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Officially, the name of this publication continues to be Horizons. But the missing i may cause it soon to be renamed Wot. Whatever its future may be, the present situation is whole number 107, FAPA number 101, volume 27, number 4, more conveniently thought of as the August, 1966, issue. If there is no indication to the contrary, any given part of it is written by Harry Warner, Jr., 423 Summit Avenue, Hagerstown, Maryland, 21740, U.S.A. The Coulson publishing industry does all the really hard work but is not to be saddled with responsibility for opinions and mistakes that will easily be found herein.

In the Beginning

The Fantasy Amateur: Discontinuing the poll would not make me unhappy. But there are two things to remember. If the membership should decide that the poll should be restored after skipping a year, we'll go down in infamy for breaking the consecutivity of it. And we shouldn't kid ourselves into thinking that the slim poll vote isn't a symptom of something more important, the stagnation that has settled over the FAPA membership roster. The best way to handle the disinterest in the poll would come from attacking the real problem by discarding the present system of filling vacancies, a system that has nothing but antiquity to recommend it. Trill: Charles summarizes brilliantly here the reasons why I rarely shoot off my mouth on world affairs, politics, and topics in general with which I can get real acquaintance only through an impossibly difficult and lengthy effort. It's so much better to stick to the things on which you have some real knowledge, or the things on which nobody can have definitive knowledge like the value of a science fiction novel. All this also is the reason why I almost never read newspapers or pay attention to documentaries on television. " The librarian at UCLA did indeed proclaim his intention to collect fanzines. That was back in 1962, and it might be wise to check first before shipping off a batch of them, just in case he's changed his mind after seeing lots of fanzines. Godot: The reasoning of those who oppose more firearms controls escapes me. Obviously many or most criminal types would continue to get and use evilly firearms if registration were required. But this is one of those infinity elements: if stricter laws created a lot of nuisance for tens of thousands of honest people each year, I think this would be compensated by the saving of just one or two innocent lives. You might as well argue against the laws that require pharmacists to keep records of the most dangerous drugs and to issue them only on a doctor's prescription in the face of the thousands of thefts of drugs and the unknown number of dishonest pharmacists. " Blue laws are preposterous and almost completely unenforced around here. Technically, it's legal to sell vegetables and illegal to sell fruit on Sunday in Hagerstown; it's legal for a service station operator to sell you gasoline but illegal for him to put water in the radiator of your car; it's legal to sell film but illegal to sell Band-aids. There ought to be a statute of limitations on laws to cover such situations: if no authority attempts to enforce a law when obvious violations occur over a ten-year span, it should be automatically null and void. This would also relieve Maryland from its embarrassment over suffrage: the state constitution still forbids women to vote. "

During one of my hospital stays, I overheard a physician telling a group of patients about weight problems. He had spent part of the war in a concentration camp, not a nice one like the one on television and not a terrible one but an in-between one. Nobody starved but nobody got as much as he wanted to eat. Nobody was fat, not even those who had glandular imbalance or hereditary plumpness. He made it clear that this experience had revised his opinion of the best way to lose weight. Ul:- If this was worth all that stencil-cutting and mimeo-running, it should justify the small additional effort to reveal the exact source. I read it, but didn't find any reason to revise my belief that Asimov is fearsomely overrated as a writer. All the robot stories make me uncomfortable because the robotic laws are so similar to the philosophy in the ante-bellum South on how to handle slaves. The few Asimov stories that I've enjoyed have impressed me because of the originality of the theme itself, not the way in which it was developed and fitted out with words. Let's Throw...: Of course I signed it but I fail to see why FAPA members should be forced to go to this trouble for the sake of a pointless requirement. If we make good fans stay on a waiting list as if they were prisoners in some nightmarish supermarket whose cashiers never finish with the people ahead of you, the least we could do is relieve them of all obligation toward the organization other than payment of actual cost of sending them the Fantasy Amateur. The JDM Bibliophile: Did the fall of the pulps cause the paperbacks to flourish? I got the impression that the opposite happened when the pulps got themselves into a straitjacket of formula writing and plotting and lost their audience to the variety of styles and techniques in the paperbacks. The Adam Film Quarterly:- Come to think of it, stagnation might not be the right definition of an apa that distributes such as this. However, my only specific comment will be one of curiosity about how the publishers intend "to complete this series". Pos Nikompos: That's just the way I felt during the only adventure at the Discon that was less than happy for me. It was my visit to the NFFF Hospitality Room. I'd been partially responsible for the group, I'd recently rejoined with a resulting receipt of welcome letters and it said "hospitality" right on the program booklet. All I found there was annoyed glances from the youngsters playing, heaven help me, in the middle of a worldcon, chess. Horib: I'm happy but surprised over the reaction to The Most-Happy Fan from you and others. I almost didn't write it, fearing that it would impress the readership as too similar to another faan story that I did years ago in which the last-line surprise was blindness on the part of the hero. But nobody seems to have pondered on the intended moral: that fandom might be better off with less dependence on the written and published word. "The page 16 quotation sounds like Mark Twain, possibly in a letter to one of his favorite cronies. " Always buy an incomplete set of something if the price is right. The tooth of remorse is never so keen as when in later years you find another incomplete set or odd volume that would have completed the set you didn't buy originally. " The telephone company was keeping track of calls to the newspaper office on the night of the meteor, because of plans for a new switchboard system. So I can give exact statistics: the girl at the switchboard answered 184 calls in about ten minutes and another 535 calls were not completed because all six lines

were busy when dialed. Horizons: This August issue will be the last of the haphazard ones for a while, if plans work out. I've been doing most recent issues in a frantic rush, because of fan history obligations, uncertainty over publisher, or other problems. If all goes well, I'll be able in the future to include some stuff of more ample scope. I'd like to fill most of one issue with a study of how Jim Blish the VAPA member reflects on Jim Blish the novelist. There are a lot of notes on hand for a long article on what it's like to be in Appalachia—plus selected short subjects. Birth of a Project: This fits beautifully with my recently resurrected reading interest in science fiction. I'd love to see such material in book form and I suspect that such a book could be sold if it wasn't as stuffy and dull as previous long studies of this topic. "I've passed up the two Roy Rockwood books on this want list, repeatedly, in area second hand shops. George probably has found them while in this country; if not, I'll undertake to supply them soon for not more than a dime apiece, payable after their accuracy has been verified by astronauts." May-be-Haydn's opera about life on the moon deserves in this list. The episode is a hoax, of course, but so are some of these novels. Fan-Dango: Doubly and trebly welcome for all sorts of reasons. It is additional proof that things in fandom have survival value far greater than those in the rest of the universe. It brings hope that previously unknown Laneyana may survive somewhere or other, if these old stencils are now put to good use. Then there is the special service that this particular reprint renders: it proves that Laney was not infallible in his estimates and predictions. The brilliance of Ah, Sweet Idiocy has caused some to assume that everything in it is true and this Fan-Dango may help to make us appreciate Laney for the real reasons rather than set him up as an oracle. In this instance, he fails altogether to take into consideration one major reason why fandom fought Palmer while remaining on better terms with the editors of other second-rate prozines: Palmer's insufferable boasting about the quality of his fiction and his nauseating claim that reading Amazing trained newcomers to science fiction to appreciate the better grade in Astounding. Sercon's Barre: Seven hours of sleep is enough for me to act at normal efficiency until within an hour or so of the next bedtime. An extra half-hour's sleep keeps me alert up to the next bedtime. Eight hours of sleep on one night has no apparent effect on me but a series of eight-hour sleeps, day after day, ends my ability to drop off the instant I turn out the light and close my eyes. "If you watch newspapers carefully, you'll discover a remarkable coincidence. These "riots" always get played up on days when there is no other major news story. Binx: This makes a strange impression, coming so close in the mailing after Fan-Dango. I must keep reminding myself that there is no need to keep wistful and regretful overtones in the mind while enjoying the wonderful prose, because Grennell is still among us and fully capable of giving us more like this every mailing, even though it seems almost as long since the last big DAG publication as since the last Laney FAPA magazine. All the adventures with the station wagon were more forceful on my nerves and emotions than true war adventures of the same length might have been, because I've come so close to similar troubles on recent occasions, and did in fact run out of gasoline at 2 a.m. one recent Saturday and was on such a steep hill that putting a gallon into the tank out of a can didn't do any good and

I finally was forced to drift backward all the way down the hill, through a busy intersection, and turn across another lane of traffic into a service station. Only after letting her go did it occur to me that this was the first time I had used the stiff steering and braking mechanism that cuts in when the lack of a running engine makes the power brakes and power steering inoperative. That must be how the astronauts feel when they're suddenly forced by computer trouble to help with the braking or steering.

