

quark

[illegible]



## e d i t o r i a l

This fanzine celebrates its 20th birthday in September. It was in 1956, just after the SFCon in San Francisco, that I mailed out 100 copies of a slim item that I then (being young) called LOGORRHEA. The second issue followed in 1963. Over the years I have managed to hold true to this attenuated publishing rate, so that now after two decades I can look back on an average of less than an issue per year.

Sometime there in the midsixties I changed the title to QUARK. This title was picked up by a pair of fans named Couch during another of those little lulls between issues -- 1966 to 1976 -- and then later by a professional anthology. (Time was when prozines felt obligated to pay off faneds who had beaten them to a good name, but this pleasant custom seems to have lapsed with the years.) I trust Hank and Lesleigh won't object to my reclaiming my title now that they're finished with it. Mr. Joyce, who started the whole thing, does speak of "three quarks for Muster Mark." I don't know if Dr. Gell-Mann (a relative latecomer to the quark business) concurs with this number. The returns from outlying districts aren't in yet, but obviously there are at least 3: mine, the Couches', and the prozine. Clearly there is, as Bob Bloch said, cause to read Joyce.

Enough of this tedious timebinding. I am arbitrarily calling this issue number 13. Arbitrarily, because there was a spell there in the Crazy Years when I must have forgotten how to count; several successive issues were unnumbered. This seemed like a good idea when I did it, and I'm sure I could explain the Zen logic behind it to you had we but stencil enough and time. But never mind. 13 it is.

Previous issues of QUARK have had illustrious contributors like Walt Willis, Bob Bloch, Gina Clarke, Steve Stiles, John Boardman, Joe Pilati. I don't know what's happened to these people -- they're usually so prompt -- or for that matter why I have this long white beard and the dupr is covered with cobwebs and the address is Hampshire instead of Nebraska. Something strange seems to have happened here, Professor Zirkle!

No, it's all right after all. Pete Weston is here. Good ole Pete. At the One Tun in July when I asked him for a contribution he gave me an interlineation. (Remember those, fans?) When he sensed that this slender contrib hadn't inspired me to pub my ish, he sent along the piece that follows. I had it all stenciled when I noticed that that by predicting the Hugo winner he had forced me to publish before the worldcon.

Here you are, Pete. I hope you're happy.

—Tom Perry



peter weston

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Back in the last incarnation of Tom Perry we used to exchange long earnest letters about the works of Robert A Heinlein. I was pretty much smitten at the time, while Tom was equally outraged by the dreadful things which he at least found in the novels of this great American writer.

So something seemed to go out of my life when both Quark and RAH vanished to all intents and purposes at the end of 1965. But now here we are in the future, in 1976, with Perry publishing as if he'd never been away and, if we don't have Heinlein, we have an excellent substitute in the person of Joe Haldeman.

THE MOST THRILLING  
SCIENCE FICTION  
EVER NOT WRITTEN  
BY ROBERT A  
HEINLEIN



I started to write a review of FOREVER WAR a few months ago. My first sentence said "this is odds-on favourite to win all the Awards this year". In between writing that and the second sentence (I'm a slow worker) the novel collected a Nebula and now it seems inconceivable that it will not pick up a Hugo too; for the latter is the fan award, and this is just the sort of book the fans love best. And to delight the critics - and Tom Perry - it has an added bonus. It is one of the growing sub-genre of books written to disagree with something-or-other Heinlein has said during his 30-year reign.

Harry Harrison of course has already had a crack at STARSHIP TROOPERS with his BILL THE GALACTIC HERO, even though his book turned into a parody of the FOUNDATION TRILOGY instead. Ursula LeGuin's 'Word for World is Forest' is more subtle and much more effective; major parts of her story are actually told from the point-of-view of a typical RAH character. She points up her comparison with a quite deliberate quote from PUPPET MASTERS, "the only time a man is really and entirely a man is when he's just had a woman or just killed another man". (The same quote, incidentally, which when pointed out to me by a Swedish correspondent some years ago in Speculation caused me to rethink my own attitudes towards Heinlein. "Did he really say that?" I asked in horror. One tends to fly past such specifics in the excitement of a good read. He certainly did. So did Hemingway, of course.)

