

Quark

...pronounced "?", a quarterly fanzine from
4018 Laurel Avenue, Omaha 11, Nebraska, the
paunch-manure capital of the world.

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THIS IS THE ELECTION-DAY issue of Quark. (At least it is if Mr. Dean "Redd" Boggs of the Gafia Duplicating Service and Stenography School for Girls runs it off before November.--unpaid advt.) It contains VALUABLE HINTS as to how you should cast your ballot November third. Also contained in its pages is an actual, life-size reproduction of an "X" which you can copy onto your voting paper.

I should explain it was purest coincidence that finds myself, Walt Willis, and John Boardman writing of political matters. Mr. Boardman of course writes of little else, but his contribution was unsolicited; it arrived unexpected a couple weeks after deadline and was gratefully accepted in place of pieces a number of other talented people had promised but not produced. Mr. Willis's column is a regular feature, but he has a free hand over it, unless of course he tries to delete something I think should be run. As for my book review--when a formerly favorite author produces something that drastically lowers my opinion of him, I'm not likely to keep it to myself.

Mr. Bloch's reprinted piece is also somewhat political, but I assume the author is the only one of us old enough to have voted for or against Mr. Lincoln--unless of course you take the Republicans' claims seriously this year.

people argue about my modesty

-k.s.

I OFFER THAT PROLEPSIS chiefly because last issue found myself and Mr. Willis writing derogatorily of Edward Wood, and Joe Pilati moving furniture for him and learning all about the lesser known works of Ralph Milne Farley. That was also unplanned. I am hoping that Senator Goldwater can stand our disapproval as well as Ed has, and that next issue the contributors will find different targets.

she was rich and the rest was easy

THE COMMITTEE AND ITS CRITICS: "Good news: It seems he loved them after all." The line ran through my head the day Bill Donaho's "Apologia" arrived. By coincidence it was the same day that Ted White, Walter Breen and Marion Bradley stopped through town on their way to California. They were cynical about the motives behind it, and Walter had to agree with Joe Pilati, who remarked: "It's the first actionable apology I've ever seen."

Donaho picked his words carefully: it is more of a self-defense than an apology, as the title indicates. But while it may be understandably unsatisfactory to Donaho's victim, I think it's important to fandom in that he repudiates libel. This is what I was urging he do last issue. His doing so removes what I consider to be the chief controversy from fandom--whether or not fanzines should become a place to make charges

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better left to police stations and courts of law. I don't think the "Apologia" covers the personal matter between Donaho and the person he victimized by libel—this is something that will have to be settled by lawsuit or forgiveness or some course in between.

At any rate I suggest Bill Donaho deserves some appreciation from fandom. Not much; but some. He has been able to admit he was wrong, and wrong on a rather large scale. This can't have been easy, and while some might wish he had been a little harder on himself, the effort he did make should not be depreciated. I think he deserves a little muffled applause.

...Especially when you consider that the guy who originally advocated the use of libel in fandom a couple years ago hasn't yet admitted he was wrong. Of course he never did "name names" himself (hazardous, y'know), and in fact he recently stated it was his policy never to name names. But when it comes to admitting he was wrong, the best he can seem to do is to say he said that stupid thing just to see what kind of a reaction he'd get. For my money, Donaho's more of a man than Joe Gibson.

has daddy gone to fight the communists with his diamond stickpin? -k.s

AND WHILE YOU'RE APPLAUDING FOLKS let's have a bit of a hand for Richard Bergeron. I suspect his exhaustive editorial on the Berkeley mess may have had a good deal to do with this change of heart by the Pacificon committee's spokesman. He collected and juxtaposed the contradictions of the Donaho camp so neatly and thoroughly that even their originators could not fail to see their absurdity. It may be significant that the "Apologia" came out not long after WARHOON. If not, well, Dick deserves that hand anyway; cut it off and send it to him. (Ahahaha—oh, never mind.)

people frequently marvel at the things I can do with my hooks -HR

HOW I LEARNED TO STOP WORRYING AND LICK THE BOMB: "The ding-ding man!"
my daughter shouted
as the white jeep came up the street at a slow bell day after day this summer. I shelled out quite a few times before I realized what the kids were buying was not the familiar Popcicles of my youth. It was a similar confection but shaped like an obese rocket with a very round nose and stubby fins. They are known as Bom-Pops.

"In the second place we don't have any money?" -Patty

WHEN I MOVED FURNITURE FOR JOE PILATI, I learned all about how many books I keep in the head of my bed. The double bed with the bookcase had to be taken apart and stored in the basement to make room for the two single beds Joe and I slept this summer. The books that came out of it were stacked against the door of the cedar closet where we keep the mimeograph (safe from moth and rust, yes). You wouldn't believe so many books! Plenty books.