Salud: I goofed and used elsewhere in this issue the remarks about Podkayne that formed the only comment hook in this issue.

Kim Chi: Schwarzkopff's sounds like the German term for a person whose bad complexion has suddenly gone on the critical list.

"Such a difference between Maryland and California as we have here. The Brotherhood of the Way is needed out there to satisfy people who want non-religion-centered marriages. Around here, a civil ceremony serves just the same function, because Maryland waited so long to permit marriages by anyone except ministers of the gospel. Qurp: Ron probably found my article about education in the last Horizons a puzzle because there are such big differences between schools in the two nations. I undoubtedly left unstated many things that American FAPans will take for granted and Britishers will find impossible to puzzle out. The school in which Ron teaches sounds very much like the parochial school that I attended for a few years during the wilder portion of my youth, with its heretical system of allowing the same teacher to instruct the same students in many subjects and the concept of a class of children as possessing certain distinctive class characteristics. It all seems to work very well in England, because the little essays show more imagination than would emanate from the same age group in American schools. "I'd still like to know what happened at the worldcon last September. It must be the least

chronicled in the history of fandom, unless some evil fortune has caused all the long reports to appear in fanzines that don't reach me. I haven't read one detailed report of happenings from start to finish. Damballa: I'm not sure that I like the smugness of this "tired American". If America has grown to attain such a series of situations, it might be more profitable to try to find out why the world is suddenly acting this way toward the United States and how we could best go about giving the rest of the world the image of a civilized people. The American also seems to be so tired that fatigue poisons have distorted his perception of reality. I can't believe there's a family anywhere in the nation that has had only "government relief checks" as income for three generations and somehow I doubt that even Nasser has bled white a country that looked pretty prosperous when I last saw it just after sundown this evening. "I had my own first close call involving seasickness the other morning.

Watching the frogmen as they rode the Gemini 9 space capsule back to the Wasp in those choppy waves almost did me in. (As a side thought, I suppose I'm the only one in fandom and maybe the only one in the nation who is still puzzled in the television coverage of the recovery efforts by the puzzle of how such a large piece of heavy metals, the Wasp, can stay afloat.)

Spinnaker Reach: That newspaper column which Russell reprinted kicked up a mild fuss in Hagerstown. Some people claimed that the game was called mumblepeg. I'm positive it was mumbledypeg in my neighborhood. "Don't brag too much about your ability to write

comments on an unread mailing. Me, I wrote a loc on a fanzine published in a language I can't read, Swedish, and the editor told me that it was the longest loc he received on that issue. I extrapolated from the proper nouns that were recognizable, pictures, and a few words that were similar to English or German words. " Chipmunk fanciers are urged to visit the grave of Francis Scott Key in Frederick, Md., where the animals are particularly lively and numerous. Niekas: This might be against some obscure moral law, to paraphrase as a mailing comment what I put into a loc. But the loc was later than the loc deadline, not every Niekas goes through FAPA, and maybe there won't be duplication. " I can think of another possible reason why the church was so opposed to Masonry. The Masons tried and maybe still try to achieve the same ideals as Christianity seeks to establish, like brotherhood and adherence to high ideals. Masonry got some results without depending on supernatural promises, rewards, and punishments. This must have posed to Rome much the same dilemma as Father Ruiz-Sanchez encounters in A Case of Conscience. Too much success for Masonry would have shown that people could follow a course of conduct compatible with civilization without the superstructure of faith required by Christianity. " The survey of Italian science fiction brings up a problem that I've never seen debated. Nation after nation that has some native tongue other than English relies heavily on translations from the English when science fiction becomes popular. Does this mean that English language writers are peculiarly gifted in the creation of science fiction? Or is it just a manifestation of a more general rule that English language writers have the best knack for writing popular fiction in general? It would take more delving into literary history and publishing trends than I can achieve, to answer even tentatively. Just guessing, I would lean to the latter as the more likely explanation. Isn't it significant that Sir Walter Scott and James Fenimore Cooper became enormously popular all over Europe in the early 19th century, while German and French novelists were mainly read by students and aristocrats? " Ben Solon overlooks one important point in his discussion of fanzine reviews. Only occasionally is a fanzine still easily obtainable when the average review is published because reviews are so frequently delayed and fanzines are so often published in quite small quantities. If the review cannot always lead the reader to something he should own, it should salvage something from this built-in disability by quoting something brilliant from the issue under review or summarizing an important article that may no longer be obtainable complete. " Music for Tolkien is something that I've written about at length in another fanzine. This time, I'll restrain myself to one question. Would it support Mordor and the forces of evil, if musical settings of Tolkien poems were orchestrated? Synapse: If Rotsler had used other people's quotes in Quotebook, I'll bet Speer would have complained that it should read, "Sermons in books and stones in the rolling brooks." " Hagerstown is the first small town in the universe to acquire a Marboro book store. I looked in particular to see how the Tolkien novels were shelved. The Hobbit was on the children's books shelves and the other three novels were among the non-fiction. " There definitely has been at least one forged letter in fandom. Its writer took the trouble to come to Hagerstown to mail it, aft-

er signing my name to it. Fortunately, the addressee knew whose side I was on in the controversy and had received enough mail from me to know it wasn't a typewriter face I ever displayed. As for forged-fanzines, you could cite the issue of Kipple that some New York City fans issued without Ted Pauls' knowledge, although that contained a broad hint about its origin buried away in the letter section. -There have been some forged campaign leaflets during the more hectic SAPS elections, I understand. - You might also consider a forgery the special-issue of their fanzine that the Shaws sent to Pauls, identical with all other copies of that issue except for one line on one page which had been restenciled for his puzzlement.

" -Locally at least you can't win with a checking account. The minimum balance checking accounts impose a service charge after you write more than five checks in a month with a minimum balance of 100 or ten checks at a mb of 200. That means you're paying almost seven cents per check by foregoing four per cent interest, even if you never incur a service charge. " Isn't it also conceivable that some of the fans who were on Breen's side have lost most of their fannish interest in disgust at the whole mess? If all the anti-Breen FAPans had halted activity, I would think they were really sure they were on the right side and are now disgusted with fandom. " Is there some natural law that makes the scenery from freeways so inferior? It is the general situation on the new interstate highways in the four-state area around here that I've traveled. The only really good scenic prospect that a superroad has opened up in my recent experience is quite close to Hagerstown, where I-70 runs along the base of Fairview Mountain a dozen miles west of here and provides a closeup at unspoiled open countryside. I must remember to preserve some of it on movie film and color slides before the housing developments start to clutter things up. " - Another great virtue of the reprinted Fanzine Index is its ability to tell you when you've probably acquired all issues of any given fanzine that suspended before 1952. Time after time in working on the fan history I got into trouble through uncertainty over whether this really was the final issue, and I never did get around to digging out all the scattered instalments of the original version for reference purposes. " I wonder how long it will be until the zipcodes and telephone area code numbers and in some states the key numbers or letters for auto license plates start to appear on signs as you reach the borderline of the area in question? " From very limited exposure to Batman, I would guess that he is burlesquing drama, every form of it, serious as well as popular in intention. Every type of dramatic presentation has always seemed to me as stilted and artificial as some people find opera to be, because of the unauthentic singsong in which the lines are declaimed, the awful intentness of all the actors on the subject matter and the absence of the wasted words and pointless gestures that occur in real life. Batman carries the dramatic conventions so far that everyone realizes how ridiculous they are. Habakkuk: -Here's a good reason for survival of the egoboo poll: to let this win first award as best single issue and the Schneeman article take top honors as the best writing, as they deserve. Alva Rogers has unwittingly stolen my lines; I couldn't comment more justly on his accomplishments than in his statements in the last two paragraphs which apply equally to Schneeman and to the essay. I hope that

