

# LOGORRHEA QUARK?

The seventh issue of a fanzine formerly known as LOG and LOGORRHEA, now entitled QUARK? for better or for worse. Available from Thomas Perry, forty eighteen Laurel Avenue, Omaha eleven, Nebraska, henceforth for 25 cents per

copy, for agreeable trades, or published letters. No subscriptions. N3F members may apply for special higher rates. Fandom is just a Volkswagen Microbus.

BEFORE YOU read Walt Willis's column starting on page three...Whoops!

Ah, there you're back. Now that you've read Walt's column, I imagine you're curious about the great behind-the-scenes struggle that led to such a contrast in quality between fanzine and contributor. The fact is that another faned was purging his zine in order to achieve regularity, and my new columnist was one of those evacuated. And since Walt is an old friend, I promised to take him on and work with him. Those of you who have never run his stuff may be surprised to learn that it must be severely edited. For all his virtues, Walt has an alarming tendency towards ambiguity—using a word so it can be interpreted in more than one way. I've done my best to correct this in his column, but some of his slips in this direction are quite subtle, and I may have missed a few.

"We were the first to realize a girl's fanny is cute." —Jax

WHEN I BEGAN this fanzine in 19 and 56 it was a one-man effort, small and irregular—so irregular in fact that the second issue didn't appear until spring of 19 and 63. After its revival it remained a personal effort until the fourth issue, when Joe Pilati signed on. Now that I've acquired a second columnist the original name, LOGORRHEA, meant to indicate an individual's ramblings, is less appropriate than ever (and there are some who didn't like it from the start). So is the contraction LOG, which I've used the last couple of issues. So I have changed

## EMERGENCY!

Multiple surgery is now being performed on Fandom, without anaesthetics. The extent to which any part of the operation is justified is not a question on which I can offer any special insight.

What I can see clearly from here is that there is too much blood. I think the patient's life is in danger. As one who has known and loved the patient for 16 years I appeal to everyone for less cutting and more healing. Fandom is bleeding to death before our eyes.

The ironic thing is that the operation is showing how healthy it was. If it weren't healthy it wouldn't bleed so much. Virtually everyone embroiled is acting from altruistic motives, concerned solely with what they regard as the good of fandom or loyalty to friends or justice. All I ask is that each of them recognize the motives of others as clearly as their own.

Fandom is friendship. If we can't argue as friends, it will die at our own hands.

—Walt Willis



the title again. I hope someone besides me likes this one. Anyone?

Future issues will be quarterly both in price and schedule. There will be more pages—thirty some I hope—and I hope to attract enough good contributions that I can stop filling up the zine with hacked-out stuff by a midwestern journalist.

Copies of this issue, and number six can be had for 20 cents.

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"What about those U.S. Senators you were throwing tomatoes at?" -FMB  
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It is required that one say something about—oh, you know—even if only to say one is going to say nothing about it. I think my position is fairly obvious from the local: pro Fan X and con committee. I also heartily agree with Willis's statements on the front page, though I didn't realize it till Walt had articulated the thought for me.

Throughout this magazine the person I consider the victim of the affair is referred to in this context as Fan X. This will be viewed as quite quixotic, and may draw some sneers. I suppose no one reading this fanzine in 19 and 64 can fail to know whom this attempts to protect, but fanzines have a way of lasting far beyond their date of issue. I hope QUARK? at least will avoid perpetrating the ~~mess~~ by reminding future fans who the victim was. So.

Oh, and I more or less promised F.M. Busby to run a statement that was squeezed out of the local. He denies a report (not published here) that he turned confidential letters from Fan X over to a third party for use in a lawsuit. Quotha: "I was asked if I had any material that would aid in the defense and would I make it available in case of need. My answer to both questions was Yes. ... I feel that a DNQ stretches quite a ways, but not to allowing damages to be collected in court on false testimony." Joe Pilati alluded humourously to the incorrect version in a prior column. To me the whole thing suggests that the ambiguity of the DNQ needs clearing up. See the letters colm for more on this.

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"Is there any milk in the house?" -JFK  
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The fanzine reviews in ENCLAVE are done by an anonymous BNF. This is an enviable situation. Unfortunately I don't know any anonymous BNFs, so I have been forced to do my own review and take responsibility for it. The one appearing in this issue is an attempt at recreating the dialog reviews Dick Geis invented eight years back. I wanted to have such a review by Dick himself, but the burden of his professional writing forced him to beg off. Of course I had in mind his reviewing professional writing, not mere fanzines.

I've been doing some soul searching about this one. Shortly after writing it I received a friendly letter from the fanned in question, who seems a nice enough person. I considered cancelling the review, but I finally decided it wouldn't be honest: after all I wouldn't have altered or spiked a favorable review (I hope) if I'd received a nasty letter from the subject. I am now hoping this rationalization will last me till I get into print.

Still it bothers me. Perhaps fandom is not the place for attempts at pure candor...perhaps fmz reviews should be, as they so often are, just glorified mailing comments. If this is the majority view I will probably stop doing reviews of fanzines. Comments?

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"There wasn't any milk, only beer." -Ibidem  
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If you're all sick of reading of the Fan X mess, perhaps another subject that seemed exhausted a few months ago will seem fresher now. I

[continued bottom page nineteen]



# THE HARP that once or twice

pilots"; "slugs" and "Blish", an ill-assorted lot. I wonder if the turnover in fandom has been complete enough for me to get away with a column starting "Romantic Ireland is covered with a soft mantle of slush as I sit here wondering what I can say that would be suitable for a magazine published in Omaha, Nebraska"? If so, I can see my fanwriting problems are over for another fourteen years.

No? I was afraid of that. Despite all Ed Wood has told us about the ephemeral nature of our fannish chit-chat, I thought there just might be an odd copy of Quandry lurking in your fanzine collections behind those imposing bound volumes of The Journal of Science Fiction. Oh well, when I'm stuck for inspiration I find one way out is to take you the reader into my confidence and let both of us face the situation together. Then if the worst comes to the worst we can talk about writing itself and its problems. Not that it's likely to be much of a help to you, because there seem to be as many problems as there are writers. My own is quite a simple one, though serious enough in its way for a writer. Namely, I hate writing. Writing to me is something like regurgitating that "little book" which St. John in Revelations was required to take from the angel and eat. "It shall make thy belly bitter, but it shall be in thy mouth as sweet as honey". In other words, I hate writing but I love to have written.

I know I have that little book in my belly all right. Not from sitting cross-legged contemplating my novel, but from lying down and dreaming it. While I'm asleep I can write like anything. Entire full-length novels, complete to the last period, form themselves in my mind with utter clarity. I think I would probably be a very

WALT WLLLS

It's always as difficult, I find, to write the first instalment of a transplanted column as of a new one, even a column which has survived as many uprootings as this one. The Harp is now in its fourth fanzine and fourteenth year, and yet I feel as diffident about starting this instalment as I did about that first one in Quandry. The new editor is an old friend, and the names in his letter column equally congenial, but every fanzine is a different gestalt and I'm still feeling for my place in this one. It wouldn't matter so much if I were the sort of writer who knows what he's going to say before he starts writing, but I never do. All I have at the moment for instance is a page of a notebook with cryptic scribbles on it reading "Bomber

famous author indeed if it wasn't for slugs. The way I figure it is I have this mental bloc which prevents my creative subconscious from coming out into the open and doing its stuff. The only way I can write is to manouvre myself into the desperate situation of a promise made and a deadline to meet, and then sit and type more or less at random until the mechanical act of typing lulls my subconscious into a false sense of security. Whereas if it wasn't for those slugs I might have been able to trap my subconscious simply by remembering what it dreams up in my sleep.

