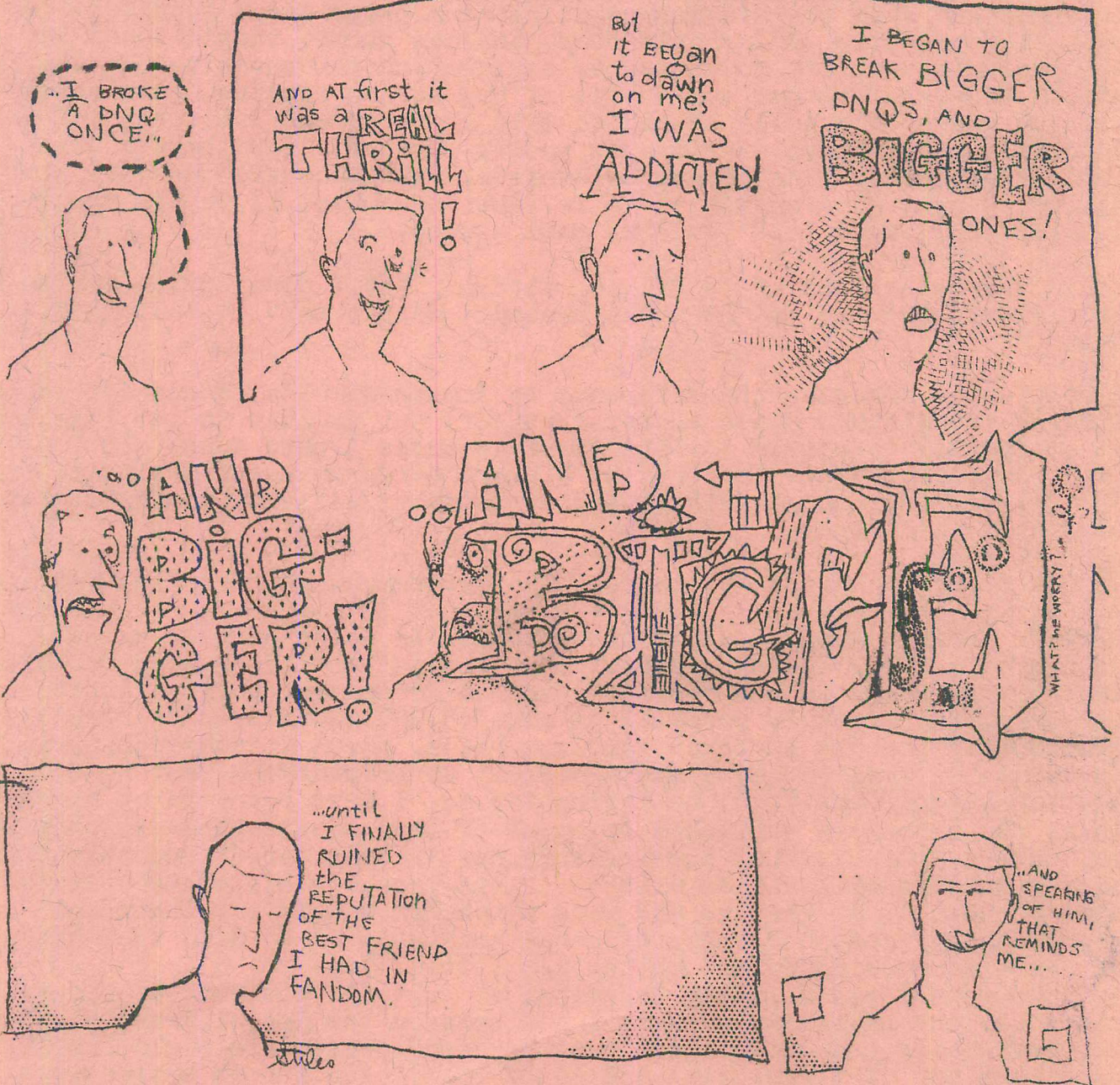


Quark

JW 65  
"?"



25¢ at better mailboxes



# EDITORIAL

No one at the paper could understand why I swore a mighty oath on reading that the portrait of the Duke of Wellington by Goya had been found. I didn't try to explain how I published this little mimeographed amateur magazine, see, and this Irishman writes a little humorous column for it, pretty funny stuff actually, and anyway this Irishman had used the missing painting as a prop, and I hadn't got it published promptly as I should have, and now dammit they'd found it. No, I didn't even try to phrase an explanation for these people I work with. (Together we put out a sort of big sercon fanzine, printed and all you know, on a daily schedule, with ad rates and sub rates and deadlines about which everyone is pretty serious. But there's some funny stuff, too. One of our columnists, "Art Buchwald" we call him, is pretty near good enough to be in fanzines. Say, if you're really interested, I could lend you some back issues...)

I did try to explain it to Willis, though. But I never quite finished the letter, and the way he moves around I wasn't sure it would get to him.

I considered changing the reference to something else famous for being missing (Heinlein's sense of perspective?) but decided to let it stand as a reproach to myself for the terrible thing I have done. If I can't regularize this fanzine, as Richard Bergeron keeps urging me to, I might be wiser to give it up and restrict my activity to top-secret eyes-only li'l apas.

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You're lucky you're not getting all the government you're paying for.-H  
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One can learn a great deal if one attends the words of well known scholars in their chosen fields. Thus I paid particular heed to Walter Breen's words on his own influence on government policy. "After attacking the Treasury proposal to mint 45,000,000 silver dollars principally for use in Vegas gambling hells, these attacks coming in my column in Coin World, I had a wee bit of trepidation lest some of the Vegas gangsters might be laying for me; I have been, to my knowledge, the bitterest published opponent of that most fuggheaded proposal. Now I hear ... that the Treasury has 'reconsidered' and that the silver dollars will not be minted ... As Treasury officials from the mint on down or up know me and read my column weekly ... I have no doubt that my reasoned opposition had something to do with the change of heart in Washington, no matter how little. ..."

I confess I was a little skeptical of Walter's attitude at first, since all the published reports I had seen on the decision not to mint the cartwheels had said it was because coin collectors would likely take them out of circulation and hoard them. And I felt sympathetic to this point of view since I regard collecting things like rare stamps and coins with impatience. Coin collectors collect things that, if there were more of them, none of them would want—to paraphrase a homespun humourist.

A few pages further on, though, I discovered that Walter Breen has inside information entrusted to few. I was reading his reasoned opposition to the Sneary Amendment (which would exclude Cult members past and present from FAPA, Seth). Walter listed the names of those af-



fects, including such dull deadwood as Terry Carr, Karen Anderson, Ron Bennett, Jim Caughran, Sylvia Dees, Bill Donaho, Walter Breen, Ron Ellik, Dick Eney, Pete Graham, Bob Lichtman, P. Howard Lyons, Andy Main, Bruce Pelz, Boyd Raeburn, Charles Wells, and Ted White. I read this with a smile, thinking how much sooner I would be in FAPA and how much fun it would be if the Sneary Amendment forced all those tiresome people out of it. (Of course a few witty and entertaining members, like Rich Brown and Norm Metcalf, would have to go, but that's the breaks.)

Then my own name leapt out at me.

Walter lists me among "inactive waiting listers of the Cult who have had material published in Cultzines."

I do not know how Walter could have learned this. To show you how confidential this information was, how well kept a secret it had been -- I myself did not know it until I read Walter's Fapazine!

Obviously this man has sources of knowledge unavailable to most of us. With this in mind, I shall have to re-appraise everything of his I have ever read.

-----  
I would never tell my nickname in a crisis.

-----  
-"AB"  
-----

Glancing back at that first stencil reminds me that I am not as innocent of Recruiting New People Into Fandom as I would like to seem. For over a year now I have resisted the impulse to confront the librarian of the National Fantasy Fan Federation, who lives on the outskirts of Omaha. (I did go out to her house once, when that end of town was hit by a flood, so I could report to Starspinkle in case the waters had inundated the NFFF library, but I avoided direct contact.) However, I have been sorely tempted when fate puts raw material closer to home (i.e. "work").

I had bought a copy of the NEW, DIGEST-SIZED Analog, mostly as a curiosity; I told myself I could always have fun counting the exclamation marks in the editorial. Then I went to the office and, without thinking, put it incautiously on the copy desk while I started correcting transfer proofs.

George Shestak of the dayside editorial staff pointed to it. "Er.. do you read that stuff often?"

Well, no, not really, just pick it up now and then.

"Oh? Uh, how do you like it?"

I said it was sometimes pretty good, and George shyly admitted he had a collection of Astounding going back to 1938.

Now I was shy. Had he ever seen any of the little mimeographed amateur magazines which, I had heard, were put out by sciencefiction fans?

He hadn't. I breathed a sigh of relief. He left.

But since then I have been sorely tempted to take him a copy of Zenith. Yesterday I picked out a copy of an issue of Zenith with nothing by me in it and took it to the office. Shestak was just leaving. I started after him. He stopped to talk to someone. I walked past him to the water fountain, got a drink, went back to my desk and hid the fanzine in a bottom drawer.

George is in some ways a rather fannish person. He likes puns and jokes. And he is the inventor of Shestak Substandard Time, which was celebrated by local columnist Bob McMorris during the annual hubbub over Daylight Saving Time. (Iowa has it, while in Nebraska it is illegal to use any time but standard time.) George's idea was to turn the clock BACK an hour during summer months, so that darkness would



come earlier and people could get the kids to bed and do some serious drinking. I think George might enjoy fandom.