When I invited Joe out here for the summer I told him he could put up with us if he could put up with us, and he did a rather good job. I treasure the memory of his straight-faced put-ons at the local John Birch Society bookshop...of his quick puns, all of which I failed to write down...of the night we changed John Kenneth Galbraith's middle name to Kennedy in honor of our late President...of the many daugherty projects we hatched, including a fabulous crudzine to be called THE COSMIC COURIER...of the daily competition to see [continued on Page 17]

THE HARP THAT ONCE or TWICE

walt
willis

The first worldcon ever to be held in Ireland was in the International Hotel, Belfast, a huge white building rather like the office block where I work. In fact it was the office block where I work. I thought how convenient this was: I wouldn't have to book a room in the hotel, I could merely steal away to my office when I wanted a little peace and quiet. But when I did this late the first night I found it all changed. My desk, my chair, the rug, the brown linoleum, all these familiar things had disappeared and in their place was hotel furniture. Nothing was left of my office but the number on the door. I wondered what they had done with all my files. I didn't look round because the room seemed to be occupied, but closed the door again quietly wondering where to go now. My mother's room was on the same floor so I went along there. She said I could take a nap on one of the beds, but I couldn't get to sleep because fans kept coming in and annoying me. There was one girl in particular, a tall blonde called Sally Smith. I got up to push her away, but Madeleine called, "Don't hit her, she's a subscriber." Then Bruce Burn, looking very like Bruce Kidd, started pushing at me, and I hit him, so that he fell by the side of the bed. I was furious, the way you're angrier with a person after you've hit him than you were before, because you have to justify yourself. I bent over him and hissed: "Leave me alone, or I'll write about you in my con report. I tell you, Jim Webbort will come up to me with tears in his eyes and say thank you, Walt, thank you. Thank you for not saying about me the things you said about Bruce Burn."

There was a shocked murmur at this—the room was full of fans now—and I felt I had to defend myself. I staggered to my feet, dazed with tiredness, and began to mumble incoherently about just wanting to be left alone. Then I burst into tears. "I know you all think I'm cold and stand-offish, but I'm willing to be friends." I could have stopped myself crying if I'd tried, but I was thinking there was no harm showing how sincere I was. Then I began to realise what a contemptible figure I must look, standing there crying in my pyjamas, the trousers of which are always too short for me. How would it look in the con reports? The horror of this thought woke me up, but I had to go downstairs and sit for a while before I was entirely convinced that nothing like that had happened.

Or had it. Obviously something pretty traumatic must have happened at the British convention last Easter to give me a nightmare like that. I think I'd better lie down on this couch here and tell you all about

it. That is, unless you are already at the handle of your ditto telling everyone I should be run out of fandom as a victim of Oedipus complex, inferiority complex and guilt complexes about not writing more for fanzines, not publishing Hyphen more often, not having put on a convention in Belfast, and Jim Webbert. I know I'm a goldmine for any psychiatrist, a sort of guilt-hedged security, but I'm not a case for the drastic current technique of what you might call surgical imputation.

This is what happened. Something like it might happen to you if you come to London next year, because strange processes have occurred in English fandom.

I was standing in the corridor of the Bull Hotel in Peterborough about 1 a.m. on Easter Sunday, trying to listen to five interesting conversations, when some young men came along and started to sell copies of the sixth issue of a monthly fanzine called Alien which I had never seen before. Madeleine, eager neofan that she is, counter-attacked by producing a copy of Hyphen 34 and trying to sell them a subscription.

"What is it?" asked one of them.

"It's called Hyphen," said the other. "You remember, that green thing we saw downstairs. See?"

"But it's dated September. Is it still being published? Why isn't she selling the current issue?"

"This is the current issue," said Madeleine weakly.

"Huh. That's not very good, is it."

Slowly and painfully I leaped to her defence. "Maybe after you've published 34 issues you won't be monthly either?" I suggested.

"Maybe not"—the young fanned shrugged—"but we're doing all right."

Other reinforcements arrived, in the shape of Bob Shaw.

"Anything in it?" he asked, watching me leaf through Alien.

"There is some amateur science fiction," I said, trying to keep all trace of emotion from my voice, "and a page of cartoons called 'Laffs'."

Bob shuddered. But quite unconscious of this damning indictment, the neofan nodded and turned away. It was abruptly clear to me that he was not a neofan at all, he was a BNF in another fandom. What did that make me and my friends? What had we done?

Next morning it was quite clear what we had done, at the annual general meeting of the BSFA. After the folding of Nebula, British fandom had been worried at the complete absence of channels of recruitment into fandom. Deliberately and in cold blood they had started a sercon organisation called the British Science Fiction Association. They had sacrificed valuable fanning time to publish a sercon official organ, full of reviews of science fiction: in this bait was embedded a hook consisting of reviews of and reprints from fanzines. They had spent money advertising in prozines. The policy had been spectacularly successful, because the membership of the BSFA was now in the hundreds, and scores of them were here at Peterborough. The only trouble was that while they seemed to have eaten the bait and grown fat on it, they had ignored the hook. Some of them seemed to spend the days sneering at us for not being serious and constructive like them, and the nights running up and down the corridors drunk, shouting and banging at our doors. I always think the worst sort of hooligan is the serious constructive one.

The situation was starkly illuminated at that BSFA meeting, after one of

the founder members had remarked casually and unguardedly that the purpose of the BSFA was to recruit new members to fandom. A storm of protest made it clear that this was not the purpose of the BSFA at all. Fandom as we knew it was to them a useless excrescence, our fanzines incomprehensible and irrelevant. They were fandom.

And so they were. Somehow I felt there was something sciencefictional about the whole situation, and suddenly I realised what it was. We were in the presence of Basic SF Plot No. 8, the Pygmalion/Frankenstein Group, the variation in which a scientist creates an intelligent race in the laboratory and finds it evolve beyond his comprehension and create a cosmology in which he has no part. There is of course no reason why it should end as it usually does in science fiction, in the destruction of either side: in fact assimilation is rapidly proceeding. But meanwhile I thought you deserved this devious explanation of a phenomenon so fantastic as that of somebody called Phil Rogers getting only four less votes from England as a TAFF candidate than Arthur Thomson.

