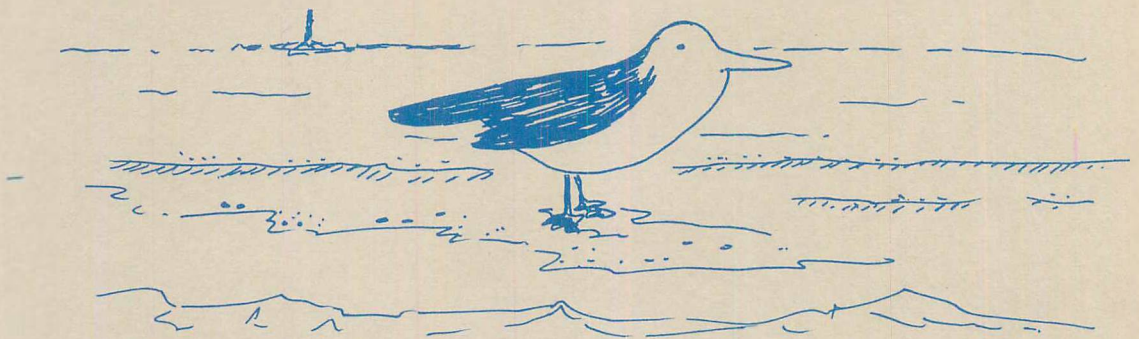


A feathering of black-backed gulls
Fringes the ice-embroidered shore.

The lace advances and dissolves:
White foam edge of the incoming tide.

Black specks on the water:
Heads up, heads down,
The feeding ducks.

In little groups of black and white
The gulls assemble, to discuss the tide.



⇒ HORIZONS

Due to strategic scheduling of falls by the editor, Harry Warner, Jr., 423 Summit Avenue, Hagerstown, Maryland, US&A, Horizons' string of regular appearances remains intact. This one is volume 24, number 3, whole number 94, FAPA number 88, and may be spoken of informally as the May, 1963, issue. Richard H. Eney is the publisher. The cover should be by Jean Rose, although I've made similar boasts in previous colophons and nothing happened.

In the Beginning

The Fantasy Amateur: Behold the wonder that has been wrought by the acknowledgment method of restricting the waiting list to the really interested fans. Fans like Alva Rogers and John Berry plunge to oblivion while those like Nirenberg, Budrys and Durward who were so faithful in their acknowledgments don't bother to join after all. ' ' What happened to the onetime policy of distributing surplustock to new members as they enter? FAPA doesn't need the small sums derived from the sale of surplustock, and the sale of it removes any commonlaw copyright these publications may have had. Celephais: This frustrated me like the dickens, because my cherished dream of a trip to Europe or some other equally distant place has vanished for 1963. (Wipe quickly those furtive tears for me: I'm not lame or short of money but simply will not be able to get two or three consecutive weeks of vacation.) This issue woke in me a wanderlust that drowsed through my reading of travel stuff in Esquire and True that must have been more profitable to the authors. Again and again, I find fanzine material more entertaining and convincing than its expensive professional parallels. Horizons: The Truth for Youth teachers were fined \$500 each and ordered to see psychiatrists. The school continues to operate. ' ' I got gratifying response to the plea for history help. A few of my needs were obsolete when the issue came out and I goofed gaudily when I omitted the University of Washington from the institutions that had a record of fans. Diaspar: Other fans may feel sensitive about reprints of their early writings. I feel that anyone above the third grade should recognize the permanence and circulation his words undergo when he puts them into any form of duplication. If he let them off the leash at one time, he might as well allow them to run loose at any other time. I feel that the only necessary courtesy consists of inclusion of the year of original publication somewhere on the reprint. Beauty and the Beast: I yield to nobody in admiration for the genius of Ray Nelson. But it has its fullest effect when encountered unawares. An entire publication devoted to it sets up curious stresses and strains in the humor corner of my mind and I don't react at all well. Wraith: The Saturday Review ran years ago a lot of examples of punchlines from literature that had turned sour for various reasons over the decades. My favorite was the concluding line from an obscure poem about a love affair, by Tennyson, I believe: "And he gave her the bird." ' ' When that glass through which we now see darkly has cleared up, we might get a surprise. It seems obvious that we enjoy the stf. yarns we read when we first discovered the stuff more than later ones because of nostalgia or the kicks involved in the prozines' attack on our virgin sense of wonder. But it's curious that we don't react this way to most other forms of literature, to music listening and movies. Maybe we're inventing a non-existent nostalgia because we don't realize the real situation: that stf. writing gets worse and

worse as years pass and the oldest stories were the best. Westward Hoog!: A completely successful one-shot, like this one, is a matter for the same combination of delight and dismay as when your best friend has a play produced. It's fine good fortune but the consequences are dire: your friend will become an insufferable egotist as a result of his success, and the fine one-shot will become the involuntary godfather to an endless succession of bad imitations for the next year or more. If this one was pretty well prepared in advance, as it gives all evidence of having been, I wish that fact would be proclaimed, so that some of its spawn may abort harmlessly. '' It must be nice to have these complex, exciting dreams. My dreams are almost always dismal and dull. I'm attempting to get the car started, or one of Hagerstown's bores has slipped into the empty seat beside me at the lunch counter, or I've torn a hole in the seat of my pants. Fringe: Among the household effects here is an airgun. Maybe I'll figure out how to operate it as a result of this sudden eruption of treatises on the breed. My father used to use it to encourage a large neighborhood dog to use someone else's backyard for the purpose of keeping regular. '' Mal might like to know that a couple of men recently got hoosegowed in Hagerstown on charges of being two of his favorite people, rogues and vagabonds. Through a series of circumstances too tedious to detail here, the state had been unable to find any modern charge against them, and located this one, so old that it includes cutlasses in the list of ways by which rogues and vagabonds sometimes manifest themselves. Revoltin' Development: It would be good if Bill Danner could get a copy of this. It almost makes me wish I'd retained the 1947 Oldsmobile as the start of a collection. A Funny Thing Happened on the Way to Poughkeepsie: I prefer this variant of the title. '' Somehow I doubt that the things we've been told about Venus from the Mariner excursion represent the last word. We're still revising our knowledge of the temperatures prevailing in the upper layers of earth's atmosphere and it's hard to believe that we've settled a planet's climate from such a distance. '' Poughkeepsie looks in the census like a rather large city to me, and it's one place I'd like to see on the strength of its name, like Moline and Grand Forks. The Rambling Fap: I'm not normally sensitive to format and make-up. But just this once, I'd like to plead for a different arrangement of the pages because these decorations in the margins bring up gloomy thoughts of the Gemzines that were once visited upon us. '' I know that desperation for reading matter. It hit me during the latest convalescence, when I had 48 hours of a virtually snowed-in condition with the stock of reading matter melting away with frightening speed. A cousin burst through snowdrifts with two volumes of Schiller and the next day the mail began to arrive and I never want to have that close a shave again. '' I don't worry about things that the activity can't help. To be blunt, after this latest fall, I didn't worry about the hip particularly, because it was something beyond my powers, but I did worry about an impacted bowel, a phenomenon that I'd experienced the other time, and one that I could and did avoid by a combination of laxatives and persistence. I can't stop the bombs from falling but I can worry about whether I should move to a nation that is less likely to be a prime target, and my decision might decide my survival in case of a nuclear war that does not destroy the entire world and its inhabitants. Qurp: Ron

