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This November, 1969, issue of Horizons is truncated in one sense. I want to go to the St. Louiscon and I don't want the thought of publishing volume 31, number 1, FAPA number 114, and whole number 120 to nag at me as one reason for failing to attend. So I'm cutting the mailing comments (written by Harry Warner, Jr., 423 Summit Avenue, Hagerstown, Maryland, 21740, U.S.A., Earth, like the rest of the uncredited material) off in mid-career. There hasn't been time to finish reading the mailing, and I'll complete the comments in the next Horizons, which like the present edition will, I hope, be mimeographed by the Coulsons.

In the Beginning

The Fantasy Amateur: It would be nice if seekers for contested posts would say a few words about any plans they may possess for doing the job if elected. It's pretty much a popularity contest or postage expediency that determines who gets votes, without a formally stated platform. This procedure might also increase the number of votes cast, for the gratification of people who think that there is comfort in numbers of ballots. Detours: I wonder if the underground press really differs much today from the sort of thing that was published when it was really underground? Presumably there has been a market for under-the-counter broadsheets and leaflets emphasizing sex and semi-rebellious sentiments for the better part of the past century. The real change may be simply in its open display and sale today. This would be in line with the way crime has changed: people knock off other people right out in the open from time to time nowadays, instead of respecting the privacy of themselves and victims by doing it in a bedroom, and the press and bulk of the populace mistake this superficial difference for a fundamental change in the character of the nation. Stupefying Stories: I was the one who was indifferent to both the establishment and anti-establishment. I won't join up with either side when both sides contain such a large proportion of fools. As for the questionnaire, I suspect that the lack of response may have been partly due to the wording. I responded to it, but was bothered by the vagueness of many multiple choice questions. In a question dealing with police support, for instance: if all who responded lived in the same city, the division between those who said support was "adequate" and those who called it "inadequate" might tell something about the people replying; if one person answered the question several times, once for each city in which he'd lived, it might reveal something about those cities; but the variables created by the combination of different understandings of "adequate" and "inadequate" and different places of residence could have caused many to wonder what was the use. ' ' The movie sounds as if it would be entertaining, but some people might consider it by theme ineligible for the underground designation. One super-8 camera can provide the lap dissolves spoken of here; the Bauer, I believe. But if the film had to go to a processing firm for adding sound, it could have been provided with any kind of fades desired through techniques available there. Kim Chi: I favor a man on Mars the soonest possible. If we do it, we might be able to claim the planet for the entire Earth, not for one nation. We might find something there of great significance, as far as terraforming possibilities or alien life. Of course, it will take a lot of tax money, but it's a better gamble than the tax money that goes into all those submarines that keep floating around down there. ' ' The musical composition sounds quite conservative, when contrasted with some works that are getting performed these days.

I must try to remember about writing an article I've planned on typical far-out music. There's one work whose sounds are controlled by rustlings and coughings in the audience and another which consists mostly of fistfights between two cellists. ' ' Glory, another True Grit review. You wouldn't consider changing the Chi in your title to Darby, by chance? Self-Preservation: Olson's catalogs provide more worry material. No lasers, but there has been a whole series of snooping equipment for tapping telephone calls and monitoring a room even when a telephone isn't in use. ' ' I agree that the mails are too uncertain to be strict about waiting list acknowledgments. This provides a natural cue for a general remark I've wanted to sneak in. Please, people, everywhere, when you address anything to me, be sure to put the 423 before the Summit Avenue. The newspaper building where I work is also on Summit Avenue. Quite a few people at the post office know me and where I work. When fan mail occasionally arrives with just Summit Avenue on the label, it sometimes is dropped in the newspaper's box. A fair proportion of the stuff addressed to me at the office never reaches me, because it arrives on a day off and someone else opens it and throws it away or because someone puts a pile of stuff on it as it lies on my desk and later removes it with the pile or for simple reasons of larceny. I nearly lost a Cry this way this summer and I believe that's what happened to the last issue of Riverside Quarterly. Moonshine: I'll write direct to Len and Rick in answer to some of the points they raise, a sneaky way of saying that I don't want to spend a half hour now excavating the notebooks and digging out the sources of each of those statements. On general matters mentioned here, I probably was thinking of picnicking when I wrote fanacking. My spelling has two slight advantages. It pays a mild tribute to FJA and it gives a hint on how to pronounce it. In general, I'm relieved that the quantity of errors in the book doesn't seem too enormous, on the basis of amendments that have arrived up to now. Nothing in it was checked for accuracy by anyone except people at Advent with the exception of three biographies. Rectifications from those individuals were few enough to cause me to decide that it would have been a useless three or four years' wasted time, sending the entire manuscript around to all the older fans and getting corrections before publication. Some things would have been straightened out and I would have lost interest completely in the manuscript after that extra work. The Rambling Faps: Would it really be a good idea to have the golden rule as the prime directive for everyone? I consider it too close to the law of the jungle. The golden rule is a comfort if a weak person thinks the strong people are basically good. But what about the strong, unscrupulous people? They're sure of themselves. They're willing to have others punch them in the nose, because they feel certain that they can punch back so much harder. ' ' You miss my point about drug users' slang. It isn't like fannish slang. Fans invent words and combinations of words to fill vacant spots in the dictionaries. The three you cite, for instance, fanzines, egoboo, Disclaves, are all words for which no convenient synonym exists. Scientists create words for the same basic reasons. But drug users create exact one-to-one synonyms in their own argot. Acid means LSD. Trip means hallucinations. A bad trip means the delirium tremens. This procedure has the further disadvantage of making some people hesitant to use perfectly good words for fear some idiot within earshot will pretend to take them in their new connotations and ruin the next two minutes with a silly effort to pursue the double meaning. ' ' I wonder what those police would have

chosen as a basis for arrest, if they'd found you after the siren imitation. Impersonating an officer? But you could have explained that it was an ambulance siren. Practising medicine without a license, then? " The problem with my retirement pay is that it would come in very handy at the age of 65, if I quit my job right now, but if I keep on working for the newspaper until I'm 65, I won't need it then. It will amount to slightly more than half my present takehome pay. Right now I have enough investment income to live on, but it would be a narrow squeeze. If I hold the job, don't save any more money, but manage to pay taxes on the investment money, it will more than double in the next 17 years, as I plow interest back into the principal, and the investment income would really be imposing at age 65 when I'd also start to get the maximum social security benefit, and the retirement pay would mean only perhaps 20% of my total retirement income. The only way I see to solve this dilemma consists of writing several novels which run into several dozen editions and are snatched up by Hollywood. " My remarks about Jeeps was intended humorously. You don't know church traffic in Hagerstown or you'd understand. " Rev. G. M. Farley copies photographically all his major artwork. It is the next best thing to keeping everything you create. " I'm determined not to throw away anything from now on. I have the space here and could probably afford to pay storage bills if I grow incapable of coping with a big house. Why tear myself apart deciding what to keep and worrying if I should have destroyed certain items, when I can turn the job over to someone after my death who will have no intellectual interest in or sentimental feeling for anything in these tons of debris? My situation is complicated, of course, by the rarity of the moves that normally thin out possessions. Since around 1935, when we moved to Bryan Place, there's been only one all-out moving day, the one in 1957. Around 1940, we moved several doors down the street, but we could carry or roll most of the stuff such a short distance. I've had only three fannish addresses: 311 and 303 Bryan Place and the current one unless you count the long hospital and rest home stays. Damballa: Since I've seen no official explanation for Luna 15, I'm quite sure about its mission: to make sure through various snooping devices that the Apollo wasn't doing anything on the moon beyond the tasks that were publicized. I can't help wondering about that matter. Was the length of that "rest period" between the Eagle's landing and the moon walk partly for some unannounced task? Was there a special reason for that elaborate arrangement for hoisting stuff into the Eagle from the moon's surface? In that light gravity, why not just tie a rope around the samples and pull? It's an open secret that we have some satellites in operation that haven't been publicized and this secrecy leaves me a trifle suspicious about the moon flight. " I meant to take a picture of the moon that evening with my newly acquired 350 mm monocular attachment. But the clouds didn't break here in time. " Shucks, you shouldn't hesitate to bid for a worldcon. What's happened to the spirit of Denver fandom? It had fewer active members and less experience with worldcons when it staged the Denvention. How Are They All on Zubenelgenubi IV?: I am abashed by this. I always thought that I knew lots of stars' names, after reading so much science fiction. But this convinces me that I don't. I'm sure it'll be much used in the future, when all the unbelievers are clicking their tongues and saying to television interviewers: "I don't see why we should spend all this money to go to Ras Al Asad Al Gjenubi when there's so much poverty right around Jubenelshemalija."