Part of my reluctance to nudge him towards it is simply a desire to keep fandom separate from the rest of my life. But part of it is something that would never have occurred to me 10 years ago. George and I differ on politics. He would take this more seriously than I would, I think. And he couldn't take much part in modern fandom without realizing our differences.

It was different 10 years ago. One read fanzines based largely on the editor's personality and life, like GRUE, without ever knowing how he felt about Stevenson or Eisenhower. Dean Grennell mentioned the Hiss-Chambers case once—but only to mention how weary he got of the name Hiss over the radio again and again.

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Has he finally read Lenin?  
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Speaking of politics, Joe Pilati is pretty well fed up with Lyndon Johnson.

Joe, who is here again this summer to work for the paper, got that way during his first year at college. He is dissatisfied with President Johnson's policy in Vietnam, and considers his actions for voting rights too slow.

Now I have been wishy-washy on Vietnam. One week, in a doctor's office, I read an article by Senator Church saying we should get out at once and found myself in complete agreement...and then turned to an article by an Alsop saying we were winning the fight for freedom and should stay in there—and found myself in complete agreement.

On voting rights, Joe was arguing the other day that Johnson had moved too slowly in Selma. "Why, he didn't do anything until human life had been lost."

Human life? I thought. But human life is lost constantly in the South. When it is not lost through violence—as it frequently is; after the Mississippi slayings last year, one SNCC worker told me, "Mississippi is the only place they can look for bodies and find the wrong ones"—but when it is not lost through violence, it's lost through starvation and disease, or wasted by lack of education and opportunity. But people only pay attention when low-melanin people like Mr. Reeb are killed. In a sense, that's why he went there.

But I didn't say this to Joe Pilati. I didn't think of it until too late. It's curious that Joe and I understood each other better when we were corresponding furiously at a distance of 1100 miles. I don't articulate my thoughts as well orally, and he is more impatient face to face than he would be with something written to consider.

So this is, in effect, a letter to Joe Pilati. If the rest of you want to comment or disagree, go ahead. But I won't argue with you, probably, and I probably won't run your letters. This is not KIPPLE, after all.

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What can you expect from a poltergeist?  
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-LNS

"Perhaps the most necessary intellectual operation in American life is some redefinition of the word 'freedom.' I have attended as many civil-rights rallies as Goldwater rallies. The dominant word of these two groups, which loathe each other, is 'freedom.' ... It is quite possible that these two groups may kill each other in cold blood, both waving banners bearing the same word."

T.H.White, "The Making of the President, 1964," page 332.

[continued inside bacover]



# The Harp That Once or Twice

CASE REPORT      Having your luggage lost by the Greyhound Bus Company and then stolen by one of its employees is not an experience which any right-thinking fan can be expected to regard with equanimity. Furthermore I had before me the inspiring example of Vince Clarke, who took on the whole might of British Railways over a far less serious matter and with one vitriolic letter secured not only complete satisfaction and abject apology, but a refund of his twopence-halfpenny stamp. Great public corporations, I thought, might well be impervious to the inarticulate murmurs of the man in the street: but they could be vulnerable to the deadly weapons of the combat-hardened fan, trained by years of feuding.

So when I got home in the autumn of 1962 I wrote quite a number of letters, only to find I was up against a more modern and sophisticated opponent than honest old British Railways. Greyhound had perfected the cockroach technique, invented by a famous airline. The man who exposed it had found a cockroach in his soup and written a letter of complaint about it. He had a reply about two pages long signed by the President of the Company, full of profuse and abject apology. A full investigation had been carried out. It was incredible that this unheard-of misfortune had indeed taken place and they were deeply grateful to him for bringing it to their attention. Three employees of the airline had been dismissed and the entire catering arrangements completely overhauled so that such a dreadful thing could not possibly recur. They hoped he would accept their apology and not withhold his patronage in the future. The recipient of this letter was pleased and flattered, until he noticed that the envelope also contained his own letter, inadvertently returned. And that on it someone had scrawled: "Send this drip the cockroach letter."

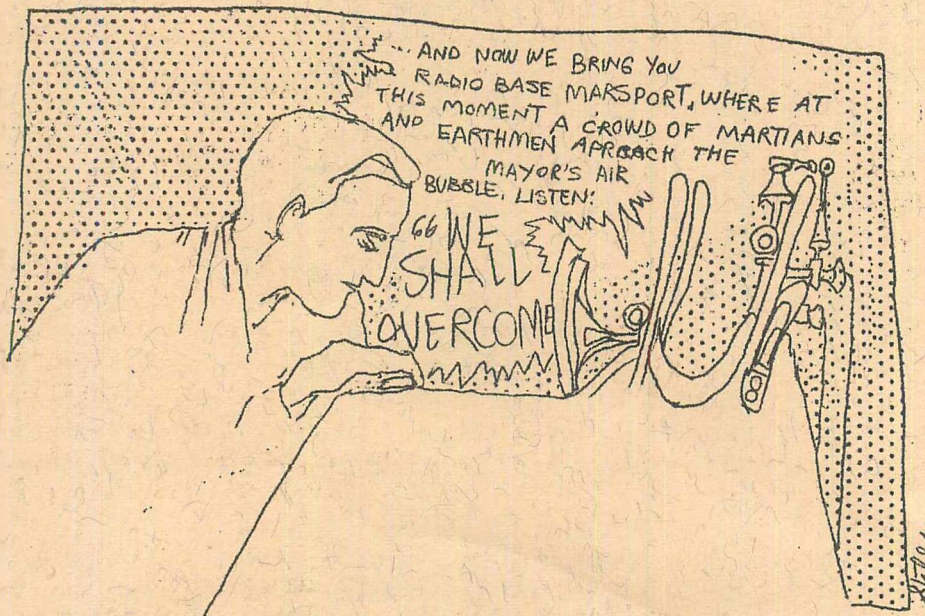
Eventually a point of law cropped up, and I sent all the papers to an American fan with legal connections who volunteered to pursue the question from that angle. But because of private difficulties of his own the matter languished for nearly a year. Last February I decided I was damned if I was going to let Greyhound have victory by default, and that it was time to seek the aid of the worldwide organisation of trained correspondence commandoes to which we all belong. I hadn't done this before out of a feeling that fandom had



done enough for me already, and even now the appeal took only the form of a mimeoed statement of the situation enclosed with Hyphen, which any reader could pass along to someone who might be interested, or simply ignore.

But it was enough. I felt like someone tied to a stake in an Indian encampment hearing the bugles of the United States Cavalry. Tom Perry had written to the Interstate Commerce Commission and the Chamber of Commerce: Dave Kyle had written to Joe Hensley and the law firm of Metford and Hensley had written to Greyhound's General Baggage Agent: Joy Sanderson had written to her Senator, the Attorney General, and to the Cleveland Better Business Bureau. And this was only what I knew about in the first few days. I was awed anew at the energy and ingenuity of fans.

Why hadn't I done that before, I thought, reading Tom Perry's letter to the Interstate Commerce Commission and their interim reply. Why, even





the paragraph dealing with the purely legal question of their powers opened up a whole new vista of possibilities. For all its dry legal style it was haunting, evocative, full of sense of wonder....

Insofar as the merits of claims for loss or damage to property are concerned, you are advised as a matter of information that this Commission is without jurisdiction. When a carrier denies its liability in whole or in part, the shipper's remedy is by a suit in a court of competent jurisdiction. The Commission has expressed this lack of authority on various occasions; for example, as to claims for loss or damage to property, see Blume & Co. v. Wells, Fargo & Co., 15 ICC 53, 54-55, and Jumbo Pizzas Inc. v. General Expressways, Inc., 314 ICC 467, 468. It follows that a complaint to this agency would not toll the operation of any statute of limitations.

I was not alone, I realised, neither in space nor time. I had by my side not only fannish friends, but such ghostly allies as gallant old V. Blume, a refugee from persecution in mid-nineteenth century Europe, whose tailoring equipment along with all his other few pitiful belongings had been lost off a stagecoach somewhere West of the Pecos. In my mind I saluted the grave of this old comrade in arms, where he lay forgotten by the side of some new freeway, and swore that we who survived would carry on his struggle. On the way back from the past, momentarily disoriented, I somehow found myself in another probability world....

Tom Perry's letter had come in the morning post, and by 11 am I had conceived the Great Plan. Calculating the time on the West Coast to be 3 am, I picked up the telephone and asked for a Los Angeles number. It was only a matter of a few months to the Pacificon and there was no time to lose. This was a time for swift positive action, a time to call on the aid of a master in another field of fan communication. After a brief delay while the operator broke into a local call I was connected. "Harlan?" I said.....

In Washington Square, Ted White, moving quietly among the checker boards, approached the seventeenth name on his list of internationally recognised pizza connoisseurs. It was Homespun Hank Hogcaller, folksinger. "Jumbo?" mused Hank, lighting his corn cob pipe with the automatic corn cob pipe lighter on the dashboard of his custom-built Ferrari, "haven't tasted one in years. Remember I had one lunch, but the eggplant...Yup, that's right, eggplant. It was a Greek made them. Guy named Lephantiasis. Eggplant Lephantiasis, they called him. Never cared for the eggplant movement myself...."