So in this respect FOREVER WAR is almost an exact reverse of STARSHIP TROOPERS, with Joe Haldeman seeming to deliberately show all the nasty bits Heinlein left out. As suggested by other reviewers, as a Vietnam combat veteran Haldeman is well-equipped to describe the ugliness and futility of warfare. I won't labour the comparisons but instead want to look at an altogether different aspect of FOREVER WAR; the way in which it is written.

First of all Haldeman has aimed straight down the winning line by giving us a slam-bang story of space war with lots of futuristic gadgetry. But he can really write; there is excellent characterisation and scenes of truly gripping narrative power. There's been nobody like this since Heinlein himself was in full stride.

That's the important thing about FOREVER WAR; the uncanny way Haldeman manages to capture the same driving pace. Not that I have any special 'inside' information, but I suspect the similarity is deliberate. I wouldn't be at all surprised if Haldeman adn't made a very careful private study of the Master's tricks and techniques before writing the first line:

"Tonight we're going to show you eight silent ways to kill a man."

I have recently been made very much aware of the fundamental importance of beginning a story at the right place and in the correct way; made



aware by the hundreds of people who send me manuscripts for the ANDROMEDA collections with clearly no idea of how to start a story so that it holds the attention. Above, we have a classic "hooker" opening, something in which RAH always specialised. (I have a bad habit of reciting endless opening lines to Heinlein novels when intoxicated; if caught make a polite excuse and leave.)

But how can you ignore something like that? It gets the story off the ground and immediately into full flight. Now look at the next two pages of FOREVER WAR, count the other Heinleinesque tricks:

"Some of the actors must have been brainwipes since they were actually killed."

"A girl in the front row raised her hand. The sergeant nodded at her and she rose to parade rest."

"I slipped through the curtain as quietly as possible so as not to wake up the person next to me. Couldn't see who it was but I couldn't have cared less. It was Rogers. She snuggled over and clasped me spoon-fashion."

See what I mean? Frontal lobotomy and casual execution; both sexes in the armed forces; compulsory promiscuity. Every one of these oh-so-casual 'throwaways' is banging home that same message before the reader's somewhat jaded perceptions; "This is somewhere else, mister!"

And another device straight from Heinlein. Sometimes he would set his dating much, much earlier than one might expect to give a sort of dramatic shock effect with the realisation that we are actually going to live through this world ourselves. DOOR INTO SUMMER, METHUSELAH'S CHILDREN, most of MAN WHO SOLD THE MOON, are examples of this. So here we have Haldeman "casually" dropping out that the year is 1997 and Earth is fighting an interstellar war. That's only 20 years away, dammit!

All this in the first two pages of the novel, which in effect are the first two pages of the novella, 'Hero'. This forms the first 70 pages of the book and is essentially unchanged from Analog appearance. And obviously the author had a choice; rip it apart and expand what was a successful short novel into full length, or to add bits on to the end. He chose the latter course.

This is where I think it went wrong. For the later chapters of the book are about something altogether different and are not entirely compatible with 'Hero'. Haldeman is still determinedly showing the shortcomings of the military mind as seen from the bottom, but now there is a lot of



stuff about Einsteinian time-dilation grafted on, a concept not mentioned at all in the first third but gradually becoming the central theme that the story is about.

And I'm sorry, but I think the result is a camel!

The dating of 'Hero' needs to be pushed 50 or 100 years further on if time-dilation is to be considered. More fundamental, the builtin delays would make it impossible to fight a war of such a far-flung scope. Worst of all, the later bits run all the way downhill from the excitement of 'Hero'.

So what am I really saying? Not that Haldeman has finally 'refuted' STARSHIP TROOPERS or proved Heinlein is a right-wing fascist pig, for plenty of others have tried to do that. What FOREVER WAR provides for me is an excellent opportunity to come back at all the critics and remind them that despite his various failings and deficiencies, nobody else in science fiction has even been able to write, in terms of pacing and sheer narrative power, as well as did Heinlein in his prime. And yet here we have an up-and-coming newcomer who can do just the same thing (albeit from a different philosophical orientation) and he too starts to win all the awards.

So there you are, Tom Perry, a perfect stand-in for RAH and in fact in some ways a greatly improved product from the original. I wonder what he'll write next?

— Peter Weston

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A London Perry Rhodan fan would be a Perry Rodent.