this signals the start of another series of articles and eventually another book. The quality of the reproductions is so high that I wonder why Astounding ever used printing presses in the first place. "Donaho on Berkeley's yuletide should finish-second as best article of the year. It takes the reader in the middle of these people more completely than a reader normally goes through any writing other than fiction. Next to Bill, I suppose I'm the biggest sentimentalist in fandom on the subject of Christmas, and I'm tempted to blow the remainder of this stencil on comparing notes. Christmas tree customs do differ sharply. Locally, for instance, the custom of taking the tree down on New Year's Day has grown strong in just the past decade or so. When I was a little boy, nobody thought it strange that we didn't take it down until mid-January. But there seems to be no agreement in Hagerstown on erection date, and the trees begin to appear in windows of homes a week or ten days before Christmas. "No music is great as a solitary object in the universe. Some people like some music enough to call it great. Presumably they call it great because this makes them feel as if they can perceive the true values in art. No music has ever found full acceptance as great among everyone in any social strata. I try to explain why I like the music I consider great, probably because if I succeed, I feel that the fellow-rooters for that music prove my wise evaluations. I try not to talk other people out of enjoyment of the music they consider great. I do suspect any writing about music which tries to make statements with essentially meaningless words whose only synonym is, "I like this." This is why Ted White's writing about jazz makes no more effect on me than Nat Hentoff's: "communication" and "immediacy of emotional expression" and "vital spark" and so on. In any event, Ted doesn't want music with all its qualities on the surface available on first listening. Can he reject almost all modern serious music, unless he's listened to all the operas of Strauss, all the chamber music of Carter, all the symphonies of Vaughan Williams, all the religious works of Messiaen attentively five times through from beginning to end?

o-o

The Worst of Martin

I chased a dryad over a hill
 And into a quiet vale,
 And there we did what girls shouldn't do
 But boys never should fail...
 Little I knew of natural law,
 Or the ways of legends or myths,
 For on this day I have discover
 That I'm to be a Mrs.

One-two, he's turning blue
 Three-four, he's on the floor.
 Five-six, mortar mix
 Seven-eight, brick the gate,
 Nine-ten, start again....

(From Edgar Allan Martin's Grotesque, 73rd mailing of FAPA)

How To Get To The Tricon

There is still no certainty that I shall attend the worldcon during the next long weekend. However, things are quite similar to the situations that preceded my successful putsch on the Discon. I've made hotel reservations, for instance, have faced up to the awful necessity to drive the turnpike or squeeze aboard a bus during the holiday-end rush because I must be in Hagerstown in time to cover the opening of school the day after Labor Day, and I have been reading quite a bit of science fiction. During the long winter months ahead, I intend to fight out within my own soul to a definite decision the matter of whether this final activity is a case of going too far for fandom. Fandom may or may not be worth it, but in any event it provides an opportunity to run some genuine science fictional material in Horizons for a change.

-You must remember that the sudden splurge of fantasy fiction-reading will not provide you with reviews of the very latest works of contemporary writers. I've included some volumes which are new to nobody in fandom but me during this literary exercise. The choice of some older novels is not the outcome of creeping nostalgia but rather the outcome of the special conditions: I haven't been reading much science fiction since before these older works were new, and I've been relying on local newsstands as a source of reading matter, with consequent limitations in the menu. My decision to buy off the newsstand no Ace publications has prevented me from discovering the good things in new novels by several FAPA members. I hope to pick these up second-hand in the immediate future. This seems to me to be the only adequate way to reply to the whole Tolkien unpleasantness: surely if Ace is willing to profit by someone's failure to carry out the correct procedures, Ace cannot object if fans get Ace publications in a way that brings no revenue to the publisher who invested in the production of these books.

The Squares of the City seems to be the most contemporary paperback in this reading jag. I'm afraid that I didn't like it; no matter how hard I tried to get rid of several built-in prejudices that the book jostled. For instance, I can't imagine Latin-Americans going all-out for chess, even if this book is set in the future, and I find it hard to believe that anyone would take the trouble to play out a chess game with human beings, when so many major league baseball games come quite close to the end product. The principal character is totally unsympathetic to me, maybe because so much of my county and state tax money goes to support his ilk. On the county level, these high-powered individuals worm their way into the budget when something has been so completely mishandled by local people that improvements are obviously needed. So the county authorities agree with a shudder to pay \$10,000 or \$14,000 per year to a good man who is hailed as an expert in his field. No sooner is he hired than the county learns that it must provide him with a secretary for another \$3,500 or so per year, because a true expert without a secretary has lost so much prestige that he will wither away and drop dead within a few weeks. So the secretary is acquired, and the fellow has been at work only a few weeks before he appears before the authorities with a plan to save the county a lot of money: hire someone else with some experience in his line of work as his assistant for about \$6,000 per

year to do the routine tasks because it's ridiculous to waste a man earning twice that sum on the less important tasks. Haklyut didn't act like that, of course, but he would have if he'd come to Hagerstown, I'm certain.

As a novel, it shares a fault common to the majority of science fiction novels: the ending is unconvincing and forced. It may be that this is an inescapable attribute of books about the future because it is so hard to visualize what things will be like in the future and almost impossibly hard to guess how those painfully imagined things will react against one another. But Brunner has failed to cover up the worst evidences of the ending trouble. There is no apparent reason why the chess game was not reproduced to the completion in the plot; apparently the novelist ran out of invention or found the book already longer than conducive to a good chance of selling, several moves from the end. There is no real motivation for Valdos' revelations about the chess game. I fail to understand the risky way in which some of the moves were set up. Surely it was not possible to be certain who would win a duel or suffer a nervous breakdown, and the move in which the hero is involved could have turned out quite differently.

I warned you that some of my reading has not been up to date, so the Heinlein items are as antiquated as Glory Road and Podkayne of Mars. Of the latter, I might as well admit immediately that I like immensely both the novel and its heroine. It was hard to take her seriously after glancing at the blurbs on the back and front covers of the paperback. But I did it, and am happy about the achievement. This fury or distress or dissension that various Heinlein characters arouse in fans may be the best clue to his real importance as a science fiction writer. Heinlein's plots are sometimes pasted together, his philosophizing is sometimes as obvious as the concluding paragraph of the little leaflets that religious groups leave on your doorstep, but you can get aroused by his heroes and heroines and this is something you can't do about the main characters of almost any other good science fiction author. You can argue up a storm over what a Sturgeon or Bradbury character does but it doesn't occur to you to object to what he is. I feel that Podkayne is an extraordinarily skillful achievement, the adaptation of the bright young thing of mundane fiction into what a bright young thing would necessarily become under these future conditions. Better yet, here is a work in which the ending grows inevitably out of what has come before and even gives us a different insight on the things we have previously read. Poddy's impulsive action toward the baby fairy has been beautifully prepared all through the book by the activities with human babies. And suddenly at the very end we realize what a potential monster rests within the kid brother after all.

Curiously, I had read parts of Glory Road in the magazine version during the Year of the Discon. I went through it from beginning to end, nevertheless, and it strengthened my belief that Heinlein is better when he's writing either for or about youngsters. When the books are for and about adults, there is the same literary skill but it is marred just a trifle by the odd impression that Heinlein is getting excited about matters that would excite kids but would be taken in stride by the adults: his evasions

just when he seems to be on the verge at last of describing sexac in plain language, or the features of the villains that are supposed to be most abhorrent. - Nonetheless, Glory Road is one of the major reasons for regretting Heinlein's refusal to write for fanzines or to say much for publication about his fiction. It would be so nice to know if there are subtleties in this book that we've all missed; again and again, I think I've finally found enough references to great fantasies to consider it as a sort of latterday Silverlock, and then come dozens of pages in which it's impossible to find anything to support the hypothesis.

