Civil War centennial has ended. But one of the local groups is trading in its Confederate uniforms for Revolutionary War gear and is delving into histories to reach a decision on what Revolutionary outfit it shall adopt for reactivation. ' ' I send out the first and only draft of everything I write for fanzines. The fan history is the only thing that I've revised and rewritten in many years of fanning. If this sounds like disregard for the literary standards of fanzines, I might point out that I sold to the prozines some stories that were first drafts, too. ' ' Ideal climate for me is very like Hagerstown's climate. Possibly I should amend that to the climate on mountainsides a few miles away where the humidity is slightly lower in summer. I don't mind cold weather, snow and ice, except for the times when I must worry while away from the house if the furnace is all right or go traveling. If I had a job that would permit me to stay home on such days, I'd be totally satisfied with local weather. ' ' Aren't satellites orbiting the earth perpetual motion machines? Phantasy Press: Many youngsters abort in college because one's chances of going to college are strongly influenced by the amount of money one's parents possess. If college attendance were based on the teen-ager's potentials and desires, we'd have more useful college graduates. Asp: There are many things I don't understand about Hugo awards, such as why they should exist at all. But I cannot see the consistency in those complaints about voting for an entire series of programs as the best dramatic show, while voting for a whole series of issues as the best prozine. ' ' My brief and hastily terminated encounters with avant garde movies produced in me the belief that there is just one consideration influencing those who film them; will it be easy to do without putting us to any trouble? The eight-hour movie of the Empire State Building becomes clearly motivated, this way. ' ' Sublimation might be a more accurate word than sadism to explain why we like to read and see action stories. ' ' I don't get worried over the inability of many people to live together harmoniously. To stop worrying about such things, just assume that man is not naturally gregarious, and all will be clear. Men have been forced to live huddled together for centuries because this provided them greater safety and more comforts of life. Now we're reaching a situation in which there is plenty for everyone without as much sharing and man could revert to a less social way of life as new centuries arrive. ' ' Statistics don't support that claim of perfection in pro basketball. Shooting averages are not much higher than in college and turnovers are quite common, frequently representing the difference between defeat and victory, Organically Grown: I was reading Kristin Lavransdatter in the same week as this FAPA mailing, and I seem to feel somehow a trifle surfeited with accounts of difficult deliveries. But new mothers who write fanzine reports of these happy events seem to do a better and better job of description. Maybe eventually fandom will collect them all and sell them to a network for a television series. ' ' John Champion's story is extremely good, one of the few possible results of my Double-Bill plea for more fan fiction.

It is also the first Bradbury-directed satirical writing I've encountered that makes its point by turning Bradbury's idiosyncracies to funny purposes, rather than resorting to the easier process of exaggerating the Bradbury writing habits to the point of repletion. Finally, I believe this could easily be adapted into a taped drama for the amusement of clubs and cons. ' ' Now that Redd Boggs has brought up the subject of old cereals, does anyone know if age harms them? I have just discovered in almost virgin condition the package of Ralston that I purchased two years ago, to get a record of old radio stars. It has been in the refrigerator, resulting in my failure to notice it previously and my confidence that it's been safe from bugs, whatever chemical novelties it may have encountered. Salud: If time permits, I'll take some pictures of the exciting things that have happened to Doub's Woods. Maybe I'll even dig out the land records and find out all about the way it passed into county hands. This assumes that the tract in question is the one just south of Hagerstown where Miss Doub owned the woods and farm and sold them to the county for school purposes with the understanding that the woods would not be totally destroyed. Around here, the county buys land for the school system, and often asks for part of the land back if it discovers that the school people wanted four times as much land as they really needed. In this case, they put up a big senior high school and a small junior college on the farm, turned the woods into a county park, and have now bought the Snook farm adjoining the old Doub property to the south as the site for new junior high and elementary schools. They've even filled up the big hole somehow. ' ' Wagner is another famous man who may not have been born in wedlock. There's lots of circumstantial evidence that his father was a Jew and that Wagner's anti-Semitic writings were really motivated by an effort to convince himself that Mr. Wagner was his father, not Mr. Geyer. Godot: The decline in the art of lipreading is another evil that must be blamed on talking pictures. When I was a very small boy, Hagerstown had a brief season in which silents and talkies were intermingled at local theaters, and I remember how my awe for my father grew when I discovered his ability to understand what was being said by the characters in the silents before the dialog flashed onto the screen. Pantopon: Arcadia might be an example of a very early imaginary world. Hagerstown is without public library conveniences for two weeks, while the books are moving into a new building, so I can't look up details. But it seems to have been quite elaborate and popular with the upper classes all over Europe during the 18th century. People gave themselves the names of shepherds and dressed up like them and acted out little dramas, just like Coventry. ' ' Ruth, you are keeping fiction out of Horizons. I'd planned to run in this issue a review of the Tolkien novels in the form of a parody. But you seem to have taken Gina's theorizing to heart so seriously that I don't want to risk hurting you. Actually, I don't think the novels are bad writing although I still can't imagine why Tolkien doesn't dredge his style a little; but the books are very vulnerable on certain counts and I suppose that I'm still prejudiced by the extravagant claims that some fans made for them when the Tolkien craze erupted. BU8798B: Inexplicably, I lost my ability to win contests with puberty. I had phenomenal success as a little tad. I don't know how old I was the day I won a white rabbit at the movies, but I was so small that I could get up the steps to the stage to claim my treasure only by crawling on hands and knees. I went to a parochial school for the first few years, where the sister used to chance off things like samples of new school books and holy pictures. I almost always won because nobody else was perceptive enough to realize that choosing the number three almost insured victo-

ry; the pious old woman kept theology in mind even when she staged a lottery. Without cheating, a few years later I won in a drawing that cost me only a penny postal card a very fine radio, the most expensive model Philco made at the time. But I've lost the touch so completely that I get into disgrace at the office every year for my refusal to enter the numerous press association competitions. The publishers don't want to see me recognized but they like to be able to prove the excellence of their newspapers somehow and a prize for a writer or photographer is usually the only resort. 'I've taken lots of photographs in the capitol without interference. Maybe you were misled by the rule against taking pictures of the House or Senate in session. 'It's remarkable, how these requests to stop talking about Breen or Martin always come in the course of a long essay on these same gentlemen. Al-lerlei: What's wrong with "yet" as the conjunction between "and" and "but" for which you long? 'I thought the multi-viewpoint narrative technique became famous a long time before Vogt, in McClary's Rebirth. Now, there is a novel that should return to paperback status. 'Is colic an ailment that adults can't get, or is it simply called something else when suffered by a grownup? My interest derives from the fact that I get something very much like colic two or three times a year. It may be the first reliable indication that second childhood is arriving. 'Metamorphosen is one of the few available Strauss compositions that I do not know at all, either as recorded sound or as notes on a page. As I remember the books on Strauss, it is supposed to be a sort of essay on the slow movement of the Eroica and more easily acquired in the memory and favor if heard with a score at hand. Eventually, if a German correspondent and I don't get interned by the protectors of customs and copy-right, I should add this to my collection. I've been building through his help a good collection of Strauss scores at a sensible price, half or less the cost when buying from the authorized Boosey & Hawkes importers. I can't wait to find out how much Germans must pay for the new complete edition of Strauss' songs, which are advertised in this country for \$100, and probably don't cover more than 500 or 600 pages of printed music. 'Machen's stories have always held my attention better than those of Lovecraft. I suspect that this results from Machen's use of universal emotion-triggers, while HPL draws so frequently on his own fears that I don't share, like cold air and miscegenation and even seafood. I dislike seafood because I find it tasteless but I'm not afraid of it. Ankus: This instalment of The Bright Land is another goad to my awful urge to ride a bus all the way across the country someday. I probably wouldn't survive the ordeal but this form of self-destruction is almost irresistible, now that I've read Willis on the arrival at the continental divide. 'It's hard for a person who grew up in western Maryland to feel state-patriotism. It's too easy to find ways in which neighboring states are superior, when you live only seven miles from West Virginia, five miles from Pennsylvania, and 25 miles from Virginia. 'I did some more thinking about my statement that I am in FAPA mainly because of Horizons. It's hard to figure out why I don't just write it without worrying Dick Eney with the mimeographing and distribution. The reaction in the form of comments is hardly sufficient to justify all my work and his additional duties. The only other really creative thing that I do--piano playing--is heard only by me and I've never enjoyed getting up and going to the piano to play for people at a party or when visiting someone's home. Moreover, the batch of musical compositions that I turned out a few years back remain unknown to anyone except a half-dozen persons. So the urge to create and distribute the largess from the creativity doesn't extend beyond fanzines. I'll bequeath my psyche to a psychiatrist for dissection, if that will help.