LOCs of Ages

This will be the most egotistical thing I've done since entering fandom. But it involves a special situation so maybe partial absolution for this sin will be forthcoming when I enter that big worldcon in the sky. All Our Yesterdays, the first book I've written about fandom, is also the first thing I've written about fandom which has no possibility of producing a letter column in the normal sense. There is always the risk when you write a fanzine article that it'll appear in the final issue of a fanzine and the reactions to it will remain unknown. But at least you have a fighting chance with everything but a book.

So I'm going to take a chance on slipping still lower in some persons' estimation, and publish some of the letters that have come to me as a result of the fan history's publication. So far I've failed to reply to some of them, so there's one partial reason for publishing: proof that I'm grateful. There are corrections and additions to the book's text in some of the letters, and those of you who own copies might like to jot notes in the margins at the proper places. Modesty would dictate the omission of locs which are just plain egoboo applicable only to myself. But compliments are really the only return I am receiving from a project that cost me, as nearly as I can estimate, ten thousand bucks, in the sense that I would have realized about that much from free lancing if I hadn't used all that time and energy on fan history. Finally, there might be some interest to FAPA in the way some of its former members have reemerged from gafia long enough to write about the book.

Here's the first reaction that I received in written form:

LARRY FARSACE: "Long time no see!" '' This is just a brief note at work to say that the book, All Our Yesterdays, finally arrived today, and I can hardly wait to bring it home and show it to Duverne and her mother. '' Thanks for all those nice mentions. '' Glad to see you also agree that the Recluse was really the first fmz in what became known as the fanzine field, whether as elaborate as The Recluse or the Nekromanticon or (Richard Wilson's) little Atom. '' But you didn't carry the same comparison through when it came to the prozines: i.e., The Thrill Book really the first in what later became known as the "s.f." field (no matter if the later issues were half and half: the point remains that the first issues were all fant./pseudoscience or what is today known as "s.f.") '' What really is SF anyway: One out of 300 stories, if that? They're all, the vast majority of them (and I mean 99 $\frac{1}{2}$ %) pseudoscience or fantasy and you know it. Just recall the first Amazings, as an illustration: reprints of Poe (and even later on, vampire stories!) '' Incidentally, we're starting to "publish" again!, various and sundry items. (Just bought a beautiful ditto machine). '' If you're interested in being on our mailing list, just say the word! '' Incidentally, is Brundage still alive, and does anyone know her whereabouts. (Encl. return envelope on this if you can help). '' P.S. Counting your book, we're in five that we know of this month!: Royal Blue Book, London; mother in Heroes and Heroines of La. The Best Poems of the Year by a Va. radio station; and all three of us in a Memorial Book by National Poetry Day, Inc., Miami Beach.

Second to write about the book, I believe (and I suppose I really should have asked permission to quote some of these letters) was

BETTY KUJAWA: Harry, I am now on page 56 of your book....am

trying to control my usual avid reading habits and s-t-r-e-t-c-h this delightful experience out as much as I can....only allotting myself so many pages per evening, so that it will last.... '' And that's hard, dear heart! I did leaf through to look at the photos....ah.... me....how young you all were! And how I'm relishing reading of those by-gone days! '' I know that ahead of me lies Degler....and FTL.... and the Shaver stuff (recent issue of Paul Krasner's Realist was devoted to Shaver and the deros....sent my copy along to Jason via Glynn) and other such goodies, and as I said, am trying to make this last as long as I can. '' Am enjoying your writing style no end, Harry. I like, as always, your understated wry wit. Curdles me that all this was going on, and so much of it so near to me, and I was totally oblivious to fandom and fen....sigh. '' Got in via Lovecraft....coming across his Rats in the Walls in one of those early anthologies when at the Art Institute in Chicago approx. 1944 or '45....Then as a newlywed on Gene's G.I.Bill Purdue days I ran out of reading material and in a pool parlor in Crawfordsville, Indiana, I saw a rack of pulpzines on my way home from shopping....Through the window--I wasn't in playing snooker--went in, bought a mess of lurid looking pulps, BEMs and all, this was 1947-48. '' From then on was hooked, of course.... Later those days at Ball State wondering who else besides me was taking stf books from the college library and who else might be scouring the second-hand zine stores on skid-row....naturally it was not until about 1953 that I found out Juanita Coulson and Bev DeWeese were there too, doing just as I was! '' All the talk about the '52 Chicon in the prozines made me talk Gene into attending....wouldn't have dreamed of talking to fen or pros....just stared at Campbell, sighed at DeCamp....and during banquet our table up in the back tier was next to Derleth's--that was enough gosh-wow-boy-oh-boy-real-life-adventure for me! '' Last day whilst eyetracking the exhibits I walked past the NFFF table....I think it was Kaymar Carlson who was sitting behind the table....whoever it was asked me if I wanted to join the N3F, and I said sure, why not.... '' Next thing I knew, at our then-home up in Kalamazoo began hearing from some fellar named Lynn Hickman....and then Honey Wood Phillips, bless her forever, wrote to advise that the N3F wasn't for me but that the International SFCorrespondence Club was... That brought me all of England....first Tony Glynn, then Bennett (yeh, who thought he was getting to know a sexy Eurasian chick), Ethel, Daphne, Inchmery denizens, Jean Linard and so on.... '' So tomorrow have to reply to a letter from neo-femmfan Beth Moore down in Louisville and do my deed in helping her on....found that Neo-fan Guide Tucker reprinted some time back and sent her my copy.... '' Life goes on, right? '' Enough....thank you, Harry, for writing All Our Yesterdays, I hope you'll have strength, time, and eyesight left to someday do the same for the 50's.

I did ask Joe Schaumburger for reprint permission, because of the nature of part of his letter. He declined, but I see no reason why I shouldn't quote a few lines about one specific passage: "Contrary to what you say on page 223, the Bronx Science Fiction League was organized by Helena Schwimmer and me. Marcia John was some teen-age kid who showed up for a meeting or two, and then was yanked out of fandom by her mother." In general, Joe complained that several fans who weren't mentioned in the book at all were more important than some who crept in and promised to tell me some day at a con some stories about the latter species. And on the next page we find

REG SMITH: First off, I doubt very much that you thought your book would be published in such an attractive format when you were writing it. The printing, binding, paper, etc. are excellent, although I'm not overly fond of the dust-wrapper illustration. Advent's fine job from the production end may possibly make up for the fact that you had to wait for so many years before the book was published. The proof-reading on this book is also excellent. The book must be selling well. Richard Witter completely sold out and I had to wait two or three weeks before he got another shipment so I could get a copy. ... '' First of all, I should perhaps point out that I am not exactly a fan. One of my hobbies is reading (and in a minor way, collecting) sf and fantasy. I get the better fanzines and know a few fans, but I have never really participated in fandom to any great extent. You mention in your introduction that fandom is "a completely insignificant hobby group." This is something that Moskowitz didn't realize when writing The Immortal Storm. I've not read M's entire book; I have a complete set of Fantasy Commentator and have read portions of it there. M's history takes fandom too seriously and many portions of his work are humorous where no humor was intended. ... '' How the book was to be organized was probably a problem. There are so many different aspects of fandom that it is hard to determine whether certain things should be done on a subject basis or whether a chronological approach is needed. I wouldn't say that the book is perfectly organized, but I don't have any ideas on how it could be improved. '' In a book of this size and scope there are bound to be a few errors and omissions. The following are a few items that I might call to your attention: '' (Page 9) Lovecraft didn't discover amateur journalism until 1914. His story "The Alchemist" was written in 1908, but wasn't published until about 1916. '' (Page 15) I was mildly surprised that you didn't mention Derleth's Arkham Sampler of 1948-1949. This in some ways might be considered a fanzine. '' (Page 15) Lovecraft and Derleth met (by correspondence) in 1926. You are probably aware of this by now, since it is in Selected Letters II, which was published some time after you wrote your book. '' (Page 17) I think it perhaps too strong to term Farnsworth Wright the "villain of Lovecraft fandom". There is no doubt, however, that many people thought that he should have accepted some of the HPL stories he rejected. Wright's widow, by the way, is still alive. She lives in the state of Washington. '' ... (Page 20) You are certainly right about C.A. Smith. He was much more of a hermit than HPL. '' (Page 50) I was interested in seeing the first issue of Fantasy Times. I wanted to see if Taurasi had spelled any words on the first page incorrectly. Sure enough, on the third line I found "furthur". It is interesting to note that even the scholarly A. Langley Searles spelled that word that way in the early issues of Fantasy Commentator. '' ... (Pages 109-118) I thought your writing about Ackerman was excellent. I didn't know where Heinlein got the idea for "-We Also Walk Dogs" until reading your comments. I've often wondered where Ackerman got all the money to buy the enormous collection that he has. I don't know that he made much money until Famous Monsters came along in 1958. I doubt very much that his authors' agency made him any great amount of money. You say on P. 117 that after he shook hands with Wells "he refrained from Ackermanese when writing about it." A few years ago I borrowed a copy of an old fanzine from a friend. I don't know its title, but if I recall it contained articles from various fanzines, a sort of digest of the better material that was in the current fan-

