

# HORIZONS



"But I only wanted to know how much space you thought I should devote to a history of Lovecraft fandom..."

2011-11-11

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THE STATE OF NEW YORK  
IN SENATE  
JANUARY 11, 1911.  
REPORT  
OF THE  
COMMISSIONER OF THE LAND OFFICE  
IN RESPONSE TO A RESOLUTION  
PASSED BY THE SENATE  
JANUARY 11, 1911.

Hardly anything is certain about Horizons any more. But at this distance, the probability is that this is written and published by Harry Warner, Jr., 423 Summit Avenue, Hagerstown, Maryland, on the Disenchanted Duplicator. The probably erroneous vital statistics are: volume 22, number 2, whole number 85, and FAPA number 79, dated winter, 1960/1. The cover is scheduled to be by Jean Young, if AlSam doesn't eat the stencil first.

### In the Beginning

The Fantasy Amateur: It is embarrassing to criticize a new voting system for the egoboo poll, because it sounds as if I feared I would fare less well under a new type of mathematics. But I have already predicted a replacement for me at the top this winter, and if Klein Bottle doesn't top the publications category, FAPA members have completely lost their critical standards. So I might as well express a fear that the new method will make it too easy for a little clique of three or four pals to splurge all available point ammunition on some bosom pal, just to make him feel good. If some incompetent finishes among the first few in any category, it'll be clear that that happened. "The new regulations on the waiting listers sound good. Next, couldn't we have an unofficial decision that only one FAPA mailing may go to any one house, apartment, or other living unit? It seems a pity to face the chance that more than one member of a family will be on the membership list, keeping someone else out. " Different: I'll believe that Gernsback paid more for those French novels than for domestic stuff when I see some documentation of that statement. Translators' fees are abominably low even today, and translation rights can be picked up for peanuts for anything except really valuable literary properties. "The 1929 issues of Science-Fiction Times contain a few anachronisms. For instance, the term pulp-size was not used to distinguish magazines of that size until prozines began aping the Readers Digest format, necessitating something besides the old "large-size" and "small-size" descriptions. "Chris exaggerates the part that gossip and mailing comments play in FAPA. Besides, those phases of FAPA become much more interesting to any member who begins to contribute to the mailings regularly and begins to watch for notes about his own material. Vandy: I'd rate one animal on this continent as a danger: the bull. "The flood of books about disguised McCarthys is following an old tradition. It wasn't too long ago that every other long novel you found in the paperback racks turned out to be a retelling of the life of Huey Long. "Buck fails to point out one important matter in this comparison between gun and auto licenses and their enforcement. Not one person out of a thousand will suffer anything more than anger if he loses his right to carry a gun through careless or unlawful use of it. The driver who loses his auto license is apt to be a guy who will lose his job and innocent wives and kids suffer if the state becomes too enthusiastic about cracking down on drivers who do something wrong. "I think it takes a supreme fan-nish genius to write a good convention report in three pages. "Ah, Vic and Sade. Uncle Fletcher's eccentricities, Arthur's kneecap that occasionally let up on the twinges, and all the rest. Does anyone own an air check from which I could have a tape made? Laundry-Mark: I don't object to advertising, but to excesses in

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it. I wouldn't kickabout commercial television networks, if we also had a non-commercial equivalent in this country of the governmental networks that exist almost everywhere else in the world. Newspaper advertising wouldn't be so obnoxious, if the publishers limited the size of advertising and increased prices accordingly, so that you would get at least 50% non-advertising material for your nickel or seven cents. Salud: Shakespeare is quite fond of inserting puns at the most serious moments. To my dismay, I find myself entirely unable to recall anything except Hamlet's "A little more than kin and less than kind" at this moment, and the Bard's works repose at this moment in the attic where the temperature is near zero, and I'm not going to dig out that book at 1 a.m. on the coldest night of the year. '' Be very careful about passages like the one dealing with the artificial progesterone. This was probably unmailable under the postal laws. My bundle came apart and had to be rewrapped by the post office in Washington; it's a good thing that nobody browsed through it at that time. '' The unpronounceable word for me is asked. When I was doing a radio news broadcast, that was the only preparation that I ever did: a glance over the script to make sure that dread word didn't appear. Are you sure, though, that bs never come together in the same syllable, not even in verbs and adverbs? '' Since my father's death, even sodium propionate fails to protect me against spoilage of bread. I can't eat a loaf fast enough to prevent A&P bread from turning blue and Safeway bread from turning green in the breadbox. The refrigerator gives me chilly but unfungused sandwiches. '' The Unitarian church has not many rules but awfully complicated unwritten code on how its members think and act, much worse than the Rotary International. Catch Trap: By chance, the house did need curtains this fall and I did not buy them, commissioning instead two aunts to that delicate mission. This was wise cowardice, because the aunts were so inspired by the excellence of their purchases that they hung them for me, too. '' You did overlook one important factor on the domestic and overseas dues question. FAPA dues in effect rose sharply for members in British currency countries, when the pound was devalued. I forget the exact date and rate, but I think it was around 1948 and the dollar cost something like 60% more to Britishers after the devaluation. There is also the important fact that the lower wages and prices in most foreign lands mean that FAPA dues consume a much greater amount of working time to pay for over there. '' The Met isn't using the ur-Moussorgsky Boris, just another tampered edition. '' I have few notes on this issue, except the general one to the effect that it is a perfect example of how ostensible mailing reviews can actually represent a collection of concealed independent articles. Celephais: It's certainly appropriate when girls have babies on Labor Day. '' I still don't believe that a definition of science fiction is possible or necessary. More to the point might be an effort to popularize as a new term future fiction, which would describe stories which are simply set in the future and use advanced gadgetry and coming events as props, not as essentials to the plot. Mundane westerns would be the most obvious examples, when translated into stf. '' I wonder how many other FAPA members in cold climates sleep with the window open in winter? I've been surprised to find several friends in Hagerstown who are al-

ways complaining they're cold in waking hours and go into hysterics if they feel a breath of air from September through April are in the habit of opening the bedroom window right through the year. '' Is there an authentic, correct pronunciation of Russian? I thought that the system taught in this country is just an average or ideal which few if any sections in Russia actually possess. Remember that there is no such thing as a southern accent of English if you've grown up in the Deep South; that's the right way to pronounce the language. '' I had a hard decision to make a short time back. I ran across a box containing an assortment of small fireworks, obviously left over from the last Fourth when they were legal in Hagerstown. It almost tore me apart to toss them into the garbage can, particularly a couple of accompanying gadgets: a revolving wheel affair which sparkled when equipped with the right kind of substance, and a small cannon which fired a rubber ball under the impetus of a firecracker. I retained a cap gun that was in the same box. Horizons: I erred in the article about discount records in one spot. The Union, not The Republic, is the companion disc to The Confederacy in the Columbia catalog. Richard Bales has produced a third work, The Republic, but it has not been commercially recorded up to now. I have a very poor tape of it. Sercon's Bane: The theory about conventions bringing out depth charges in personalities is an interesting one. It's generally accepted that Jack Chapman Miske was lost to fandom as a result of the first and only convention he attended. A concealed buzzer that Kornbluth was using for handshakes seems to have done the trick. Even a toughhided person like Speer confessed once how he reacted when Tucker yelled something about "Jackie-boy!" during introductions. Twice in the 1940's, the general chairman of a convention got sick at the stomach during opening ceremonies. And for a while, it was traditional for the host city of each convention to disappear completely from the fannish map for a decade or so, after adjournment. '' Those Deringers must be fun to shoot, if the 2 $\frac{1}{2}$ -inch barrel means that that's the diameter of the thing. '' I'd much rather ride buses than trains for any trip of less than eight or ten hours. You can now make surprisingly good time between major cities in the East if you study the Greyhound timetables carefully and pick only the express buses that make the right connections. Melange: If you have a spare copy of the second typed page, destined for crudsheet future, save it from a fate worse than death and send it to me. My copy has a blank where that page should be. Anyway, I hope that this is just an entree to the bigger feast of Bjo art and writing that lies ahead. '' "Miracle in the Gorbals" is a ballet for which Arthur Bliss wrote the music in 1944. A suite from the ballet was once available on a ten-inch Columbia record, ML 2117, dubbed from two British Columbia 78 rpm discs, DX 1260/1. I once read about the identity of g/Gorbals but I can't remember the facts now, aside from a vague impression that it has something to do with the slums. Sections of the suite are entitled: The Street, The Girl Suicide, The Young Lovers, The Discovery of the Suicide's Body, Dance of Deliverance, and Finale--The Killing of the Stranger. '' As one bachelor cook to another, I would like to suggest to Ed Cox that his trouble undoubtedly comes from the use of diluted water to make his soup. Water must be full strength to dissolve the lumps. Sambo: I wish Sam would feature more of himself as he used to do. Dan McPhail writes better when