Wide White Page

Newspapers bore me to tears. But previous articles in Horizons about them have inspired more favorable reaction than material dealing with civilized topics. So it occurred to me that there might be interest generated by some description of how a page of a newspaper is put together, once the news stories have been written and the pictures have been developed.

Since I have worked for only two newspapers in my life, both lodged in the same Hagerstown building and using the same equipment, the following will tell how it's done in this city and won't be completely correct as a description of how newspapers are pieced together in other cities. Every newspaper that I have ever visited or heard about does things a trifle differently from all other publications. However, the problems are roughly the same, from journal to journal. It must also be understood that the Hagerstown periodicals are produced in the old-fashioned way, with linotypes and stereotyping equipment. Photo-offset publications have different procedures, with which I'm unfamiliar.

To prevent too many digressions, let's consider only the front page of the morning paper, the one for which I perspire nightly. About 75 of the year's 300 front pages are my responsibility, because of days off, vacations, sickness, convention trips, and other idiosyncracies of the editor. Since I went to work for the newspaper, I've experienced three general eras of front page procedure. Two decades ago, the editor jotted down on a piece of paper the stories he thought should go on the front page, as they went to the composing room, then at about 3 a.m. he went to the composing room, hunted around for the type for those stories, and put the type in the form himself. The composing room workers weren't trusted to handle type for anything but the inside pages. Ten years ago, the editor still kept the list but at 2 a.m. he sketched a rough diagram of what stories should go where on the upper half of the front page and sent that sketch and the list to the composing room where the foreman made up the front page. In more recent years, whoever is in charge has been making up a complete miniature dummy, taking that to the composing room at 1 a.m., and standing beside the foreman to offer suggestions on spots where the dummy and the realities of metal conflict. Conceivably, we'll someday do things as some bigger newspapers do, with a complete set of proofs going to the editor so they can be pasted up on a full-size dummy. But that time is not yet.

The miniature dummy sheets now in use are the size of this paper, ruled into eight columns vertically and marked off at one-inch intervals on the reduced scale for the $21\frac{1}{2}$ inches that the front page possesses up and down. There are a few basic rules that cannot be broken for every front page. Two inches at the top of all eight columns will be consumed by the masthead. The only thing that changes up there is the weather forecast in the upper right corner. At one time we ran a little box in the upper left corner devoted to one-sentence commentaries on the world, chiseling it off the half-cylinder on the press after the portion of the edition sold in Hagerstown had been run, to leave room for stamping the address on copies sold by mail. Now the corner stays blank from start to finish. Other musts on the front page are small single-column spaces for the index to interior pages and to the day's sports scores, daily during the baseball season, on weekends during the football months. Finally, the bane of the front page is a double column news digest, which nobody but the publisher reads or wants, an infernal nuisance in many

ways, whose omission causes cataclysmic results.

After that, it depends on the editor's wishes. Makeup is a mysterious art to the average newspaper reader and to me. College journalism courses apparently spend three and one-half of the four years giving instruction on makeup. But every newspaper man I have ever known had different concepts of good makeup from all the rest. If there are any valid rules of makeup, they are as vague and contradictory as the instructions you'll get if you read a book on how to get good composition in photographs. The makeup principles adhered to in Hagerstown are a sort of compromise among the ideas of several influential people at the company. There are excellent, prize-winning newspapers that do exactly the opposite. But they are the semi-rules with which I must live if I am to remain free from a lengthy lecture every time I try something radically different. The makeup traditions of Hagerstown's press are transmitted orally, as if committing them to paper would let loose the sole secret to journalistic salvation. Even if the list existed, it would be too long and qualified by too many exceptions to copy here. But in brief, among the more important tabus and fetishes honored by the Hagerstown Morning Herald are: Larger headlines higher on the page, larger headlines must run all the way to the end of the column while shorter ones can fail to fill out lines, no two headlines of the same or almost the same size or type style can run side by side in adjacent columns, overlines (underlined heads related to and positioned just atop a larger headline) must be used on at least one or two stories but may not be used on any story with a grim or extremely serious message, pictures may not touch one another unless they are part of a layout, action in a picture or an important face looking away from straight ahead must go toward the center of the page, not toward the margin, pictures get a headline unless they are related to an adjacent story, stories should be complete on the front page unless so important and necessarily so long that they cannot be run without jumping to an inside page, two or more stories related to the same general topic must be clustered together, subheads in the form of boldface captions should be used to break up the grayness of a long story but the subhead cannot come as the bottom line in a column, widow lines like the one at the top of this page are forbidden as the first line in a story that runs across several columns, when large headlines are on both sides of the page in a sort of balance they should be at approximately the same height, and many another matter but I'm sure you're getting as tired reading them as I am weary of trying to remember them all.

Unfortunately, what looks on the dummy like good makeup which will follow the approved procedures often turns out to be impractical when the actual type is put into place in the form. John W. Campbell, Jr., would use his magic incantation, "type isn't elastic," and let it go at that. But it might be instructive to explain how the difficulties come up and the elasticizing procedures that are available to any editor, even Campbell even though he won't admit it.

Whoever is in charge of the front page tries to estimate how much space each story will consume, before it is put into type. This is fairly easy for Associated Press stories. They reach the office in two simultaneous forms: on a teletype and on a machine that perforates tape. The tape is run through an automatic linotype, which transforms it into type faster than any human could use a keyboard. The editor can count the lines in the story from its teletype version, where a new line begins at the same places as when the tape runs through the linotype. He knows that eight lines of teletype copy will equal one inch of type. So far, everything is simple and theoretically it would be possible to get

that dummy prepared with complete accuracy. But there are two complicating factors. We use lots of local stories on the front page, and the local stories are written on ordinary typewriters. Reporters are instructed to use a 65-space line and four of these lines should provide roughly one inch of type. But there are lots of corrections, deletions and additions to the local copy, a story filled with short paragraphs will leave many incomplete lines in the typed copy on which there isn't time to make exact calculations, quite a few stories arrive in the form of press releases and aren't retyped so they go to the composing room, rarely conforming to the 65-line ideal, and other bugaboos keep turning up. The other complicating factor is that teletype news doesn't just arrive once and for all. There are additions that arrive later, new developments will cause the first part of a story to be scrapped and a new starting section added to the salvaged later part, then a paragraph may become obsolete because of some yet later development. Nor have I mentioned the fact that we use ten-point type for the first paragraph or two of the most important front page stories, and this changes the space consumed by those paragraphs to a degree that is impossible to calculate precisely beforehand.

