

Quark

...the fanzine with the indefinable spark. 25¢.

FUNNY HO HO: Say, blackballing the entire FAPA waiting list is just about the funniest practical joke these fellers have thought up so far. One of the perpetrators writes he hopes I will not fail to see the humour in it. Well, it IS funny. Not Very Funny, like a rubber crutch or the jokester's piece of plastic vomit, but still not without humour. It strikes me the kind of thing a few cheerfully drunken people might dream up late at a party and discuss amusingly the possibility of doing...and then not do.

But these fellers have done it, from what I hear. I trust no Wler will show so mean a spirit as to value his own convenience higher than a few chuckles for the blackballers. And there is a bright side: presumably this second abuse of the blackball provision in one year will cause sensible Faps to eliminate either it or the members who cannot seem to use it—how you say?—responsibly.

"It was probably someone disguised as God."

-GH

HARLAN CALLED here, too, about 11 a.m. one November morning. (I don't know how he knew I would be asleep at that hour.) As I recall he complained about ROX and I told him I was complaining not so much about him as the secrecy that seemed to surround his motion, and he promised to send a letter for publication explaining how it came about. He didn't, though, and all I have left of that conversation is a clear memory of his saying, "I want to win a Hugo more than a goddam Oscar, baby!"

This ambition is a fine thing and I have nothing against Harlan's touting his own stuff for a tin rocket. I do think however he ought to resign from any committees connected with the Hugo.

And I wonder why Harlan thinks he would receive the Hugo if one of the TV shows he scripted won one? I should think the "best dramatic production" means a gestalt comprising the script, acting, sets, music, lighting &c., and that the award would be presented to the producer.

"Proverbs teach us all to be better Mouseketeers."

I DON'T WANT to call undue attention to the review of Quark that appeared in The Skyrack Newsletter #73, Dec. 30 1964, at the bottom of page three. But in it Ron Bennett suggests Quark might be due for a Hugo, and while I am terribly flattered and most grateful, I have to dissent. Quark is at best an imitation Hyphen, and Hyphen, one of the oldest fanzines in existence, is long overdue for its Hugo.

I hope to detail some of the reasons I think so elsewhere, but here I'd like to urge anyone casting about for a Hugo nominee in the

FROM: Thomas Perry
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Omaha, Neb. 68111

to

MIMEOGRAPHED MATTER
Third-Class Mail.
Return postage guaranteed.

Richard Eney

417 Ft. Hunt Road

Alexandria 7, Va.



fanzine category to hunt up a few back issues of "-", bearing in mind while re-reading them that this funny fanzine has been around since 1952, setting trends and spanning fannish eras. I would also suggest that this is singularly and appropriately the year for Hyphen for Hugo especially because Willis would be able to accept the trophy at the convention.

When I suggested a similar campaign last year, somebody complained that Willis has already won a Hugo. So he has—in 1958, as best acti-fan. But this I believe was a "backdoor Hugo," a Special Award, and in any case does not express the gratitude fandom ought to feel for Hyphen.

-----"Nobody lives more than two pages."----- -NY

BUT BACK TO Ron Bennet's review of Quark. He says it has a "golden indefinable spark." I hope I'm not being impious in suggesting it may be Jesus Christ Himself, baby. After all the issue Ron was commenting upon was turned out with the aid of a Methodist mimeo-scope and this one will be run off (if it is at all) on a Methodist mimeograph—in fact a Godly Gestetner, owned by a local church. Redd Boggs has apparently become a hermit, living in a postoffice box in El Cerrito, California, (No.305 in case you want to know) and I shall have to make other arrangements for future issues. The Gafia duplicating service (cap G, small d, s) is no more.

-----"...and the Methodists can drink with each other."-----

THE CRUDE scribbles accompanying the Willis column can be blamed on a couple of fandom's finest artists. Not that they did them—in fact that's just the trouble. The first artist I sent stencils to promptly had a baby, and still has it; the second had a philosophy, something I wasn't aware of when I denounced that particular philosophy for his fanzine. I still hope to get some illos from the first artist sometime. Meanwhile Quark shall be like A BAS at least in having pageafterpageofsolidblacktype.

Who sawed Courtney's boat? Who promoted Peress? Who is John Galt?

WITH TWO ITEMS and an interlineation, this seems to be the Harlan Ellison issue of Quark, as we have previously had Goldwater and Ed Wood issues. I'd like to make clear to everyone, especially the person least likely to believe it, that I like Harlan Ellison. Honest. In fact, so do most the people I know, including those who don't like him. But it's rather a sad fact that a person so sensitive to criticism should be so insensitive to actions that provoke it. All I can say is that we writers must get it all down the truest way we know how, before they put us down the hole. And for the moment, Quark is my way of doing that.

Terry Carr for TAFF, by Ghod!

-----Tom Perry.

You're getting this issue because:

You're not getting future issues

☒ Your name's mentioned.

_____ unless you write.

☐ You said.

☒ We trade. ☒ Don't we?

☐ You're Lee Hoffman.

☐ You're John Galt.

the Harp that once or twice...

BY WALT WILLIS

Tuesday 3rd November. Diary today says "Harp deadline. Conference 10.30am. M.T. 9.15pm." The conference was about how to get the hard filling to the shore motorway construction. I said the existing roads were already overcrowded, else why the motorway, and they agreed to do it by rail. The rest of the meeting didn't concern me, so I went home early to work on the car before lunch. I am the owner of probably the most modern vintage car in Ireland. It's an MG Midget ZB, produced in January 1959. In February 1959 the model was discontinued, and I like to think mine was the last of this honourable line. It's a sleek black pantherish saloon, slightly reminiscent of a rather delinquent Rolls Royce. It was replaced by a boxy modern family saloon which looks just like any other modern car, and the owners of the last of the "true MGs" regard this illbred parvenu with utter contempt. They constitute a sort of unorganised fandom, comparing notes eagerly when they meet in car dismantling yards looking for cheap spares and body parts. It was an expensive car. Unfortunately none of them ever seem to land in dismantling yards unless they have been crashed.

Fortunately my own is in pretty good shape, running nice and quietly except for the ticking of that damned electric clock. I finished replacing the felt window strips, rustproofed the door interior, had my lunch, and went back to the office to clear up some of the morning's work. Then home for tea and finished off the door, crouching in the wet yard under a lamp run out from the kitchen. Then at eight o'clock I got the car out again and set off for Aldergrove Airport. The airport was moved there only recently and I lost my way once, but I still arrived far too early as I always do. I roamed about the airport looking for the baggage we lost in America (I am an incurable optimist) and at the advertisements. There was a big display by a firm of Belfast real estate agents and in it, to my vast astonishment, was a big glossy photograph of Oblique House. True, I had consulted them about selling the house, but I hadn't told them to advertise it or even photograph it. Oh well, I thought, maybe some wealthy American tourist will want to buy it and ship it brick by brick to the West Coast. I'll be quite happy to supervise the operation for him.

At 9.18 the London plane arrived and I looked out for three conservat-

ively dressed gentlemen travelling together, the Ministry of Transport officials I was here to meet. I held my official briefcase in front of me, thinking of happier occasions when I had flaunted a copy of ASF for similar reasons, and we made contact. I drove them to their hotel, politely refused the offer of a drink and hurried home to catch the election programme.