Bennett, hopefully, will never know the quantity and magnitude of nasty thoughts that I manufactured in his direction this winter. I can understand his reluctance to continue to emit directories interminably, but it was precisely the wrong time for the revolution to occur, when I was trying to make sure the fan poll ballots were going to the right fans at the just addresses. '' The modest pfennig also has the power to masquerade as more imposing currency when dropped into the coinboxes of American pay telephones. I learned this after talking during the last Phillycon to almost as many people at nearly as great length as if I'd gone to Philadelphia instead of merely answering my telephone. '' Sure, we've had dealings. Don't you remember how you were going to create the ultimate anticlimax for your trip to the United States by a visit to Hagerstown, and didn't because of a sudden change in plans for the return trip? I ran across the postal card telling me about this just the other day. '' I see no reason for a fan to join a con membership if he knows he won't attend. Pooh: Noreen's straightfaced narration of how she contacted a fan to determine the best course of action during that fire is superb. Fortunately, my only experience with a fire in my home occurred when I was only about four years old, just the right age for full enjoyment. It's one of my earliest, most pleasant memories. Salud: Why should contributions to Cry come out at the bottom of pages? It's another survival from the days when fanzines imitated the prozines' format features. I know that most items in Horizons end up neatly at the bottom of pages but this is something that I do as a hobby rather than tampering with someone else's work for the sake of my fetish. Eostre: It is sop in Hagerstown to be able to cash or deposit incorrectly written checks at banks where you have an account. You simply write the name as it appears on the check in the endorsing spot, then the correct and usual form of your name under that. '' Two things I remember vividly about Speer's mental alertness test. It had one of those ambiguous questions in the section about printing, asking if mats are made of cardboard. And I learned to my great surprise that lakes are fresh water. '' Something tells me that today's movies are created with safe areas near all edges, because some of them will get involved with screens of the wrong proportions. Television cameramen do this, because many sets are far enough out of adjustment to miss the outer edges. '' Seventh-Day Adventists won't eat meat, poultry or fish. I almost went to the convalescent home they operate here. They permit patients to have meat sent in but won't provide plates or any serving help when it comes. '' I have many fascinating quotations for my fan history, showing how far back goes this resolve by a sercon editor to get back to the true roots of fandom and away from fannish fans. '' I don't mind a punster of Willis' subtlety and inventiveness. The one who bothers me is he who makes every obvious pun, repeatedly. Alif: I hope to show elsewhere in this issue that I also got a review copy of the MacDonald novel. An occasional volume like this reminds me that there are exceptions to all things, including the customary low level of today's stf. It makes me wish again that some enterprising dealer would offer special service whereby I could send him a lump sum occasionally, and in return would get any recent books and magazines which get real acclaim immediately. I'd read more stf., that way, but I just don't bother to hunt down the items that win general approval. Target: FAPA: The proclamation of an end to the White-Eney squabbling in one

direction, at least, needs a quotation from Tucker to express adequately the emotions it arouses: cheers. '' It's nice to know that others like Dick Lupoff are taking similar stands on ASI to the one I expressed in Void about a year ago. The reprint proved it to be a monumental and mightily significant fannish document, but not an unblemished and unalloyed masterpiece by any stretch of fancy. '' SAPS is particularly prone to this write-down-everything procedure these days. FAPA page counts might run far ahead of those for the junior organization, if SAPS members restrained themselves from including the facts about their garb, the date, and the composition of their latest meal. '' I define as a hoax an untruth that involves some planning, time and trouble on the part of the perpetrator; a lie as an untruth that the fan just types or mimeographs and mails out. Sercon's Bane: Approaching my first worldcon, I am less concerned about how I shall like it than about the way I'll act there. Should I put on the courtesy and the gladhand act and concentrate on helping to make it a friendly place to be, or shall I be plainspoken in every conversation and make it obvious that I don't care to associate with a few persons who will probably attend? I probably held my tongue too often at the two Phillycons, but I'll undoubtedly play the Discon by ear, acting nasty if things really provoke me. Cockatrice: This may be the Blish poem that produced so much discussion about its meaning when distributed in VAPA. Good evidence of my apathy toward most poetry is the fact that I can't even remember now Jim's explanation of why he borrowed a line from Wozzeck as the title. '' Hermits aren't what they used to be. Redd has met half of the membership of FAPA, and even before this worldcon I'm up to 18 in this respect. Burblings: Bullfights must have something to do with religious fanaticism. They're concentrated in the most vigorously Catholic nations of the world today and the United States city involved in the television matter is Los Angeles, notorious for crackpot sects. I think that bullfights should be banned from television because of their effect on spectators. Obviously the telecast does not alter the amount of pain felt by the animal. If we argue that it is proper to watch men torture and kill an animal because the animal suffers only mildly for a short time, there is no reason why telecasts should not include every sort of extensive and realistic torture scenes in which humans are the victims. They could be faked without any pain to the torturers and the effect on the spectators would be similar. Spinner Reach: Youd may have sent a small message on purpose when he wrote about Esmont, Va. But lost memories have a habit of appearing willynilly in fiction. The only time that I tried to write a story about sports, my hero was a pitcher named Jigger Statz. While the story was on its first submission, I grew faint with wonder and alarm to find a reference to Jigger Statz, an old major leaguer, in The Sporting News. My subconscious had retained the name and I thought I had invented it for my yarn. '' Some of the antipathy we feel toward people like Ciardi may be non-rational and emotional, a sentiment that a person without outstanding creative gifts should not be so bold as to dissect a great poem. Debussy once complained about the analysts who worked on his music by pointing out that children are not permitted to look inside their dolls. However, Claude may have been particularly alarmed because of the strong probability that investigation would reveal "Made in Germany" imprinted somewhere

inside most of his scores. '' My career as a journalist might advance in dazzling manner if each member of FAPA should write to The Herald-Mail Company asking about subscription rates with an explanation that they've heard so much about my column and news stories. But I wouldn't recommend that anyone should go so far as actually to subscribe. '' The reference to my "extreme youth" is something that should gladden the heart of every person shortly after he has attained his 40th birthday. Ankus: The list of eating places is a good idea, if it includes restaurants below Duncan Hines caliber which I prefer. I can settle the Hagerstown matter quite readily: there's no wholly satisfactory eating place within walking distance of the bus terminal. But few fannish travelers have occasion to take buses that come to Hagerstown, and in another year or two express buses won't come into town at all because of completion of interstate highway links. '' I'm not going to try to get to the Discon in time for the introductions. This procedure strikes me as an incredible bore, even when it's as limited as those at the Phillycons. '' Maybe I'll remember someday to send the Los Angeles comics crowd a photograph of The Green Lantern, a local restaurant. There's also a Little People's Photo Studio here. '' Wouldn't the Ballantine Burroughs be superior to Ace in binding strength? The Ace volumes I've read are uniformly prone to fly into dismembered folios at a touch. '' At the age of six years, I upheaved lengthily and mightily after my first carousel ride. I've never ventured onto one again. '' My views on the Martin and the waiting list matters don't need to be reconciled. I propose a change in the constitution to permit one or two waiting listers to be voted into membership each year. Martin was expelled from the organization in opposition to the constitution. '' I've never heard of Library of Congress disapproval of copyright notices that aren't followed by filing papers and the fee. The notices are meaningless but they don't break any laws. Badli: I support strongly the proposed requirement of 33 backers for any waiver on membership renewal requirements. '' My car spent most of the winter in a glacier. On Christmas Eve I backed it into a snowdrift to permit someone who had parked near me enough maneuvering room to get unstuck. I ran the motor occasionally for the next couple of weeks but couldn't budge the car from its position. Then came the fall on January 9. On my return home on February 22, I found that recent snows and a few mild thaws had caused the car on the north slope to create six-inch ruts for itself in a foot of rock-hard ice. But on February 27, I turned the ignition key and the motor started after seven weeks of total inaction and nine weeks since it had traveled a yard. So much for the inferior quality of Detroit iron like Oldsmobiles. Phantasy Press: This is more than normally useful because of the listing of the year's publication highlights to supplement the statistics. All this work won't arouse much comment in this mailing, but I hope Dan will console himself with the thought that historians and researchers will bless his energy for decades to come. '' There are Jack Speers everywhere, although I'm still not sure how many of them are psychic manifestations of the one we know best. One in Hagerstown works for the school television system and one in Washington has some kind of puppets' program on television, making it plain that there is more unity than variety in their midst. Van-dy: Someone told me once that all doorways in the nation are no narrower than a given distance so that wheelchairs can get

through. I imagine that this is another folk fallacy. " Creation of a dreamworld was something that I could have done as a child no more readily than I could have grown steadily younger. I hated any form of fantasy: fairy tales, magical feats in trick-photography movies, masquerades and the rest. I didn't grow childish until I was in my teens. But I can't help suspecting that some of these dream worlds are being elaborated as they are put onto stencils. Today, I can imagine myself singing in opera or writing great novels, but I still can't conceive of myself in a non-existent world. " The easiest way to avoid locking yourself out of an automobile is by use of the key to lock the door at the driver's seat. If you don't touch that button, you're safe.

" Las Vegas sounds vaguely like the walkathons that used to visit this area of a summer, perhaps a little more expensive but not quite as hectic if my memory is accurate. " The Honeywell sheet would not qualify for renewal credentials. It's not amateur.

Perian: Remarks that cause people to jerk: "...this nice little man down at the Magic Chef market." Magic Chef used to be the name for a series of stoves. Time must be whizzing if it's forgotten thoroughly enough to be eligible for the name of a store.

