

"Quark is the noise made by ducks in James Joyce's Finnegan's Wake."

- ENERGY & ATOMS, Cox, Jacobs and Matthew



QUARK 14 (April 1977) comes to you from Tom Perry,

Nº 25, Locks Road, Locks Heath, Hampshire, S03 6NS
in the United Kingdom of Great Britain and Northern
Ireland, and is available for trades and interesting locs — no subscriptions. And no warning box.

MENE, MENE

Now that I am numbering the issues of this fanzine, some readers want me to number the pages, too. What next?

The paragraphs? The words? And whatever for? The pages should be in the right order when they arrive in your mailbox — just read them in that order. If still not satisfied, return fanzine for a full refund.

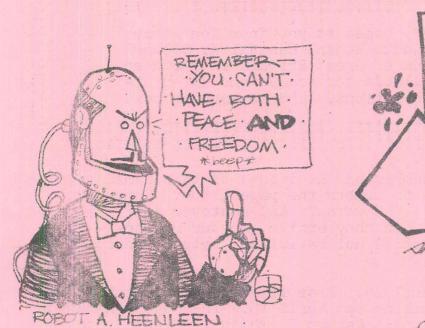
HUGO I got KARASS 29 on April 15. From it I learned that the Hugo nomination ballot deadline was April 15. The Hugo nomination ballots come with Progress Report 3, which I haven't received yet. Could be I'm the only one, but if other European residents haven't got theirs I suggest bitching like hell. There may not be much chance of an ordinary fanzine's winning the Hugo, but there are several good ones in the U.K. that deserve the prestige of a nomination (MAYA and WRINKLED SHREW, for two) and they can't get it if Europeans residents can't nominate them.

HARLAN Further along inside this issue you'll find two accounts of an episode that occurred at the One Tun last July. (Or three accounts, if you count D.West's cartoons.) I was there, but somehow managed to miss the action so I can't tell you which version is right. I did conduct an in-depth personal interview of Hazel Langford at a recent Tun (February, I think), and she corroborates Dave's story.

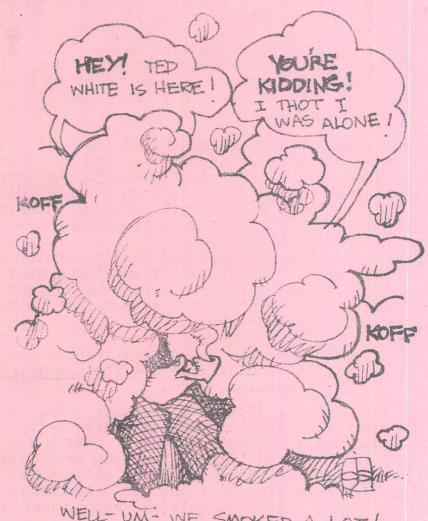
I can however assure you that Don West's version is fabulous in both senses of the word. Harlan wasn't wearing a coat, vest and tie that night. It was so hot that even those who do wear coats and ties weren't wearing them. (And my apologies to Don for cropping his cartoon --- bad editorial planning; sorry.)

"fanzine n. Magazine for (esp. science-fiction) fano. (f. FAN + MAGAZINE)" — The Concise Oxford Dictionary, sixth edition, 1976.

DUBPUB
...is dead. This was a notion I had for submitting fanymiting to two faneds on opposite sides of the Atlantic for simultaneous publication. There are quite a few British zines with small U.S. circulations (like 8 for LOGO or 20 for SHREW or even 3—yes, three—for STOP BREAKING DOWN) and presumably there are U.S. ones with small overseas circulations, too. And there is a dearth of good fanwriting. So I tried the multiple (continued second page overleaf)







WELL- UM- WE SMOKED A LOT!



(editorial continues) submissions with a couple of manuscripts, telling all the faneds involved what I was doing. Result? Pat Charnock had to subdue a rebellion by her editorial board (Graham); Arnie Katz accepted the idea reluctantly (#Well, if that's the only way we can get a Tom Perry piece, he said over the phone, leaving me confused and speechless); Kevin Easthope accepted but never pubbed his ish; Lesleigh Luttrell commented that MOTA and MAYA gave the idea a bad name since they did it with Bob Shaw pieces despite their overlapping circulations.

I still think it's a good idea, though.

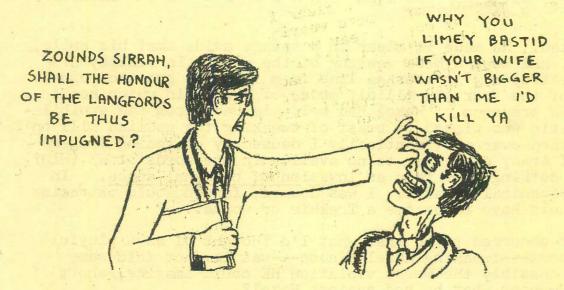
FAN FROM THE PAST I see now what Greg Pickersgill means in saying that Eric Bentcliffe is not a contemporary fan.

I had to annotate his Silicon report — Eric keeps referring to 1976 as "this year" and 1977 as "next year." Funny, I didn't notice this when he first submitted it.

EQUOTES Speer's "quasiquotes" and the later "equotes" are fannish ways of indicating a paraphrase. Much of fannish invention is shorthand or shibboleth, but equotes would be useful in the mundane world (many journalists are equoting most of the time). I mention this because I've noticed a couple of things I equoted being repeated as real quotations, apparently by fans who thought the strikeover a typo.