It was too early for any results, but they had some interesting people talking. One was Gore Vidal, a very impressive man who reminded me a little of Bob Silverberg. He said Europeans shouldn't be so surprised about a man like Goldwater being nominated. By European standards there were no liberals in the United States; the country was almost equally divided into conservatives and reactionaries. Among all the commentators there was a single Goldwater supporter, a strange twisted looking man called Reid Buckley who looked and talked like a cornered animal. After everything he said there was a politely incredulous pause. The same slightly stunned effect was produced by the sample Johnson and Goldwater commercials, a phenomenon new to this country.

By 2am it was clear that the world, while not as safe as it had been before the Goldwater nomination, had some chance of surviving for another four years. The BBC closed down with a sigh of relief and I went to bed.



Wednesday 4th November. Up at 6.30 to make sure. The commentators were talking gleefully about a landslide, and it was quite a while before I could find the popular vote percentages. Buckley was still there, as if the button in Arizona which operated him had jammed. (What I say is that a man who can't be bothered to get up and hoist The Flag himself at sun-up is no true American.) Enraged by the repeated references to Goldwater extremism he launched into what he regarded as a scathing attack on Humphrey, whom he referred to as the one-man Ku Klux Klan of the Democratic Party. In corroboration of this statement he produced dramatically a sheaf of index cards from which he proceeded to read a selection of Humphrey's most far-out utterances. The only trouble was that while he was reading out these shocking blasphemies, everyone else in the studio was nodding approvingly at these sensible and statesmanlike pronouncements. At last someone asked Buckley diffidently just which of these remarks he regarded as extreme, at which Buckley threw down his cards in disgust and was finally silent.

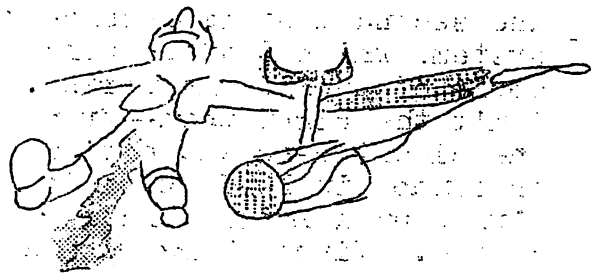
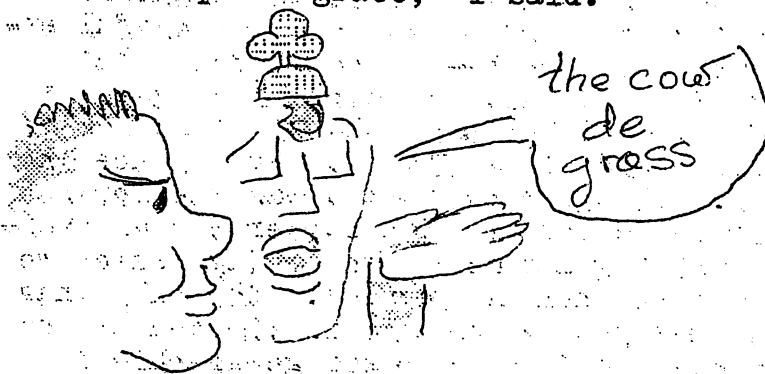
At 9.30 left to pick up the Ministry of Transport people at their hotel. They said wasn't it good news about the American election result. I said it was, if you were satisfied that the most powerful country in the world should be only 61% sane: personally I looked for a higher index of mental stability in people I entrusted with my life. They were shocked at the popular vote percentages: from the press and radio you would have thought that the only person who voted for Goldwater was his mother, and she lived in Mississippi.

All day with the Ministry of Transport officials and in the evening to Bob Shaw's house for the weekly fan meeting. Some little gloating about the election result, though Bob said Johnson seemed a terrible bore. I said they were both boring, but Johnson was the lesser of two weevils.

As you must have gathered from the unjustified immortality conferred on that last remark, I was now taking notes. I decided I would never have time these crowded days to sit down and write a proper Harp, and that I would send an alibi instead.

The rest of the evening was memorable to me for two such eerily improbable pun opportunities that I almost began to believe that piece I wrote some time ago about the Ultimate Pun. I hate quoting myself because it looks conceited and despite all my modest disavowals on that last occasion someone wrote in and said so, but after all this is a personal diary and I do say something occasionally. Apparently Bob had got George Charters some dwarf chestnut trees and he asked how they were getting on. George said they were just up to his niece's knees, and bent down to illustrate. "You mean," I said, "she stoops to conker?" I know you will hardly appreciate this as a pun, because the use of conker for chestnut is British slang, but think of the odds against that set of circumstances. The other one was more complex. Bob was describing with disgust the antics of an English amateur bullfighting group he had seen on tv. Apparently these idiots practised bullfighting by having someone run at them with a lawnmower to which was tied a pair of horns. Bob said he'd like to be the man pushing the lawnmower: he'd make sure he got one of them in the groin. It would be a fittingly ridiculous death, he said, to be gored by a lawnmower.

"The coup de grace," I said.



After a moment's contemplation of this, Bob pointed out I should have said it in a Scottish accent to make it mindshatteringly complete. I agreed, and made a mental note of the fact for the next time that the possibility of a bullfighter being gored by a lawnmower came up in conversation with someone familiar with Scots dialect.

5th to 8th November. Many things happened those hectic days, but I doubt if my everyday life would be as interesting to you as William Rotsler's. Then I went to England on business. Since many of you will, I hope, be going there for the Worldcon, the impressions of another stranger might have some interest.

Monday 9th November. Foggy. After breakfast I went down to the garden path and looked along the Upper Newtownards Road. Visibility was down to about twenty yards, so I walked over to the Bel-

mont road and took the bus to work. The Parliament Buildings where my office is are on a hill outside the town about 500 feet above sea level. There the sky was clear, the mountains and hilltops floating above the fog like sunny islands.

At the airport that afternoon it was announced that because of the fog the plane to London would be an hour late, so to pass the time I asked the way to the Import Cargo office. It turned out to be on the far side of the tarmac so I strolled along the perimeter road, past various notices saying No Admittance, and into a huge shed full of crates and parcels. I didn't make any enquiries in case they thought I was mad, but by walking about briskly as if I had business there I was able to assure myself that whatever Greyhound had done with our baggage it hadn't ended up here. (Well you never know, do you?)

Then back for an uneventful flight to London. There was not much to be seen through the fog patches, and even in bright sunshine England tends to look a little grimy after Ireland. I think what would be most likely to surprise an American would be the great amount of open space there is, even in that crowded little island. The journey from London Airport by road gives a first impression of growth and prosperity similar to most of America, but of a subtly different kind. The colour and extravagance of America is lacking, no doubt partly on account of the climate, giving the impression of a sort of expensive drabness. On the other hand there is everywhere a great feeling of solidity and permanence, bringing home to you that this is a great imperial capital. There is a strong sense of continuity with the past, from the centuries old buildings lovingly preserved to the domestic housing rather forlornly ranged along the new freeway. The whole country has that lived-in look,

The second most impressive thing about London is its public transport system, which I often wonder is not cited more often as a successful example of public enterprise. I came to it fresh—somehow I feel that isn't the right word—from the New York subway, and marvelled again at the cleanliness and efficiency of it, as I had done when I first came to London in 1950 to visit Ken Bulmer and Vince Clarke. Ever since then I've been a London Underground fan. Though that indeed was the merest chance. Vince Clarke was an Underground fan and Ken Bulmer was an omnibus fan, and for all us new fans visiting London in those days which we became depended on which of them met us when we arrived. The only snag about being an Underground fan is that your knowledge is limited to the areas around the stations and you have no idea of their geographical relationship to one another. This is inclined to lead you into such gaffes as taking a train journey to get to the other side of the street.

