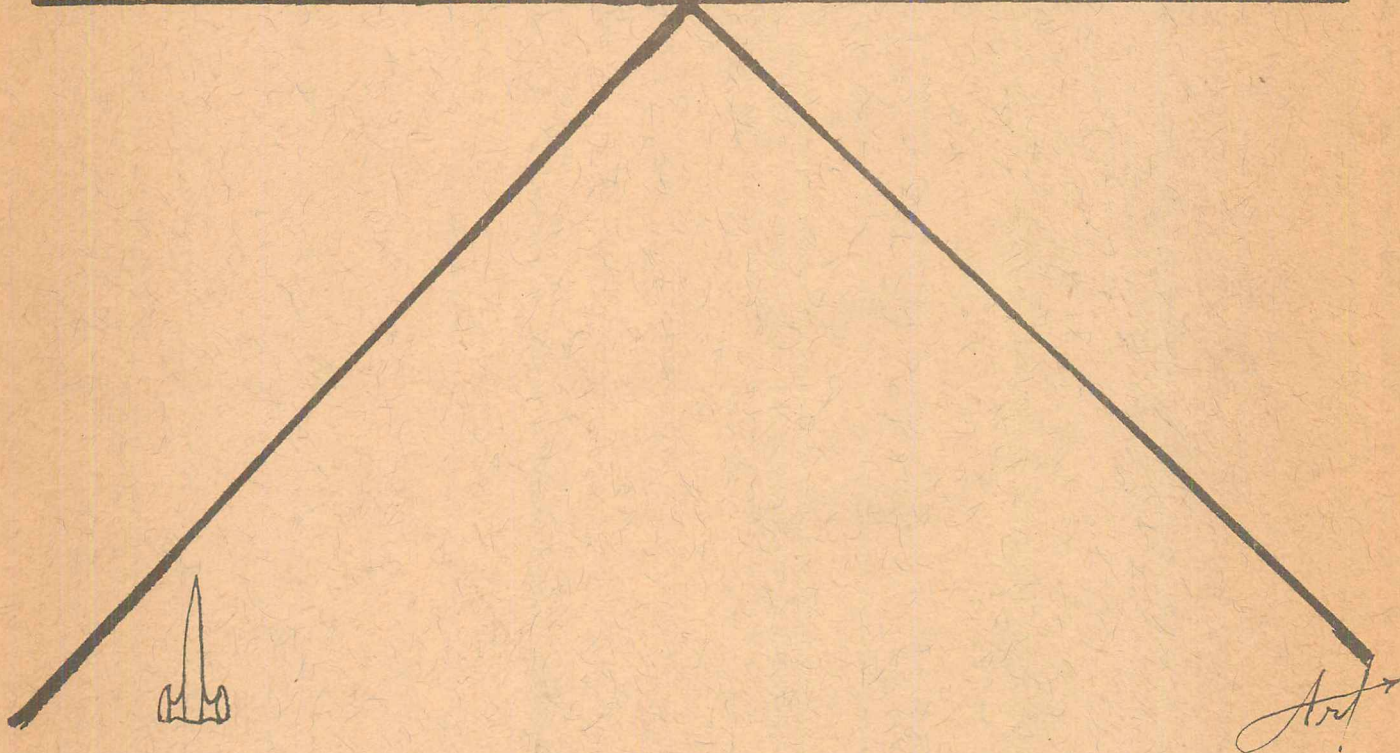


HORIZONS









If I didn't dream it, that really is a cover by Art Widner, Jr., one of the last survivors of the Spaceways stable of artists. It appears on the spring, 1962 issue of Horizons, which is volume 23, number 3, whole number 90, and FAPA number 84. Harry Warner, Jr., 423 Summit Avenue, Hagerstown, Maryland, did the writing, and mimeography is quite possibly by Dick Eney.

### In the Beginning

The Fantasy Amateur: It's about time that the changes were made in the egoboo poll. I never did get straight those fine distinctions between editor and other categories. '' Something definitive and specific should appear in the FA on the Ed Martin situation. I think he was FAPA's most useless member, but I want to know if he was dropped because he rehashed old anecdotes. If the grounds were actual plagiarism, chapter and verse should be cited; if not, there is nothing to do but reinstate him or to ignore the constitution altogether from now on. '' I have the strangest feeling that something awful will occur when the mailing list hits 65, the same size as FAPA: a coup d'etat, perhaps, or someone accidentally typing up address labels for the bundles from the waiting list instead of the membership roster. Day\*-Star: Could relative immunity to serious illness be a trait of fans? I've noticed that they rarely suffer anything that knocks them off their feet. I'm scrawny and aging, but I didn't spend a day in bed for 18 years, almost to the very day, until the broken hip interrupted my record. Churn: Why do people always go through such violent gyrations when pretending to have a heart attack? I've never heard of a heart attack that affected the individual that way. If breathing is affected, the victim hasn't enough strength to stay on his feet; if he can breathe but is in pain, he lies still instinctively. '' George Price would be horrified to know that I doubt that Russia has any real communizing program aimed at the United States at present. I think the USSR is using all its good operatives and propagandists on Asia and Africa because the probability of success is so much greater there. '' I disagree with Art, too: I think that Nurenberg's trials were the only encouraging thing about WWII. If the people who promote the wars face such a threat as losers, we might not have so many volunteers in the war promotion department. Alif: Why can't the conventions get these fascinating characters as speakers like those at the AAAS? From all I hear, the science talks are always the weak spots on convention programs. Moonshade: I'm full of questions today. How many stf. stories have turned out to contain actual prophetic passages in specific historical events? I don't mean the introduction of submarines and tanks into fiction before they were invented, but whole episodes in fictional form that became actuality? I can think of only one such success. A novel entitled "Swastika Night" published before WWII, author's name forgotten, told of the flight of Hess to England. It was sheer luck, I suppose, not prescience. Vandy: I recently reread "Slan" to make sure that advancing years and experience wouldn't change my opinion that Vogt can't write novels. I found it on this second reading indistinguishable from Tom Swift stories for maturity and literary quality. '' But we already have a conscientious objector provision for members of religious denominations which emphasize pacifism; is it fair to let a conscientious coward escape service because



of an accident of birth into a family who brought him up in this denomination? ' ' Boggs and Coulson could forget their worries over the superfluity of certain verb forms by visiting Maryland and hearing just once the expression that is customary around here when one puts an auto into reverse gear or performs some similar activity: "Now I'm going to back back." ' ' State publicists are uniformly illiterate. The official Maryland publication for those interested in moving to this state after retirement lists iceboating and ski slopes among recreational facilities that would interest these individuals, and misspells the Alleghenies. ' ' I don't understand Tucker's reference to variance in film thicknesses from one subject to another. If "subject" means a short feature, I could imagine a difference between a reel of color film and a reel of black-and-white, but not differing thicknesses as a newsreel explores a different subject, for instance. ' ' Joe Hensley may look like Juanita's obstetrician, but Tom Purdom looks exactly like my boss. This made it a weird experience to ask questions on that Philcon panel under Tom's eye just as if I were at my job with the editor following every move. Sercon's Bane: I'm glad Buz reminded me. I want to explain that my choice of a Hagerstown surgeon to care for my broken hip was not intended to reflect in any way upon the qualifications or skill of any other members of the medical profession. The choice was made simply for the sake of convenience. ' ' I feel left out amid all this happy chatter about successions of autos. I bought my first one in 1950 and am still running it, although this state of affairs may not last more than a few more days, owing to its current activity, that of falling apart. ' ' I think that worry is a useful occupation. It frequently enables a person to figure out a means of solving a problem which seems hopeless if given just the sensible amount of attention that the positive thinkers would recommend. Phlotsam: I've never been attacked by a hotel room, but I know how Miss Wells feels. My room at the Penn-Sheraton had a whole row of buttons just inside the door. I had a blinding headache when the bellboy introduced me to the room, and didn't pay complete attention to his explanation of their function. I knew that one was a signal if there was a message at the desk and another was for summoning help in an emergency, but I had one button left over and couldn't be sure if it turned out the overhead light or did something sensational. I was so anxious to kill the headache with sleep that I didn't even hunt for another light switch thoroughly but dozed off without risking a jab at that button. The next morning, I found that it really controlled the light in the bathroom and the room light was governed by a switch hidden in a closet. ' ' While iq testing is still a topic, does anyone know for sure if Lester del Rey actually possessed that fabled 240 iq? ' ' It's an old Christian tradition to parodize the faith. Some of the medieval plays based on the Bible are just as irreverent as Pal Jesus, although they used less delicate subjects than the crucifixion. It's probably the decline in fervant faith that causes people today to feel so shocked by such things, fearing their small remaining supply of belief might be laughed into nothingness. ' ' I have no intention of backing away from arguments or snubbing people when I fail to reply at length to promising ones. It's just a case of space, the neglect that many other comments would get if I devoted a pair of pages to one matter. I always intend to write a personal let-