zines. At any rate, I am almost sure that Ackerman wrote something like this: "Today I shook hands with H.G. Wells. I think I can truly say that I am a shaken fan." '' (Pages 140-148) I note that you are easier on Claude Degler than most writings I have seen. Your approach seems to be more balanced. Most writers seem to feel that he was nothing more than an almost-psychotic clown. I read somewhere that Ackerman made a classic remark at some convention. Degler, if I recall correctly, had recently been released from a mental hospital, and Ackerman said Degler was the only person at the convention who had papers to prove he was sane.

The excisions in that letter involved at one point remarks too repetitious when published simultaneously with these other letters, and later a report of a fanish suicide previously unknown to me, unpublishable because the death involved someone important in fandom. But here comes another ghost from FAPA's past:

WILLIAM M. DANNER: What really triggered this letter is your long-promised book, which I finished reading a few days ago. I can honestly say that I enjoyed it all--even the descriptions of the early conventions, because you kept them mercifully brief. One thing that puzzled me is the several references to the Nycon exclusion act, none of which, unless I suffered a lapse of memory immediately after reading it, gives any hint as to what the act was. I vaguely recall seeing references to it in the past but have now not the slightest idea of its nature. '' I found one minor error of fact of which, since it concerns me, I can be certain: when I published "A Dangerous Thing" I indulged in my very first attempt at amateur publishing, and I must say it looks it. I was not, at the time, "a convert from mundane ayjayism." When I perpetrated that Thing I had seen no other amateur publications at all except a batch of Vanguard things Virginia had sent me as a proselytizing bundle. I might say that I expected I might be mentioned briefly in the book....but was considerably surprised by the amount of egoboo you gave me. It was late in 1948, I think, that I joined the NAPA; I dropped out after two or three years. You mentioned some things I had forgotten, such as the Vanguard Pallbearer. I suppose there must be a copy around somewhere but I haven't set eyes on it for a long time. Your summation of the VAPA seems to be a model of terseness and accuracy; if all the sections concerning activities with which I'm not familiar are as fairly done this is a model history of the microcosm. ...

RICHARD W. RYAN: I've just finished reading All Our Yesterdays and wanted to drop you a note to say how much I enjoyed it. Despite a case of gafia which, after nine years, threatens to become permanent, I expect to keep your book handy for future reference. Along with Fancyclopedia II, The Immortal Storm (in the mimeo'd, 150 copy edition!), The Enchanted Duplicator, and a few odd copies of Quandry, Slant, Stefantasy and the like, it will serve to remind me of what was in many ways a Happy Time. Once before I Got Away from It All, only to return, when there was again free time and an urge to publish. In any event, I'm delighted to have this reminder of the "Subculture" I was once a part of, whether I ever feel the desire to return or not. '' As nearly as I can calculate from my files, the last thing I published was for fapa 90 in 1960. Since then I've graduated from library school, worked at the Library of Congress, and wound up back in my home area as librarian at Denison University. (Advent's brochures reach us, obviously.) It's interesting to observe from

this viewpoint science fiction's continually increasing respectability. We have no courses dealing with it exclusively, but at least one member of the English Department takes an interest; we've ordered the Modern Language Association's "Extrapolations" for him, and I occasionally notice an order card for a work of science fiction. "I've been keeping my hand in by reviewing some sf for "Library Journal" (which like many mundane reviewing media is paying more attention). I have an occasional qualm about my qualifications but so far they're still sending me galleys. It's an interesting exercise in concise writing, too. " ... I hope you are working hard on the next volume, and that it will soon be published. You are assured of at least one sale.

BRIAN ALDISS: My wife and I are jaunting abroad at almost any moment: but before we go, I wanted to drop you a line and say that I've just read All Our Yesterdays and enjoyed it very much. "It is such a nice and modest book, and has a genuine ring of enjoyment to it. You almost make science fiction sound like a civilized pursuit! " Well, that's all I wanted to say. But to how many sf-writers would I have the impulse to say: "I found your book obsessively interesting!"? " Best wishes with the next volume!

BOB BLOCH: I have just now finished reading All Our Yesterdays and what a pleasure it was! I only hope you enjoyed a modicum of that pleasure when you wrote it--for I certainly do know what hardships were involved in the task. Aside from the considerable feat of writing it, and writing it brilliantly and entertainingly, I appreciate the added hours you spent in the necessary research and reflection which resulted in so admirable an achievement. " Harry, you've done more than write a book. You have constructed a time-machine. All Our Yesterdays truly transports us back into the Forties, and what a happy voyage it is! " If this sounds suspiciously like a fan-letter to an author, believe me that this is the exact truth of the matter. And as a Harry Warner fan, I want to thank you for writing this book, for preserving and refreshing memories of an earlier era, and for introducing this era to latter-day fandom. " Needless to say, I'm now eagerly looking forward to the companion volume on fandom in the Fifties. And every time I read one of your letters in a fanzine, my enjoyment of said same is going to be tempered by a still small voice whispering, "Dammit! Why did he take time off to write this when he could be writing Volume Two?" " That's how anxious I am to see the task completed. Meanwhile, I salute you, sir, for a wonderful writing job, and I thank you for Yesterdays' Proustian presentation of a world which, through your efforts, will not be forgotten. " Now, stop wasting your energy reading this and get with it on Volume Two!

FAITH LINCOLN: Having just re-read All Our Yesterdays for the third time, a few words of gratitude are mandatory. " The marvelous volume was--to say the least--alternatingly funny, fascinating, infuriating, and moving: the first thing I could read in longer than I care to remember without clutching my pencil. " If it doesn't earn you a Hugo or make you Guest of Honor at a Worldcon, I hope it makes lots of money to help support your insatiable fanac.

I'd better stop copying and start wondering if a non-existent person becomes incarnated into a real human by thrice reading a book.

The Worst of Martin

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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Hagerstown Journal

July 20--The lights dimmed out briefly, time after time. The tape recorder hesitated and I wondered if the antics of circuit breakers somewhere in town were causing any damage to the television set, whose screen was exhibiting psychedelic symptoms. "I knew I shouldn't be alone for this," I told myself. But the rain was gushing down outside and lightning was erupting in a careless way that obviously wouldn't be attracted only by high objects. So I stayed alone in my dilapidated parlor, waiting for a couple of men to land on the moon and wondering if this storm really was something whipped up by protesting Lunarians. It would have been ironic, come to think of it, if the world's attention had been focused so firmly on the descending Eagle that an all-out attack by the moon's inhabitants on earth went unnoticed until it had wiped us all out. It had been years since Hagerstown had had a thunderstorm like the one that kept boiling up in the north and the west as the landing preparations were told and pictured in animation on television. I was genuinely jittery from the knowledge that a mishap now might keep the nation from doing anything important in space for the remainder of my lifespan, and this titanic thunderstorm was the worst possible accompaniment for this tenseness. In mid-afternoon, I had lights burning all over the downstairs area of the house, because the cloud cover had created eclipse-type conditions outdoors. The tape recorder was doing its best to keep up the audio souvenir of Apollo 11 that I'd begun on liftoff day. There's not much a mere fan can do except passively listen and watch the television descriptions, but I've always felt the urge to make at least a token gesture toward some kind of creativity in whatever interests me, so I had already taped about a dozen hours from the previous days' trip to the moon and I'd saved one newspaper each day, trying to switch publications each day lest I slip into the habit of reading some newspaper or other daily. It wasn't like this in all the science fiction stories about the first trip to the moon. None of them had told about me sitting in a semi-scared condition in front of a television set which would later show transmissions direct from the moon if all went well. At least half of those fictional first flights to the moon had occurred in semi-privacy, known only to a select group. Those that got wide publicity in the stories rarely had any kind of direct communication with earth. People waited for the return flight to learn what had happened, or they'd stared through binoculars in the hope of seeing the flare that the space travelers would set off as a signal that they had landed safely. Did any prozine writer predict audio and video communications all the way through the first flight? A couple of godawful thunderclaps subsided just in time for me to hear that the Eagle had landed. I haven't played back my tapes and I may misremember, but I think that Walter Cronkite could gasp nothing for a while but "Oh, boy, oh, boy." It wasn't until a little later that I learned how Hagerstown's sins had been avenged by the thunderstorm. Native after native had complained about going where God didn't want anyone to go or spending all our tax money on a space project. I hadn't tried to argue back to anyone about the way the nation is spending four times as much annually for cigarettes as it spends for space travel but providence took over. Only two things suffered real damage during the storm. One fireball set the steeple of the town's richest church afire and askew, and the other landed