I emerged into the unknown regions of north-west London at the centre of the Queens Park Station oasis. It's a seedy near-slum area from which great blocks of modern flats erected by the London County Council rise like concrete phoenixes, rehousing Ella Parker and providing her with spectacular views.

Arthur Thomson was there to tell me about his trip to America, while Ella and I listened smugly pleased with ourselves for having helped to bring all that about. Then after he had gone home Ella and I talked into the night.

behaviour. But nevertheless when he got up to leave I felt uncomfortable, and half caught his eye. He made no sign at the time but on his way out he paused at the door, smiled happily, and said "Bye bye, gentlemen."

Startled, the Englishman said "Goodbye" and I repeated inanely "Bye bye", and he was gone, leaving me with a sudden flurry of thoughts. My principal feeling was of relief, closely followed by admiration. How exactly right that was, I thought. If he had said nothing he would have left a feeling of discomfort behind him. If he had said "Goodbye, gentlemen," it couldn't help but have undertones of sarcasm...or possibly, with that smile, of ingratiation. But "bye bye", with its less formal, almost childlike and therefore self-satirical connotations, denoted with utter clarity that he not only fully understood the situation but humourously dismissed it. It was perfect.

I wondered how many white people I knew of such sensitivity. It is I think endemic in Ireland, where even the most ordinary people have an innate tact, a feeling for the subtle nuances of conversation, which in its more obvious form of telling people what they want to hear is dismissed by the English as 'blarney'. In England itself I have met only one person who has it. In America I met several, such as Elinor Busby. I know this is inadequate data on which to base a theory, but I wonder if this sensitivity we are discussing is a survival characteristic of oppressed peoples.

((Probably not to be continued.))

—Walt Willis.

Join the Irresponsibles—vote Terry Carr for TAFF!* —LeeH

TIMES HAVE CHANGED? ...a once-in-a-while sort of thing not by Dick Lupoff

"Now we come to a subject which is very touchy and will have to be handled with kid gloves. It is a practice of one individual in fandom to make out-of-town phone calls to various fans in the middle of the night. THIS PRACTICE HAS GOT TO GO!! He called at 3 A.M. in the morning and scared the daylights out of my parents. My sister was on a honeymoon in Florida and they thought something had happened to her. Both he and the operator received a proper tongue lashing from my infuriated folks. The person who I am referring to resides in Cleveland, Ohio, and I would like to state here and now that if Mr. Ellison can not call at a decent respectable time like any normal human being he had damn better not phone this particular party."

—Lyle Kessler, PSYCHOTIC #10, April 1954.

* Terry Carr is indorsed by irresponsible elements of all branches of fandom. —LeeH.

Tuesday 10th November. At one second after 8.30am the "Royal Duchy" express pulled out of Paddington station with its precious human freight, namely me. British Railways have improved tremendously in the past few years, I thought, but they are still the worst way to see urban England. The basic difference between American and British railroads is that in America the towns were built after the railroads, but in England they were already there. So in England their tracks lie through the poor and squalid areas. and the view from the average British train is of a never-ending Victorian slum seen from the back—mean dirty red-brick houses, all dirty net curtains, dustbins and pigeon lofts, in long blocks separated by garbage dumps and soggy waste land.

It wasn't until after about three hours that we emerged into what I thought of as real country, near Taunton in Somerset, a region of green hills and wooded valleys, and very soon after the train turned sharply south for Exeter and the Devon coast. We reached the open sea at Exmouth, and then threaded lazily between low red cliffs and golden sands through various small seaside stations. This was still Victorian England, but the silver lining of that dark cloud of cruel complacency. This was the middle class holiday world of seaside boarding-houses, high tea with silver napkin rings, promenades and piers, buckets and spades, sand between your toes and the endless summer days of childhood. It was my childhood too, because I grew up in a society in which the motor car had not yet made the seaside just a place you might go any afternoon. We always went by train for our annual two weeks holiday, in Portrush in North Antrim, and in those days the train went first to Larne on the east coast, and then reversed onto another track for the north. Our parents used to say when the train started to go backwards that they had changed their mind, we weren't going on our holidays after all: they knew we knew it wasn't true, but I still wished they wouldn't say it, it was so terrible. Then after the long journey there was that marvellous moment, that first ecstatic glimpse of the sea, even more blue and wonderful than you dimly remembered it. It was strange, I used to think, it had been there all the time, waiting for me all through the winter. Children today are luckier, I thought, but it's a pity they can't have also that single unforgettable moment of joy. I wondered how many hundreds of children, now grown up or dead in wars, had leaped from this very seat at the sight of the sea.

At Newtown Abbot one of the other two passengers in my compartment got out. This seems a simple enough event, but I have been thinking about it ever since. The man sitting opposite me was a tweedy Englishman who started reading The Times at Paddington and was still working on the crossword puzzle. The one who got out had been reading The Manchester Guardian and dozing. Other differences were that he was better dressed than either of us and was a Negro. The only thing we had in common was that none of us had said a single word the entire four hours of the journey.

I hadn't taken the initiative because in the case of the Englishman I respected the traditional English upperclass reserve, and in the case of the Negro I had read about the pitfalls of Crow Jimism. If I were another English gentleman (and this being an official journey I was disguised as one) I figured—I hoped—the Negro would regard this as normal

Why Is

ANN DRAYN?

The Moral Revolution in Atlas Fugged:

At a few minutes to eight, on an evening not long from now, the people of the United States are sitting at their radio and TV sets, waiting to hear a broadcast from the head of their government — Mr. Vasserkopf. For years they have been witnessing the rest of the earth sink into chaos: the brutality of Medicare, old-age pensions, integrated schools — all the terror of worldwide Liberalism. But the disintegration of America is moving at a faster rate than anyone can explain: The American Legion halls are closing, Salvation Army soup kitchens are boarded up, Hootenannies are disappearing from the TV screens, the National Review has ceased publication, Negroes have moved out of Harlem — everything is going to hell, in short. And certain people are silently, inexplicably vanishing: the Grand Exalted Kleagle of the Klan; Governor Wallace; Wm. F. Buckley jr.; G.M. Carr — people who have one thing in common.

The people who are awaiting this broadcast have taken Conservatism for granted, as an irreducible fact of nature. At every new disaster — train wreck, plane crash, defeat of the Yankees in a World Series — they have heard that Creeping Socialism is the cause of their plight, that Rugged Individualism and Free Enterprise are the solution to all the problems of the world. But the people, poor fools, just watched their TV screens and never gave it a moment's thought.

But tonight they are waiting to hear a speech from their President, a Moderate Extremist Right-Wing Republican; and they know that his message will be grave. He will really give it to them this time; and in their hearts they know that he is right — they have been lax in their individualistic duty to the State.

The hand of the clock reaches the dot of eight.

"Achtung!" said the voice from the TV and radio speakers — the kind of voice that had not been heard on the airwaves for years — "Mr. Vasserkopf will not speak to you tonight. He was a commie Jew ..."

BY Norm Clarke

Letters

SETH A. JOHNSON, 339 Stiles Street, Vaux Hall, N.J.

I like Quark and I like the name and I like the fanzine. Permit me to hope you will continue the way your going. Perhaps your editorials are just a little bit too self conscious to be of professional standard, but certainly they adequately meet fanzine standards and that's all your shooting at at the moment.

Congratulations on acquiring Walt Willis. I never cease to marvel how that guy can write on and on in most intriguing style without really saying anything. As though he would even think of sleeping while a Convention was going on in his home town. I suspect like most fans, the thought of sleep would not occur to him till the last room party folded and the last fan packed his beanie and wended his weary way to the bus depot or train. And then he would probably walk them to the station and wave them off before going home to reminisce over what he had experienced for ten hours or more before cooling off enough to sleep.