In the old days before perforated tape, the changes in AP stories were simple to cope with. The editor did not send to the composing room until the last possible time any story which seemed likely to develop further as the night went on. He simply kept in one pile all the fragments of that story, and when it was time for the story to be set, he tore, pasted, scratched out, penciled in, and otherwise put together the news as it should be. Then the linotype man set it from beginning to end without fuss or danger of goofs. Not so with tape because tape can't be torn up and pasted together and otherwise manipulated, even if you know which combination of dots stands for what letter; it won't go through the machinery after being molested. A developing story will usually be in the composing room in three or four batches of tape, then must be put together by laborious inspection of the actual type for obsolete and duplicated paragraphs. Some of these changes can be done immediately after the tape has run through the linotype, if the composing room and proofreaders pay attention to what you've marked on the teletype copy, but in Hagerstown at least this is too much to expect as a general procedure.

Everyone who has ever worked on a high school newspaper knows that news stories are written so that the editor can stop at the end of any paragraph and throw away the rest, in the interests of space and makeup. Unfortunately, this comforting legend is not altogether true. That is the way journalists are taught to write stories. But many times the nature of the story produces areas where it is impossible to kill everything after this or that paragraph. A paragraph, for instance, may end: "The President said:" Or an AP news analysis story may tell about three alternatives regarding the war in Viet Nam, and obviously it will be out of the question to interrupt the story between the start of the reference to the alternatives and the paragraph revealing the last alternative. A few stories arrive each night that depend for their effect on a punchline in the last paragraph. Headlines create another peril. The good headline is supposed to refer only to the contents of the first paragraph or two. But sometimes it doesn't because the writer couldn't make fit a head based on those paragraphs, or because the main local interest in the story is the mention of a Hagerstown man down in the seventh paragraph. Both the readership and the front office react violently if a story stops before the paragraph that the headline summarizes.

Our principal weapon against crises caused by these factors is to

arrange stories so that each column contains parts or all of at least two or three stories. A major complication in one story can often be solved by expanding or cutting another story. A cowardly person like me will also try to send to the composing room somewhat more type than the front page will need. It is easier to make big cuts than to fill up big holes in a page. When you see a newspaper whose front page is filled with sensational news, except for one small paragraph at the bottom about slug damage to the Malay strawberry crop, you may be confident that this page was done by someone who has the guts to send down no more copy than needed, and goofed slightly.

On a big newspaper or a weekly publication, such non-fitting difficulties would be settled by the simple procedure of rewriting paragraphs to make more or fewer lines, and resetting that part of the offending story. But the front page is generally made up here after all the type has been set and with press deadline only minutes away, and this press deadline is no arbitrary and unimportant thing, because most of the Herald's circulation is outside Hagerstown, with a press time designed to permit the paper to reach buses and delivery trucks on time. So there are various tricks of the trade. When a column needed just a few more lines to be filled, it can be finished up neatly by use of what look like worn-out razor blades. The composing room worker slips them between lines of type and between headlines and stories. The average reader doesn't even notice the slight difference in the spacing here and there. When there is a bit too much type for a column, it is often possible to remove one line of a headline; I try to write them with this in mind. Part of a paragraph can be deleted without resetting any type, if the paragraph contains more than one sentence. The letters following a period are simply sawed off neatly and the rest of the paragraph is thrown away. The index provides a bit of flexibility, because nobody notices if one or two items are dropped from it for a day. There is no law that says how many items must appear in the news digest, so it is possible to pick up an inch or even more in two columns on a crowded day by committing atrocities to that area. The AP puts bylines on most of its major stories and these are a godsend because including or dropping them gives another line of leeway for each story.

What constitutes front page news? That's a question that nobody but recent journalism course graduates has ever tried to answer. My own particular trouble comes from the difficulty of deciding the comparative worth of local and AP copy. No matter which you play up, you are sure to be stopped on the street next day and undergo a grilling about why that important local or AP story was published on page three, not page one. Some nearby newspapers have solved this particular riddle by the drastic means of reserving the front page for AP stuff and using only local news on the back page. But it wouldn't work in Hagerstown, where the entire newspaper economy is geared to an enormous revenue from high rates charged for back page advertising. From one-fourth to nine-tenths of the page is consumed with advertising each day and there's no hope of reform. So we compromise, averaging about half local and half AP stuff on the front page. The trend in recent years has been to bigger play for local news. Not long after I went to work for the newspaper, a city councilman died and he didn't make the front page because he was a Democrat and the Herald follows the Republican party line.

We had a regular telegraph editor for a few years, and he believed in making the news conform to makeup. He would come to work with the front page mapped out, and then proceeded to put on it the stories that were the right length to fit his mental dummy. I prefer to think that the news should govern the makeup. But the two are interacting for a few hours, at least, until it becomes evident that we will or will not

have for the front page several extremely long local stories, or extra-
important AP news about some event that will require several related
stories, or more than the usual amount of pictures. It would be splen-
did if all local and AP news of potential front page worth could be set
aside at the editor's elbow as the night went on, then around midnight,
could be judged for relative worth, equipped with headlines, dummied in,
and sent to the composing room together. But we don't have enough man-
power to indulge in such luxury ways of working in Hagerstown. The type
won't be set in time if most of the stories don't reach the composing
room soon after they are created. Nor is it practical to write all the
headlines at the last minute. The labor question enters into the head-
line case, and also another consideration, our system of keeping story
and headline together. Metropolitan newspapers do it differently. Each
news event is slugged with a single appropriate word. That word is used
to identify everything related to that story: the story itself, its
headline, related picture, picture caption, and miscellaneous other it-
ems. The headline need not be written until long after the story has
gone into type, under this method. We do it a quicker way. The head-
line's first word or two are used to slug the type for the story. This
makes it unnecessary to slug the headline but it means that the story
can't be set until the headline has been written. It is possible to
cheat this system once or twice a night, slugging the story with some
particular word and then writing later a headline beginning with the
right word after the makeup is becoming clearer. If a headline starting
with that word doesn't fit, a different start can be used, and the dis-
crepancy can be explained to the composing room verbally. But this is
risky and clumsy. For all practical purposes, it's necessary to write
some heads before you're sure how they'll fit into the makeup and to
leave off the front page an occasional very late story that should be
used there.

The AP tries to help out. Its news report for morning papers be-
gins on weekdays at 4 p.m., and runs for the next nine or ten hours.
Near the start of the period, the AP sends a summary of the major stor-
ies that are on hand at present. Whoever is handling the front page
can get a rough idea from this about the caliber of national and inter-
national news to come. But too much reliance can't be placed on this,
because it makes no allowance for stories with purely regional interest,
late-developing news, or an AP worker who makes the summary much more
exciting than the story on which it is based. On a typical night, the
AP will send around 200 items. Perhaps eight or ten of them will end up
on our front page. But the decision on which to use isn't as hard as it
might seem. Quite a few of those 200 items will be sports news, others
will be one-paragraph fillers for emergency use, and there will be fur-
ther reduction of choice by the fact that a new number is used for a new
lead or a later add to a story.

Most local news is predictable a few hours ahead, at least. We've
been operating with so few reporters that we haven't been getting much
spot news of late, anyway. Unless there is a late fatal auto crash or a
sudden big fire, it's usually possible to foresee with fair accuracy at
5 p.m. what local stories will be available at midnight and to make some
educated guesses on which should go on the front page, even before they
get written.