he takes time to prepare material properly, and Kent Corey is on the verge of Wetzelmism in his comments. '' I'm not the contest type. My opinion of their probity suffered still another jolt recently, when one photography magazine revealed that another photography magazine was getting judges for its picture contest by inserting a want ad in New York newspapers which emphasized that no experience was necessary. '' Sam and I are kindred souls, as far as guns are concerned. I did a completely heretical thing recently when I gave away the only gun in the house. '' If that apparent loophole about waiving renewal credentials ever required interpretation, I imagine that it would be considered to mean simply that the waiver is good for only one year, not for ever. '' Two objections to the spirit duplicator: its product fades more rapidly than mimeograph ink, and results are severely affected by low temperatures, an important matter for some of us. Fothpatlaw: You've practically answered your own remarks on my opinion of surrealistic fiction. Most of it is bad, just as most stories in the Saturday Evening Post are bad; neither the Post nor the surrealistic stories in this majority make sense, because they convey no meaning or emotion that justified the trouble of writing them. I don't think you'd claim that surrealistic fiction contains an excellence simply because of its nature. '' A beautiful production job, and I somehow wish that Pierre had used French which somehow seems to belong with this typeface and format. More of us understand French than 704 binary cards. Gafia Press Style Book: This is an excellent opportunity to apologize for my failure to be consistent in various style matters in Horizons and letters. Blame the conflict between my preferences and habits acquired while writing for the newspaper. The only objection I can make to Redd's carefully considered system involves clergymen. "Rev. Harness" is incorrect; it should be either Rev. Mr. Harness or Rev. Jack Harness. Dis: I had to wait nearly two decades to see it, but that patience has won its reward: I've seen duplicating in FAPA almost as bad as Horizons used to contain. '' I was so fascinated by the fantastically thorough documentation of the fannish era that I almost forgot to follow the course of events in Adam's Rib. But I think that I like The Successors better as a story. Is Kalganovna a possible middle name for a Russian girl? Kalgan sounds much more like a last name. '' I restrain myself with effort from devoting the rest of this department to comments on the Civil War fandom analogies. Briefly, I don't think there is too much more interest in the CW now than in the past, but the CW Round Tables have been getting the stuff into newspapers and telecasts. I keep sweating every time I realize that our fandom might conceivably be just as exposed to mundania, if the NFFF had succeeded like the CWRT. I'm surprised that Jack doesn't mention one remarkable aspect of CW fandom, its masculine dominance. Women aren't allowed to attend CWRT meetings as guests in Hagerstown. Lark: It might be run some time for Bill and me to trade our comments on various publications, publish partly our own and partly the other guy's, and see how well the rest of FAPA could sort them out. The comments on the Boob Stewart anthology by the two of us, for instance, are nearly identical. '' Do movie cartoons still use that closing line of "That's all, folks!" which Bill borrowed this time? I haven't heard it for years. Bandwagon: Heroes are made, not born, including Dick

Ryan and anyone else who calmly plans to drive back and forth between Ohio and Washington to move possessions. " Odd thing, how much trouble the little mountains in this section give. A youth who gained temporary fame by riding his bike from the Pacific to the Atlantic claimed that he got more pooped on the Appalachians than the Rockies. " Your memory played you false at one point in this account. You weren't in fast time in that part of Virginia. " Railroads aren't the only transportation medium in trouble. Hagerstown's air passenger flights have been cut in half during the past year. Intercity bus service seems to drop about ten per cent of its runs through here each year. Limbo: I can't get alarmed about the success of brainwashing tactics, and I don't think there is any way to prevent that success under conditions like those that formed the basis of Major Mayer's article. The Spanish inquisition worked partly without physical torture, too. " Madison Avenue is not likely to emphasize four-speaker stereo, because this would not involve scrapping existing equipment. Any change in the recording industry is rejected unless it requires the consumer to replace most or all of his components. This is why we shall have three-channel stereo in another year or two. " Aksel Schiøtz was not a victim of German concentration camps. His career and illness were described at length in a two-part article recently in Hi Fi/Stereo Review. " Improving looks of opera singers may be partly a delusion springing from changing ideals of beauty. Weight is the most obvious factor: a half-century ago the ideal American girl had to weigh perhaps 20 per cent more for her height than she does today, and audiences in 1910 didn't think many famed female singers were corpulent, as they appear in pictures to us today. Science-Fiction Times: I do not object to these as activity credit items, because they provided a tightly written summary of the Pittcon such as I've not seen elsewhere. But I wish that a test case could be made of this to determine the meaning of "recent" in the constitutional provision for credit to publications that have been distributed elsewhere before they get into a FAPA mailing. We might be plagued with less interesting and much older items in the future. I would consider it fair to give activity credit for such material if it is distributed in the next FAPA mailing after its original appearance. Ice Age: The ugly sound of corflu is indeed curious. I've no idea why it sounds bad, unless we subconsciously tremble at the syllable flu. Otherwise it reminds me of no other word except Corfu, a land about which I hold no particular emotions. " No-reen would like 423 Summit Avenue. It has four of the five porch species of her dreams, and there is a small landing at the top of stairs that might qualify as a garage porch. " I back heartily the remarks about fandom's national destiny, in the comments on Sambo. I might add that I also do not really care in particular if science fiction does die. Theoretically such an event might deprive future generations of the kind of pleasure I have found in it. But from the personal and selfish standpoint, I have at the most only 40 years or so ahead of me, too short a time to read and re-read all the science fiction that has been written up to now. I doubt that the quality of science fiction would suddenly rise so much tomorrow that I would get more pleasure out of unwritten tales than those that are available to me right now. It is the same with fandom; barring a cataclysm of some kind, I should be able to retain contact with today's members of fandom for the rest

of my active life. So if nobody from now on enters fandom, that is too bad for those who might miss the pleasures of this hobby, but I can still enjoy it. This same general selfishness prevents me from getting into a crusading mood for modern music, for instance. There is ten times as much great music already in existence as I shall ever have time to learn to enjoy. If nobody from now on writes great music and the general public is not willing to listen to contemporary music, so much the worse for them; I shall listen to it as long as it is created, and shall devote worrying time to other topics if it stops appearing.

Apocrypha: I've always translated the old saw about the exception to the rule like this: there must be a rule to which we now behold an exception, because we wouldn't guess the existence of a rule if the exception did not strike us as remarkable. 'I feel that in most fields of creativity, the genius gets overpraised for his minor works, not criticized for creating them. This does not hold good for special cases like musical comedies, but it is the only reason why the complete works of many authors run to 24 volumes or so.

Alif: It's a good thing that my fan-nish reputation does not depend on my ability to make a respectable score in remembering sources for the allusions in the story. I can never remember the names of characters, places and things, two minutes after I'm finished a story, unless they are drummed into me by books of analysis and criticism on the works.

Phantasy Press: Mundane ayjay enthusiasts claim almost everyone else of renown as a former member of their field, but I don't think they claim Ben Franklin. Amateur journalism couldn't start until cheap, small presses came onto the market just after the Civil War. There was no way to duplicate your publications until then. I think that the NAPA was formed in 1876. 'It's indeed good to see proper attention to job-finding for the handicapped. I am constantly amazed at the way cripples try to earn a living in the field for which they are totally unfitted, newspaper selling. It seems to be a tradition in Hagerstown and it makes you sick to see them trying to drag themselves around the streets. 'I get that same wonderful feeling of a new freedom and happiness, but it doesn't take a thunderstorm during a vacation for me. This transcendental feeling hits me every sixth Thursday midnight, at which instant I am free from all necessity to think about and work for the newspaper for the next 87 hours. 'I hope that Dan carries out his resolve to expand his Smoke Signals column. It is by far the best thing in the magazine. Don't the little puffs say I love you?