SKATE-KEY Some fannish genius whose identity I have forgotten instanced that word as one which conjures up all by itself a whole forgotten set of nostalgic memories. The other day, reading a spy thriller set in modern India, I came upon another one. DEODAR. It is the name of an Indian tree, and the only other time I had heard it was in an Edwardian lovesong, "Down by the Deodars". Suddenly I was swept by an intense wave of feeling for Edwardian England. It was all there in 'deodar'. A prosperous and secure Imperial civilisation, in which people sat in plush sitting rooms and sang of lovers' meetings under familiar Asiatic trees: when the countryside was unspoiled and the world one long sunny afternoon: when you could take a train to anywhere in Europe without a passport. And when people were so insulated from reality that they could joyfully, carelessly, enter a war in which a whole generation would die for nothing.

The same day I noticed my young son Bryan was looking worried. I asked him what was wrong. "There's a man called Goldwater who's going to be President," he said. "He wants to start a war." I didn't know how to reassure him because he seemed to have only too firm a grasp of political reality for a child of eight. It seemed quite possible that Goldwater would become President. Even his candidacy made war nearer and if it resulted as well it might in increasing the influence of his equivalents in the Communist world, war would then be quite likely. Is it, I wondered, mere coincidence that the most prosperous country in the world is that whose population is apparently least repelled by the prospect of war, or is it that a prosperous civilisation is inherently self-destructive? I wondered if anyone would be left alive this time to remember its lovesongs.

THE MARCHING MORONS Talking of Goldwater I make no apology for. The President of the United States is the President of the world, as you would have realised if you had stood beside me among those thousands of Belfast people queuing outside the American consulate to sign the book of condolences for Jacqueline Kennedy. I used to think that the only plausible explanation for Goldwater was that he was a paid agent of the Chinese Communists, but lately I have come to the conclusion that we have entered a new era in politics, that of government by advertising.

There has been no shortage of crackpots in the past, but they have always been choked off by the professional politicians, who have some idea of the score. In every election the voters have been presented with two alternative sets of programmes prepared by professional politicians, one of which may be better than the other, but both of which are rational. But now Goldwater has broken through where Townsend failed. We are going to have government by the simpleminded for the simpleminded.

How did it happen? By, I think, pressure groups appealing straight to voters through paid advertising and publications like the Readers Digest: and by those voters, unlike simpletons in the past, having enough money and time to enter political activity. Millions of people are, apparently, seized of such fantasies as that certain economic systems are inherently immoral and that taking care of old and poor people will land them in forced labour camps in the Tennessee Valley.

PERSONAL STATEMENT BY A SWAB I see Richard Bergeron suggests that my "Emergency" statement last issue had an "Eisenhowerian" effect because I didn't mention names. That's a terrible word to use, especially now that by endorsing Goldwater Ike has finally obtained immortality. Like Iscariot. Let me say in self-defence that every word in that statement was carefully chosen to have significance, and none more so than the first one. When I said "multiple" surgery I meant more than one surgical operation: not just the one Donaho had attempted, but the one then starting on himself.

People are not amputated from fandom with one blow, however deadly. The operation involves the stoppage of individual channels of communication, until the member withers from lack of nourishment. It seemed to me at the time that this was quite as likely to happen to Donaho as to Breen, and would be equally regrettable.

—Walt Willis.

TERRY CARR—

A Nice Guy

for T A F F

LINCOLN'S GETTYSBURG ADDRESS

AS IT WOULD APPEAR IN A TYPICAL FANZINE

Fourscore and seven years ago our fathers brought forth upon this continent, a new nation, conceived in Liberty [that used to be a magazine, you know] and dedicated to the proposition [guess we still are dedicated to the proposition, if the right dame comes along] that all men are created equal. Now we are engaged in a great civil war [from what you read about it, nobody was very civil, were they?], testing whether that nation, or any nation so conceived [watch your language, there!] and so dedicated can long endure.

Who sawed Commodore Farragut's boat?

We are met on a great battlefield of that war. We have come to dedicate a portion of that field, as a final resting place for those who here gave their lives, that that [now, now!] nation might live. [This you calling living?] It is altogether fitting and proper that we should do this.

John Wilkes Booth is a louse.

But in a larger sense, we cannot dedicate—we cannot consecrate—we cannot hallow—this ground. [Then what are you horsing around for?] The brave men, living and dead, who struggled here [Dead men don't struggle, do they? Or are you thinking of them putting up a stiff resistance?] have consecrated it, far above our poor power to add or detract. [Let's not get off detract here.] The world will little note nor long remember what we say here [it says here] but it can never forget what they did here.

Fan away to Fredricksburg with Frietchie in Fifty-Five!

It is for us, the living, rather, to be dedicated here to the unfinished work which they who fought here, have, thus far, so nobly advanced. [This is a comma-tose statement if I ever saw one.] It is rather for us to be here dedicated [A Dedicated Fan, huh?] to the great task remaining before us—that from these honored dead we take increased devotion [Howard Devotion?]-that we here highly resolve that these dead shall not have died in vain—that this nation, under God, [Let's not drag religion into fanzines, huh?] shall have a new birth of freedom—

"I'll fight it out on this lino if it takes all summer."—Grant

and that government of the people, by the people, [You mean "buy" the people, don't you?] for the people shall not perish [Is that anything like an annish?] from the earth. [Not a bad first effort for a neofan Mr. Lincoln, and as you wise up on fanzine writing your style will probably improve. Meanwhile, got to remind you that in spite of all the yapping you did, you clean forgot to tell us your address. How far is Gettysburg from Harry Warner's place?]