You might be asking where the slugs come in. Far be it from me to embed unscrupulous fish-hooks like that in my innocent narrative, so I'll tell you right away without any further mystification. They come in under the scullery door. This is an old house we live in and it has had about as hard a life as a house can have, subjected to all sorts of semi-detached villainy. Like being bombed during the war, and occupied by the British Army for an office. I'm not sure which side did the most damage, but the doors no longer fit properly and at night slugs get in from the yard. While this is happening I am upstairs asleep, writing the Great Ulster Novel. Suddenly I wake up, overwhelmed with awe and admiration at my own genius, and shamble downstairs with the idea of getting a glass of water before writing the whole thing down. Then I see the slugs. Somehow they always come as a surprise to me. Now I hate slugs, and at the sight of the hideous slimy creatures I go berserk with rage. Seizing the kitchen shovel I scoop them up one by one, storm into the yard and, with a powerful slinging motion of muscles strengthened by years of tennis, golf and nocturnal slug-slinging, propel the slugs one by one with tremendous velocity over the yard wall into the outer darkness. I'm really quite good at it: I'm sure that if there is ever an amateur slug-slinging event introduced into the Olympic Games I shall get at least a bronze medal for Ireland.

Though I must admit the sport could be a dangerous one if practised more widely. Occasionally it has occurred to me that even so early in the morning there might be someone walking along the street, and I used to wonder what he said to his wife when he got home that evening...

"You know, dear, a funny thing happened to me on my way to work this morning. Just as I was turning into Upper Newtownards Road, a live slug whizzed past my ear!"

"Tch tch," she sympathises. "Why, we might as well be living in Chicago!"

Now as you can well imagine, after standing out in the cool night air bombarding the neighbourhood with slugs (thank goodness there are no Forteanes in our district) I am thoroughly wakened up, and every vestige of the Great Ulster Novel has disappeared. Something similar happened to Coleridge, you remember, though the person from Porlock didn't call until he was halfway through Kubla Khan. Which may be significant. When you come to think of it Porlock sounds just the sort of place for slugs to live in. Maybe it's a base for Things from Outer Space engaged in a diabolical plot to block the march of humanity towards the stars by foiling its finest minds, like Coleridge and me, and they're getting better at it. Anyone who wants to write up for F&SF the story of how the hero Saved the World with the Kitchen Shovel has my permission for ten per cent of what he gets, in the

original bagels.

About the only thing left from the destruction of my literary career is a deep feeling of comradeship for James Blish, acquired after reading the Discon reports. No, it's nothing to do with his literary reputation which couldn't be higher as far as I'm concerned. I can't have described the scene in our scullery vividly enough, or you would already be trembling with horror. Picture it again. Those slimy slugs on the tiled floor. A shambling pajama-clad figure, bleary-eyed with sleep, his mind full of great literature. He might step on a slug with his bare foot.

Unspeakable, isn't it. The very thought used to make me go quite faint in the very act of slug-slinging, taking at least fifty yards off my range. And yet one night it happened, and you know it wasn't so bad. Horrible of course, but I didn't go mad or anything. In fact I took it fairly calmly at the time and, now that the worst has happened, I don't dread it so much any more. Much the same sort of experience, I imagine, befell James Blish when he took sick halfway through his speech at the Discon and had to retire.

This is the worst thing that could happen to anyone in speechmaking, the sort of nightmare from which shy people like Blish and myself awake screaming. And yet, now that it has happened, so what? I think no less of Blish. In fact I like him rather the more for it, if possible. And so I'm grateful to him too, for making me realise that if it happens to me it won't really matter either. I'm sure he isn't keen on making more speeches now, any more than I want to spend the rest of my life walking barefoot through slugs, but neither of us will ever be so afraid again.

Of course we all worry too much about little things, perhaps because the big things are too big for worry. A thing can be wrong on such an enormous scale as to numb the intellect. For a while there for instance I had nearly stopped worrying about The Bomb. I hadn't learned to love it, but I had got used to it. I had even got to the stage where I accepted the rightwing view as reasonable. Misguided of course, but reasonable. Even on the question of atmosphere testing. Here on this unimportant island, I told myself, I had not got the big picture available to thinkers like Heinlein and Pournelle. I was, I conceded, like a bit player in Romeo and Juliet, ignorant of the lofty motives of the great protagonists in the drama. I was prepared to admit that, however it may have looked to the insignificant citizens of Verona, it was quite reasonable for the Montagues and Capulets to poison the town's water supply. In other words I was happily adjusting to reality.

Of course, as Freud said, the ultimate adjustment to reality is death.

But it wasn't Freud who started me worrying again, it was one of those little things again. Quite accidentally I acquired some information about the uniform worn by the pilots who circle about carrying H-bombs.

The first item was that they wear eye-patches. The idea of course is that if they happen to be looking that way when the enemy bomb goes off they will lose the sight of only one eye: whereupon they will move

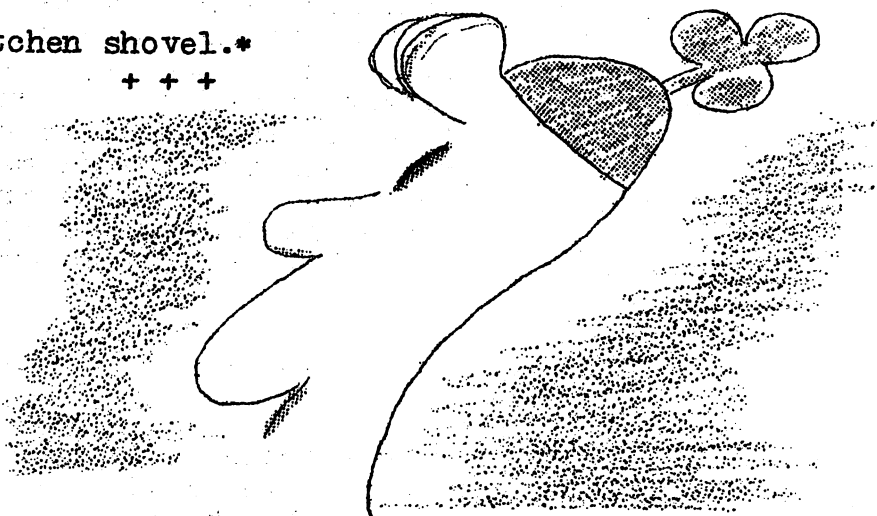


the patch smartly to the other side in a soldierly manner and proceed one-eyed in the direction of Moscow or Washington as the case may be. Well it was a bit of a struggle but I eventually accepted that. The picture of the world being destroyed by men wearing piratical eye-patches was unfortunately just a little comic, but some smart public-relations work could adjust their image easily enough. War Criminals of Distinction. No, it was the second item of information that really bothered me. I was assured by a friend in the aircraft industry that since these pilots have to stay aloft for long periods and cannot just land on the nearest aerodrome when they want to go to the restroom, like Betty Kujawa, and since space in the cockpit is severely limited, they wear nappies.