on a transformer that knocked out the community tv cable system, just before the landing. A gratifying number of people prosperous enough to belong to this church will be digging down into pockets to rehabilitate the steeple and goodness knows how many grumblers at space flight missed the event they were so unwillingly financing. I have my own antenna on my own roof so obviously my long record as a reader of science fiction gave me protection. I didn't yell or bawl or do anything else spectacular when I heard about the landing. I just started to mop. The storm had cooled off the temperature but I was dripping all over out of nervous reaction. A foreboding informs me that if I live long enough for the first manned landing on Mars, the excitement of that even greater achievement will drive me to the bathroom as the only possible encore to my sweating spell. The only thing that had spoiled the day for me was an attack of revulsion at my profession during the morning. Mrs. Armstrong had been subjected to a press conference and I writhed at the barbarism and stupidity of the men and women who were asking questions. Moreover, I was desperately afraid that Mrs. Armstrong would blow the entire public relations program of NASA by yielding to what must have been an overwhelming impulse to put those journalistic fools in their place. She was just then perhaps the only person in the world who couldn't pass the buck on the moon flight. Any NASA authority could duck a question by explaining that it would have to be answered by someone more acquainted with that phase of Apollo. Armstrong could have turned the first step over to Aldrin, if a fly had been trapped within his helmet. CBS could have checked with Heinlein about any topic which Clarke was too chicken to tackle. Even the Armstrong children could have nudged each other to reply to a query. But here was this absolutely unique person, the only wife of the only man who would be first on the moon, knowing that in a few hours her husband might be killed by a meteor or trapped in a crevice or suffocated by a mechanical failure, and people who should have known better were asking her if she was following the flight on television and whether she was excited. She's undoubtedly a handsome woman all through the year, but I thought she looked like Ingrid Bergman in two or three roles as she miraculously said exactly the safe, right things. I suppose that the moonwalk a few hours later was a trifle less heebyjeebying. For one thing, there was the natural relief at the knowledge that I wouldn't be fighting sleepiness during this epochal time, when it was moved up from the pre-dawn hours. Then there was the live television coverage, and what you can see is somehow less frightening, even when it's the first steps on a moon surface which nobody really knew anything about for certain. And the one disappointing thing about the whole Apollo adventure came, for me, when Armstrong spoke his first words from the moon's surface. Someone had obviously given him instructions. The words themselves were all right but the tone of voice wasn't. NASA would have done much better to let him say whatever occurred to him. "The Eagle has landed" was a far finer historic statement and it obviously was impromptu, just as a previous Apollo flight had virtually made "son of a bitch" respectable and a mot juste to end them all. I let the tape recorder and television set run until the astronauts had gone back inside, then went to bed wondering if I could sleep for concern over any ill effects of the moon walk or a moonquake in the hours that followed. I slept marvelously, and woke to find a typical Hagerstown foulup in progress. Neither in the upper echelons of the Hagerstown newspaper corporation nor at the newsstands

which deal in metropolitan dailies had anyone thought that some people might like souvenirs of the first landing on the moon. Every available copy of the Hagerstown morning paper was sold out a few hours after publication, something that the oldest inhabitant failed to remember on any past occasion, and all the big city newspapers had been bought up by noon. It looked as if my run of day-by-day tear-sheets would be interrupted, but I managed to find someone later that day who didn't want to save his copy of the Washington Post and I managed to latch onto a copy of the Evening Sun, a Baltimore journal that is very nearly as bad as the Post. It put the present generation of Hagerstown newspaper executives in the same embarrassment as the previous generation had experienced, in any event. All the brass was attending a football game when Pearl Harbor was bombed and by the time they got home it was too late to produce the extra that was obligatory in those pre-television days. It wasn't until Tuesday morning that the final evidence of Hagerstown's unchanging nature in the space age showed up. Ackerman had been so enthused Sunday that he sent me a telegram to commemorate the occasion. It arrived, about 42 hours after it had been dispatched.

August 9--Johnny Miller looked at me the way some fans stare at me when I show up at a con. He's the manager of the theater where I'd just attended a movie. I've been to four cons during the 1960's, or five if I make St. Louis this summer, and I haven't been much more generous with my presence at real, live movies, even during these recent years when I've been watching more and more of them on television. But I had a special reason for shaking the dust off my season pass. "They ought to make more movies like this," I enthused to Johnny. "It's fine, fine." He nodded feebly, still weakened from surprise. Kim Darby, about whom I raved in Horizons perhaps a year ago, had finally come to Hagerstown without hundreds of little horizontal lines running through her. So I'd gone to see True Grit, her first movie appearance since she was a small girl and portrayed an overenthusiastic kid sister in a very bad movie called something like Buz Riley's Back in Town. I'd been worrying in recent weeks about my interest in Kim Darby, fearing that it might involve some horrible psychological hangup for little girls, because she looks about eight years younger than her 21 years of age. But I was encouraged to find that I felt absolutely no impulse to watch either the latest Shirley Temple cycle over a Washington station or a creaking Deanna Durbin release from Baltimore. Then AP came out with a feature on Kim that made me feel even more healthy in the spiritual sense, by comparing her with Lillian Gish as an actress; obviously there is nothing sick about an interest in someone who resembles a person as old as Lillian. The only thing that distracted me from total concentration on Kim in True Grit was some concern over the danger that everyone in the cast would be dead before the plot had worked out its final tangles. I counted twelve persons killed on screen, plus one rat, one turkey, and one rattlesnake. I lost track of the number of dead horses, unfortunately. The script had to take cognizance of this remarkable decimation because near the end, John Wayne is heard to remark about Glen Campbell: "Well, he had to come back from the dead to save you." The only possible conclusion to this kind of movie happened, just as I expected: John and Kim, the only characters free from lead poisoning, stand in a burying plot and discuss where they're to be planted when their time comes. In any event, I am positive that Kim is not going to be my own private admiration property much longer. She still has some trouble keeping

her newly acquired full height under control. But they cleverly exploited this tinge of gawkiness by casting her in a part that requires clumsy-looking clothing and a general breathlessness to the course of events. Her eyes in the theater look even more enormous than they did in all the television series in which she first attracted my attention; I haven't seen any larger since the last time I attended a Jersey field day. She has a good inclination for comedy: I don't think there was any trick photography involved in the way she goes over assbackwards every time she fires her father's gun, and the look on her face when she finally comes to rest is superb, every time. She obviously has the temperament that actresses seem to need to be successful in Hollywood, because she issued a blast after True Grit was in the cans to the effect that she hated her director and John Wayne had not shown a sufficient amount of respect for her. She isn't going to launch a thousand ships with that face, and I doubt that she'll even become the Diana Rigg to a future En Garde, but I suspect that she'll inspire a novel. She looks and acts very much like a key character in one of those long science fiction stories I've been wanting to write. Maybe this will be the closest she'll ever be to walking across Mars and maybe writing her into a story will save me the fate of returning to True Grit as often as more sensible fans have gone back to 2001.