"No matter how drunk, the South shall rise again!"—Jefferson Davis

Robert A. Heinlein and

With Farnham's Freehold Heinlein has given us the definitive sciencefictional novel of the white backlash.

He has done much more. He has written the SF novel of the acceptable, even "good" nuclear war. He has given us his denunciation of liberalism and the welfare state. He has tried to present his own philosophy fictionally. He has also stacked the deck as only a sciencefiction writer can, and he apparently expects us to gape in awe when his hand comes up full of spades.

The book, just serialized in IF, starts out with America bumbling into a nuclear war—not through Goldwater brinkmanship, but because our leaders were so foolish as to attempt negotiation with the Russians. Suddenly the radar screens warn of rockets, and we go down with Hugh Farnham and his family, a Negro servant, a divorcée, and the inevitable cat into Farnham's well stocked bomb shelter.

There Farnham, a middleaged engineer and contractor, starts to demonstrate his, and, presumably, Heinlein's philosophy. When his son Duke, an obnoxious young man and a "liberal" at least in that he thought the Russians would not attack, gives him some backtalk, the elder Farnham gives him the choice between death and instant obedience. The threat is backed by a submachine gun. Duke agrees to obey. A few paragraphs later Hugh Farnham is explaining how he hates slavery in any form—he even dislikes dogs, because they have been bred to subservience. If anyone laughs, Heinlein does not mention it.

Shortly thereafter, Farnham delivers himself of this soliloquy:

"I'm not as sad over what has happened as you are. It might be good for us. I don't mean us six; I mean our country. ... I've worried for years about our country. It seems to me that we have been breeding slaves—and I believe in freedom. This war may have turned the tide. This may be the first war in history which kills the stupid rather than the bright and able—where it makes any distinction. ... wars have always been hardest on the best young men. This time the boys in service are as safe or safer than civilians. And of civilians those who used their heads and made preparations

the politics of
NOSTALGIA

stand a far better chance. Not every case, but on the average, and that will improve the breed. When it's over, things will be tough, and that will improve the breed still more. For years the surest way of surviving has been to be utterly worthless and breed lots of worthless kids. All standard genetics. But it seems that will change. ... It is cruel. But no government yet has been able to repeal natural laws, though they keep trying."

Heinlein, however, saves himself from any immediate demonstration of how wonderful a radioactive, depopulated America would be by having the bomb shelter come out in unspoiled wilderness. One of the girls comes up with the theory that they have been shoved into a "parallel universe." All characters in sciencefiction stories seem to have heard of the theory of parallel universes and pop up with it at convenient times; I doubt an author would have such luck with a handful of real people.

They operate on this theory for a while as Heinlein shows his real virtuosity for "engineering SF" with descriptions of how Farnham and his family and friends unearth the bomb shelter and provide it with plumbing. Farnham and his alcoholic wife become estranged while he takes up with the divorcée. Presently they are discovered—it turns out they're not in a parallel universe at all, just a couple thousand years in the future—and made slaves of.

Most the rest the book reads like Governor Wallace's nightmares. In this future time the Niggers have taken over. They are obviously inferior: despite advanced science, they run a feudal empire, poison each other, indulge in nepotism, and waste human resources by keeping illiterate slaves. Yes, they keep whites as slaves—they bed with white women—they breed whites like animals—they castrate white men—and they EAT whites! (The archvillain has a particular taste for plump young women.)

They are, in short, exactly the black cannibalistic savages the more extreme racists will tell you they are.

Farnham's Negro houseboy joins the dominant group and becomes "uppity" to his former bosses. Hugh's wife becomes a pet of the black ruler; she has her son castrated and made her pet. This leaves Hugh and the divorcée (his daughter has died earlier) and the twin sons she has borne him.

They try to escape. They're caught and made guinea pigs in a time-travel experiment. They wind up in Twentieth Century America the night of the nuclear holocaust, and manage to escape to an abandoned mine, where they survive the bombing. Afterwards they set up a store with rules that are the antithesis of the public-accommodations section of the Civil Rights Act: the customer not only may be refused service—he may be blown up or shot.

Of course, such defensive precautions might be reasonable in the wild, savage land America might become after a nuclear war if anyone survived. But Heinlein has not attempted to write a book about such a world; his nuclear war serves him merely as a plot device—to emphasize the villainy of communists, to propel his protagonists into the future, and finally to depopulate his America of the urban masses, so that his hero can go back to the simple life.

This return to frontier simplicity is the only sense in which his war can be considered "good for the country"...it gets rid of the large numbers of people whose existence poses the problems that liberalism attempts to solve in constructive ways. Heinlein apparently considers these solutions socialism, and thus unacceptable. But his own Final Solution to the people problem, whether or not it is "good genetics" as he claims, is unlikely to satisfy the dumb masses that would have to be killed off.

And the inevitable question is: why is the collectivism that demands death (to "improve the breed") superior to a philosophy that tries to cope with life?