ter and always fail to do so through pressure of other correspondence. '' For a real gleaming example of adverbitis, try Nat Hentoff's reviews of jazz and folk music. He's musically illiterate but I like to read the reviews for the fun of watching wilder and wilder combinations of adverb-modifying-adjective every other line. '' I see there's no substantial backing for the waiting list vote proposal. So I'll stop urging it with one goodbye remark: it isn't surprising that some active fans fail to be active in FAPA when we consider that the average fan life is about five years and the average FAPA waiting list stay is about four years. '' San Francisco seems to be everyone's favorite city. Why does not one fan ever move there? Everyone agrees that Los Angeles is impossible for air and transportation and New York is out of the question for every other reason, and all the migration is to those two cities. Phantasy Press: The analysis of the FAPA year is unusually interesting this time. It's surprising that all but one of the top five for publication quantity are married and only three of the nine private publications that hit every mailing are the work of bachelors. Only about half of the membership roster are married. Next year, I'd like to see the special thanks department enlarged a little. This is extremely useful for voters who aren't efficient enough to have the four mailings on hand for leafing through. I am most happy about the change in egoboo poll date, incidentally. It reduces the tendency to favor the stuff in the mailing immediately at hand. Silme: I hate to hurt Bjo's feelings but truth forces me to announce that I find this a very bad title. I read Slime every time I glance at it, and when I try to pronounce it I almost say Silly. '' A good supplement to the valuable stenciling article by Juanita Coulson would be a similar one from Art Thomson or Eddie Jones, telling how they do it over there to get those special effects of solidity and massiveness. As a non-artist, I can add only one inconsequential fact. I've discovered that correction fluid doesn't dry up if you tape tightly the area where the cap meets the bottle to make it completely airproof. '' The pages on the photo salon contain a good bit of misinformation. There is no reason why grain should be a problem in large blowups from 35 mm negatives. Grain in any size up to 11x14 results from either superfast film, overexposure, or the wrong development. A careless darkroom worker can get a form of reticulation which is often mistaken for grain. It is not necessary to fasten prints to mounts. Any photo department carries mounts with cutouts into which the standard size prints fit neatly without paste or tape. Hand-colored prints are not banned by all salons. The one sponsored by the local museum, which draws entries from four states, judges them with and on the same basis as other color prints. I don't plan to enter this salon, because I feel I'd have an unfair advantage over most fans, with my own Contax, the company's Speed Graphic, and a fully equipped darkroom at my disposal. But I think it has more potential than the art show, in the sense that the standards of fan photography are incredibly low. Almost all picture-taking consists of washed-out faces and black backgrounds from flash, subjects that fill up only one-fifth of the picture area, unsharpness from slight camera shake, and such faults. BUS798b: I don't watch many highly praised television programs because there is nothing to watch. Why stare at distracting special camera effects while good music is being played, or watch a politician's mouth open and shut as he expounds his ideas? ''



I voted for the increase in number of votes to remove waiting listers because FAPA members are clustering in certain areas. A waiting lister who made fans around either New York or Los Angeles furious could get virtually enough votes for expulsion in a lightning-fast word-of-mouth coup, under present rules. Burb- lings: My gracious, this doesn't sound like the old Burb at all. His style has changed, maybe out of sheer self-defense now that most fans have perfected their imitation of the old Burbee style. '' The most depressing thing about the interpretations of that unusual lineup of the planets was this: all the religions and occult sciences that thought it was significant were unanimous that something awful was going to happen. Superstition must do something to the mind, to make it unable to imagine a lucky sign. Salud: My comment on the absence of attention to the death of Doc Weir was prompted by his writing ability. He was one of the half-dozen active fans who were producing scholarly but readable articles. That's why his loss is greater in a sense than if he'd been a writer of typical faan material. '' I like Arnold Bennett very much, and own all his fiction that has been released in Penguin form in England. He made people around here very happy once by listing his nominations for the three wonders of the world. Two were standard wonders, whose exact identity I forget, but the third was the stone work in the bridges on the Antietam Creek that runs through this valley. '' The problems of a historian are endless. I thought I'd finally assembled all the data on Jim Harmon's door, and now you say he knocked it down. I had assumed that he just knocked a hole in it. Details, details.... Wraith: Richard Eney is to become father of the human race? With whose time machine? Where am I going to get another publisher? How will we get that big feature of the 100th mailing if a little task like this is going to take up his time? The Rambling Faps: The Who Zoo is exasperating because it didn't get the data on the very members about whose past I'm most uncertain. But there are some surprises even among the familiar data. I hadn't realized that Jean Linard is only four years younger than I am or that Other Worlds had been such a major source of today's FAPAns. '' Both labor and transportation costs have been rising steadily in recent years for paper manufacturers. I can remember only one increase in Master Products' prices, and that was only a few pennies per ream. I don't see how the firm could possibly sell the same grade today that it did five years ago. '' Isn't there a special mail service that brings you a return receipt proving delivery for ten or fifteen cents? Publishers who want assurance that their fanzines reached the official editor could use it, to save the oe the trouble of opening each parcel upon arrival and hunting for a return postal enclosed. '' Limiting the waiting list to fans with a minimum number of years in fandom would reduce the waiting list. But while we're all referring to the waiting list problem, the trouble isn't in its size but in the length of time it takes to get into FAPA. Today's neofan might go on the waiting list and become a member in 1966; with the proposed restriction, today's neofan might go on the waiting list in 1964 and become a member in 1966. What's the advantage? '' The current Ward's winter sale catalog carries on page 109 a variety of hunting rifles that use .303 ammunition. Ammunition for them is also offered. The only restriction is that the guns may not be bought by minors. The rifles are mailable, the ammunition is shipped by freight, truck, or express, as the purchaser prefers.



There are also German Mausers that look more powerful than .22 rifles to me and are identified as intended for big game. Shotguns are not in this catalog but are generally offered in late summer and fall. Le Moindre: Railroads will be in still worse condition if a new plan works out. There is serious discussion of a system of pulverizing coal at the source, mixing it with water, and transporting it by pipeline to destinations, where it would be dehydrated and pressed into lumps again. I suspect that freight service through Hagerstown would virtually cease if this is done. Coal from western Pennsylvania and other regions bound for Baltimore and vicinity keeps alive one entire railroad serving this city, the Western Maryland. '' Add me to the list of those interested in anything you write about the live theater. The lack of material from FAPAs on that topic doesn't mean disinterest. About half of us don't live close to the legitimate stage and about half of the remainder can't afford good seats regularly. Horizons: I must apologize for my remarks on the first page of this issue about FAPA sponsorship of an award for the art show. I can't think what caused me to use such an ugly and incorrect word as "bribe" in this context. I still feel that FAPA funds should not be used to buy trophies, particularly since the new entry fees and commissions on sales should make the show able to pay for its own trophies. But I shouldn't have used emotionally loaded language to express those opinions. Ankus: The local little theater put on "Five Finger Exercise" this winter and the cast mispronounced "brothel" throughout. I was so impressed by the high moral standing of the cast, directors, and others associated with the play, as evidenced by this ignorance, that I didn't have the heart to point out the error when I heard it at rehearsal. '' Most of my notes in this issue are covered in remarks on other fanzines. I can only add that I like basically the tune for "Fiction" but it would benefit from a less rigid rhythmic pattern. A Sales Pitch: Does anyone know what to do with trophies that no longer are significant? From a golf-playing aunt I inherited at least thirty pounds of the things, enough to fill two large boxes. She has no close relatives for whom they would have sentimental value, I'd feel silly displaying trophies that I didn't win, they'd probably be worth only pennies if melted down into scrap metal, but I can't throw them into the trash barrel. I suppose they'll sit in the attic until someone else inherits them. Revoltin' Development: It was about time that someone wrote in plain language about Hal Shapiro. I approve of frankness in a situation like this, because the dng rumors always distort for the worse. However, what am I going to do in that fan history when I come to the Evans episode? Should I print the truth and run the risk of shattering any illusions about grandpa that his daughters may have fostered in their children? How much should I say about Laney's personal life, when I'm not sure how much his daughters know? Frankness in an isolated fanzine is less likely to come to the wrong person's attention. '' I would refuse to sign a waiver for things said about me in FAPA, even if it had legal value. I fully intend to sue for libel any FAPA member who damages me materially with actionable statements. I hasten to emphasize that this does not mean that I think Chris was damaged sufficiently to justify instituting action against Ted. The Bull Moose: This came while I was finally reading The Once and Future King, just the right time. (White's reworking is not good, showing seams and deletions badly, but the final chap-