Anyhow you might send Willis a copy of THE HIDDEN PERSUADERS and see what he makes of that one. Especially the claim of one advertising agency that they were able to pick and put in sixty candidates at will and at random regardless of their ability to do the job or party they ran on. I find it a bit scary that Madison Ave is already in a position to decide who is to win and who will lose any given election. Thus if a Dictator or Dictator type did get in he would have little trouble controlling public opinion to keep returning him to office along with his party. And all within our present constitution and political set up and without particularly infringing on anyone's civil rights. 1980 here we come. Read the writing on the wall.

Blochs version of Gettysburg address almost as good as your comments on it. Keep it up.

I like the idea of a Hugo nominating committee always provided they are accessible to the rank and file fan. Frankly I see nothing wrong in fans campaigning for their favorite fans, books, Hugo contenders or anything else always providing its clearly understood this is ethical for all contenders. Seems to me the more campaigning of this kind there is the more attention will be brought to worthy candidates and the more likely fandom is to consider all contenders. So by all means let's have campaigns. Vociferous ones.

((I agree, but the understanding that it's ethical seemed to be lacking when Evers and McInerney were condemned by a BNF for doing essentially the same thing in regard to the fanpoll that Lupoff and Ellison did in the Hugo race. Eney seems to have nothing to say on the subject, however, so perhaps he was more interested in attacking friends of Breen than in indicating ethical standards for the fanpoll...more interested in his target than what he was throwing. Sigh))

LEE HOFFMAN, basement, 54 East 7 St, New York, N.Y. 10003

Dear Th:

Just received QUARK 2, for which much thanks.

You have a very fine set of interlineations. Seeing as how I'm not in the mood to discuss Donaho, Breen or Goldwater, and I haven't read FARNHAM'S FREEHOLD yet, there really isn't much else I can say.

Except, of course, that Willis is probably the most remarkable man in fandom—how can anyone continue so long to be so consistantly ghreat? The Bloch reprint was a joy to see again and the letters were right interesting.

I'm sorry not to have answered your query about Aunt Rhody sooner, but I'm pretty bad about answering notes nowadays. As far as I know, there's Nothing Deep or Dark behind it. Back in Those Days I was getting getting involved in folkmusic and still had my Sense of Wonder, so was inclined to print anything, whether it was Significant or not. (Sidelight: one of Red Skelton's regular routines included singing Aunt Rhody upside down and backwards.)

About QUARK in general, I like its being a nice readable size (I'm prone to put the BIG ones down with a notion that I'll get onto them when I have more time, and you know how that is...), its legibility. (I can read it if I want to), and its contents (I can enjoy it if I read it).

Yrs, Leeh.



"Richard Geis, Richard Geis, riding through the glen ..."

-waw

N O R M C L A R K E, 9 Bancroft Street, Aylmer East, Quebec.

Here, then, is my Paragraph of Comment on the latest Quark, since that seems to be about all you get. Seriously, though, I kinda wish you had used your elite typer to cram a few more paragraphs into "Vepretoga"—if not *mine*, then at least I'm sure you could have dredged up quite a few more Interesting Comments from, say, Harry Warner's letter. Who can get very interested in a few choppy lines from a handful of fans? Well, I can't.

Apart from that, though, "?" was fine, as usual—especially Willis, as usual. I don't think I have much to say about his column, though: I just can't work up a sweat over the revelation that science fiction readers (non-faaans) have taken over the BSFA, any more than I can get excited about world sceince fiction conventions being overrun with ~~cops~~ monsterfans. I think Terry Carr was the "fannish genius" who gave "skatekey" to fandom, though I don't think it was he who originated the concept. Oh yeah: "seized of such fantasies as that certain economic systems are inherently immoral" is a Lovely Line.

I'm starting to wonder whether Gina is right, after all, and that Heinlein is just an incredibly cynical Hack Writer pandering to the Public Taste in order to

make money. Heinlein figures an Anti-Negro novel will sell. And I bet it will.

Well, I still wish there were more Perry in Perryzines. Hoog, though; Joe (Robin) Pilati and Tom (Batman) Perry?! About one thousand fans (I hope I am among the first) will surely write in with gleeful cackles and tell you all about the homosexual relationship between Batman and Robin; I hope you weren't planning on attending the London convention?

"Immortality is not permanent."

-WR

B O B T U C K E R, Box 478, Heyworth, Illinois.

I urge you to defy everyone and continue the name Quark. It's a fine name, like FRAP and Goojie Publications. Mr. Dickens would be proud of you. So much more imaginative and colorful than names like SCIENCE FICTION APPLEKNOCKER. If Mr. Caughran and Mr. White continue to disagree, chop them off the circulation rolls. The loss of only one issue will teach them better manners.

My laugh for tomorrow will be a comment on the remark you made on page two dealing with the removal of a double bed and the installation of twin beds because Pilati was coming to sleep with you. I believe I will save the comment and the laugh for my FAPA zine, because I can get away with anything there. ((A boy can't be too careful of his reputation in modern-day fandom.))

Has it occurred to you that Heinlein may be only apologizing for what the whites did to the Indians a century ago? I haven't read his novel, only your review, but it would appear that he has ticked off a list of white sins and fictionally transferred them to his futuristic blacks.

Mr. Willis should have another reason for trembling, if Goldwater wins. If Goldwater wins, all fandom will move to Northern Ireland and bring the bombs with them. What then, Mr. Viewer-with-alarm? (His viewing would be better if he hadn't of chunked the tube down the mine-shaft.) As for me, I shall do what I have done consistently these past 35 years: vote for Norman Thomas. He'll win one day, mark my words.

"The aliens are astounded when, overnight, the seventy billion Earthmen vanish leaving only a strange man named Mr. Trent."

-he

B I L L D O N A H O, Postoffice Box 1284, Berkeley, California.

I liked your article on Heinlein's latest abortion although I think you perhaps went too far in interpreting Heinlein's political philosophy. However the book was basically an anti-utopia with the white slaves living in peace and security, i.e. the welfare state, while ol' Ponce was the benevolent government looking out for its charges. Heinlein can be pretty simple-minded at times.

Sometime right after "Starship Trooper" came out Heinlein told Poul Anderson that he had "made his pile"—mostly from juveniles I gather—and the only reason he was writing now was to sell his ideas. Oddly enough he seems to have been a much better salesman when he was concentrating on writing.

Thanks for the modified cheer. *** Strangely enough I got Willis's meaning even if Bergeron didn't.

No, Warhoon 20 didn't have any convincing effect on me. On the whole though it was a very good hatchet job—I mean this to be a generic term, not a derogatory comment. If published months earlier it might have been effective, though I doubt it. Reprinting POSTMORTEM was a very bad error. I'm surprised at Bergeron, because except for Postmortem, Warhoon 20 seems about as good political rhetoric as QAR is.

But even so Bergeron made a bad political mistake when he published it. Yours is the only favorable reference to it I can recall. Even Breen supporters have

been making the obvious muttering about flogging-dead-horses and newcomer-trying-to-make-a-splash. At the Pacificon Fred Pohl called Warhoon 20 "sheer garbage" and said he sent his copy back with instruction not to send him any more of "that stuff". So I think Bergeron is in for a few surprises in regard to the way fans look at him.