But Ted was already on his way to the nearest drugstore. Minor disagreements forgotten, he called Sam Moskowitz. From the records of Sam's frozen foods company it took only a few minutes to turn up the particulars of former client E. Lephantiasis, creator of Jumbo Pizzas. Starting in a modest diner on Sixth Avenue he had risen in the pizza world like a meteor. The crash had come when he tried to open a pizza factory on the West Coast. A suitcase containing his secret pizza for-



mulae had been lost in transit: an inexperienced factory supervisor had improvised to meet an urgent order: a terrible mistake had been made. Unable to meet the damages awarded to the widows, Lephantiasis had fled the country and was now living in retirement in Ensenada, Mexico. Picking up the Company phone, Moscowitz dialed a Berkeley number.

At an emergency meeting of the Pacificon Committee the following evening, minor outstanding business was adjourned indefinitely, including some proposal about banning a fan from the convention. Bill Donaho reported that special emissary Bjo Trimble was expected to telephone any moment, and a supply of ditto masters was available for briefing fandom. Dead on time, Bjo called.

The Committee did its work well, and by the end of the Convention Phase 1 was complete. Charmed by Bjo, Mr. Lephantiasis had parted with the keys of his enormous disused pizza factory in Fresno and his secret recipes. Under Bjo's supervision, a working party from Los Angeles had put the factory back in working order, machinery overhaul being looked after by Elmer Perdue and a team from Burbee's machine shop. Inside the factory was stacked ready a vast supply of foodstuffs brought by Convention members from all over the United States, stored neatly under the supervision of Wrai Ballard. The ovens, serviced by Dean Grennell, stood ready.

On the Tuesday after Labour Day the entire convention adjourned to Fresno and worked for 24 hours. When they were finished they had raised to the sky a delectable mountain. Carefully stacked by Terry Carr and Ron Ellik, there rose towards the stars a veritable leaning tower of pizza. Phase 2 was finished.

Phase 3 had originated in the devious mind of Bob Shaw, from a memory of his own experiences when he left Canada for Ireland in 1958. They were going to the South Gate convention en route and Bob had bought Greyhound tickets to Los Angeles and checked the family's luggage on ahead. But at the last moment they decided to fly instead. Bob collected a full refund on his tickets from Greyhound, but retained his baggage checks and used them to collect his baggage in Los Angeles, brought there by Greyhound for nothing.

It was this chink in the defences of Greyhound's unwieldy organisation that we relied upon to bring about its downfall. Once we saw that Greyhound could be made to carry baggage for nothing, we realised they were defenceless against our diabolical scheme.

Five hundred fans had brought old suitcases full of foodstuffs to Fresno. A blitz on West Coast junk shops and family closets produced 1500 more. Into each suitcase went one Jumbo pizza. The remaining thousand were made into parcels, padded by crudzines into various shapes. Throughout the rest of the week there fanned out across the country a horde of ruthless and determined warriors, armed with their deadly pizzas.

The procedure was simplicity itself. At random points fans would break their journey at a Greyhound depot and buy a ticket to a random destination. They would check in a concealed pizza, apply for a refund on their ticket, and go on their way chuckling evilly. By the middle of next week they had all arrived home and mailed their baggage checks to



fan headquarters in Chicago. A code message appeared in all fanzines: Phase 3 was complete. All fandom waited expectantly.

It was only a few days before Greyhound headquarters in Chicago began to realise that something had hit them: subtly at first but unmistakably, the entire Greyhound organisation was being pervaded by the smell of decaying cheese. By the end of the second week the situation was becoming catastrophic. From coast to coast Greyhound posthouses were deserted: even the staff were eating out. Passengers were refusing to wait for buses inside the depots, and drivers were losing more in parking tickets than they were collecting in fares. Booking clerks in 37 depots had gone on strike and hundreds of others were reporting sick. It was rumored that Trailways were taking them on.

In the Greyhound presidential suite the emergency conference of senior executives dragged into its tenth hour. Haggard face stared hopelessly into haggard face. Police guarded the windows to prevent more of the suicides that had been disrupting traffic on Dearborn. In the wretched silence the phone rang startlingly. The President picked it up listlessly. "Good evening," said the pleasant voice of Earl Kemp. "This is the Cheese Odour Eradication Company, Inc. I understand you have a little problem over at Greyhound?"

Soothing the pitiful appeals of the Greyhound President, Kemp suavely explained. His company had wide experience of this sort of problem, with a staff of skilled operators throughout the world. For a fee of a mere \$50,000 they could guarantee a virtually complete solution to the immediate crisis, but to prevent its recurrence the entire Greyhound system would have to be kept under expert surveillance indefinitely, at an annual retaining fee of ten thousand dollars. He would supply a list of operators to be provided with free passes. They would include technical consultants from Europe, whose names he would supply from time to time, and whose fares across the Atlantic would of course be paid by Greyhound. No, of course his company's methods were a trade secret, but they would take effect within four days.

This was all the time it took for Kemp and his committee to send the baggage checks to fans in the towns of the destinations shown on them and for the deadly pizzas to be withdrawn inconspicuously from the hundreds of baggage offices. At the end of that time Greyhound was able to breathe again—literally—and fandom entered on a new era.

There was, however, one further strange development that came as a surprise to Greyhound, to the fans, and to the whole world. Seventeen fans reported that the baggage they had tried to claim was missing. And, almost simultaneously, public health inspectors broke into a mysterious warehouse in Hoboken. Later, some mathematicians at Harvard advanced the theory that the infinite convolution of worldwide transportation systems had set up a sort of topological whirlpool, a sort of Sargasso Sea of lost property. Among the strange items found in that Hoboken warehouse, in addition to seventeen enormous decaying pizzas, were a portrait of the Duke of Wellington by Goya, the skeleton of Ambrose Bierce, two arms from the statue of a nude female, a battered chalice, a portable tailor's shop, and a blue suitcase and a brown duffel bag belonging to an unknown couple from Ireland.







# letters

R i c h a r d   B e r g e r o n, 333 East 69th St., New York 21, New York.

In my jaded condition the true test of a fanzine is if after I finish reading it, I feel like sitting down and working on an issue of my own. It's hard to get that kind of fanzine anymore, but Quark passes the test with flying colors--after I finish this letter I intend to do some more work on the half-finished Wrhn #22.

I take it you don't care if your fanzine is scribbled on with ballpoint ink--on the front page I've written "Feb.13,65" and if you'll tell me what issue this is I'll add the number somewhere there also. I hope you didn't omit this information just to spite Sneary who asked you to put it in. It's really a great annoyance for people like me who go to some lengths to find the particular passage in which a fan hung himself with his own statement and then have to spend another half-hour hunting for the Quark commented on in the letter column in order to be able to cite the source accurately. And the annoyance becomes directed at Quark (and perhaps in the form of minus points in fan polls or hugo ballots) when we realize that its editor could have saved us all this trouble with just a few quick taps on his typewriter. Oh well, it's your Hugo, I suppose, or could have been.

In spite of the obvious drawbacks listed in the above paragraph, I still hope Q gets its Hugo. I know it would be unbeatable if it had a regular schedule - in its present state it has half a chance but fans have a tendency to think that they'll never see another issue of an irregular fanzine. This is no help in getting letters of comment or votes.

Ellison is an avalanche of interlineations. :: "I don't know how he knew I would be asleep at that hour." Great.

Charles Wells puzzles me with: "Donaho's Apologia has reduced the matter to an ordinary disagreement, whereas before we were faced with attempted character assassination." If by "attempted character assassination" Wells means the things Donaho said about Breen then he should recall that Donaho said in the apologia that "The BOONDOGGIE was essentially true of course." Of course.

On Donaho's letter: If publishing "Postmortem" was a "political error" because of "flogging-dead-horses" and "newcomer-trying-to-make-a-splash", then I prefer to leave politics to the politicians. I didn't think of it as a political move - it seemed highly valuable to me as summation and for its comments from the parents involved. And he's welcome to his evaluation of Wrhn "as good political rhetoric as QAR" - he seems to see his role in this as sort of a political analyst. This is all a bit tiresome to those of us who didn't see his "crusade" as political gamesmanship but it may serve as an explanation for that baffling Apologia. :: I'm not surprised that Pohl called Wrhn 21 "sheer garbage" because I have letters from him saying as



unflattering things as that in a year when Wrhn won the Hugo. I am surprised that he "sent his copy back with instructions not to send him any more" because I didn't get his copy back and haven't received any sort of message from him since November 1962. As for being "in for a few surprises in regard to the way fans look at" me: Bill may be right, but thus far most of the surprises have been pleasant; many people who hadn't been heard from on the Donaho mess wrote and in so doing often confirmed my high opinion of them -- especially Bob Lowndes. I received very few letters attacking Wrhn (I made up for it in Fapa, but that I expected) and I have enough letters denouncing the Pacificon committee and Donaho to fill a large fanzine (but who needs it!). That should hardly surprise anyone -- least of all Donaho. Fans are still writing in asking to have their names put on that list I made and that IS a surprise. I'll continue it if Donaho wants me to. But there's one more surprise coming, Bill. Watch for it in Wrhn 22.