ters are wonderful.) But what a gulf between the British and us! We think it remarkable that the American Civil War can be so vivid today after a century, and in England the Arthur lore seems to have just about the same status. The Directory of 1961 Science Fiction Fandom: Please refer back to Horizons in each of the past five or six years and consider all the comments therein bundled up into one huge renewed compliment. It is a trifle sad to see Vincent Clarke gone from the index, because he seemed as permanent as Suez, and it's hard to believe that that's really Max Keasler. Of such surprises are dictionaries made. H-1661: Rusty might be pleased to know that I've bought more insurance and I don't have a family to protect. This is a disability thing that starts after my other disability protection stops and lasts for the rest of my life if necessary. It's fairly expensive but I feel much more at ease now when I cross the street against the light. Target: FAPA: Before people start accusing me of making extra work for them, I should explain that I'm retaining Jr. as part of my name in all situations because that's my legal name. My father's name continues to exist in various files and I don't want to risk a possible foulup someday when applying for benefits or handling an important financial matter. '' On unnatural selection: is it really certain that a draft dodger exposes another man to the service that he should have done? It was my impression that the draft still gets all eligibles before they go overage, although the average induction age has been rising. Null-Fs: Induction centers must differ in their horrors. The last time I was really cold was the day I spent in Baltimore's Fifth Regiment Armory, on a day-long physical followed by hours of waiting for the verdict. The doctors were fairly civil but they were using small boys as clerks who seemed to be totally ignorant of what they were doing and never took notes as fast as the doctors muttered. Incidentally, I did my lying after being rejected, not before. I told everyone I'd been exempted for skinniness and bad nerves when it really resulted from tachycardia, a condition I didn't want my parents to know about. '' Policemen wouldn't bother Walter if they were all like the ones in Hagerstown. The last time a local cop went for his gun was three or four years ago, and he shot himself in the foot trying to get it out of the holster. Since then the policemen are quite afraid of firearms. '' Heaven will be my ability to walk into a record store and buy a recording--monaural--of Mozart's 36th piano concerto, played by Hofmann, conducted by Nikisch. It would be nice to watch the Washington Senators in a world series game, too, but I don't know exactly how powerful heaven might be. '' Isn't use a factor in many cases of farsightedness and nearsightedness? Newspaper people are usually nearsighted, farmers farsighted. '' What would Ted White think of my practice of undressing and dressing, in addition to sleeping, in that unheated bedroom with open window on even the coldest winter nights? '' I've already expressed personally to Walter my admiration for the thoroughness of his Seacon coverage. The only thing I've wanted to say publicly is: after the banquet, why didn't Eney change his name card from Marc C. Duquesne to Dick Seaton? '' In the hospital I had dreams of a vividness and intricate detail that I'd never experienced before. Once I was singing the first act of Otello, and I actually learned things in that dream about how good singing is done; I'm sure there must have been some kind of telepathic hookup with a concert or opera stage. Again, I had written a mystery novel with some excellent



features. The title was "Please Emit Flowers" and the main gimmick was a series of murders distinguished by the fact that each victim sent flowers to his best friends just a few hours before getting bumped off. " I like A Son of Two Fans very much both for its writing and for its message. A less stereotyped ending would make it a fan fiction classic. " Beethoven didn't study under Mozart and cared little for Mozart's music. Walter was thinking of Haydn. " The excitement over electronic music reminds me of the vast amount of soulsearching in the art world at the invention of photography. While the theories multiplied, sensible artists went on painting and photography developed as a separate art form. Electronic music isn't as new as the high fidelity publications assert and I strongly doubt that it is music; I'd consider it a branch of poetry, since the emphasis is on sound, not on tone, just like many modern poems with no message other than their succession of sounds. I won't get involved in the improvisation hassle again, except to repeat what I've said before, there is not the slightest evidence that the improvisations by serious composers like Beethoven and Mozart had any musical merit, since their published works that were cited by contemporaries as most like their improvisations are among their weakest; there are many texts showing disgust by composers at performers who ornamented and improvised on their scores but not one to show that composers approved of it; cadenzas were usually played by memory to demonstrate the compositional ability of the performer; and works in which only a bare outline was written for the part were usually those which the composer wished to use as starring vehicles for himself in those days when there was no copyright protection. An Amateur Publication for Mrs. Christine Moskowitz: I was wondering how long it would be until someone pointed out that FAPA's officers could have been included in the libel suit. Libelous material is unmailable, incidentally. Celephais: I don't smoke. The non-smoking rate in fandom must be much higher than in the general population. I know of only one other non-smoker among the 100 employees of the newspaper for which I work. I think it's been a year since I ate a meal without having smoke blown into my face by every person within ten feet. " I assumed that the Tarzan book banning was a piece of censorship done by someone to try to laugh book banning out of acceptance. Is there any reason to believe that it was done seriously? The Tattooed Dragon Meets the Beat Generation: Bill Rotsler will hate me for this, but as I leafed through this I kept wondering how Nancy Share would have drawn this or that item. A Propos de Rien: I may have post office troubles again. I have not received fanzines that were in other people's mailboxes a month or more ago. As well as I can determine, publications that would normally have reached me over a week or ten day span in early February are involved. " Suicide rates aren't too trustworthy. The law has a tendency to label as a suicide any death that was obviously not natural but lacks any clear evidence of murder. A local young man is down on the official records as a suicide even though late evidence showed after a week what had happened, making it beyond doubt an accident. Elmurmurings: Elmer should be interested in an item in the March issue of Modern Photography. On page 62, whose headline is "Move In Close", begins a listing of "devices" from which I copy the following data: "Nooky. Working distance, 41 to 16½ inches. Reproduction ratios



of 1:17.5 to 1:6.5. Extension; for 50mm Elmar f/3.5 threaded.  
\$45." Lighthouse: Maybe Peter Graham is enough of an authority on ancient Greece to explain to me how the spectators heard anything at these plays. I know that some of the arenas are supposed to have had good acoustics. But you get thousands of spectators and you have a certain noise level that ruins those acoustics. I suspect that everything was either chanted or sung at the top of lungs, not spoken in today's dramatic style. '' Terry Carr has developed the exasperating habit of writing fiction based on topics that repel me completely, such as people who make jazz careers a life-death matter and college kids trying to act adult. This sounds as if it might be quite a novel, but I wish it'd been some other chapter. '' Cold, clear and warm, cloudy days have always gone together in winter. The heat can radiate from the earth's surface more rapidly when there is no cloud layer. '' I assume that the Alva Rogers piece is mostly fact. It presents L. Ron Hubbard as a human being, something no other writer to my knowledge has achieved when writing about him. I get the impression that Alva could write an Ah! Sweet Idiocy! to make us forget Laney. '' I must decline with thanks the tentative suggestion that I could become FAPA's king. It would involve sooner or, I hope, later a time of troubles when I died without issue. Burb is the ideal candidate. '' In case I haven't mentioned it, Lionel Corporation has bought the Porter Chemical Company. I assume that the Chemcraft trade name will be continued. I wonder who now owns the original Chemcraft set. Only one was not sold. It has been kept in the safe in the president's office and all the oldtimers in the organization start to bawl whenever they open the door and look at it. Nobody is allowed to touch it. '' I know it's popular sport to bait Seth Johnson, but my palate insists that a man who sells ice cream must be okay. '' And how many members besides me will skimp Lighthouse out of comment space it deserves, simply because of a desire to get the comments on the little publications out of the way first, and then there wasn't much room? Postmailings: These will also be cheated. I'll have to ask the Shadowzine producers to accept copies of Horizons and personal letters in place of remarks here. I gather that Stefantasy, contrary to custom, did not go to all FAPA members, and that Gimble in spite of its contents page statement also missed some members. Hillside doesn't quite qualify as a postmailing because of variations in the inserts. That leaves room to say that I've almost come to prefer the postmailed status of Descant, because of the assurance that something fine will be along in a few days after the big bundle. I'm surprised that you completist readers of TV Guide did not remark on the program notes on M Squad for Tuesday night, January 23, 1962: "The Baited Hook. Carol Willis tells Ballinger that she and her father have received murder threats." As for the twist, I suspect that this was a gigantic promotion, not a folk orgy. The merchandise and tie-ins followed too closely to be likely to have been prepared after the excitement came. I received Second of a Series after writing comments on the Martin matter on a preceding page. And the Ted White postmailing is among the fanzines that never reached me. In view of my regrets over strong statements last time, I'll content myself with difficulty with two remarks. One is that I think Martin did send the vice-president his complaint; and Redd Boggs should be happy FAPA is no longer operating under the constitution that he dislikes.