Actually we've come out of the Breen scene much better than we thought we would. But then we weren't counting on so much help from the opposition, though TEW performed about as expected. I like Ted a lot, but will bull his way ahead. Unfortunately, unlike Boardman, Ted's instinctive reactions seem so apolitical that I doubt if he could ever learn...

((By contrast, Bill, your own reporting seems thoroughly political. Since you don't offer anything to the contrary one assumes Pohl's dislike of Warhoon has more to do with his longstanding argument with Bergeron about Galaxy rather than the Berkeley mess. This attempt to enlist a Big Name (goshwow) Pro on your side by distortion is—or ought to be—more typical of Bill Buckley than Bill Donaho.

Apparently too it is a "bad political mistake" to keep harping on old injustices that a fickle fandom now finds tiresome. One doesn't win votes for consites, fanpolls or TAFF that way, eh? And of course that's the important thing.))

"The simple son was sent to science college. There he learned how everything worked."

W A L T E R B R E E N, Postoffice Box 1032, Berkeley 1, California.

I applaud Willis's statement but wonder slightly about his degree of contact with the situation. In particular I wonder just how much truth can be ascribed his remark that "virtually everyone embroiled is acting from altruistic motives". One may justly question the altruism of those who make unprovoked attacks on individuals whose activities have not earlier been questioned.

Patrick Russell Breen was born on Halloween yet. On the delivery table, after hearing him declared safe and healthy, Marion sang; less than an hour later she sat up and wolfed a huge supper! Before the baby was an hour old his eyes tracked moving objects within a limited field; in his first few days he learned to follow them by turning his head an accommodating for distance. At age less than one week (as I write this) he shows evidence of unusually advanced neuromuscular coordination.... Fans are slans or something...

Keep up the fanzine reviews, WAW...you may make Coulson's attempts look as superfluous as they basically are.

Someone should break it gently to Fred McLean that the Jews of Jesus's day hated the Romans so bitterly they would never speak Latin, least of all among their own esoteric circles.

"No, no, Boyd. That is Too Strong."

R I C K S N E A R Y, 2962 Santa Ana St., South Gate, California.

Maybe by now you will have heard the funniest story of this year. Last Saturday night ((November 7th, 1964)) about 9:00 a bouch of us were gathered at Ellik and Lewis's for a FAPA session and a going away part for Ron. The phone rang and Ron answered. It was Harlan. He had just boiled over about the Loncon rejection of his baby, and in his fasion took action. He phoned Ella Parker to complain. Apparently after a brief and heated exchange Ella got fed up and said "It is four in the morning and I'm not going to waste time talking to you..." and hung up. We laughed and laughed. The irresistable force meeting the immoveable object...

Your comments in ROX have some good and valid points but are cast in a strange light when one remembers that you resigned your membership in the convention. It

could be argued then that they had no reason to consult you... ((Whups! I didn't complain that they didn't consult me; I said I hadn't heard about it and wondered if anyone had generally informed fandom about it before the convention, and criticized what I felt was inadequate reporting of it afterwards by the chief newszine. Everything I've heard about it since indicates that it was indeed sprung as a surprise at the con. Tell us, Mr. Sneary, do you feel Harlan Ellison should have sprung his move to change the Hugo nominating system at the convention?)) As a matter of fact I feel that Ellison should have circulated his idea in Fandom a few weeks before the Convention, rather than spring it on everyone. ((How would this have helped?)) Some of the objections might have been answered in private, and some of the bugs worked out of it. ((And why do you think this should have been done?)) Harlan certainly should know that fans do not easily except change. And each feels it is his right to question and tare apart for study all new ideas. Had there been two months to talk it over and draw up some solid lines of support or attact, not all this fuss would have come about. ((Thank you, Mr. Sneary.))

I found your review of the RAH book interesting. I haven't read it, and don't expect I will now. It is too bad to see a great name go down in a birchbarck canoe.

Here is another 25¢, but I think your rates are high. I estimated that to produce and mail 100 copies of Quark ought to cost about \$12.50. I'm willing to pay 110% of the cost of any copy of any fanzine I want, but 200% seems a little high—just to read Willis. And while I'm bitching let me request a space for checkmarks, so the reader may take warning and do something irr he is cut lose without a future copy. And also for the love of Future Historians, please date and number each issue.

((If I could conveniently put out an issue for \$12.50, I would. It actually costs me more than 25 bucks though. The price, however, is purely for nonresponders; I sent you, quarter back, and anyone else who writes interesting and pleasant letters like Rick's will get Quark as long as it lasts. I no longer advertise that I give free copies for locs, though, because some of those I was getting were clear cases of mail fraud.))

"Mohole lives!"

-Newsweek.

R I C H A R D M A N N, B331 Bryan Hall, Michigan State U., East Lansing, Mich.

Willis pulls off another masterpiece of simple statment. "It was abruptly clear to me that he was not a neofan at all, he was a BNF in another fandom." Another fandom... well said. I get some of the current British stuff, I'm in BSFA, and like that, so I know exactly what he's talking about.

Boardman did a competent job of prediction if the piece actually was written before the Democratic convention, as he intimates. ((It was.))

I wish you'd name names when complaining or suggesting. The piece about a "certain gentleman reviewer" just leaves a bad taste in the mouth. It wouldn't have been quite the same if you hadn't included the bit about the finding of conreports dull. That's a trademark, and serves the same purpose as naming names, so why not just come out and say what you mean?

Yes, definitely, Terry Carr for TAFF.

((If you knew I was talking about Stony Weatherford, what difference whether I mention him by name?))

"Look well at the rainbow. The fish will rise very soon..."

-CIA

T O M D I L L E Y, Box 13042, University Station, Gainesville, Florida.

I was nearly as touched as Willis himself over his slugs. Not that I can claim complete firsthand experience. Gainesville being a college town, there is a decided shortage of

accommodations, and I am currently renting a small cubicle in the restroom of the local Greyhound station on the pay-as-you-enter plan. Full facilities, but not much living space. Needless to say, I don't go out much, as the little mechanism on the door makes getting back in too costly for a frequent habit, and Greyhound Gives No Quarter. The door, however, admits no slugs.

When I moved furniture for a former roommate, all I learned was that I'll be damned if I'm ever going to move anybody's furniture again.

"Pure candor" in fanzine reviews makes the reading far more worthwhile, but writing such reviews is likely to raise pure rancor. You may find yourself without fanzines to review.

"You ought to write a series of grandfather stories for children like 'The Duck With Moxie' and 'The Donkey Who Couldn't Fight His Way Out of a Telephone Booth.'"--Jackie.

H A R R Y W A R N E R, 423 Summit Avenue, Hagerstown, Maryland.

Willis's pained little narrative about the British convention makes me wonder all over again why fandom should be so concerned about getting fresh blood in quantities. I feel that determined recruiting is as inadvisable as a city's decision to go out after new industry and new business so it can grow and grow and grow. The more fans, the thinner the egoboo is spread, the more difficult it is to obtain all the good fanzines, the less likely an individual is to become one of the bestknown fans. This is equivalent to the manner in which a city must go deeply into debt to build new schools to educate the children who work in the new industries, resign itself to new traffic tangles, and a few years later go out in frantic search of still more new industries because the new workers' children are now jobhunting. If fans fell much below 50 in number, I might feel it was almost time to snoop through my circle of acquaintances and tell someone about the field in hopes of filling up the gaps a little.

I haven't read the Heinlein novel you review. Your review and others have about decided me that I don't want to read any more Heinlein fiction written after the '50s.