I've bought only one prozine during this reading spree. After all, I want to have a clear mind and cheerful outlook on life, if I do indeed attend the Tricon. This lone venture was the May issue of Analog. I found it the unmitigated mess that seemed the most likely circumstance. Maybe I could have tolerated some of the fiction, if I hadn't first read the editorial. Campbell is alleged to put inane things into his editorials in order to make his readers think. But there is no particular utility in this gimmick if the thoughts that emerge are so tainted with strong emotions and if the resulting thoughts involve the overly obvious rejoinders. This editorial dealt with the New York subway system and the late strike on it. Campbell advances the hypothesis that an increase in wages often results in an increase in operating costs and an increase in the cost of living for the public. Presumably, Campbell's pitch for higher subway rates came without thinking that maybe the basic trouble with the subway system is its tradition of the same fare for long or short rides. Raising the fares is no real solution as far as the public's purse is concerned: if the fare reaches 30 cents or so, it won't be long until four or five guys will decide to form a car pool and pay the \$2.50 or whatever it costs to park in the most crowded parts of town and then the city and the state will spend millions to improve highways and parking facilities for the increased traffic.

People who complain about the lack of science fiction material in the fanzines never say anything about the mundane stories in the prozines. There is one in this issue called Under the Wide and Starry Sky... about a Gemini flight and a completely mundane incident in space that endangers the life of an astronaut and the completely mundane manner in which he is rescued. There is nothing in this particular orbital flight making it more advanced than the current series of tests. Putting it on the cover might have sold some copies of this issue, if the public is really anxious to read all about the current space program; but Campbell buried it so completely that no casual browser will find it and any real addict of science fiction is going to find it awfully tame. Another story in this issue, Two-Way Communication, actually seems to occur in the past even though it postulates a device which doesn't exist. The story revolves around a radio that not only receives but also carries back to the station to which it is tuned the comments of the listener. The feedback involves television and radio both before the story is ended. Is it conceivable that Campbell, the eternal Kay Tarrant, whoever may lurk behind the name of Christopher Anvil, and the proofreader were all unaware that virtually all commercials and the great majority of other transmissions on both radio and television net-

works, as well as a great deal of local programming, are presented through the medium of tape? The story describes repeated instances of these comments unnerving performers in circumstances which would have consisted of no performers and not even a microphone to feed back through. The longer stories in this issue are not quite as preposterous, although I actually am giving them the benefit of the doubt by calling them stories. They are constructed like interminable anecdotes, one of which rings endless changes on the supposition that someone is doing something that chemistry laws make impossible and the other transplants to another world the numerous touching accounts of a wild beast that remembers the human who befriended it in youth and saves that human from danger in adulthood.

One of the worst hours of my life occurred a few years back at a Phillycon when I got talked into serving on a panel questioning Jim Blish. It may have been the only instance in the history of cons that a panelist was completely unprepared for his task: I had read only one novel and a few short stories by Jim and had forgotten most of the important things about them at the time. In a spare moment before we produced the spectacular, I broke this news to Jim in a somewhat expurgated form, and he was kind enough not to embarrass me by asking me anything or getting into a discussion with me that would have revealed to the fannish world how recklessly I was behaving. Several years later, I feel as if I'm repaying the favor in a sense by catching up on some vintage Blish. My previous impression from the limited earlier reading experience is buttressed by *A Case of Conscience* and *They Shall Have Stars*: Blish writes too well and is too intelligent to justify his choice of science fiction aimed at the mass market as his vehicle. If all the homework that obviously went into these novels had been used on something aimed at the mainstream or the intelligentsia, Blish might have created himself such a reputation that he could later resume his science fiction writing and attract the proper amount of attention to it. Fortunately, Avon seems to have some dim notion of the valuable property that they are publishing. The publishers seem to have received little praise in fanzines for arresting, first-rate covers and in the case of the former work, an exact back cover blurb that must have frightened away a lot of potential purchasers because it's more formidable than the novel itself.

Blish isn't perfect. *A Case of Conscience* also suffers from ending trouble. The final solution is dangerously close to a *deus ex machina*. I also experienced some confusion over the treatment of Egtverchi in the latter stages. Again and again, Blish seems to be presenting a creature and that creature's experiences in ways that suggest parallels with Christ. But all suggestion of this type abruptly ceases and I'm not at all sure if I read into the alien things that Blish didn't mean. If I did, I'd like to know if it's my fault or the author's. I'd read a few sections of the flying cities series in the form of short stories. They didn't seem sufficiently infused with an excitement that such wonderful things should have produced. But this first novel in the final form is a good indication that I would enjoy the whole cycle now if I read it systematically. *They Shall Have Stars* could do with some cutting: Jim refers in the preface to unneeded repetitions from volume to volume, as a result of the non-systematic writing, but there are also too many basics repeated whenever the action swings to the

Jovian bridge in various parts of this first novel.

I hate to sound as if I'm repeating an unoriginal discovery, but Jack Vance's *The Blue World* also ends poorly. The big struggles against lesser monsters of the deep in the earlier part of the book gave us the right to expect something at least as long and loud as the climactic fight with Moby Dick. However, I enjoyed this novel considerably, that problem aside. The world is one that sticks in the memory and the castaways' experiences on it seem reasonable enough. (Strange, isn't it, that after-the-war stories about survivals of civilization have gone out of favor so completely, while exactly the same sort of events can still be sold if they're assumed to exist on some isolated planet?) I imagine that this is destined to be the first in a whole series of novels about the same planet. There are too many undeveloped threads in the story that would have been snipped off neatly by some editor or other, if they weren't meant to lead into additional novels. For this reason, I won't criticize the enormous amount of space that is given to the signaling system in the first chapters or the neglect of the love interest after the opening stages of the book; I'd guess that these will come back for much more attention if this novel sells well enough to justify sequels.

The *Three Stigmata of Palmer Eldritch* achieved something important in my case. It kept me reading to the end despite the importance of the drug in the story. I normally cannot bear to read books in which drugs play an important part; just as some persons can't stand a torture scene or a realistic description of the heroine's child-bearing operations. Maybe the fans who are so excited about the potentialities of the hallucinatory drugs will think hard after reading the new Dick novel, whose characters have some excuse for recursing to drugs and undergo troubles that differ only in quantity from those suffered under some actual drugs. Among the many things I liked in this novel are the semantic values of the name of the character mentioned in the title; the confusion of the final chapters in which even the reader (and I suspect the author) cannot be quite sure what has really happened and what hasn't, and the courageous way in which Dick goes about reconciling recent knowledge of Mars with the purposes to which the planet is normally put in fiction.

Chances are that I'll go through another half-dozen or more books before my attention begins to wander too badly. In general, I'd say that the quality of fiction to be found in paperbacks is higher than it was the last time I went on such a jag, the prozines have degenerated from poor to revolting, and the best science fiction is still lagging in literary quality behind good mundane fiction. This isn't necessarily a bad thing, since it could be argued that literary superiority can interfere with certain other things that fiction can do for the reader. I'm still unhappy at the scarcity of science fiction in which at least one entire world is not saved or ruined by the happenings; surely there must be room for long stories that concern only the fates of a few characters with whatever implications for the remainder of civilization the reader might care to find. Given a really comprehensive newsstand or a large second-hand store near my home, I can easily imagine myself turning into a collector again.

