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I've been husbanding strength for the past twelve weeks and now I'm blowing all of it on this desperate effort to emit one more issue of Horizons. This is the August, 1970, issue, volume 31, number 4, FAPA number 117, whole number 123, and the guest editor for this issue is Harry Warner, Jr., 423 Summit Avenue, Hagerstown, Maryland, 21740, United States of America. The Coulsons do everything between the time I stop cutting stencils and you start reading.

In the Beginning

The Fantasy Amateur: The response to the egoboo poll continues to strike me as quite good. Compare the proportion of votes to members with the ratio in such matters as Hugo nominating and voting or Analog's Analytical Laboratory, if Campbell still runs such a thing. But if some members still are upset at the response, why not try for one year a radical simplification? About six categories, votes permitted for three in each category, no points, just the names in order of preference. Maybe it could all be squeezed onto a mimeographed postal card already addressed to the teller. Die Schmetterling: I'd hate to think that die design will permanently occupy Dick Schultz' interests instead of The Avengers and Diana Rigg. Still, I've noted just in the past year or two a tendency for people in authority to downgrade the advantages imparted by a dozen years of postgraduate studies and to play up the importance of the person who can do things. One local school superintendent came right out and said the other day that kids would be better off studying to run greenhouses than to become English teachers because we already have a superfluity of the latter tribe and even the smaller dime stores are now stocking lots of growing things that someone must know how to produce. '' The market is falling so rapidly that it's dangerous to say anything about finances in a publication which nobody will read for another two months, if then. But: in theory the existence of treasury bills and other top-interest securities could cause local government to go broke in a few months. Taxes become due in July. If unpaid after two months, they're subject to a penalty, at the rate of one-half of one per cent per month. Neither the city nor county ever seizes properties for unpaid taxes until they go unpaid for at least two years. Obviously, it would be theoretically possible for everyone to save a little money on taxes by failing to pay them, putting the money set aside for that purpose into seven per cent securities, and settling up in the spring of 1972 with two or three per cent gain on the money. Meanwhile, all city and county expenses would have continued and the bulk of their revenues come from the property taxes. The Rambling Faps: One question. If my bad habit of putting nothing but words into Horizons causes such reading problems, how do people ever manage to get through six or eight times as many pages of equally unadulterated but smaller type in books? '' Travel & Camera reaches me every month through the mails in perfect condition. It is wrapped in a quite heavy piece of paper which is drawn tightly around the magazine, leaving nothing vulnerable to destructive postal people but the tops and bottoms of pages. I can't believe that this is ruinously expensive. '' Spiders don't succumb as readily as most insects to insecticides. Maybe it has something to do with their carnivorous eating preferences. '' Movie business is reported with average business over a year or longer as the reference point. Thus 100% business is average, 200% business means twice the normal box office, and a real bomb may have only 40% business. It seems an odd

system at first, but it's convenient and saves a few words every time someone has occasion to be specific about how a movie drew. '' I don't drink now mainly because I'm scared to start. Some people are incapable for physical or psychological reasons to use alcohol moderately. If I found myself to be among them, the discovery might come too late to save myself from ruining what's left of my life, and as a bachelor I'd be particularly hardput to cope with chronic alcoholism. As for why I didn't start to drink years ago, I suppose there were various reasons: neither my father's nor my mother's families had many members who drank at all; as I grew up I didn't have the urge to prove myself a man by doing all the things that are supposed to demonstrate that status such as getting drunk with classmates; I detested the taste of beer the few times I tried to drink it when I was very young; and I've always wanted to see the world as clearly as possible, not to encounter the softened and rosier false image of it that drink gives. '' It never occurred to me that contact lenses don't fog up when you walk into a humid warm room after a spell in freezing weather. But I need bifocals and I suspect that my vision is changing rapidly enough to make contact lenses an extravagance for me. '' The egoboo poll tabulations are very gratefully received. They bring back lots of memories of FAPA members of the past and they make me want to stop stenciling and start re-reading a lot of publications that received votes. This listing also proves that nothing irreparable would result from the poll simplification recommended on the previous page, because things have been changing right along in the way the poll is structured. The only fault I can find with this fine and useful compilation is the vividness of its proof that I lost completely my sense of humor after 1963 and didn't recover it until this year. Vandy: Basketball's action is quite sporadic. Quite a few minutes of official time tick away while there's action only in the strictest sense of the term, while the ball is coming up through the backcourt without a press or a couple of guards are lobbing the ball back and forth in the front court to run down the clock near the game's end or to let the other offensive players jockey for position. Plus those endless interruptions for fouls and the incredible amount of time required for the teams to creep into position before the fouls are shot. Hockey has much the same proportion of meaningless action. '' Raymond Burr seems to be reverting to his previous self, with respect to his weight. One of his big early breaks was the role of the halfwitted, sex-starved mama's boy in one of Natalie Wood's first big films after her child star days, *A Cry in the Night*. Burr was lumbering stout at this time, and after spending so much time while the film was shooting in slugging, carrying around like a sack of potatoes, and advancing threateningly on Natalie in a plot a little like *The Collector*, Burr's id seems to have adopted much the same behavior as that of the character he was portraying. He decided to slim down drastically, to make the difference in size and age a trifle less preposterous in his wooing. The wooing was wasted effort but someone was so impressed by his thinner self that he got the Perry Mason role. '' Rev. G. M. Farley, the semi-fan who lives near me, is just back from a trip to former British Guiana with enough spider stories to keep Dian Pelz happy for months. The spiders down there are as big as saucers and instead of the male of the species, they prefer to catch birds for lunch. The Rev. Mr. Farley is helping to start a farm down there in South America, but that's another story. Bete Noire: What were the odds against two members suddenly turning

in the same mailing to at-length discussion of the same long-gone FAPAn, Joe Kennedy? I'm sure that Joe would be happy and perhaps even a little inclined to be fannish again, if someone would take the trouble to find his address and send him copies of the relevant pages. A person who goes around reciting poetry would logically be expected to retain some residue of fanac. '' If those Texans were beyond any doubt guilty, I don't consider the sentences inordinate. One veteran judge in Hagerstown says that his long experience on the bench has convinced him that stiff sentences do not deter other persons from committing similar crimes and they do not have a good effect on the character of the person sentenced but they do prevent the convicted people from repeating their crimes for as long as the sentence lasts and the protection this affords society is his justification for imposing stiff sentences on individuals whose records are proof that they'll repeat their crimes as soon as they're at large again. I don't mean that we should imitate old England and hang children for stealing handkerchiefs. I do think it wise to get out of circulation as long as possible anyone whose crime involves violence against human beings. Kim Chi: Inside Daisy Clover is a Hollywood movie that will probably be discovered a generation or two in the future. Even today, it would probably be a favorite of the arty types if the dialog were poorly dubbed and Italian-sounding names were given to all the members of the cast. '' There are late developments in office copiers that might make them the standard means for producing fanzines, after these developments saturate the field sufficiently. One machine uses ordinary paper in long rolls for greater speed, cutting it into pages as it makes copies. I wonder if the book industry will survive much longer, now that it's going to be possible to own a copy of any book you want with very little trouble for less than its cost at the bookshop via copier. Hardbound book industry, I should have said; it'll be a while before paperbacks can be copied quicker than purchased for less cost. Horizons: I blew the punchline ending the first paragraph on page 2427, or maybe a speck of dirt got on the stencil. It was supposed to be a comma, not a period, making the figure \$1,000. Snickersnee: It's comforting to find one lonely thing unaffected by inflation, Coswal's collection. He apparently wants no more for it now than when he first tried to sell it, a decade or more ago. He'll probably get that money, too, if he finds the right university library purchasing agent. '' That trip to Rochester might have been more lively if you'd looked up Larry Farsace. I've had a couple of odd long distance encounters with him in recent years, and he still seems as enthusiastic about certain things as during his fannish days. '' I experienced exactly the same sensation of encountering incredibly ancient things, the first time I found a few back issues of the prozines in my earliest years of collecting. One of the great events of adolescence was turning up one full year's run of 1927-28 Amazings in mint condition, around 1936, so ancient-seeming that I don't think I even realized that I could have seen them on the newsstands as a small boy. Now no science fiction seems old to me unless it comes from the 1940's or before. Moonshine: Len apparently modeled the song he wrote for Socko on Popeye's theme song from which I can remember "I'm Popeye, the sailor man, I'm Popeye, the sailor man. I fight to the finish 'cause I eat my spinach. I'm Popeye, the sailor man." But I can't remember if that song came from Popeye's radio or movie cartoon incarnation. '' This would be a particularly unfortunate time for a big