April 6--Mrs. Mullenix was the aging head of one of Hagerstown's largest charitable and social work organizations. The board of directors had been dissatisfied with her for some time because of some eccentricities. She left soft drink cans out in plain sight when important people came to inspect the quarters she maintained for abandoned women and she liked to chatter on and pass the time of day with the nearest person when she should have been filling out forms on how many times the telephone had rung and the exact quantity of used pairs of shoes in stock that day. When she finally reached retirement age, the board brought in from out of town with considerable fanfare a youthful, handsome, energetic man and breathed a gratified sigh of relief that all the charitable customs would be fulfilled for many decades to come under his guidance. The new chief didn't think much about Easter baskets until about 9:45 p.m., on the night before that Sunday. He drove out to the Sears Roebuck store, which was just locking up, and talked the manager into donating some fifty empty baskets which hadn't sold, a bushel or two of artificial grass, and as much of the leftover candy as looked most likely to petrify by next Easter. He loaded everything into his car, drove back to headquarters, and set to work turning the raw materials into Easter baskets. At about 2:30 on Easter morning, he was finished this task. He called Leonard Berlin, a leader in Hagerstown's Negro community, and asked for the names of fifty deserving black families with children. Leonard told him that he couldn't remember anyone's name at 2:30 in the morning and hung up. The charitable official called him back. Leonard has had a lot of patience through times of adversity. Not long ago, for instance, he visited Niagara Falls, saw there a white woman whom he instantly identified as a good friend back home, and discovered he'd mistaken his friend for someone from the Deep South only after he'd thrown his arms around her and given her a bear hug. Leonard finally came up with the names and addresses. Next, the Easter basket creator called the sheriff's office. The deputy on duty didn't feel the situation was such as to justify leaving his post unmanned while he arrived as a way to deliver the baskets. The sheriff, as a result, was the

next person to receive an early morning telephone call. It took him a while to emerge far enough from slumber to understand about the Easter baskets, but finally agreed to serve as chauffeur in his big station wagon. He'd be ready by 9 o'clock, the sheriff promised. The social service-minded maker of baskets was horrified. "But we got to do it now, Charlie," he said. "What would all those little kids think if they saw white men bringing Easter baskets instead of finding the Easter bunny had left them during the night? Besides, I'm on call twenty-four hours a day and the sheriff should be, too." The sheriff yielded to the needs of humanity, got fifty Easter baskets and the agency official loaded, and they plunged into Hagerstown's Negro section. A further horror unfolded itself at the first address. The Easter basket promoter flatly refused to leave them on doorsteps. They'd get stolen or mauled by cats, he argued. The sheriff put up a token resistance, and then, slightly after three in the morning, the peace of the neighborhood was shattered by poundings on doors, unguessable numbers of consciences and guilt complexes were cast into a state of near-panic by the sight of the sheriff and an unknown companion seeking admittance at this untimely hour, and in many of the homes, the commotion was sufficient to instruct the children into harsh truths about the Easter bunny. Not too many weeks after that, the agency had a new chief. I tried to determine the reason for the change--Mrs. Mullenix had held the job for more than thirty years. The best I could get was a semi-official explanation. Her successor just didn't meet problems head-on, I was told.

July 4--On a patriotic occasion, I find my thoughts turning, in spite of strenuous efforts to keep them under control, back to the founding fathers. The first wave of settlers around Hagerstown came mostly from Germany, Scotland, and Ireland. They must have been an intensely practical, hard-working, conservative lot, judging by the architecture they affected, their religious preferences, the way the town was laid out, surviving correspondence, and similar clues. But one 18th century fact doesn't ring true. Sometimes you come across something so unexpected, so out of character, in a situation that you wonder if the gods of consistency haven't slipped up somehow, or if you were plunged into a parallel world at some occasion in the past, one which deviates from your original world only in this tell-tale trifle. Something of the sort concerns the men who settled the Hagerstown valley in the last half of the 18th century. Humor was not among their characteristics, judging from every available evidence. And yet it breaks through in just one place, where you'd never expect it. Grants of land made by Maryland governors to local pioneers in that era bear some outlandish names. Was there a long-lived genius around here to whom everyone turned for a distinctive name, when land was being acquired? Or was someone with a life tenure at Annapolis responsible for this oddity? Hardly the latter, for I haven't heard of similar antics in naming parcels of land in other parts of Maryland. If it was the former, why didn't he wait another century to be born, and then go West where imagination was the accepted thing for place names? You get the feeling that you're in a Faulkner novel, if you run down the more fanciful names in old land grants in what is now Washington County, where Hagerstown is county seat. I Am Glad It Is No Worse was the name given in 1776 to a 362-acre grant to a gentleman whose name sounds like a Gilbertian invention for a peasant character: Adam Roughson. Mount Misery for a German immigrant whose first name is unknown to me; you can call him Herr Fasnacht. The Addition to Pile's Delight. Funk's Last Bit.

Dunkard's Folly. Meek's Neglect. Rutting Spring. Brooks' Blunder. Hogmire's Made Over. Near the Navel. Shockey's Part of Third Resurvey of Sarah's Delight. The Resurvey on Deceit. Cousin's Obligation. Lawrence's Disappointment. Love in a Village. Sometimes a pun is apparently at the basis of an odd name, because Benjamin Belt's land acquisition was named Belt's Buckle and James Spencer's deed referred to the land as The Shoe Spring. Occasionally, these names have drifted down to the present day. The Old Fox Deceived, a big 1,367-acre tract acquired in 1757 by James Walling, was responsible for the distinctive name given to a brand of milk produced locally until recent years on the Fox Deceived Farm. One of the unimaginative names in this era was Long Meadow. Thomas Cressap, one of the most belligerent men who ever came to this continent, apparently didn't have enough time to choose anything more distinctive, but his name stuck to the house built soon after he acquired his 550 acres in 1739, and a decade ago, it was borrowed as the name for Hagerstown's first big shopping center, which rose only a mile or so away. It would take an expert on 18th century English to know if Jonathan Hager, the city's founder, put a double meaning into his land grant, Hager's Fancy. I know what a fancy house is in the 20th century. And what was the life story of Anne Kershner, one of the very few women who appeared among these early acquirers of land? It happened in 1749, and what series of events lost in all the intervening generations caused her 100 acres to be known as The Widow's Last Shift, and is that name bawdy or pathetic? Alas, in this modern day when you can get humor by turning on the television set at the right times, place names have become sober, grey and frightened. Now we get Vermont Avenue and Oak Ridge Drive and Weldon Circle. Within my lifetime, Featherbed Lane has changed into Antietam Drive and Hog Maw Road has become part of Porterstown Road. All the map offers today is Polecat Hollow Road. I hope it isn't discovered by a subdivision specialist for another century.

May 13--I've seen lots of revenue men in Barney Google and movies, but this was the first live one to come under my gaze in a long while. Increased industrial activity and road construction have destroyed the idleness and seclusion that once encouraged so many rural residents in this area to be bootleggers, even after Prohibition ended. But here was a real revenue man, sitting in the witness chair in court, describing his adventure back in the hills a dozen miles from Hagerstown. "They've got two big German shepherds," he said. "When you drive up, they come out carrying on. Some girl told us not to get out until she put the dogs in a car." Armed with a search warrant, he clambered down a bank and peered beneath a deflated air mattress. The corner of a condenser coil gazed back at him. "All the components were there," he said. "This is what you need to make whiskey. There was an odor of ash. Some whiskey came out of the coils when I moved the stuff. It was a fifteen-gallon copper still with a copper cap." The defense attorney immediately objected to the testimony under the best evidence rule which requires the prosecution to show evidence, when possible, rather than describe it. "You aren't bringing a still into my courtroom," Judge McLaughlin said. "I destroyed it on the site," the revenue man said. A plump and cheerful 21-year-old girl readily admitted to having confined the dogs to a junked car that day. She described herself as a babysitter who lived with the family under suspicion, and none of the lawyers pressed for details. She explained that they'd all lived in a shed on the property until