Hagerstown Journal

June 1--Lewis Renner called to me from his car this afternoon: "That woman is still giving away books. She doesn't know when she'll finish." I nodded, in sympathy both for her plight and in the thought of the trouble to which I'll someday put some unsuspecting heir or executor. A few weeks ago, Lewis and I had spent a long, strange night, working as appraisers for the estate of E. Russell Hicks. The episode had given me a few more insights into a remarkable man's character and it had sharpened my awareness of just what an accumulator imposes on someone who survives him. Russell owned more books than I possess but he didn't have nearly the piles of other stuff like magazines, recordings, and fanzines that regulations will probably prevent me from taking with me. Russell must have been one of the best-known men in Hagerstown for at least forty years or so, an almost unparalleled record of prominence over a long span of time. He taught school for almost a half-century, had no competitors in the 20th century as a historian of county lore, was the most vocal of all the people who have successfully fought to prevent Antietam Battlefield from commercialization, was a Sunday school fan, wrote poetry, but these were all sidelines to his principal activity: making and keeping friends. Normally I am not an envious person, but I did feel a wild, hopeless longing to possess Russell's ability to find such lasting joy in the simple procedure of getting acquainted with some stranger. In personality, Russell was an accurate and faithful copy of Mr. Pickwick, both physically and in his reckless enthusiasm for whatever cause or interest caught his fancy. He was tremendously popular as a speaker at grange meetings, Sunday school rally days, and similar events, and was never known to end his talk in less than three hours, even on the hottest days. He was a strange fusion of extravagance and miserliness: in all the years I knew him, I never saw him wear a hat which he'd bought himself, because he always inherited one from a newly deceased friend in the nick of time, yet he liked to live luxuriously while taking the baths at a nearby health resort, just like the upper upper class in 19th century Europe. I had a series of adventures with him during the last four or five years of his life because I was doing the photography for a series of historical articles that he was writing for the local newspapers. Once we narrowly escaped annihilation in the jaws of a stone crusher when Russell mistook for the lane to an ancient home the path into a busy stone quarry; on another occasion a mechanical defect almost forced us to spend the night in a totally uninhabitable area of West Virginia. I also encountered my most embarrassing moment as a journalist when I faced the necessity of breaking gently to this careful and learned historian some bad news: right smack in the middle of a survey of Hagerstown's famous old churches built from native stone, he'd included Otterbein United Brethren Church, somehow forgetting that it had been vulgarly brick until covered with a composition stone-like substance a few years back. Russell's last years were hard on him. He knew his heart was deteriorating but he wouldn't do either of the two things that could have prolonged his life: stop his involvement in many matters that took much exertion, and stop eating so much. (He was

so stout that he frequently popped buttons during speeches after banquets, just like the character in Smilin' Jack.) Maybe he feared that a life of leisure would cost him some of the friends whom he treasured so much, because Russell was very nearly as alone in the world as I am, with respect to blood ties. "Children will never gambol around these knees," he used to say in reference to his chronic bachelorhood, and that is exactly how he talked, most of his relatives were dead, and he lived semi-alone in a second floor apartment above the quarters occupied by his widowed sister, whom he supported. Russell finally was persuaded to go to the hospital during the winter, when low temperatures made it harder to breathe. They soon forbade visitors, partly to protect the strength of potential visitors because in these surroundings Russell had more opportunity than ever to talk others to exhaustion. Then when he died something unprecedented happened. People started to write letters to the editor about what a good person he had been, relating little anecdotes. The death of a prominent man usually brings out some flowery tributes, but we'd never encountered this type of platitude-free, honest writing by the readers. Some of them told previously unrevealed acts of generosity; others recalled his famous method of restoring good humor when things had gone wrong in the classroom: "Now it's time for physics. Get some paper, boys." Neither Lewis, an auctioneer, nor I had ever been in Russell's apartment before. His sister put off our visit until she could break a path through Russell's lares and penates. We climbed the steep outdoor stairs to the apartment, enough to finish off anyone with less sturdiness than Russell, and looked at each other in near-panic. Books filled dozens of bookcases, large and small, books were piled on the top of these cabinets and between them, they were piled high on the floor, even had sifted into an old-fashioned non-electric icebox. I bumped against a pile of books and a nice desk emerged majestically from beneath the collapsing heaps. "Then there are lots of books in the closet and under the hall steps," the sister revealed. How do you appraise old books in Hagerstown, where the only second-hand book-selling occurs at the Goodwill Industries and Union Rescue Mission stores with a going price of a dime a volume? To complicate things, the sister was principal heir, and couldn't afford to pay a lot of inheritance tax. Fortunately, these things are not done too formally in Hagerstown, and one of the judges of the orphans' court dropped in to make a few suggestions. We did our work conscientiously on the few really rare items that I recognized: a county history that brings \$150 or so whenever a two-volume set goes on the market, a few really scarce Civil War items; after that, we listed the contents of a given bookcase at \$5 or so and hoped for the best. We turned up the lost manuscript of the new county history on which Russell had been working for so many years. We found that Russell had really read carefully most of these books; no matter which one you chose at random, you were almost sure to find lengthy locs in the margins of many of the pages, underlined sentences, and other evidence of close attention. They ran mostly to history and theology with some surprises: a lot of books on art, a topic that Russell never mentioned, and large paper sacks filled with unopened copies of a British newspaper. We didn't have the heart to make even a pretense of doing our work conscientiously on the attic:

we just peeked cautiously at the top layer in boxes, finding here the test papers of a civics class of junior high school students written in 1937, there a large quantity of pamphlets on the importance of preserving the nation's soil. I have since learned that the sister has been doggedly hunting places to which she can donate books: the library, school system, historical society, junior college, and so on, through an escape from inheritance tax when stuff is given to such non-profit purposes. I drove home slowly after the sister served coffee and cookies, facing bitter comprehension of the torments some innocent souls will experience on my attic some day. There's just one solace. It's hard to think that you'll be such a nuisance even after you're dead, but it's even harder to think of the cruelty that would be involved if we had to do these things for ourselves just before the end.

May 24--Just after 11 a.m. on this day, I mailed away a large envelope and took a deep breath. Now all I need to do is think longingly about the day some years in the future when I can allow myself to exhale similarly. The first volume of the fan history was finally complete and now there's just that much more work yet to be done. Put into the mails was one last chapter of the volume covering the 1940's. It deals with fandom outside the United States; I'd originally planned to cover foreign fandoms for 20 years in the second volume, then lost my nerve because of the things I'd said about Sam Moskowitz's failure to write anything about Australian fandom in *The Immortal Storm*. A bit previously, I'd sent off one other chapter not planned as part of the first volume. Ed Wood is now representing *Advent* in contacts with me, and you'd never guess the topic of this chapter that he wanted added: fanzines of the 1940's. He's still not sure that I gave enough space to *Le Zombie*, something that you wouldn't think Ed would worry about. Now that the first volume is presumably on the way to publication, I have mixed sensations. There is embarrassment, because it has taken so long. Fandom first learned of my intentions, I believe, in the June 8, 1960, issue of *Fanac*, when I hinted that I would finish all 20 years in about three years. But I couldn't have foreseen a death in the family, two broken hips, and delays on the part of both Metcalf and *Advent*, so the blame should be at least split up between me and fate. Then there is a moderate amount of foreboding. The endless delay in publication might cause a lot of fans to expect too much quality or quantity. It is the only fan writing from me in years that has had the benefit of a rewrite and is quite lengthy as fanish writings go. But it's necessarily based on faltering memories and correspondence and fanzines that may have been written wrong through carelessness or deliberate purpose and there has been nothing in the way of previously challenged and corrected source material on which to base this work. I feel that I've done the most conscientious job that I could accomplish, short of quitting my job and other interests to devote my full life to verifying. Worst of all is the certainty that a lot of old fans will be badly hurt or outraged when they search the book for the pages devoted to their fanac and they find nothing but a bare mention or even less. Even in the 1940's, fandom was big enough and varied enough to justify one full-length book on the subject matter of each of the dozen or so chapters in my manuscript. I could have devoted much of the history to long lists of names for the egoboo of fans who were active then. Instead I chose to be selective,