The Bull Moose: All sorts of intriguing possibilities are conjured up by the passing reference to inability to pass tractors on the country roads around West Compton or Shepton Mallet or Somerset--I'm never sure which is the town, in these British addresses. If the road is too narrow to pass, what happens if you meet a tractor coming in the opposite direction? Or if the tractor ahead of you suffers a breakdown when you're already late for work? And what if one tractor meets another tractor? 'There is a fairly good public library next door to my place of employment. But I prefer to buy as many of the books I want as finances permit for several reasons. This library is extremely weak in anything published before 1940, when a palace revolution swept out the woman in charge, who had an eccentric idea of what libraries should acquire. The building is much too small for the book collection, so everyone is encouraged to keep bor-

rowed books as long as possible and six county branches, the book-mobile and a bunch of schools are kept supplied with huge chunks of the collection; this means that any given volume you want is more likely than not to be somewhere out in the wilderness and may not be seen again until next summer. And I like to make marginal notations in books from time to time. Le Moindre: I am not at all sure that calliope music always accompanies midway and fairground scenes on television. It usually sounds to me just like the distorted music that emerges from merrygorounds. I have never seen a midway that possessed a calliope. " Pierre Berton would really have a subject for poetry if he lived in Hagerstown. Christmas trees were in local stores several weeks before Hallowe'en, they started playing Christmas carols the first week in November, and as I type on December 16, most stores have begun the removal of Christmas decorations, replacing them with proclamation of the advent of January white sales. Halfprice sales of merchandise that didn't sell to Christmas shoppers usually start around December 10. " Boyd's new taper sounds as if it's the same machine that is called the Norelco in this land. I'm seriously considering one, although the weight is on the borderline of portability for my miniature muscles. " Farmers should be saved from going broke more than other businessmen because their product is more essential to the people than that of the other businessmen. Richard E. Nixon, Man of Destiny: I fail to understand the razzing Taurasi has received for using Sr. If you have a son named for yourself, the use of this distinction becomes imperative in many ways. Some relative starts a bank account for him, so you must sign your checks with the Sr. The incoming mail gets opened by the wrong person. If there's illness or accident, it must be appended to satisfy Blue Cross. " An imperceptible, to you, pause of a half-hour has just occurred while I fumbled through three closely printed German books on Strauss, trying to find the exact age of the Marschallin, which I'm sure I once encountered somewhere. The Germans are thorough in everything except their indexing. Target: FAPA: How the hermits have fallen! Only Danner remains of the once mighty trio. " I'm quite happy to see Nancy marry Art Rapp, but it would be an interesting experiment to see what would happen to the mechanical age if she and I were together and really concentrated on causing everything to stop working. I bet we'd be back to nature all over the continent in no time. " It's good that Nancy did her own stenciling on the con report. It projects her personality so much better this way. Maybe all con reports should be self-stenciled. Bobolings: I think you have prima facie explained correctly. Now I'd like to know if those "boulevard stop" signs really mean you must stop even if visibility is adequate in both directions and there's obviously nothing close enough to require a halt. " I was giddy for ten minutes after reading about the grain elevator. Nothing has had a physical effect on me like that in FAPA since Larry Stark's fight with the bug in the library. Lee Hoffman, Her Preservation: I fret over things like those unpublished stencils. I'd ask fans to send me orphans like that for the use of posterity, since there is plenty of room in the house, if I thought it wouldn't produce a tidal wave of practical jokes. " After looking over many old Warner fanzines, I have come to the unpalatable decision that my job fitted me in fandom, not the other way around. My writing style and subject matter took a vi-

olent change in 1944, one year after I went to work for the newspaper, and have remained about the same ever since. It would be interesting to see what would happen to them if I should find a different line of work. The Vinegar Worm: Information about himself by a new member is most useful. I probably had read all these things about Bob in one place or another, but had forgotten most of them. And think how nice it will be for a fan historian in 1984/5. '' "Players and listeners are moving deadpan through some insanely thorough practical joke" is as inspired a definition of jazz as I've seen. (I also like the description of modern serious music I spotted somewhere: "Chromatic explosions dimly heard from another planet.") '' I doubt that the stigma attached to science fiction in the general literary world will vanish for at least a generation. Palmer and his partners in crime did a thorough job when they created that stigma. '' Russia has given every indication of believing that it can best communize the rest of the world through industrial strength instead of direct military action. It may have acquired this notion from the example of the United States, which is never ready for a war but always wins it through sheer quantity and quality of production. I don't think that Campbell and Mills should not have published the Reynolds stories because of their philosophy; our publishing industry is too close to Russian philosophies already to begin hewing to only the line of politically orthodox fiction. '' The doublequote key makes a fairly convincing umlaut on the typer. Phlotsam: If FAP Ans do rescue my body, the first thing to do would be to take turns watching it for the next three months. It will be interesting to see if it turns out a new issue of Horizons in that period through sheer force of habit. '' Phyllis, you know dingnibbed well that the trend toward agricultural empires can be reversed. The government has acted in other situations; that's what created such things as anti-trust laws, the Securities Exchange Commission, and the FCC limitation on the number of radio stations one corporation may own. '' The flexible dues system, based on current postal rates and activity, is one that I've been trying to get adopted for years and years. '' Why not a photo exhibition to go with the art show for conventions? There's lots of shuttersnapping in fandom, related to stf. in one way or the next. Photos look more impressive in big enlargements properly mounted. Klein Bottle: Lack of space forces me to scuttle most of my notes on these last publications, and I'll have to comment on the shadow mailing by personal letters. There's just space to say: I marvel at Miriam who sits home to greet the kids and Dean who goes out to meet the enemy at Hallowe'en; on trick or treat night I cravenly locked up the house and attended a double feature movie. Joe Kennedy had to wait three years to get into FAPA back in the mid-40's but that was partly because someone mislaid part of the waiting list. Pros who should be back in fandom include Lowndes and Dick Wilson, and I wonder what kind of writing for fanzines Bradbury would do, if he returned? I used to think that reliance on coincidence was why the ending is always the weakest part of Dickens' fiction, but after some re-reading I believe it's a case of absolutely predictable characters suddenly doing something completely out of character for no good reason. Scrooge is the best-known example; he was a complete realist, nothing the ghosts showed him could have surprised him, yet he reformed. And I think that "comments" is an inadequate word for discussions of the Carr-Economou-Busbys type; new term, please.

## In Glass Houses

"Remember, Bert, I haven't seen Charlie since we graduated. Is he still such a queer duck?"

Bert spread his hands fanwise toward Bruce. "That depends. Define queer duck. Charlie has his problems, just like the rest of us. It's a good thing that he's got his writing to fall back on."

Bruce squirmed in the uncomfortable chair, looked across the green expanse of lawn, and yawned hugely. "You'd think that he'd get away from that, now that he's teaching. I mean, it's nice to play around with fantasy and put out amateur magazines and think up screwball poetry when you're in school. But some guys just don't grow out of it."

"Like you." Bert now pointed his fingers directly at Bruce. "You go through those damned exercises every morning until you have our room shaking and then we aren't home from the bank until you're dashing off three or four miles. That's no way for a grown man to act, either. You're probably doing your body as much harm as Charlie does when he sits up too late messing with books. And he's got a chance to make good with his crazy stuff, because editors pay good money for some of that stuff. You're going downhill physically all the time. You're a bank clerk just like me and you just won't admit you're in your thirties."

"Listen to who's talking. Now, just suppose you weren't so all-fired determined to be president of the bank some day, and you got a hobby of some kind. How would you like it if--"

Bert jumped up before Bruce finished. "Charlie! Look who I brought along!"

Charlie squinted through thick glasses at Bert, then pumped his hand vigorously, turned to Bruce, and stared a little longer. When he finally stuck out his hand, Bruce ignored the lack of an accompanying smile on the face behind it. Bruce put his hamlike hand on Charlie's thin shoulder, squeezed, and said:

"They tell me you're the world's champion letter-writer. How come you've never written one to me?"

Charlie motioned them back into chairs but remained standing, shifting his gaze between Bruce and the empty wall above Bruce's head. "Oh, correspondence--well, it just starts somehow and it never occurred to me that--well, we never had much in common."

"Sure we didn't," Bruce boomed. "You just got me through math, that's all. They tell me that's what you're teaching here. I thought you'd be a scientist by now, the way you were always talking about what might be on the planets and all that."