" Others may complain that the SAPS reviews were sent through FAPA, but they're justified by the resounding detonation at Son of Saproller. I don't know who published it but I wish I could blow up at someone as successfully as this. " Can anybody remember who wrote an article or two for a prozine or sercon fanzine, explaining with all sorts of scientific logic why spaceships will never fight with rays as in the EESmith epics? This spoiled life for me for months and months and the discovery of the laser has restored my faith in the future. The whole process seems to go like this, for predictions in the old stf. stories: it's based on some kind of scientific belief when written, it's proved impossible within ten years, and it becomes reality in another half-century or less. Someone should dig up the debunking in an early Willy Ley book of the use of rocket-powered devices for warfare.

Psi-Phi: Reading Life Among the Neffers was doubly rewarding: it is philosophy after my heart and I identified the author before I saw Gary's name at the end. But "a N3Fer never disagrees with another N3Fer" hardly sounds like that organization during its great communism schism. " Here's a chance to remark that I was startled at the friendly reception accorded to Redemption Center. Its last two pages were improvised in desperation because I couldn't think of a way to wind it up and I almost withheld those stencils even though it would have made it a slim issue, because I thought it the worst thing I'd written in many years. " There is no way to prevent non-members of FAPA from acting like full members by contributing to real members' magazines. Nor is it desirable: the organization has always welcomed contributions from outsiders, and if a non-member prefers to cut his own stencils, it would be fussy and impractical to try to forbid this. FAPA shouldn't circulate publications on which it can be demonstrated that no work was done by a member or wholly professional material, but occasionally something will slip through because the official editor is not omniscient. Null-F: The English language is treacherous, and betrayed me when I eased up vigilance for a moment. When I wrote about "not safe to walk any street" I meant one thing (that there should be any one street in the city unsafe to walk) and sounded like something else (that it isn't safe to walk at night on any street at all). I ran across a similar ambiguity of phrasing in a lavish booklet about Virginia's garden tour week: "Warning:

Many of these houses are not open every day." It can mean two contradictory things. " Walter Breen should have respected the gentlemen's agreement regarding the home life of Wrai Ballard. Now there won't be any more of those pleasant surprises for the occasional fans who visit Blanchard. But now that the beans are spilled, Wrai might as well allow Kwe-lei to demonstrate in fan-zines her considerable writing ability. " If Byron didn't desire incest, there goes the cherished explanation to the deeper meaning of Manfred. " During my hospital stay, I suffered an uncontrollable spell of merriment every time the paging system sought Dr. Hornbaker. The name is borne by several dozen persons in this area and it had never occurred to me previously that it is as hilarious as I thought it then. " The Literature, Science and Hobbies Club consisted of four or five fans in the remote colony on the frontier at Decker. None survived as a fan after World War Two. Someone should drive out there some day to determine if the clubhouse has been swallowed up yet by the wilderness. " It is now customary to use the Fidelio overture at the start of the opera bearing the same name. The big overtures named Leonore are supposedly too dramatic for this purpose, spoiling the climax of the opera to come and dwarfing the mild music of its first scene. Leonore #3 is often inserted just before the final scene. But I find several objections to this. It is odd to hear fragments of Florestan's aria in it after the complete melody has been sung, and it keeps things in C major overly long because the last scene opens in that key. Stage mechanics probably make it impossible to play the last act consecutively, but I love the effect created in the old Oceanic recording of Fidelio where the great joyous C major at the start of the last scene bursts forth instantly after the G major duet. Dry Martooni: Just think, Fred Patten went through Muscatine with untroubled thoughts and sunny countenance, innocent of the perturbation that that name used to churn up in every fan back before Fred was born, when Harry Schmarje stalked the land. " Will Los Angeles fandom please hold a symposium and determine how to spell Himmel's first name? It has appeared in a half-dozen or more variants since the Chicon III. " Coin shows can be headaches for the cops. The entire western Maryland population of this race rushed here a year ago when someone heard that Chicago gangsters were going to collect the entire exhibit. Descant: Bless Norm Clarke for coming to my rescue. I don't believe that Hentoff ever had the ability to say more in a review than "I sure did like that" or "I don't think that's so hot" in bad English. But I couldn't have gotten access to those old magazines to make certain. Nobody should get the impression that I think reviewers of serious music are much better than the moronic quality level maintained by the jazz critics. The American Record Guide is the only readily available publication that mixes some useful reviews with the standard cliches and truisms. I hope to turn out an article on this topic some day. " Jenny learned to walk by trial and error, for lack of anyone close to her size to imitate. Laurie tried to walk by doing exactly as she saw her sister doing, and this created some problems. " The poetic commercial reminds me of the first that I ever heard, many years before Pohl and Kornbluth made them famous. It was when Ed Wynn was the fire chief on radio. It started something like: "Crazy over A C Daisy sparkplugs, / repeat / Crazy all the time;/ With an old plug in your car, / You'll never travel very far...." The tune should be obvious. " Neither the municipal power plant nor the Potomac Edison Company, a commercial supplier of power, uses elec-

tric typewriters in Hagerstown. Moreover, the local IBM office has the street number above its front door like any other firm, instead of using a large card punched with its binary equivalent. People just don't have the courage of their convictions. '' Ob-oes are notorious for possessing some bad notes. The natural scale is D major and the closer an important solo sticks to that key, the better it will sound. The F natural is particularly inferior in tone and dubious in pitch on some instruments. The A flat was distressingly loud on my instrument. I think much the same principle causes composers to favor D minor for massive orchestral works, a matter that Walter Breen remarked recently. It permits the strings to use much double and triple stopping with the extraordinary tonal quality that results when one or more of the notes in those chords is an open string. Day*Star: Real democracy usually is reaction against tyranny? I think a more significant common factor might be that it usually arises in isolated territory and gives way to a republic or some less desirable form of government when it must begin to cope regularly with other territories. I would also question the location of the start of the welfare state ideology. It is nothing more than the modern equivalent of feudalism. Walter and I differ completely on the tendency and desirability of changes in ways of governing. I believe that today's American government workings are much more desirable than those of a century or more ago when we'd have been glad to put up with social security if we could trade it for slavery, Indian oppression, imperialism, curfew laws, child labor, and all the other nasty things of the good old days. Remember, too, that today's welfare state innovation is tomorrow's American way of life. Free public schools are just as much a part of the welfare state as social security or unemployment insurance; they just got here first. '' Marion's material is more interesting to me for its autobiographical qualities than as a criticism of the educational system. Her descriptions of schools and faculties simply do not bear any relationship to what I've seen in this area as first a student and then a journalist covering education. However, it would take lots of pages to try to argue all these matters. I'm quite sure I could show that Marion is generalizing on the basis of what she has seen or heard from an occasional teacher or student of her acquaintance and from the special problems of the extremely rare child of outstanding intelligence like her son. Shadow Mailing: Discon attendees should find Washington fairly easy to utilize as a sightseeing locale. At least half of the major attractions are grouped fairly close together, reachable on foot once you get into the right area. '' I think that Bill Evans was microfilming some old fanzines. I could put some issues on film slowly without cost, because the company has converted to twinlens reflex cameras, there are usually a half-dozen or more unused exposures left on a roll of film which must be developed, and I could shoot them up in copying if I could acquire the energy for this purpose. '' I try to supply Horizons to all Shadow participants. However, I assume if I hear nothing about it after three or four issues that it isn't appreciated, and send that issue to someone else in the future. '' Nobody need spend high prices for stencils. Master Products sells them as cheaply as \$2.35 per quire, requires you to purchase at least two quires at a time, but makes no transportation charges and has even better prices on larger quantities. Montgomery Ward stencils are \$2.59 per quire, plus half the postage cost if the store nearest you doesn't have them in stock, and whatever sales taxes may apply.

Essay in Essay

I can't understand why a publisher should choose "Gold Medal Books" as a trademark. It puts the reader into a show-me attitude, makes him want to prove or disprove that the book is possessed of the excellence for which a gold medal is normally a symbol. This would be a dismal literary world, if we knew from the outset that every book is a masterpiece before we opened it, and the silly label is equivalent to the inanity of the television commercials that try to equate smoking a particular brand of cigarette with a successful romance with a delectable girl. It happens that review copies of two recent Gold Medal titles are almost unalloyed gold and almost completely goldbrick in character. I would feel better if Fawcett Publications, Inc., would rename its series for something unassuming like a penguin or a cardinal.

John D. MacDonald's *The Girl, the Gold Watch and Everything* comes quite close to being a magnificent novel. I think it's much better than Thorne Smith, the first name that people mention after reading it. On the other hand, Walter Tevis' *The Man Who Fell to Earth* is a dreary reading chore until the last few dozen pages, when it suddenly changes atmosphere and makes the reader wish that the writer had broken free from standard situations and reactions a little sooner.