using the space to write as entertainingly as possible about the special aspects and events that impress me as having been most important, diverting, or significant for the future of fandom. But it's sad to think of the many things that sheer physical limitations prevented me from including: moderately long biographical sketches of all the important fans, not just the most important; a couple of paragraphs about every fanzine that won a high place in a poll or lasted several years; extensive quotes from every recorded convention speech; complete data on the officers each year of each local fan club whose records have been preserved; round-by-round descriptions of the more interesting fan feuds, a species of fanac that I've almost completely skipped except when the fuss drew in others; lots of pages with details on what happened in the fan sections of prozines that ran such departments; and so much more. Worse yet, I can't have recourse to the consoling knowledge that my readers can turn to other sources for some of these matters because the Fancylopedia is hard or impossible to find and the background provided by The Immortal Storm will be at least as hard to acquire. But if readers will remember the impossibility of putting everything about ten-years of fandom into one book, maybe the reaction won't be too violent. So what do I do now? Go to work immediately on the second volume, on the theory that haste is desirable in case incapacitation or gafia are around to pounce upon me? But there are several reasons for not plowing into the 1950's just yet. I haven't taken notes on anything for a year or longer and a lot of source material has turned up in recent fanzines and from some correspondents. The benefits from devoting several months to work on the notebooks would be great. It's also tempting to wait until the first volume is released, so complaints and suggestions can govern the second volume's creation. And when I do start the second volume, a big decision arises. Do I stretch the writing over a couple of years, like the first volume, or do I drop all other forms of fanac and get it done in a crash-writing effort? I find it impossible to remember what life was like before I had the obligation to work on fan history in the corner of my mind's eye at every waking moment. Something tells me that I might enjoy the pre-history state of mind.

April 28--The county's Ministerial Association plans to conduct a seminar on housing. The purpose is to try to shame the city into doing something about its slums by showing and telling outsiders just how bad they are. Someone suggested me as a good choice to take pictures of inferior housing, because I know how to handle a camera under difficult conditions, yet am expendable in the community in case a landlord caught me at it. The gentleman of the cloth who is the mainspring of the project is also afraid of legal repercussions. He is a reformed marine who doesn't look or act as if he'd be afraid of anything, but he wouldn't accompany me. I couldn't quite imagine how anyone would go about bringing into court all the city's clergymen because they'd let the public look at some pictures. My first visit was to a house beyond the end of one of the middle class streets in the southern part of Hagerstown. A former bootlegger who now cares for the city dump introduced me to the house and the history of the occupants, a married couple, both old, alcoholic, and not particularly intellectual. The woman had recently remarked while chatting with a neighbor that Ike had been under

the bed longer than usual. The neighbor investigated and called police, who found that he'd been dead for about 72 hours. "It was sad when they took her to the funeral parlor," my companion recalled. "When they took her in to see him, the first thing she did was say: 'Why, Ike, what in the world are you doing in that coffin?'" We found her quite willing to have pictures taken of her living room and kitchen. She complained that the city would not let her cook in the old wood-fired stove, whose pipe was in two pieces, separated by four inches or so. "I don't care if you go in the bedroom," she said, "but I don't know what the dogs might do." In for a penny, in for a pound, my friend and I agreed, opened the door a cautious crack and observed the dogs. The one atop the bed opened one eye partially, closed it again immediately, and went back to sleep. We caught a fleeting glimpse of the other one cringing further out of reach under the bed. The house was incredible. Giant holes in the walls, missing floorboards, heat in only one room, windows stuffed with grimy rags where glass was broken, dirt wherever eye and nose turned. It was so dark indoors that I couldn't distinguish the split image in my rangefinder. "Don't buy any," my companion advised, as we teetered through the mud moat around the house on our departure amid pleas from the woman to purchase some eggs. "If you buy them, she'll drink the money up. If you don't, maybe she'll eat the eggs." A visit to the Negro section was less successful. I had more assistance in the form of the president of the local chapter of the NAACP, the pastor of the most prosperous Negro church, and a building inspector. But it was the old, old story: tenants who feared higher rents if landlords were forced to repair property. We saw the house where a newly born child had died of pneumonia when a broken furnace was not repaired last winter, the double house in Blooms Alley where one side has been uninhabited in a state of almost complete disintegration for years while people are forced to live in the other side of the crumbling partition, the privies still in use at houses which face Route 11 traffic, and nobody minded how many pictures I took outdoors. But we were invited inside only if I promised to take no pictures, and I didn't have the heart to release the shutter secretly. The building inspector found an abandoned auto in a backyard which was violating a city ordinance and could be hauled away. The minister shook his fist at his very own steeple as we went past his church. "That one's just as complacent as the other churches," he grumbled.

May 30--The luxury of a three-day weekend should have gotten me out of town for a major league baseball game or some equally heady treat. But the traffic was enormous, the safer interstate highways aren't yet completed around Hagerstown, so I stayed home and experienced instead a strange double dose of two types of nostalgia by means of the silver screen tonight. I have owned for several years an 8 mm movie projector, which I'd used only for my own creations on film. Finally in May I took the plunge that I'd planned for so long, diving into the Blackhawk catalog with its wondrous treasures from the past. I invested first in a Charlie Chaplin film. Rumors to the contrary, I am not old enough to have seen the Chaplin comedies when the best of them were new. But I'd been enthralled by those on an occasional television showing and wanted at least one for my

repeated inspection. I chose *The Floorwalker*, half-hating myself because of the danger that this might start something as bad as what ensued from the first good phonograph records I obtained. I am still ignorant of the conventions of 8 mm movie collecting, so I accept as a matter of faith that there must be some reason why Blackhawk puts onto two small reels a 350-foot film that would be an excellent fit on one large reel, and why these two reels are shipped in one box with no way to determine which is the first reel except the use of a good magnifying glass on a lot of unwound film or a test screening. In any event, I was delighted with this 1916 production, but only in part because of the merits of Charlie. I couldn't have known in advance that the film would bring back to reality something that I had assumed to be hopelessly vanished: Eyerly's as Hagerstown's biggest department store was until sold to outside interests a dozen years ago. I'd known instinctively that the old Eyerly's was not keeping step with other department stores. But only when I looked at *The Floorwalker* did I realize how precisely Eyerly's had retained until after World War Two the appearance and atmosphere of the department store used as the environment for Charlie's Mutual production. The only big difference is an escalator: it figures in a big way in *The Floorwalker* but Eyerly's never installed anything so modern. But all the other things were familiar: piles of merchandise on counters, dizzyingly high ceilings, mannikins where customers were most likely to stumble over them, and the clerks oblivious to the customers around them, even the open-front elevator. If I ever acquire a time machine, I'm sure that a trip into World War One should start for me in any large department store, because I'd feel most at home there. Later the same evening, I decided to go for broke and squander two badly needed hours on *Hail the Conquering Hero*, shown for the first time to the best of my knowledge within reach of my TV antenna. I'd thought it the best movie of World War Two when I first saw it in 1944, and the renewed acquaintance caused it to hold up remarkably well. Preston Sturges was much more daring than most people realize. This film was as close to criticism of the way people flipped over the war as anything out of Hollywood in the 1940's and the director didn't even stop there. He had Eddie Bracken tell the citizenry about the forthcoming mayoralty election: "You put a phony into office the last time, and now you want to vote for me because I'm an even bigger phony." This didn't jibe with the general attitude of the era toward the infallible wisdom of the public at the polls. But it's interesting to see how the intervening years can change reaction to a movie. When someone brings the hero's mother a lot of groceries to help feed the unexpected guests, and she protests: "But I don't have a single point," I couldn't comprehend for a minute or two in 1966 what was meant by words that must have flowed through my ears quite normally in 1944. The mixups that cause several bands to play simultaneously several patriotic tunes during the grand welcome for the apparent hero sound now exactly like the climax of any of several Charles Ives compositions, and if anyone in Hagerstown had heard of Charles Ives in World War Two, it wasn't this writer. If the Sturges movie is ever rerun around here, I plan to do something I never even considered in the past: tape the soundtrack. The dialog in the big crowd scenes is handled with the most skilled speed since Rossini

wrote his last big Act-I finale. Some of the voices are as distinctive as the exceptional faces which the director somewhere found for bit parts.