and successful narcotics raid at a con, because Dr. Wertham would seize on it as a typical rather than a oneshot episode involving fandom. '' I hope Jack Speer ponders the severity with which Rick Sneary took that postal card and wonders how many potential fans he has helped to turn from fanac because they were less sturdy than Rick and reacted to a similar pronouncement by deciding that fans are too similar to English teachers. The closest I came to such an unpleasantness in early fanhood was when Kornbluth wrote a little poem about me that was undoubtedly accurate but just as boorish as the Speer postal card. I got over it but if it had happened six months earlier, before I'd gained a few fannish friends, things might have been different. '' It's conceivable that a professional fanzine might someday be a success, if science fiction continues to hold its popularity. After all, magazines like Popular Photography and High Fidelity are aimed at hobbyists, not at the professionals for whom such publications as Infinity and Musical Quarterly exist. A professional magazine whose contents were along the lines of the best fanzines, aimed at the young adult readers of science fiction, might pick up tens of thousands of readers if some kind of circulation system could be devised to make it readily available at all the large colleges and universities of the nation. '' I'm appreciative of Stan's kind words but I really haven't been particularly important in fandom through the years. Conspicuous, yes, because of those long outbursts of constant letterhacking, and stubborn as well, in such ways as spending too much time on projects like Horizons and All Our Yesterdays. But those aren't the virtues that other fans have possessed, like Willis' superb writing and Speer's pressing of fanationalism and Lee Hoffman's ability to create instant tradition. Altjira: The poem gives a stronger initial impression than it provides when considered as a whole. '' Read again my remarks on Orff. I called it Nazi music because of what it does to me, not just because of Orff's background and theories. I don't think it's bad music but I find it dangerous music because it might impel other people to react more strongly than I do. Besides, from the purely musical standpoint, I object to Orff's compositions on the same grounds as I feel a restricted admiration for jazz or dodecaphonic compositions. Any style that discards most musical resources in favor of one particular technique is wrong, whether the technique is Orff's reliance on the simplest melodic lines with thump and bang accompaniment or jazz's gingerbread melodic variation preponderance or twelve-tone music's refusal to use the resources of tonality. Damballa: It's ironic that I'm abstaining from a television special on the Rockies for the sake of stencil-cutting which involves praise for this Hansen apostrophe to the same geography. I've always lived in a valley between very small mountains and I can't enjoy flat scenery as a result. It must be wonderful to live around big mountains. The only spot in Hagerstown that makes the surrounding hills look impressive is at the western edge of the business district, when on a clear day you can look down across the eastern part of town and then see the apparently magnified slope of South Mountain a dozen miles away, appearing almost impressive because of the way the buildings cluster in a hollow below it. '' I've been toying with the notion of doing next the fan history volume on the 1960's. It would give additional time to dig out elusive information on the 1950's, when I was not as active as in the previous and following decades. It would probably sell better, since more people would still be around

with the urge to own a book mentioning themselves. But I haven't even suggested it to the Advent people, and in case I have lifespan or energy remaining for only one more book, it would be easier for someone else to write the third volume about the most recent decade. '' If it's rare for a fan to be an active church member, what about a fan who is in charge of a worldwide missionary organization like the Rev. G. M. Farley? The Mything Link: The title and the Zuber word list were entertaining. Otherwise, this is a subfandom so far from my experience that I couldn't mesh too well with the contents. Bobolings: It's hard to imagine anyone raising a fuss over the non-identicality of Cognate as long as it involved professionally produced valentines. After all, Elmer Perdue set a precedent long ago when he used to publish FAPA magazines on the back of old patent descriptions, making every copy different from all the rest. The bitching would occur if the non-identical material was something fannish. '' Nobody ever mentions Aporrheta in the retrospective articles that the 40th anniversary of fanzines is encouraging. This I can't understand. It was celebrated while it lived and nothing quite like it has existed since. Futurian Commentator: Add envy, subconscious and unacknowledged, as another reason why so many straights resent the hippies (a better way of stating it than to say that "the straights resent the hippies"). A lot of straights would like nothing better than to have no greed, no status ratrace, no rigid schedule for living and they're disturbed by people who are living in a way that makes it possible to be free from these self-imposed burdens. There's something akin in the scorn which has always been felt by society for the malingerer, the person who imagines himself too sick to do anything but lie around the house and take pills. Unless he adopts this behavior while under fire during a war or after he's sired a half-dozen small children whom he should support, he creates very little trouble for society in general. People envy his ability to have the benefits of invalidism with few of its drawbacks, and he's considered almost subhuman as a result. The Nebula Awards: This is most valuable and fine to have. Only one problem: should such things stay with the mailing that distributed, where they'll be less accessible for reference, or in a separate stack that could get lost and therefore ruin the set of complete FAPA mailings stretching back thirty years? Sercon's Bane: There's really a Mary Warner in Hagerstown. As you might expect, she works with the health department whose employees are constantly in demand to speak on the dangers of pot. '' I find someone else's car parked in front of my home when I get home from work two or three nights every week. It never even occurred to me to object, through a note on the windshield or any other form of release. The man who thinks he should have exclusive right to a parking space in front of his house is akin to the bums who want to stay warm all winter in the main hall of the courthouse, frightening women and cursing every man who won't respond to their panhandling, because it's a public building. '' I'm a coward by nature and conviction so I can speak authoritatively on this matter of errors in sports. I would much rather be encased in helmet, shoulder pads, hip pads, and a half-dozen other pieces of armament, knowing that I can't be tackled if I throw the football within two or three seconds, than to be pivot man on a double play with nothing but summer-weight flannel between me and the runner sliding to take me out of the play and only a quarter-second or so to catch the ball, throw it, and get out of the way of those spikes; or a pitcher who partially

loses his balance in the followthrough that is necessary for good results and knows while in this vulnerable position he may find a very hard and deadly baseball whizzing back into his unprotected face or adam's apple off a bat twenty yards away at a speed of perhaps ninety miles per hour. ' ' I partly do mean to say about the cost of staying at hotels that "people can afford it but fans cannot". The "people" on whom hotels rely for much of their patronage are businessmen on expense accounts and convention delegates whose expenses are paid by their organizations. Fans pay their own way, and hotel rates geared for "people" are increasingly out of line for younger fans who haven't rich parents or good jobs. If hotels were otherwise just the thing for cons, it wouldn't matter so much, but when almost every worldcon and about half of all the regional cons encounter hotel crises of every sort, why not consider the possibility that a campus or a resort city would be preferable? Of Cabbages and Kings: I'll bet that Peggy Rae doesn't realize the existence of a magazine in her own state equivalent to Nebraska Land and New Mexico Magazine. Maryland's own publication is essentially an underground magazine. It's beautiful, expensive, but kept such a deep secret by the state that hardly anyone realizes its existence. A Day at the Races: Is the smaller membership and rapidfire deadline of the smaller apa the real cause of their effects on FAPA? Isn't it also possible that hardly anyone has the time and energy to be fully active in two apas, no matter what nature each possesses? My brief stint in IPSO convinced me permanently that I should never attempt again to be a biapan. ' ' Wouldn't the vibrations and buffeting created by a nuclear explosion make it almost impossible to use recording equipment of the delicacy requisite for the best sound reproduction? Doorway: Don't most writers trade in actuality many days of life for whatever degree of permanency their names acquire through their literary creations? Somewhere I've seen statistics which show a substantially shorter lifespan for writers than for today's average humanity in general. Or maybe it was just journalists who were shown to be shortlived. The Newlon Review: Redd Boggs can be forgiven for using the same theme twice in twenty years, first in The Craters of the Moon and now in A Clown on the Moon. But I can't help liking better the former version. The story didn't use nastiness to convey its message, like describing astronauts' wives as resembling call girls. It was closer to the actual world than this article, which doesn't seem to realize that all the big aerospace industry firms are not privately owned but rather corporations; which implies that there is some way to spend \$24,000,000,000 without profits eating up a substantial portion of the sum; which accepts trustingly the claim that Kennedy Space Center cost \$875,000,000,000. Let's be honest about all this. All of us fans feel a certain amount of dismay when space exploration removes part of the mystery from a topic of science fiction stories. We also probably suffer a certain trace element of jealousy, that we've been reading and writing about the moon all these years and the authorities didn't honor this devotion by giving us the chance to make the first lunar flights as a reward for this devotion. But we have only a few decades' leeway on earth, at the most, before pollution or exhaustion of resources or nuclear conflict or overpopulation or some combination thereof make it inadequate for civilization. Is it fair for us fans to want space reserved for fiction? Can't we sacrifice this fantasy topic, in the knowledge that there may be barely enough time to give humanity somewhere to escape to?