I am in a dazed condition over having apparently had a suggestion acted upon. As far as I can determine I am the only one who has been openly deploring the secrecy surrounding Hugo vote totals, number of voters, and all other details except the relative standing of the nominated items. The Pacificon committee's disclosure of these details represents the first time in my memory that anyone in fandom has ever paid any attention to one of my ideas. So the only major reaction your ROX essay produced was distrust of anything that will be done by a committee balanced in favor of professionals. If the Hugos are to be a fan project, I believe that all decisions about them should be made by fans.

"The Tombstone Epitaph? Do they run all the headlines together at the top?" -(me)

C H A R L E S W E L L S, 815 Demerius Street, Apt. M-1, Durham, N.C.

The little fannish comment I've seen so far on the Apologia has been a little hard on Donaho, I think. After all, to expect everyone in the controversy to wind up agreeing with each other in toto is a little unrealistic; Donaho's Apologia has reduced the matter to ordinary disagreement, whereas before we were faced with attempted character assassination, which calls for more than disagreement. The problem is reduced in scope and bitterness. Fandom is used to disagreements; it ought to be able to handle this.

Of course, the anti-Donaho people can't be expected to expunge the reprehensible actions of the committee from memory; bitterness will remain. The attraction of fandom will have diminished permanently for many people, and no amount of apology can do anything about that.

ARCHIE MERCER, 70 Worrall Road, Bristol 8, England.

I'm sorry to see that Quark apparently means something, because I happen to like the word entirely for its euphonious self. However, I hope you keep it.

Walter's piece on the contemporary British fanscene has given me to think furiously. He's simply out of touch. There he is sitting in Oblique House surrounded by his various close friends in other parts of the universe, all of them pointing at each other and intoning ritually: "Thou art fandom". He never notices there are other people in the circle—he only has eyes for those whose names he can remember or something. Fandom, in fact, is somewhat bigger than it looks. In particular Walt seems to have a curiously disoriented view of the BSFA, rather as if he's never quite been able to convince himself it still exists, and won't go quietly away. I've been closely connected with the BSFA since it came into existence in 1958 and have a somewhat different impression. It's most certainly been worthwhile, irrespective of its not having just the one aim in its existence.

Supposing, I thought then, that Walt's right?—that the only real fans are those who are mentioned in Hyphen or Quark? All these relative newcomers whose fanzines, correspondence and company I find so enjoyable are not really fans at all? The mind, as the saying says, boggles...

I sometimes moan that I'd have enjoyed "Stranger in a Strange Land" far more if I hadn't seen it chewed to death in the fanzines years before I ever got hold of a copy. Your rundown on "Farnham's Freehold" has satisfied me I can do without it very happily indeed. Many thanks for the warning.

A slug is sort of like a naked snail—probably belongs to the same order or something.

((I feel you've missed Walt's point, Archie. I'm not his official interpreter but my impression was he was saying that the apparent ignorance of these serconfans of fannish institutions, traditions and history has set them outside our usual concept of a fan. Thus they are by their own act "in a different fandom." Certainly I would expect anyone identifying himself as a fan to know something of Willis as well as SF...or at least to be interested. I'd be interested to hear from you if the situation is generally as Walt describes it or are his merely the vague impressions of a senile oldfan?))

T.S. Eliot spelt backwards is "toilest."

-VN

PAT McLEAN, Postoffice Box 162, Sappho, Washington.

Your review of FARNHAM'S FREEHOLD said it all and said it exceedingly well. I myself particularly liked the close juxtaposition of the threat that all would do exactly as Hughsie says on pain of death to the little homily on the despicable subservience of canines. So far no one has commented on the strange character structure of almost all of Heinlein's novels. With small variations, there is the middleaged fire-eater (always the true if not the structural hero), the young "hero" of various degrees of pansyfication, and the heroine who almost always is more than a match for the "hero." In "The Door Into Summer" the hero marries someone perilously close to being his daughter. I don't know quite what all this adds up to so far as the clinical labels are concerned but even before FARNHAM'S FREEHOLD I was calling it sick, sick, sick. The (aggressive) father image is always right, the hero is always inept and usually scared, and if the young fella does have the temerity to try anything with the heroine she always wins three falls out of three. When she does give in there is no doubt she has done just that. Evidently Heinlein is getting old enough he feels he can dispense with the young man and have the father figure as hero get the daughter and no more fooling around about it.

MAGGIE THOMPSON, 3518 Prospect Ave. apt.15, Cleveland 15, Ohio.

I read "Farnham's Freehold" in book form. It had a little passage on the copyright page: "A short version of this novel, as cut and revised by Frederik Pohl, appeared in Worlds of If magazine, 1964.—RAH." I've compared what I consider crucial passages with the magazine version and they differ only in paragraphing. Maybe Pohl edited something in? ((I've glanced through the book, and apparently it's the non-crucial passages Pohl cut—a lot of conversation and such things as the birth of the kittens in the fallout shelter etc.))

The difference in our reactions to F.F. may come from your regarding Hugh Farnham as the heroic hero of a typical Heinlein novel. I cannot see him as such—unless, it must be admitted, I consider what Heinlein probably intended. But suppose you didn't know Heinlein's political beliefs. Could you ever accept Farnham as an unquestioned Hero?

Can you really say that one of Heinlein's past perspicacity wouldn't notice the astounding flaws in the political setup? Or the double-edged sword of the sentence concerning Ponse—"He was exactly like the members of every ruling class in history; honestly convinced of his benevolence and hurt if it was challenged"—with its penetrating comment on Hugh's behavior to his son in the shelter.

Surely the book IS an indictment of those whites who want "the Negro's lot improved until it (is) almost as high as their own—and no longer on their consciences." It's an indictment of Farnham into the bargain. And yes, surely, also, an indictment of ANY racial prejudice, on either side—doing it by putting the reader in the place of a persecuted white man, for a change—instead of the BLACK LIKE ME method.

"I just hope whoever has her now is good to her. She didn't have any defenses at all—like a kitten before it has its eyes open. Helpless. Kitten means to me everything that is utterly damnable about slavery." And that IS the same character who had a gun pulled on his own son—benevolently. And Farnham is too damn dense to see the problem—but the reader does. And the novel is a violent plea for equality.

Or should be. But I'm not quite sure I believe it is. I know Heinlein used to be a New Deal Democrat till something changed his mind to Radical Conservative—or at least Conservative. And his wife worked for Goldwater during the last campaign...and I'm afraid you're right.

Maybe I'm simply unable to read the novel that way because otherwise I'd have been too angry to finish it.

The other thing I wrote to say concerned your nasty comments anent the Hugo committee. I agreed roughly with what you were saying, but you made a comment about Dick Lupoff's plugging SAVAGE PELLUCIDAR, some nasty comment or other about the ethics of anyone's trying to stuff the ballot box that way. It's only fair to set the record straight. Dick entered that ad in the con program booklet as a joke. He had written an article for some fanzine about how evil for fans to pressure people into voting for their candidates for a Hugo. It was to appear right before the con. But the zine didn't come out as scheduled (naturally), and the whole thing was shot to bits. Dick stood ready to speak some profundity about the split personality of fan publishers..."As a fan I deplore ballotbox stuffing; as a publisher I relish it for my own books" and about the basic need to vote on one's own principles or something. And the game went completely haywire.

I know damn well that Dick Lupoff can be trusted to act with complete integrity as a member of the panel.