prosperity reached such a degree that they bought a trailer. She never saw any still, she said. "There was dandelion wine making there," she explained. "Pat and I did it this year. Put it into a wooden barrel. It turned into vinegar. Dumped it out. Kee's always trying to do something against Pat." The jury roused a trifle as the scent of a hill country feud wafted ever so slightly through the stuffy air. Kee was the nickname of a neighbor of the accused Pat. He is 16, and since he wasn't charged with anything, he cheerfully admitted dividing his working time in Pat's junkyard between dismantling autos and watching the still in operation. Pressed gently under cross examination, the boy admitted that his job had ended when Pat had blamed him for stealing radiators. Kee blamed Pat for telling authorities where to find his awol brother. "Your whole family thinks unhighly of Pat?" asked the defense attorney. "Yes, in fact my father made me leave." The youth described his last view of the still: "It was down in the mountain. Me and Pat carried it down there and covered it with that green innertube mattress. I don't know why we took it down there." The defense introduced as witnesses most of the other teenagers who live in that part of the county. "I never saw the still in operation," one of them said. The state's attorney asked if he'd ever seen a still, and he admitted deprivation of that experience. "Then you don't know what they look like?" "Yes. We've discussed them in school." The jury spent just eleven minutes studying the case, then agreed that Pat was guilty of possessing a still. "There's no evidence that he made and sold whiskey," the defense attorney said on his client's behalf. "Don't try to tell me he wasn't making a little liquor," Judge McLaughlin replied. He imposed the same \$200 fine that had been ordered by the magistrate whose decision Pat had appealed. I stuffed my notes into my pocket and thought longingly of the days when in this very same area a mounted horseman was always on patrol, somewhat like a bomber aloft in readiness for nuclear attack. The rider dashed down back roads, pausing at certain farms like a selective Paul Revere, to spread the warning if an unidentified auto came into this section, a system considerably more effective than a couple of German shepherds who yield to a girl's entreaties. For that matter, the dogs aren't likely to enter folklore as the horse did. An earnest searcher into psychic phenomena mistook the lone horseman for a ghost rider, because a 24-hour watch was maintained, and wrote it up for a book on Maryland supernatural phenomena.

July 17--As I drove down the road in search of the Rev. G. M. Farley's home, I wasn't sure whether he really has true fannish instincts. Then I saw him, waving arms above his head to attract my attention, and my doubts were resolved. He was atop the roof of his home. "I really had a few things to do up there," he explained as I found some place to park (it is a local law that the more remote the spot, the less possibility of finding some place to leave your car). The Rev. Mr. Farley is a strongly built man approximately my age, who is the international leader of Zane Grey fandom, is coming up fast in other fandoms like detective fiction and pulp magazine fandoms, and is gradually getting indoctrinated into science fiction fandom under my nudging. My grandmother used to borrow Zane Grey novels for me from the public library in the era when I was not permitted in the adult stacks because of my lack of age. I hadn't read any Grey fiction for many years, but the Rev. Mr. Farley seems to have been getting even with me. The sight of shelf after shelf of Zane Grey books in every edition from the first to the newest stirs

long-dormant impulses in almost any collector's internal complexities and I'm not immune; I've been buying an occasional Grey book at second hand stores since. The Grey fandom boss explained how complex Grey collecting can be. You must have all the first editions, all the cheap reprints, the uniform binding set that has been sold by subscription for many years, and then you must tackle the Big Little Books, the magazines that contain Zane Grey contributions, and such esoterica as Grey Christmas cards. He published yuletide greetings almost as elaborate as those of Hugo Gernsback. Grey didn't write only westerns, even though that's the assumption of the unlettered. He turned out an enormous amount of books about the outdoors, sports, and non-western adventure stories. But Grey's range of interests isn't any greater than that of the Rev. Mr. Farley. He has long been head of a missionary organization that has required him to travel all over the world. He is a quite good artist, whose paintings have been circulating among Burroughs fandom's inner circlers and have appeared on at least one fantasy fanzine's cover. Although he claims to be half-ashamed of it, he's a recording artist whose records have probably outsold those of jazz and classical musicians with much greater fame. He has been featured on many lp's as a singer of religious music that may not be best sellers at Sam Goody's but circulate widely through other distribution channels. He even helped to film a Tarzan movie. His son is an avid Burroughs fan, and wanted to make an amateur film, so they shot part of it around the house and the rest during one of the Rev. Mr. Farley's business trips to Africa. By now, the Rev. Mr. Farley is somewhat tired of globe-trotting. So he has settled down semi-permanently in the country a half-dozen miles from Hagerstown, is gradually taking over the pastoral duties for a church whose minister is gradually losing his eyesight, and has even acquired an unlisted telephone number, another infallible sign of big name fan status. I don't know what would happen if he publicized that telephone, because my visit was interrupted by an amazing series of calls from all over the nation. His son was on the telephone from his army post in California, thrilled to know that his father had placed the successful bid on a Burroughs rarity at the local AAUW sale; an important man in the missionary world was in Baltimore and due in Hagerstown for picking up at 3 a.m. ("Another night without sleep," my host said; "Another certain sign of fannishness," I mused) and simultaneously he was keeping one ear on activities elsewhere in the house through an intercom system. I returned the copy of The Pulp Era he'd lent me and picked up the copy of the fan history I'd lent him, and we speculated on the possibilities of forming a Hagerstown Valley Unliterary Society of some sort. There's W. Paul Ganley only twenty miles away in Chambersburg who might be willing to get in, if we could dislodge him just once from his isolation, and the unidentified teacher at Hagerstown Junior College who has somehow heard about me and recommends The Riverside Quarterly in the college monthly but hasn't made himself known by name yet, and who knows who else might turn up in the form of devotees of fiction that doesn't count as real live literature? I promised to bring him a batch of science fiction, upon learning that he somehow had the notion that Ed Hamilton is the most important modern writer of fantasy, and we talked wonderingly about the Apollo flight which was nearing its climactic moments. I drove carefully back to town, fearing a wrong turn amid the traps lurking around interchange points for newly constructed interstate highways near his home, and I wondered if there was some obscure symbolism to the fact that I'd finally found

the first permanently settled fellow fan in the vicinity of my home town in the same year that mankind was finally founding a human visiting policy to another world.

August 3--For some time now I've been identified as an assessor from the tax office, a peeping tom, a detective, a real estate dealer, and a journalist who works in his off hours. That's what happens when you go around your home town taking pictures of houses without wasting time asking permission beforehand or explaining to all the witnesses afterward. The truth is somewhat different. I simply want to preserve on film some of the vanishing parts of Hagerstown and some of the most permanent areas that I might want to remember if I decide to move away. The city has acquired a new building inspector who is either oversupplied with energy or trying to create a reputation here that will enable him to get a big job elsewhere or a prospective assassination victim, or most likely all three. He has been issuing repair or demolish orders for houses at a great rate. Most of these are ancient properties whose repairs would cost almost as much as erecting new ones. In his spare time, he has halted construction on a \$1,500,000 apartment complex because he doesn't like the workmanship and he is trying to persuade the mayor and council to order anyone who has gone on the tv cable to take down the roof antenna immediately. I am completely in sympathy with any campaign to improve housing but I am not happy at a side effect, the destruction of some buildings that have no merit whatsoever except a certain picturesque feature or two. Somewhere I read that magazines try to run only black and white pictures for their stories about slum problems, because color illustrations make the neighborhoods look too attractive. Something like that causes me to sneak shots from a car window where people look tough and go trudging up one block and down the other where there are signs of civilization. A building with no indoor plumbing, rat-infested and broken floorboards may have a charming bit of scrimscram at its top or a distinctive stoop. There's a certain old world nostalgia to certain clumps of old hovels in Hagerstown, when you stand far enough away and use a long focal length lens to make them seem like a distant city seen through a high powered telescope. I've also been attempting to get a color slide of each building where I've lived, a ticklish job because nobody ever kept a running record and I was too young to remember the exact buildings of my youngest youth. I was in the nick of time, photographing the old house on High Street where my mother grew up and where I lived as an infant; the building inspector had given the signal. The bathroom was fifty feet away from the rest of the house, the electrical wiring that my mother had paid to have installed was outside, not inside, the walls, and the owner had probably received in rent ten times the original cost of construction, but I'm still sorry to know it won't be there any more. Like most towns in the East, Hagerstown has a conglomerate of architecture. There are blocks and blocks of cheap houses around the railroad tracks, constructed for railroaders in the era when the choochoo trains provided the biggest source of employment here and most people preferred to live within a block or so of their job. A portion of the first block of South Prospect Street is supposed to be one of the most intense survivals of Victorian upper class residency in the East: except for a few television antennas and the power lines, everything looks just as it did around the turn of the century, down to the brick sidewalks, huge trees, and fancy doors. Two or three blocks of North Potomac Street provide a morality il-