## Whither Hugo

The mailman no longer brings each December the Hugo Gernsback Christmas card to 423 Summit Avenue. But I acquired a copy of the 1961 edition by the simple expedient of swiping it from an assistant editor's desk at the office. Apparently Hugo sends them to newspapers, and anyone who has been a journalist long enough to become an assistant editor deserves to lose his copy if he thinks it's safe to let stuff lie around newspaper offices.

This year, Forecast consists of 32 pages with the inevitable Paul illustrations. Hugo saved himself the trouble of writing special material for most of these pages by reprinting and preprinting stuff he'd turned out for other sources. However, he seems a trifle more human and mellow in this issue, interrupting his I-told-you-so theme from time to time to display a genuine sense of humor.

One feature is the now famous talk that he gave to the ESFA March 12, 1961, "Concrete Science Fiction". Its title is superimposed on what was apparently intended to be a piece of concrete but resembles much more closely a piece of milk chocolate that is becoming white-specked from age. Most of Hugo's merits and foolishness are quite well demonstrated by this one article. It is quite nice to read about the little-publicized hoax that he devised in 1933 with the Westinghouse Vestpocket Receiver. But is it possible that the same man could propose seriously the ridiculous notion that patent protection should go to technical ideas contained in science fiction stories? It's so painfully obvious that this would put today's giant corporations in control of the financial world for the next hundred centuries. Every large industry has house organs or technical publications, technical writers, and experts in the particular sciences represented. In one month, each large corporation would have published several issues of its own new science fiction magazine, every story in which would be crammed with devices and procedures that aren't possible with today's knowhow but should eventually come into being. There would be nothing left for the prozine writers with their dubious knowledge of science and technology to patent.

More in the spirit of the old Amazing and Wonder Stories is the editorial, which contains a listing of future developments and the years in which they will occur. Hugo doesn't see 1984 with quite as much alarm as George Orwell did, because that is the year that he assigns to the demise of the submarine. He says that there will be "coherent forcewaves" from an invention called the refractar that "do not spread, but travel in a pencil-tight power beam. Submersibles could no longer hide." In 1986, tele-missiles, Hugo's word for guided missiles, will get theirs.

"Quasi-optical ultra-dynawaves" will melt and explode them. This entry doesn't tell what happens to the fallout as the H-bombs go off, but I suppose that there will be some other kind of rays for that little detail. Surprisingly, it will not be until 2010 when "atomic fusion" will make it possible to park motor vehicles under cities by melting rocks and granite formations. It's apparently much easier to melt a missile a couple of hundred miles away from the source of quasi-optical ultra-dynawaves. In 2014, all city streets and sidewalks will be covered with a combination of plastic and glass that is lightweight, clear and colorless. In 2051, "Illegitimacy is no longer permitted by the world's governments. Boys and girls from age 12 on are inoculated every two



years by law with a recently developed drug, Fol-12, that makes both sexes infertile for two years. Inoculations cease when marriage takes place. The drug has no side effects." The page ends at this point, before we learn what will prevent Mr. Brown and Mrs. Green from demonstrating the loophole in this latest piece of government red tape.

In "Why to the Moon?" I was surprised to find Hugo parroting the popular science articles that claim that the moon will be useful as a stepping stone to explore the other planets in this solar system. I'm no mathematician, but I can't believe that there is any calculation system which will require less energy for a trip from the earth to the moon and from there to Mars than a trip from the earth to Mars. It takes energy to land on the moon and more energy to get off the moon. Until the moon becomes a fully developed world producing its own raw materials and processing them on the spot, it's going to take less fuel and fewer supplies to make the direct trips to the planets. It is quite true that to launch the space ship from the moon for its trip to Mars would require only about one-twentieth the fuel of the launching from earth; but somewhere along the line, energy will be needed to put that fuel and spaceship onto the moon. Fortunately, Hugo and I feel the same way about the impracticality of space stations. However, we have different reasons. He cites the tremendous cost. I feel that the project can't succeed because such a thing would be too large to send up in big fragments and would take ten thousand launchings as risky and expensive as Project Mercury to accomplish in jigsaw puzzle style. We might get all the parts into orbit but we'd never find them after they were up there. There is a dreadful error in another part of this article, when Hugo says that we shall be able to witness the birth of every tornado and alert earth about new ones in minutes. Maybe he plans to install a rear view mirror in orbit to show the other side of earth at all times, too. But I share Hugo's optimism about the chances for colonizing the moon fairly fast. I think he's too optimistic in his explanation of how the moon will be divided up among earth's nations. He claims that the nations will be entitled to slices of the satellite in proportion to the number of colonists they provide. I think that the first nation to get one man on the moon will claim the entire thing and fight a war to back up that right if necessary.

"Electronic Horse Race" which occupies the center spread is based on a Science and Invention article that was published in 1922. Hugo thinks it is now feasible to have horseraces without jockeys on the animals. He would make life more peaceful for the jockeys by installing them atop the grandstand. Their horses would be equipped with electronic equipment that would permit the fake-rider to apply the whip, manipulate the reins, and give spoken orders to the animal. I somehow doubt that this would work. Even with powerful binoculars, it would be impossible for the jockeys from a point outside the pack of horses to judge distances with any accuracy and there would be no means for the jockey to sense the condition of his animal in order to decide when is the time to make his big move. Even if we find horses that will submit to the installation of one loudspeaker in each ear (Hugo is afraid that power failure might occur if we equip only one ear), I suspect that the outcome would be as dull as greyhound races.

The article about the usefulness of the moon was written for



Family Weekly, but the Christmas card draws on a fanzine for another feature. This is a short-short story, "Too Late!" It appeared in The Twilight Zine, which the MIT Science Fiction Society started, and for all I know, also stopped. It is based on the effort to pick up signals from distant stars and is chiefly remarkable for the speedy way in which this message is translated into English solely through the clue (apparently known by instinct) that it started with the mathematical symbol of pi.

Hugo at his most pleasant is to be found in "Who's Alive?" This is a nicely rambling article that begins with reports on how frequently he has been reported dead, then considers the increasing lifespan, and speculates about the future if the process of aging can be halted by science. It is one of the rare places in which Gernsback has shown awareness of the fact that people will live among and misuse the wonders of which he writes. He says nothing that is particularly new in this article, but writes in a style that indicates the possible loss of a good essayist to scientific speculation.

The Christmas card closes with "Atomic Shelter Folly", another feature that saves it from being a booklet to read and forget. Maybe it's wishful thinking on my part that causes me to hope that a man of Hugo's acumen in predicting the future is in the groove here, too. "For over 40 years I have continuously maintained that the more devastating, the more horrible, the more deadly war is made, the less the chances are that there will be war," he writes. "Thus in the Nov., 1924, issue of my former publication, Science and Invention, I said editorially: 'If science succeeds in making wars too terrible, the nations will get together and fight it out around the arbitration table rather than under cities saturated with poisonous gases. It may take hundreds of years before this stage is reached, but it is coming nevertheless.' I have not had any reason to change my views."

Hugo continues with a credo that most of us would probably adopt, even if our reasoning toward these words would be different from his:

"Atomic shelters....are as absurd as were medieval fortified castles after the advent of the cannon ball. I fully endorse the proclamation of the 200 eastern professors and scientists who, in their open letter of Nov. 10, 1961, to President Kennedy, denounced the concept of fallout shelters. Atomic shelters are a trap and a mirage for the unwary who are ripe for shameless exploitation by building and other entrepreneurs. If we would learn to look at nuclear war just as we contemplate natural cataclysms such as earthquakes, erupting volcanos, hurricanes, tidal waves and deluges, we would then divert our money and energies against the man-made calamity--the nuclear weapons. The answer to that preventable nightmare lies in the global education of the masses who still do not fully understand the hellish horrors of atomic war and its sinister future consequences. Let the nuclear bomb nations spend the money now wasted on phantom shelters on full nuclear education of their nationals. That is the first requisite of global peace, which is the only real shelter in existence."

The Christmas card is free as long as the supply lasts, but you can't get quantities, so don't plan to distribute it through the 100th mailing. The address is 154 West 14th Street, New York 11, New York.



### I'm Tired of This Topic, Too

Maybe this will be my last bright idea about the waiting list for a while. Nobody likes any of them, and sooner or later I'll grow discouraged.

We are properly scandalized about the size of the waiting list and the length of time it takes to get into FAPA. But the majority of the members are unwilling to try any means of changing the situation. It's necessary then for us to learn to live with it and to make it as small a nuisance to the organization as possible.