Well somehow I just cannot accept that. I cannot reconcile myself to the concept that human history with all its love and intellect and beauty should be terminated by anything as ridiculous as a man in a black eye-patch and a wet nappy. It just ain't fittin'. This little thing has wakened me from this nightmare we accept as reality, and I see the minds of the men who have created it for what they are, slugs on our scullery floor. Over the yard wall with them, and all their stupid rationalisations of selfish conceit like "My country right or wrong", and their juvenile notions of states rights and national sovereignty and racial superiority. These are the thoughts of madmen with the minds of little boys. Why, they've put their symbol up in the air there for us all to see and for the Universe to judge us by...a one-eyed man suffering from nappy-rash.

After you with the kitchen shovel.\*

+ + +



\* Note: Your editor tells me he has checked my column with Strategic Air Command (I never had this sort of trouble with Lee Hoffman) and they hotly deny that their pilots wear eye patches and nappies. Well of course that makes everything All Right for us Europeans--at least we have a good chance of being killed by clean-limbed Americans--but I'm afraid the situation elsewhere is as I have described it, according to a BBC t.v. documentary on V-Bombers and a public relations man in a major aircraft company. WAW.

# THE VICE GEIS

"Wake up!"

"HMMMMUHZZZZZZ--"

"Hey! Wake UP already."

"Gwayunlemmelone."

"Maybe this 'll do it."

"YOW! Jesus Ghod, what did you do THAT for?"

"Well, you seemed to be sleeping pretty soundly, so I thought you wouldn't mind."

"Why you so and so, I ought to --"

"Never mind. We got work. Reviewing fanzines again."

"Fanzines? I thought we were strictly high-class prozine reviewers."

"That was when we were working for Dick Geis, remember? Even then I remember a stint on fanzines in some Canadian's magazine."

"So who are we working for now?"

"Guy named Perry seems to be the boss. Come on, dig in. If we do good maybe he'll put us on prozines again."

"Let's hope so. Those fanzines were pretty cruddy. I've been having nightmares about them. I dreamed there was this zine called MUZZY--"

"Brace yourself, son. That was no dream."

"Oh. Well, where's the fanzines?"

"I guess that must be them. Or else another issue of DIMENSIONS came apart."

"Jesus Ghod, look at that pile. How long have we been sleeping?"

"I don't know, but we'd better get started. Here's one. You can read over my shoulder. Try to keep up."

"It seems to be called MACK. Do you suppose it's a lot of truck?"

"Ahem. Its title is MACH. And it is apparently a very high-class fanzine."

"What makes you think that?"

"Well, right here on page three the editor, Kris Carey, describes one of the columns in his zine as 'one of the best written in fandom today, in the genzine circle.'"

"Wow."

"He goes on: 'Where else can one find the real, whole and compleat dissection of a contemporary fanzine, with full attantion paid to every detail?' Other fmz review columns are dismissed as 'a listing ... and a short sentense or two about the general effect of the zine.' Spelling strictly sic."

"Yeah, me too."

"Listen, there's more. 'The only use a column of this sort has is to perhaps provide a few neos with source of procurement for fanzines, or to show your fug-headedness by rating one fanzine over another.'"

"What's that last part mean? That all fanzines are equal?"

"Insofar as it means anything it seems to be a protest against Buck Coulson's review columns. This issue has a couple of riders to the same effect, including an especially dreary parody. Oh, and a story with a Message, which seems to be that knocking crudzines hurts fandom. All the neos quit and fandom collapses."

"Hm. Sort of the Atlas Shrugged of the crudzine set, eh?"

"Yeh. Hey, boy, watch those learned references. That's supposed to be my department."

"Okay, but I'm eager to see this highly touted review column. Come on, turn



the page already."

"Here it is--With Hammer and Tong, by Ed Wood." Hmm. Hmmm. Hmmm."

"Pretty good stuff, huh?"

"Well, it's eight pages long."

"Must be pretty good then, huh? What contemporary fanzine does he dissect? Warhoon? Enclave? Shaggy?"

"No. It's called Rhodomagnetic Digest."

"Rhodo-mag-netic Digest? Just a second, I'll grab a copy out of the pile."

"Don't bother--it'd be pretty deep. The last real issue of it came out in 1953. Apparently there were a couple of revival issues only a couple years ago, though."

"Oh. But the column is well written like the editor said?"

"Well, the spelling and punctuation are very original."

"Oh. But the analysis is deep and insightful?"

"Well, no. It's mostly a listing of the contents of each issue, with a sentence for each article. Like this: "Science in Science Fiction" by W.W.Wagner about the need for science in science fiction."

"That's all?"

"No, there's an occasional bit of wild praise for something he especially likes, and an occasional quotation from an editorial, usually one blasting the mimeographed trufan zines."

"Crudzines?"

"Well, like for instance Quandry."

"Oh yeah. Sure."

"Here, see for yourself."

"Hm. '...a brilliant editorial by Don Fabun on the differences between "quality" fan magazines and "true" fan magazines.' Hm. "...the more 'mature' element among science fiction readers and the vociferous, but usually adolescent 'true fans'..." Hm. "...the 'true' fan appears as a rather glorified bobby sox type." Hm!"

"Yeah, and the reference there makes it obvious they're talking about such glorified bobby-soxers as Walt Willis, Lee Hoffman, Bob Silverberg --"

"You didn't congratulate me on getting all those inner quote marks right."

"So congratulations. Now it's interesting to note that one of the magazines listed by Wood as making up 'the golden age of American fan magazines' is JOURNAL OF SCIENCE FICTION, which --"

"Say, I remember that from the old days. Been keeping a couple of copies here by my cot to eat with marmalade. Look, two consecutive issues, published a year apart. Pseudo-pro format. Bad artwork. Sloppy typing reduced by offset to six-point illegibility, and--hey, look who the co-editor is! Gentleman go by name of Edward Wood."

"A definite coincidence. AS I was just about to comment."

"Oh, I interrupted, didn't I? But go on. You tell the folks about it."

"Gee, you're considerate. Well, the most memorable thing I remember about that fanzine was the fine justified right-hand margins. Whoever typed the pages wanted flush margins but apparently couldn't be bothered to dummy each page and do it right. So he just typed normal lines and when he came near the end, he'd skip however many spaces were necessary to make the last word come out even. If it took five spaces, he'd skip five spaces. This made the pages very attractive--from across the room."

"Yup, your memory serves you well, professor. At least the justified margins like you said appear in a couple of articles signed by one Edward Wood. Also one by Sam Moskowitz that must have been typed by Wood. But you didn't mention the other way he achieves justified margins. He turns over words wherever convenient. Glancing casually through here I notice such gems as sop-histication, aut-hor, st-ory, spa-ce, Whi-le, imbi-bes, pro-mise, nec-essary, chang-ed, publicat-ion..."