"Bruce and I are just up for the day," Bert explained. "We work at the same bank, room together, and we got sent all this distance to look over some real estate. Something about a big loan. If we find a factory where it's supposed to be, someone is allowed to go into debt."

"Like your work?" Charlie said after a pause that almost reached an embarrassing length.

"Not particularly. I should have been like you," Bert said. "You still putting out those magazines?" He frowned, trying to remember, and when Charlie paused again, Bert added: "I've got it--first The Comet, then Rosebud, and The Star. And that last

crazy title, I can't recall...."

"The Rectory Umbrella," Bruce said unexpectedly. Charlie looked at the bigger man and thawed perceptibly. "You know, Charlie," Bruce continued, "I never was one to mess around with this fantasy stuff, but I want you to know I always did admire the way you stuck to what you liked with all that ribbing you got. I hope you don't have any grudges."

"Not a one, Bruce. I wish I had a copy of my last magazine here. I called it Mischmasch. It was much better than those silly things I put out when I was just a kid." He walked to the big window that overlooked the college grounds and stared intently. Bruce craned his neck but saw nothing except an assortment of old trees, two large buildings, and a little girl skipping over mud puddles.

"There was an old man of Peru

"Who watched his wife making a stew...." Charlie really grinned as Bert drawled out the lines. "My God, do you still remember that one? Don't tell me you've saved copies."

"I'm afraid not, Charlie," Bert said. Charlie reverted to his window-gazing and it seemed to worry Bert who said hastily: "How about letting us see something you've just done? I hear you've been making some money out of your stuff."

"I'm not getting rich off it. Just a story here and an article there and sometimes a little poem. What I'd like to do is illustrate my own stuff. But the editors think I'm crazy. Why, the fantasy I'm working on now is tied up so closely with the drawings that I don't see how anyone could enjoy it, if someone else drew pictures for it."

"How about letting us read it," Bruce said. "We've got a couple of hours to spare."

Charlie finally turned away from the window. "Well, it's a bigger thing than I'd ever done before, and it has some personal associations and I'm not sure that I'm going to let it go to a publisher, the way it is now. I'll read you parts of it, if you like."

"Swell. And I'll take over at the window, Charlie. What's your girl friend's name?" Charlie and Bert winced simultaneously. The teacher left the room without closing the door behind him. Bert stalked over, slammed it shut, then exploded in Bruce's face.

"You goddamn fool. What's the point of that wisecrack about looking for a girl friend? He'll probably leave us sitting here for the rest of the day without coming back."

"But I don't see where I said anything so awful." Bert studied the florid face and said: "You mean you don't know?" Bruce shook his head. Bert bent close to Bruce and muttered:

"Listen, Charlie's one prince of a fellow. We all have our little quirks and as long as they don't hurt ourselves or others we might as well hang onto them. You know Charlie likes to dabble in all sorts of hobbies, he's extra-bright, but he has his faults, too. You noticed that he still stammers a little? Not as bad as when we were in school, but it's still there. And you know he was never crazy about girls like the rest of us. Well, he's got a new nutty habit to go with all the rest. It's not bad or vicious or anything but—well, he's bats about little girls. Real little ones. Six and eight years old. Didn't you see him staring at the kid on the lawn? He must have thought

you were kidding him about her, when you made that crack about a girl friend."

Bruce's jaw was very low. "Honest, Bert, I didn't know. Why didn't you tell me? And look, if he's a pervert, he can be helped." "Good God, he's not a pervert. Don't jump to conclusions. I know a fellow who can't make love to his wife if she's stark naked, she's got to be wearing silk stockings. That's a quirk but it's not perversion. Charlie wouldn't touch one of those little kids, he never hangs around them unless someone else is right beside him. It's just a safety valve. Just like the magazines he used to put out, or like your habit of keeping in condition."

"What's your quirk, Bert? Hanging onto friends you don't have anything in common with any more, like Charlie?" Bert went a trifle red in the face but kept quiet because he heard footsteps in the hall.

"The door must have blown shut," Charlie said as he entered. "I hardly remembered whether I'd left you here or in the other reception room. Have you looked around the grounds yet?"

Bruce whistled instead of answering. He was looking at the sheaf of pages in Charlie's hand. "That your new story? Man, that's almost a novel. How long did it take to plot it?"

"That's the strange thing," Charlie said. "I didn't really plot it. I was out on this picnic, and we were making up stories--"

"Picnic!" Bruce interrupted. "Man, you've really gone in for a wild life! I never thought that a fellow with a mind of his own like you would settle down like this."

"Things have a habit of changing before we know it," Bert said hastily. "Look, both of you, tell me honestly, can you believe that we're in the sixties already? Back in the forties that seemed so far in the future that it would never come. Remember, Charlie, how you wouldn't let on about your real worry, whether you'd go ahead and become a preacher just to make your old man happy?"

"Well, we all compromise over a lot of things," Charlie said. "You were going to make a killing with stocks, weren't you, Bert? Instead you end up working your way up in a bank where you might take forty years to get to the top."

"Forty years!" Bruce looked frightened, suddenly. "Wonder if you and I and Charlie here will make it, Bert? Just think, a new century! If everyone doesn't blow up everyone else by that time, I mean. Say, Charlie, what did you ever do to satisfy your folks, when you saw you were cut out to be a teacher and not a preacher?"

"Don't you know? I took deacon's orders. I'm not completely happy. Dad isn't either. But we'd be a lot worse off if I broke away from the church or took holy orders." He turned back to the window, staring out intently. The girl had vanished and it was beginning to grow too dark to see the mud puddle clearly.

"Well, I don't see how you do it. How a fellow with your brains and interests can tie himself down to a teaching job. Say, what's this I hear about cameras? Someone said you've gone in for photography and that's why you don't put out magazines any more."

"You're right, Bruce. Maybe you'd like to see my best pictures. They're finished and polished, and I can't say that for

this story. I've got some portraits of the cutest kids you ever saw. They're the daughters of some friends--"

"No, I have to hear that story. I can't understand all this technical stuff about cameras. I'll bet that you have everything about your pictures down in black and white somewhere, the lens openings and everything. You haven't changed one bit. How about that correspondence record? Do you still keep it?"

"You remember that, too?" Charlie looked pleased. "Yes, and you ought to see it. Seems as if I pick up new correspondents all the time. I can't keep up with the old ones, either."

"Charlie," Bert said, "I want to hear your story, too. But before you start, tell me something. Do you think you'll ever straighten out and move in just one direction, instead of chasing all ways at once? Understand, I'm not criticizing, because we're all that way, more or less. I know myself too well to have illusions about that. But we always thought in school that you were the budding genius, no matter how we kidded you. We were sure you'd end up by being the world's greatest writer or a new Euclid or the guy who invented perpetual motion or such a holy person that they'd compare you with St. Paul. Instead you have this backwoods teaching job and you're a deacon but not a minister, and you write a little bit of everything without making money out of anything, take pictures without going into the business and making money out of them, waste half your spare time writing letters to people who really aren't anything to you, and it's a damned shame. There aren't any Leonardo da Vincis these days. The world is too specialized for that kind of a guy. Maybe you'll never speak to me again, but I'm willing to risk that, to wake you up to how you're wasting yourself. You've turned your whole adult life into something that just about matches those little magazines you put out when you were growing up. A few people read them, a few people know about you now." Bert swallowed hard and looked defiantly at the carpet at his feet.

"That goes for me, too," Bruce said, trying to speak gently. "But don't take it too hard, Charlie. Maybe you'll be happier than either of us in the end. Now let's hear your story. Man, will I be proud to pick up a book some day and see your name on it!"

"You won't. I'm still using a pen name. Especially for this one. My job, you understand. And if any grownups read it, they might read things into it."

"You mean it's a kid's book?" Bruce looked really angry for a moment. "You ought to-- Oh, go ahead and read."

Charlie looked out the window once more, then kept his eyes on his manuscript and didn't notice the significant looks that his audience exchanged at the first sentences:

"Alice was beginning to get very tired of sitting by her sister on the bank and of having nothing to do: once or twice she had peeped into the book her sister was reading, but it had no pictures or conversations in it, 'and what is the use of a book,' thought Alice, 'without pictures or conversations?'

"So she was considering, in her own mind (as well as she could, for the hot day made her feel very sleepy and stupid), whether the pleasure of making a daisy-chain would be worth the trouble of getting up and picking the daisies, when suddenly a White Rabbit with pink eyes ran close by her.