Pictures for the front page are another headache. For bad or good,
the higher ups have fewer set notions about picture policy. Unlike some
newspapers, it is not illegal to run a picture that does not relate to a
front page story or to run an AP picture that was in the metropolitan
dailies that afternoon. There has been a greater tendency to run more
front page pictures and to increase the proportion of local to AP pic-

tures but this is not watched carefully. Front page picture problems are different, depending on whether it's AP or local photography. With the local pictures, the difficulty is elementary: you never know when you send out someone to take a picture if you'll get something clear and sharp enough to publish. Two years ago, the company sold off its Graphics and bought a batch of 2 $\frac{1}{4}$ " twin-lens reflexes. These are inventions of the devil, impossible to focus when the light is bad, having neither the large negatives that require little enlargement of the Graphics nor the depth of field of 35 mm cameras. Half of the local picture assignments since these cameras arrived have been failures for one reason or another and the whole town is laughing at the press photographers for chronic failure. When a local picture is publishable, it can generally be made to fit almost anything demanded by the way the news is ordering makeup around. AP wirephotos are a different matter. They are transmitted onto paper about seven by nine inches, and most of them occupy the entire piece of printing paper. Some of these pictures have enough safe area around the edges to permit a choice between several widths, but some are composed in such manner as to demand a specific number of columns. We make engravings with a Fairchild Scan-a-Graver that operates much like an electronic stencil cutter. It is quick and cheap but it cannot make a cut smaller than the picture that is given to it, it can enlarge in only two specified ratios, and it can make cuts the same size as the picture much more easily than it can enlarge. Theoretically we could get around this problem by copying the wirephotos and printing the new negative whatever size seems best, but this wastes time and manpower. So the picture choice is limited to an extent by the size in which they've arrived and the general composition of the wirephoto. Someone is on duty at the engraving machine only from 5 to 11 p.m., so it's impossible to wait too long to make decisions. However, there is a certain amount of elasticity in front page pictures, once they've been engraved. It is usually possible to shave a little from the top or bottom of a picture when space is scarce, or to cut one column from its width in an emergency so grave that the composing room agrees to reset the caption to the new width.

Headlines are the one phase of journalism where the elasticity of type can't be fully proved. They come in various sizes, measured from top to bottom by a unit called a point. The 72-point headlines are big enough to serve for eight-column streamers except when wars are in progress, and are convenient from the dummy standpoint because they occupy exactly one inch per line. We stick quite closely to this size for the streamers, and for elsewhere on the page, we use 48-, 36-, 30-, 24- and 18-point heads, most of which are available in either standard or italic form. Up to 30-point, heads are fairly easy to write in a manner that will fit, because ten or more characters go to the column and it is not necessary to count out precisely each letter and space, for a quick glance will show if there is a predominance of wide or thin letters to a line that might cause trouble. I use the character-counting thingamajig on my typewriter to tell me when I have about the right length in this sort of headline. But the larger heads are the very dickens to create in proper length and must be calculated more systematically. Even the 72-point streamer, for instance, permits only 30 normal-size characters to the line. A small bit of leeway is possible because there are varying widths for spacers between words. But one character more or less is about the limit. We count these by considering most letters as one unit, the thin ones like i and t and spaces as a half-units, and some capitals, the m and w as one and one-half units. Even this does not always suffice, for hardly any two characters are identical in width and an important head that counts exactly

right can turn out to be hopelessly over-long.

The difficulty of fitting long words into headlines is responsible for many of the excesses that headline writers commit. Someone should write a book about the sociological effect of headlines in the United States. For instance, isn't it likely that our attitude toward the presidency has been colored by the way headlines have caused us to think of presidents by informal and sometimes impertinent abbreviations and nicknames? How many potentially effective scathing attacks and incitements to rebellion have been ruined because headline writers relied on the old favorite synonym for longer and more emotionally loaded verbs and said that so-and-so-"scored" someone or something?

One built-in peril for the front page consists of the fact that it comes into the world at a time when everyone is tired. In Hagerstown, it is generally made up at a time when all but one of the other news pages have been stereotyped, at a time when most of the people involved in it have been on the job for six, seven, or more hours. Some things happen involving the front page that would be unthinkable if the newspaper people were in good condition. There was the night when the man setting headlines and I wrestled for a quarter-hour with a headline that absolutely refused to fit, no matter what we did with it. He was fussing because I had forgotten everything I should have known about the proper count for a four-column headline and I was angry because he hadn't tried to set it more promptly. Finally the awful truth descended gently over us and caused us to realize the stupidity we'd both been committing: he had been using the 72-point font on a 36-point headline and I'd been watching him do it, both of us too bleary-eyed to see the evidence before us. Just last week, I hovered over the foreman as he put the big four-column cut where the small four-column cut should have gone and vice versa and didn't think it was significant until just before the final pieces of type had gone into the form.

We try to keep errors off the front page, although they're impossible to eradicate from the newspaper as a whole. But the tiredness in the early morning hours involves proofreaders, too. Every inch of type on the front page gets proofread at least twice, sometimes oftener. It is proofread soon after the story has been put into type. If there are lots of mistakes in this proof, a revised proof is pulled after the corrected lines are inserted. Then there are two proofs taken of the full front page after it is all made up. One is split up among as many proofreaders as are still awake, the other goes to whoever handled the front page that night. The latter reads as much as he can on it while the proofreaders go over it again, and all mistakes found in this manner are marked and corrected. There is always a moment of frightful suspense when the page proofs arrive, because they might reveal some trouble that will produce frantic scurrying. A story might be ended at an impossible place, a paragraph that should have been deleted when a new lead was tacked onto an old story may have been allowed to stand, or worst of all, a story that doesn't belong on the front page may have crept in because the wrong tape was used or a front page story was put by error into an interior page. I've never encountered an insoluble problem of this sort but I've come quite close several times. At worst, it is always possible to stick in some harmless small story to fill up a sudden gap and sometimes we can find the deleted paragraphs of a story when needed after all. There was the awful night when everything seemed to be in order after the page proof had been read and corrected, and then we couldn't find the engravings for the front page. They had never been made and I got the responsible person out of a sound sleep in a big hurry.

Of course, I use other methods to make the articles in Horizons come out exactly right so they stop at the very bottom of the page. I'll re-

Fandom's Biggest DNQ

Maybe it isn't the biggest dnq officially, but you'd think it was, from the faithfulness with which fans are refraining from any mention of the latest orbital flights and the rapid approach of the first genuine moon flights. I have no firm theories on why this should be so. A fair amount of fanzine material was inspired by that first sputnik or two. Remember Andy Young's exciting story of how he reacted to the news that one was up there? Earlier, the first atomic bombs caused a tremendous amount of soul-searching, doom-forecasting, and general commotion in fandom. But it's hard to find anything in fanzines during the past year or two about men in orbit and cameras landing on the moon. If it weren't for those technical leaflets smuggled into a recent FAPA mailing, I would despair of the future's chances of reconstructing civilization solely from someone's fanzine collection.

The only possible explanation is the feeling of some fans that they wouldn't be caught dead showing interest in what the great mass of people are talking about. The first orbital flight or two may have also produced a sort of letdown in fandom, because the newspapers hailed those episodes as great conquests of space and they seemed awfully tame in comparison with the first space flights we'd read about in science fiction stories. But the recent adventures have been close enough to the real thing to cause even me to pay some attention. When you have a couple of men in space and do some maneuvering of the capsule and crawl outside it and have trouble getting back in, you're getting quite close to the elements of real space opera.