"Casually hell. Give me that magnifying glass."

"They're there, all right. Apparently the mature-type science-fiction readers with their quality magazines were above such things as correct syllabification, huh?"



"It would appear so. Now where were we in this copy of MACH?"

"We haven't got much space left and it's just as well. Bill Wolfenbarger and Paul Zimmer each write an article ending with the thought that we may be entering a golden age. This business of a hazy, undefined golden age of fandom or SF seems to be an obsession with these people."

"Yes. Franz Rottensteiner writes on SF in Germany; some interesting material, but I was chiefly struck by one typo: 'badly proof-raed'."

"There's a poorly edited letter column and -- the editorial."

"Uh huh. Besides praising Wood's column, Carey puts down scientists who think they can solve 'such mundane problems as world peace, hunger, poverty, population control, social organization and even military strategy'--apparently 'military strategy' is the most abstruse and demanding of all--puts down the peace movement, and announces a contest 'for poems of a stf or sf oriented nature ... no longer than 250 words.' He will print the best entries and the winner gets two hardcover books. One of them by Victor Appleton."

"Say, we better hurry and get our entries in, huh?"

"Yeah, we'd better hurry and ARE YOU KIDDING?"

"Yes."

"Good. Now maybe next time we'll get to do prozines."



VEPRATOGA  
{a local}

Bill Donaho, Postal Box 1284, Berkeley 1, California.

I don't think I owe [Fan X] an apology. I think he's dangerous. I thought I had my duty to do and I did it. I regard some of the results as most unfortunate, but if I had it to do over again I'd still do it, not naming names.

Our lawyer by the way who I mentioned is a liberal democrat (and not a policeman), and is very concerned about civil liberties, donating much time to the ACLU is very concerned with this matter and feels personally involved though he has never met [Fan X]. He says--and he wanted us to put in the Report too--"This animal may be a part of society, but he's not a part of humanity."

Yes, lines are going to be drawn very firmly on this situation.

However, there is no necessity for anyone taking sides who doesn't want to do so. However, many people will take sides--violently. I also expect that some fans will leave fandom because of this. Others will draw off--or be forced off--into their own little corner which will have nlittle or no contact with the rest of fandom.

This is going to take on considerably more ramifications than [Fan X]. Or the committee. It's going to go into: What should fandom be like?

...Alva has already written a loc relative to the monster fans. I'd like to add that I think you and others are being very unfair to them. They've always been well behaved and no trouble at conventions. If they do start disrupting things, perhaps something should be done. But this seems very unlikely and they shouldn't be discriminated against before the fact.

[That's a nice sentiment in that last paragraph, Bill. Perhaps someday it can be applied to adult science fiction fans, too.

If that quotation is accurate, I'm not much impressed by your lawyer's liberal thinking, whatever his politics.

But you're right that the question is really What should fandom be like? One of the things it should not be, I would suggest, is a willing audience for people who believe they have a duty to defame publicly persons they suspect of having committed a crime. There are police and courts adequately set up to deal with criminals. If you cannot recognize this principle by yourself, I hope other fans can make it obvious to you. An apology would be a hollow gesture indeed if only Fan X were involved--but we are all involved, and I urge you again to apologize. You admitted in "Statement of the Committee" that you erred in violating the privacy of the children you dragged into this. Surely you can see that you violated someone else's as well.]

Alva Rogers, 5243 Rahlves Drive, Castro Valley, California.

Thanks for Logorrhea #6 which I found quite readable and interesting, all the way through. I bet you were hoping one of us would comment on this issue, weren't you?

We're not inviting monsterfans to the con. We asked Forry Ackerman to be Fan Guest of Honor for his long identification with fandom, and his nearly lifelong devotion to science fiction. That he is also at the moment associated with monsterdom is an incidental. At last year's Westercon (engineered by the four who comprise the Pacificon II committee) we noticed that wherever Ackerman was he was surrounded by young teenagers. At no time were these so-called Monster Fans anything but quiet and well behaved. None (unless accompanied by a parent) stayed for any of the evening festivities.

You and others seem to envision a veritable locust-swarm of mongoloid monster fans taking over the con. Christ! If we have as many as fifty on the premises at any given moment, I'll be surprised as hell.

These kids have plenty of business at the con. In three or four years a lot of them will be starry-eyed neofans, publishing fanzines and writing blasts at some future fuggheaded con committee. Don't sell these kids too damn short.

If you kick these kids in the teeth, treat them with contempt, freeze them out of conventions by letting them know they're about as welcome as the plague, you damn up the wellspring of fandom. If you (and I don't mean you personally, Tom; but you great big fandom out there, you!) make it clear that fandom is a closed corporation restricted to the initiate, and that conventions are just big private parties for the ingroup, these impressionable and enthusiastic youngsters are going to get the message and take their enthusiasms elsewhere.

Nobody's trying to make fandom safe for large numbers of children. The Pacificon II committee is just making sure they've discharged their moral responsibility (note that word "moral," Pilati, and the word that follows) towards the health and safety of those youngsters attending this particular convention.

]You may be right, Alva, as far as the monsterfans go--though I had some dandy arguments and beautiful sarcasms put by to argue you down. I'm forgoing using them though (and have thus abridged your letter considerably) because they would only antagonize certain elements to no purpose. I suggested barring the monsterfans rather than the science-fiction fan as a solution, not a debate topic, and it's obvious you aren't interested in that solution. How about offering one of your own? I'm sure you realize the present situation is hurting both the committee members and Fan X, and will hurt the con and ultimately fandom if allowed to stand.

I'm just a bit puzzled, however. If there will be so few monsterfans and they won't be around in the eveing, then who was Bill Donaho referring to when he wrote me: "We feel we owe the kids some protection particularly since by our policies we are attracting a large number of young kids that would not otherwise be at the convention?" Eh?



And what's this about 'moral responsibility'? I thought the committee claimed you only did this thing because you had to, were legally forced to. Hadn't you better decide whether it's the kids or yourself you're protecting?

Finally I have to wonder why you assumed Fan X's interest in children is less innocent than Forrest Ackerman's. (And I'm not questioning his.) What would your reaction have been if your kids were monsterfans and he invited them to his place to see monsterpix?]

Walter Willis, 170 Upper Newtownards Road, Belfast 4, North Ireland.

I would love to know what in The Harp Stateside shocked that young fan. Surely it couldn't have been Mari Wolf and Wendayne Ackerman undressing behind newspapers. They weren't tabloids.

Page 7, punultimate line, should have been "buns". McCain's typo? ((Yes.))

Re Tackett, the whole point of my essay was that man will never get into interstellar space if he keeps having wars every generation. I would have thought this was obvious to everyone since 1945. Every civilisation must meet this same crisis and only those who have met it successfully will survive it to get into space.

I don't intend to intervene at this distance in the details of the affair, but I would like you to print the enclosed ((see front page)), separately from The Harp. I agree in principle with your point of view but my own opinion is that the (Fan X) issue is now secondary in importance to the question of how it is being treated, and the effect of that on fandom itself. Nothing but harm can result from that, not only to (Fan X) but to everyone.