MacDonald's principal feat seems to me to be his inclusion of a large assortment of women in his plot, each of whom is as successful and distinctive a personality and character as the others. It is hard enough to find any feminine character in a science fiction story with more vividness than a Sparkle Plenty doll. But MacDonald has made it quite possible for his reader to be sure which girl is talking, simply by the way he puts her words and sentences together. Moreover, the most routine bits of business are described freshly when MacDonald is engaged in narrative. How often have we encountered a hero waking up a girl in a story? And how rarely do we find this kind of attention to detail?: "Aside from a faint frown that disappeared immediately, there was no response. He shook her more violently, spoke more forcefully. 'Wurrow!' she said, a small, irritable squalling sound, and flounced over onto her other side. He rolled her back over and shook her. Finally she opened her eyes and slowly focused on him. She glowered at him. 'Middla ni', she mumbled. 'Middla ni'. Lemmilone.' And she was gone again. He pulled the sheet off her, pulled her legs out of bed, took her by the shoulders and sat her up. She sat with her chin on her chest, shoulders slumped, mumbling and growling at him. When he took his hands from her shoulders, she toppled onto her side and gave a small, purring snore. He sat her up again, took her wrists and started to pull her into a standing position. When he realized he would merely be pulling her off the bed onto her face, he reached and took her around the waist and stood her on her feet about two feet from the bed. She started to sag, then braced her legs. She peered at him, her eyes slightly crossed. As soon as he let go of her, she made a slow half-turn, took one step and dived face down across the bed."

Lots of stories have been written around a gadget that permits an individual to shift into a faster way of doing things, or slows down the rate of time for others around him. I can't remember another that has considered as many of the consequences as MacDonald did. But it's curious that a writer who even thinks about the changes in light that a time differential would create should fall into the customary blunder. His lightning-fast watch users do not

betray their activities at the beach by the enormous divots that their feet should leave, as they walk at such a tremendous speed. I doubt that the human body could withstand the stresses to which Bonny Lee and Kirby subject various individuals. Those abrupt stops and starts as the fast-moving individuals rearrange people who are still in normal time should snap lots of bones, if it didn't cause arms and legs to come off completely. But we may be grateful for such favors as the consistency with which this novel causes the normal time things to resist the operations of the speeded up hero and heroine.

I don't like the four-page prelude to the main story. Authors sometimes seem unwilling to plunge into a story without practicing with some kind of introduction that serves no practical purpose. This one gives the reader an inkling of the nature of the novel, to be sure. But the blurb on the back cover was destined to serve the same function. The introduction contains no memorable writing, it contains nothing that is necessary to the understanding of what will follow, and I would challenge anyone to remember what the introduction says, after he has finished the novel. It took about a century for fiction to break away from that old convention about having the tale narrated by someone whom the writer claims to have met accidentally or spent a winter at Patagonia with or edited the literary remains for. Science fiction seems to be doing its best to resurrect the tradition in different forms. This is as pointless and dull as the way the pianist used to repeat two bars endlessly until the singer felt like starting, back in vaudeville days.

My principal objection to *The Man Who Fell to Earth* is that I couldn't find anything very gripping about events in which the principal characters take no particular deep concern. The reader learns almost at once that the hero is a visitor from somewhere in space who wants to save both his race and mankind. This is not sufficiently daring and original a theme to justify the first hundred pages, in which the non-human seems slightly bored by the whole thing and no men make any particular effort to do something about his activities. It is only toward the end that Tevis puts some urgency into his narration, and the quiet manner in which it all ends is an elegant surprise to the reader who had assumed that the conventional working out would continue with some kind of noisy final climax.

I finished the book with a strong suspicion that Walter Tevis knows nothing of science and little of many nontechnical matters about which he writes. It's hard to see how the blooper on page 18 could have survived editors and publishers. Even the layman today might be expected to know that to a visitor from Mars, the change in perspective would not have an effect on the constellations, yet we find Newton staring at "the stars and the planetsin their unfamiliar positions." Most of the time, Tevis introduces specialized descriptive matter about a given topic at one point, and after devoting several hundred words to it, never mentions it again. This is usually a pretty good sign that a writer is using reference books or facts obtained from various acquaintances. It makes the narrative choppy and it usually results in dubious application of the facts. The episode in which a new kind of color film is described is an excellent example. It is a kind of film that might appear in the future. But its nature is not sufficiently advanced over today's films to cause a character to get excited as Bryce does and it shouldn't be 1972 when the characteristics appear in film: 1965 would be the likelier date.

Color film that develops itself is now on the market, from Polaroid, and its coming has been heralded in the camera magazines for the past two years as a result of progress demonstrations by the manufacturers. It does not use the "gaseous" development procedure alleged for Worldcolor, but I am dubious about the ability of 35 mm film to undergo this type of development in the intimate confines of its tiny can, where layers of film are in direct contact with one another. Bryce marvels: "The speed can't be that high. And variable?" when he learns that Worldcolor has an ASA speed of 200 to 1000. But High Speed Ektachrome, available for several years, has a speed of 160 and can be pushed to 420 or thereabouts with extended development. Bryce for some reason wonders at the high price of Worldcolor, before learning that the user needn't pay to have it developed. But \$4 for a 36-exposure cartridge is only about 50% higher than today's film prices, and we should expect some inflation to affect film prices by the time of the story. (Please don't everyone tell me at once that Polaroid film produces a print while Worldcolor is a transparency process. All the photography journals indicated that Polacolor can and eventually will be varied for transparency purposes.) There is considerable doubt in my mind that Worldcolor would be used in movies, despite its conveniences. Even today, color films are starting to get too fast for motion picture cameras. The newest Kodachrome isn't available for movie cameras because it's impossible to step lenses down far enough to use it in good light.

The Man Who Fell to Earth makes the reader long for details of how the hero managed to run up such an enormous fortune in the brief time allotted to his activity. Heinlein has spoiled us, in a sense: he understands that there are various obstacles involved when you have only a few thousand dollars and need to engage in manufacturing processes involving hundreds of millions. Tevis ignores the matter altogether, and maybe this is better than an effort to describe financial manipulations after looking up a couple of encyclopedia references.

But there are some good things in the book. Christmas in Chicago is described quite tellingly. Betty Jo is a believable person, although I don't quite understand how that broken leg mended properly under the sketchy sort of nursing that she gave to the Martian. The one specific field that Tevis seems comfortable in is art, references to paintings are dropped in unobtrusively, frequently, and accurately as far as I can determine, and they form the only genuine link between the purposeless events in the first two-thirds of the yarn and its entirely different-style conclusion.

I gather that this is a first venture into science fiction by a man who has written mainstream in the past. Writers who try to make the transition should try to think up a few new problems for mankind, different forms of recreation, changes in transportation and innovations in dress or terminology. Use of them in the stories really do much more to convince the reader it isn't taking place today than Tevis' elementary system of sticking year numbers at the start of his main sections. The writer who invents a race of Martians with the remnants of interplanetary flights might also give them enough of an intellectual legacy to put almost anything coherent in the fine print on the aspirin box, instead of the unreadable markings that cause Newton to get into trouble. Even on Mars, it should be obvious that your inability to see detail too fine for a tv camera to transmit isn't the aspirin box's fault.

Old Times There

Ray Masters stopped rummaging through the dusty stacks of magazines and yelled down to the far end of the store: "Bill Sparks! Is that you?"

The older man turned, hesitated, then said: "Well, I'll be damned!" He stood where he was until Ray hustled down to his end of the cluttered shelves.

"I'm just back in town for a few days, Bill. I meant to give you a ring as soon as I got home but I saw this store and wanted to see what they have. What's the matter, don't you even shake hands nowadays?"

Bill woke up and stuck out his hand. "I don't think you'll find much in here, kid. It's mostly a front for keeping books."

"I wondered. I mean, Guttrell's was the only used magazine store in town when I lived here. I guess you keep them cleaned out of the good stuff, just like always. I remember how you always used to beat me to stuff when it came in."

"I don't know. I haven't been there for months. I came in here to collect some money. You know I'm not much of a fan any more. How do you like Italy?"

"Italy?" Ray stopped leafing through the slim pile of Amazings. "You must be gaffiated. I moved to Duluth. Are you sure you remember me, know who I am?"

"Of course I do. I wouldn't forget you of all people. I thought you'd gone to Italy."

Ray's face clouded up slightly. "Aw, don't hold grudges," he said. "Even if we did feud a little I always did look up to you. You were always so many jumps ahead of me. If I discovered a writer, you'd already read everything he'd written. If a bnf came to town, he said hello to me and talked to you for eight hours. I was just a kid and I resented it a little, I guess, and I tried to act smarter than I was and I don't blame you for squashing me. I think I've grown up a little. Say, let's go to Guttrell's. For old time's sake, and we can talk a while."