As I see it, the point of this blackball of the Fapa waiting list is an answer to the incurable optimists in Fapa who are convinced that the attempted purging of Breen is no indication that the blackball can ever be irresponsibly used. The small matter (this is what the optimists seem to think it is) of a special rule or some highhanded trickery on the part of the Secretary Treasurer will have the waiting list reinstated before you can say, "The constitution does not require that a member have any sort of reason for objecting to the admission of a potential member, let alone a good reason" as Gregg Calkins might. I agree there is "one bright side": "presumably this second abuse of the blackball provision in one year will cause sensible Faps to eliminate" it, but there's no chance that your other bright prospect--the elimination of members who cannot use the blackball responsibly--will happen. At least not while Fapa prefers to have its blackballs cast anonymously. It doesn't seem right that ten members, acting in secrecy, can dispose of anyone, or everyone, for little, or better, no reason and it takes 33 members acting publicly to revoke this decision. But that's Fapa's concept of fairness. I think Fapa sold its soul on the day it bought the notion that no more than 10 members had its best interests sufficiently at heart to save it from threats like Wetzel. Where power is entrusted it can obviously be abused and fans are no more than human. The "convenience" of the waiting listers is not at issue or, indeed, even at jeopardy here for obviously Fapa's waiting list is of more value to it than "a few chuckles for the blackballers". The waiting list will be reinstated, either legally through a special rule or illegally, through the Secretary Treasurer. The effect of this latest blackball will be to dramatize the danger of letting 10 fans screen the membership.

By the way, if you quote any of this in Quark (any of the stuff on the blackball or Donaho) please quote the entire paragraphs, ie, #s5, 6, and 7. If you don't use any of it, please let me know, but I hope you do publish those 3 paragraphs.

((Done! See Ted Pauls, it's not so hard. :: I agree with you about the blackball provision itself but I think its dangers could have been better dramatized than by using it on everyone...for instance, by blackballing one popular Wler and then circulating a petition to reinstate him AND repeal Section 9.2. Using it on everyone on the WL as of November raises the threat that a special rule could not reinstate the WL for one or more quarters, and that some persons who applied after November (and thus were not blackballed with the rest) would enter Fapa before those who had been patiently waiting for several years. The uncertainty as to the state of the WL apparently caused 16 Wlers to fail to renew their subs to the Fantasy Amateur, going by the February FA, and they could have been dropped from their places in the WL, causing them, I would say, some inconvenience. Bob Pavlat's ingenious action has forestalled both these threats. Rich Brown, who started all this, apparently is not content with having "dramatized" the dangers of the blackball but wants also to inflict them: I understand he is appealing Pavlat's actions in an attempt to undo them. He says he wants to reinstate the



waitinglist "legally" as soon as he can get it blackballed; I don't know Rich but in judging his sincerity from afar in this matter one might note that his roommate and co-editor, Mike McInerney, was one of the six persons who applied to the Fapa WL after the November mailing. Keep that in mind these next few months. :: As to Rich Brown's argument that Pavlat acted "illegally," a view you apparently share: as I see it, Pavlat's action was quite legal. It operated through a loophole in the Fapa constitution, but the loophole is there: in fact it might be well to bear in mind that loopholes were originally designed for defense. :: When I first learned of this Big Blackball I assumed it was a bad joke by the same people who had blackballed Breen because I heard of it from one of them. I've since learned of course that it was intended to serve a good cause—the elimination of the blackball provision. But I still dislike the way it's being done. Rich Brown says in "Dear Fellow-Fapan" (as quoted by Bruce Pelz) that he intends to blackball the WL year after year until he gets his way about Section 9.2. This means he and his fellow blackballers are a minority trying to push around a majority of Fapa; they are saying in effect, "We will not allow you to maintain a stable WL until you accede to our demands." I find this quite as reprehensible as the evil they are supposedly trying to abolish. :: It might also be noted, as to "legality," that Brown and his friends had to lie to blackball the waiting list, since the form clearly says "I object to the following waiting-listers" (at least in the 1964 egoboo ballot), while the published statements of Brown indicate he doesn't actually object to the members of the WL and signed a statement that he did purely for political purposes. I wonder if Pavlat wouldn't be justified in nullifying the Big Blackball on that ground alone if his original reinstatement is disallowed by the Vice-President.))

R . A . L u c , 49 West Eighth Street, Bayonne, New Jersey, 07002.

It's probably more than a little late but I'm LoCing on your Election-Day ish. The review (Demolition ?) of Freehold I thought looked good but I'll have to wait until I've read it before I make a final judgment though no one I've heard has had even half a good word for it. Willis needs no comment except maybe we're lucky Goldwater was not elected buy maybe the instability shown by his nomination did the damage ~~Wait~~ mentioned it might.

One advantage to reading the ish late was the Boardman article. He ought to get a job as a prophet—Brezhnev, Churchill, the Republican party and Peron's rebuff may be the end of him. Come to think of it maybe Boardman should get a ~~px~~ practicle job, like doing the Nielsen ratings for T.V. Seeing accurate listings might change the present opinion of the average viewer.

((This is Rick's letter in its entirety. Since I've had quite a few "locs" of this sort, largely from new fans, I think it might help to point out to people who don't understand what's involved in putting out a fanzine that—while most faneds are willing to give their fmz away for comments on it—a letter that is barely more than an acknowledgment is inadequate incentive for faned and contributor. A real letter of comment partakes of some of the thoughtfulness that went into the contributions which inspired it. For those who cannot participate for one reason or another, there is always the cash sub.

In other words, Rick, I enjoyed your comments but would like to see more before giving my fanzine away. I'm sure you wouldn't consider paying 25¢ each for copies of a one-page fanzine.

This message applies more broadly to the comments on the Harp. Some of the best letter writers cop out when it comes to Willis and while it may be flattering to read that "Willis is so good I just can't comment," he can't find it very inspiring. If he's all that good you ought to be able to find something to say about his stuff (and remember that praise is most delicious when it's specific).

I'm going into this here because locs seem to have become the currency of fandom. I hope it may help the general situation.))



I v o r   L a t t o,   16 Merryton Avenue, Glasgow W5, Scotland.

I can't really believe that any fan doesn't know who Walt Willis is, if only in order to represent him as the key figure of the ancien regime, Who Must Go! A delicate position to be in, I suppose. To follow up one of his points in the Harp: no depressed race, Negro, Irish or Eskimo, could be as sensitive to the nuances of words and situations as the neofan, baffled by esoteric allusions, browbeaten by Big Name-dropping, always suspicious of condescension or exclusion....a perpetually defensive New Wave. It IS very irritating to be subject to this as-I-said-to-Jules-Verne stuff, or to suspect that one is being patronised or quietly laughed at. The only way out would seem to be if he said nothing at all, thereby giving no possible offence to anyone. Which hardly seems a price worth paying just to keep the neo happy. Who wants happy neos? Or unhappy neos for that matter? Harry Warner doesn't, that's who.

I liked Norm Clarke's thing very much.

Two things I didn't like, the residue of the Breen affair, and all the chat about Heinlein. Can't fandom stop talking about his books? Doesn't anyone else publish juicy illiberal sf? But if he must be discussed, can't we do it without the excruciating unravelling of "symbols"? Alright, he puts symbols and allusions and private jokes into his books, but for heaven's sake Dr. Jaffney, let's keep their deciphering to this side of comedy. I've never read anything quite so farcical since Cyril Kornbluth's views on 1984 ("Room 101, the torture room in the Ministry of Love...is Orwell's unconscious symbol of the uterus....the three numerals 101 displayed on a page constitute a naive sketch of the female genitalia seen from below"). It's like trying to read the future from the steaming entrails of a sacrificial chicken.

((But any day I expect a Campbell editorial advocating just that method, with three italicized sentences and seven exclamation marks. Or have I missed it? :: Re the neofan, if his lot is that bad, things have changed a lot since I entered. That could be, of course, and I'm not close to the British situation, but my impression generally is if one is willing to take the same attitude in entering fandom as when entering a new social group, a new office or school say—a combination of selfrespect and respect for the group—one will be accepted and even welcomed. But why should anyone be allowed to charge in and demand that Willis Must Go and not be laughed at? :: Re Kornbluth, he cites an experiment to bolster his case: "Smith is hypnotized and told he is undergoing a complicated and fantastic experience. He is then told to dream about the experience and to describe the dream. Jones is then hypnotized and is told to dream the dream described by Smith, which had no apparent similarity to the suggested 'experience.' Jones is then told to interpret the dream, and he does this by describing the 'experience' suggested to Smith. The only communication of the 'experience' from Smith to Jones is via the dream, which suggests that Smith and Jones, at least, share a set of unconscious symbols." (The Science Fiction Novel, Advent, \$3.50). I thought Kornbluth's analysis of Orwell and the others very plausible, in context. Since he said "my intention is to stimulate discussion, not terminate it," perhaps we could please his ghost in Quark. Ivor?)))

G r e g   B e n f o r d,   Seahorse Inn, Apt. 141, 526 Grand Avenue, Del Mar, Calif.

I agree with Tucker about the name. It gives one the vague feeling that it's a word that denotes oddity with slight traces of individualism. I suppose you've heard this before, but just in case: "quarks" are the hypothesized particles that make up all matter (maybe). They're the idea of Murray Gell-Mann (Caltech), and appropriate combinations of them give the multitude of particles we observe in the real world.

As the top number on the Fapa waiting list, I suppose I have as good reason as any to be disgruntled by the blacklist. But the affair has been put back in order, and the point made, without any trouble to the waitlisters; I'd call it even on both



sides. The object of the matter--get rid of the blackball--isn't one I agree with (Fapa IS a private club), but I don't think one can carp at the method of publicity used. Who got hurt? ((No one--yet. Thanks only to Bob Pavlat.))