"There was nothing so very remarkable in that...."

## The Philadelphia Tory

On Thursday, November 3, I changed my mind and decided not to go to the Philcon. I had a three-day weekend ahead of me, it represented my only opportunity to catch up on many personal matters that had been long neglected, and my leg hurt. A month earlier, it gave me a twinge while I was walking home from lunch, it got gradually sorer for a week, began to improve the following week, then hit a stasis of moderate pain and occasional weakness. It was sad to think that there might be some individuals misguided enough to make the trip from New York to Philadelphia, in the belief that I might carry out my announced intention of shattering a perfect 22-year record of non-attendance at fannish clambakes. But there was always the Disclave that I could attend next year.

So I felt wise and sensible Friday morning when I could breakfast leisurely, instead of rushing to catch the 9 a.m. bus, and I tackled the household chores that had piled up lately. At 10:30 am., while shaving, I suddenly realized that I wanted to go to the Philcon, after all. There was a bus at noon. My leg felt better, but not well enough to risk driving and having mechanical trouble that would necessitate a long hike to a telephone or service station. After all, I told myself, nothing awful can happen if I leave this town for a couple of days.

I grabbed a light lunch at a dime store. Charlotte, someone's secretary, happened to sit next to me. "What're you doing with that bag?" she asked. "Going to Philadelphia for the weekend." "No, what have you got, new camera stuff?" Charlotte is quite aware of my lack of overnight journeys. "I really am going," I told her. "Will you believe me if I show you my pajamas?" She seemed tempted by this heady opportunity, but declined, explaining that she wouldn't recognize my pajamas if she saw them and maybe I was going to Philadelphia after all.

Fortunately, I didn't know the ticket clerk at the bus station, so I didn't have to argue with him to convince him that I really was going that far away. The only person in the station whom I recognized was Jeanne, who leads a complicated life at work by ferreting out cases of Bang's disease and hog mastitis and such things for the Livestock Sanitary Service laboratory. It developed that Jeanne would be a traveling companion as far as Baltimore. Her brother in New Haven had a spare ticket to a Yale game, and she was going up there for the weekend, taking a train northward from Baltimore. In the two hours we sat together, we learned more about one another than had turned up in ten years of sidewalk chats and chance meetings at this and that place. Jeanne seems to be a fan in every way except interest in science fiction or its fandom. We had a wonderful discussion of various Sugarloaf Mountains, the exact nature of sugarloafs, the reason mountains are named for them, why the sugarloaf went into decline, and how disturbing it was that neither of us had ever held a sugarloaf or climbed a Sugarloaf Mountain. Jeanne also is a tape recorder enthusiast, an absolute perfectionist with an awe-inspiring knowledge of accessories and ways to avoid the little clicks that most tapers make when stopping or starting. It was nice to have her aboard, particularly when we hit Baltimore and I needed diversion from the sordid things around us. I noticed something that was new to me: a large apartment building

in a redevelopment area which is completely covered from the second story upward with a heavy mesh for some inscrutable purpose. I left Jeanne when I changed buses. The Philadelphia bus was a real surprise: clean and nearly empty. I watched the houses to the open countryside, realizing that somewhere on each of these hundreds of ugly buildings someone had managed to attach something distinctive: a tiny frame of colored glass above a door, a potted plant in a window, some ornament on a porch, and I could not decide whether this is pathetic or inspiring. After that I read Speleobem's last two issues the rest of the way into Philadelphia, pausing only long enough to gape at Wilmington. This Delaware city is even more breathtakingly ugly than Baltimore, but it is extenuated by the fact that most of its features have not changed for a half-century or longer, and the natives may have grown to like them that way. Baltimore has no such excuse, because it is constantly tearing down old things and putting up new things that consist of exactly as much bad taste and needless repulsive aspects as the old.

I remembered that Duncan Hines had recommended the Belgravia as a very quiet, older and scrupulously clean hotel. It was only a five-minute walk from the bus station, so I went there. It took quite a while for the interior to show any evidence of life, but eventually a porter appeared, assured me that the desk clerk was on duty this evening, and I got myself registered after long enough an interval to assure myself that this hotel reminded me startlingly of 423 Summit Avenue, in its general cavernous semi-antiquity.

An odd little announcement was propped against the dresser mirror in my room. For one awful moment, I thought that the building was infested by fans, because it was dittoed like a page from a fanzine, and I had resolutely avoided staying at the Sheraton, lest fans discover me too soon and prevent me from doing anything but fannish matters this weekend. But the announcement was after all an explanation of sorts. I wondered what a Madison Avenue gentleman would have thought of a hotel which puts out literature telling guests that the establishment "has been neglected physically over the past several years, and is now quite unattractive to the eye. Since April of this year, it has been in involuntary bankruptcy. Because of this, no attempt has been made, to date, to rejuvenate, rehabilitate, redecorate, or refurbish the hotel. We ask your indulgence during your visit with us." An anticlimax informed the guest that some repairs might be accomplished some day if plans could be worked out.

But Duncan Hines was a model of understatement when he referred to the quietness of this hostelry. I am positive that I was the only guest on the sixth floor during that weekend. It is possible that someone was on one of the other floors, because the elevator in the morning wasn't always still where I'd left it the night before. I ate my evening meal in this hotel that evening. The dining room looked like something out of a Hollywood movie and even Boyd Raeburn would have felt a glow at the prices, which decided me to be very hungry for clam chowder and pumpkin pie.

There was still time for me to wallow in an entirely new experience: attendance at a professional basketball game. I would have preferred to walk, but in deference to my leg and doubt that I could cover the two miles to Convention Hall in time, I got a

cab. At this instant I committed my only gaucherie, my sole concession to hick town habits, of the weekend. I opened the right front door and started to crawl in beside the driver. He got me out of there as if I were Typhoid Mary in disguise. From the back seat, I vainly tried to comfort the terrified fellow with the explanation that in Hagerstown, a man usually sits beside the driver because it's easier to talk in the front seat and it saves the cabbie from reaching backward to get your fare and make change. Philadelphia, however, has a rule against passengers in the front seat unless there are three or more in the cab. The driver didn't seem to know why there was such a rule, but a buddy had been suspended for three weeks because of a man who had occupied the front seat hardly longer than I had been permitted to do. I'm sure this must be a fairly recent rule, because I remember distinctly a wild cab ride through Philadelphia about ten years ago which contained one stop so sudden that the driver grabbed me by the nape of the neck just before I went right straight through the windshield. I finally soothed my driver by turning his mind to politics. He had just read a book which purported to prove that Lincoln was a Republican, he told me, and he was still not sure that this was right, and I had to reassure him repeatedly on this score.

Maybe I should have done something more fannish that evening. But the Warriors have Wilt the Stilt Chamberlain, and it is really science fiction in a sense. This fellow could be considered a superman with more justice than some alleged supermen who have appeared in fictional works. He is bigger than other men, reacts faster, controls his endless body in defiance of all laws of physics, and exhibits a godlike, more than human calm in the buffeting and mauling that he undergoes. By the kindness of fate, I saw him play the finest game of his career. He scored 44 points, got 39 rebounds, and blocked 22 shots, and was taken out of the game with four minutes remaining of the final quarter. I suspect that he possesses some kind of psi powers. Nothing else could explain one incredible 20-second sequence during which he blocked three successive efforts of the Pistons to shoot. A man just behind me unwittingly helped me considerably, showing off his knowledge of the players by shouting out the name of each man who scored a basket, committed a foul, or otherwise became prominent. I don't see enough tv basketball to know all the players by sight.

I stopped at a hamburger shop for coffee on the way back to the hotel, and entered the only unpleasant hour of the weekend. I had begun to develop a headache and burning eyes from the smoke at the game. Trying to pick me up was a gamin-faced girl in her teens whose cuteness and persistence were equalled only by her dirtiness. And I got a cup of sugared coffee, something I never drink. I gulped it down anyway, got out of there fast, and began feeling a trifle nauseated. Back in my room, I took an aspirin, got rid of the nausea by reading Pelz' dismembering of Toskey, turned out the light, slept wonderfully well, and woke feeling just fine, a sensation that lasted the rest of the weekend.