June 5--One of the big difficulties about quitting a long-held job consists of all the things you must do in addition to handing in a resignation or simply walking home one night and never returning. I devoutly hope that my eventual severing of all newspaper ties will not involve the calamities which Dean Grennell describes with such harrowing cumulative effect elsewhere in this mailing. But he had a difficult time in another sense. He was put to endless trouble because a change in job involved moving halfway across a continent. I'll probably stay in Hagerstown, but I must cope with a different impediment: the way things pile up when you hold one job for more than twenty years and require unpiling at the end. I don't currently plan to quit the job for a while yet, because of certain expensive things that should be accomplished while plenty of money still is coming in automatically every Monday. But at the office there is one large desk, two big filing cabinet drawers, and a medium-sized darkroom. I've been putting more into them than gets taken out of them down through the years and to get an early start on one phase of the great changeover, I've been cleaning them out gradually. This is a new experience for me, one which needed rules to be made up simultaneously with the operation. What can I ethically claim as my own? Anything I bought and paid for myself, presumably, even if the law of adverse possession or something might give the company a legal claim. This means a whole pile of darkroom stuff, most of it inexpensive, items that I preferred to buy myself rather than do without while waiting for a purchase order to get lost in transit from one desk to another. Any written or printed materials which I assume would be thrown away as soon as I left on the basis of company behavior after others left. Some relics that would never have entered the office if I hadn't worked long and hard on the stories they involved while other reporters weren't troubling themselves about digging out the news. Finally, a few things that I want to save so badly that I'm determined to have them. Subsidiary are the decisions on what is worth saving. My main guidance in this respect comes from the fact that I've never yet thrown away anything that I didn't eventually wish I'd saved. So I'm lugging home, a pound at a time, a strange conglomeration of paper, adulterated by a few other objects, fully aware that most of it will go into the attic unsorted, there to find peace for years or decades in a growing shroud of dust. There are leaflets and booklets in vast quantities, saved from all the plays and concerts I covered. There's the souvenir ticket on which I took a ride on the last trip of the final passenger trolley in Western Maryland. Photographs: Carl Sandburg sitting in my chair after I'd rescued him the day the reception committee forgot he was coming to Hagerstown to give a song-lecture; sheafs of candid pictures of my favorite subject, the social page editor; record shots of the few fans who have not only visited Hagerstown but also observed me on the job; faces of a whole army of former reporters long since restored to reason and engaged in saner employment. Lots of printed stuff dealing with the history of this area, a subject that has never interested me enormously, but worth saving in case my interest should perk up in the years to

come. Statistical stuff about the city and county, utterly useless in all probability, but conceivably of importance if I ever got engaged in freelance non-fiction about a typical medium-size town. Maps, maps, maps by the handful; they've always fascinated me and it's not likely that I'll be able to do much extensive traveling on a reduced income but I've enjoyed looking at them in the years when I could afford to travel and didn't, so maybe the pleasure will remain in altered conditions. A modest collection of plaques and certificates attesting to my extreme excellence as a journalist, most or all of them given out because it's a cheap way to butter up the press but not really fit for the garbage pail because of the danger that one or two of them were given with sincerity. The spare key to the front door of my house, which I'll have to find some other hiding place for now, in case I ever lock myself out. It'll take a couple of more weeks to get all home that's going home, and then will come the real agony. I've taken pictures for the newspaper almost every working day since 1950 and all those negatives lie in envelopes under the darkroom sink, and what's to be done with them? They belong to the company, of course. But they'll be destroyed as soon as I'm gone, since nobody else would be able to identify most of them and prints are on file from most of the important ones, anyway. The last quitting journalist faced with this problem took them all home and nobody complained. But virtually all of mine are 4x5 and $2\frac{1}{4} \times 2\frac{1}{4}$ negatives and my enlarger can handle only 35 mm. All these negatives have a potential as historical materials for the future, because they depict a substantial proportion of all the big events around Hagerstown over this span of time, but here's the identification problem again. If I don't lose my temper and walk off the job ahead of my tentative schedule, I'll probably try to find time to bring home a couple pounds of negatives each night and extract a few of the most significant and those with personal associations for me, label and file them neatly, and return the rest to their resting place beneath the sink.

May 3--From time to time I've tried to lament the fact that scientific advances haven't entered the life of the average person during the past quarter-century as dramatically as they did in the first part of the century when the auto, airplane, radio, new medical techniques, and the like were bobbing up. But there's a big exception to this situation, and it's surprising how few fans seem aware of where to find it: in cameras and associated equipment. I'm constantly shocked at the failure of wide-awake fans to take the trouble to get aware of the stupendous changes in photographic equipment, most of it not too expensive for the average purse. You don't find the advanced features emphasized too strongly when you walk into a camera store and look at new models, so that may account for part of the situation. Presumably, dealers are afraid that the public will hesitate to buy anything that is publicized as too frighteningly advanced. Only in the camera magazines and a few advertisements, for instance, have I seen or heard much about one new model of electronic flash which costs only a few dollars more than exactly the same equipment in its simplified version. The flash unit provides light just as long as it's necessary to expose the picture properly, automatically. Don't confuse this with the automatic cameras in which the exposure meter reads the light conditions and automatically adjusts the lens aperture or

shutter speed or both to obtain proper exposure. The flash unit controls itself: it goes on, then stays on until the light reflected back to a small spot on its transparent cover signals that the proper amount of light has reached the film, whereupon the unit shuts off its own light, and all this, mind you, happens in less than one-one thousandth of a second when you're photographing something closeup. Then there are the automatically focusing slide projectors. Two or three manufacturers have these on the market now, for perhaps one-third again as much as their simpler brethren cost. They end the nuisance caused by out-of-focus slide images caused by the projector's heat causing some slides to squirm a little if not tightly glassbound. You focus just the first slide, after you've set up the projector and screen, and after that, the projector focuses the remainder as long as you don't cheat by moving either screen or projector. I don't believe you can purchase yet a newly developed film, possibly because of the havoc it would inflict on all the automatic exposure mechanisms. This film basically needs no exposure calculations at all; you can use any setting of your lens and shutter you please in any light conditions (short of the sunny side of Mercury or a basement during a power blackout) and you get a good picture. It's done by putting three emulsions on the same base, one very fast, one medium fast, one very slow, much as three sensitive layers of emulsion go onto color film. The developing process automatically causes whichever emulsion fit the light conditions to give the proper picture, assuming that you have the right filters for your enlarger. Some of the new exposure meters are lesser marvels in themselves. I am so accustomed to the old selenium cell meters that I just can't live with the thought that the new breed are so sensitive that you need a small flashlight to use them when they're working really hard, telling you how to expose in light too poor for you to read the dials. If the magazines are not distributing LSD to staff members, the immediate future holds some additional goodies, too. I've failed miserably to understand the theory and working of the new three-dimensional pictures that are created by an adaptation of laser techniques. So I must take and pass along on pure faith what they represent: three-dimensional pictures that look that way without the use of colored glasses or any optical instruments, and actually three-dimensional in the sense that if you move to one side or the other while looking at a picture, you can see things that were hidden behind something else from your other position. They are extremely expensive so far and only possible on glass, I understand. I refuse to believe the coldblooded statement that if you drop one of these glass laser photographs, you get as many complete new photographs of the same thing, still three-dimensional, as you find shattered fragments of the original. You can now buy developer kits that permit you to develop 35 mm film without removing it from the cartridge; I presume that it's just a matter of time until a developing chamber is built into 35 mm cameras so you can be developing one roll while taking pictures on a second roll for unusually interesting subject matter. There is only one thing missing in this wonderful world of the photographic future. The people haven't caught up yet with the march of science. Today, just as a year ago or ten years ago, when I go down the street with a camera, I wish desperately I could hear something newer than "Take my picture."