Willis very interesting. I feel these relaxed columns Walt has been doing are somewhat easier to deal with than the usually intricately structured piece of the past. And, of course, being flawed in minor ways, they seem more human. Particularly Walt appears more predictable (and shall we say "easier to rationalize away"?) when he follows the lines so clearly laid down by the Labor Party in international affairs. I'm far from being a Goldwater supporter, but after reading the Guardian and the Times (the English ones) I can see the remarkably different pictures one can get of American politics through the eyes of foreign correspondents. I think it's interesting that the policy everyone associated with Goldwater (extending the Viet Nam war) is being carried out by 1964's white knight, one L. Johnson.

Norm Clarke excellent. I almost fell out of my chair when I reached the last line of WHY IS ANN DRAYN? !

It took me about three minutes to figure out why Norm Clarke thinks Farnham's Freehold is an anti-Negro novel. I suppose if one reads it straight, it is. I believed it was pro-anarchist, not too far from "Coventry." I think Heinlein is much more anarchist than conservative (right-wing) and several of his books (including Freehold, Starship Troopers, and Stranger) have been object lessons in alternatives. I can be carried along and made to believe in the protagonist's approach ... and then think back on it later, and realize how much more was buried or quickly passed over -- this makes me think Heinlein is much subtler and more effective than most critics believe. Can you think of any sf author who has caused more honest thought about the role of the individual and society in recent years?

((I did know about the "quark" theory, but lost track of the reference source I meant to quote as a filler. Thanks for mentioning it. Does anyone know if the derivation is the same, i.e. from "question mark"?)

Steve Stiles, 207 West 80th Street, New York, N.Y. 10024

My apologies for the crude scribbles in Quark #?. They were, as you say, partly my fault, and I don't even have a good excuse like having a baby (which probably isn't my fault). Let me clue you in, though, that I haven't withdrawn my offer to send you some art because you think Ayn Rand believes in industrial exploitation. The lack of a contribution from these quarters is simply because I forgot all about my promise. However, if work permits, I'll set about rectifying the situation for your next issue.

Norm Clarke's "Why Is Ann Drayn?" is on a lower level than his usual wonderfully funny output. This is not because he's stepped on a Sacred Cow, no--I'm trying to be terribly objective. And as you may recall I did a similar satire, "This Is John Goldfarb", in Sam #11. It's just that I've always held that it's a basic principle in satire for a satire to have some relationship to the subject matter on which it attempts to build a foundation.

((We got your pictures here at Quark. You are a G\*E\*N\*I\*U\*S! How come a genius like you likes Ayn Rand? Are you maybe smarter than I am?))

Harry Warner, 423 Summit Avenue, Hagerstown, Maryland, 21740.

Don't get the idea I'm trying to defend censorship. But I can't understand the criticism of censors Joe Pilati reads into the Neill quote, "Being shocked implies having an obscene interest in what shocks you." I believe that would be the only excuse for militant censorship: one's self-knowledge of what certain things do to one's instincts and desires, followed by a genuine effort to keep the temptation away from others who may react the same. I don't believe the Legion of Decency has any particular interest in what patronage its condemned movies get from non-Catholics; it's concerned in keeping Catholics from accidentally putting themselves into a situation in which they might believe themselves to be sinning.



You've handicapped my loc by so much letter column comments on Heinlein not susceptible to participation by one who hasn't read much of the fiction. However, I found Dr. Jaffney's letter impressive even if it's hard to believe any author would get a story finished if he consciously put into it all the symbols extracted in such criticism. Ibsen used to marvel late in life at the things he hadn't known he was doing. I'm reading a book on "The Marriage of Figaro" that finds material for a paragraph of footnote for one instrument in one bar of an aria.

It will be interesting to see if the Breen-Donaho thing does subside now that the principals are no longer shooting. The WSFS litigation and feuding stopped suddenly, completely, and apparently left no permanent scars. But the exclusion act of the first Nycon still has its effects a quarter century later, such as the general distrust of New York as a worldcon site and the embittered outlook on fandom of a number of the principals. And Degler is cast up by fans not born when he flourished. I suspect Breen will continue to be a symbol for decades--a different kind from Degler, I hasten to add, lest I start another turmoil.

Seth Johnson should have guaranteed immortality as a fan, no matter what happens to the NFFF. "Rank and vile fans" is even more inspired than the best Sneary typos.

F. M. B u s b y, 2852 Fourteenth West, Seattle, Washington, 98119.

It may be the Harlan Ellison issue of Quark, but Saint Walter gets off the best line in the zine--where he puts down "those who make unprovoked attacks on individuals whose activities have not earlier been questioned". I'm sure those sentiments will be cheered loudly by Billie Sol Estes, Bobby Baker and many others. DOWN with people who insist on turning over flat rocks! Avaunt thee, Sherlock Holmes, thou Nosy-Poke! How dare you go around messing with people whose activities have not earlier been questioned! You must be some kind of a nut, because Walter Himself implies that if a fella has been getting away with it, it is most unfair not to allow him to continue to get away with it.

Nonetheless and howsoever be it, Walter Himself No Less was last month observed by the senses of sight and hearing (at least) to pick up the phone, dial the Hated Fuzz, and upon the evidence of a neighbor that "a man had been around looking suspicious" and with some vague description by said neighbor, accuse (to the Hated Fuzz, remember) a Hugo-contending science-fiction author of the ft and/or trespass and/or pilfering (our Hostile Telepath in Berkeley was taken with a fit of sneezing at this point and some of the action lost a little bit in the translation). To be specific, Walter on the phone to the P\*O\*L\*I\*C\*E accused said author of having spirited away from the Breen front porch one each packet of used didies intended for the diaper service pickup. Out of his fuzzy face he said this, before eye (and ear) witnesses. (At least.)

I'd sure like to see Bob Newhart turned loose with that conversation! As the police sergeant, of course. It might go something like this...

"Hello? Yeh, this is the fuzz. No, police, dammit; let's have a little respect here, even if it IS Berkeley. What's your complaint?

"Robbery, huh? What'd he look like? Oh, you didn't see him? Well, who did see him? ...Nobody, huh? So who did he rob?

"The house, huh? I see. Well, fella, that is not robbery. That is burglary. Maybe breaking and entering?

"He didn't come IN the house... I see... Well, that isn't burglary, either. ...the front porch, huh? I see. What color is the bicycle?

"Not his--yours! Oh, you don't have a bicycle? It wasn't a bicycle he stole? I'm mostly in charge of stolen bikes, y'know. Especially in your part of town. So okay, how much was the relief check he got away with?

"You're not on relief? Well, fella, you better take care of that right away. What are you--a nonconformist or something? Oh, you ARE? ...I see.



"Look, fella, what is it that you're missing? ...I don't CARE about your love life; I just want to know what's missing off your front porch!"

"Besides the railing! I mean, what did you call up here for?"

"A package of — of diapers? Well, yeh, that could be serious. You want me to send the emergency car out with a few to tide you over? Boy I know how that can be when you run all out of clean ones; I have 6 kids myself.

"... they — weren't clean ones? ... I see. They were dirty ones...

"No, I'm not laughing. Really I'm not. No, this isn't the stupidest complaint I've had all week. You should of been here last Tuesday...

"Oh, you know who did it? I thought you didn't see him. ...the neighbor lady saw him. I see. ...right in the act, huh? NO? Oh, she saw a man who looked suspicious. ...How did he look suspicious? ... he just did; I see. Did she give a description? ... yeh ... yeh ... uh-huh ... I see.

"That's fine; already I can scratch Primo Carnera and Shirley Temple off the list of suspects. ...oh, you just want to give me the guy's name and I should arrest him? Okay, I'll write it down, the captain needs a good laugh after last Tuesday. ...Am I gonna arrest him? Well, not just yet, fella; not just yet.

"Same to you, fella!"

We'll call it "The Great Diaper Snatch" and I get half the film rights, remember.

B e t t y K u j a w a, 2819 Caroline Street, South Bend 14, Indiana.

I've not read Farnham's Freehold and I must say the letters don't make me WANT to very much. Or rather I don't want to pay for the hard-cover version. I'll wait for the paperback, and send the difference in money to Selma, Alabama, or some such.

I got to ask though about your opinion that Heinlein wrote it "as Goldwater propaganda, appearing at an appropriate time for maximum effect"....awww, come now!

Propaganda for whom? Us? The teen-age readers of his children's books? The General Public? I honestly can't see Heinlein thining THIS would reach and influence that general public out there. Not unless some Bircher-type organization bought zillions of copies and mailed 'em out free to everybody everywhere...and even THEN I wonder how many would open the book and read it? Naaah, Tom. If you don't agree, tell me just who this was aimed at? And how many of same do you think would buy, and read, and heed?

((I think it was aimed at SF fans. I don't expect that Heinlein thought the votes of fans and readers of SF mags would swing the election. But then the doorbell ringer who propagandizes his neighbors for either party doesn't expect their votes to decide the issue, either. We influence whom we can.))

S e t h J o h n s o n, 339 Stiles Street, Vaux Hall, New Jersey, 07088.

May I suggest an index in back pages spelling out the names of those people whose quotes you keep initialing one sentence tucked between the paragraphs here and there. Like could CIA mean Communist International of America? ((Heavens no. Central Intelligence Agency.)) And is "Jackie" named Kennedy or Robinson? ((Kennedy.))

How about restricting the Hugo to living authors? After all what good's egoboo after a guy's dead and knows nothing about it? Save egoboo for the living.

Perhaps the rest of your readers, like I, would like to know wotinell your talking about when you mention blackballing the Fapa waiting list.