Son of All Our Yesterdays

I explained my embarrassment when several issues ago I printed a batch of locs on All Our Yesterdays, almost all of them complimentary, and was forced to omit the first critical letter the book produced because the writer wouldn't let me publish it. To make sure that I don't overbalance the scales again, I've refrained from asking Ossie Train if it's all right to print the long document that follows. It would take the remainder of this issue of Horizons to list my sources and give my reasons about the statements which I think him wrong about, and besides, such a procedure would dilute the antidote that this provides for the oversyrupy content of the first batch of comments. As everyone in FAPA should know, Ossie is one of the pioneer Philadelphia fans:

"First off the bat, we have never called our annual conferences by the name of Phillycon, yet you use the term consistently throughout your book when mentioning these affairs. And to my knowledge, very few others have. Occasionally, they have been called Philcons by some fans but this term is erroneous, and should have been used for the two World Conventions held here. Both terms have been frowned upon by us--but Phillycon, NEVER. A one-time secretary, Dave Hammond, in the early fifties when he was issuing the PSFS News used the term a few times and was promptly and thoroughly squashed on the floor at a regular meeting.

"The famous Baltadonis ash tray sculpted in a caricature of Don Wollheim dates back further than 1940, maybe to 1938. I am not clear in my mind just when. But it was during the time of the big feudings Wollheim was engaged in all over the place. You should have been present at the first unveiling!

"The October, 1936 affair was attended by more than any 'half dozen New Yorkers,' as you say. Several of us met them at the old Broad Street Station and we spent the rest of the morning and part of the afternoon taking in some of the sights of the city. Herb Goudket had his camera with him--in those days 35mm cameras were not owned by everyone!--and took numerous pictures. Where are those pictures today? Who knows. The group totalled about twenty altogether, maybe more. I had to leave early to go to work--I worked in a restaurant at the time and Sunday was a working day for me. Later, after I had left, they all went to a nearby Automat, put some tables together, and a meeting was called. I should have some literature somewhere on this meeting. At the moment I can't even recall who was chairman--Rothman or Wollheim. But it was declared a convention. It was really a sizable gathering for those times, probably the biggest to that time outside of New York. There were anywhere from ten to fifteen New Yorkers present. Will Sykora was there too, and he carried the ISA flag all over the city with him, on a pole yet. Several times he was asked if it were a communist flag by passersby, and it had to be explained it was not, that it was the flag of a scientific organization. I am not sure if William Pearlman came up from Baltimore for that meeting or not, I think he did, arriving late. He popped in at all of the prewar conferences, usually late.

"In 1935 there was a fall meeting, of sorts, between some of our members and some New Yorkers. Julius Schwartz and several of his friends came here from New York one Sunday afternoon. It was impossible for me to be present, as I was working. To take a day off in those days meant losing an all-important job! They had a little get-together at Rothman's home. You may have mixed this gathering up

with the 1936 affair when you mentioned a half dozen New Yorkers being here. This was not called anything, and was never claimed as the first conference or anything like that--though in the light of later fan meetings elsewhere it could have been called such.

"If you had attended the early pre-war conferences, you would know that we fed the visitors. I believe we are the only ones who actually did this, and from treasury funds. And it wasn't just coffee and a doughnut, either. On the previous day, Saturday, Baltadonis and Madle and I would go shopping for what was needed, and on Sunday morning I would go over to Baltadonis' place early and make huge stacks of sandwiches of all sorts. No one had much money in those days, and no doubt many of the visitors would have gone home hungry that night if we hadn't done this. And every crumb was cleaned up, too.

"You are way off in your statements on the beginnings of the Philadelphia Science Fiction League (later Society). Rothman obtained a charter from the League early in 1935, probably around March, and a few meetings were held. Rothman was the director, and other members were Charles H. Bert and Raymond Peel Mariella. And two others who soon dropped out. They had a total membership of five, and after a very few meetings they were suspended for lack of attendance. In the summer of that year, I learned that I may be going to Philadelphia that fall and got in touch with Rothman, and we corresponded for a number of months until I got here. They were dormant that summer except for meetings between Rothman and Mariella who were very close friends, and possibly Bert. I came here in October, and a week or so later a meeting was held. At Rothman's home. Bert, Madle, Baltadonis, Mariella, and several others were there. I got there late, as I was offered some work at the last minute, and couldn't say no. Rothman was elected director, and I was made treasurer, but I don't remember offhand who was secretary. Maybe it was Madle. This was the beginning of a very active group, the core of which consisted of Rothman, Madle, Baltadonis, myself, and a little later Jack Agnew and Harvey Greenblatt.

"I must here protest one statement you made concerning me, as it is absolutely untrue and has no basis of fact. I never claimed that Philadelphia fandom went back to 1933--how could I make such a claim when I didn't come here till 1935? Madle, Baltadonis and Agnew did have a Boys' Science Fiction Club, meetings as such however being non-existent. They typed a 'magazine' with two carbon copies so they could each have one. I think they fooled around with this in early 1935, but it cannot really be called a club or anything more than two or three kids getting together and fooling around.

"I can't understand where you got some of your information on such things as some club members, some dates, some attendance figures. You must have picked them out of thin air. The Esfa had absolutely no influence on our resuming the conferences after the war. You say it did on page 220, but I vigorously deny this. The 1946 Philadelphia Conference (not Phillycon!) was planned for that fall even before the Esfa affair of March of that year. I was president at the time and am in a position to know definitely what took place. And Rothman was officially delegated to present our bid in Los Angeles that year for the 1947 World Convention, and our bid was accepted.

"Neither John D. Clark or Harry Altschuler were ever members of the club. I visited Clark on several occasions at his apartment but he never attended any of our meetings. I think Harry attended one meeting, but am not sure. Harry was a reporter at the time on the now defunct Philadelphia Record, and had published an article on de Camp

in that paper. I wrote to him and asked permission to reprint it in the PSFS News, and as a result I met him several times at my home. De Camp became a member in 1945 just about the time of the surrender of the Japanese, he was brought to a meeting by Paul Skeeters who at the time was in the navy as a chaplain's assistant at the Navy Yard here. From then on for a number of years Sprague was a regular and very active member.

"In my opinion you spent far too much space and time on Claude Degler and his activities. He was very active, yes, and turned things upside down, yes. But he was not nearly as important as you seem to think. I met Claude, and liked him, but refused to get mixed up in his doings. He called in to see me one night during the war, and we had a long talk together and got along fine. I fed him, put him up for the night, and next morning I had to go to work--important war work--and took a little detour so that I could set him on the right track to where he wanted to go. He wanted to get out of the city so he could hitchhike. And here's something no one seems to know--about two days later, the door bell rang, and I answered it. A young fellow was standing there, and said 'I am looking for a guy, a girl, and a mimeograph machine!' I must have looked a little blank at that for he laughed and explained that his name was Larry Shaw, and he heard Claude Degler had been through here. He wanted to beat Claude to meet some girl whose name I forget, and needed a mimeograph to put out some sort of fanzine to counter some of Claude's activities. I could help him on none of the three counts, however. We spent several hours in talk in my room, however. I next met Claude in 1947 when he turned up early for the convention as 'John Chrisman.' This was at the home of James A. Williams, which was quite a gathering place in those days. He looked different, I think was a little taller and heavier and his features had matured somewhat. I didn't recognize him immediately, but it soon dawned on me who he really was. I kept his secret, never told anyone who he really was and never told him that I knew--though he must have realized I did because of the previous visit. He stayed around here for a time, and disappeared for some weeks. One night he turned up at my home, rather bedraggled and woebegone and half starved. I gave him something to eat, and we sat and talked in the kitchen for some time. He had to see Jim Williams, so I sent him down there and Jim put him up for that night and several more nights. He had been in some sort of hospital or institution, and had run away from the poace with no money, no coat, and had somehow found his way to Philadelphia again. He did get a job here and was working and able to pay his way when he got a little more established. As for his meeting with Tucker--well, there was really no earthshaking explosion or anything. Tucker walked in, saw him, and exclaimed 'Claude Degler!' Claude was flabbergasted for he had no idea of meeting Bob at that moment, and turned and walked away. A moment later, he came back and they shook hands and talked and that was that. By the way, on the occasion of his first visit he did not see Baltadonis, for JVB was in the army at that time. He went into great lengths on his Cosmic Circle and made me head of Pennsylvania and New Jersey or some such thing, but of course I never bothered with it.