((It occurs to me that you deal with three persons' having trouble expressing themselves clearly: Heinlein, Lupoff, and myself. For my part, the digs in ROX were aimed largely at Dick Eney. I don't question Lupoff's right or Ellison's to campaign for their books in Hugo voting; I do think it should be made clear everyone can do so, and I do think that, if we are going to have a Hugo nominations or study committee, it should be composed of disinterested persons. Otherwise the integrity of the committee's deliberations will always be in doubt except to the closest friends of members with conflicting interests. I assumed Dick Lupoff was

sincere in pushing Pellucidar because Mike Deckinger lit into him a couple times for it in fanzine articles and I didn't notice any subsequent explanation like that you have advanced here. At any rate when a joke like Dick's fails to contain its own explanation, in the form of evident sarcasm or irony or such, there's always the danger it'll be taken seriously: I mind Bob Farnham's letter in "Redd Boggs' Retrograde" on racial equality as an example.

As to the other Bob and the other Farnham on racial equality, let's hear the former Dutch Ellis: »

G I N A C L A R K E, 9 Bancroft Street, Aylmer East, Quebec.

I read Heinlein's "Starship Troopers" and enjoyed it just as a rollicking adventure story. Then I read "Stranger in a Strange Land." It sounds as if Heinlein had written half the book and some loudmouth friend had kidded him about the sexy bits. "Gee whiz Robert Heinlein," I can hear friend saying, "you're turning into a dirty old man." Then I can imagine Heinlein bristling and saying, "I'll show you what's from dirty. FRONT!" A beautiful young girl (or tape machine) trundles up and Heinlein dictates the rest the book as a joke, to show his friend. Then he started work on his new opus, full of how atomic war is a goodness when grokked in fullness, and how we should stand up to the commies, and what would happen if we let the nigras get out of hand. "Farnham's Freehold" must be a joke. An intentional joke.

As you say, it's ridiculous for Farnham to say "what a person is can never be someone else's fault" or that "no one is ever responsible for another person's actions," and then try to apply this to the wretched state of the white slaves. Isn't there hope this juxtaposition was intended to be ridiculous?

((A year or so ago I wrote a "missing scene" for "Starship Troopers" as a parody based on the notion that Heinlein was aware of the corrupt society that would have to exist behind his preachy story. (Whatever fanned I sent it to never published it.) But the point is that his recent books all contain enough contradictions and extraneous matter, seemingly, to be viewed from another level.

I was aware that "Farnham's Freehold" had such a deeper level when I wrote the review. Though it was interesting, I decided not to discuss it. Most SF readers, I think, will accept the surface story as it appears in IF, so I reviewed it on that level. Considering what we know of Heinlein, it's my opinion he wrote it to be read primarily on the surface level...as Goldwater propaganda, appearing at an appropriate time for maximum effect.

The "second level" seems to consist of two distinct things: symbols manipulated apparently at random by Heinlein, and contradictions inherent in the philosophy that Heinlein apparently advocates. The first are interesting as symbols (see Walter Breen's analysis of the private jokes and allusion in "Glory Road," published in Warhoon 20) but do not seem to form a coherent message. Symbols are ultimately interesting only when they carry meaning. Literary symbolism need not (perhaps should not) be as neatly arranged as a paragraph of prose, but something must be put in before something can be got out.

I will defer to anyone who can analyze all Heinlein's symbols and find meaning in them. But since such a hypothetical theme is buried beyond the sight of careful readers, like you and Maggie and me, I would still contend the story must be viewed primarily as propaganda.

As for the contradictions, I label them such because they seem part and parcel of the philosophy which Heinlein seems (to me) to have adopted. They include such things as Farnham's confused notions about freedom and the insistence that no one is responsible for anyone else in the face of degradation by slavery and force that make such a statement absurd. An intelligent man might overlook such things in the throes of ideology, and it appears to me that Heinlein is in the grips of Ayn Rand's "objectivism," much as other intelligent writers have been caught up by communism.

Several factors suggest this: Heinlein's distaste for modern liberalism. The insistence of his friends like Poul Anderson that he isn't a run-of-the-mill con-

servative. His longstanding belief that communism is inherently and totally evil. His statements in his 1958 ad that it's worth risking the human race to battle it. His general libertarian attitude, which contradicts Goldwater-type conservatism at several points. His insistence on absolute and sometimes absurd statements which resemble some of Rand's, such as that "no one is ever responsible for another person's actions." And not least, the statements by some persons that they know what it is with Heinlein but won't tell; Poul Anderson said it would violate his friends' privacy, and Walter Breen that he'd been sworn to secrecy.

I don't mean to suggest that Randian egoism is all wrong. Much of it is, but the worst thing about it is that its creator insists that it must be accepted in toto or not at all. This kind of absolutism defies the reason "objectivism" pretends to exalt, and causes its total rejection despite its few good features.))

D R. D A N J A F F N E Y, Lincoln, Nebraska.

Your review of Farnham's Freehold intrigued me into picking up a copy of the book and reading it. I agree with you basically, but I think your fervor in replying to certain aspects of the book have caused you to overlook points a good critique ought at least to hint at. The book is sodden with symbolism. Take for instance the cat named Dr.-Livingstone-I-Presume. At first glance this seems nothing more than the excess of cuteness authors are prone to in naming cats, especially literary ones. And the reader is tempted to shorten the name, as the sympathetic characters do, to Dr. Livingstone or Doc. But the cat is not Dr. Livingstone; his name is the phrase uttered by Sir Henry Morton Stanley, and clearly in the context of the whole story, the cat is Stanley, or, more accurately, the cat represents the things Stanley represented. Stanley, let it be remembered, was an Englishman who fought on the Confederate and then the Union side in the American Civil War, and who helped Leopold of Belgium milk the Congo of rubber and blood. Stanley, then, symbolizes the cold-blooded mercenary who wants to fight on the winning side and will do anything to accomplish his aims. It's notable that the cat does the same thing: its first masters are degraded into slavery and it turns easily to the new top man. Note also that the black hero, Ponce, is the only one who always calls the cat by its full name, not shortening it as the others do—Heinlein makes a particular point of this. Obviously Ponce, much shrewder than Farnham in this as in other things, understands cats. Farnham comments early in the book that he hates dogs for their servility and likes cats for their lack of it; yet of his son he demands a loyalty more resembling a dog's, and the boy ends up literally a pet. I think this indicates Farnham, for all his philosophizing, fails to grasp the real issues of the story, and that the author realizes this failure.

But back to the cat, which, I think, represents the influences in Africa that might cause Negroes to "turn the tables" if they ever can, including Stanley and the Belgian officials and the white mercenaries. This is really an awful lot of symbolism for one little cat to bear, but I would fault Heinlein for writing too involved, not too simple, a tale.

This Walt Willis you boast of is quite an able writer; I think I understood most his piece despite the private allusions. I assume a worldcon is a worldwide conference and 'ser-con' means serious and constructive? I was amused to see that science-fiction fandom is now entering a second generation as it were. Willis is to be credited for stepping gracefully aside and recognizing the New Fans—though I wonder if the usual battle for acceptance by elders isn't a healthy part of new movements, one that keeps sheer stupidity from being accepted as a new order.

Willis's classification of Frankenstein and Pygmalion stories as Basic Science-Fiction Plot No.8 depends on some system of classification I haven't heard of, but he might better have referred to the many works of (non-science-fictional) literature that use the same plot. It is, after all, simply the story of the son's growing beyond his father. May an outsider safely suggest that science-fiction translates this into terms of "a scientist (who) creates an intelligent race in the laboratory" because of science-fiction's de-emphasis of characterization? Similarly, I think,

westerns and mysteries use wholesale slaughter as a crude form of the subtler conflicts found in mainstream fiction.