But Heinlein doesn't touch on this question, basic though it is to his theme. His appeal is emotionalistic throughout. The villains of the piece are Negroes and liberals, though the fact that they are has little to do with their villainy. It may be claimed for Heinlein that an SF writer has a right to explore such avenues as a third world war or a world where black men enslave whites. And so he does. But the way he does it and his motives are fair game for the reader and reviewer. The fact that Heinlein has written this book in this way, and published it now, shortly before a Presidential election that amounts to a referendum on social legislation in general and particularly the Civil Rights Act, is significant. It makes the book a piece of low if skillful propaganda, only somewhat subtler than the "hundred-billion-dollar blackjack" ad circulated by racists a few months ago.

Consider the ways he chooses to refute the philosophy behind liberal social legislation: In his future world the standard oath is "Uncle protect us!" This is from the religion, in which "Mamaloi had at last succeeded—working indirectly, as always—in uniting all Her children under one roof and placing their Uncle in charge of them. Then She could rest. / Hugh's comment was: 'And God help the human race!'" Hugh finally demolishes the concept of welfarism by pointing to his drugged, castrated son and saying, "Duke's not too badly off—if welfare and security and happiness are sufficient criteria."

Consider his reiteration of the notion that "what a person is can never be someone else's fault," as the heroine puts it in assuring Farnham that he is not to blame because he has ignored his wife while she became a bitchy, nagging lush—or that "no one is ever responsible for another person's actions," as Farnham tells himself to ease his distress at his son's tragedy. It's no wonder that he finds little comfort in the "cold intellectual wisdom" of these thoughts; Heinlein's whole story serves to disprove them. Could even Hugh Farnham contend, for instance, that the degraded condition of the white slaves is not the doing of their black masters?

Consider Heinlein's emphasis on property, that concept that liberalism and especially the Civil Rights Act was, according to "conservatives," created to destroy. When the ruling group of the future take down Farnham's American flag, they "filched" it—even though it was flying over land whose title had not vested in Farnham for centuries and he and his group were legally trespassers. When his trip in time is preceded by reference to maps, it is stressed that they were "Hugh's former property...Hugh's property." (Legally they belonged to Hugh's master—and property is a sophisticated legal concept.) When they take a

car to drive into the mountains before the war starts, it is the heroine's car; when they seek refuge in an abandoned mine, it is one Hugh "had a piece of." These touches serve to suggest the conservative line that "property rights are human rights" and, in the context of the story, deliver a clear message: let the blacks have equal rights and opportunities and they'll soon grab your land, your wife, your flag, your law.

Or consider Farnham's opinion of "...Whites [sic] who made a big thing of how anxious they were to 'help the American Negro improve himself.' Hugh had formed the opinion that almost all of these bleeding hearts wanted the Negro's lot improved until it was almost as high as their own—and no longer on their consciences." He adds ominously: "But the idea that the tables could ever be fully turned was one they rejected emotionally."

Of course they can be turned; Cullud Folk outnumber whites in this world. And they are more likely to be turned by a downtrodden race than by one invested with equal rights and opportunities. This ought to be sufficient motive for anyone to work for improvement of the Negro's lot, whether or not he believes in what Heinlein calls the "nonsense notion of 'racial equality.'"

Instead Heinlein has written a piece of slick propaganda, as despicable for what it says as the way it says it. The sciencefiction writer creates not only his characters, but his setting, society, and even his laws of nature. Considering this I think the intelligent reader should expect some restraint from the intelligent writer in ordering these fictional matters to deliver a Message. When he is writing to demolish current political and social ideas, for instance, I would suggest he ought to feel obliged to work in the framework of a society rather like our own.

If Heinlein really feels he has something significant to say about racial equality, liberalism, the welfare state, centralized government and so forth, he should set his story in contemporary America or a society like it. I'd suggest a novel laid in rural Mississippi. There he could demonstrate realistically the natural and cultural superiority of the bomb-throwing white race over the non-violent Negroes who are occasionally blown up in their churches. He could picture the monstrous arm of the Federal Government invading the sovereign state to deprive men of the right to deprive men of the right to vote, serve on juries, attend decent schools, move freely. He could portray the bleeding hearts working on voter registration projects to soothe their troubled consciences (and incidentally risking their lives doing so). An epidemic—say of spinal meningitis—could serve instead of an atomic war to wipe out large numbers and improve the breed. This could be neatly contrasted with food packages from the Federal Government and bleeding hearts in the North, which would save babies from starving and thus weaken the breed.

If a character in such a hypothetical Heinlein book could think independently he might form an opinion of the author similar to the one Farnham gives of the black villain of Farnham's Freehold: "He rationalized slavery, he rationalized tyranny, he rationalized cruelty, and always wanted the victim to agree and thank him. ... He could always prove why the hotfoot he was giving you was for your own good. I despise him."

VEPRATOGA

Robert Bloch, 4421 Murietta Avenue, Sherman Oaks, California.

QUARK reached me and I enjoyed it greatly—particularly the Willis item(s). I'm really surprised to see that Willis is still writing. I had been told that he has been spending most of his time lately working in television, preparing a weekly review of Irish funerals entitled THAT WAS THE WAKE THAT WAS.

Dean Grennell, Route 2, Box 441, Germantown, Wisconsin.

Herewith the requested transcript of the Bloch-Lincoln (sounds like an 1864 campaign slogan!) article. It aroused a fair amount of interest when first published, 'way back in the dark ages when Tucker was not much more than middle-aged. I should not be greatly surprised if it does so again. Some people took the dim view of it but those kind one always has and if they were not grotched about that, they'd merely have to find something else so why worry?