"One point I must clear you up on. We did not hold our club meetings in the tap room owned by Baltadonis' father. At first we met in various homes, most often Rothman's. The building in which the taproom is located (yes, JVB senior still owns and operates it) is quite large, and Mrs. Baltadonis used a large room at the far end

of the building, with separate entrance and all, as a beauty parlor --she was a beautician. She allowed us to hold our meetings in there. And it all worked out very satisfactorily. The meetings were held on Saturday nights, so how could we possibly have held them in the tap room? The noise and crowd would have been too much. Besides, with the exception of myself and Charles Bert, the rest were all under 21, and would not have been allowed in there.

"The club rooms at 56th and Pine Street was really a basement apartment, under a dentist's office--he lived upstairs, too. And at 55th and Pine there is a very important police station. There was a large room in the front, where the meetings were held, and a large room in the back with kitchen facilities where things were prepared for our parties and occasions when we had refreshments both liquid and solid. Between, there was a smaller room we used to play cards, or mimeograph, and so on, and a bathroom, and there was a hallway along one side. No such thing as 'Living quarters for two, across the hall' as you state. Attendance at the meetings here, by the way, averaged 35 and 40, and on the occasion of the visit of Dr. Keller we had more than 60. Where in the world did you get your figures?

"You come up with another doozy. You give the impression that when we rented the rooms at 56th and Pine we had a membership of about a dozen. I think you got your information in an old PSFS News but you didn't read it close enough. Look again, and you will see that a dozen of the members agreed to pay part of the rent, and that they were all given a key to the rooms because of this. We had had such an increase in membership we could no longer meet in anyone's home or apartment. With only twelve members in the club we wouldn't have had to find a meeting room. The Baltadonis place was no longer available, and hadn't been available at all after the war.

"On page 248 you are way off the beam on the 1948 conference. Where the hell did you ever get the figure of 'only a score' for that conference's attendance? That is positively ridiculous. We were having anywhere from 25 to 40 at regular meetings in those days. That conference was held at the K. of C. Hall, and the attendance was just about a hundred. I was chairman, but took no part in the program itself--but I had arranged it and secured all of the speakers. The affair was a success, and after expenses were paid we showed some profit. In fact, we have never run into the red on any conference. I appointed Waldo as master of ceremonies, and he handled things from the chair.

"And who is Ben Waldo? The only Waldo we ever had here was Armand E. Waldo, better known as Bud.

"On page 264 you are just about completely wrong on the 'Federation' business, at least as far as the PSFS is concerned with it. Late in 1946 Sam Moskowitz and Will Sykora came to a meeting at 56th and Pine. After the regular meeting was over, there was a meeting between the officers of the PSFS and Sam and Will--this to facilitate matters and stop any time-wasting arguments, when they presented their propositions. Sykora had an idea for a federation of science fiction clubs in the East consisting of the PSFS, ESFA and any other eastern clubs he could persuade to join. He had quite an impressive looking constitution written out for it. We made no commitments at that time, but agreed to present this to the members at the next meeting, and then allow them time to think things over and decide at a later date. This decision was satisfactory all around. At the time of the next meeting I was in the hospital for an operation, and Rothman as vice president took my place. Instead of making a report

and letting the matter go till later as agreed, he called for a vote and had it squashed--this was a serious blow to the proposed Federation and no more was heard of it. The Federation was not being formed for the purpose of handling the Conventions, but it probably was in Sykora's mind for the Federation to help in these affairs. Personally I was against it, but had promised to put the matter up to the members and vote at a later date after they had thought it over. Rothman broke that promise when he called for the vote at that time, but it probably would have been voted down anyway. As club president I presided over the meeting with Sam and Will.

"I have the honor of being the first subscriber to the first real fan magazine, The Time Traveller. Someone else had an earlier post mark, but mine got there first. This was the first fanzine to devote itself entirely to science fiction--previous ones were mostly club organs and devoted more space to science articles and club activity than to science fiction.

"Funny how a guy can do so much more than anyone else, and if he keeps quiet and in the background he is either pretty well ignored or someone else gets the credit for what he has done. This has happened so much in my case. Perhaps if I had a big mouth, and plastered my writings all over the place as so many have done, I might receive a little credit for things I did. I probably have been chairman of more conferences than anyone else, but because of the fact I always appointed an M.C. and stayed in the background the M.C. got all the credit. The purpose of a chairman is to see that things get done and it isn't necessary for him to be in the limelight.

"You nowhere mention my collection, and one thing that is quite generally known about me is that I have one of the best and largest in the country. And I have always been in the forefront of collectors. I collected hard cover books when almost everyone else was only interested in magazines and I have never lost my interest in books. Today, my collection consists of around 5,000 hard cover science fiction and fantasy books, about 10,000 magazines, and I don't know how many paperbacks. Plus all sorts of odds and ends. I never collected fanzines, very few of them have any value at all--and I am not talking of cash value, either. There have been many good ones, don't get me wrong--Time Traveller, Science Fiction Digest, Fantasy Magazine, Fantasy Commentator, to name but a few. These all contain valuable information. But most of the others--yuk. I also have what is in all probability the finest collection of H. Rider Haggard in the U.S. Many first edition presentation copies, signed and inscribed. Letters. A couple of manuscripts. All sorts of different illustrated editions. Even have an inkwell that belonged to Haggard. I refer you to David Randall's new book, Dukedom Large Enough, which is the reminiscences of a rare book dealer. In the chapter on Carroll Atwood Wilson he mentions Wilson's Haggard collection and says it was the finest in the country. Well, I bought that collection intact years ago from Mr. Randall when he was at Scribners, and since then have added many items to it.

"You should also have mentioned my name as being a partner in the Prime Press. You must have known about this. There were four of us at first--Jim Williams, Bud Waldo, Al Prime and myself. After the first year, Prime and Waldo dropped out. In 1953, after the sudden death of Jim Williams, I had to put the Press out of business. But we did make a pretty important mark in the science fiction world. We published Without Sorcery, Sturgeon's first book; '...And Some Were Human,' del Rey's first book; Venus Equilateral, George O. Smith's

first; and several other firsts. And why do you always refer to these presses rather disdainfully as being semi-pro? With few exceptions they were professionally produced, and marketed professionally. We knew how to cut corners, and didn't have the high overhead the big publishers have. No fancy offices, no high salaried staff. I have begun publishing again under my own name, one book out so far and a second in preparation.

"When you wrote of Coslet's collection, and made the statement that not long ago he tried to sell it for \$20,000 with no results, you should have made mention of another collection. And you must have heard of it. John C. Nitka of New York had amassed a collection of nearly 6,000 hard cover books, and complete sets of all the magazines including Weird Tales, hundreds of Argosys, Adventures, Popular, etc. He was offered \$16,000 for his collection by a California dealer, and on my advice turned it down for a better offer. They then offered \$20,000, which he accepted. Later, this dealer, who had been acting for UCLA, sold it to them for a reported \$35,000. Two men were flown to New York from California, and they did all the packing and shipped the hundreds of cartons. I think it was 480 odd cartons.

"Back to early Philadelphia. John Baltadonis and I were partners with Comet Publications--equal partners. He edited the Collector, with me as associate editor or something, and I edited Science Adventure Stories. I put out two issues of mine, 64 pages each, and had stories by several professionals and several who later became professionals. And we did a host of smaller things. Madle later brought his Fantascience Digest into Comet, but stayed only a short time and went back on his own after he purchased a mimeograph.

"Baltadonis, Madle, Rothman and I were all charter members of FAPA, and were in for several years. I rejoined for a short time after the war, but couldn't spare any time to it and dropped out again. But it can truly be said that the Big Four in Philadelphia were--Madle, Baltadonis, Rothman and Train. You can add Agnew to that too I suppose.