Bill's eyes looked as if he were searching the dingy store for an implement that he could turn into an excuse. Finally he inhaled deeply and said: "Okay. I'm parked around the corner."

Ray gaped at the motorcycle and sidecar. "The same old Bill!" he marveled. "You were the first fan to get a sports car and I might have known you'd still be doing something different. You know, I'm not very active in fandom any more, but I'd give anything to read one of your columns again. You always got two or three radical notions into each page. There's nothing like your opinions in fandom today."

Bill was silent until they stopped at the familiar green and yellow store front. "Are you living alone?" he asked.

"Of course not. I got married three years ago. It wasn't too long after I moved away from the old home town. Priscilla's a nice girl and I think we'll be happy if we start having kids. But I'll be honest with you, Bill," and he lowered his voice as they walked into the cool stockroom of the second-hand book store, "I'll tell you something I wouldn't say to anyone outside fandom. Ellen is still the finest girl I've ever met, no exceptions. The only thing I ever envied more than your ideas was your wife."

Bill leaned against a shelf of books and measured Ray calculatedly. "You moved away and married the first girl you ran across

because I'd seen Ellen first?"

"Of course not. Maybe I went north because you were right about rebellion. Maybe I rebelled against my home town. Say, do you still have those arguments with Ellen about why she's never rebelled against anything? I remember that time I wrote an article trying to prove you were wrong about the theory just because your wife was an exception, and you practically pulverized me with that comeback when you pointed out that she wasn't a fan. Then when Ellen took my side and said she was so a fan, I felt like I'd almost won an argument from you. Only you were right, you know. No, we don't want anything in particular, just looking," he said to the short and stout man who hovered around them. The man moved five feet away but kept watching them.

"Old Gut dropped dead last year," Bill said, in quite audible volume. "Things aren't like they used to be here. This new guy thinks he can apply salesman methods. How come you didn't bring your wife along?"

"I did. She's at my folks' place. I'll be honest, Bill, she's the real reason I didn't call you or anyone as soon as we hit town. I didn't know if I should get in touch with the old crowd again. Priscilla doesn't want me to waste my time on fandom, and I knew I'd never be able to explain to her if we went out to your place and Ellen threw her arms around me. It's hard for most people to realize that fans act a little differently. I remember how that very thing mixed me up when I was a neofan. I even got the wrong idea about Ellen at first and that's probably another reason I was half-scared of you. What's wrong?"

Bill gave up trying to shove the stack of Galaxys back into the shelf where they had been tightly wedged before he removed them. "They ought to fit. This damn place is so dusty that they don't slide in when they get wiped clean. Let's get a bite to eat. I can't talk to you with him hanging around." The proprietor kept his five-foot distance from them until they were on the sidewalk.

Over coffee, Ray felt more relaxed. He was talking at a more normal pace and pitch. "I always did think that that rebellion theory was your biggest contribution to fandom, Bill. It made people forget Kemp's first-child idea and Speer's handicap ideas. Now that I'm around mundanes all the time, I can't get over the way they just accept things day after day, year after year. I keep expecting them to rebel against parents or bosses or clocks or grammar or traffic laws the way you proved that every fan does. You know, you should write a whole book on this thing that distinguishes fans from most people. If you could prove that criminals and warmongers are just frustrated fans who never got a chance to work off their rebellion in fanac, you might help this old world along."

"You've certainly changed your mind," Bill said. He stared into the coffee that he hadn't begun to drink. "You'd never have had that feud with me if you'd believed that from the start."

"But I think I always did believe it, subconsciously." Ray stopped gazing idly around the restaurant and stared directly at Bill. "I think I know what happened. I was ripe for rebelling and I was trying to keep myself from doing it and I thought that I was defending my ideas when really I was trying to stop myself from kicking over the traces."

"Moving to Duluth isn't a real big rebellion. And if you met this girl up there, she couldn't have been involved. What do

you really mean?"

After a deep breath, Ray kept his eyes on Bill and said: "I guess I might as well be honest. I was just a kid, not much past adolescence, new to fandom. Now we're both older and we can laugh about it. You know, for a while I was crazy about Ellen. Not just in the normal way but obsessively. For a few months, I hardly did anything but daydream about her, write poems about hopeless love, plot ways to be close to her. I think I did a damned good job of hiding it. I was afraid that if I let anyone guess how I really felt about her, I'd be laughed at so much that it would ruin my daydreaming. I should have laughed at myself, I admit that. A girl four years older than me, married to a first-rate fellow, it was the silliest kind of infatuation. I'm glad nobody ever found out, not even Ellen. I really had some close calls, though." He continued to look hard at Bill. Seeing no evidence of tension in Bill, Ray rattled on:

"Let me tell you a couple of the crazy things I did, just to show you what a fool I made of myself. Remember the time I rode back in your car from the con? There were eight of us jammed in between all the baggage and parcels. I got to sit beside Ellen all nine hundred miles of the way. I don't think we were on the road more than two or three minutes that I didn't have my hand on her leg. I pretended that I didn't have room to move my arm because it was wedged down around all that stuff and I was careful not to move a finger so Ellen would think it was just baggage pressing on her. I was nearly paralyzed when we got back but it was one of the big moments of my fan career. You'll have to tell her this tonight, Bill. She'll get a kick out of it. And remember the time I stapled myself to a copy of the club's fanzine? I did that on purpose. It hurt like hell but I put my thumb under that stapler deliberately. I'd helped on publishing days issue after issue, waiting my chance, until that day when nobody was helping but you and Ellen and me. I knew you don't like to be around blood so that was my chance. It was worth it, to be bandaged up and fussed over by Ellen."

"A minute ago you were talking about rebellion and now you keep telling me how you courted my wife. I don't see the connection."

"You'd better drink your coffee. It's getting cold. Well, since you haven't punched me in the nose by now, I guess it's safe to tell you all the rest. Ellen was to blame, in a sense. That first night we had a smooching session at the clubroom, I got all excited at her kissing me. I imagined that I was her secret love or something. Of course, a little later I went to my first con and saw that some fans kiss each other the way mundanes shake hands or slap you on the back. But that had started me off. And no kidding, I was ready to rebel over Ellen. I did a lot of daydreaming, and some of that daydreaming was wild stuff about kidnapping her and keeping her prisoner on an island somewhere and gradually persuading her to fall into love with me genuinely. I don't think I was nutty enough to do anything wrong. But when I caught myself buying newspapers from the shore and looking for want ads offering islands for sale, I realized that I could go off the deep end. And of course I was getting into a terrible state over you, because of that argument we'd been having in print and because I imagined that you were the only thing that stood between me and Ellen. So I thought I'd better make a clean break. I grabbed at the job in Duluth. Did you ever hear of a crazier

kid than I was?" Bill's face had acquired gradually an alarming expression. Ray studied it and said hastily: "Hey, I'll bet this is all old stuff to you. I'll bet Ellen told you that she suspected something like this and you've let me rattle on and on." He got up to leave.

"Sit still. I think I misjudged you. I ought to apologize to you." Instead of apologizing, Bill drank the half-cold cup of coffee in a large gulp. "In fact, I agree that we can have a good laugh over the whole thing. Right around the time you were trying to do something that would back up my theory, Ellen and I were having some pretty bad fusses. She claimed I was getting unbearable because I said bluntly what I thought to people and paid no attention to all the bourgeois customs and all that. Just about the time you decided that a job in Duluth was better than an adventure with a captive woman on an island, we had our last row. It had been going pretty good for about three hours, and then Ellen brought you into it. She told me how you'd suffered torture all the way back from the con, just to touch her, and how she'd insisted on changing the bandage on your thumb every day for a week and all the other things you haven't told me. By the way, that first time she kissed you, you didn't get any lipstick on you, did you?"

"How should I remember, Bill?" Ray sounded frightened.

"You ought to remember she kissed you right smack on the lips, mouth open and the rest. Fans don't usually kiss like that instead of shaking hands. Ellen told me that from that moment, she'd decided that you were a real person, not a poseur like me, and she was going to prove that my theory was right or that she really was a fan or maybe both by leaving me for you. I never saw her again. You dropped out of sight at the same time. I heard from other fans about what happened next, because I got out of fandom in a big hurry. Ellen kept going to the club meetings, every other Saturday night, month after month. She never said or did much, but she always sat where she could watch the door. You didn't show up for any of those meetings, either. Halfway through the nineteenth meeting after she left me, Ellen started to bawl and rushed out of the room and out of fandom."