The experience of the past three years or so has shown that the system of requiring acknowledgment by waiting listers of The Fantasy Amateur is a pointless waste of time for everyone. Introducing this system did not slow down the growth of the waiting list. It did not provide active new members to fill vacancies as regularly as it should in theory. I suspect that a checkup would reveal that the proportion of useful and longterm new members to the new members who last only six or eighteen months and do nothing in particular is about the same as before this SAPS gimmick became law. A Marty Fleischman survives to the top of the waiting list and a John Berry gets dropped. The acknowledgment system does nothing but prove that some fans will write a postal card every third month and others won't. It's useless to FAPA.

Meanwhile, the secretary-treasurer must keep an elaborate extra set of records because of this rule, must engage in correspondence to straighten out foulups, must decide when waiting listers are telling the truth about acknowledgments that go astray, and must draw on members' dues to pay for extra copies of the Fantasy Amateur.

I'd like reactions to this as a substitute plan: Complete removal of the acknowledgment system. Persons qualified to join the waiting list would be required to subscribe to The Fantasy Amateur. The fee would be the approximate cost of production and postage. Subscriptions could be only one year in length and could not be purchased in advance. The waiting lister would be required to send his year's subscription money in January or February. If the money did not arrive within the designated period, he'd lose his place on the waiting list, thus preserving a means of eliminating those who get tired of waiting. The membership list would be published only once a year, in the spring Fantasy Amateur; in the other three quarters, only additions and address changes would appear, saving some additional work and money in this manner. Those joining the waiting list in other parts of the year would get The Fantasy Amateur free until the subscription period arrived. Persons admitted to the organization wouldn't get a refund on whatever part of the subscription remained.

With this system in effect, the secretary-treasurer could forget about the waiting list most of the time, handling the books on this phase of his job only two out of the dozen months, in the middle of his year of office when he was settling down to routine. I feel sure that someone in this country would be willing to act as representative for overseas waiting listers who didn't want to send international money orders for such small sums. The expense to waiting listers wouldn't be much greater. I'm sure that British fans pay more on postage now than they would pay to subscribe, and the annual difference for American fans would be only pennies. Is anyone willing to see this come to a real, constitutional vote?



## What's Wrong with Horizons

Increasingly in recent quarters, I've been growing dissatisfied with Horizons. The issue in the last mailing was the weakest that I've published in at least five years. There are several ways to explain this situation. I could use the complicated explanation, which probably has some relevance to the situation: a sort of fannish masochism, consisting of failure to write as well as I can, in order to deserve fewer votes in the egoboo poll. Coupled with this might be the halfconscious thought that if I finish poorly in the poll now in progress, I should be goaded into better work in the future. I have no knowledge of just how the poll will turn out, since this is still the first week in March. But by all rights, I should make my poorest showing in quite a few years, not only from the competition of larger fanzines, publications that are beautifully laid out and fully illustrated, and the fully researched and detailed articles by several members and non-members, but also from the decline in Horizons' quality.

Time is a factor that has something to do with it, of course. I hate to alibi, but I must emphasize that the past 18 months have not been conducive to the leisure that causes fanzines to have high quality. I am still deeply buried in the fan history work, which takes much time that could be devoted to Horizons. I ran a rat-race through 1961, trying to catch up on all the fannish and non-fannish matters which had piled up under my hospitalization. I couldn't find time for the thorough rehabilitation job that my mimeograph demands. Dick Eney has been kind enough to do better duplication on Horizons than I used to achieve, but I feel an obligation to get the stencils for each issue to him as soon as possible; wherever my own spare time has gone, I'm sure that he didn't get it, with his schedule of school and work. Then the editorship of FAPA went to Burb, and the only fault I've ever found with him is his location on the opposite side of the nation, requiring even more haste in producing each Horizons, to allow more time for the magazines to spend in the mails.

But the fault is partly mine. Only a few FAPA members go to the trouble of saying in print the things that are wrong with each issue, but I'm sure that some of you must spot them as quickly as I do. By pointing out at this time wherein the defects lie, I hope to prove that I'm at least as perceptive as the rest of you and not as hesitant to offer criticism in public.

The main thing that is wrong with Horizons is the fact that it is all stenciled without a preliminary draft of any kind. Usually I cut the two dozen stencils without even anything approaching notes. My physical preparations for this issue, for instance, consist of an envelope whose back is one-third covered with perhaps three dozen words; titles of what I intend to write this time and a few memory-jogs. Sometimes I don't get even this much down onto paper before cutting the stencils. I have started issues with not the slightest idea about what I might write about after the mailing comments. This time, I'm lucky: my notes contain enough suggestions to fill two issues, so some items will either go to general fanzines or will wait for the next Horizons. Of course, I don't have the ability to sit with blank mind and blank stencil and suddenly start writing on an inspiration direct from one of the muses. My ideas usually come while I'm shaving or walking or eating, and when one finally arrives, I get it worked out in fair fullness on the mental level. Then it goes onto



stencil, minus whatever components may slip my mind, plus any additional reflections that are produced by the act of typing down the article or story. This is the precise procedure that I've thundered at in print in several fanzines over the years. It is little better than improvisation. The only real advantage of the method, aside from the obvious timesaving, is a possible bit of spontaneity. But my style is turgid and stilted enough to allow little of this element to seep through under the best circumstances. Besides, I think I know enough about writing to be able to preserve the good things if I rewrite for publication a first draft.

You can guess the outcome. I no sooner finish an issue of Horizons than I think of all the extra things that should have been included in each article, and next I glance over the issue and feel disgusted at the unnecessary repetitive matter and the truisms that occupy perfectly good space. In the past year, I've been fairly satisfied with only one thing in Horizons: "Whatever Happened to Charlotte?". I fouled up the use of legal terms at the end, but for the most part the story came out almost exactly as I'd planned it. The inconsistencies in Charlotte's character that some complained about were not miscalculations on my part, although they may have been the result of poor writing: I was attempting a fan story in which there was character development, instead of the customary exposition of a specific stage of character. Similarly, the pacing was done on purpose, starting with no action at all for several pages and gradually accelerating to the climax, which I introduced as abruptly as possible, then finished the story in the shortest possible space; I tried to bring Charlotte into and take her out of the narrative in exactly the same type of curve.

I wish I could feel as satisfied with everything else in recent issues. Sometimes the faults that I sense are simply those of omission. My rehash of Laney's famous article in the last issue could have had more impressive boasts than some that were included. I just didn't think of them in the stenciling process. I had planned to tell how I cooperated in an effort to break up a white slave ring. The little house at the end of the nextdoor backyard was occupied for a time by a lady of next to no reputation at all. The police got curious when they noticed a predominance of large West Virginia automobiles left by her visitors. This house is for geographical reasons the only convenient point from which the small sporting house could be observed discreetly, and the cops planned to set up a lookout post in one of my bedrooms in an effort to determine if this was part of some major enterprise. But I never did have a detective in the spare room, because the girl moved away about that time and I learned later that she just happened to have several wealthy gentlemen as customers but was an independent operator. The article about Science and Invention suffered from other troubles. If it sounded sketchy, that's exactly the way I wrote it. I shouldn't have tried to write it with the meager collection of that publication in my possession, unless I changed my procedure and did a very thorough job on just one issue, analyzing everything in it for accuracy of prediction. "One Man's Environment", the article about Hagerstown's history, was identified as just the tentative start of a major project that I have no intention of completing, so I don't feel that I was in beyond my depth in the usual sense. But every time I walk through any part of town, I see something that



would have fit so nicely into the article, permitting me to remove some other paragraph that had less relevance to the theme. Curiously, the thing that seems to have won the most admiration in 1961 in Horizons was the article that disappointed me particularly, the one that told of my accident and the stay in the hospital. I hadn't put the last period at the end of the last line until I was furious about the picture that I'd painted of myself. I'd left out almost everything that showed me in an unfavorable light and the article might have given the impression that its topic was a dauntless individual who faced bravely and cheerfully a most unpleasant experience, making the best of each new problem. That is hogwash because I must have been a substandard patient, ignorant as I was about the best way to get along in a hospital and about the manner in which one recovers from a broken hip. I did not think that the events were amusing or edifying as they occurred. I did a great deal of groaning the first few days and growled frequently for the rest of my convalescence. Even if I had been reluctant to tell in print of the moral and physical weaknesses that this accident revealed in me, I could have done a much better piece of writing by telling more about the serious events. I strongly doubt that I'll ever again experience anything as frightening and difficult as those first few efforts to walk on crutches, when I was weak as a kitten, dizzy from weeks on my back, and quite aware that a new fall might set me back another two months. I'd hate to forget the unimaginable distance that can lie between one's room and the end of the corridor, under such circumstances, especially when the orderly assigned to you believes in building confidence in patients by standing so far from them that they are certain to hit the floor after going off balance before he can grab them. Now it isn't down in print and the memory is getting dim already. I should have tried to recreate the long conversations each evening with the woman in the room next to mine, the mother of a co-worker at the office: she was dying of cancer, thought that she had tuberculosis, knew nobody else on the floor, and told me things that her daughter probably doesn't know.