((Good point...sorry. Section 9.2 of the Fapa constitution provides for blackballing waitinglisters by ten or more members, acting in secrecy. Last spring this was used on Walter Breen but more than 40 of the members overruled this as irresponsible by a special petition. Last fall (the date of the annual blackballing rite having been charged) Rich Brown and others tried to blackball the entire WL, allegedly as a demonstration of the dangers of the blackball. Bob Pavlat,



Fapa secretary-treasurer, and as such responsible for maintaining the WL, promptly re-instated it in its former order by a legal if ingenious technicality. Brown, possibly with the support of others, is trying to get Pavlat's action nullified so the WL will be eliminated and he can reinstate it himself. Thus it stands as of writing. Pardon the ingroup references but most '?' readers have an interest in Fapa.))

R i c k S n e a r y, 2962 Santa Ana Street, South Gate, California.

You raise a good point regarding just who would get the Hugo, IF one of Ellison's TV shows had one. I forget the results in 62-63, but Hugo's in 1960, 61 & 62 for Twilight Zone went to Rod Stirling, while the Hugo in 1958 for The Incredible Shrinking Man was given to a man from the studio, even though Matheson was Guest of Honor.

-- I find it fairly incredible that a man as sensitive to his own feelings, has so little thought about those of others. He is obviously his own worse enemy...for here is a guy that appears to desperately need to be liked and admired, and who it is fun to be around, who repeatedly over a long number of years makes the same gaffs.

Willis is fine as always.. And I was happy with the fleeting picture of Walt at work. For years the Willis's have in part resembled a Average Family, in a TV situation comedy. In which the husband works at some kind of office, but it is never part of their "real" life.. --Maybe we will find out one day that in his own quite and modest way, Walt controls all N.I.

M a r t y H e l g e s e n, 11 Lawrence Avenue, Malverne, N.Y. 11565

EVEN YOUR BEST FRIENDS WON'T TELL YOU about the Legion of Decency, it seems; there are a number of errors in Joe Pilati's piece about it. This is very common among non-Catholics. If people are going to object to it, they should at least know what it is.

The Legion was established to review movies on morality. Its ratings are advisory. A Catholic can follow or ignore them. Although the Legion is changing its emphasis, in the past it was concerned almost exclusively with morality. An "A" cannot be translated "Great Stuff for the Whole Family." "A" means "morally unobjectionable." However, no film is ~~mm~~ classified with just an A. It is put into a subclassification indicating it is "morally <sup>un</sup>objectionable for general patronage" (A-1), or for "...adults and adolescents" (A-2), "...for adults" (A-3) or "...for adults, with reservations" (A-4). Unlike some, the Legion does not believe everything must be suitable for children. The other possible ratings are "morally objectionable in part for all" (B) and "morally condemned" (C). As the words "morally unobjectionable" indicate, an A-1 is not an endorsement. Junk can get an A-1 if it's clean junk. A rough analogy: Board of Health approval of a restaurant does not mean the food is good; just that it won't poison you.

Recently the Legion has recognized the inadequacy of this negative approach and tried to get away from it. As a first step to "promote what is morally and artistically good" (from its new pledge) the Legion has given special recommendations to many A-1, A-2, and A-3 pictures of artistic merit. They plan to increase this and in a few years the name "Legion of Decency" will be abandoned and its work made part of a new office of film education that will concentrate on improving the public taste. Some Catholics write letters complaining that films that would have been condemned 10 years ago are getting A's today. In many cases they're probably right, a hopeful sign.

To clear up a minor point, the Legion has always been concerned exclusively with movies and has no book list. Also, while some films by the people Joe names have been condemned, this is not true of all or even most their films. To say that their works are consistently condemned seems a bit much.

((Thanks, Marty. Joe?))



Archie Mercer, 70 Worrall Road, Bristol 8, Great Britain.

This English-met friend of Walt's with the "gift for telling people what they want to hear" - I'm not sure if I'm thinking of the same person Walt is (he doesn't even say it's a fan he's talking about) - but anyway, what I'm trying to get at is that if it shows, it's largely ineffective. (And how's that for a twisted sentence? Takes after the Mercatorial mind of course.)

Unfortunately I always mentally pronounce "coup de grace" as "coop de grayss", so that fabulous pun requires too much working out to have its maximum effect in this direction.

"I would expect," you say, "anyone identifying himself as a fan to know something of Willis as well as SF...or at least to be interested." Well now. I would expect ~~any~~ anyone identifying himself as a Willis fan to know something of Willis. But I can't, myself, see that an sf fan - self-professed or otherwise - should be expected to know about Walt any more than about, for instance, Forrest J. Ackerman or (if you want a British example) Michael Rosenblum. In fandom, one may encounter these three and many others like them, and be the better for the experience. But one isn't primarily a fan because of them, surely? One is primarily a fan because of sf.

Anyway, until he started his ZENITH column, Walt hadn't been doing anything in particular to keep himself in the eye of anglofandom. A fannish legend requires more than a name to keep it evergreen.

In the meantime, Walt is certainly no "senile oldfan", and he is, I think, now becoming rather more conscious than he was of contemporary anglofannish affairs.

People still seem to be asking who Phil Rogers is. I thought I'd answered that in my last letter - but it got cut out. In brief, Phil is a social fan. He has attended every British convention since the 1957 worldcon, and a good many extracurricular fannish events in between. As one with a big foot in both fanworlds - social and postal - I get a somewhat wider picture of anglofandom than does Walt. The result, of course, is that giants such as Walt are not the only giants in view.

In conclusion, I should like to say that Messrs Pilati and Jaffney both make very good reading.

((What I meant (and of course should have said) is that I would expect anyone who claims to be a part of our fandom to know something of its history...not only Walt Willis, but Harlan Ellison, Lee Hoffman, Forrest Ackerman, Francis Laney, Degler, Palmer, Moskowitz, and even Michael Rosenblum, whoever he is. They should at least be aware of them, don't you think? To make an analogy, if you planned to become part of movements like the church, the Labour (or Democratic) Party, the civil-rights revolution, etc., you would be expected to have some knowledge of the history of that movement and a respect for the figures that made that history. A priest wouldn't get far if he declared he would pay no attention to the popes and saints and other hasbeens that cluttered the way between him and God. The old fans that the British "new wave" seems to dislike helped make fandom and, yes, science fiction what it is. If the new fans choose to pretend that didn't happen, and to ignore or attack the old fans indiscriminately, no one can stop them...but I think they can hardly complain because some one speaks the obvious ~~x~~ fact, that they put themselves "in another fandom" by doing so.

If I'm taking this terribly seriously, it may be because I've recently read in ZENITH 8 Charles Platt's disturbing attack on Willis, and Walt's remarkably forbearing reply. I don't know who or what Platt is, but I would like to think he isn't representative of the British new wave. It may be he is no older than he sounds, and if so I may be taking ordinary adolescent rebellion too much to heart. But on the other hand wouldn't an adolescent be the first to insist he be taken seriously despite his age?

In any case it's probably to fandom's credit that Platt can be heard at all—in stuffier movements his resentments wouldn't be allowed to come to the surface. But at the same time there seems to be a tendency, almost a readiness, to misunder-



stand Walt on the part of intelligent adults like yourself. I wonder if Willis is not going through the unhappy process Galbraith describes in "The Build-up and the Public Man." Walt has done a great deal, by example and encouragement and helpful criticism, to improve standards in fandom: a top fanzine from the period he entered fandom seems like a typical one today. I think he is still our best writer, but now there are many that approach him; and his health has recently caused him to cut back. So now fans are beginning to realize that many things said half in jest—that Willis is Ghod, that he has Impeccable Taste, etc.—are of course not true, and are disparaging him as if to make up for the previous excess: his faults are magnified just because it was once said, and sometimes believed, that he had none. If my impression's right it's a very sad thing, for Walt is a wonderfully talented, unusually kind and very wise man who has contributed enormously to fandom. I fully believe that if he'd cared to write professionally he would have gained a worldwide reputation as a humorist and thinker. In any case I'm sure you'll grant that he could have made a fair go at it (and may yet) and that being the case Platt's sneer that "many people in Britain and the USA—perhaps even more than 500—know about the legendary wit of Willis" is sickening in its cruelty.

I don't know about motivation: I got into fandom through sciencefiction but I retain only a passing interest in it. I couldn't tell you, briefly anyway, why I am in fandom, but it's not primarily because of sciencefiction.

I've got nothing against Phil Rogers or Jock Root personally—the fact that I couldn't have is just the point, in fact. "Social fans" or clubfans or whatever can go about their activities with no criticism from me but it does seem to me that TAFF is not designed for them. TAFF was created, I believe, so fans could meet the people they'd learned about from fanzines. The majority of TAFF voters seem to agree with this viewpoint: you will remember that TAFF didn't raise enough for the trip the first few years, when clubfans were running it; and after actifans got it going again the only clubfan I can think of who won did so because the fannish vote was split between two actifans, and went over largely on money collected the previous year for an actifan's trip. I don't object to clubfans' running for TAFF (though perhaps one should) but I have ~~xx~~ little interest in paying part of a clubfan's trip, and if clubfans start winning regularly I probably will stop participating. If very many actifans shared my feeling here TAFF might well collapse. Determined clubfans might keep it going for a couple of years—but not much longer, I think: there is simply no incentive to shell out for a trip by someone you've never heard of.))