Ray sat blinking as if someone were shining an extremely strong light into his eyes. "I think I'd better get back to the folks," he said feebly. "Priscilla might be wondering—"

"You've never seen Ellen since you left town?" Bill mused a moment when Ray shook his head negatively. "Maybe she isn't even in Italy now. But that's where the last Christmas card came from and I assumed you were there together."

"Christmas card? You approve of them now?"

"Hell, no. That's what caused the last big fight, the way I'd burned three boxes of Christmas cards on the sidewalk in the business section on Christmas Eve, just to show what I think of the custom. Hey, if you're going, you'd better not forget your coat. I'm going to sit here and have a good laugh over the whole thing for a while. Yeah, I get a Christmas card from Ellen every December, always from a different part of the world, so she must still be hunting for you. I never hear a thing from her, the other 364 days in the year. I never liked the Christmas card idea, but it's a good thing she sends them. Without them, I might not be sure that she still hates me."

Ray slipped quietly from the restaurant after the cashier said: "You must tell funny stories, mister. He's sure laughing."

Thoughts Before Going Down for the Third Time

I do not propose to inflict upon anyone as much wordage about my latest fall as I produced two years ago. Nevertheless, enough people expressed pleasure at their perusal of that long account of my sufferings to impel me to give a few more paragraphs for the benefit of those who like to know that he got his.

Contrary to the definition of my injury in Starspinkle, it was again a fractured hip. But I turned the other hip this time and it was not as severe a break as on Christmas Eve of 1960. I may be gaining proficiency in knitting bones, for that matter, because I needed only six weeks to get rid of crutches this time, compared with four months of inability to use the bad leg on the former occasion.

Things were strangely similar involving these two falls. I was considerably confused by this second tumble and lying in the emergency room of the hospital, it was as if I were reliving my former events. Once again, Dr. Sprecher and several nurses were hovering over me in a tight, compact mass, intently concentrating on their ministrations to me. Once again, their labors were interrupted only by the same sort of terse phrases from the nurses: "That's not nice, Dr. Sprecher," and "So help me, Dr. Sprecher, the first time I get hold of you off duty...."

Once again I don't remember falling. This may be the result of a blackout that preceded and caused the fall. Or it might have derived from my feat of landing simultaneously on my tail and forehead. The bang on my head was the only really different thing about this latest fall. It caused me to bleed like a stuck pig when the right pane in my glasses dived into my eyebrow and it caused me considerable mental confusion that came and went for days, easing only gradually. I don't think there was ice on the surface at the street intersection where I slipped. My first memory is attempting to scramble over to the curb to get out of the path of motor vehicles, my second is my dismay when I feared that I would pass out so completely that I would lose the copies of irreplaceable Fantasy Fiction Field Illustrated News Weeklys that I was clutching. I had taken them to the office that afternoon, thinking I might find time to type off some notes from them for fan history purposes. Things were too hectic that day for anything like this, and I was taking them home after work to extract the important portions. My fannish instincts did not desert me in this dazed condition. I kept snapping into and out of consciousness for the next hour but when I found myself in bed at the hospital, I discovered that I retained my deathgrip on those publications and I had somehow kept them free from the blood that was all over my person and my clothing. I remember thinking that this would be something that Julie Unger would be happy to know, but I was in no condition to write letters for the next couple of weeks and didn't learn that poor Julie had been less fortunate in his encounter with misfortune until I was almost well again.

The principal novelty of this latest hospital stay was student nurses. Two years earlier, I had been an eighth floor patient because I was technically a surgery case by virtue of the tunnel drilled through my shin to make sure I didn't get out of traction. The hairline fracture acquired in the second fall did not deserve the dignity of any special attention other than complete rest, so I was dumped on the seventh floor where they put people not destined to be carved or punctured. Student nurses at the local

hospital are not used on the eighth floor, but they swarm over the seventh. I assume that this is because the seventh contains principally cardiac patients who are too feeble to complain. The wound above my eye was the principal attraction for these delightful young things. Every morning, the right eye was covered with a loathesome coating of gunk that materialized during the night, apparently from the same mysterious agents that always caused my dressing gown to move from where it had been put neatly away. The area was to be washed with a saline solution each morning. One entire generation of nurses will practise their errands of mercy for decades to come with my help, because my agonized persuasion eventually persuaded each of them that the eye was not to be held open while the saline solution was flowing, that saline solution is not generally recommended for the wound itself, and that the saline solution does not soak rapidly into the body but instead runs off quite rapidly. "How in the hell do you manage to wet the bed up there?" I was asked on each of the first few mornings when I was still too clouded in mind to realize what was being done wrong. But the orderlies all agreed that student nurses are frequently more ingenious and skillful than their mature later selves. I heard repeatedly the account of the fragile and almost helpless old man who had been the despair of the wards for his inability to master the mechanics involved in use of the urinal. Finally one student nurse was discovered to have phenomenal success when ministering to him. Pressed for the secret of her success, the little girl explained modestly: "Oh, I just use tape."

I was in the hospital 23 days. The last week saw me up in a wheelchair, spending much of my time in the lounge where I could see something of life. I loved the baffled look that I engendered on the faces of aides, doctors, and ministers who had made my acquaintance on my other stay: "Are you still here?" The staff may have thought that I was ruining the reputation of the hospital, because I was told to get out as soon as possible. The lady who looked after me at home while I recuperated the other time has moved away, and I decided to go to a rest home to finish up convalescing on this occasion. I chose Avalon Manor, a dangerous decision. It is only about a year old as a rest home. Before that, it contained the general offices of Fairchild Stratos Corporation, which held many government contracts involved in airplanes and missiles. It was undoubtedly the target for at least a small bomb in case Russia decided to fight. I started to wonder if the USSR espionage network reported changes of use for buildings promptly and even thought of sending to the Kremlin a copy of the rest home brochure for appropriate action, but the international situation was fairly good just then and I saved my postage money.

This is quite different from the typical convalescent home. Its rates are quite high, and I felt a trifle guilty about the sum I spent there even though I got a substantial discount as a result of subtle negotiations. There was one staff member who had no discernible function except to water the flowers in patients' rooms. The establishment is amply supplied with hydraulic lifts like fandom's Clancy, for those who find it inconvenient to get in and out of bed without help. Meals are served quite as formally as in a first-rate restaurant. Fisher components are used in the sound system which lamentably was tuned constantly to an FM station that alternated Two Guitars and Dark Eyes eighteen hours daily. Three backrubs daily were standard equipment, with more available for the asking. The place even publishes a fan-

zine. Each room has individual thermostatic temperature control and year-around air conditioning that gave me complete freedom from sinus misery for the first time in months. The voice communication with the nursing station doesn't require the patient to raise his voice and it's available at both bedside and johnside.

Yet the three weeks I spent there were the longest of my life. It was my first taste of loneliness and I understood for the first time what solitary confinement can do to a prisoner. I value privacy more than most persons and my reputation as a hermit is second to none. But in normal life, I am around people most of the day through work and non-fannish avocations and in the hospital I had a partner in a semi-private room. At Avalon Manor I was in a private room and I did not mingle much with the other guests because they were entirely too old, tearful and balmy. My broken glasses prevented me from watching television, it snowed most of the time I was at Avalon so I didn't get many visitors, and I understood at last that I'm more gregarious than most people, myself included, will grant.

I came home six weeks and two days after the night I fell. Two days after I arrived home, I went back to work full time. So there wasn't much opportunity to catch up on all the fannish and mundane matters that had piled up. The fan history project got set back by several months, I found I had enough new materials to keep me busy taking notes upon my recovery, and the full-steam-ahead writing won't start until about the time you receive this FAPA mailing. I kept up pretty well with fanzine-reading but got few letters written during my time away from home. It'll be months before I catch up on letters of comment on fanzines. The fan poll may have caused my troubles, because there is an undisputable curse attached to the idea: every conceivable misadventure happened until I finally got the ballots mailed early in March, two months behind schedule.

The fall may have been interpreted in some quarters as the first gimmick in a hoax designed to keep me away from yet another worldcon. But my subconscious will need to be more ingenious than this to forestall my use of my Statler-Hilton reservations for the Discon. I'm again walking without any limp, as far as I can determine from a study of myself as I pass store windows with good reflective powers and from the comments of acquaintances. My mentality seems to be about where it was before. I get alarmed when I forget something now, for fear that it is an after-effect of the memory losses that gave me real trouble for a week or two. But in all conscience I can't believe that I'm more absent-minded or fail more frequently to remember someone's name than in the past. The scar from the wound is almost vanished, thanks to the skill of Dr. Sprecher's stitching and the fairly heavy eyebrows that I possess. Several small bumps remain in the flesh between eyebrow and eyelid but I've been told they'll go away eventually and they aren't conspicuous now. I still don't know what caused the accident. My low blood pressure may have grown extreme for a while and caused me to faint, or I may have been hit by a car that failed to stop on that lonely street, or Dr. Sprecher may be correct in his hypothesis: that I'm too stupid to watch where I'm going. I suffered no financial loss from the episode, thanks to some disability insurance I'd bought and the fact that the company was considerably more generous during my absence this time.