lustration of how foolishly people behaved when it was possible to become quite rich while living in Hagerstown. The prosperous families began to build for themselves enormous homes in this section. Each apparently tried to outdo the other in number of rooms, gingerbread-type architecture, and reservation-size lawns. How they ever got through the winters with no central heating in those enormous mansions, nobody knows. These monsters haven't been preserved as well as the slightly older South Prospect Street section. Most got cut up even before the Depression into apartments or office buildings, most have signs out front or badly unkempt lawns now, and the trees are so big that even the houses are starting to look a trifle unobtrusive. I've been unable to ferret out the reason why this neighborhood lost favor, because suddenly the wealthy began to build more compact but still quite extensive homes in another part of the north end of town, apparently just after World War One. Hagerstown lacks the endless rows of identical brick houses that Baltimore features, but I managed to spend a dozen years in one of the few rows of this sort. I'm perplexed by the ominous, dark appearance now emanated by those row houses. I remember the front porch, the postage stamp lawn, and sidewalk as cheerful and bright but now it looks like twilight in midday, as I drive past. They've enclosed the back porches on which people used to chat with the folks next door, unable to see but enjoying excellent audio. The vacant lot and dump that stretched behind the row of houses have been sharply curtailed by construction of a new school. I spent my entire boyhood promising myself that tomorrow I really would prove my courage by leaping from the most extreme point of the precipice formed where the pavement ran level to the store on the corner while the sidewalk followed the sharp slope down the intersecting street, but I never got up the nerve and now it looks like nothing more than an extra-high step and my bones are too brittle to do more than look at it, yearning unassuaged. I've lost completely the only apartment house where I ever lived. It was the site of my earliest memory: a minor fire in another apartment that produced water damage in ours. We weren't there long enough for the address to survive on any old document and I can't think of any way to dig out the information, since I don't even know who the landlord was. The whole photographic project could end disastrously, of course. A former director of the local museum kept pestering me with his pet idea: a complete photographic record of Hagerstown. Today everything is photographed to satiety, he agreed, but he pointed out that with all these squillions of pictures of everything taken all the time by pros and amateurs, apparently nobody has tried to preserve for the future a complete set of photographs showing everything in one particular town. He envisioned it as a camera club project and never got it going. One man could do it if he had the patience, it wouldn't cost an enormous sum if he used a 35 mm camera and bulk rolls of Pan X film which can be reversed in processing to provide black and white transparencies, and I imagine that any survivors of humanity a couple of centuries from now would be delighted in much the same way as we are happy to visit the ruins of Pompeii. It could become a highly complicated trap to keep me here the rest of my life, regretting the day I started to take a few architectural pictures.

July 30--When I read a biography, I sometimes feel the same pity for even a happy and prosperous biographee. No matter how successful he may have been in life, I feel as if I'm reading of a prisoner, one who might have done still more if he hadn't been trapped irrevocably

within whatever years his lifespan bounded. It doesn't seem fair that he should have died of a physical ill that medical science in the next century could have cured and it's somehow wrong that his liberal ideas should have fallen barren onto an even more conservative soil than exists today. I was probably the only person in Hagerstown who received through correspondence an East German's reaction to the moon trip, and I find myself feeling toward this very much alive and contemporary oldtime fan as I do toward men who are locked up for all time in the past. Maybe it's best not to include his name with these quotations from his letter; I imagine that the danger of his getting into trouble with East German authorities for praising a United States accomplishment is somewhat less than the danger that an American fan will get into trouble with United States authorities for belief in legalized drugs or free exchange of pornography, but I'll still feel better if I do nothing even remotely risky. East German television apparently has a hookup with West German transmissions, because he praises the West German's pictures of a model of the Eagle and the commentators' possession of a 250-page press kit. "At Sunday," he writes in English, "the program here for Apollo-11 began at 17 hours (5 pm) MET and lasted till 10 pm. This was some time, after the Moonboat reached safely the surface of Moon. It was unknown then, when the exact time of the get-out should be, whether the planned time at 7:20 a.m. MET (2:20 local time USA) or some hours sooner. I know many people, who passed the whole night only to be there in right time. But I didn't like this, I needed some sleep. But the sleep was very bad. Before I finally decided to sleep, I stepped out of bed and switched on TV, but seconds only too late. The announcer spoke of a criminal film. At 1:45 a.m. MET I woke and again I switched on the TV-screen. Again a film was on air, this time a western. And again in bed for sleeping. The next time the watch was at 3:40 a.m. MET. Again the same ceremony, I left the bed and in the livingroom the TV-set. Waiting for warming up I soon had the voice of special studio from Cologne and the voice said: "We have still no pictures from the moon but we have the confirmation meanwhile, the hatch is open". And so I knew in the same moment, I was in right time. And so I (and my wife too) saw the astronaut climbing down the ladder and with care he set his foot on the Moons surface. Some time later followed by the other astronaut Edwin Aldrin. And surely, it was a great moment to be eyewitness of this. Neither in my life I thought to live for this moment, because we all thought, that it would need more years to send a manned spaceship to the Moon and in the 30's, when already we read a lot of science-fiction books--and I was a member of Science Fiction League since 1936--we all hoped, this would some day come true, but this moment would be almost at the end of this our 20th century. ... Later on at the same day, Monday 21st of July we sat again before the TV-screen to watch the liftoff of the Moon-boat. And I had a strange feeling and I feared, that in the last moment the liftoff should be out of worder. Sorry, that the TV-set there on the surface of Moon didn't work. Maybe, that the distance was too very short between the Moonboat and the camera. ... The start of Luna-15 some days before the liftoff of Apollo-11 was in some sense no new sensation and surely also Russian cosmonauts in the next future will step on Moon, but I think that in this year this will not occur. I think, that the soviet plans reach for the manned space-station with ships from the SOJUS-type and may be, that in some days or weeks SOJUS 6 till ??? starts and

stays in Earth orbit for two or more weeks, even with some specialists on board, maybe astronomers or of some other kinds. ... Our TV-program of German Democratic Republic during the whole flight of Apollo-11 in all their news reported in words and pictures about this flight and showed also most and many scenes of the TV-scenes out of the Apollo-11 capsule, the landing on Moon and the returning and landing in the waves of the Pacific and I do not know, from where they get their pictures, but I must confess, that the quality of the pictures was much better than those from the West German TV-stations. ... I congratulate the USA for their successful flight of Apollo-11 and we all hope, that this may be the beginning of a coming collaboration in space. I dream, that one day American astronauts and Soviet cosmonauts shall be the crew of the common spaceship which flies to Moon or Mars. This time may come true as soon as possible." I don't suppose that East German authorities would count pioneer membership in the Science Fiction League as a valid reason for permitting a citizen to attend a science fiction worldcon. But it would be awfully nice if the Heidelberg con people made some discreet inquiries. Maybe something could be worked out and I'd stop imagining him as the prisoner that he really isn't.

August 18--A custom sanctified by our forefathers, a tradition that helped to make this nation strong and mighty, one of the last links to the good old days, has vanished as of today. The late movie on weeknights on big television stations is no more, with the coming of yet another late chatter program after the late news on CBS stations tonight. No more will the residents of Hagerstown lay modest bets on whether the local theaters will show any given film before it works its way around to the late show. Not as often will I rush frantically through a lot in order to get it out of the way before the start of some ancient film I've always wanted to see. At an end is the last uncertain thing about program timing on network stations through the week, because you never knew how long the movie was going to run, what with occasional repetitions of reels or bumper crops of commercials. I had faint hopes that the CBS replacement program might justify watching, but one look at the list of the first week's guests destroyed them. Not one person on the long list has anything resembling a brain, each is renowned for some reason other than an ability to talk interestingly, and television remains without what it really needs, a chatter program whose guests are chosen for ability to say wise or witty things, not because they are singers or politicians or quarterbacks or actors. Hagerstown now enters a sort of afterglow which I hope will cast dim shadows for a while that will recall the brilliance of B movies whose sun has set. One UHF Washington station without network affiliations is continuing to schedule old movies at 11:30. Washington's indy VHF station plans to show movies at 11 p.m. throughout the fall and winter. There are a couple of other UHF stations in Washington and Baltimore which show extremely old films late at night, but their signals are too weak for comfortable watching here, and I'll face a significant decision over whether the situation is serious enough to justify investing in a signal booster. As usual, I'm unable to understand the reasoning of CBS. We are told that their stations' supply of old movies was running out. I should have thought that exactly the opposite situation existed: the late show tradition must have begun just about twenty years after the coming of the sound film, and by now there are four decades' production of movies from which to choose, twice as large an area as at the outset. The real truth is

probably connected with color transmissions. These late movies have been the only major programming area without color for these CBS stations and it's pretty obvious that the networks are working to a situation in which they will offer nothing but color. There are still Saturday and Sunday nights for late movies, but how long must I wait for something I want to see to turn up when the NBC or CBS station owns the rights so it can't appear on the independent channels and it's too old for the 9 p.m. showings? I shouldn't complain too loudly, I suppose. The real tragedy will come along in another decade or so when television converts to some kind of three-dimensional pictures and all movies made before 1975 or thereabouts are cast into the same limbo that monaural recordings have entered during the 1960's. I hope those video tape recorders for the home are available at good prices and reliability before then. I wouldn't want to enter extreme old age without having rigged up the facilities for seeing that funny look spread over Audrey Hepburn's face at the end of The Children's Hour, any time I feel like seeing it.