I enjoy QUARK very much...it's one of the best that comes out these days, possibly even the best USA zine (duly modified on account of HYPHEN).

Incidentally, I'd thought about "QUARK" as a fanzine title one time or another only not with the ? after it on account of quark is, as I'm sure you know, the abbreviation of questionmark used when typing on machines (teletypes, etc.) that do not have a "?". But don't let me influence you on this matter, leave it as is and keep on using it. At least one reader will always display a high ° of interest.

[[The quark after QUARK expressed tentativeness; enough people (one or two) seem to like the title, so it's being retained and the modifying mark dropped. §§ When Dean first ran the Bloch piece reprinted here, back in nineteen and fifty-five, at least two vocal fuggheads objected to the writer's so outrageously attacking President Lincoln. One John Murdoch, I believe, demanded Bloch and Grennell apologize or drop him from the GRUE mailing list. Dean obliged by complying with the second option. If any QUARK reader has a similar demand, let him speak now.]]

Jim Caughran, 414 Lawrence Street, Ann Arbor, Michigan.

QUARK and FRAP are the two worst fanzine titles I can call to mind at the moment. Sorry. [[At least QUARK doesn't support Salvador Allende.]]

Bob Silverberg, 5020 Goodridge Avenue, New York 71, New York.

Thankee for LOG 6, which struck me as interesting and agreeable all the way. Come again. # My favorite book dedication (cf Roy Tackett's letter) is the late Charles Dye's, for his PRISONER IN THE SKULL. He dedicated to his then wife, Katherine Maclean: "To love, with Katherine." Classic, I think. [[I also.]]

Harlan Ellison, 2313 Bushrod Lane, Los Angeles 24, California.

Thanks for the fmz. I enjoyed it, particularly Joe's furniture piece, which again exposes me to myself. Would anyone helping me move my furniture learn about me? Am I that naked, or so omnipresent in my surroundings? Well, perhaps. But I would hate to think that I have no other interests in this life than myself, my id, my ego, and my career.

Gina Clarke, 9 Bancroft Street, Aylmer East, Quebec, Canada.

Willis was delightful. Marvelous. However I don't believe the crew in the bomb planes really wear diapers. That would mean they'd need rubber pants, too, because it wouldn't be dignified for the Defenders of the Free World to dismount from their plane and stride across the runway with blotches in their crotches. Norm, being of a dirty mind, wondered about something else. That's easy, I said. After their briefing, just before they're sent up and away, they report for their enemas.

Ted White, 339 Forty-ninth St., Brooklyn 20, New York.

I don't like QUARK as a title any better than LOG. The zine itself I do like very much. It has much of the intangible flavor of sixth fandom at its (QUANDRY) best, not the least reason for which is Walt's column, which is superb. I had the feeling that Warhoon's serious blue pages were not the most conducive to the sparkling Willis of old, and now you've proven me right. I'm all in favor of a return to unpretentious fannishness (as I hope BEARDMUTTERINGS will also prove) and perhaps a quiet rebellion is under way.

"Vice Geis" is quite nicely done, and here is one vote for its continuance.

I too have taken my revenge on Tucker. "I, Executioner" in IF last year features a protagonist who is a telepathic smorging together of two characters: a female named Rosebud and a male named Bob T. In the book I'm doing for Ace based on that short, The Murder Machine, the hero is Robert Tucker, and I even manage to work Hoy Ping Pong in too.

You narrowly missed immortal print yourself. In the first draft of Invasion from 2500 (Monarch) there was a Tom Perry. However Terry said we shouldn't use real names and in his draft changed Perry to something else. [[Aw, gee.]]

Dick Geis, 1525 NE Ainsworth, Portland 11, Oregon.

I must admit your imitation of my style of reviewing was so good I thought at first you had reprinted something I had written years ago and forgotten. Congrats! But after this let ME do it! Rowrbazzle!

John Boardman, 592 Sixteenth Street, Brooklyn, New York.

What means QUARK? It sounds vaguely interrogatory, but that's all I can make of it.

Congratulations on getting The Harp. One thing Walt might have added, to reinforce his argument about irresponsible fingers on The Button was the picture that appeared about a year ago of an American officer who wore, around his neck, the key to the room in which The

Button (for missiles) is located. The rank of this officer was—
first lieutenant! [[You mean The Button exists? I'd thought it was a
trope, or a folkmyth like The Hot Line.]]
Creath Thorne, Route 4, Savannah, Missouri.

After reading Walt Willis's usually great selection of comment, I am
organizing the Slug-Slingers Society of America... [[Write Creath
if you want more information on this, gang.]]

I'm wondering about Walt's statement that man will never get into
space if he keeps having wars every generation. I doubt that we would
have gotten this far if it hadn't been for WWII. Have another big
world war and once people see the need for observation stations in
space and bombs in orbit -- I bet that we progress a lot faster than
we're doing now. Congress doesn't want to vote funds for NASA -- the
situation would change in time of war. [[Wouldn't it, though?]]

Pat McLean, from a sailboat.

It seems to me you handle the Geis device a good deal better than that
worthy ever managed to. By all means continue.

Fred [[McLean]] says that on the Peter/rock thing it is a matter
of indifference whether it puns in Aramiac as they spoke mainly Latin.