And after two long experiments into the matter, I still don't know if it's better to sit on a bare wheelchair and get calluses, or use a pillow and wallow in the high humidity of perspiration.

The Last Time Horizons . Missed the FAPA . Mailing

This is a story that I've wanted to tell for a long while. Younger fans who cannot believe in things that occurred before their birth are obstinate in their belief that Horizons has never missed a FAPA mailing. But the last time that this really did occur, it involved Christmas. The narrative might just as well have been entitled "My Merriest Christmas". For two or three years, I've been trying to decide whether it would be more appropriate in the November or February mailing. Finally I've decided to tell the tale in the springtime, so it will be neither too early nor too late to add gaiety to that merriest of holiday seasons.

Before I worked for the newspaper, back in the days when Bob Tucker still lived in Box 260 and Taurasi was complaining that fanzines don't publish enough material about science fiction, I was technically a clerk for the Pennsylvania Railroad Company in Hagerstown. It was wartime and railroads under these special conditions enjoyed prosperity previously unknown in this century. But you wouldn't guess it by looking at Hagerstown's railroad operations. This city has always boasted of its location at the hub of a network of railroad lines: the Western Maryland, Pennsylvania, Baltimore and Ohio, and Norfolk and Western all serve this city, some of them with lines shooting off in a variety of directions. But the B & O reaches Hagerstown only by a skinny branch that slips away from the main line at Weverton, Md. The Pennsylvania's principal activity consists of the railroad that was once the independent Cumberland Valley Railroad, running from Hagerstown to Harrisburg, Pa., which doesn't offer much connection with anything in particular except the N & W line that goes down the Valley of Virginia. The Western Maryland is the line that made Hagerstown a railroad city, linking Baltimore with the coal and steel regions of West Virginia and western Pennsylvania.

So what might sound like an exciting occupation amid real steam locomotives, helping to conduct the vital transportation functions of a nation at war, was a little less than that for me. I spent some of my time in the freight station where I enjoyed nothing but the duty of adding up the weights carried by boxcars through Hagerstown. The sums reached astronomical proportions and reminded me of science fiction stories. The adding machine tapes were stuffed into a cupboard as fast as I produced them and probably not looked at since; the dust of ages lay upon the sums calculated by my predecessors. From time to time I was shipped off to the passenger station where I helped at the ticket window. I got off to a bad start there because my first day on the job saw the agent come out \$20 short when he balanced his books at day's end. I have a terrible habit of looking and feeling guilty whenever something like this occurs, even though I am totally innocent, and I'm quite sure I showed it that day.

I didn't like the ticket office duties at all. There were strong, athletic and inquisitive cockroaches everywhere. One day most of a floor-to-ceiling window crashed without motivation down over the chair at which I had been seated, moments before. Each morning, I got stuck with the task of procuring reservations for local industrialists who wanted pullman space. This was done on a railroad telephone line that served every station from Knoxville to Boston, voices lost half of their strength with every fifty miles they had to travel, and no space was ever available anyway, because of wartime transportation troubles, after I had out-

screamed and outcranked my fellow employes throughout the eastern half of the nation. It was almost impossible to learn my duties there. The railroad seniority system made older employes hesitant about helping new workers for fear that the newcomer would manage to get a job opening when such vacancies were advertised. It was months and months before I figured out the best way to sell railroad tickets. The ticket forms came in a wild variety: some were imprinted bits of cardboard bearing destination and price, for the nearest and most frequently demanded destinations, others were good for transportation to a more distant large railroad city plus transfer to another line for another place that the agent must fill in and naturally, we also had the endless tickets that are stamped and punched and written on at scores of points for travelers going far by devious routes. The agent had to calculate routings and prices out of a giant monthly publication listing all passenger service in the nation. I struggled mightily on the complicated tickets for a while. Then I got smart. When a customer arrived ten minutes before train time, asking for a round trip ticket to Provo, Utah, I would riffle expertly through several racks of tickets, then assume a mournful expression and say: "It's a shame, but I sold out of tickets to Provo an hour ago and we won't get our new supply for a week. So I'll sell you a round trip ticket to Harrisburg and you tell the man at the ticket window there that you want to go to Provo. I'm sure they'll have some Provo tickets in stock up there."

And the paper work. When people lament bureaucracy and red tape in government, I wonder how they'd react to a day in railroad work. There were armsful of forms to be filled out daily, weekly and monthly, some concerning tickets, some dealing with reservations, and separate sets of books into which the same figures that went into the forms must be entered. The bookkeeping for the penny-chewing gum machine in the waiting room was enough to provide a good elementary education in accounting. Each of the vast variety of ticket species must be checked daily to make certain that serial numbers tallied properly. A couple of times each day, a railroad official would come through town on a pass, and this would throw us into positive hysteria, handling the work that this involved. The ticket office employes labored under the slight additional handicap of an illiterate baggageman. If more than two pieces of baggage materialized at a train's arrival or departure, he couldn't keep the possessors straight and had to be helped. In spare time, we were expected to lend a hand getting aboard the milk cans that had been left at the station in the dim dawn, try to track down the present whereabouts of the passenger train that was due two hours ago, try to explain to passengers on the 2 a.m. trains that there was no place where they could get something to eat until 7 a.m., and break up the clumps of loafers in the restrooms.

But all this would have been bearable if it hadn't been for H. K. Hawbaker. He was general agent for the Pennsylvania Railroad in Hagerstown. He had probably not given less than 18 hours' attention to railroad matters on any day in the past 40 years. He looked something like Edward G. Robinson and caused a scandalously high turnover rate through his bullying tactics. I almost didn't report for work my first day, because when I had applied for and received the job, I had asked what my working hours would be, and got blasted by a ten-minute tirade for impertinence and insubordination and unwillingness to work nights.

But I needed the job, and got no more than a normal share of the vituperation, perhaps two bawlings out per day. There were some fellow employes who thought I was the boss's pet because once, on the Saturday before Easter, H. K. had ordered me to go home an hour before quitting time, since I had caught up on all my work. All that kept the local railroaders on the job, I think, was the knowledge that H. K. was mortal and possessed a vice: he was a Coca-Cola addict. He worked from early morning until late at night, but couldn't get through a complete hour without slipping out for a coke. Each of us lulled himself to sleep with fantasies based on various circumstances in which the boss would find himself totally unable to acquire a Coca-Cola for one entire afternoon. He knew three times as much about railroading as anyone else in Hagerstown, never did anything wrong, was equally proficient in office or mechanical duties, and I am afraid that I acquired from him my habit of wearing a hat most of the time.

In the spring of 1943, I was particularly unhappy. I was barely recovered from a badly sprained ankle, incurred during a frantic sprint to the baggageroom with its crumbling concrete floor. I had been forced to go back to work on the bad ankle at the end of three days of sick leave because of the unspeakable horrors that were spawned when a mishap caused four consecutive days of lost time and became a federal case involving compensation, reports and affidavits. They had shipped a company doctor down from Harrisburg just to pronounce me fit for work. I was assigned to work the third shift in the ticket office for a week, a miserable occupation because on this shift one man did everything. It was almost impossible to handle paperwork, the telephone, and customers at the same time, it became necessary to lock up and unlock the ticket office every time an errand took you to another part of the passenger station for even the briefest time, and the weather was foul.

One evening of this week, I noted on reporting for duty the strange cars on a siding near the station. They housed a work crew on a periodic visit to Hagerstown to nail down shaky rails and tie together broken signal wires. And a couple of hours later, the groceries arrived for the work crew. There was an entire boxcar filled with provisions for these dozens of hungry men, all neatly packed in giant cartons. And I learned that it was my job to unload the boxcar, through some obscure concatenation of railroad rules that made it impossible for any other employe to be assigned this task.