Ella Parker and Ethel Lindsay incidentally have been approached for a request for a declaration of support for the actions of the P'con committee. I advised them to reply that while they were quite willing to declare their support for the P'con itself they could not underwrite actions by the committee over which they had no control on matters of which they had no knowledge. The P'con is not the committee, nor its personal property.

I see that according to Terry Carr you are a Republican. Oh well, that's all right, I'm very broadminded for a liberal. I believe Republicanism should be allowed between consenting adults. Seriously if you can stand it, I don't propose to let it inhibit me.

((Thanks for your tolerance, Walt, but I'm afraid it's misplaced. I'm not a Republican. Terry Carr has me mixed up with some other Perry, father right than me.

Redd Boggs was no more specific than I quoted him about the neofan. But my impression was that he was upset by the honesty of your reporting. Being frank can shock many people.))

Rick Sneary, 2962 Santa Ana Street, South Gate, California.

The sixth LOG came to hand with breakfast, and thus got read in short order. As I started reading your first page I heaved a sigh. But then it penetrated, and I laughed. You were spinning a beautiful hyperbole to present a new problem in an exaggerated form. The touch is just right, but you don't carry your idea far enough. Based on the same argument, the logical step would be to bar all teenagers from the Convention.

When this first step has been taken and things well organized, the next step in phaseing-out of undesirable fake fans can be taken. As all attest to the glories that were sixth fandom, and the sluvonly slump that was Seventh, it is obvious to recognize as being a True Fan anyone who was not active some time before the last QUANDRY. First and Fifth Fandom, which have been building their organization over the past few years unddoubtly will be the strongest supporters of this action. And as a member of Fifth Fandom, I can assure everyone that we would never think of cutting off Sixth Fandom.

((How do you get your mail before breakfast, Rick?))



Dick Ellington, 1941 Oregon Street, Berkeley 3, California.

While we're not taking part in the active boycott of the con that Ray Nelson's heading up, we, along with Ed and Jessie Clinton and Jerry and Miri Knight, will not be attending the con on the principle that we don't need that kind of hassle. We will however be quietly at home throughout the con and all and sundry are invited to drop in and say hello if they find time. Youse included. ((Tanks!))

LOC is, incidentally, most interesting, certainly an improvement over the single issue I saw some—was it years? ((yes))—ago. Pilati's writings are very well done and smooth and eminently readable and humorous. Since I somehow missed reading the original of the Willis item it was a new and most pleasant experience. As you mention so aptly, I was surprised to see Jan in print again after all this time. Apparently she goes through some such reincarnation every couple of years.

Did Raeburn really fume about pronunciation of Peiping? I'm croggled. Beiping, Peiping, Peking or just about anything else along that line are quite correct. The ideogram is pronounced a bit differently in different Chinese dialects.

Harry Warner, Jr., 423 Summit Avenue, Hagerstown, Maryland.

Your comments on the (Fan X) situation coincide fairly well with my opinions. But I'm attempting to stay out of print as much as possible on the Pacificon aspects of the fuss. I'm not as reticent about the FAPA angle, as you'll see eventually. Not directly connected is the angle about the undesirability of monster fans. I suspect that this is a symptom rather than a disease: the real disease is the big-big-big attitude toward worldcons and the more fundamental attitude that it is right to have just one gigantic worldcon each year. I stick firmly to my conviction that the whole concept is wrong and that the worldcon should be replaced with equal status for three or four annual cons, two of which we already have in the Midwescon and Westercon. A third could be in the East, perhaps alternating between Philadelphia and New York, and the fourth in Europe or the British Isles. Most of the troubles that cons have created would subside or vanish if it weren't for this awful insistence of one big one, the power struggles for the glory of being the host city, the hatreds that arise when people get nervous over the danger of going deep into a financial hole promoting it, the worries that the Pacificon will be so big that it'll have lots of monster fans on hand, one of whom might be dated by (Fan X).

I feel a glow of pleasure to find that something I wrote inspired Willis to write an article good enough to be remembered and reprinted a decade later. However, Walter mistook slightly my grumbling about the pun. I had two things in mind: that the pun is the lowest type of humor in the sense that it is the kind that goes on in the subconscious, unthinking portion of the mind, and the presence of an unbearable cliché punster in my office. Nothing is more terrible than the punster who has no sense of the difference between the cliché pun and the pun that has never existed until it has been conceived and dropped by a great humorist.

The Jan Samuels reprint is exceptionally fine. This item is proof that orgy recalled in tranquility has something in common with the same process for emotion, when it comes to proper translation to paper. Nothing like this could possibly have been turned out if the participants had been fans and had attempted to create a one-shot on the basis of their current experiences.

((One thing Walt overlooked mentioning is the non-humorous use of the pun—as when King Lear says "You see how this world goes," and the blinded Gloucester replies, "I see it feelingly."))

Ruth Berman, 5620 Edgewater Boulevard, Minneapolis 17, Minnesota.

Joe Pilati's keen analysis of DNA includes one error; a similarity of names led him, forgivably, astray. One must examine the full name of "Dr. James D. Watson." This requires a certain Sherlockian scholarship. Anyone could call himself Dr. Watson, but James Watson—"thereby hangs a tale" ("The Adventure of the Man With the Twisted



Lip," to be exact). In one place, Watson is called James. Sherlockians have not yet agreed whether "James" is a misprint or a nickname, but its use in a pseudonym is clearly meant as a "tip-off," if one may use a colloquialism, to the fact that the name IS a pseudonym. Now, who in fandom has such knowledge? I do, Richard Eney does, and Avram Davidson does. Remember the middle initial in that pseudonym? Precisely so, my dear fellow, precisely so. It is of course possible that Davidson as an editor could not be considered a fan. If so, "James Watson" is Dick Eney.

((Either of you scoundrels want to confess?))

Richard E. Geis, 1525 N.E. Ainsworth, Portland 11, Oregon.

Speaking of Tuckerizing books, I have used fan names in others, but not to the extent I did in PAJAMA PARTY. When I first started selling short stories to Adam and Sir Knight, back in 1959, I used to do it all the time. Last names only, but it was still a lot of fun.

Like using Grennell as a patron of a future whore house.

Like using Champion and Hoffman as lovers mixed up with a religious sex-cult founded...well, listen to the speech of the high priest: "Welcome to the temple of love, to the temple of the master. One hundred sixty one years ago Yngvi became the master. Weyauwega is his shrine."

In the same story the villain uses a heavy-duty Grenn-Ell heat gun.

In another story I use Boggs as a rape artist who had escaped jail.

In another, "Death in the Moon," Rike is the hero and Stud Tucker the villain.

In another I named space warp converters, Bloch Converters. And I vaguely remember killing a guy named Bloch once or twice. I used Ackerman as a hero in a book, "Like Crazy, Man," and as a con man in a short story. It's fun...

DON'T EVER AGAIN split the text as you did on page eighteen. It's an incredible bother to make the jump and find the right line again. Result: I became irritated and didn't get beyond line two or three. You ruined an enjoyable three or four minutes for me and cheated me and I hate you! I enjoyed the second page of Jan's bit, though.