"You are pretty accurate on the merger with the Futurians. But they were not an insurgent group--they didn't know that I was carrying on alone, and I didn't know about them for some time. I don't think Sam Mason was the president, but can't say for sure. He was against the merger and he was kicked out. When I attended my first meeting, Pepper was the president, Sam having already departed. Hevelin didn't suggest the merger as you say, but when I wrote and told him it might happen he approved of it. They had about six to ten members. The spadework for the merger was done by Joe Selinger, Al Pepper, Guy Kendter, and myself.

"You made one serious omission that I know of in your list of war casualties among the fans. Julius Pohl, a young fellow from Texas, was killed in action. He was quite an active fan, and attended the first world convention in New York in 1939--I have a picture someplace proving this. Trudy Kuslan could probably tell you a lot about him, for they hit it off pretty well together.

"Harvey Greenblatt was a very active member for a while before the war. He dropped out of most of the activities when he went to college, but intended coming back to the club full time later. I used to see him occasionally at the place where he worked, I believe the last time I saw him was around 1940. I have pictures of him around too. Harvey was a genuine war hero, and had been wounded twice previously to knocking out that German tank single handed. He

made the front pages of the papers here when he got the silver star-- and he made them again a couple of weeks later when he was killed. I liked Harvey very much, he was a good friend.

"Your vaunted non-attendance really shows up in many spots. And not to your credit, I may add. Most of your information is second and third hand, and embellished before passed on. There are many little things that an eyewitness would have mentioned, or would have been a little more accurate.

"You give the impression that Lois Miles only attended the Convention, and that she had been hired by Kyle as a professional model. I know she was a professional model, but don't know if she was hired for the convention. But I do know that she and Kyle went together for some time and that she attended a number of other affairs later. She married Jack Gillespie, a former New York fan.

"Henry Georgi isn't exactly an unknown one-shot fan. He lives in Groton, Connecticut now and still collects. I have been selling him books from time to time.

"You could very easily have learned who 'the somebody named Josie' was if you had asked around a little. She was Josephine Benderavage of the Philadelphia club, and was well known and well liked. A very nice person. She recently rejoined the club, and her sixteen year old son is now a member too. Peggy Pavlat knows Josie very well.

"If you had attended the Convention, you would have known that Ben Singer made a public apology for his fake report of Bob Tucker's death. He struck me as being a lamebrain, anyway. The rumors of Bob's death were circulated around just at the start of the convention, and of course everyone was shocked. But--in walked Tucker! And was he wild when he got there! Singer said it was all just a joke, they were just having fun. Tucker replied it was a very poor joke, it had caused him all sorts of trouble and he almost lost his job and wanted no more jokes like that. Singer was in the army at the time and in uniform.

"I don't recall the war time postage rates going up to five cents, as you state. As I remember it was three cents from the early thirties till some time after the end of the war. And I remember the rate for mailing a fanzine was one and three quarter cents. Why did you say the rates went up two cents?

"Your 'Newarkons' have never really been such. They have an expanded meeting in March of every year which is open to all. I don't recall them having any special name like Newarkon. I have attended many of these affairs--have you?

"Bernard Quinn became a captain in the army during the war, and stayed in the service after the war was over. I don't know how long he stayed in the army, or where he is now--but I did see a picture of him in a local paper in 1947 or 1948 at some sort of function.

"Like everyone else who writes of my part in the club during the war, you write it off in a couple of sentences. Not that I am looking for credit or anything--it sort of gripes one to see someone else who did so very little, actually, get page after page of mentions, while I did a real grueling job and it is casually passed over. The last big club activity of any sort was a picnic we held in Fairmount Park in the late summer of 1942. About fifteen of us were there, a stag affair, and we had a great time of it. We wound up at a nearby amusement park for the evening, all of us half lit, and I don't think anyone in that park had more fun than we did. We all knew it would be the last for a long, indefinite time, and we made the most of it. Within a couple of months, they were almost all gone. Rothman en-

listed, and spent a lot of time in special army schools in various parts of the country, and finally went to England and then to France. Baltadonis joined the army and wound up in the Aleutians. Lex Phillips trained in the south, and went to the Middle East, in Cairo most of the time. Madle spent his army career in the states. John Newton went to the South Pacific, the Phillipines, and finally Japan with the artillery. Agnew was in the south Pacific, and almost met Newton near Manila. Joe Fortier had been stationed in Philadelphia a short time, and was sent overseas to the Middle East, and met Lex Phillips several times through my efforts. Greenblatt went to France. Larsen went to the European theater; he was also a captain. Bob Hevelin--Rusty Barron?--enlisted in the marines. Quinn served in Europe. Ben Lesser was drafted, and was given a medical discharge after a few months because of a serious sinus condition. Jerry Silverman was in the Navy, and was wounded in the foot. Bud Waldo also went to the Navy. And if I leave any names out it isn't intentional. There are others I didn't know very well, and couldn't get their addresses. After they had all gone, I learned that Hevelin had declared the club disbanded till after the war. I never recognized this, and decided to do something about it, but as I was working all sorts of hours, overtime and Saturday and sometimes Sunday work, didn't have as much time as I would have liked. I slowly gathered as many addresses of the fellows in service as I could, some from their families and other sources, some I got by writing letters, a few by phone calls, and some by making visits to their homes to talk to their families. And I wrote to them as fast as the addresses came in. And through my efforts some of them were able to write to others. I soon started to put out the PSFS News, and it came as quite a surprise to them. I put it out monthly, and included all sorts of news in it, as well as printing the letters I got from them. Sometimes it took me as much as a couple of weeks to put one out, because the time for me to work at it was so limited. Not having a mimeograph of my own at first, I finagled ways to use the machines at various churches through friends. At one point I even took on the editorship of a church paper so that I would have access to a machine, and would put the News through at the same time as the church paper. I have tramped around the streets in rain and in blizzards, to get to a machine so that I could put the News out. I don't regret for one minute all the hours I spent working on it, and the writing of the dozens and dozens of letters, the cajoling, the extra work to get a chance to issue the News. It was strictly a one man job all the way through, even after the merger. After a while I bought my own mimeograph, and it was a big help. I had no help whatever, either physical or financial. I did everything. The result was that as soon as the war was over, and they started coming home again, we had a club for them to attend right away. We got off to a fast post war start, much faster than any other club. I was elected the first post war president, and held that post for two years, and since that time there have been very few years--maybe a couple--when I held no office at all. I have been president again several times since then, treasurer, secretary and am currently vice president. There are changes of late in the club. New faces. I am the only one left now of the old crowd. Some of the changes are good, some I don't care for. We have a lot of young people in our membership again, and that is good, for we need them. After all, we are one of the oldest science fiction clubs in the country, and we have a proud past and reputation to uphold.

"Reference to page 195. Rothman and Perdue called in to see me

on that famous trip when they were trying to locate someone for the FAPA material. I don't recall why they couldn't locate Madle and JVB. But Jack had a girl friend at that religious conference, which explains why he was there.

"On page 270, you state that James A. Williams read a message from the Prime Press in the absence of most of the semi pro publishers. This is wrong information, for Jim was a partner in the Prime Press. Also, you might have stated that at this affair--the Torcon--the Prime Press gave out copies of a little pamphlet made up from page proofs of 'It' by Theodore Sturgeon, one of the stories in his soon-to-be-published 'Without Sorcery.' He passed around about 75 of these, and they are rare collector's items today.

"And, once again, I resent your continual reference to Philly-cons. As I stated at the beginning we never used this term, and neither did anyone else, except maybe a few of the new fans. The name has always been The Conference. In full. Both formal and informal. We have always avoided the juvenile term. Why do you insist on tacking it on?

"One note I overlooked on the 1947 convention. Rothman wanted John W. Campbell as guest of honor, but Campbell turned it down as he said he would be unable to come. So Rothman said there would be no guest of honor. To our surprise Campbell turned up on the first day --saying he positively had to go back to New York that night. But he enjoyed himself so much that he stayed the whole convention, and we had him as guest of honor after all.

"You make no mention of Dick Clark (it may have been Clarkson) of Washington or Baltimore. I am hazy, but could soon find out but don't have time at the moment. He was active with Briggs, Kerkoff, etc., and very active at that. He died early, at the age of 17 or 18, of cancer. I have letters around he wrote to Jim Williams years ago, as well as one Jim received from Dick's father after his death, a pathetic one that shows the heartbreak at losing his son. Dick was very important in his group, more important than some you mention."