P Weston  
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In case your bacover has been lost I'll mention again here that this is QUARK 13 from Tom Perry at No. 25, Locks Road, Locks Heath, Hants SO3 6NS, England.

Copyright (c) 1976 on behalf of the contributors. This issue is dated August 1976 and the next issue will be out. Available for trades, loss or accepted contributions. You received it because you're a friend, a contributor, mentioned, or a fellow faned with whom I'd like to trade.?



## FLATTENING OF AFFECT

f m z r e v i e w s .  
.....

by Tom Perry

"Blow their minds Tom! Show these neos how to really produce a fanzine." That's what Kevin Easthope wrote me in response to a letter in which I suggested I might revive this fanzine.

Now don't you all go blaming Kevin for this reincarnation. In fact his enthusiasm slowed me up quite a bit. No paradox there. I looked over the current crop of British fanzines and compared them to the fanzine I used to edit. Obviously I had a lot to learn. Such as how to paste up copy for electrostenciling. And how to work a real duper such as a Gestetner. (My old ABDick must have been intended for some purpose other than reproducing pages. My latest theory is that some fundamentalist preacher invented it to implant humility in the hearts of presumptuous mortals.)

And those were only the technical matters. How could I learn to write with the easy charm of Peter Roberts, to arrange pages with the artistry of Rob Jackson, to imitate the mad wit of Leroy Kettle, or lay myself bare on the page of a fanzine like Pat Charnock?

Try as I might, I couldn't. No way. Sadly I realized I had outlived my time. I was obsolete, an old faned and tired discarded on the rubbish heap of technological progress. (Excuse the tear stains on the page here, friends.)

Clearly the best thing would be to let QUARK remain a legend -- "the great US fanzine QUARK," as Kevin calls it on page 39 of his LOGO:3 (down there towards the bottom). You can't edit a legend. Rest on your laurels, Perry, I told myself, your work in fandom is over.

Then one hot evening in the One Tun changed my viewpoint.

I was holding a circle of fans spell bound with some anecdote of olden tymes when someone broke in with a comment about his latest sale. I saw their thin pretense of being fannish vanish as the lot of them began to chatter of their professional careers.

My blood ran cold. I felt like the spaceship captain in that Bradbury story who lands on Mars and finds all his departed relatives there...and then wakes up in the middle of the night with the chilling realization that it's not his dead brother whose room he's sharing -- it's a Martian in a clever plastic disguise. Know the one I mean?



Pros. All around me. Not fans at all. Pros. Anthology editors, authors of speculative fiction, sci-fi script writers, holders of doctorates in stefnal studies, even the odd SF writer here and there. Pros.

They might look like fans but they had sacrificed their amateur standing. My self confidence poured back as if someone had opened a tap. Pros, eh? Well, I was a fan -- an unsullied fan. (I have the rejection slips to prove it.) Fans are clearly superior to pros. Fans are fannish; pros are merely prosaic.

Now that I've sketched in my background we can get on to the fanzines. Whups, where did all the space go?

First off let's look at that LOGO:3. Besides a laudable appreciation of oldtime fanzines, Kevin has what you call your wild English sense of humour. Finding his name misspelt as Easterhope he concocts a rich paranoid confection rather than just ask for a correction. The Mancon's primitive lodging leads him to espouse a convention in a field with tents. The only troubling thing in the zine is the way the editor keeps popping up between the features like a master of ceremonies filling in between acts. However this seems to be a characteristic of British faneds and I only mention it because of the little jolt of culture shock I get however often I encounter it.

Another cause for culture shock is the size of paper available for British fanzines. The usual choices, since  $8\frac{1}{2} \times 11$ " is not available, are called A4 (or "too big") and quarto ("too small"). LOGO is an A4 fanzine.

So is MATRIX:7 (formerly BSFAN) but there the resemblance ends. MATRIX started as the BSFA Newsletter and in commemoration still hangs together by a single staple in the upper lefthand corner, like a church bulletin. The editor, Tom A. Jones, has discovered that he can draw the comments that are the lifeblood of fanzines by running derogatory remarks on fannish fanzines and events. Since MATRIX is still an official organ of BSFA and goes to all its several hundred members, fans feel compelled to respond lest this captive audience acquire a wholly negative picture of tru-fandom by default. In BSFAN:6 for instance Jones published sneering references to the Silicon in Newcastle and attributed them to "the newshounds of the BSFA." In this issue he publishes Harry Bell's protest and apologizes but turns away an inquiry as to the identity of the newshounds, saying it would be "unethical" to reveal the sources of his misinformation. Honest. I wonder if he meets the newshounds at 3 a.m. in a deserted parking building.