I got breakfast in a United Cigar Store across the street from the hotel, where the customers and clerks were as talkative and friendly as in a small town and the prices were lower than in comparable places in Hagerstown. Even though it was misty,

I trudged around the town for an hour or two, in order to finish the remaining 20 exposures on the roll of Kodachrome in my Contax. I hadn't brought flash equipment along, and there wouldn't be enough light for that type of film in a meeting room without a tripod or something to prop myself against firmly. A week later, I was astonished to find that the results were very good; I did mostly architectural stuff, and the haze wasn't severe enough to cut into the sharpness of buildings. I also visited a couple of record stores, and rejoiced at discovering in one of them two discs that I had long sought: the out of print MGM recording of the first act of Schubert's Death of Lazarus, and a theoretically available Westminster disc containing two Haydn quartets which I needed to complete a set and had been unable to obtain anywhere. My leg was beginning to ache a trifle, so I ate somewhere, returned to the hotel to dump my topcoat and hat, took a deep breath, and scampered to the Sheraton.

I had an awkward moment inside the hotel. The Hall of Flags, the meeting room, is on the concourse level, under street level. I couldn't find orthodox steps anywhere, and hesitated to use an escalator, on the chance that I might ruin completely my bad leg. A bellboy finally pointed out to me an elevator that went down as well as up from street level and asked whether I was headed for this science-fiction thing. "Do you think they'll let me in without a beard?" I asked him. It was a sensational success as a reply. The bellboy immediately hollered this choice bit of wit halfway across the lobby to another bellboy, I heard that one begin to relay it to the far wall, and there's no telling how far it went after that.

I was among the first to arrive in the Hall of Flags, which was flagless. Apparently the management had heard what happened to the Air Force at the Nycon several years ago and removed the non-essential contents of the room ahead of time. Fortunately, the first person I encountered inside the door was a familiar one: Don Studebaker. "I thought you didn't go to these things," he said, trying to take it calmly. Don had been completely silent on a visit several months ago, but apparently that was because Madle, Pavlat and I didn't give him a chance. He was resplendant in a violent assortment of colors in his clothes, kept his scarf and hat on throughout the afternoon to avoid omitting any hues from his gamut, and impressed me as a fellow who is destined to become a topnotch fan pretty soon.

Harriet Kolchak, who was at the registration desk, shook me to the foundations by insisting that she had met me before at a previous fan gathering. My mental balance was preserved by the arrival of Dick Eney, who staggered giddily about for a while in simulated shock at finding that I had really shown up. They began to come thick and fast after that. It was particularly good to meet Belle Dietz, with whom I'd exchanged many letters and fanzines. I think it was she who introduced me to Peggy Rae McKnight, a 16-year-old whose existence I had continued to doubt until that very minute despite correspondence. Peggy gaped at me for an instant. Then, "But you don't look like you should," she wailed. "Lynn Hickman did the very same thing to me!" I was too busy pondering a philosophical matter different from my failure to resemble her mental image of me to be very consolatory, because I also met Mrs. McKnight and I suddenly realized that I'm getting old when the parents of fans are my age rather than the fans them-

selves. Peggy is a very pretty girl who stands an excellent chance of turning into a very beautiful woman in another four or five years. Belle, who apparently was the only fan in the room who didn't credit me with ability to recognize people through a psychic manipulation, also introduced me to Chris Moskowitz. For one exciting moment, I thought Chris was going to punch me in the nose when she learned my identity. With admirable self-restraint, however, she limited herself to saying: "Oh, you're the one who wrote that article about my husband's book." I did what I could to explain that the article had praised more than it had censured, that I thought the flaws should be pointed out, too, and after a few minutes Chris thawed visibly. But at this point I must interrupt the narrative to say that my major regret of the afternoon was my inability to talk with Sam about this Innuendo item that seems to have made him so furious. Remember, I've never seen him, so I couldn't recognize him as he entered, and if he arrived before the meeting started, he wasn't pointed out to me. I tried to get to him during intermission, but got intercepted each time by other fans whom I couldn't snub, and I didn't see Sam after adjournment. I don't know if his failure to come to me was deliberate or not. I still haven't seen the reply that he published in Science Fiction News, but I've heard that it was pretty strong and I wanted to tell him that I didn't think that the whole thing was worth losing tempers over, on either side.

Hal Lynch was an extremely good presiding officer. He began the conference with the announcement that we shouldn't be alarmed at sudden noises, because this was really part of the Pennsylvania Railroad station and trains came right through here. I noticed people edging away from the walls, all over the room. Lester del Rey was the first speaker. In fifteen years of covering meetings and conventions of every type, I can think of only two or three individuals who had more on the ball as extemporaneous speakers. Lester organized his ideas without notes or memory aids in more orderly and concise fashion than many quite good writers achieve in articles that have been revised repeatedly. His most interesting point was that superman will come into being on Mars. Only the best of men and women, both physically and mentally, will be able to endure the rigors of colonizing that planet, and they will breed the superior man, and at some later date, the finest of these supermen will be chosen for the first colony on another solar system and something superior to the superman will result on that far planet. Lester was quite as capable at answering questions as he was at giving his talk. Hal Lynch wanted to know what social mores will prevail on Mars, Lester said that it will be polyandry, and that led to an exciting debate between Chris and Lester. Both agreed that Mars colonists will have every reason not to breed, Chris insisted that they would take the latest precautions against babies, and Lester refused to believe that contraceptives will be allowed to make up a part of the Earth-Mars shipments. Besides, he argued, men and women in German concentration camps during World War Two had children, despite the inhumane world into which they would be bringing the babies and the Germans' anxiety to have the prisoners test newly developed oral contraceptives.

The panel discussion that followed was the weak spot of the program through nobody's fault. Les Gerber and Bob Pavlat, two-

thirds of it, were unable to attend the Philcon. Will Jenkins, Dick Eney, and George Heap did their best, but they obviously hadn't had the preliminary discussion that is almost essential to the success of any panel, none of them stuck too closely to the topic, "My Favorite Year in Science Fiction," and after each had given his expository statement, nobody could think of any questions to ask the panelists, and the whole thing was over. I had turned down an invitation to participate on it, just before the conference opened, pleading a desire to watch my first fan meeting instead of being part of it, as well as lack of preparation for the topic. L'esprit de l'escalier arrived as late as usual; during intermission, I realized that my favorite year in science fiction will be the first year in which man reaches another planet, and I could probably have turned that into a decent panel contribution.

Intermission was fun. To begin with, I immediately acquired two weighty parcels. Ted White had brought to the Philcon not only Sylvia, who looks more than ever like Tenniel's Alice, now that she has lost a bit of weight, but also the non-FAPA copies of Horizons, to save postage. (I lost my temper at the mimeo as I began to run off the last issue, had Ted do the work for me, and he proved to be the only fan at the Philcon naive enough to have believed my advance statements that I would attend.) It was quite exciting, striving to keep the magazines from being snatched up by various fans who thought I was giving them away free the instant I put them down somewhere. I hated to be stingy, but there were only enough for people on my private mailing list. Then Larry Shaw stupefied me by presenting me with the theoretically lost manuscript of my one and only novel. This is the one which Ackerman had always refused to answer my inquiries about and had told at least one fan that he'd never seen such a thing to be agented. Larry explained that he had held it for a while, because his firm had considered for a time a line of paperbacks. He seemed to think that Wollheim might use it for his Ace doublebook series. But I don't think that I want to submit it anywhere else in its present form. I could make it much better by a thorough rewriting, and the course of events has made changes in a couple of chapters laid in Washington obligatory in any event.

It was very nice to find people whom I'd been in touch with but never met proving even better in person than they are on paper; I'm thinking particularly of Noreen Shaw and the Lupoffs. Then there were the fans with whom I'd never had the slightest contact for one reason or another, but greeted me like old pals: Ed Meskys and Will Jenkins are good examples. Hans Santessen startled me by knowing who I was; it had never occurred to me that he might know of my existence. Finally, I was overjoyed to renew conversations that were interrupted a decade or longer ago, particularly with Milty Rothman.