Ossie says some other things, but they're complimentary, and in view of the fact that I'm about to backslide again and fall into the old rut of several issues ago, I'll ignore the pleadings of the voice of egoboo and turn instead to some other oldtime fans' remarks. From Louis Russell Chauvenet, whom I expected to react quite violently inasmuch as I forgot to ask him if he would mind my using that photo:

"Have just finished reading 'All Our Yesterdays' (very appropriate quote from Macbeth) and I enjoyed it and want to take the opportunity to thank you for having gone to the trouble of writing it. There are various hints here and there that foreshadow the appearance of Vol 2 some day, and one lonely somewhat aghast thought of Vol 3 to follow (putting you in a class with Tolkien). I want to remain in sufficiently close touch to be sure that I hear about these things. Vol 2 should be particularly interesting as it will all be news to me.

"I looked in Websters 2d International Unabridged and it does not include fanzine, so then I looked in the newer 3rd edition, and sure enough the 3rd does have it. Unfortunately the sheer joy of having enriched the mother tongue is dimmed by the realization that there are a lot of other words in the 3rd which the 2d discreetly omitted, and not all of them such as fanzine should be in company with.

"One of the matters I wanted your book to clear up was what became of the Kuslans but when I came to read the work more carefully I

realized that in general you simply couldn't undertake to discuss the fates of countless individuals. Some day I'll find out. Equal rights for Ku-slans, if not for chimpanzees.

"R.D. Swisher did not disappear as completely as all that. He and I still exchange Christmas cards. He is still busy with scientific work in organic chemistry and does not mention science fiction or sf fans, but he sounded a trifle lonely when he made some comments on the death of his wife Frances a few years ago. (1967?)

"If you have any occasion to write him (The Harry Warner Foundation wishes to inquire whether your magnificent collection could be bequeathed to posterity in its care....???) his address is Robert D. Swisher, 1894 Charmwood Court, Kirkwood, Missouri 63122. I am contemplating a trip to Montana next fall and if it comes off may plan to stop at Swisher's on the way. Would enjoy seeing him again. Thanks again for All Our Yesterdays."

This seems like old home week for FAPA, because here's some comments from Dan McPhail:

"Long time, no see; but I just had to drop you a line and tell you how much I have enjoyed my copy of All Our Yesterdays. It is a most engrossing book, and brought back many pleasant memories.

"In my annual Christmas letter from Ted Carnell, he asked if I had seen the book, and added: 'There is a great deal about our early association together and it brought a lump into my throat.'

"Anyway, thanks for the long hours and hard work you put into the history. I think we are enough alike that you will understand how very much I enjoyed reading (and re-reading) it!

"One thing that always bothered me (from you mentioning it in FAPA one mailing) is your doubt over the existence of George Clark's Science Fiction News Service. There was such a thing, and I have a number of letters from Clark regarding the SFNS plus several editions of Bulletin he issued."

I can't even remember whether the next unexpected letter came from a former FAPA member. So if you don't remember the name that way, you'll just have to go out and buy a copy of All Our Yesterdays so you can learn about the role played in fandom by Donn Brazier:

"This might be a surprise. But I doubt it, for your sensory apparatus seems to extend into every strata of fandom. The other week Leigh and Nor Couch lent me a huge stack of current fmz, and you're in every one of the fmz. Great!

"Catch-up info. I hope you remember that we were, at one time, regular correspondents. After my Period II in the several years after World War II (with Ember and one issue of T////////) I dropped out completely, though I read proz offnon. Ten years ago I moved from Milwaukee to St. Louis. The local OSFANS got my name somewhere, and urged me to take action again--over the phone. I resisted until the convention. Hank Luttrell showed me your book (which I purchased immediately!), and I had such a great time at the convention that I decided to get back in via OSFANS and contributing to other fmz.

"I want to congratulate you on the two awards. When it was announced at the convention I surely thought you'd be there. So, disappointed. But I did see some old timers like Liebscher, Tucker, Bloch, Woolston, Martin, Madle, and some old pros like Simak, Rocklynne, Hamilton. I wish you'd been there.

"Your book is terrific. 1) Nostalgic memories 2) evident research and organization 3) well-written."

The next paragraph is just a compliment with no information on old fans to justify my including it. But I'm putting in this one for

the sake of the nostalgia that I'll feel over it many years from now, provided I'm in sufficiently good preservation to retain a sense of nostalgia by then. It's from George Senda, a Nevada fan with whom I'd had no contact of any kind until he telephoned me long distance to say congratulations over the Hugo. The fact that a strange fan did this was almost as exciting as learning I'd won the thing. Besides, George wrote his note on a postal card of a special kind and therefore became the first person anywhere to push me a little further into the world of tomorrow's scientific wonders by using one of those three-dimensional picture postcards with an Apollo and lem orbiting above the moon's craters.

"Just finished All Our Yesterdays. It is a magnificent work. Probably the best of its type I've seen done. When are you going to do the fan history of the 50s? I heartily recommend to neofans who wish to learn about the early years of fandom."

Gerry de la Ree wrote a long letter. I'm omitting from it the portions which describe prices he has personally paid and obtained for rarities, although they may slip into a later volume of the fan history without attribution in some future year when you'll have forgotten about this letter, and therefore won't be able to guess where I got the information.

"I just recently purchased a copy of your All Our Yesterdays and felt compelled to drop you a few lines to express my congratulations on a good job. Reading it through, it brought back so many memories and recalled to mind many occurrences I'd forgotten. The 1940-1949 period marked my peak as an active SF fan, although I continued to attend conventions in the 1950s whenever possible and remained active in ESFA until my work (like most newspapermen, I work Sundays and ESFA always meets on a Sunday) forced me to stop attending.

"As you no doubt know, I've degenerated into an SF dealer (part-time) in the last 20 years, but this was originally an offshoot of my own collection. And it was my collection I wanted to mention to you. It's as a collector I'd prefer to be known in the SF field. I've spent 30 years and untold hours and dollars building this thing up to the point where I feel it is now one of the best and certainly the best displayed of any fantasy collection.

"In 1968, I built a home here in rural Saddle River largely to handle the collection. A couple pix of the library are enclosed. The collection numbers 25,000 volumes and, of course, includes many of the rarities. I have more than 150 original paintings and illustrations, some 100 of them Finlays, 15 Boks, etc. And the prices (or value) of these have ballooned since the early days mentioned in your book.

"I still have a couple file drawers full of the fanzines of the 1940s, but have retained little in that line since then. I have added some of the early ones along the line. And, incidentally, do you have or know of any one with Cosmos chapters that will sell? I've got two incomplete sets that I'd like to complete. Had a complete one but a binder ruined it.

"Your chapter on Lovecraft & Friends was a nice addition to the book. Anything with Lovecraft seems to be in demand today. Prices on his books have soared. The Shunned House has been advertised by Roy Squires at \$450!... Original art? Finlay sells the few covers he has left in the \$100-\$200 price range. Black & whites (the good ones) average \$50. Boks are impossible to find.... The early Weirds seem to be the toughest to find and most sought after of all the mags. Many of the SF mags of the 1930s still turn up fairly frequently.

There Must Be a Desk Somewhere

Horizons has been publishing too much stuff about the past. Of course, there's the logical explanation that the past covers considerably more territory than the present, providing greater incentive to write about it in fanzines. There is also the future, which also offers a great deal of opportunity for comments, but maybe this is destined to be the year in which I've been destined to find time to write some novels, so I'll reserve that division of time for fiction.

But to provide everyone with the balanced reading diet that any fanzine like Horizons should offer, let's turn to today. Specifically, to what's on an object which is my desk, if I haven't mixed it up with another object of furniture. Things cover it so thoroughly that visual confirmation of the identification is impossible.