These overall troubles of publishing first drafts are linked to another difficulty: the flaws of grammar and spelling that occur, no matter how carefully you try to link letters and words, regardless of how firmly you understand the rules. It sounds like another alibi, but my faults in Horizons are probably the partial result of my job. My newspaper work does not require good writing but it does demand an extremely large amount of writing on numerous subjects. It is impossible to write carefully and slowly for the newspaper. I go to work around 3 p.m., most days, some of the inside pages are put to bed as early as 7 p.m., and it is never safe to write stories just before deadline as they do in movies about journalists, because there is too much danger that something else will come up. The only way to survive in my particular kind of journalism is by pounding out stories as fast as I dare, knowing that I probably won't have time to re-read what I've written in search of skipped words or ambiguous statements that could lead to lawsuits. I trust that the editor or proofreader will catch any misspellings, which saves the time wasted on leafing through the dictionary. Writing original sentences is out of the question. I just draw on the common stock of journalists, which consists of a couple of thousand sentences, enough to make up a news story on any topic if certain nouns and



an occasional verb are changed to fit the circumstances. I don't use the same style of writing for Horizons that I employ for news stories, but it's quite hard to keep separate two types of writing, and bad habits from journalism seep into fanning. The clichés sneak into Horizons' pages despite quite firm intentions to squash them before they're born, then I'm too lazy to use correction fluid on a whole phrase and think up a less hackneyed phrase that will occupy the same amount of space. I have a terrible habit in Horizons of using some word over and over, two or three times in as many lines, when the word is unusual enough to make the repetition entirely too obvious to the reader. I try to spot most of the spelling boobos in the proofreading process, but this boring occupation occurs in the early morning hours, as a rule, when the light is bad and the brain is fatigued, and I'm not as sharpeyed as a proofreader should be.

Besides, I take liberties in Horizons that I wouldn't dare with an unimportant news story. Elsewhere in this issue you'll find that I had occasion to use the word Band-Aids. I typed it there from memory and wouldn't have spotted the fact that it should be hyphenated if I hadn't had occasion to use one of the things on a cut finger before proofreading. Before using a brand name at work, I would verify the spelling, since this is something that a copyreader or proofreader is unlikely to have time to ask around to verify. The more complex syntax that I use in Horizons carries within itself greater opportunity for bad grammar. Examine the first paragraph of this very article. "From" is a bad preposition for use in the last sentence, particularly in its second use in the last line. In the penultimate sentence of that paragraph, "only" would be a more suitable adverb than "still". Even if I did no large-scale revision between first draft and stencils, a preliminary draft would permit me to kill such minor flaws, which pass unnoticed in speech or even a letter but don't belong in formal articles.

Mailing comments cause me all sorts of trouble. Principally, the time situation is to blame here. I gape in admiration at the fans who tell how they received a FAPA mailing on such a day and found an opportunity to read it on perhaps the third day following. I don't seem to possess FAPA-reading time in such large unbroken chunks. Moreover, I prefer to read FAPA publications quite slowly and to think out my reactions to the contents as I encounter them, rather than after I've finished an entire mailing. Somehow, I always end in a frantic race between finishing the mailing and finishing the stenciling. The climax for this quarter lies several days in the future, but I am pretty sure of the situation that will develop then: I'll have five or six pages of mailing comments written, one giant and two or three small publications unread, the last stencils will lie uncut until I've read the remaining publications, and when I've gone through them, I'll be inspired to write either too much or too little for the stencil space at hand. (I try to keep the mailing comments down to one-third of the total issue. This restrains my impulse to chatter on for pages about each publication and provides room for independent articles. I think everyone who writes for FAPA should contribute non-mailing comment stuff regularly, not for any mystic or ethical reasons about the perils of comments on comments on comments but because practically everyone in FAPA can write excellent essays and there are many topics which may not come up in the mailing comments for a decade or two.)



About once a year, someone accuses me of being a fraud, because all the contents of Horizons end up exactly at the bottom of pages, without jumps or embarrassing empty spaces. I must insist that the contents are not first drafted, in spite of this situation. Writing to space requirements is so much a part of me, after all these newspaper years, that it is the most natural thing in the world. I see nothing more remarkable in my ability to make articles and stories end at the last line of the stencil, without advance measurement, than I do in my ability to drive to Washington and back and leave the car in the same parking space which I had vacated on my departure. I don't feel that writing suffers when tailored to fit exact dimensions, as music or painting does. A wider angle of view in a picture showing just two more degrees of arc can ruin completely the composition, and many musical works grow lopsided if a single bar is added or extracted. But even the greatest writing suffers little if cut or expanded in a skillful manner, with the exception of some types of poetry and a few special circumstances like the Euclid theorems.

Now that I have all this down in writing, I feel that I ought to do something about it. But I probably won't, at least for another year. I want to produce a bit more than usual for FAPA for the 100th mailing, which will make it unlikely that I'll take more pains with the writing of each page. Then I hope to get to the Chicon during the time that I would normally be working on the fall issue and there will be a dreadful struggle to get the 100th mailing read, anyway, if it's as large as now seems likely. That would delay really careful preparations for an issue until next winter, and that is the very time when I may get started on the writing of fan history, after all these months of note-taking, so there goes lots of time for another indefinite span of months. But at least you'll know that I'm thinking about the situation.

Finally, you may have guessed that all the foregoing is intended to some extent as a commentary on FAPA publications in general, not just mine. Some of Horizons' faults can be found in almost everything that goes out through the mailings. I'd hate to be so influential that everyone immediately began to polish up all his writings until all traces of personality and spontaneity were invisible. I know that many members are busier than I am, because of a married state of affairs or because they are combining studies with all their other duties. Still, I'd like to be able to begin someone's mailing comments in the confidence that they won't end with the mailing half-uncovered, because the commenter has run unexpectedly out of time or stencils. It takes no longer to do FAPA publishing in March or June than in the first weeks of May or August, and I feel that the last-minute publishers are cheating me out of some of the enjoyment they could provide me with less hasty and untruncated fanzines. It's obvious that some FAPA publications aren't proofread before they go onto paper. I don't object severely to postmailings, when the proportion of pms to regular mailings is low, but the publisher who issues his magazine as a postmailing cheats himself out of the pleasure of reading mailing comments from some individuals who get their mailings commented on soon after the regular bundle arrives.

Finally, and somewhat irrelevantly, I'd like to urge caution on FAPA publishers. You're writing for the ages. FAPA bundles have a high survival rate and the ability to travel long distances. Don't risk testimony today against your future self.



Elsewhere in this issue, I've mentioned my uncertainty about how much I should put into the fan history. FAPA mailings and fan histories have one thing in common: they remain in demand for a long time. "The Immortal Storm" has stayed in print for some 15 years, making it more easily obtainable than the average book. FAPA mailings never stop changing hands, although they don't remain in print in the bookselling sense. Perhaps one-third to one-half of the 68 bundles are thrown away or fragmented completely in the first year or two, but the rest seem to be immortal and they are popular enough with collectors to bring fairly good prices. What appears in a fan history or a FAPA magazine has a much better chance of being read ten or twenty years from now than items in most of the generally circulated fanzines.

I'm in a position that permits me to be less cautious in Horizons than some FAPA members should be in their own personalized magazines. If you're extremely young and not sure of the career you'll choose, I'd advise you not to follow my example in expressing unorthodox opinions on the current sacred cows. So far, two fans have gone into politics strenuously enough to join state legislatures. Neither made many enemies while active in fandom. But suppose Speer had had a deadly vendetta years ago with someone who was vindictive enough to turn over early Sustaining Programs to the other side? There were enough remarks in them to kill any political career, normal though they were in FAPA's own circle. If you have any intention of entering civil service or some private industry where your work will involve security clearance, you'll feel better if you know that nobody will happen across your old FAPA publication entitled Socialisma Futuria.

There's something else for all of us to think about, but particularly the younger ones. The future is uncertain and it could contain an oppression of a severity never known in this country. Such a climate might result from a desperate struggle to win a war, or we might lose a war. Dossiers on every working man might be drawn up. You might feel foolish if your existence was threatened because you had wanted to prove as a teenager by your FAPA magazine that you're a more complete anarchist than Dick Ellington.