The three-day, two-man trip that is the latest as of this stenciling session was particularly exciting to me for a special reason. Some of you may remember my chronic refusal to believe in the practicality of space stations. The manner in which the astronauts failed completely to reach a booster that had gone up at the same time was a good demonstration of the point I have been trying to put across. No matter how many scientific proofs are thrust at me that it is important to put up a space station the first thing, I still say it can't be done without the availability of better fuel and more elaborate equipment than we now possess. If that better fuel is discovered, its very existence should remove all arguments in favor of the space station, other than minor scientific uses such as a good observatory for astronomers. The troubles experienced with that booster rocket are insignificant, compared with the harder job facing anyone who goes up into orbit and attempts to contact something that had gone up in orbit on another occasion. And the difficulty will remain even if a few sections of the space station get hooked together, for the size of the object sought doesn't make it easier to reach, and what happens if an important component fails on something around the middle after part of it is hooked up?

Less pleasant is the chauvinistic attitude of the press and television toward the United States' position in the race toward the moon. I realize that we've done some catching up in the past couple of years and that Russia has undoubtedly had more spectacular catastrophes than the public is allowed to know. But people in general, including science fiction fans, aren't paying enough attention to the fact that Russia lands space capsules on the ground while we continue to use the water. Either we'll change our methods or we'll have to ship an awful lot of ocean to the moon to get ready for the first manned rocket from this country in that direction. I'd feel so much better if we made just one simple little single-orbit flight that landed on the dry

land somewhere. Meanwhile, I imagine that certain aspects of the space program are done that way to make them more impressive to the public, rather than for practical purposes. But really, is there any virtue in maintaining the frightfully bad sound quality of the announcements from Gemini control? The contrast between good sound from the control point on earth and the faint transmissions from spacecraft would be much more dramatic than what I assume to be a hammy attempt to make the control point sound like something from the aircraft tower in a grade B movie. I also fail to grasp the necessity of all the training that the astronauts undergo before their trips. Practice in handling the capsule and conducting whatever activities are necessary in it is most laudable. But certainly they've been overdoing the stress on isolation (not nearly as bad as men have long experienced in various occupations on earth for much longer periods), inactivity (those long weeks I spent in traction contained less freedom of motion for me than astronauts have for a few days), and first-rate physical condition (there isn't much exertion to space flight at present, once the individual is known to have a heart and abdominal wall capable of standing up against the strains of blastoff and re-entry). Maybe such things are emphasized today on the theory that they're due to become real factors in a few more years.

Social, business, and bodily functions had prevented me from viewing the blastoff and hearing the entire landing procedure for any orbital flight until this last one. I admit to feeling as tense and worried on both occasions as our best authors tried to make us feel when we read science fiction stories in the old years. There is the natural concern for any humans combating these special dangers, but there is the added concern about what might happen if one of these highly publicized American flights should end in tragedy. It seems safe to assume that Russia has had fatalities of this sort, otherwise we'd have Reds on the moon by now, at the rate they were going two or three years ago. Maybe the United States is far enough along to keep moving even if one or more astronauts should be killed, but it's conceivable that the reactionaries and fundamentalists could turn such a mishap into real restrictions on further experiments.

But even the suspense over the two-man, three-day trip was less than the sensations I'd felt a few weeks earlier when the camera-carrying capsule banged into the moon and sent back pictures as it went down. This was closer to science fiction coming real than the orbital flights for various reasons: it really was on television, not just described on television, it was happening a quarter-million miles away, not just outside the atmosphere, and it offered a tantalizing possibility that something unforeseen might show up in those last photographs: ruins of a building, or something glinting in the shadow of a crevice. I suppose that nothing of the sort has shown up even on through study of the photographs, but I'm not too disappointed. It seems like the first episode in a space opera rather than the disillusionment of a disappointing final chapter.

Nobody has pointed out one melancholy fact about the present. We are living through a last-legs period for a whole category of science fiction. For a few more months, possibly for a few more years, it will be possible to write science fiction stories about man's first journey to the moon, about his first adventures in a rocket ship that is leaving behind earth's gravitation. Then will come the day when we're get the unbelievable announcement from Moscow that a Russian has landed or we'll follow the American on his way up, and when the spaceship lands on the moon with a live man inside, next year or next decade, thousands of authors today and millions of authors yet unborn will be prohibited from

writing science fiction stories about the first trip to the moon. Well, almost prohibited; I suppose that someone along about 2018 will write a worlds of if science fiction story about the first trip to the moon as it might have been if the nation that actually got there first had lost the race into space. I wonder if anyone at Appomattox guessed that a few books would be written about a Confederate victory and what it produced? I hate to see this source of science fiction stories get canceled out. Verne's From the Earth to the Moon was one of my first science fiction stories and ever since I've been fond of stories that tell how we got off the earth in preference to those that tell about men on other planets without full explanation of how they got there. Just as caterpillars get more woolly when a hard winter is coming up, science fiction authors everywhere should be writing frantically about that pioneer moon trip, before it's too late.

I've read only one genuine first moon trip story in the past year, and I'm pleased to find it a good one. This is Hank Searls' The Pilgrim Project in the Crest Book edition. In a few months it will be hopelessly out of date, but it has a wonderful immediacy today. I'd put it right alongside the Verne novel as one of the finest long stories about the first trip, and I'll break a long fast from movie-going if the movie gets here before the course of events ruins the impact of the film. Undoubtedly most FAPA members are better-informed than I am about such things, but I'm assuming tentatively that the foreword is based on fact and that Searls sounds occasionally like a propagandist for a pet idea because he really believes that this is how things should be done. The prospect of a few years alone on the moon, awaiting the arrival of company and arrangements to get back, doesn't seem much worse than the prospects faced by the men who hunted the poles a few decades back: their cutoff from civilization lasted nearly as long, and if they did not have to go to the final goal alone, they had fewer means to amuse themselves than the first man on the moon would be given, and the sense of planting a flag at the north or south pole may not have been as much a thrill as earning the status of a real man in the moon.

Another Crest Book, Fifth Planet by Fred and Geoffrey Hoyle, is somewhat relevant to this matter, too. It's further in the future than the first moon flight, it concerns a trip to a visiting planet, but it has many of the elements from the first space flight stories that appeal to me. There is even one of those dear old passages in which the entire story stops so that first the author, then the characters speaking for the author, can explain to the reader the scientific basis on which the story is based. If there's anything wrong with this novel, it's only the inherent paradox that a story which sounds so convincing and realistic causes us to recognize the strong probability that an even more alarming hunk of science fiction territory will be lost to invading fact in only a few more years, the stories in which the first manned rocket goes to a planet on which there is a real chance that some sort of life exists. By the time this FAPA mailing appears, that American rocket heading toward Mars will either be a failure or send back pictures of our nearest neighbor in the direction of the suburbs. I imagine that even if things go as well as they possibly could, we won't learn enough to annihilate the segment of science fiction stories in which man first finds incontrovertible evidence that he isn't alone in the solar system.

Meanwhile, I've thought and thought and have been totally unable to remember any science fiction story that described man's endeavor to get off earth in a manner prophetic of what's been happening. We've had stories in which rival governments sought the prestige and advantages of being first on the moon. But did any story convey the tediousness and slowness that have actually been involved in the proceedings?

The Worst of Martin

(Continuing "The Spirits Were..." from the winter, 1954, issue of Grotesque, written and published for FAPA by Ed Martin, Berlin, Conn.)

Queen Mary was not the type to inspect the proverbial gift horse. If the elevator was nuts it was certainly in her favor. All it was supposed to do was tilt the table.

"The spirits are strong tonight," said Queen Mary. To the regular customers, familiar with the nightly procedure, it was a rank understatement.

Helen Desmond whispered to Tom Farrell beside her: "Now what happens?"

"Goodness only knows," said Tom. "I never got mixed into one of these things before."

Helen continued: "I'm getting tired."

"It is kind of cramped."

