

PHILISTINE QUARTERLY  
a journal of the arts

#6, intended for the 152nd FAPA Mailing, tho I hope it's more successful in reaching it than its predecessor was in making it into the 151st. (Of course, its predecessor had the excuse of having had only six weeks for preparation due to the lateness of the 150th and the on-timeness of the 151st, but still...) Demented Turkish Dwarf Press publication #272, written, edited, published and all that stuff by Don Markstein, P.O. Box 53112, New Orleans, La., 70153. AM153. 7/5/75. Printed in Occupied CSA.

*Fantasy Amateur* (Officers) Having been an OE and having gotten several mailings out late due to upheavals in my personal life, I certainly can't fault Gregg for having slipped. At the same time, tho, I must say, nobody should quarrel with his decision not to run for reelection. If the man says he can't take it anymore, then he can't take it anymore. When things settle down and he can handle the job again, I'm sure he'll tell us. In the meanwhile, energy would be better expended trying to talk someone else into running than bemoaning the fact that he won't.

*Erg* (Jeeves) Your idea of an ideal book review and mine are about as far apart as they can be. I don't really particularly care for a detailed examination of the author's influences and predecessors, or anything silly like that--not in a book I'm only thinking of reading, at least (tho such things are often of interest if I've already read it)--but the minute the reviewer starts describing the plot, that's when I slam the fanzine shut. In fact, there are great numbers of reviewers whose works I won't even consider reading, because they've blown too many plots for me.

*Re-Entry* (Busby) That Apollo launch where we met was my third. After Apollo-14, as I listened to Dany and Mary Frolich describe their experiences (fourth time I'd listened to people describing launches), I made up my mind that I was going to see at least one while they were still there to be seen. So I flew down for 15--and was so flabbergasted by it that I went back for 16 and 17 as well. Anyone who has ever stood on the beach and watched a Saturn-5 go up knows what we're talking about; but those who have seen it only on TV will never understand.

Never having seen the inside of the john on an airplane, I can't really sympathize with your preference for 727s. I've never taken a flight that had me off the ground for more than an hour at a time, and I can certainly control myself *that* long (or have thus far, at any rate).

Never having sold a book myself, perhaps I shouldn't comment on your remarks on Armed Robbery Contracts. But I have it from those who should know that they aren't confined to paperbacks. My father had a similar experience with Prentiss-Hall several years ago, only he referred to it as an Eternal Peonage Contract. Dan Galouye had an Eternal Peonage Clause in his contract with Bantam. He wrote *The Infinite Man* to break it--and they loved it.

*Notes from Arinam* (Tackett) I disagree completely with your interpretation of events in the last election, as you may have noted on the bacover of the last issue of this zine, in this mailing (unless, like any other normal human being, you're reading your comments before the general bulk of the mailing). I figure that any interpretation that doesn't punish Redd for his sins by making him serve all four offices at once just isn't accomplishing anything worth accomplishing.

What I'd like to have done with the World Faan Convention was have a nice, calm gathering for fanzine fandom--that's why I was asking that publicity be restricted to zines whose circulation is mostly for "The Usual." Maybe next year. Maybe even under the same grandiose name.

*Three-Five-Zero-Zero* (Lapidus) Your experience serves to illustrate an old truth that we all know, but sometimes forget or refuse to admit--namely, that fanac is a substitute for sex. Never mind marriage--I find that when I'm Getting It regularly and frequently, my fanzine production suffers. If I didn't have these damnable streaks of celibacy, I'd probably never get anything accomplished. (And then again, there's Dave Hulan...)



*The Best Lines Are On The Floor* (several) Sure, there's a way to hand your membership over to a selected waitlister (like Burbee), Dave. All you have to do is "edit and publish" a FAPAzine of which he is the only writer, and give your mailings to him. Nothing to it.

*Horizons* (Warner) A friend of mine once thought I might be insulted at the revelation that he keeps such issues of *Tandsstikkerzeitung* and other fanzines I give him on the back of the toilet, for reading thereon. Since he's not a fan, I was pleased to hear that he read them at all. Fanzines make ideal john reading, being short, light, and not the sort of thing I'm *really* worried about keeping in an area where water splashes about. I always keep a stack of them handy there.

I don't really know if there's enough flammable material in the Superdome to make it any sort of a fire hazard. I do know that I came dangerously close to being hired as their PR man a couple of months ago, and was desperate enough for a job that I would have accepted. During the interview, I learned that a capacity crowd can be evacuated in a mere 18 minutes. This is great if there's ever a fire, but I wonder what they're going to do when the roof caves in.

*Twentieth Century Unlimited* (Porter) By an odd stroke of fate, I do happen to know one or two people who plan to go to the NASFIC. But not for its own sake. The odd stroke of fate is that it will happen, by pure chance, to coincide with the 100th anniversary of Edgar Rice Burroughs' birth, and to these people, to be anywhere in the world but Tarzana for such a Momentous Occasion would be absurd. (There's going to be a small, local, ill-publicized con on the same weekend in West Palm Beach, Fla. Anybody care to take a bet on which will draw a bigger crowd?)

*Amblesnyde & Tiddleycover R.R. Gazette* (Trimbles) This bit about why the Anachronuts wear medieval clothes at sf cons is a good question. I've been on one or two con committees of which it was asked by newspapermen. My usual answer is "Damn 'fi know," but I think there's actually a better answer than that. Namely, that the kind of people who are attracted to sf cons are the kind whose thoughts are broader than those of people who live only in the here-and-now, and whether at any given time they're playing around in the future or the past is irrelevant.

Due to the unfortunate circumstance that *Star Trek* reruns come on at the same time as *Mission: Impossible* reruns, to which I am woefully addicted, around here, I haven't seen them in years, so I can't remember the stories very well from your capsule descriptions. (It's a good question whether or not I'd watch them even if they didn't conflict with something I like better--sixth and seventh season *Mission: Impossible* shows certainly aren't worth losing as much sleep over as I lose staying up for them.) But I recall that some of the episodes weren't really science fiction, and some of the ones you describe as having no titles suggested strike me as belonging to that set. For them, I suggest the first available Captain Future or Perry Rhodan book. But let's see...*Amok Time* vaguely calls to mind some of the works of Hal Clement, with human and alien cultures coming face-to-face, except that Hal Clement's stuff is a *lot* better. *The Naked Time* is slightly reminiscent of *Earthman's Burden*. If the book version of *Zardoz* is any good, which is unlikely, maybe it would go well with *Plato's Stepchildren*. The obvious literary counterpart to at least one aspect of *The Savage Curtain* is the *Riverworld* series. There was a Larry Niven short story that sort of sounds like the general theme of *The Squire of Gothos*, but I can't recall the title of it. The general atmosphere of *That Which Survives*, as you describe it, sort of suggests James Gunn's *The Listeners*. Also, in an oblique way, Clarke's "The Star." *The Ultimate Computer* sounds a lot like "The Pacifist." While they're at it, tell them to read all the rest of the White Hart stories. Those are the only ones that come to mind offhand, but I must say, I applaud the practice of informing Trekkies that science fiction existed even before Roddenberry invented it.

I never thought I'd be able to comment on a FAPA mailing on one sheet of paper, but there you have it. Of course, it was a smaller mailing than perhaps it should have been, due to the shorter time to prepare zines for it (I can't be the *only* one whose regular zine missed it for that reason), so the next one should yield more comment hooks. And I see there's just enough time to remind you that I'm running for vice-president this year. Be sure you vote...for me, of course.