August 1--The Hagerstown Fair ended today for me. It runs another day for people who go there for pleasure, not because it's part of the job. People who say that the Hagerstown Fair is just the same old thing year after year aren't exactly right. This year it had a new midway feature. It was called Space Walk. As far as I could see it was nothing but an unusually large and heavily padded trampoline. The kids weren't fooled and it didn't win much business. There was a new display in the household department, too: gas engines that farmers used to buy to power their machinery. One man is buying up all that he can find in working order, and undoubtedly this will be a big hobby in another decade or two, because they are quite handsome in their complex clumsiness, when cleaned up and freshly painted. It was somehow reassuring to think that these very machines may have been on this same fairgrounds a half-century or longer ago as the latest models in the farm machinery display and now in retirement were getting as much attention as they had when young. The hog department has a new superintendent, the first woman ever to head a fair department. She almost didn't make it when a cloudburst the night before the fair began sent a freshet through the hog pens and almost drowned every man and beast on the grounds. By now, I've just about finished the transition to complete disillusionment with everything that once intrigued me at country fairs. I used to think the swirl of colors along the midway poetic and even beautiful after dark, but the memory of what happened to Shirley MacLaine in the final reel of Some Came Running cured me of that belief. The milking contest doesn't stir me as it once did, because it's run on a bring-your-own-cow basis, and I know that the more prosperous farmers' daughters can choose more bountiful animals to rig their chances. I didn't even have the small satisfaction of walking unchallenged into the grounds while the remainder of Hagerstown paid. Someone stole my passes and I had real trouble talking my way in without paying, then I grumbled so much about this indignity that I got showered throughout the rest of the week with more passes than I could possibly use or give away and some went to waste. The fellow who sits on a perch until someone hits the bullseye and splashes him into the tank is disgusted and ready to quit. Little leaguers have such accurate, strong arms that he rarely gets more than a few seconds' peace and meditation between splashdowns. Midway barkers and booth operators look at customers today with much the same expression that you see on the faces of passersby in New York City streets; no long-

er do they impose on unwilling faces a cordial smile and force on rebellious vocal cords a hailfellowwellmet tone to win the confidence of suckers. The Shetland pony display has a sign up, warning that they bite, but there is rarely anyone humane enough to hang around and make sure that little kids don't get careless around their stalls. Some of the wheels of chance and grab a duck booths along the midway have wire netting that can be pulled down in front when it rains or after hours; there was a time when they needed nothing but the canvas flap. Meanwhile, the fair moves inexorably up in the calendar and there is talk that it may lap itself within the lifespan of kids now living. It was traditionally held in October in the early part of the century when it drew enormous out-of-town patronage via steam cars. Then electricity became more popular, the fair directors took a big chance and ordered this innovation installed throughout the grounds, and suddenly it was possible to continue the fair after dark and to stage grandstand shows every night. People began to complain about how chilly it was to sit for three hours under the harvest moon and the fair was moved back to September when weather would be more comfortable. The grandstand attractions promptly stopped drawing well and the race meet at the fairgrounds began to get early October dates when patronage was killed by the World Series, so they moved the fair back to August, before nature readied many things for the agricultural displays. Promptly the State of Maryland began to take dates away from halfmile tracks like Hagerstown's, so it could lengthen seasons at the more prosperous mile tracks and there is a possibility that this may be the last year for horse racing in Hagerstown, but the fair is now begun in late July, because the bulk of the midway items have a Canadian engagement during most of August. One more hard rain like Sunday's, and there won't be a midway.

August 3--The first story I sold to the prozines was a novelette about weather control. Now I'm trying to avoid writing stories for the newspaper about weather control. A few people liked the fiction but nobody is ever satisfied with the reporting. Science fiction has been threatening to become real around Hagerstown, and the situation may have something in common with that novelette, because it's pretty hard to be sure what is happening. More than a decade ago, the corporations which control the giant orchards covering the west end of Washington County got tired of serious hail losses. Hail almost always comes during daytime storms in this area so the orchardists banded together to finance operations by a firm that claimed ability to prevent hail. The procedure included generators on the ground and cloud-seeding planes that went into action whenever the Weather Bureau advised that hail-bearing clouds might be forming. Since hail in destructive quantities occurs only once every three or four years, it was hard to be sure if the first few years of the experiment proved that hail was being stopped or simply came between bad hails. But meanwhile this area was getting dry summers and farmers started to get angry. They claimed that the cloudseeding was halting rain as well as hail. The weather modification people denied the charge, on the grounds that nothing can make all that moisture vanish and that it had been a dry summer over an area far too large to be affected by this operation. But there was a terrible todo involving litigation threats, lobbying among state and national legislators, outbreaks of damage to large areas of young trees in participating orchards, and very loud protest meetings. The orchardists finally decided that they were creating

so much ill will that the whole fruit industry might suffer. They ended their contract with the weather modification firm, and that was not that. There were more dry summers. Farmers began to agree that a little airplane was busily flitting around the clouds every time thunderheads seemed to be building up. Several airplanes were damaged by rifle fire as they flew over that area on other missions, and several planes were mysteriously burned to death while on the ground at a nearby airport. Moreover, a Hagerstown contractor began to suffer major damage to expensive road-building machinery while it was parked overnight at interstate highway construction sites. The farmers had grown convinced that the construction industry was now financing weather modification in order to make faster progress on new roads through the absence of rainstorms. The construction men denied it, and claimed that too little rain made it just as hard to build roads as too much rain. The farm lobby got a bill through the Maryland Legislature prohibiting cloudseeding, then realized immediately that it was useless in a part of the state where it's less than a dozen miles to three other states. I know one extremely fine man who fretted himself into a premature grave because of his conviction that cloudseeding was killing his corn crop, year after year. The local newspaper didn't help matters by publishing an April 1 story about the arrest of a cloudseeder who was detected when someone noticed a dark cloud moving against the wind; some people swallowed it just as insistently as an earlier one about an East Coast Disneyland that was reported about to rise a previous April 1. Bills began to be introduced in Congress requiring reports to federal agencies on any cloudseeding efforts. The dry summers continued and during the one in 1968, highway construction work was finally completed in this area. I hoped for a resumption of the era when everyone talked about the weather and nobody did anything about it, but April, May and June were dry this year and protests began to find a new target. Fort Detrick, the much-criticized nest of biological warfare activities, is only a couple dozen miles from Hagerstown. Someone heard that tests require a kind of atmospheric inversion which cloudseeding creates. All of a sudden the farmers have some strange allies in their protests against Fort Detrick. And I frankly don't know what to think. A lot of people whose judgment I respect, individuals who aren't directly affected by dry summers, swear about the existence of that plane when thunderstorms seem imminent, and they insist that they know people who have inspected it through strong binoculars and find it unmarked. Of course, it is just as logical to assume that any symptoms of a severe storm will cause at least one small airplane that happened to be in the skies to dash for the nearest airport as soon as possible. The weather has undoubtedly been dry for years, and all of a sudden in early July torrential rains began to occur, such as the area hadn't seen in the summer for about a decade, almost always late Sunday afternoon. Now the farmers don't know if they've stopped weather control or acquired evidence that its perpetrators have gone on a five-day week. My own theory doesn't seem popular with anyone else. I keep wondering if a large industry somewhere in this general area is inadvertently creating weather control by something its smokestacks shoot into the air. Or is there a madman somewhere with a private landing field back in the hills who has a grudge against farmers and really does go up there and drop iodide or something into potential thunderstorms? Or have deforestation and air pollution finally brought a permanent change in the climate? Anyway, the second story I sold involved vacations to another planet.