((Aw come on, Dick—the text wasn't split. It reads down the top of the title, then continues underneath. :: That sentence about Bloch cries for parallel lines:

-----  
I vaguely remember killing a guy named Bloch once or twice  
-----

But didn't Ackerman sue?))

Ed E. Evers, 268 East Fourth Street, Apt.4C, New York 9, N.Y.

Joe Pilati's article on DNQ's etcet is funny, but leads me to a pretty serious train of thought. First Donaho publishes his hatesheet DNQ with the assumption that the contents will be spread by rumor (and they were: I got letters saying, "Bill Donaho says....but don't tell where you got it, this is DNQ"). Then various fen start publishing other people's DNQ'd letters, etcet. This is about the most vicious aspect of the feud and more serious than a lot of fen seem to realize.

The Peter-rock pun was the subject of quite a debate at the rump Fanoclasts meeting the other night. Seems the words are a pun in Greek, but not in Aramaic, so the pun was probably authored by the person who wrote the Bible rather than by Christ. And where does that leave the whole controversy?

((Seems to me, Earl, that DNQ is a rather ambiguous concept. If it means simply Do Not Quote, does that mean it's okay to paraphrase, or to use the material without attribution? Or is it supposed to suggest the whole thing be kept confidential? Perhaps a new term is needed: Do Not Repeat, Do Not Spread, Do Not Tell, Do Not Utter...? Or perhaps we should go back to just saying "This is secret, don't tell anyone."...and use that more sparingly.))

Bob Tucker, Postal Box 478, Heyworth, Illinois.

Please don't get the idea I'm a parlor pink; I detest these double ribbons ((letter done in red ink)) but this was the only one available when I was desperate a few days ago. The local drugstore had one black ribbon left—for a nineteen eight Oliver. I should have taken it for its antique value.

Question: if you object so strongly, and so fruitlessly, to Ted Pauls cutting your letters, why not stop writing to him?

Was pleased to see old Jan Sadler Samuels in print again. She appears all too rarely since she gave up that fanzine of hers for a husband. Poor bargain, I say. I wouldn't do it. Perhaps you can coax regular letters from her for publication.

My theater played KING KLUNK vs. GODZILLA a week or so ago. I cheered! I haven't seen such a wonderful piece of science fiction since THE FIRE MAIDENS OF OUTER SPACE, or whatever it was called. In one scene, a submarine hits an iceberg and goes to the bottom, doomed. The captain shouts, "All hands abandon ship!" I wish they had filmed the next scene.

A couple of sticky dimes enclosed,

((I wonder if that ribbon would fit my eighteen and ninety-eight Oliver? As it is it's good only for cutting stencils. I used it for one interlineation in #5 and it has been sitting in the closet since, pleading, "More, more."))

Good idea about Pauls: I'd do it if he hadn't already out me off, and broke our trading agreement in the bargain. I hate to see injustice done, especially to me.

Jan, your fans are calling for you.))

Jim Caughran, 48104.

I've given up on Z.I.P. codes. I sent a letter to New York, with my street address and 48104 as the return address, no city. On finding the addressee was unknown, the postoffice sent it to the dead letter office. They read my address from inside and sent it back (with a ten-cent charge) with a little mimeo'd fanzine saying: "Use ZIP codes on all mail."

Bob Lichtman, 6137 South Croft Avenue, Los Angeles 56, California.

I doubt the veracity of Joe Pilati's report about Calvin Demmon. Some time ago Calvin lost the ability to say "Ahahahaha" like he used to when we were in high school together. It used to irritate the hell out of Calvin in a very offhand way that I could say "Ahahahaha" in the way he used to, but he couldn't. Ahahaha.

I see we are both turned off by the prospect of there being thousands (or "dozens") of monster fans at the convention, oyster or no. This sure is not calculated to make the convention interesting to fan-fans, who will have to be sidestepping all the time to avoid stepping on these little monsters.

((Left out till next issue: Bob Lichtman's three-feet shelf of fandom!))

Norm Clarke, 9 Bancroft Street, Aylmer East, Quebec.

Pilati's column is okay, but I'm afraid I can no longer read anything about the Berkeley mess without saying "Oog." It's got to the stage where everybody is shrill and almost inarticulate, striking out indiscriminately at everyone else on The Other Side, whichever that may be. It is already too late to hope for any reason or moderation; all is now, and will continue to be, invective and personal attacks. And so I think I'll now dissociate myself from the scene—except in FAPA, where I plan to vote for (Fan X's) admission. Reading and publishing heaps of mimeographed vindictiveness are not MY idea of a goddam hobby.

((Ol' Norm is right, folks. From now on it will take a pretty thoughtful letter on the subject to make the pages of this fanzine. Or editorial, for that matter.))



BY JOE PILATI

Whose Furniture Have You Moved Lately?

Last issue's installment of this column included an interlineation: "When I moved furniture for John Boardman I learned all about World War One." It was credited to Steve Stiles, for it was indeed uttered by that selfsame Serious Young Man.

Seeing it immortalized in the sleek black ink of the Gafia press prompted an idea for a new fannish literary form that might be called the Dangling Davenport Construction. Samples follow. Readers are invited to submit their own sterling work, which is to say I can't stop you. A lot of insight into fannish life, I think, can be crammed into these constructions, which are suitable for all occasions---and even non-occasions, which are understandably the rage lately.

"When I moved furniture for Paul Williams, I learned all about the Pirates of Penzance."

"When I moved furniture for Seth Johnson, I learned all about ice cream."

"When I moved furniture for Jerry Pournelle, I learned all about nuclear holocaust."

"When I moved furniture for Dean Grennell, I learned all about reloading the Webley-Fosberry .455 magnum."

"When I moved furniture for Ed Wood, I learned all about the less known works of Ralph Milne Farley."

"When I moved furniture for Harlan Ellison, I learned all about Harlan Ellison."

"When I moved furniture for Dick Lupoff, I learned all about Captain Jockstrap."

"When I moved furniture for Ted White, I learned all about Bix Beiderbecke."

"When I moved furniture for Tom Perry, I learned all about Jan Sadler."

"When I moved furniture for Dick Eney, I learned all about Ted White."

"When I moved furniture for Joe Gibson, I learned all about piloting great big starships."

"When I moved furniture for B--- D-----, I learned all about human brotherhood."

"When I moved furniture for Steve Stiles, I learned all about abstract impressionism."

"When I moved furniture for Buck Coulson, I learned all about unmitigated gall."

"When I moved furniture for Les Gerber, I learned all about twelve-tone composition."

"When I moved furniture for Ted Pauls, I learned all about the imminent threat posed by the extreme right."

"When I moved furniture for Gertrude Carr, I learned all about the imminent threat posed by the extreme left."

"When I moved furniture for Boyd Raeburn, I learned all about the imminent threat posed by Norm Clarke."

As a matter of fact, dear readers, I can see your comments right now: "When I moved furniture for Joe Pilati, I learned all about running interlineations into the ground."