As though in answer to her words the undulations of the table stopped. It began to waver up and down on Shorty Waldo's side.

"Okay on the table." Queen Mary was back in her armpit. "Let's get goin'." She spoke up again to the room. "The spirits are strong tonight." Queen Mary always stuck to the script. "There is one who feels that he must get a message through. I am trying to help him but there is great interference."

"Are you interfering?" whispered Tom.

"That's a bright question; I must say," answered Helen.

"Someone is not concentrating fully," continued Queen Mary.

"Probably you," said the earphones.

Queen Mary sputtered. Shiela was drinking again. And when Shiela was drinking it always turned out to be a rough night.

"Someone is not concentrating fully," she repeated. "We must have absolute quiet."

It struck most of the assembly that the only sounds were those issuing from Queen Mary. Mrs. Perkins was the first to notice the trumpet materialize in the corner of the room. Slightly less fluorescent was a diaphanous material suspended from the mouth of the trumpet. Ectoplasm, was what Queen Mary always called it.

"They are getting through," said Queen Mary. "The spirit world is close tonight." She changed the tone of her voice in a subtle manner. "Can you hear me?"

She was answered by a sharp knock on the table. The earphones added a realistic comment: "Roger, kiddo. Can you hear me? Over."

"Knock once for 'yes.'"

There was one knock.

"Twice for 'no.'"

There were two knocks.

The last rap was followed by two more on another part of the table. Queen Mary jumped. Everything was going wrong.

"Knock twice for 'no,'" she repeated.

"I just did," said the earphones, annoyed. "What goes on up there?" Shiela rapped again. "I told you to get that solenoid re-wound."

The trumpet gave a loud wail. The recording had been made in an echo chamber. It was a fearsome sound.

Helen jumped: "God! That thing startled me."

"Oh, I could do much better," said Tom. He moaned low in her ear.

"I love to feel your hot breath on me." Helen whispered with what amounted to obscene suggestion. Her sudden changes of emotion always

startled Tom.

"Now! Now!" was all he could say.

The trumpet and the trailing ectoplasm jerked over towards the table. Queen Mary planned to get the wires adjusted but always forgot. The trumpet murmured a few low notes.

"I can't hear you clearly," said Queen Mary. "Can you speak louder?" The trumpet jerked up and down a few times and there was a long staccato rapping on the table. "Do you want to speak to me?"

There were two distinct raps.

"To someone at the table?"

There was one knock, and by a process of elimination it was determined that Shorty Waldo had a visitor in the person of an ancestor. The rapping went wild for a moment and ran around the table a few times. Queen Mary was impressed.

"Who are you doin' that?" She stayed under her armpit while waiting for the answer. She regretted not taking a bath that morning.

"Even I hear it," said Shiela. "It's that blasted solenoid. Maybe we'd better try the new loudspeaker system."

"Well, keep sober!" Queen Mary was sorry she mentioned the subject. In her earphones she could hear liquid being poured. The way things were going she could use a drink herself.

"Waldo Thompson!" The trumpet dragged out the words until they were almost unintelligible. "Waldo Thompson!"

"Here!" It was a weak reply. Actual voices in Queen Mary's Temple were a new development. He was a regular client and quite cocky about his familiarity with table rapping. This would set him back a peg.

"That's quite a trick, you know," interpolated Tom.

Helen just grunted.

"I am your grandfather, Hirma Thompson," continued the trumpet.

It struck Waldo that the voice was a little high-pitched for his grandfather. But he could not very well argue with ghosts. "Yes, grandfather."

"You have been doing well, Waldo. And it is up to people like you to help disseminate the word."

Queen Mary smiled in the darkness. Shorty Waldo was always a fine contributor. This demonstration should make things opulent. Then she flushed as the trumpet added a comment in what actually seemed to be another voice.

"After all, you can't take it with you."

She buried her head in her armpit. "Shiela," she hissed. "For Gawd's sake, cut out the wisecracks."

"I heard it too," said Shiela. It was more of a shout and there was a note of fear in it. "I didn't say it."

"Well, don't get excited," said Queen Mary quickly. "Must be a couple of wires crossed." It was a vague idea and her voice trailed vaguely off with it.

"On second thought, you can take it with you, if you want." The trumpet executed a smooth dance.

"I didn't say that, either," said Shiela. "The business seems to be running itself." She added after a moment: "And how can crossed wires talk?"

"I think the seance is about to get panicky," said Helen.

"I can see their point." Tom moved away from Helen. She was unnecessarily close. It was a bad habit of hers, being familiar.

"Switch to Ma Perkins." Queen Mary dragged her tired head out of her armpit.

(To Be Continued)

Fools' Gold

Just as I was the last American to learn the identity and function of Mr. Brinkley, I am probably the final person to capitulate to the urge to read a James Bond novel. I paid 10¢ for a used copy of Goldfinger at the Goodwill Industries store, and found the investment rather extravagant in terms of what I got out of it.

Perhaps critical faculties become numbed after a steady diet of adventure stories by Ian Fleming. But on the strength of this one novel, I cannot imagine why the books have captured the public attention so much in the past year or two. The writing is as stiff as a typical hack's style in the old pulp magazine days. Fleming doesn't even try to write his way out of the problem that other novelists try to solve sometimes, an explanation of why the hero is not bumped off by the villain immediately during the first of the half-dozen long periods in the book when the villain has the undisputed upper hand. Bond is totally ineffectual either as a heroic hero or as a parody of a hero: his escapades are neither fruitful nor funny. He survives to the end of the book through wild coincidences and miraculous rescues by other persons rather than by his own actions.

But the thing that makes me actively dislike Goldfinger is the way in which Fleming attempts to give an air of authenticity by inserting highly technical descriptions of this or that at certain places in the novel. We get these dissertations on the physical arrangements at Fort Knox, the preparations for taking a picture with a Leica, playing a game on an exclusive golf course, the place of gold in the world's economy, how experts play canasta, and several other topics. Before these dissertations and after them, there is no indication that Fleming knows anything about these subjects. Occasional references to the same topics in a wise way elsewhere in the book would make the full explanations seem more natural. I get the definite impression that he wrote the novel, then turned over to some bright young secretary the job of digging up authentic facts about certain subjects to give this fake authenticity.

I don't know how authentic some of these insertions may be, but the one dealing with the photograph is highly suspicious. Bond wants to photograph the setup whereby Goldfinger cheats at cards. He never bothers to develop the film, so we don't know precisely his photographic intentions. But he sneaks into a hotel room, gets in the viewfinder the girl in the foreground using binoculars and a microphone, and in the background he shows Goldfinger and card-playing companion. Before taking the picture, we are told that he set the shutter at 1/100th of a second, put the aperture at f/11, and focused at 12 feet. He put in a flashbulb, size unspecified, and we aren't told what type film he used. We don't know exactly how far from the girl Bond was when he took the picture, except that he had walked across the floor until he was "almost behind her" and the card game was 60 feet away. Now, if Bond had a normal 50 mm lens on the Leica, the card players and quite possibly the girl would have been out of focus, because the area of sharp focus at this combination runs from seven to 50 feet. If he used a wideangle lens, things would have been in focus but the men in the background would have been even tinier objects on the negative. Even the Leica, which I admire greatly, would hardly show the imitation hearing aid in Goldfinger's ear at that distance, or the fact that the men were holding playing cards in their hands, or enough detail in the partner of Goldfinger to establish identity with his back turned. Besides, the flash would almost certainly have overexposed the girl at such short range and would probably be unnecessary in any case, since she was sitting just inside a window on a bright day at the beach.