I'll be 40 so soon that the occasion is hardly worth waiting for, and I've published so much that there's no particular reason for me to try to conceal now the extremely mild radicalism that lurks within me. But even at this late date, I probably could make Horizons more exciting if I were willing to be franker about my personal life. But I don't care to risk it. True confessions are fine to read and they may unburden the soul of the writer, but what if a wife or a child runs across those yellowing magazines in some future year? A broken family or a twisted personality could result from the imagination seizing upon some incident that really wasn't important enough to commit to print at the time.

Besides, I try to keep one other thing in mind. The next individual whom I make angry may try to get revenge not by signing my name to a defamatory letter, as Wetzel did, but by buying up some fanzines and coming to Hagerstown to distribute them where they will do the most harm. This could happen to any member of FAPA, not just to me. It could happen ten years from now with the publication you're preparing for the 100th mailing. I'm not a scaredy-cat, but I don't possess the advantage of nine lives.



## Hagerstown Journal

January 27—Occasionally I state recklessly that animals are more intelligent than humans. Then it's necessary to revise the generality to a truthful precision: some animals are wiser than some humans. Finally, I get down to cases: bats are brighter than I am. The only way I can get into and out of this house is through the windows and doors. The bats have found or have constructed an auxiliary convenience for this purpose, and I haven't been able to determine its nature or location. This afternoon, I had just finished taping the Met's broadcast of Götterdämmerung, and in the twilight I sat a moment to savor fully my wise manipulation of the tape, which had permitted me to get every note of the broadcast except a few bars of Waltraute's narrative, which I could fake from other recordings in my collection. Just then I saw something drift through the room which might have been a raven that was off to a late start in obeying Brünnhilde's orders to go home because things are going to get pretty hot around here. But it was a bat, which appeared large enough to need to turn sidewise to get through the doubled doors between living room and dining room without spraining a wingtip. The bat emergency plan went into operation instantly: turn out all lights but those in the hall and on the front porch, open the front door, unhook the screen door so that will stand open without being held (and scold myself for the laziness that leaves it in place all winter), then hide on the porch, ready to close both doors as soon as the bat finds its way out. In summertime, the bats usually depart in a halfminute or so. But this was a cold nightfall. The bat came past the door a couple of times, wondered why I was shivering in the cold, and kept circling the rooms. So I came back in, leaving open the doors, and restored circulation by chasing the bat toward the door. It went in the right general direction but declined to forsake my hospitality. By this time, the furnace was groaning pitifully, and was losing ground rapidly in its effort to cope with the invading torrents of arctic air. An elderly man I'd never seen before walked past the house and made the mistake of staring at the open door. I painted him a quick picture of the heady thrills to be found inside. Armed with folded Washington Posts, we dashed in all directions through the house, swatting futilely at the bat, which apparently used briefly hyperspace to travel short distances fast. My unknown comrade at arms was puffing alarmingly and his face was quite red. He had enough breath, however, to explain that it was a good thing that he'd been feeling bad enough to go to the corner drugstore for medicine, or he'd have never happened along at the right time. The excitement finally caused the bat to go to the bathroom. My ally was closer to that room at the moment, shut himself in, and I listened in awe at the crashing thumps within its narrow confines. When I inquired about his progress, he confessed that he hadn't been swinging at the bat, but blundering around trying to find the light switch all this while. I gave full instructions, he turned on the light, and the bat was gone. We spent a few minutes trying to decide if there was room for it to get into the obvious thing which might have claimed it. Then my unknown benefactor staggered down the steps, medicine clutched in a palsied hand, and left. I started to straighten out the chaos he had introduced to the bathroom, and almost at once, saw the bat at the



one location we had not inspected. Bats simply don't sit on the floor, as this one was doing. I gave it a lusty swat, in full knowledge of the relationship this act bore to shooting a sitting duck. Then I got a shovel and deposited it on the lawn. It either recovered or got eaten because it was gone the next morning. Friends who heard of this latest adventure assured me that the bat had come through the fireplace. Even though I have a pot on the chimney, bats have a way of sneaking up and around the pots, I was told. So I got a carpenter to come to the house to manufacture a bat-proof screen for the fireplace end of the chimney. He began to measure the area and remarked that he'd bet that I don't use the fireplace for fires, because the opening was already cemented shut. So I've had plastered shut a small gap where a doorframe might have pulled far enough from the plastering to allow a bat to come through, and have had installed metal plates around a couple of steampipes at the point where they enter and leave the first floor with slight space to prevent the flooring from charring and for the tenth time I've made certain that all the windows are tight at both top and bottom. These are instinctive precautions, because I've run out of intellectual preventives.

January 24—Everyone has been telling me how I shouldn't judge television by the dramatic productions and musical programs. I should try some of the informative programs, these helpful friends advised. Tonight, I found TV Guide, the weekly newspaper review of telecasts, and an advertisement unanimous in their opinion that nobody could be mentally mature without watching "Our Man in Vienna". This was to be an hour-long report and summary on that particular Austrian city, gathered by someone whom I'd never heard of before, David Brinkley. From the telecast, I gathered that he is part Greeley, part Jehovah, and part Orson Welles; if I am wrong, it was his remarks and appearance that fooled me. The program started with Johann Strauss waltz music, which immediately settled into a rocksteady beat that proved that it wasn't being performed by any of those foreign musicians, but by good, metronomic Americans. Later, the musical accompaniment did not risk the works of composers like Schubert, Beethoven, or Mahler, who had spent part of their lives in non-Viennese surroundings, choosing instead a complete toccata and fugue by that epitome of echt Wiener schmaltz Johann Sebastian Bach. The first thing that the narrator did was to explain how Vienna was responsible for World War One and was now doing unnamed but awful things that would undoubtedly start World War Three if the United States and Russia will be patient with each other just a little longer. There was also an account of Mayerling, whose importance in world history I inferred was on the same plane with the Deluge and Nycon I. I was hesitating between the easy way out—turning the set off—or the more logical alternative—dispatching a bomb to Mr. Brinkley—when the topic switched to food. A Viennese whose name I didn't catch sat there chatting in a pleasant accent about the Viennese delicacies, all of which seem to end in schlag and each of which looked more entrancing than the other to a person who normally dines at McCrory's and sups at Newberry's. This casual narration would have held my attention if it had continued through the next week. But the producers got rid of him as soon as possible, so they could show Mr. Brinkley and occasionally a glimpse of the landmark before which he was standing, when he failed to obstruct it completely from the lens. The library was



easily explained away with the statement that the Hapsburgs had not been fond of reading. The Vienna State Opera was a little harder to demolish, but Brinkley found a way: he told how the powerful unions make it impossible to produce anything but the short operas, and the public puts up with old favorites until the voices of these singers fail completely. (The latest listings in my possession show that Frau ohne Schatten, Tristan, Meistersinger, and Palestrina are among the brevities in the Staatsoper season; and it might be added that the opera singers usually leave Vienna, after their voices are gone, to make their debuts at the Met.) We all had a good laugh over pictures of the 200-year-old Roman ruins near Vienna. It's fakery like that that causes me to doubt sometimes that the Cloisters in New York in Tryon Park really go very far back into the Middle Ages. We saw the absolutely unique feature that typifies the degeneracy of Vienna. With a telephoto lens we saw closeups of buildings under construction where the workmen were jaking it. These scenes were stretched out to cover about four minutes, although this necessitated repeating one particular piece of film four times. I certainly hope that this Viennese invention of loafing on the job never spreads to civilized countries. The program ended with a peroration that summed up all the other horrors of Vienna which had apparently been considered too extreme to put onto film: The pace of life is two generations behind that of the United States, there aren't nearly as many automobiles, most elderly couples are very fond of their pet dogs, and the Russians deoccupied the area as if they weren't villains after all. If I get to Europe in 1963, as I tentatively plan, I think that I'll head straight for Austria for the entire vacation period, and maybe I won't come back even after the vacation is over. I like it there.