I was just as scrawny and feeble then as I am today. Seething, I waited until a slow moment, locked up the office, went out and tried to do as I was told. The victuals might have been nailed to the floor of the boxcar, for all the success I had in getting them out. I wasn't even sure if I was going to be able to get down to the ground again on my bad ankle. I was earning three times as much money in this job as I was likely to make in any other job, there were wartime rules against quitting essential lines of occupation without permission from various agencies, my parents were very proud that I had followed several relatives in railroad work, and I hated to think of a lot of workmen finding no breakfast available upon rising the next morning. But I couldn't and wouldn't unload that boxcar. I hobbled back to my ticket office, more frightened than I'd ever been before in my life, and waited for the arrival of H. K. Hawbaker. For the first time in my railroad life, he didn't show up at the passenger station that night. I limped home in the early morning. Lit-

the fragments of the second act finale of Le Nozze di Figaro ran through my mind, although Mozart celebrated a quite different type of rebellion against another form of tyranny. Soaked but happy, I tumbled into bed, determined never to look again at a railroad ticket.

Wisely, I informed the railroad of my decision by a telephone call to a friend in the freight office and an incandescent letter to its president. This created yet another railroad bureaucracy crisis, because no employe could resign without signing enough documents to fill a filing cabinet. I insisted that I was not going to do another thing for the railroad. The second in command told me that I wouldn't be in very great danger if I appeared for this process. "H. K. didn't seem real mad," he said. "All he's going to do is blacklist you so you can't get another job anywhere." For all I knew of capitalism, there might exist a closely guarded blacklist of this sort, but I still didn't budge. The railroad seems to have muddled through somehow but the Railroad Retirement Board got all mixed up and tried repeatedly to engage in correspondence with me on the matter. My account may still be credited with regular deductions from non-existent pay checks, if they were as befuddled as they sounded.

Meanwhile, I was out of work, not completely draft-exempt, and I suspected that I would have a lot of time for fanac in the years of the war yet to come. But I didn't know that selective service at that moment was inspecting a reporter on the local morning newspaper. I'd mentioned some months earlier that I'd like someday to be a journalist. The editor remembered me but not my address. He contacted my cousin, who promised to inform me of the opening and didn't on the grounds that I'd starve to death at the wages paid by the newspaper. She came close to being right, but I heard of the opening through other means and began to make my living out of writing after only six weeks or so of unemployment.

However, I wasn't wholly comfortable in my new occupation. I felt dreadful about the change in the sum I could contribute to household expenses, it was hard to adjust from my muddy fanish writing habits to the plain talk demanded for the newspaper, and I was the only person on the staff with less than ten years' experience, making it impossible for me to realize that most cub reporters commit all the blunders that I was producing. Looming over these concerns was a much greater one. In a town of Hagerstown's size and a job involving contacts with many elements of its life, sooner or later I was certain to encounter H. K. in the flesh. He had been just bearable while bossing me daily, but after weeks of absence from him, I had created a bugaboo of frightening proportions. I began to think of each assignment in terms of the Hawbaker probabilities: this one would take me to the East End where he was unlikely to be found, but the next one was a Rotary luncheon where he was a guest two or three times a year, and there was the exquisite torture of being forced to call the Pennsylvania Railroad's freight station regularly because the assistant chief there had immediately seized upon my new job to get himself named stringer in a small nearby town and he was a good news source. I almost quit the newspaper job after getting a two-day break for the first time since I became a reporter, over Labor Day. When winter came, I went to the extreme of riding the bus home after work, because it reduced the danger of a

sidewalk encounter. As a railroader, H. K. spurned all other manner of public transportation.

It sounds neurotic as the dickens. But remember that this was wartime when dictators were constantly in our thoughts. I had built up H. K. into a prototype of Hitler, Mussolini and Tojo, and I was badly confused by the fact that I wasn't sure if I'd hit him or he'd hit me when we first came together.

I had started to put Horizons into FAPA some time back, and hoped to build up a string of consecutive appearances in the mailings. But early in December, I caught a persistent cold that ran through most parts of my body until it found itself most comfortable in the pit of my stomach. There it proceeded to create a variety of phenomena that rendered me totally unfit to work and re-awakened the interest once held in me by an aunt who had predicted that I would die young. I was so miserable that I hardly realized that a FAPA deadline was coming and I wouldn't have Horizons finished in time. (Nobody had ever heard of letting someone else do part of the work on your FAPA publication in those primitive days.) The closer Christmas came, the worse I got and the less the doctor seemed to care. The staff at the newspaper office sent me a basket of fruit, a proceeding that frightened me almost as much as the fevered nightmares about H. K. I seemed to revive just a trifle a day or so before Christmas. This holiday was always a pretty big thing at my home, so early Christmas morning I determined not to break the yuletide traditions. I got out of bed to go to the bathroom and then to dress. On the way back to bed, I fainted dead away. When I revived on the hall floor, I felt comfortable and relaxed for the first time in days and it took much persuasion for me to leave that nice soft floor for the rigors of my bed. My parents called in another doctor, who left his own Christmas morning hearth to examine me, diagnose the trouble as intestinal flu, give me some pills, predict another week would see me well, and wish us all the merriest of Christmases.

I hadn't been able to buy Christmas gifts for anyone because of illness, and I was obviously in no condition to open the parcels intended for me. So Christmas giving was postponed until I should feel better. My father didn't want the day to pass without a token present and got me the latest FFM, containing a Merritt story that I'd long yearned to possess, and I heard myself telling him that I wasn't interested, a statement I couldn't stop despite the heresy that it represented. (I sometimes wonder what would have happened to my musical tastes if I'd opened on that day the parcel containing the second volume of the Beethoven piano sonatas. They might have been poisoned irrevocably if I hadn't waited until the next day.)

The telephone rang on that gloomy Christmas evening. It was my grandmother, who always learns of local events before they get into the newspaper. My mother came to my bedside with an odd look on her face and delivered the message. Of all the persons who might be expected to make me a Christmas present, H. K. Hawbaker was the last, the least likely. But he had suddenly turned this ruined yule into the happiest December 25 of my life for me, by dropping over dead.

I opened my gifts the next day, was up two days later, and returned to work at the start of the new year. My increased efficiency on the job was instantly noticeable. I started work as soon as possible on another issue of Horizons, and it looks as if the burst of energy induced by this finest of all Christmas gifts is still carrying me along when FAPA deadlines approach.

Nous Accusons

The Martin affair has continued to stay alive. I fear that Ruth Berman has made a bad investment in the best of causes. My only grounds for any hope that she will get enough signatures to do justice to Martin is a tenuous one. It took two years before the first success in the effort to do the right thing for Alfred Dreyfus. I imagine that the people in FAPA who have been saying that Martin deserves no help because he didn't try very hard to save himself had their counterparts around the turn of the century. "Emile, you're silly to bother about the guy. If he wanted to get off Devil's Island, he would have tried to escape by now."

But memories are short in FAPA and events as they occurred seem to be rapidly passing into oblivion. I've decided against quitting FAPA, partly because I am still angry enough about the situation to want to be able to continue to write about it each quarter until the other members find a way to shut me up or put Martin back into the membership roster.

There is no basis for the charges that his other defenders and I should have acted immediately to save him. Nobody except the Los Angeles group could have known immediately that there should be action. When I read that he was dropped, I assumed that he had reprinted, never dreaming that the good people who dropped him would make a travesty of the FAPA constitution in this manner. When I learned of the true situation through Martin's mimeographed complaint, I did nothing on the assumption that copies had gone to the entire membership and that the officers would come to their senses immediately. I don't know if the non-arrival of the publication in some mailboxes was the fault of Martin or of the post office department. I feel he should get the benefit of the doubt. By the time that I knew what had happened and that there had been no official action to restore Martin, I didn't trust myself to write to Martin for exactly the same reason that I didn't trust myself to run for secretary-treasurer last year: I knew I'd do something with serious consequences. I was so furious over the treatment given Martin that a letter from me to him would inevitably have contained the advice to bring legal action against FAPA's officers for libel. A lawsuit based on the implication of plagiarism for his ouster from FAPA, with its numerous pro and semi-pro writers, would have had excellent nuisance value and might have produced a real judgment.

I doubt that Redd Boggs and I will be the Zola and Clemenceau to Martin's Dreyfus. But I wish every FAPA member would try to understand that the precedent has been set for expulsion of FAPA members on one sole basis: unpopularity. Martin did nothing wrong. If he isn't reinstated, we have no assurance that another member won't be kicked out some day on trumped-up charges that his check for dues arrived after the deadline or that his last-minute fulfillment of activity requirements failed to work because he did not send enough copies of his eight-pager.

If we don't want in FAPA individuals who fail to go to conventions or publish magazines without mailing comments, let's put such restrictions into the constitution. But let's not expel members who have behaved in accordance with the constitution. Every FAPA's membership is in peril as long as the injustice done Martin remains in force.

I don't really believe that Ruth will get many signatures in favor of restoring Martin to our midst. But she has my signature and my gratitude for her common sense and recognition of decency.