Parenthetically, a photographer might wonder with justice why Bond handicapped himself with the type of film he was using. Goldwater was wearing a device to speed up the suntanning process, so we may assume that it was a sunny day at that Florida beach. This means that that exposure, if correct, was intended for a film with approximately the speed of today's Kodachrome. No black and white film made in the United States and generally available is that slow. A secret agent might encounter situations in which he didn't want to attract attention with flash and would do well to invest in a faster film capable of taking indoor pictures under most available light conditions.

A European opera house once produced Don Giovanni as a sexual fantasy dreamed by Leporello after he falls asleep during his opening ditty. Similarly, it would be easy to reinterpret Goldfinger as a nightmare experienced by Bond, in which his inadequacies come bubbling out. The first pages of the novel give the temptation to read the book in this manner, for the beginning describes a killing of a Mexican dope peddler that Bond is supposed to have accomplished just before the time in which the novel opens. Was Fleming by chance attempting to hint to his reader that Bond was human enough to patronize the Mexican rather than murder him, that Bond's doped subconscious excused this deviation by inventing a fantasy that the Mexican had been dead, and then proceeded to weave a tapestry of strange happenings in which Bond kept blundering and getting whumped? I can't think of any other explanation for Bond's inability to do anything right. Until the very end of the book, he loses all the fights in which he engages except those in which his opponent is a female whom he has snuck up on and tackled from behind, before she had a chance to defend herself. Bond does conquer Goldfinger at the final climax, or imagines himself as doing this. But this conquest is inconsistent with what we have been told of Goldfinger, described as possessing no neck, yet dying of strangulation at Bond's hands. If the victory for Bond really occurred, it wasn't a fair fight, in any event: Goldwanger is only five feet tall, misshapen in a way that could hardly assist in rough and tumble, and although his age doesn't seem to be described anywhere, it must be ten or more years older than Bond.

Aside from this last struggle, Bond makes a miserable showing. He defeats Goldfinger in that golf match only by a trick, after he has been rattled into poor play by little distractions of a sort that only a neurotic should notice. Bond is scared silly of Oddjob and usually doesn't even put up a token struggle when Oddjob is in a bad temper. (Parenthetically again, I might point out that Bond is hopelessly bigoted against anyone who doesn't come from an English-speaking nation and some people who do. He thinks all Koreans are subhuman. When he gets his first look at Goldfinger, he immediately thinks Goldfinger might have Jewish blood, presumably because dislike and Jewish blood are complementary factors in his mind. For these reasons, I must reject John Boardman's ingenious theory to the effect that Pussy Galore is a Negress. Bond would never feel any interest in her if she were. Besides, Fleming describes her on several occasions as being pale from fright.)

Just as consistently as Bond flubs his crises do we find on real examination that there is next to no evidence against Goldfinger as guilty of anything except the laws involving possession and transfer of gold. Bond accepts on faith the tales that he is told about deaths occurring offstage, but we have no way of knowing if Tilly Masterson, for instance, really did suffer the loss of a sister at Goldfinger's hands, or if the criminals who refused to join the plot against Fort Knox were killed after they were ushered out of the room. We never learn for sure if those two men on the locomotive were killed or only stunned, so

the benefit of the doubt would make Goldfinger a spotlessly shining embodiment of a modern Robin Hood. There is concrete evidence that Bond suffered more from his imagination than from Oddjob in the celebrated torture scene. Fleming speaks quite definitely about "sudden squeeze" and "quick, sharp blow" when he describes Oddjob's techniques. But Bond finds himself a bit later completely unbruised, an impossible result if there was this sort of genuine force employed in addition to skillful manipulation of pain centers.

There is something strange about the whole series of events involving Tilly. If she really was determined to avenge her sister, why did she tail Goldfinger across so much of Europe and let him get into his Swiss hideout, rather than kill him at some convenient spot during mutual stops along the highway? How did Tilly get that rifle through customs if she had it disguised as part of a set of golf clubs? Why does Bond assume that she had the rifle among the golf clubs, anyway? She could have purchased it at any time when she was out of his sight. And why didn't Bond let her go ahead and shoot Goldfinger, if he hated Goldfinger that much, instead of blundering onto her and attracting attention of Oddjob?

It has nothing to do with the merits of this novel, but I should point out something that seems to be generally overlooked. We have been told that The Man from UNCLE has no connection with Fleming's novels, except in spirit. But Solo is one of the heroes of the television series, and Solo is the name of one of the band of criminals whom Goldfinger rounds up for his attack on Fort Knox. Goldfinger identifies him as head of the Mafia in "America", presumably encompassing dozens of nations on two continents. Did the television series writers use the name as a gentle hint that they think Goldfinger was pulling Bond's credulous leg all along?

Is it carelessness on the part of Fleming, stupidity on the part of Goldfinger, or a mistaken judgment on the part of Bond, the matter of the source of the atomic bomb Goldfinger has allegedly acquired for the attack on the fort? "I obtained one, after much seeking, from a certain allied military base in Germany. It cost me exactly one million dollars," Goldfinger says. Why in thunder would an agent for the Russian government like Goldfinger go to all that trouble, running any amount of risk, when the USSR would undoubtedly be happy to save him a lot of money and risky negotiations?

There are many more little indications that all is not as it ought to be with regard to Bond's perception of reality. He drinks on almost every page of the opening stages of the novel, as if he were exaggerating the effects of whatever drugs he had taken. His discovery of the movie cameras, on his first visit to Goldfinger has an unreal character attached, for it does not make sense that exposed film should be permitted to fall helter-skelter into a closed receptacle as Bond thinks he finds. Use of the customary takeup reel has every advantage, for it would mean an inordinate amount of work to darken the whole area before opening storage bin, and then it would be necessary to untangle the exposed film and wind it onto a reel eventually, to permit feeding into the device on which movie film gets developed. When Bond sees Billy Ring for the first time, he thinks it "a face out of a nightmare". Bond becomes unconscious time after time, always finding an injection or rabbit punch or some other cause for the loss of his senses, without proof that the blackouts were caused by anything other than overdoses.

Maybe those were real people from a boobyhatch, caring for Bond when he imagined that Goldfinger was spiriting him into New York to take part in the Fort Knox conspiracy.

Price and Prejudice

Three or four years ago, Horizons ran a few paragraphs on record discounts and discount houses. Enough response occurred to make it possible that an updating of the article will provide some useful information for music-admiring fans like me who know what they want and know they want it at the lowest possible cost.

Even though it's no longer legal to advertise "discount" when offering records in some states, the principles of purchasing at cut prices remain just about the same. You want to be careful that you get records in good condition that haven't been misused by customers in a store, you don't want to lose most of the discount in the form of high postal and packing fees, and you don't want to buy records you are not interested in as a means of getting records you do want at a good price. All the discount places mentioned below keep their mail order business separate from any retail store enterprises in which they may be engaged, to the best of my knowledge. I'll list the extra fees so you can judge for yourself. None of these places forces you to buy a specified quantity of records within a given time although some of these firms occasionally advertise complicated deals in which you can get certain records for certain prices if you buy certain other records at different certain prices.