Ron Ellick had been trying to explain to me that I wouldn't attend the Philcon, no matter what my plans might be. Furthermore, he wouldn't believe it even if he read the news in Fanac, because he was no longer a staff member. So I got the people sitting beside me--Peggy, Dick, and a half-dozen others--to sign a piece of paper on which I had scribbled something like: "Know ye by these present that Harry Warner, Jr., actually did attend the Philcon even if you read it in Fanac." Some inspired soul did a fine job of forging Ron's own signature to the page, but apparently it convinced the Berkeley crowd. Disaster almost followed all

this effort, because I stuck the paper into my pocket, where it mixed with other documents and I forgot all about it. Fortunately, I had left a hotel envelope lying on the bed, meaning to take it with me to the con for immediate mailing purposes, and that put my chore back into my memory when I got back to my room.

I had a roll of high speed Ektachrome in my camera by now, and I had been taking pictures as unobtrusively as possible. The question of exposure was worrying me, however. My meter gave a reading that seemed too optimistic about the amount of illumination in that windowless room. I shot most of the photographs according to what the meter recommended, then opened up a stop for the last few. Color balance was something that I didn't even try to worry about. I was using daylight type film, which I'd purchased on the assumption that the illumination would be fluorescent, but the painted walls were obviously going to throw things out of good color fidelity. However, the results of this picture taking were fairly gratifying. The flesh tones show up as a hue of orange that doesn't bother the eye, once you've seen it for a moment. Most of the shots were a trifle underexposed, as I had feared, but still are useful and come closer to satisfying my concept of a good transparency than the kind you normally see in slide shows. I must report that I took some supplemental views to round out this photographic record: the sign in the lobby announcing the Philadelphia Science Fiction Society event, and the imposing downtown building in Philadelphia that bears the PSFS initials in 20-foot letters. Someone, it might have been Don, asked me if the building lettered YMCA housed a rival fan club.

There wasn't much going on at the Philcon, except for formal and informal talking, that afternoon. One table contained piles of prozines, but too few fanzines to include me in the group of customers. The artistically inclined members of the group worked from time to time on a large posterlike conglomeration of sketches in color. I never did find out what was to happen to this.

Apparently nobody felt like following Lester with a formal talk, because neither speaker after intermission gave one. Harvey Kurtzman, who was listed for the topic: "The Place of Satire in Science Fiction", got up and announced that he didn't have any idea what he was doing as the speaker at a science fiction gathering but he'd be happy to answer any questions. What followed was much better than the speech had promised to be. There were plenty of questions and Harvey answered them quite frankly. He informed us that he thought up everything in those early issues of Mad, text and drawings, and merely turned over the stuff to his writers and artists for realization. He still seems to be angry about the turn of events that caused the break between him and Mad, and determined to make a success with his latest venture. "I'd like to think that there's room for an important satire magazine in America today," he said. He also told all about his experiments with fumetti, the Italian combination of photograph and fictional text which I tried to interest Bill Rotsler in two or three years ago.

A. J. Budrys didn't attempt to challenge even Harvey's skill at answering questions. Algis simply told a novelette-length Feghootism. The program also contained some movies. One supplied by Alcoa had a fine opening two or three minutes, showing Adam and Eve in a misty new world. As they glided through the forest to invent snogging, a voice drifted out of the audience: "Looks like

they're going to do it, too, doesn't it, Chris?" This movie immediately veered to the safer topic of the things that you can make out of aluminum. Also shown were Pittcon movies, taken by either Belle or Chris, I forget which. They were quite good, betraying their amateur origin only by too much panning and too much footage of static subject matter.

Someone had found a restaurant that was willing to take on a crowd of fans, and after that a party was scheduled for the more ethereal regions of the hotel. But I left immediately after adjournment, pausing only to get Ossie Train's current address and to make sure that Peggy wasn't going to come apart as the principal figure in a tug of war between two youthful admirers. I wasn't tired of being around fans, but I had to get in touch with a girl who used to work with me and is now a housewife in Philadelphia, and after that there was something else that I desired to do while in the big city. So I said my goodbyes. As I left the room, a man stopped me and asked what was going on in there. "It's a science fiction conference," I said, and wished I possessed enough courage to add: "you fugghead."

Several generalities occurred to me about this first fan gathering in my experience. I don't know whether the Philcon was exceptional, but I was startled at the good behavior of the entire audience. I saw nobody who was unable to hold in complete control whatever he might have been drinking up to then. In my experience with conventions, there are always a couple of guys who ruin the afternoon sessions because they began to get drunk too early and indulge in kibitzing, violent flirting, or something equally annoying to those who are trying to pay attention to the program. There was absolutely nothing of that sort at the Philcon. I was also surprised by the small amount of smoking that went on. I doubt that more than one in three persons in the room did any smoking in the entire course of the afternoon. But most of all, perhaps, I was surprised at the handsome appearance possessed by the assemblage in general. With an exception here and there, the audience was very well dressed, everyone looked healthy, and even those possessed of beards looked like the type for whom a beard is a necessity. I saw no one in the group who was having trouble mixing with the others. There was a surprisingly large proportion of females in the audience, some escorted and others traveling in maleless packs, and on the much discussed question of the physical characteristics of feminine fans, I would say that these looked much better than the average you would find at a meeting of a college sorority or some kind of ladies' auxiliary. Some of the girls were lovely and most of the rest looked wholesome.

I don't think that I would ever want to attend a world convention, because I was repressed enough by the time this afternoon ended, with inability to have long talks with many of the fans and at least brief chats with some others whom I never did get around to meeting. I think that I may have hurt Jean Bogert a trifle; I really did want to hear the rest of the facts about her canary that thinks it's an eagle, but there just wasn't time. I wanted to ask Harvey how he manages to look so infectiously happy, even when he's obviously not particularly happy at all times, I wanted to inspect the battery tape recorder that one fan was using and the movie camera with which someone else was taking available light shots of the event, and I should have ap-

ologized to the people making a more formal movie with lights and everything for my lack of time to get into the spirit of that. Understand, I enjoyed myself, I may go to the Lunacon in the spring, but I still think that I prefer to be around fans in groups containing no more than a half-dozen at a time.

It had begun to rain during the afternoon, and I got soaked going to the hotel. I could have eaten at the Sheraton, but Boyd Raeburn might have heard about it and I've said too much about fancy, expensive restaurants. I discovered that my watch had stopped, apparently out of surprise at how I'd spent the afternoon. So my telephoning included a call to ask the desk for the time. "We don't usually tell it to just any one," the clerk warned me.

I was tempted to go back to the hotel and the party that night, despite my dislike for watching other people drink. But this was my first chance in years to see a legitimate play in a big city, and I found that the rain was subsiding into the kind of drizzle in which I enjoy walking. So I hugged the buildings when the sudden showers struck and walked the six blocks to the Forrest Theater to see Julie Harris in Little Moon of Alban. It was too bad that I hadn't brought along my camera, because this is a theater in the olden style with practically baroque luxury of hangings and carvings and queer lights and so forth. The play was new to me, I don't particularly care for the fancy staging in which new scenes slid out and old ones slipped away like rolling stock of a railroad in a roundhouse. But Julie made up for it, and the play (like almost every other play of the last quarter-century, about troubled Ireland) contains a couple of the most harrowing death scenes imaginable.

I was pleased to find that my bed had been made, when I returned to the hotel after the play. The only chambermaid in evidence at the Belgravia was an elderly lady who occasionally looked into my room during the day, presumably to determine if I'd gone ahead and made the bed myself. She never gave up hope and did it herself until quite late. And Sunday morning provided me with a big surprise. I discovered that it is possible to find places to eat on that day in 1960, a sharp contrast to one awful Sunday in Philadelphia years ago when I nearly starved before I found an establishment which I dared enter tieless and in sports shirt. I watched the ice skating that has been established in a cavity in a busy street, then packed. This was premature, because I was going to a professional football game that afternoon, but I wanted to check out before I got stuck for another day's bill at 2:30 p.m. and besides, I wasn't sure that all the printed matter and records I had accumulated would fit in what someone once called my luggage. (Some idea of the frequency with which I make overnight trips is available if you take a real good look at this bag. It is a piece of plastic payola. Dental supplies manufacturers give one to a dentist who orders \$100 worth of stuff, and I got this one through the good offices of a relative who manufactures Hagerstown's dentures. When the light is behind you, it looks like a nice piece of luggage.)