J o e P i l a t i, Box 600, Room 1210, 275 Babcock St., Boston, Mass., 02215.

Willis's comments on the US elections were particularly acute; it's a shame furriners like him can't have a special kind of absentee ballot, by virtue of being brighter than 95% of our own electorate. (I expect I'll be accused of Buckleysque elitism for saying that, but having lived in Massachusetts for six months, I feel confident that I know Newton wards when I see them.)

((Are you serious?))

G i n a C l a r k e, 9 Bancroft Street, Aylmer East, Quebec, Canada.

You bloodthirsty monster. Standing over my poor helpless letter, gore dripping from your blue pencil. Make a note, Tom Perry. Engrave it on your typing ~~table~~ table. Any letters you get from me must be printed in their magnificent entirety, or thrown out in their magnificent entirety. No printing part and chucking out part. Especially when by doing so you make what I actually said come out sounding exactly the opposite. In this instance, what you printed of my letter made it sound as if I thought Heinlein was joking. My letter in its magnificent entirety was intended to convey the impression (apparently unsuccessfully) that, despite the fact that Heinlein's re-



cent books would have made good jokes, and despite the fact that there are grounds for making a mistaken interpretation of them as jokes, nevertheless I realize that he was probably serious. I compared Heinlein with Hemingway because the letter is a good example of a writer that one could easily mistake for a humorist—I guess it has to do with the deadpan approach to utterly ridiculous ideas. My letter must have been very muddled however, for in your letter to Norm you indicate you thought my comparison of Heinlein and Hemingway meant I thought Heinlein might shoot himself! Well, I'll engrave a note of my own on MY typing finger. "Make yourself clear...otherwise people might think you're joking." But you remember my demand: Magnificent entirety or nothing. Otherwise I'll murder YOU in gruesome fashion should you ever dare write a letter of comment to Wendigo.

So there.

Actually, what I should have said above is: You utter beast, Tom Perry. Just for that I'm going to give Terry Carr my Tolkien-is-a-fagg article. But I didn't say that and so I must confess the truth. The Carrs and Raeburn and Lee Jacobs were visiting us recently. Norm mentioned that I'd written an article \*exposing\* Tolkien; Terry, an old sneerer-at-Tolkien-fans-from-way-back, said without even seeing it, "Can I print it?" I told him you had first call on it and that I was supposed to be fixing it up to send back to you but gave it to him to read. When he'd read it he said, "Well, you've got two choices—you can either polish it and return it to Perry, or leave it as is and give it to me." Now what would YOU have done? (I know, I know, you'd have looked out for Tom Perry. \*Awell.)\* All I could do was say, "Well, I'll polish it and send it to YOU, Terry." And that's what I did. BUT I'm enclosing a column-sort-of. You may use it as a one-shot article, or I could do similar things for future issues, or you may reject the whole thing out-of-hand. (If you send it back for polishing, Willis will probably drop by and ask me for it.) Check with me before doing any major editing. &, if you use it, perhaps you could dream up a title?

((Well, there's your letter in its magnificent entirety. I've already hashed this out with you by mail but for the record I should say that of course I wouldn't have cut your letter where I did if I hadn't misunderstood it: perhaps I was looking for someone to take the stand that Heinlein was joking so I could argue against it. And in fairness to \*me\* I should say that Gina has admitted on re-reading her carbon that such a misreading was quite possible, she having made her point with her usual subtlety. And she has loosened her restraint on me to the point of letting me publish ~~hmmmmmm~~ in magnificent entirety particular parts of a letter. Great.

Doing newspaper editing every day has given me an allergy for the extraneous word and phrase, and I usually cut these as I type the letter column, trying to retain the meaning: it seems to me this is a favor to the reader, the letter writer, and me. I also edit whole paragraphs, and sometimes juggle the ones I run. I don't do it to distort, though—quite the opposite—I hope I don't make many mistakes as I did with Gina's letter.

Archie Mercer was objecting (in a part of his letter I cut) that I hadn't been correcting typos and spelling in some letters. Usually I try to, but I make exceptions besides the traditional one for Sneary. To correct them all would mean fandom would be robbed of ingenious ones like the one of Seth Johnson's that Harry Warner praised. Correcting all but the priceless ones would distort those—people would think they were puns, an entirely different artform. No, I'm not condescending—random art, art-by-error, is all the thing nowadays, and if people like Keasler and Sneary and Seth have a happy way with typos, who am I to edit ~~ixx~~ them?

Say that city-slicker Carr IS a charmer, is he not?...conning a poor Canadian country girl out of her Tolkien-is-a-fagg article. Never mind, I enjoyed it in LIGHTHOUSE and it probably reached more of the Tolkien ~~xxx~~ fans it was designed to irritate there than it would have in Quark. Just wait, though, till the next time that Carr feller runs for TAFF.))



N o r m   C l a r k e,   9 Bancroft Street, Aylmer East, Quebec, Canada.

Well, I suppose I'd better comment on Quark: Nice paper.

Yours truly,  
Normin J. Clarke.

((There was more to Norm's letter, meaty, funny, penetrating stuff, but I've lost it and can only offer that from memory. However, I must observe that anyone who knows history (i.e. has been to school) would know how to spell Norman.))

D r .   D a n ' l   J a f f n e y,   Lincoln, Nebraska.

...I enjoyed Walt Willis again except that I find his statement that only 61 percent of the American electorate can be considered sane as inaccurate as it is witty. I suppose that's about par—the brevity that is the soul of epigrammatic wit almost demands inaccuracy, I suspect; and if this is so, the same element that makes an epigram memorable makes it erroneous, so that error perpetuates itself.

Nevertheless, this sort of statement is disappointing from a keen observer like Willis. I don't dispute his right to comment on our : : elections, but he ought to acquaint himself with the facts. And in this case they are that comparatively few American voters shift their votes simply because of the candidates' qualifications. Notice how few percentage points made the difference between 1960's cliffhanger and last year's "landslide." The truth is that people vote Democratic or Republican for a variety of reasons, among them history, habit, tradition, family, emotion, or ignorance. In fact I know people who told me they were voting Republican solely to diminish Johnson's landslide, and would never do so if they expected Goldwater had a chance of winning.

Of course Mr. Willis could contend that everyone who voted on any basis but the qualifications of the candidates was irrational—but this would include Democratic as well as Republican voters. He might end up with a figure enough larger than 61 percent to really scare him.

But to cap this whole discussion, I've just been reading that an important factor in the recent Irish elections was the votes of—patients in mental hospitals! I'm sure Swift couldn't have imagined a better vindication of his testament.

((I lost a few other letters, too...including one from Bill Donaho that I should have printed. Last issue he said Fred Pohl called WARHOON 20 "sheer garbage," and I called this "political reporting...trying to enlist a Big-Name Pro on your side by distortion." Well, I apologize. Bill says that Pohl IS on his side and he was not trying to influence me or anyone else by mentioning him. Nevertheless, I do think Pohl's comment is more meaningful when put in the context of the long and hot argument he had with Bergeron about GALAXY in Warhoon. And Bill has admitted in further correspondence that this probably influenced, though not necessarily invalidated, Pohl's judgment.

A letter from Pete Singleton has just arrived. Sorry, Pete!—you came in just too late last time, too, but I enjoy your comments and so do the contributors. Maybe next time.))

XXX

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"Then I burst into song, as if just delivered of a great burden (it was a song  
some mother taught me)."  
-----  
-gina, in HONQUE



# UNTITLED COLUMN

by gina clarke

A picture story in a magazine before me shows the wife of an old schoolmate of mine in bed with a gorilla. Well, it's just a baby gorilla. With a diaper and a bottle. This old schoolmate of mine is now a keeper at the Calgary zoo. That's where I was born, you know. Right between the chimp and the oran-utan, in the cage labelled "Missing Link". I'm not surprised how this guy turned out though, for he was always fond of animals. Back when we went to school together, he kept a hawk at home and a ringworm on his neck.

§ § §

The Toronto police picked up a kid on a robbery charge and, after one look, put him in a hospital where it was found that, at the age of 20, he was in the last stages of alcoholism. He was sent off to a clinic in Saskatchewan (where the rubbies get LSD and find God) to see if he could be salvaged—if not, he would be dead in a year or two. He'd had his first alcoholic blackout at the age of 11 and since then had had several bouts of DTs. The authorities contacted his mother (who lives here in Aylmer) to ask about his background. She claimed she had always been too busy to look after him properly. What was she so busy with? Running a clinic for alcoholics.

§ § §

JOHANNESBURG (AP) - ...Lack of public support has forced Mrs. Margaret Malherbe to abandon a courtesy crusade aimed at reducing friction between the segregated racial groups of South Africa. She spent two years at it, and about \$1,400.

The courtesy campaigners distributed thousands of leaflets, posters and booklets urging shopkeepers, householders, business organizations and schools to encourage and promote interracial politeness. The campaigners' courtesy code suggested that whites should: speak out against rudeness wherever found; refuse to accept service if others, regardless of color, have been waiting longer; refrain from calling a Negro servant or other employee by the name Jim, boy or Kaffir; challenge unfair condemnation of any particular racial group; never ask a male Negro servant to wash or iron women's undergarments (it offends his dignity); treat Negroes and other races with human dignity; teach children to be polite.

After the courtesy campaign was closed for lack of financial support, the government minister for African affairs, Michael de Wet Nel, said:

"I do not approve of cheap fraternization or social integration, but whites should be careful not to hurt the dignity of the African. It would be desirable to inform young people what their attitude towards the African should be."