For instance, a fanzine which I never see mentioned in other fanzines, even though it must be the most profitable fanzine of all time. For no apparent reason, I receive once every two or three months a copy of Stan's Weekly Express, even though it frequently proclaims that it gives no free copies to anyone. This is an advertising publication, and if the probable profit per issue is the criterion, I suspect that it must have a better right to be called a prozine than some of the stuff that you'll find at your nearest newsstand. Consider: It costs 20¢ or 25¢ per copy on shortterm subscriptions, depending on whether you advertise, or on longterm purchases it costs about 16¢ per issue. It contains a maximum of eight legal-length pages, so it can be mailed for six cents and go first class. At least three-fourths of each issue I've seen is advertising, possibly more. The basic cost for a small ad is 50¢ for five lines if you're selling, 25¢ for five lines if you're trading, and these aren't full-length lines but 28-character lines so three lines can be squeezed into every line indicated on the stencil. If you buy a large ad, you pay \$16.88 for a full page, slightly less if you contract to advertise regularly over a long period of time. No illustrations, no photo offset, just mimeography on what feels like 20pound paper with bad showthrough. If you're mathematically minded you should be able to deduce what rewards come to the editor for the publication which he describes as "the representative of the MINORITY (so to speak) or the 'little guy' in this GREAT BIG WORLD OF FANDOM!" The advertisements indicate that comics fans make up much of the clientele. Prices that the advertisers seek strike me as wildly irrational. I'm aware of the demand now existing for the old pulps, but still I can't believe that \$10 apiece is a sane quotation for 1934 issues of Doc Savage when another advertiser in the same issue offers for less than a buck apiece a batch of issues of Simplicissimum published between 1909 and 1914. Two dollars each seems utterly excessive for unjacketed Doubleday editions of standard Heinlein, Asimov and anthologies, if someone else is selling for \$4 apiece copies of Wonder Stories Quarterly and Amazing Stories Quarterly in "about fine" condition.

Here's a letter from a West Coast fan, telling me he's still interested in publishing a handbook to fandom that I was incautious enough to express interest in writing in Hoom a few months ago. I attempted to write it during spare moments at the office and bogged down after perhaps one-third of the wordage was on paper, feeling that I was not doing it properly in that environment, and there has been no time to try to redo those sections here at home and then add the remainder to them. The desire to do this represents a reversal

of attitude for me. Until recently, I'd felt that much of the fun involved in being a neofan consists of discovering for yourself the manner in which fans behave, their basic traditions and the general facts about fandom. But some recent correspondence with neofans and knowledge of how some potential fans have never entered the field have made me suspect that a handbook in which you could look up the answers would provide enough benefits to make up for whatever enjoyment of do-it-yourself discovery its existence would spoil. I don't mean merely to list the major fan clubs and the names of the best fanzines. Instead, I'd like to put together into one place all the things that newcomers must worry about and sometimes may be unable to find out for a long time: Is it all right for a kid like me to speak to all the pros by their first names at conventions? Why don't fans do something about the way fanzine editors stop publishing fanzines without returning money due subscribers for unpublished issues? When is it safe to admit that you read the prozines at a local fan club meeting?

Something new on the desk today: a just-arrived package from Joanne Burger. It's hard to think of two things in fandom more different than FAPA and the NFFF, and yet there are people in fandom who ought to be members of both organizations because they're decayed enough for FAPA and interested in the kind of things that the NFFF tape bureau can surprise. Surprisingly few people outside the NFFF know what a large collection of tapes is available and what reasonable fees are required for dubbing anything you want from the tape library onto your own blank tape. There is an enormous range of convention and conference and local club meeting stuff, panels and guest of honor speeches and so forth. The list contains a lot of talks by pros on television or radio or at various learned events. Sound tracks from lots of television and radio programs of the recent past are on hand, including such goodies as the BBC dramatization of The Hobbit. Plus some movie soundtracks and a good quantity of rare old radio programs of the distant past, some records of science fictional interest, and a little bit of everything else. I haven't had time to play today what has just arrived, but it should contain several hours of my dearly beloved Fred Allen and perhaps some of the St. Louiscon banquet ceremonies, which for some reason I'd like to hear despite having missed them the first time around. If I ever acquire the good tape deck I have meant to buy for several years, I'll be able to dub stuff with the aid of my present Wollensak, and thereby enlarge the NFFF tape library with some famous old fans of the past. I've accumulated quite a bit, going as far back as Laney via a wire dubbing. Remember Jean and Anie Linard? They're there, and so are Willis, Ackerman, Jean and Andy Young, and even some of the rare old spectacles that used to be put on tape for the Kettering conventions, notably The March of Slime. Nobody has yet explained satisfactorily to me how they got what sounds like a chorus of thousands singing fannish lyrics at a time when you couldn't buy tape recorders that offered sound on sound effects.

I brought home a press release from IBM and a Xerox brochure from the office, thinking they could be the basis for a fanzine article, but they're still here on the desk and the article isn't written. The propaganda doesn't mention fanzines but it has great significance for fandom, because it's increasingly obvious that pretty soon the mimeograph and ditto machine will be forgotten as office copiers continue to grow faster and less expensive to operate and more ubiquitous. It isn't yet possible to put out a fanzine quicker and cheaper on a cop-

ier, unless it's extremely small circulation or you have ability to use advanced copiers without paying for supplies. But the time is not distant, if you remember that the whole office copier industry is only a couple of decades old and developing rapidly while the old reproducing machinery continues to behave in the old way. There's one Xerox machine that reproduces messages by radio from a transmitting machine, at the rate of 280 words a minute. Another one works over the telephone. The Xerox 3600-I doesn't need special paper, and turns out copies at the rate of one per second. There is even a new 1970 model of the Xerox machine designed for coin-in-slot operation that gives the renter the option of letting the public get copies for a nickel each. The IBM announcement involves a new copier that also uses plain paper, claims it can go for a month on one container of toner, and creates copies at the rate of 600 per hour on paper that comes in a roll but gets cut into sheets of the proper size as copies are made. The price for this is still out of line for fandom: \$200 per month but only 2.3 cents per copy. I think the consequences are obvious. On the one hand, these improved copiers will be reflected in cheap copiers that will be for sale at sane prices in another year or two, giving faster and better results than the \$29.95 copier you can buy right now. Moreover, the copier seems to have become the new status symbol in every office I've entered in the past couple of years. I never see anyone use carbon paper any more, even when only one or two copies of something will be needed, because it's the thing to do, to go over to the copier and get a duplicate or two that way. As a result, before long almost every fan will know someone in an office with a superfast copier and will either be able to get a good price on the supplies he uses or will be able to run it free since the small demands a moderate-sized fanzine makes on a copier in a large business place wouldn't be noticed. The main effect on fanzines, other than more consistent reproduction, should be a tendency for small-size, small-circulation publications to grow more popular. Plus the opportunity for sharing in original appearance anything interesting that a fanzine editor comes across in a book or magazine, as long as he knows his mailing list won't blab about this extra circulation for those materials. If FAPA survives long enough, it could even be the salvation of this organization, for it would end the agony some members suffer when they must dust off a mimeograph and cope with caked ink and swollen rollers after it's sat idle for six months or so.

Here's a letter from the University of Wisconsin. A couple of faculty members are compiling a reader's guide to science fiction from "the stated preferences of unusually well informed readers." They say: "Given the difficulty of locating such readers, we would particularly appreciate your assistance." I've read that three times and it seems increasingly like an insult and sounds more and more as if they are resorting to me out of fatigue created by unsuccessful efforts to find the informed people, who obviously have taken to the hills until the New Wave-Foundation conflict ends. Anyway, I'm asked to define science fiction. That's easy. They give me seven-eighths of an entire page for the definition, but mine will be short: "What will happen if." Then I'm supposed to list writers and works that constitute the main stream of science fiction, apparently choosing from those before the last quarter-century, since a third question involves the most important writers and stories since World War Two. I suppose that I'll emphasize Wells and Verne and nobody else on the sheet dedicated to the older guys. I can't think of anyone who wrote

a lot of science fiction and had a comparable effect on the field. Or maybe I'll cheat and divide the answer to this question into two parts, those who influenced science fiction in general and those who had a big effect on the pulp magazines' science fiction but not on the stories that the whole world read. E.E. Smith, Weinbaum, Vogt, and Dr. Keller ought to qualify for the latter group. Then the writers and the works that "seem most important and influential" since World War Two? That's the tough one because it's still early to determine which writers have been imitated, in distinction from that more important batch of writers who have influenced. I'm not even sure that Heinlein belongs in there, unless you equate important with widely read. What influence has Heinlein had on the way the public looks at the universe and how many important writers has he influenced? Outside the hard core of people who love science fiction beyond all else, Heinlein is mostly a fellow who writes a lot of good juveniles. I'll have to give it a good think, as Elmer used to say almost every Sunday morning.