But it also occurred to me to wonder if Willis's mention of Pygmalion refers to Shaw's play or the myth after which it was named. If it's the play, I think he might make a good case for its being science-fiction itself—in fact, probably one of the best SF stories. Higgins refers to the science of speech, I believe, and certainly his work is a fictional projection of what real speech scientists of that day (or this!) can accomplish. Fitting it into this category makes it a legitimate topic for a science-fiction fan's magazine, so allow me to speculate that Shaw actually saw Higgins as a father-figure to Eliza. This would explain his outrage that less perceptive folk would think of her as marrying Higgins; and remember that Higgins replaces Doolittle, Eliza's actual father, by a typical western ceremony: exchanging currency for status. Higgins assures his colleague that "that thing," as he refers to Eliza's virginity (or at least her sexuality) is "sacred" to him, demonstrating that he understands his position. Even in the musical adaption that has made the story practically a folkmyth, the writers couldn't quite bring themselves to make Higgins and Eliza clinch. And Higgins's song of outrage at the thought of Eliza's marrying Freddy is clearly a father's outrage against a willful daughter...not that of a rejected suitor.

Willis's comment about "an era ... of government by advertising" is shrewd, but he is mistaken, I think, in blaming the Reader's Digest, culpable though that periodical may be in intent. Even the bestselling magazines reach a small minority—less than ten percent—of the population. And the Reader's Digest and similar magazines have been around for decades. I think we must blame that old scapegoat television. Our British cousins have had TV since before World War II and tend to forget, perhaps, that the 1964 election was only the third Presidential contest that most Americans could follow on television. Much was written in 1960 about the tendency of such things as TV debates to reduce politics to the level of entertainment, and the candidates to performers. But compared to this year's, that election was on a very high plane—why, even Richard Nixon was too ethical (or wanted to appear so) to use the atomic bomb against his opponent on television. Neither of 1964's Presidential candidates can be very proud of their use of the cathode-ray tube.

As for America's seeming belligerence, only a few of us have experienced war, and never at home. The word is more likely to call up a picture of high pay and full employment at home or strange thrills and excitement overseas than of the devastation it must mean to Europeans. I remember when a boy in school I thought of Europe as being dotted with fields set aside for battles—sort of large versions of the playing-fields of Eton. Americans are not evil: they simply lack a concept of the reality.

((As I say, I think Heinlein dropped some interesting symbols into "Farnham's Freehold," perhaps so he could tell himself he had written something other than propaganda...and perhaps to forestall criticism from those bright enough to perceive the second level and wonder what the hell it means.))

J O H N B O A X T E R, Box C.39, Clarence St. PO, Sydney, NSW, Australia.

I'm grateful to Walt Willis for explaining finally who Phil Rogers is. I didn't dare ask anybody directly for fear my ignorance would mark me as a semi-gafiate. Then I got a letter from a fan I had always thought well in on international fan movements in which he asked me if I had ever heard of Phil Rogers. Clearly a lot of us are in the same boat.

John Boardman's piece will be more interesting in January, 1973, but I have an idea by then he will not care to have his prophecies thrown up. Is the prediction of Brezhnev's rise to power in the USSR a legitimate one or was the article written after the last Soviet reshuffle? (John sent me the article early in August, 1964.) If it is genuine, I congratulate Mr. Boardman. This is the sort of luck (or perhaps I should say good judgment) few prophets possess.

persistence of MEMORY

column & layout

by joe pilati

Have You Ever Scenicruiser Stalling? Well, I Have.

The Greyhound Bus Company has come in for a great deal of fannish criticism; most notably, when a fan named Wallace (or "something") lost his luggage on a cross-country trip and then, going from Baedaker to worse as it were, was given copious wrong directions, none of which led to the luggage. In their eagerness to condemn Greyhound, however, fans seem to have forgotten that the dirty dogs' largest competitor is often just as careless, if not more so.

Lately I've had considerable opportunities to travel via the Trailways Bus Company, the tail that drags after the aforementioned hound. I will not bother to relate any of the harrowing, inconveniencing happenings I have witnessed, but I would like to pass on two filksongs I composed while pressed for reading matter during a recent ride to Boston:

1. Oh you can't get to heaven (no you can't get to heaven)
On a Trailways bus (on a Trailways bus)
Nor can you get (nor can you get)
Anywhere else much (anywhere else much),
Oh you can't get to heaven on a Trailways bus
Nor can you get anywhere else much
When the goddam thing breaks down 'tween Boston
And New York.
2. (to the tune of "Always")
I'll be shunning you, Trailways,
I won't travel through Trailways,
When the bus is lame; a musty, dreary frame,
Who deserves the blame? Trailways, Trailways.
Even when there's fair. . . weather
You may not get there. . . ever.
You're delayed for hours,
You're delayed for days,
You're delayed for weeks,
With Trailways.

Armies of Ignorance

A Catholic friend of mine (well, really, some of my best friends are Catholics—I just wouldn't want my Mary to be a Sister) gave me a copy of the Legion of Decency's movie mag. The Legion's broadside, unlike the Hollywood-confessions publications, devotes its space to Serious Constructive Movie Criticism in the form of capsule reviews. Those not inclined to wade through critiques as long as two paragraphs may, however, pay attention to the letter ratings assigned to each movie. An "A" rating can be translated as "Great Stuff for the Whole Family"; apparently such designations have become progressively fewer since Disney has grown less prolific. The ratings become steadily less approving, all the way down to "C," which translates to "Condemned."

When buildings are condemned, people vacate them; not so movies. In fact, the Legion's "C" list serves for many as a checklist of movies not to be missed. This is understandable, since the works of Fellini, Bergman, Antonini, Bunuel and a score of other highly regarded filmmakers are consistently awarded the Legion's poison-oakleaf cluster. Their films almost invariably share a quarantine with low-budget productions with titles like "Depraved Fleshpots," in much the matter that D.H. Lawrence and ~~Dick/Geis~~ authors of soft-core paperback pornography appear together on Legion booklists.

Decency's champions probably aren't in the least dismayed at the novel uses to which their 'blacklists are put; their suspicion that theoretically self-reliant Americans require their beneficent guidance is only reinforced. Censors are as a breed arrogant, boorish, and pernicious, but—and here is the optimistic point of this piece—their shallowness is growing steadily more anachronistic. There is, I suspect, much popular distaste for the shopworn shibboleth separating irrevocably good guys from banned guys.

The most ironic aspect is the censors' ignorance of the truism best stated by A.S. Neill in Summerhill: "Being shocked implies having an obscene interest in what shocks you." The decision absolving Ulysses of obscenity was perhaps most significant for the principle that books must be judged in their entirety. Though far from the ultimate libertarian position, this premise combined good law and wry implications. Obviously the court shouldn't have had to direct the censors to sections of books other than those leeringly called the dirty parts—but it did.

Censors cannot, of course, be laughed out of existence; but I disagree with the earnest liberals who insist that merely to laugh at the censors' inanities is a luxury that opponents of thought control cannot afford. Certainly we are fighting a dangerous force, but we are fortunate because he is ludicrous as well. Even now, director Dino de Laurentis is readying his lengthy movie version of The Bible. (Yes, that's the title. Hang on, Hoy.) Very soon, entertainment seekers all over the land will be leaving theaters, muttering to each other, "It's nothing like the book." Some of them may even realize that if it WERE anything like the book, the Legion of Decency would have to condemn it as fast as you can genuflect.

I told him fandom wasn't really full of conservatives; that would be a case of putting the Carr before the hordes.

-Joe Pilati.