§ § §

South Africa sounds like a swinging place altogether. The government has decided not to allow television because they're afraid a bit of evil integration propaganda might slip through in the imported films and programs they'd have to use to fill up all that air-time. I don't see what they're afraid of. If they merely eliminated the occasional Message Epic of recent vintage, they would find virtually all American movie and tv stuff quite safe to use, for the only K-ff-rs shown are running around in the background scrubbing toilets.



Back in America, I saw a picture in the paper of a Nazi in Los Angeles picketing in protest over Negro registration drives in Alabama. As a climax to his act, the Nazi doused his clothes with the contents of a gasoline can and put a match to himself. Unfortunately, he only sizzled for a moment and went out because, the fink, he'd had water in his gasoline can.

I remember a television interview a couple of years ago in which Madame Nhu pooh-poohed the importance of the "barbecues" that were shocking the world at the time. "It's an old Vietnamese custom," she said. "If two men meet on a narrow jungle path, neither of them will give way but probably both of them will set fire to themselves in protest." I guess Vietnamese always carry a supply of gasoline and matches just in case. Anyway, Madame Nhu is probably chuckling evilly to herself in her Roman palazzo as Vietnamese still set fire to themselves (individually and collectively), and as the fad spreads to India and to Egypt. I've been inclined to frown on the whole business, but if it should spread to American Nazis I'll reconsider my position.

And while they're at it, why don't those Nazis who have been demonstrating in blackface do a proper job of it—take John Howard Griffin injections and do their demonstrating in Philadelphia. Mississippi.

## *Let George Do It ....*

He's ready, willing and eager.

(an account of an interview with George Lincoln Rockwell, American Nazi leader, on Canadian television.)

Behind Rockwell stood a row of his storm troopers (or, whatever) lined up against a huge swastika flag. I guess Rockwell doesn't have too many followers yet, for you think if he had much choice then this half dozen would have been better matched for height and weight; as it was, they were a straggly looking lot. Rockwell himself, however, looked neat in his quasi-military costume, and performed with sincere and not unfriendly confidence towards the two interviewers. The conversation was really quite civilized and calm, with the opponents smirking at each other now and again but nobody losing his heads and chewing the rug or anything.

The following is quasi-quoted for the most part. However, the most astonishing bits are exact and word for word, having been burned onto my brain.

Int. Well, now, Commander, I suppose we should start by asking how you feel about Jews.

Rock. Now there you go, right off the bat. Don't try to put words in my mouth. I have nothing against Jews as Jews. Nothing at all. What I'm concerned with is traitors. However, it so happens that just about 95 percent of your traitors are Jews. Look at the Rosenbergs.

Int. Are you in favour of exterminating the Jews?

Rock. I'm not in favor of exterminating anybody. You have some mistaken preconceptions. I'm in favor of executing traitors. Like the Rosenbergs.

Int. Do you think what Hitler did to the Jews was right?



R. Absolutely. He executed commie traitors.

Int. Six million commie traitors?

R. Ah yes. ((Sawing at an imaginary violin)) I expected you to mention "The Six Million." That's one of the biggest lies of all time. Before Hitler came to power there were in Germany by my estimation only about 600,000 Jews. And of these Hitler executed about 500,000, who were Commie traitors. Like the Rosenbergs.

Int. Do you model yourself after Hitler?

R. Oh no, certainly not. I consider Hitler so far above me that I can't imagine modeling myself after him. I try to carry on the work but I don't really think of myself in his class. I'm St. Paul to Hitler's Christ.

Int. What exactly is your ideology -- that of national socialism?

R. No. National Socialism means the corporate state. We're Americans, and we're for free enterprise. Basically our ideology is that we're for the preservation of white civilization.

Int. I suppose this is a good point to discuss your views on the Negro problem.

R. ((grinning and running his hands together)) Yes, let's discuss that. Jewish commie traitors are pretty hard to pick out sometimes but anyone can see coons running around.

Int. What do you think we should do with the Negroes -- gas them?

R. I think the Negroes have been badly treated -- dragged here against their will and made slaves. Instead of pouring billions of dollars into foreign countries around the world, we should use that money to establish a country in Africa for the Negroes.

Int. And they'd be shipped back to Africa?

R. It would be voluntary. Any who wanted to stay here could stay -- but on reservations, of course. But many Negroes are in favor of this idea. I addressed a Black Muslim meeting just a short time ago and they cheered me. They want to establish a country of their own in Africa. ((Actually I believe the Muslims want to establish a country of their own in America..))

Int. Do you believe Negroes are inferior to white men?

R. Of course. American civilization was built by white men, while coons in Africa were still running around eating their grandmothers. Any man in this room is better than cruds like that. Now I'm talking about your average Negro. Not the exceptions I see you are dying to mention. Most of the capable Negroes have a large proportion of white blood, like Malcolm X. So don't bother talking to me about Martin Luther Coon.

Int. Do you think there's any solution to the Negro problem through integration and civil rights?

R. Look, you Canadians think this problem can be solved by integration. We show ship you up two or three hundred coons and see how you like having them run



around your cities.

Int. How do you suggest they be shipped up -- in a bus or a boxcar?

R. Oh I think they themselves would prefer a boxcar, where they could relax with their knives and their crap games and their heroin.

Int. There has been some suggestion that there's a strong homosexual element in your organization. What do you have to say about that?

R. There are a few reformed queers in my party and I'm proud to stand shoulder to shoulder with them. But I'm against queer queers. They're traitors to the human race.

Int. What is your answer to the Queer Problem?

R. ((giggling)) Well, I'd rather gas queers than anybody. (sic, sic, sic)

Int. Well, to get back to the matter of traitors. Do you go along with the idea that some American presidents have been traitors?

R. Oh definitely. FDR was the biggest traitor that's ever lived in America, next to his old lady of course. But Truman, he was too dull to be a traitor. Eisenhower was the conscious tool of the commie conspiracy. Kennedy was just an opportunist just as Johnson is.

Int. What about Senator Goldwater?

R. I've been waiting for you to ask about him. Now the commies had these traitors working for them in the government, even in the presidency. But they were smart enough to realize that the American people were eventually going to get wise and react against this treachery by turning to the Right, to the conservatives. So what's the best way of emasculating a reaction? By infiltrating it ahead of time, that's how. So by the time the American people had begun to react by swinging to the Right, the Right was firmly in the grip of the commie conspiracy, with one of the biggest commie traitors of all time in charge, Senator Goldwater.

Int. ((astonished silence))

R. This is what's going to happen with Goldwater. Johnson will win in '64. The people will be so fed up with him that in '68 they'll elect Goldwater. In '69 Barry Goldwater will betray the American people on a racial issue. And that's my ticket to the White House in '72.

((Well, what do we do with characters like Rockwell? Gas them before they gas us? Too late -- he's already gassed me.))



"Dear Mr. Perry: I believe you will be interested in the project on which I am working: An up-to-date Bibliography of Fanzines. I also believe you will want to be included because of the historical significance of such an undertaking. ... I am anxious to obtain a list of your publications with complete bibliographical data: titles; addresses; volume, issue and whole numbers; dates and frequency; size and number of pages; how processed; House names; organizational connection and mailing or distribution numbers and dates; and a general description of contents. I am also desirous of learning the names of owners of large collections of fanzines, with the view of obtaining access to those collections in order to verify every entry for the bibliography. I am not a member of the fraternity nor a collector of these periodicals. I am a member of The Bibliographical Society of America.... May I have the pleasure of hearing from you soon? ... P.S. PLEASE PUBLICIZE."

Oog.

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"...no one is quite arrogant enough to bar a con committeeman from a party."  
-----George Scithers, AVANC 8.  
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"The first [development] was a copy of Slant returned through the post. This was all right though—it was a copy I had mailed to myself to check that the mailing would get through in spite of its defying the postal regulations. I opened it and read it through, trying to put myself in the mental attitude of a stranger. I don't know if you ever do this, but anything I publish I can read over and over again from differing points of view: when I'm not pressed for time and when, as sometimes happens, it's something I like myself, I often read through the copies going to various people...Grennell's copy, Ken's copy, Russell's copy...seeing each one afresh from a different aspect."

Before I read this in WOZ 5 by Walt Willis, I thought I was the only one who did this. "My ghod, are you reading that little fanzine again?" Joe Pilati would ask when he caught me at it last summer. (I can also delight at length in re-reading a news story or picture page I've written or edited. Think of the time I waste.) Shiffuh, Joe Pilati. Willis hath impeccable taste.

Anyone got copies of WOZ before #4 or after #5? I'm also in the market for Quandry or Slant. Ghod, I wish I'd had money in 1962 when collections were being sold for the TAWFund.

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You get this because:

You're not getting this because

\_\_\_\_you paid.

\_\_\_\_you haven't responded.

\_\_\_\_you trade.

\_\_\_\_you contributed.

\_\_\_\_you're mentioned.

-----  
Besides a summer boarder, we have recently acquired a piano and a corflu-blue Volkswagen. Present plans are to take one of them north this summer to visit the Clarkes and the Boyd Raeburn and my brother at Cornell. Who knows?...we might even drop in on a Fanoclasts' meeting.

-----  
—Tom Perry.



# PERSISTENCE of MEMORY

an uncolumnd title by Joe Pilati

from Thomas Perry  
4018 Laurel Avenue  
Omaha, Neb., 68111

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