Here also is one Ian Garbutt telling us why we should like a TV



program called SPACE: 1999. He admits it has "weak scripts and lousy acting" and is riddled with scientific impossibilities but finds it "worth watching for the sets and special effects alone". This willingness to settle for SFX instead of SF seems to be the necessary result of any attempt to translate science fiction to TV or movies. Perhaps we should swallow our modesty and admit that science fiction is just too cerebral to survive this translation to a visual medium that requires a big audience to pay off. (The few exceptions, like Destination: Moon, have been damned few.) SPACE: 1999 requires some new category: perhaps "future fantasy" would cover it.

To my mind one of the most useful functions a fan organization like BSFA could serve would be to act as a sponsor for a press conference where a true SF author like Bob Shaw could tell the public that drek like SPACE: 1999 doesn't deserve the label science fiction. Shavian wit could supply the basis for a story that would get printed. This doesn't seem likely, though, since the paperback spinoffs of the TV show by Ted Tubb carry the information that he is a cofounder of BSFA and thus imply that the organization approves.

And if Garbutt is a typical member, maybe it does.

But Shaw's criticisms of SPACE: 1999 will be aired for BSFA members in the next issue of VECTOR, another BSFA organ, when it reprints his Mancon speech. VECTOR is another size of British fanzine: A5, or approximately digest size. Chris Fowler's interviews of professional writers are consistently the best features of each issue. In the two issues enclosed in the latest BSFA mailing (one numbered 75, the other 76-77), Fowler interviews Harlan Ellison and Bob Silverberg, and by reading first one interview and then the other you can get almost as clear a picture of the two personalities involved as if you talked with them directly. Fowler did an excellent job of toning down the exuberant Silverberg and drawing out the shy, reserved Ellison.

Having reviewed two A4 fanzines (one fannish, one sercon) and an A5 one, I ought by rights to turn next to a quarto one. Closest to hand is SPECULATION:33, another serconzine, featuring an article on Cordwainer Smith by John J. Pierce. Quite a good looking mag, though the printing is a bit spotty here and there. Strangest thing about it is the total lack of a colophon; I've searched diligently through it and nowhere is there any indication of whom to thank or where to send locs or subs.

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QUARK is from Tom Perry at No. 25, Locks Road, Locks Heath, Hants, in the United Kingdom of Great Britain and Northern Ireland. Page numbers supplied on receipt of self-addressed stamped envelope.



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Class  
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minuscule

the beer belonged to pete weston, who had just nipped upstairs to edit an anthology....we don't want every tom disch and harry turning up....our service is not to be sniffed at....i tell you, friends, it's soft at the bottom....fandom is made up of men and women, and a few cretins....nasa is taking the bread and butter out of the mouths of science fiction authors, which is not only an immoral thing to do — it's downright unhygienic! ....instead of a robot, why don't you make it a dog?....this issue contains electrostencils. electrostencils can damage your wealth. ....i have recorded 14 nice turns of phrase in fanzines in just 11.5 years....i think i will write helen bradleigh and ask her.... so i put it down to experience and screamed and cursed for a few days....from now unto the final age of fandom i am doomed to pound wax stencils and crank iron duplicators....just the place for a cuark!....bad speech, geoff....can we see the train again?....has the gentleman in room 39 gone yet?....you are requested not to speak to the man at the wheel....as an atheist i expected to go to hell....mr. robert shaw's scientific talk was completely spoilt by antisocial people who laughed at his proposals.

JOHN BANGSUND, GRAHAM BOAK, BEN BOVA, JOHN BROSNAN, PAT CHARNOCK, KEVIN EASTHOPE 2, TIM HEALY, LEROY KETTLE, DAVID LANGFORD 2, WILL NORRIS, MR PUNCH, PETER ROBERTS, BOB SHAW 2, PETE WESTON, WALTER A. WILLIS.