But it was beginning to turn colder by the hour, my topcoat was not a heavy one, I suspected that I might catch cold from the hatless walking through the rain on Saturday, and I hadn't brought along a blanket for the football game, relying on the mildness of the autumn to continue. I looked longingly at the blanket on my

bed, then decided that the hotel staff might misinterpret my action if I should take that along to the football game. Besides, I hadn't bought tickets in advance, and it might be hard to get a seat closer than Trenton, during this highly successful season that the Eagles have experienced. As suddenly as I had decided to go to the Philcon, I decided to go home, several hours early. This sudden decision proved disastrous, as events turned out.

The early afternoon bus was much more crowded than the one in which I had entered Philadelphia. But I hardly noticed my fellow passengers for a time, pondering the last thing I had heard in the Belgravia. The desk clerk had cracked a few more jokes while checking me out, then as I was walking through the lobby to the door, I heard him remark to the bellboy: "Well, there's only one more to go." One more guest in the entire hotel, I wondered, one more night before the entire edifice collapsed in decadence, or what?

A very small woman with very large bundles roused me from this brooding. Her parcels were wrapped in aged newspapers and tied with what appeared to be crochet thread, suffering multiple hernias and slithering as if they were packed with angry kittens. She had evidently counted on having an entire seat to herself, so that she could protect most of them, and the driver was giving her a hard time, setting off a tumultuous departure. However, she quickly made friends again with the driver after he set the vehicle into motion, and asked him every three miles or so for the name of that store or this supermarket, explaining that she planned to come back and visit them. This continued all the way to Baltimore.

My seat companion was an elderly lady who informed me that she was fulfilling a lifelong ambition that she had nurtured since a youth that was obviously an imposing number of years in the past. She was somehow related to Mad Anthony Wayne, and was deserting her beloved Indiana for three weeks to visit all the Eastern Seaboard places associated with that dignitary. Her quest would bring her as close to Hagerstown as Charles Town, W. Va., and she inquired many things about the natives in my section. At one point, she became ecstatic. "I've always wanted to see the ocean," she cried, "and there it is! Look!" I put down an impulse to become panicky, looked carefully and saw no sign of an alltime record tidal wave, and explained as gently as I could that the moisture in the distance might be the Chesapeake Bay but we wouldn't see the Atlantic unless this Greyhound bus suddenly went into orbit. She didn't believe me, because we were going through Delaware just then and she knew her geography, and that geography put Delaware right on the seashore and it was so small on the map that you could obviously see the ocean from almost any spot in the state. I tried to steer the conversation back to Mad Anthony, and inadvertently compounded my clumsiness by asking what connection he had had with Waynesboro, Penna., a town just north of Hagerstown. None, she assured me, her research would have revealed it, if it existed, so it must have been another Wayne altogether. "But there's a Hotel Anthony Wayne in Waynesboro," I pointed out. "I drive past it almost every week." That was the crusher, positive evidence that she had overlooked some incident in her ancestor's life, and her schedule was too closely woven to permit another side trip. I hate to do anything like that to a completist.

Route 1 traffic was unusually heavy, the bus had started late owing to bundles, and instead of the 45 minutes that I had expected between connecting buses in Baltimore, I had barely ten minutes. I dashed across the street to a White Tower for a cheeseburger, and there was yet another insane woman, literally crying because her order hadn't been filled yet and she was starving. Apparently the girl behind the counter wanted to see how long it takes a starving person to die, because she hadn't served the woman's meal when I finished gulping down my repast. I scooted back to the terminal, found the bus almost ready to go, saw a vacant seat, and there in the other half of it, lord love us, was Jeanne. "I thought I'd save this for you," she said, "just in case."

She had had a splendid time over the weekend, and had brought back some trophies. These included an improbable substance that can be either enjoyed as chewing gum or used to hang pictures from the walls, and a collection of little advertising cards that her brother had given her from his collection. I began to look at them out of politeness' sake, but quickly became as interested as she was. They date from the 1880's, advertise various soaps and rices, and are really quite splendid samples of early color printing. Bill Danner might know how such perfect registration and unfading colors were achieved so long ago; I'm sure that I don't. It turned out that Jeanne likes old things when they are offbeat like these cards, and I think that I got her interested in the 1883 edition sewing machine which reached the Warners from a great-aunt. I've never had the heart to throw it away and nobody else ever wanted it; maybe this will be the solution to how to dispose of it.

As the bus nosed into the Hagerstown terminal, I told myself unbelievably that here I'd gone to Philadelphia and come back and nothing awful had happened, after all. So Jeanne and I got off the vehicle. As we were saying goodbye—I'd walked to the terminal, so I couldn't drive her home, and she was telephoning her parents for transportation—I noticed that the same ticket agent and several other employees were on duty, the same as when we'd left 60 hours earlier. They were all looking first at the two of us, then at one another. And immediately, Jeanne and I both realized what a flimsy sort of excuse we'd have to offer: a man and woman leaving town and returning together, she claiming to have gone to a football game and he alleging that he'd changed from a fanzine fan into a convention fan.

Nope, nothing awful had happened, nothing but the complete annihilation in Hagerstown of two previously moral and unblemished reputations.

#### L'Envoi

Some hours later, it was 1 a.m. and I was still giving a lick and a promise to those household duties and personal obligations to which I had intended to devote that entire long weekend. The telephone rang. Wondering if it is really necessary to make a girl an honest woman under these particular circumstances, I answered it, and was relieved to discover that it wasn't Jeanne's father, but an entirely different and even more exciting individual, Les Gerber. He was calling from Lancaster, Penna., where he's going to college. He cleared up immediately the mystery of why he had not attended the Philcon. Franklin & Marshall had goofed and scheduled a parents' day on that Saturday without

realizing that it conflicted with the date of the Philcon. He had been forced to play host to his folks, had somehow learned that I had attended the Philcon, and this fact had startled him into the long distance call. Besides, he thought that he could get a ride most of the way to Hagerstown on the next weekend, which would make possible that long-delayed visit.

The following Saturday morning, I received a postal card from Les, saying that he wouldn't come after all, because this time the girlies at Wilson College in Chambersburg were going to Lancaster, reversing the normal direction of travel taken by the men at Franklin & Marshall. I thought that I knew how Caryl Chessman used to feel, but in the middle of that afternoon, Les telephoned again, this time from Chambersburg where he'd managed to arrive after all. So I drove over to pick him up, and my second fannish weekend in a row began.

I hadn't known quite what to expect in Les, as a result of the legends that he has helped to build up around himself. Either he is settling down fast or the legends had little basis in fact, because he turned out to be a very engaging fellow, blessed with a supply of enthusiasm and interest that I seem to remember possessing once myself. He didn't have much to say at first as we were coming to Hagerstown, but when I looked at him to see what was the matter, I noticed that he had turned blue and realized that I was absentmindedly indulging in my usual imperviousness to cold weather, driving with the window wide open and the heater turned off in below-freezing temperature. I rectified my carelessness immediately and after that the conversation never lagged.

I hope that I didn't disappoint Les in too many ways, but I know that I let my tongue slip on one occasion. I admitted to an unbounded admiration for Haydn string quartets, a perversity that Les had apparently believed unique to his father until then. But I hope that I made up for that by treating him to some of the wonders of city life. Les claimed that he had never seen a shopping center as large and well patronized as the one at the northern edge of Hagerstown, he also was unable to recall a drug store in Brooklyn with the palatial aspects of the big People's store in the center of town, and he was enchanted by the alleys which wily drivers use to avoid the one-way street spacewarp that makes it so difficult to reach 423 Summit Avenue.

Les played for me a whole tape of filk songs, including one written especially for me, which I liked tremendously despite one minor inaccuracy. To find a rhyme to go with a line about my extensive collection of years, Les had been unable to think of anything except a reference to my ten thousand beers. Les became the second fan besides myself to see the notes that represent progress to date on the fan history project; Norm Metcalf was the first, when he stopped off in Hagerstown before the Pittcon. I learned many exciting things about New York City's fans, showed Les some pioneering filk songs from 1938 issues of Fantascience Digest with such notables as Moskowitz and Taurasi as the subjects, and I finished off the roll of Ektachrome on him. This time I guessed on the exposure and hit it right on the nose, despite the difficult location, the interior of my automobile.

So I've fallen further than ever behind on correspondence, but I've entered the mainstream of fandom in a sense. Now, if I can just think of a way to prove to Charlotte that I really did go to Philadelphia, it will seem like something that really happened.

AGREE W/ J. CHAMPION: "ALL OUR YESTDYS" GOOD FAN HISTORY TITLE