When I was a child we sang a version of Aunt Rhody that agrees al-
most perfectly with that Kennedy jingle.

Harry Warner, 423 Summit Avenue, Hagerstown, Maryland.

Folk songs are something I know nothing about, but I heard the one about
Aunt Rhody so often long ago that I'm sure it consists basically of
only those ten words.

I'd read about slugs in British books, but the new Willis column
causes me to wonder exactly what they are like. I picture something
like nightcrawlers. But they don't seem particularly slimy. I wonder
if this is a British term for snails and, if so, just how large that
gap in the Willis door is.

Walt Willis, 170 Upper N'ards Road, Belfast 4, Northern Ireland.

I've no particular comments pro or con on the new title, but I suppose
I should express polite interest in the origin of the word. Like, you
have the QU from Quandry and the AR from Spacewarp, fine, but where
did you get the K? [[Left over from old summit headlines.]] You were
indeed fierce on Carey but not unfair, and someone should do criticism
like that, if only because you might encourage the others by, as it
were, giving them the Byrd. (Oh bother, it was Byng not Byrd, wasn't
it. Oh well.) I liked my confrere's column slightly better than my
own, but my favorite piece was the Heinlein parody. Lovely. Even
to the JWC blurb.

the foreseeable future

JANUARY 20, 1973

by john boardman

Less than nine years from now, Lyndon Baines Johnson will step down from the Presidency, after a longer tenure than any other man save only Franklin Delano Roosevelt. This, of course, assumes that ill health or ill hap do not shorten his term of office, for the Republican Party seems unable to do so. What sort of world will see him turn over the most powerful office on earth to his successor?

President Johnson himself will be 64 years old, the youngest ex-President in forty years. Barring an unlikely recurrence of his heart trouble, he will be good for many more years of political activity. It will be safe to assume that his successor will consult him on anything having to do with Texas, and in much having to do with Congress.

The identity of his successor will have been revealed by the 1964 Democratic convention. [[Anybody heard how this came out?]] If it is Hubert Humphrey, he will take the highest office at the age of 61. He will have had a 16-year preparation in the Senate, and eight years of apprenticeship in the Vice-Presidency. He will certainly be the most liberal President in American history.

The thirty-seventh President of the United States will have been through a campaign far different from those of 1960 and 1964. Instead of leading to victory one of two large political parties, he will have been nominated and elected by a Democratic Party with no appreciable opposition. The Republican Party will still be around in form, but not in substance. And there will be another, new party on the left, which got under way in 1968 and increased its vote in the recently concluded campaign of '72.

How will this come to pass? Largely as a result of the overwhelming defeat suffered by Barry Goldwater in 1964. He tried during the campaign to moderate his conservative image to appeal to disaffected Republican voters, but was caught between his own past statements, the views of his more extreme segregationist supporters in the South, and the superbly conducted campaign of one of the most effective professional politicians of the twentieth century. Only a handful of Southern states and traditional Republican strongholds stayed with him.

The conservative leadership that took control of the Republican Party at its 1964 convention will have looked at the returns and made some deductions. Committed as they are to the proposition that a sufficiently conservative platform will bring out a silent conservative majority of voters, they will refuse to believe that Barry Goldwater was out of step with contemporary American political thought. They will instead conclude that he lost because of the concessions he made to various moderate and liberal positions during the campaign. And in 1968 they will put

before the American people an even more conservative program and candidate.

The election of 1968 will finish the Republican Party as a major political force. For the subsequent decade or so, the American political scene will bear some resemblance to that of Mexico, or of Canada during the King and St. Laurent administrations: a large, middle-of-the-road party pledged to a moderately liberal program, and small ineffectual groups sniping from the left and right. Among these latter will be the conservative remnants of the Republicans.

And with unshakeable power and uninterrupted tenure the Democratic Party will develop an inevitable lethargy. There will be complaints of too many Texans in the places of power, and some intellectual liberals may break with the party they have given their support to for so long. If technological unemployment continues without measures being taken to alleviate its effect, a new party on the left could attract sizable numbers of bluecollar and whitecollar workers as well. Such a party will probably be proclaimed towards the end of the present decade, and will pick up steam in the nineteen-seventies. Men like William Fitts Ryan, Dave McReynolds, Henry Gonzales, and John F. Shelley would be its leaders. By that time, some political columnists will be predicting a restoration of the two-party system, the Democrats against the new party.

Technological unemployment will have replaced integration as the most difficult domestic problem to be faced by the new administration. Almost a decade of enforcement of the Civil Rights Act (as amended to stiffen it) will have swept aside the practice, though not all the feelings, of racial discrimination. After a desperate last resort of armed revolt, speedily and totally suppressed, even the rural regions of Alabama and Mississippi will have yielded. To the rising generation of Southern students and intellectuals of both races, the passions that agitated their parents will be as one with Free Silver and Prohibition.

Many of the great men of the nineteen forties and fifties will have passed the term of mortality when the successor of Earl Warren swears in the successor of Lyndon Johnson. Herbert Hoover, Harry Truman, Dwight Eisenhower, Jack Garner, Henry Wallace, and Harry Byrd will probably all have duly mourned by then. And it is likely that our friends and foes abroad will no longer include Winston Churchill, Charles de Gaulle, Chiang Kai-shek, Mao Tse-tung, Ho Chih Minh, Syngman Rhee, Konrad Adenauer, David Ben-Gurion, Francisco Franco, Antonio Salazar, or Juan Perón.