L & M Mail Mart, Inc., 144 Broadway, Hicksville, L.I., N.Y. 11802, is the current incarnation of a firm that I may have described when it was Morec Mail, Inc., in the previous item. Most of the time, it has a simple discount policy on any records listed in Schwann, except certain imports, running around 30%. There is a packing fee of 25¢ regardless of the size of the order and there is no postage fee at all. This firm advertises a free copy of the latest Schwann catalog with any order of \$20 or more, but a free catalog usually comes along with smaller orders, too. Every month or two the firm puts out a bulletin of records offered at deeper discounts, usually on three or four labels. The latest such bulletin is strong on imports, some of them quite difficult to find even at near-list prices, going at the rate of five for \$18.95. Those three-record MGM albums are being offered at \$3.25 each and Vox Boxes for only \$3.75 apiece. This firm also likes to sell books and even printed music at discount. Currently it's offering 10 per cent off on all paperbacks with free postage for orders of \$10 or more, plus a 50¢ credit in tradeback allowance on any books returned in good shape within six months. I've found the L & M records to be in first-class condition always, they're packed carefully, but the firm quite frequently must fill orders in several shipments because something is out of stock when ordered. Back ordered items may take from three days to a month to show up.

Unlike L & M, Publishers Central Bureau, 33-20 Hunters Point Ave., Long Island City, N.Y., doesn't sell anything in Schwann. It gets out a price list quite frequently with offerings that rarely cost more than \$2 per record. Formerly this firm specialized in items that were about to be cut out from Schwann. Lately its offerings have been more limited to some obscure labels. But it's an ideal place for the person with a small record collection to purchase, because of the frequency with which big sets by good performers are offered very reasonably. Right now, it has most or all of the ten-record packages of "great chamber music", "great classics", and so on, for \$9.95 apiece; most of these are Capitol and Westminster recordings. The much-admired Everest set of Beethoven symphonies conducted by Krips is offered at \$14.95. Gopherman's version of The Beggars Opera is going for \$3.96. There are no postage fees but a 25¢ packing fee whatever the size of order. Liners

sometimes get dogeared in transit but I've never found a damaged record. The only occasion on which I was forced to return a disc as unplayable was followed by receipt of a replacement without question but after an interminable wait. Book bargains are also listed in this firm's catalog, pretty much the same sort of remaindered volumes as you'll find in the Marboro listings. I've stopped buying records from Marboro because of the flimsy packaging and the difficulty of getting the record out of this frail but stubborn protection without damage.

I have sentimental sensations toward The Record Hunter, 507 Fifth Ave., New York, N.Y., 10017. It was the first firm that I patronized for discount records. Its discounts on most things are smaller than many discount houses. But it generally has a sale going on this and that label, it charges nothing for packaging or postage on orders of \$10 or more, it ships absolutely mint records in the utmost security of parcels, and service is usually very prompt. One subsidiary good thing about The Record Hunter is the detail in which offerings are described in its sale bulletins. Too many discount firms make it hard to be sure just which music you're getting on what record, particularly when the firm does not list the manufacturer's album number but substitutes a number of its own. The Record Hunter also sends out manufacturers' listings sometimes, and these little catalogs are quite hard to come by if you don't live in a big city. They contain much more information on each record than you'll find in most listings. The best Record Hunter bargains at the moment, I would say, consist of an extensive choice of Ultraphone releases of complete Russian operas at \$3.29 per disc, and a lot of offerings from the low-prices series like Dover and Everyman. One word of warning, if you read the New York Times: the prices in Record Hunter ads there usually refer only to store sales and are not available by mail order.

Chesterfield Music Shops, Inc., 12 Warren St., New York, N.Y., 10007, is much like The Record Hunter for providing a modest basic discount price schedule but getting records to you fast and in perfect shape. Chesterfield issues a new list of offerings only three or four times a year, but it contains lots of special bargains. Chesterfield puts quite a bit of stress on children's records and spoken word recordings, in addition to coming up with varied curiosities that don't get much publicity. From the latest catalog, I find the two Hitler's Inferno discs at \$3.79 each, many Comedie Francaise records at the same price, two Dr. Seuss records at \$1.79 apiece, and a few EMI 45 rpm releases at \$2.19 each. The whole Lyrichord catalog is being offered at 45 per cent off, including all those Chinese and Japanese discs.

I don't belong nowadays to any of the one-label record "clubs". I was quite happy in the Columbia Record Club for a while, until I ordered Anjara and nothing happened. When I got a bill for the non-arrived records, I wrote to explain that I would pay when I got the merchandise. I waited a while longer and finally received the set, paid for it immediately, then a little later got another copy of the same set, sent that back with an explanation, pretty soon received a scolding letter to the effect that people like me who order records and then send them back are breaking up democratic institutions like the Columbia Record Club, then I learned a little later that this transgression had put me on parole and I wouldn't get any more bonus certificates until I had proved that I was repentant and rehabilitated. After further negotiations, I resigned. But I have since "joined" another "club", which means that I sent five bucks to Record Club of America, York, Pa., for the right to buy at its discount schedule. The discount is fairly large, 38% on anything in Schwann, but the mailing fee is 30¢ per record, so the discount isn't quite as much as it seems to be. If you live in Pennsylvania, you must

also pay five per cent sales tax. I wouldn't want to recommend the materials used for packing if you live far from York, but they are quite adequate for the hundred-mile trip to me. This outfit issues the most pretentious advertisements of any discount house I've mentioned, an elaborately printed magazine distributed bi-monthly. It is a mixed bag of lists of available records by certain artists, summaries of new releases, and some special bargains offered at prices lower than normal. The current offer specializes in discs that are low-priced to begin with and considerably cheaper when bought here. Parliaments are offered at \$1.23, for instance, Urania discs at \$1.77, quite a bit of Mercury at \$1.57, and Everest at \$1.77; if you buy any three discs from about ten pages of listings, you pay only one buck for the third.

Most of these discount firms also offer prices on folk music, jazz and similar poor relations. I've not cited instances, because I don't know what is and isn't a bargain in these fields. But they are all centered on serious music, with the possible exception of Record Club of America.

All of them except Chesterfield also will sell discounted tapes. Chesterfield gave up two years ago with a manifesto admitting that nobody buys tapes, so why take the trouble to advertise them? Tape discounts are generally lower than those offered on lp's, usually from 25% to 30%. Most of the firms make the mistake of listing their prices for tapes along with the listing for the conventional records of a given release. This goes to show how much more expensive the stuff is on tape, even discounted. When are the record manufacturers in this country going to surrender to the obvious and start releasing monaural pre-recorded tapes? They're losing at least half of their potential sales market by this silly conformism on stereo for tapes. A British correspondent tells me that mono tapes far outsell stereo releases in that country. It should be possible to make prices competitive with discs, by getting four monaural tracks onto tape, through the lower cost for the raw tape itself.

The only widely advertised discount firm that I feel like advising against is Sam Goody. The things I've seen in the retail outlets in New York and the condition of several records I ordered give me no desire to deal there any more. Fortunately, the Goody discounts are not particularly attractive, except for a rare comeon offer.

Just acquired and not yet tested is a listing of Record Centre Stores, 821 Broadway, New York 3, N.Y. I'm impressed by the quantity of hard-to-find items contained herein. The old London release of Lehhar's Giuditte, which I haven't seen listed anywhere for years, is offered for two bucks per record. There are such exotic items as a four-record set imported from Poland of a lot of major works by Szymanowski, just about the only good composer of the past century who hasn't been discovered by this country's recording industry yet. The best price I've seen on the Odeon import of the first two acts of Walkure with Lehmann, Melchior and Walter, is given here, \$11.91. Most of the Musica Sacra line is available at \$3.99. The catalog contains a lot of good prices on audio components in package deals; I get the impression that you can order this sort of equipment in the combination of your choice, too, or individual items. There is no postage or handling charge for orders for at least five records, and a flat 50 cents charge on smaller orders. Remember, I haven't tested this firm myself, so I can't recommend it, but I like the quality of the offerings.

All these places will put you on their mailing lists for catalogs without any necessity to twist their tone arms, and I've found you stay on the mailing lists even if you buy quite rarely.