January 16—I have told some pretty tall tales in previous issues of Horizons. But some readers are apt to classify the following statement as the most altitudinous of them all: I bought at last that new tape recorder that I've been talking about purchasing for the past five years. I went to Washington to obtain a new stylus for my GE pickup, visited three stores which gave me the same lies about the impossibility of getting a replacement stylus for a discontinued cartridge and now if you will just buy this fine new stereo cartridge, and on the fourth place I visited, I not only bought what I wanted but was given a glimpse of a reserve stock of them that should preserve me from creeping stereoism for at least another decade. Meanwhile I'd been inquiring into the merits of the Wollensak tape recorders and got such wildly contradictory answers, ranging from worthlessness to supremacy, that I decided to buy one, on the grounds that anything which inspires strong reactions must have some sort of merit. My old Tri-Fi Dixieland has been in the hospital all winter, waiting for a broken part to mend, but I hope to get it back in good health before long. This leads to the real reason for this entry. I should soon be in a position to copy tapes. For several years, I've been accumulating tapes for permanent preservation, in the course of my tape correspondence. I have typical tapes from most of the important fans who have been using tapers in recent years, plus a few rarities like a Laney dubbing from wire and some of the Cheltenham dramatic productions. Now, for the first time, I'll be able to ask for the loan of tapes so I can copy them and add to my archives. I'm not interested in collecting tapes that contain professional productions



of fantasy interest, like off-the-air recordings of plays or interviews with scientists about when we'll get to the moon. I have no desire to dub recordings of guest of honor speeches at conventions, and I don't want the incoherent type of tapes that result when a recorder is left running during a fan party or FAPAcon. I would like very much the privilege of dubbing tapes that contain the voices of fans who are no longer in the field and didn't normally correspond on tape, any fan productions of dramatic works from sercon projects to pointless parody, and stuff from conventions, conferences, or local meetings that is understandable and not stuffy. I can handle either halftrack or quartertrack tapes, at 7 1/2, 3 3/4, or 1 7/8 ips, I'll promise to pay the postage involved in lending me tape, and I'll return the stuff as soon as possible after I've done the dubbing. Or, if you have a treasure or two that you have no interest in preserving for yourself, I'll be glad to send blank tape in its place. I'm less optimistic over the chances for locating the recordings that were being made on disc in fair quantities in fandom during the early 1940's. But if anyone could lend me such priceless mementoes as the Los Angeles and Minneapolis club productions for dubbing, that would be still better. But not if they're on breakable substances; I think that most amateur recordings of the time were done on a flexible material. Please don't send anything until you've queried me about it, to avoid supplying something that I already have. To forestall the obvious questions, my tape archives are not intended as a major historical undertaking. They are mostly for my own amusement, plus a bit of awareness that nobody has made any real effort to assemble in one place the sounds of fandom and it won't do any harm to make a modest start. Nor does this mean that I am about to issue that lp record of fannish voices that I have talked about from time to time. I hope to do that eventually, but the fan history writing comes first. I'd just like to see my three seven-inch reels in the archives with perhaps two dozen fans represented in extended excerpts expanded to twice the quantity of tape, at least. Incidentally, as an anticlimax, I must beg off entering into any additional tape corresponding until the fan history is complete. I have answered letters two years old with only a minor ache in my conscience, but a tape is something more alive and I find myself responding to it fairly promptly. I have just about as many tape correspondents as spare time permits me to absorb comfortably, until I have slain the history dragon.

February 4—I saw the sign in the People's Service Drug Store this Sunday morning, and told the manager, Paul Shank: "You'll be able to run this place alone if you keep on economizing on the help like this." The sign said that nothing but food, candy, tobacco products, and medicine would be sold today, and most of the aisles of the large drug store were roped shut. "It isn't my idea," Paul said. "The state's attorney has just dug up the blue laws." I scented a news story and got on the telephone. I know the state's attorney pretty well, because his wife's parents live nextdoor to me, but he'd just left town for ten days, probably by design. His assistant said sure, they'd ordered People's to stop selling non-essential merchandise on Sundays, because retail stores had complained that they were losing weekday business to these three large drug stores, which stock toys, household goods, hardware, school supplies, and artificial geraniums. No, they weren't trying to enforce the law



in the city's smaller drugstores that are independently owned, or in the neighborhood variety stores that stay open seven days weekly. The Hagerstown Retailers Bureau had complained only about the People's chain. On that first Sunday, the afflicted pharmacies played it straight. They refused to sell Band-Aids, because the blue laws were written before such first aid conveniences were marketed, and they aren't mentioned specifically as Sunday permissibles. The stores also took pains to point out that you were sunk if the baby busted the nipple on his milkbottle, although his father could guzzle as many bottles of beer as he liked at any local establishment with a club license. The public kicked up enough of a fuss for the law to compromise: the chain agreed to sell obvious necessities not specifically itemized in the old laws in return for informal permission to sell cosmetics. I looked up the laws in the library the next day, and discovered that Hagerstown lives in a sea of vice and iniquity every seventh day, because of the blue laws that are ignored. The laws have been rewritten and amended in part over the decades but some of the obsolete words still included indicate that portions date back at least to the early 19th century. It is legal to sell fruit but not vegetables in Hagerstown on Sunday. A service station may sell gasoline and oil but is not permitted to put water into your radiator. Baseball, basketball and tennis may be played during the afternoon, but not football, soccer or golf. Bowling is legal within the city limits, illegal outside. As I read the law, it is illegal for a real estate firm to let the public inspect houses for sale in the new development on Sunday, even though no actual deal is transacted on that momentous day. Curiously, the laws are quite lax about working on Sunday: it's permitted in any job which is a necessary one, and I imagine that almost any kind of work could be found defined as such in some dusty decision up in the third shelf of lawbooks. I wrote several more stories about the situation, listing the numerous Sunday activities against which the blue laws aren't enforced. A couple of drug stores that hadn't been commanded to do so stopped selling greeting cards on Sundays. The Maryland Legislative Council considered a proposed revision of the blue laws to bring them closer to reality, but got mired over an effort to provide for members of the Jewish and Seventh Day-Adventist faiths and ended with a proposed bill that would have required people to register religious faith with the police; it never even got into the hopper. So it is still impossible for me to buy stationery or socks at a People's store on Sunday and all the fuss is dying down and I can foresee now how it will end: the chain will announce that it will close its local stores all day Sundays if it continues to be discriminated against by enforcement of the blue laws, and the state's attorney will hastily back down. You see, these are the only establishments in Hagerstown where you can have a prescription filled Sunday morning and evening.

March 1--A funny thing happened to me on the way to the incinerator today. What is the possession whose existence you would be least likely to suspect? While you're thinking about that question, let me explain that I've fought most of my life a losing battle against space. I am not a collector in the Coslet sense, but I do acquire a lot of stuff and almost never dispose of any acquisitions. During all the years at the two Bryan Place addresses, I hated myself for every purchase, knowing the agony of rearranging things that would be involved when I got home to



make space for it. The move to Summit Avenue four years ago ended this trouble because the house is large, with its eight rooms on the two main floors, an ample attic, a positive cave of a cellar, and three garages at the end of the yard which might eventually make me a poor man's Ackerman. But after a year or two, I found myself measuring with my eye the increasing mounds on the attic and in the allegedly empty bedrooms, then doing mental calculations on the annual loss of cubic footage of emptiness in the house. The findings were reassuring. I wouldn't run out of space for several decades unless I happened to start buying large collections of records or magazines. There was also the consolation that in an eventual lebensraum emergency, the porch that runs around three sides of the downstairs and the upstairs back porch could be enclosed at moderate expense, providing still more storage area. It was something like the race between the world's oil consumption and the location of new deposits of oil: it's obvious how it'll all come out eventually but you don't worry quite as much. Then I discovered something that altered again the situation, in the form of previously unknown possessions. I had been down to burn paper when I discovered the two rooms that I didn't know anything about. You can't imagine how silly this makes an individual feel. It is true that the rooms are not in the house itself; I doubt that I would have confided the situation to anyone, if the embarrassment had been that extreme. But those newly found rooms are quite close by. I had noticed vaguely on past occasions the small door in the rear part of the garage building, and assumed that it gave access for work on the wiring or some similar purpose. For the first time, I realized that it was held shut only by a stick thrust through the latch. Kids playing on my property have been an intolerable nuisance lately. I visualized one of them slipping in, getting stuck in a cramped area from which he could not get out again, and a posse forming with me as kidnapper as the quarry. So I found a lock, put it into place, then decided I'd better stick my head in to make sure that some such situation hadn't already occurred. It was just like the moment Alice follows the white rabbit down the hole. There was a fine, virtually empty room of quite respectable proportions. The only major contents were the shutters that belong to the house. I'd long wished I had them, because I had thought I might like to have them put back both for esthetic effect and to close on extra-cold nights as a fuel-saving method. Even more intriguing, however, was the existence of another door on the far wall. I glanced behind me to make certain that this was not a plot involving magic, but nobody seemed likely to shut me in, and I found the second door opened easily on another room, equally large and absolutely empty. Now I can live into my '80's before it becomes necessary to find additional space; previously, my 72nd birthday had seemed the likeliest time for completely filling available space. Fans who have visited 423 Summit Avenue might understand why I had not known about this possession. The garages open on alley level, facing away from the house; the rear of the garages faces the house and yard, but the yard is a dozen feet below alley level, for reasons best not investigated. A stairway too flimsy to use gives access to the garages themselves from the yard side, and this tottering ruin had distracted my eye and mind from wondering if maybe the garages were built in two stories. I've begun exploratory drilling in the basement, and hope to report next issue about the cyclone cellar.