How To Shoot Off Your Mouth Nonstop for 22 Years

It's highly improbable that anyone would be interested in a genuine howto do it article, if there were any real danger that it would cause him to publish in every mailing of FAPA from 1944 until 1966 or later. I have no such frightful goal in mind. Instead, I had the more nearly reasonable thought that just possibly, some of the nonac by FAPA members is caused in part by their failure to take certain elementary precautions that have kept me going all these years. There are many people in FAPA whom I would love to motivate to appear even in every other mailing, if a more complete regularity is impractical.

As FAPA members must have noticed, one of the characteristics of Horizons is its lack of frills. I hesitate to recommend spartan publishing of this type to others in the organization, because of the peril that my advice might deprive us of Habakkuk, Masque, and other publications in their present incarnation. Nonetheless, I feel that the longevity of Horizons has resulted at least in part from my abstention from the little things which take more time and trouble than even the editor might realize: justified right margins, lots of illustrations, photo-offset covers, and the like. When such elements are present in great profusion and properly done, the result is splendid and the organization can't afford to lose such publications. But the FAPA publication that just dabbles in such things might become a heavy burden without enough added egoboo to justify the trouble. I've run front covers on Horizons when someone was good enough to offer to draw and stencil them. I make no pretense about catching all the typos or placing the identical number of lines on each page. It's impossible to be sure if the extra effort involved in fancy stuff would have persuaded to skip some issues under normal circumstances. I can think of a half-dozen issues that wouldn't have appeared by the deadline, if production had required much more time than an issue normally demands, because of physical problems or personal circumstances that left little time.

Another regular custom involving Horizons is to get it done early. The job probably helped me to get into this useful habit. Obviously, if you sprain a wrist and can't type for two days, it won't harm your FAPA productivity unless you do everything in the last possible week and the injury occurs in the same week. I try to get the first stencils cut for a new Horizons a few days after the arrival of a mailing. If nothing abnormal comes up, this generally means that I've finished all the stencils except the mailing comments, just about the day on which I finally finish reading the last thing in the mailing, and I certainly don't propose to identify what that last thing is. Even though mailings have had to cross the continent to reach me in recent years, I've still managed to complete the stenciling of an entire issue in the second week of the month following the mailing month, give or take a few days. This is particularly important for someone who doesn't do his own mimeographing. But I used to follow the same procedure when the Doubledoubletoilandtrouble Mimeograph was not yet suffering from the degenerative diseases that finally did it in. Honest to goodness, there is nothing exciting or dramatic or heroic about producing a FAPA publication

at the last possible moment. -The leisurely way, weeks-before the last chance, is the FAPA publishing equivalent to driving a car which can go ten-miles per-hour faster than you're ever likely to need to go, and it's surprising how much easier it is to think of things to write about when there's no urgency in the back of your mind.

On mechanics of the stencil-cutting: I try to keep this simple, too. I'm currently using Montgomery Ward stencils, partly because they're cheap, partly because they don't require setting up a panel discussion among the manager and three clerks in the stationery store in order to get what you want. The stencils cost just under \$2 per quire, if bought five packages at a time. Postage is extra, of course, unless you live in a large city where the Ward store stocks them. They are perfectly adequate for my purpose; and cannot be blamed for the bad alignment of the type on this old Underwood or the i which I'm going to get fixed Real Soon Now. Years ago, I bought a pack of films from Master Products and they've lasted unbelievably: usually it requires only two films to each 24 stencils in an issue. Alas, I don't believe they're being sold separately nowadays. Even with the films in place, I clean the keys after every third or fourth stencil with the most sacred fanac tool in my possession. This is an old hatpin which my mother gave me in 1938 while I was doing the first issue of Spaceways and trying to manipulate a normal pin. It's ideal for getting gunk out of the e, a, and other letters with small dirt-catchers. Combined with brisk manipulation of a stiff brush, it makes typecleaner unnecessary.

One way my fanzine production differs from that of most fans is this: I cut all the stencils for an issue, then I proofread all the stencils, and finally I type in the corrections. I gather that almost all fans prefer to correct a stencil as soon as it's finished, or even while it's being cut when the error is caught at the moment of its commission. My system is a great time-saver, by its avoidance of constant shifting of mental gears from typing to reading to fluid-painting. -It may also improve the probability that a mistake will be noticed, because it's easier to read objectively and impartially something you've typed after some hours or days have gone by. There's the added advantage of a cooling off period. At least once or twice a year, I decide to tone down something in Horizons after a few days when I re-read it in freedom from the temporary mood which impelled its writing. One drawback to this system might be applicable only in my particular case. I find proofreading a lot of stencils at one sitting is dangerously close to a self-hypnotic process. After a half-dozen stencils or so it becomes almost impossible to stay alert. Two trips around the first floor of the house will rouse me except when the contents of the stencils are abnormally dull. I jot onto the paper tab atop the stencil the number of the line in which I find each error, so I know where to apply correction fluid when it's time to bring out the bottle. All mistakes are painted out with the stencil out of the typewriter, -another time-saver since you must wait for the stuff to dry if you paint and correct one typo at a time with the stencil in the typer.

I cut the stencils without a preliminary first draft, notes, or anything else that would take more time and produce better writing. If I'm doing fiction, I usually jot down the name of each character as soon as he first appears, to avoid the agony of

hunting through previous stencils to make sure I don't change someone's name midway in the story. A great deal can be said for the assumption that what we publish in FAPA should be published as well as possible. But it's awfully easy to put so much work into a hobby that it soon ceases to be a hobby. The best I can do is content myself with the theory that eventually I'll reach circumstances that will grant me ample time to make notes and first drafts before stenciling. Then we'll see how long Horizons survives. With practice, stenciling in the stick can be done rapidly. Something like this article, which needs next to no referring to anything, emerges at the rate of one stencil every ten to fifteen minutes. Fiction usually starts with agonizing slowness, then flows almost as rapidly as non-fiction as I get midway into the story. Mailing comments take longer than anything else, unless you count the preliminary time consumption required to dig out old Edgar Allan Martin fanzines. It takes a half-hour or longer to get from start to finish of a mailing comments stencil, mostly because of delays while I choose which of the marginal notations on each fanzine should be used on the stencil.

How to get ideas for filling up a quarterly FAPA publication? Well, as soon as an issue is stenciled and the stencils are sent out for mimeographing, I immediately think of more things to write about than I could get stenciled in the next year. By the time the next mailing has arrived, I've forgotten about two-thirds of these ideas, have rejected some of the others because there won't be enough time to do preliminary research, and am starting to wonder how to fill up all that blue space. By some happy fate, I always find just one item left that is satisfactory in every way to get me started on the stenciling. After that is done, it's mostly a battle to prevent too much of the remainder of the issue from getting filled up with nostalgia-type material. Instinct tells me that I'd be happiest writing about the good old days in fandom, experiences when I was a kid, the strange things that can be found in old newspapers, or the wonderful bound volume of a year's editions of 19th century St. Nicholases which I recently rescued from a scrap paper fate. Such stuff usually gets more comment and compliments than anything else in Horizons, but it isn't too healthy to live altogether in the past. I also try to put into each issue at least one extended item related to general fandom or science fiction, so the source of it all won't be neglected. Finally I finish off the 24th stencil with the belief that I couldn't think of another hundred words under any circumstances, and about two days later those ideas rush in again. Another hangover from journalism is that I don't worry about what I've written, after it's too late to recall. The only concern is a minor and strange one, the nagging fear that I've repeated myself by saying the same thing in two issues of Horizons with little or no time separation between. The confusion results from those endless looks on non-FAPA fanzines. It's hard to recall if I wrote a paragraph on this or that topic in Horizons or in a letter to someone else.

I assume it's unnecessary to reveal that stenciling a FAPA publication is much more rapid and more pleasant when it's done under placid circumstances. I try not to cut stencils when I might subconsciously equate the activity with something unpleasant. This means avoiding the activity when I have a severe headache, am extra-tired, or angry about some non-fannish event.