In mid-May, some physical symptoms that had been alarming me for months finally got coordinated and attacked on all fronts one Friday morning. It scared me to death and even impressed my doctor sufficiently to bring him to the house three times in the next 24 hours, in a city where doctors don't like to go to patients' homes. I think I lived through it, but I wrote to my old aunt out in San Diego to pour out my woes and she replied in a letter that remains unanswered. My uncle had also had some kind of physical troubles which she doesn't describe in detail. "I just cannot seem to locate a practical nurse without liquor and cigarettes," she wrote, so she was taking care of him as best she can. Both are pretty far up in years. "Old Dr. A. P. Stauffer in Hagerstown had told our dear mother Ma that more people die from fright than any other cause and I really do believe this. He used to whisper in patients' ears, 'You are going to be all right, never fear.' Perhaps he saved many of his patients by his truth and kindness toward them, more than are saved today by all costly scientific methods of our fast world of 1970." Unfortunately, old Dr. Stauffer backslid on one memorable occasion which is among the more vivid of my earliest methods. My mother had taken me in a hurry to his office next to the store that had the biggest toyland every December. He looked at her alarmed appearance, stared at me a moment, and I can still hear his piping little voice as it asked her what she would say if I had smallpox. When the commotion died down a little, he explained that it was really a clear-cut, indisputable case of chickenpox, and then it was my turn to be terrified, because chickenpox sounded infinitely more dangerous than the moderate ailment implied by the very name of smallpox. My aunt also reviewed the origins of my love of music: "Your father played the piano or organ or maybe both for pictures in either the Maryland or Henry's theater there though again memory fails me. He so loved his music, taught himself music I believe from Ma or Pa's oblong green organ book, Your Aunt Nora played solely by ear, knew not one note from another, then I and believe Ruth took lessons in music. Can't recall Ruth's teacher, but my first teacher lived on Washington Ave. and believe High Street corner across from Baptist Church. Her name long forgotten, her sister however taught school at Winter Street, the first grade. Then I took from Miss Kate Witzembacher, living east on Wash. Street just halfblock east of your square. Then another man teacher, fat and rollypoly, a Mr. McClure who used to come to our house to teach me. Ma gave 25¢ for my lessons, then price was

raised I believe to 35¢ by Mr. McClure. Oh, me, what happy days then. I really would go back to those times, could we."

Something else got lugged home from the office, for no particular reason except the almost Biblical language. It's a safety bulletin from the state extension service, issued every month to describe each serious farm accident in Maryland. The January bulletin tells about the experience of Stewart McCrobie of Grantsville in this way: "A snowmobile in a snowstorm ran under a barbed wire fence. The surgeon sewed the nose back on. The doctor stated 'There was every assurance that the operation was a success, but his nose will be sore a while.'"

That forthcoming paperback on 2001 will probably overlook what Richard L. Coe said of the film in the NEA Journal, because his article deals with the modern film in general, not just with the Kubrick creation. It's a pity, because the last two paragraphs of his article say what all the fanzine articles on 2001 seem to have overlooked: "Why is the choice of the music--'The Beautiful Blue Danube'--as we zoom through the stars so marvelous a comment on our twentieth century, haunted by the nineteenth and moving into the twenty-first? What do the black blocks mean: Are they the same one each time or different? What does that half-way room, with its Louis Seize furniture, indicate? Does the embryo of the fade-out assert we are to be born again?"

"Kubrick and Clarke are too wise to affirm answers. They merely are trying to pin down questions. To an angrier, arrogant, money-grubbing degree, lesser films are screaming angry answers, answers reflecting and furthering our present unrest. But, against the perspectives, those are as trivial as they are blatant. Like 2001, today's better films are too hip to state answers. They are trying to voice the questions."

Somewhere a Tolkien fanzine has probably mentioned it, but I haven't seen the mention of the way The Hobbit has entered quite remarkable company. Here's a reproduction of a page from the new 1970 edition of Encyclopedia International, listing 29 books which are children's classics. The Hobbit is right up there with Aesop's Fables, Arabian Nights, Heidi, and the Just So Stories. I'm not totally happy with the list because so many items on it aren't likely to be found in children's editions without deletions or severe abridgment: it's hard to imagine a child plowing through those incredible last few hundred pages of Robinson Crusoe, for instance, and I'll be darned if I want to read some of the Grimm Brothers' German Popular Stories when I'm in a nervous mood, even at my age. A woman, Elizabeth H. Gross, compiled the list, and it seems quite girl-slanted, except for Tom Sawyer, Treasure Island, and possibly Pinocchio. I'm chagrined to find myself unaware of the existence of one item on the list: Millions of Cats, a picture book produced in 1928 by one Wanda Gag. Anyway, the Tolkien book is called "a superbly written book, creating a new and fanciful world peopled by all kinds of imaginary creatures" and apparently Tolkien's fiction is well enough known now for the encyclopedia to omit any definition of a hobbit.

The heaviest fan publication in the clutter on the desk is also among those containing the least postage. It's a 158-page edition of The Underground, the St. Louis cave fans' publication, and it cost only a nickel to mail. "Library rate, Sec. 135.14" is stamped on the envelope. This reinforces my belief that fanzine editors in general and apa officials in particular have not done sufficient research into the possibilities of the less publicized features of the Postal Manual. Wayne Finch, who is both a cave and fantasy fan, has combined the best

of the two hobby worlds to put together this enormous annish. I know too little about caving to appreciate fully all the jokes and allusions, but I am enormously impressed by the literacy and intelligence of the cave fans who have been writing for this publication, and am terribly unhappy to deduce from the editorial that Wayne has given up the editorship of this particular publication. There is art by Rotsler, Jennings, Lovenstein, and other people from our fandom and I can see myself using up several spare halfhours that could go into loc-writing, reading everything in this issue. Cave fans, incidentally, seem fond of thinking of themselves as cave men in the prehistoric sense. There's a whole series of cartoons in this issue that ring changes on the identical theme, various people dragging various females along the ground by the hair while spectators make snide comments. It sounds unpromising but the basic idea has lots of possibilities.

My Kim Darby collection is gradually expanding. I'm frantic with frustration over the existence of two new Darby movies that haven't shown in Hagerstown, but I managed to see the advertisement for Generation, a 30-second spot, at least a dozen times when the film was new in Washington, and I got a pretty good picture of Her off the television screen when Glen Campbell showed a few feet of Norwood on his Sunday evening program. But the Darby items are a problem because they're in such a wide variety of substances and sizes and I can't quite decide where they should go after I get them off the desk: 35 mm transparencies, 16 mm unmounted clips, the paperback edition of True Grit, the soundtrack album (music is terrible but a couple of magnificent pictures and background information on the jacket), tapes of the television soundtracks, and clippings. One AP feature contains some fine quotes describing Kim's view on her environment. Samples: Of the True Grit director, Henry Hathaway, "I hate him. I quote hate him unquote." Of John Wayne: "He was Rooster and I was the little girl, Matty, and he didn't have any regard for me." On her television appearances: "I played a lot of the series, usually as a peculiar, troubled girl, which I'm not." Meanwhile, if anyone out there knows by some wild stroke of luck where I could borrow or buy tapes of the audio from her appearances on Mr. Novak, I'd slobber in gratitude. I've tracked down almost everything else except for a Gunsmoke two-parter which I'll undoubtedly pick up when that series goes into syndication.

Here's yet another newspaper item, if you classify that way National Enquirer. It's a two-page reprint from the AMA fanzine, Today's Health, all about L. Ron Hubbard. I saved it on the theory that I'll need it if there's room in the fan history of the 1950's to mention the slight effect scientology had on some fans during the decade. There's a picture of the mansion near London that is training center for the scientologists. It looks to be just the right size for the British Easter convention, if the fans over there would like a change of atmosphere and new surroundings. The article contains some information I hadn't known, such as the statement that Hubbard first put the basic dianetics ideas into a book called Excalibur in 1938. I hadn't guessed he was on this kick so early, and it isn't clear from this article whether Excalibur ever saw print. Curiously, the photographs that accompany the article are quite flattering to the cult, showing normal-looking people with intent expressions, and even giving Hubbard a Buddha-like appearance as he measures the pain caused by sticking a nail into a tomato; yet the article itself is bitterly anti-scientology.

The Worst of Martin

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

What impressed me most about the Convention was the way everyone got right down to business--or pleasure. If the lights were any dimmer the convention would have been a 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 yuz all to know that I pumped the 5x8. The first time in years! 175 copies! Three days later I was still chinning myself in and out of bed.

You've heard of Galley Alley--well, this comes from just an old alley. And when you get through reading this I probably won't have an "ally" left. Okay I'll leave quietly. Apparently this edition is also destined for tremendous success--already three people have labored 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 point Caslon and laboriously cranked off a 15x32 flat bed Gutenberg, circa 1684.

(From the Winter, 1955, edition of Satyric.)