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World's Fair Stall-in: a sort of House Rules Committee on wheels  
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### Outside Looking In

At the moment, I am a New York fan aspiring to become a New York Fan. Note the lower and upper case designations. A New York fan may for our purposes (or "Our Purposes," Calvin) be defined as a fake New York Fan, one who digs the great metropolitan mecca, but actually lives (in a manner of speaking) on the periphery—in my case, in a crab-grass jungle 25 miles away. It's comforting to know that the other columnist in the magazine will be a provincial type too, but still I'm bothered by pangs of self-pity.

My most recent venture into New York City was to attend a Fanoclasts meeting March twenty-fourth. Fanoclasts congregate in the cluttered but convivial atmosphere of the White house (not to be confused with the President's residence). When I arrived about nine o'clock, those present numbered six, hardly a quorum but good people all: Sandi and Ted, Steve Stiles, Dave Van Arnam, East Coast Al Lewis, and Les Gerber. Those who showed up later included John and Perdita Boardman, Mike McInerney, E.E. Evers, Arnold Katz, Frank Wilimczyk, and (invariably) someone I don't remember.

I suppose the success of an informal fan gathering depends on ~~how much clash~~ how many personalities clash. I don't mean there should be fights with thudding karate chops, but there's nothing like rousing disagreement to enliven such evenings. There was no shortage at this meeting. I disagreed with John Boardman about Senator Goldwater's chances of being nominated for the presidency; Ted White disagreed with John about the merits of one of the novels nominated for a Hugo (I forget which, in trufannish fashion); Dave Van Arnam disagreed with John about the campaign tactics of Richard Milhous Nixon; Arnold Katz disagreed with John about some obscure detail of a Burroughs novel—and so on.

Dave Van Arnam seems to me the most interesting character of all the Fanoclasts. He supports Nixon, but let's say no more about that; I don't believe in banality by association. Dave publishes a fanzine called FIRST DRAFT and distributes copies at Fanoclasts meetings. It is one interminable anecdote that runs from two-page issue to two-page issue and is saved from being infuriating only by its fannish sparkle. (It's a sort of SHAGGY dog story.) Each issue, when Dave reaches the bottom of the second stencil, he stops. Just stops. He chops paragraphs in half between issues. He serializes paragraphs the way the Sturday Evening Post once serialized Clarence Buddington Kelland novels. Dave has a rather strange growth on his hand. About the size of the average foot, it is colored a sort of translucent and foamy brown and labeled "Schaefer." There is apparently no getting rid of it. It sort of drains away with frightening frequency—three times during the meeting in question—and drops off onto the floor, but Dave regenerates it like some crazy fannish planarian. Steve Stiles, in one of his convention reports, gave the best account of Dave's seemingly permanent state of amiability. "Dave never gets angry," said Steve. (You may think there is no transition between the internal elements of this paragraph, but you're wrong, bwah.) Dave practically never stops smiling. Steve didn't bring out the point that



Dave is the perfect foil for the would-be fannish humorist (or even the is fannish humorist). He laughs for ten minutes at gags others laugh at for ten seconds. Well, actually, he does more than laugh. He chor-tles, guffaws, snickers, chuckles, and generally goes out of his mind with glee at the merest indication of humor. Steve Stiles showed Dave a cartoon sometime early in the evening, and basked in the glow of boisterous egoboo till well into the morning. When Steve left at about three ayem, Dave's farewell, punctuated with more, er, laughing than I can reproduce here, was: "Boy, Steve, hahaha, that sure was a, hahahahaha, great cartoon, ahahahahaha."

Oh yes, Dave publishes another fanzine called JARGON. The first issue came out last September and the second is supposed to be imminent. It's a monthly.

I started this with the intention of recreating a Fanoclasts meeting, but I fear it can't be done. You have to be there. You have to see good old Ted<sup>s</sup>, a sort of emaciated Avram Davidson (as befits the assistant editor of F&SF), scratching his beard and looking sage as he quotes letters pertaining to the BOONDOGGLE case. You have to see Steve Stiles glaring menacingly—staring daggers would be the cartoonists' cliché I guess—at Aphrodite, one of the White felines, as she pads away, ignoring his exhortations to jump on his lap. (Disclaimer, Norm.) You have to see McInerney, who looks so much like Henry Hull playing the title rôle in "The Werewolf of London" that one expects him to bay at the moon...but only after a biplane chugs around a globe lettered "A Universal Picture."

Hmmm. Get thee to a Fanoclasts meeting?

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Mattell Toy Company is marketing a little toy bowling set-up with real electric pin-spotting. "Ask not for whom Mattell bowls; it bowls for GE."

QUARK? comes to you from a hill on the left bank of the Missouri River because:

|   |  |
|---|--|
| <input type="checkbox"/> You paid for it.                       | <input type="checkbox"/> You need to heed Walt's message.  |
| <input checked="" type="checkbox"/> You trade for it.           | <input type="checkbox"/> You or your fanzine or something you have written is praised, parodied, disparaged, or ridiculed. |
| <input checked="" type="checkbox"/> Don't you?                  |  |
| <input type="checkbox"/> You contributed.                       |  |
| <input type="checkbox"/> I'd like you to consider contributing. | <input type="checkbox"/> I consider you a truBNF: comment or contribution welcome but not necessary.                       |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Your letter appears in't.              | <input type="checkbox"/> You're a personal friend and I wish you'd join the fun. Come on in, the water's incredible.       |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Would you consider commenting?         |  |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Please refrain from commenting.        | Write-in: _____.   |



# FUGGHEAD'S by FREE-FOR-ALL HOBART REINLEIN

He found his own worst enemy was---HIMSELF!!

## I

"It's not a stalk of celery in my ear," explained Hubert Fugghead. "It's a radio, tuned to the Life-Line frequency."

Barbara Sick stopped with a bite halfway down her gullet. "Mr. Fugghead! You don't think they're going to attack?"

Her host bounced up and down on his chair. "Why not? The Russians like a good was as much as anyone else. Yahoo!"

When he had subsided, his son Dyke said solemnly: "Dad, you're scaring her with all your silly war talk. The Russians are people, like us; they don't want to destroy the world."

The elder Fugghead grunted, went on eating. His son was a sniveling little pinko traitor, but it wasn't necessary to argue him down. Hubert Fugghead was sure the author was on the side of the big battalions.

They retired to the bridge table. "It's always more fun with four," ventured Barbara.

"I think so too, but you can't get all the characters into a parody," said Mr. Fugghead grumpily. He especially missed his bitchy wife, who always made him look good.

They played. Barbara found herself trapped in a nineteen no-trump contract with only two point count. She ruffed a sluff, finessed the one-eyed jacks, palmed an ace and ended up only eighteen down, doubled, redoubled and vulnerable.

"That's okay," said Mr. Fugghead, her partner. He leered. "I'm sure you can turn a trick when it counts." Suddenly his expression changed. "Down to the shelter, everyone!"

"What did you hear, Dad?" whined Dyke as the elevator sped downwards.

"Dean Manion said Senator Goldwater fluffed a line in his speech. A sure sign the commies have taken over all communications. Expect missiles any moment."