Europe will have a tighter economic integration, and will probably be forming some kind of political union. This will have considerable consequences in international politics; if Europe unites, one voice will speak for a third of a billion of the world's wealthiest, best educated and most industrialized people. A United Europe could conceivably seize direction of western policy from the United States.

And, as Europe unites, the Communist bloc will continue to show centrifugal tendencies. What the new leadership and industrialization will bring to China is unclear, but it is a fairly safe guess that a rising standard of living will mean, as it has in Russia, a decreased militancy. If Nikita Khrushchov survives, he will be 78, and the reins of

power will have passed into the hands of a younger man. President Johnson's opposite number at his last summit meeting may very well be Leonid Brezhnev. And the topics of conversation may well include a cautious exploration of a joint policy in dealing with turbulent Africa and the rising power of China and its allies—which may well include Indonesia.

Africa will be like the Balkans were a century before—a breeding ground of wars tribal, national, and ideological, in which the major powers dabble but fear to commit themselves totally. South Africa will have gone down in a welter of blood, a tragedy to be set beside Auschwitz or the Katyn Forest; the Boer who would not bend will have broken. But a few of the more wealthy and populous African nations—principally Nigeria—will be laying the foundations for a continental union.

The prospects for world peace will have gradually improved, but large stockpiles of atomic and conventional weapons will still exist. In self-defense, the major power will move to see that such smaller nations as get atomic weapons will be under governments not disposed to use them. Conceivably this might necessitate discreet foreign aid to a palace revolution in Egypt or Pakistan. In many capitalist countries, the arms industry will serve as much for government subsidization of the industrial economy as for defense purposes.

But history will note the Johnson administration principally for the exploration of space. Both the United States and the Soviet Union will have placed men on the Moon by then, and journeys to Venus and Mars will be on the drawing boards. The present communication satellite system will have been replaced by manned satellites in 24-hour orbits, so that three space stations will provide a television network linking most of the earth's surface. Space will have caught the public imagination as no event since the explorers of western Europe opened up the Americas and the East Indies. And it will be a more popular and less wasteful way than arms production for a nation to stimulate its economy with government spending.

In the nineteen fifties almost every major nation had an aged and venerable leader who had seen it safely through the broils of the previous two decades. They are now passing; by January twentieth, 1973, they will be gone. New men, with outlooks not limited to a single nation or the passions of the past, will be in power throughout the world. As a consequence, we can expect to see small but definite advances made in the major problems of overcoming war and poverty.

—John Boardman.

[continued from Page 2] which of us would get the most fannish mail. He did almost invariably, of course, just as he managed to put together a forty-page fanzine from scratch in a couple weeks while I was still writing threatening letters to potential contributors for my little magazine half that size. He also knew the secret of making the letters line up in lettering-guided headings; any improvement noted in this issue on that score should be attributed mostly to Joe's influence (and partly to my wife's success in borrowing a mimeoscope from the editor of a fanzine entitled TRINITY NEWS).

Then one day we got up early and drove him to the airport and he went through a door and there was a jet noise and we came home to find the house strangely empty.

All that remains of him here is a picture of his cat Bowser taped

on a wall of the fan den beside an offset copy of the cover of ENCLAVE number seven, a picture of a funny bird by Richard Birdgeron.

Oh, he also did his column for Quark while he was here. It is missing from this issue because it is missing. Our best theory is that he got disgusted with my prevarication and packed it and took it home with him and if that's the case you'll likely be seeing it in Enclave. Meanwhile I still have a stencil he cut for the first page of his column; I'll use it next time, if Joe's patient enough to do another one.

Tell me again what tragedy is. I can never remember. -k.s.

"YOU MEAN YOU'RE STILL NOT DRESSED?" said Joe (Robin) Pilati as wealthy young socialite Tom (Batman) Perry fumbled in the closet for a shirt. "It's three fifteen and we're due at work at three thirty!"

I said something curt to the effect that he could take a cab if he was in a hurry.

"Oh, don't be so—so—" Joe flung up his hands. "So Tom Perry!"

Fifteen minutes later we parked my completely restored, vintage 1954 Ford and sauntered in the back door at the World-Herald. I was still thinking over Joe's epithet. What was it to be Tom Perry?

The question occurred to me again later when I showed Joe a satire I'd done of some particularly stupid fanzine reviews. He laughed while reading it but as he handed it back he said, "It's cruel." And so it was. The question, I thought as I tucked it away, was what did I want to be?—a Willis or a Raeburn? A Grennell or a Geis?

I still haven't entirely decided, but I've spiked the satire, which was to go in this space. Still and all I'd like to suggest to a certain gentleman reviewer that if he can't get such matters as price, schedule, or the authorship of contents right, he may as well leave off reviewing. He can anyway for all of me—I find his reviews as dull as he finds conreports.

Because open cars were not available in Poland, the Kennedys all stood on the tops of closed ones. -LOOK

WE WERE ALSO VISITED BY Bill Bowers and Bill Mallardi, Alex Eisenstein and Durk Pearson this summer. The two Bills of Double:Bill told us the committee organizing to bid for Cleveland in 1966 has collapsed after the resignation of Don and Maggie Thompson and that it looks as if no midwestern city will bid next year. Durk told us of GOD COMICS and reeled off M.I.T. concepts, and Alex merely looked wise.

—Tom Perry.

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