The first wave hit just after they bolted the doors. When it was over, Dyke said: "I gotta hand it to you, Dad. You're sure smart. But shouldn't you have stocked a spare radio?" He pointed to the celery stick, which had fallen from Fugghead's ear and smashed.

"I did. But as for you," his father added, whipping out a submachine gun, "you've had it. I tolerate no criticism in MY bomb shelter. Get out or be cut down!"

Dyke began working the bolts on the door. "Look, ^Dad," he said when half were undone, "I'll do anything you say, honest I will, really truly honest—"

The chatter of the tommygun cut him off. "Anything I hate, it's a slave." Hubert Fugghead turned from the corpse to the girl shuddering in the corner. "Better shuck those clothes. It's going to get hot in here. Don't be shy, I've got you covered."

When she had done so, he turned his agile mind to the next problem. "What shall we do to pass the time? Ah, I have an idea. You lie down over there behind that ellipsis..."

## II

Later, he explained things to her as best he knew how. "Pity Dyke never had no military service. He wasn't realistic. You see, this war is gonna be GOOD for the country. Think how this country has been breeding slaves—people so free that they



can't do anything but what they want to. (Freedom is slavery, you see.) For years the easiest way to get along in this country is to have lots of worthless kids and live off the taxes of the few of us who through sheer virtue do an honest day's work and build big houses and shelters to keep the scum employed. This war may kill off the stupid bastards and leave the cream of humanity alive, thus improving the breed. You see?"

She looked dubious. He continued, "Also the people in the armed forces will be as safe or safer than civilians. Anyone knows the military are the best people there are, the assault of the earth. Peace is their profession. (Because peace is war.) They were the first to swallow that line, thus proving their mental flexibility. So the scum will die and the virtuous live."

She shuddered. "That sounds just a teensy bit cruel."

He grinned. "It IS cruel. But we can't pretend we're not living in a jungle just because modern civilization has been finding answers for such things. At bottom we're all animals. Which reminds me—" He slapped her rump, bringing a satisfying cry of pain. Then, watching her frightened eyes, he trapped her to a bunk and climbed on again.

As he puffed, she spoke in a quiet voice. "I'm glad you've made it clear this war is going to be good. Individuals may megadie, but it's for the good of the country and the breed. (Though doesn't that smack just a little of the collectivism against which we're fighting this holy war?) Anyway, all the slaves living luxuriously and sinfully on the taxes of the bright and able and incidentally rich will die. It's good to be able to think like that at a time like this. Just one thing bothers me. When we get out of there, the country—maybe the world—is going to be a radioactive ruin. Can you help me understand how that's going to be good?"

He finished and collapsed on her. "Doesn't—matter," he managed. "The Author will get out of that by pushing the shelter into a parallel world where it didn't happen. Everyone knows what a parallel world is. It's the science-fiction author's submission to that third great precept—that ignorance is strength."

It was then that the second wave of bombs hit. Hubert Fugghead was slammed from wall to wall of the shelter. When it was over his broken body landed beside Barbara. He was indisputably dead, beyond the reach even of a pollyanna editor.

She sighed. It was his own fault for getting mixed up in a nasty liberal lefty-slanted parody. But then she had to smile. Fugghead had been right. Some good had come of the war after all.

XXX

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[from page two] refer to the victim of the nation's favorite murder mystery, John F. Kennedy.

Since no one has asked me, I'm compelled to offer my opinion: that he was a great President who might have, in time, become a good one. (For an explanation, send three QUARK? staples and \$1 to cover cost of handling.) The enmity he aroused in some was out of all proportion to the mild measures he was taking and I have wondered if after all a large part of it didn't arise from his sense of humour. Dick Gregory's remark that one loses one's freedom of speech on entering politics has a lot of truth in it. Kennedy's humour tended to reveal the realities of power and politics in America in a way that would have only been tolerated from a harmless buffoon like Mencken in an earlier age. Perhaps Kennedy's wit infuriated those to whom the absurdities he revealed were the most solemn things of life.

The day after he died, an Omaha professional man reported with horror to The World-Herald that he had heard his neighbor's children singing a curious tune: "Go tell Aunt Rhody/Go tell Aunt Rhody/Go tell Aunt Rhody/Old Kennedy is dead./He had it coming/He had it coming/He had it coming/He was shot in the head."

[to bacover]



I cite this not as an example of hatred to be shuddered at—no one who has read newspapers the past few years needs any examples, and shudders are mostly show—but simply because it has stuck with me and I have a reporter's curiosity about it. I found a similar song in a folksong album—"Go tell Aunt Rhody the old gray goose is dead"—but it lacks the repetition and doesn't lend itself quickly to such modification. I suspect the model may have been a hymn of hate fashioned after the assassination of old Abe Lincoln.

I might have puzzled about this in silence forever, but the other day I noticed an interlineation in an old Fapazine from Lee Hoffman. It says merely, "Go tell Aunt Rhody...", the ellipsis hinting of dark things. Since it was published at a time when a man named Eisenhower was President, Lee's allusion must be to the original I seek.

Miss Hoffman, would you good-naturedly condescend to enlighten me?

-----  
Yours truly, James Lovebitch  
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The day STARSINKLE #38 came, I pondered awhile and then pulled from my fanzine pile the Best Single Publication of 1963, DOUBLE-BILL #7, and leafed through it. It was interesting. This fanzine had been proved, by the democratic process, better than XERO #10 (which also, I remembered, had 100 pages) or HYPHEN #34 (which did not). It was obviously better than any of the 1963 issues of such fanzines as ENCLAVE, MINAC, POINTING VECTOR, KIPPLE and others I know not of.

I wondered what made it better. Was it the photo cover? (Snapshots of fans, dark, small, badly cropped.) The SF & Fantasy Quiz? ("Match the pseudonym with the right author...Match the hero of the series with his creator...Answers on page 39.") The D-B Art Folio? (Ten bad drawings, three good ones.) Buck Coulson's ghod-I'm-bored reviews?

Not that all the material was bad. A satire by Tucker, a couple of articles, and The D-B Symposium—this last valuable comments by pros, if somewhat pretentiously touted. The magazine is co-edited by a pair of young men named Bill, and if they aren't very talented, a hell of a lot of enthusiasm and hard work do much to make up for it.

But not enough I think to make D-B #7, in sincere lower-case, the best single publication of 1963. Perhaps its selection by the 92 other voters in the fan poll reveals more about polls than publications. Perhaps the voting should be in categories—best newszine, best sercon zine, best trufanzine, or whatever—with a separate category for an overall winner. Or perhaps the voting simply indicates something about the taste of people who fill out questionnaires. D-B itself is addicted to sending out questionnaires.

At any rate I think the problem needs attention if the fan poll is to count for anything. I trust there will be others not afraid to say that, no matter how the ballots bounce, D-B#7 is not 1963's best fanzine (though it is not without merit). And I hope, as one faned who was never in any danger of making the top ten, I can say this without garnering too many charges of sour grapes.

T.P.

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Omaha 11, Nebraska

Mimeographed matter  
THIRD-CLASS MAIL  
Please return only if  
no order to forward  
mail has been filed.

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