"And I went over there (to the One Tun pub in Lcndon) and for the most part everybody was very pleasant to me although most people stayed aeay from me. I caught them staring as if I were about to turn into ... you know ... a seven-headed dog, or something! And I'm not like that. I really am not. I'm very friendly and when people are polite to me I'm polite right back at them. The only times I get cranky are when people come on with me and are rude to me. I just react very badly to that. There was a young woman there, very pleasant young woman, and she kept, kind of, staring at me as if I'd just fallen off the moon. After a while I took notice of it and I called her over and I said: 'Come here, come here', and I sat her down on a stool and there was a bunch of us standing around talking. I asked her who she was, and she had just been married three weeks before, her husband was around there handing out fanzines or something to the people. We talked for a while, and I was very friendly to her. When she was leaving with her husband, he was a very tall chap, I said to him: 'You're a very lucky man. She's a lovely, lovely lady', and he said: 'Thank you', and he reached over and he tweaked my nose! I got very annoyed at that, because that's really an invasion of personal space. And I said to him: 'Why did you do that? '. He said: 'Well, now I can go around telling everybody that I tweaked the great Ellison's nose'. And I tell you. I wanted to grab the son of a bitch by the throat and put him up against the wall, and the only thing that restrained me was this young woman who clearly loved her husband. But why do they do that? What makes them think they can do that? So, on the one hand I have all these awards and all of this adulation and popular success . . . And on the other hand I have an enormous number of people who think they're going to make points with themselves, who must lead such mingey little lives that to be able to do this kind of thing must be a great feather in their cap."

⁻ Harlan Ellison, in VECTOR 75, July 1976



It was July and sweltering hordes of fans were packed in the One Tun, congealing gradually into an immobile mass. I handed out my fanzines and was happy; euphoria, beer, the presence of friends and of my wife Hazel (we'd been married for less than a month. And will nuance-hunters and egalitarians note that the adjective my can be relational without being possessive; do I own my employers, my country? Hazel and I own each other. Thank you).

Harlan Ellison appeared and mixed quite happily with the masses. "Harlan is God!" said Hazel, awed by the appearance of this Olympian midget. She has these quirks: looking at HE cover photographs, she is wont to murmur "He's a pretty little thing". I carried on with the fanzine distribution, but noticed from the corner of my eye that HE was now with Hazel. Nice of him, I thought.

The hands of the Tun clock whizzed round, and we all went with them into a pleasant blur of accelerated-time conversation. Much later, alone for a moment, I discovered Hazel again.

"Harlan Ellison," she said dreamily, "just tweaked my nose."

I laughed. "It's time to go." But outside we passed HE himself, leaning against the wall. Hazel introduced me as her husband, and on impulse I gently tweaked the great man's nose. He smiled. It was a joke. We were all fans together.

"Now you can tell everyone you've tweaked the great Harlan Ellison's nose," said Hazel cheerfully. I laughed again and waved goodbye---fool that I was---and in a few days the whole thing slipped from the surface of my mind. Why not? The incident wasn't fanzine material; I prefer stories with some point.

Weeks later, there emerged a point of sorts. It was painfully sharp.

VECTOR 75 arrived, with the lead item "C H R I S F O W L E R interviews H. Ellison".

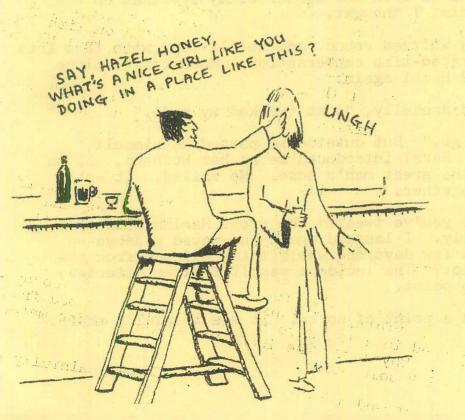
HE was not pleased. He made it clear in a savage aside that his smile, back at the Tun, had been a mere wearing of the mask. In reality his desire was to destroy me, to tear me limb from limb, to practice upon my person each of the fourteen illicit modes of combat in which he is expert. Only the presence of Hazel had held him back from the annihilation of this cretin who wished to boast of tweaking the godlike Ellison's nose. Guilt washed over me; frantically I doused my offending fingers with perfumes of Araby etc., but to no avail. In the words of HE (HIM?), I had committed nothing less than an invasion of personal space. In British law, a technical assault. I was doomed; fandom would ostracise me forever; I would have to become a Trekkie or worse...

After a while it occurred to me that what I'd thought of as a playful gesture on his part---tweaking Hazel's nose---was in fact this same dread invasion; possibly the worst violation HE could imagine, short of actual rape. I wonder what he had against Hazel?

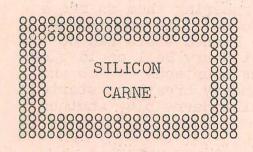
Bloody hell.

My position, I suppose, should be "you stay out of my wife's personal space and I'll stay out of yours". Except that there must be a better way of phrasing it. The moral, such as it is, is trite: a matter of double standards; no real need to say more. My only apology is to you ---I would have written a full-blown article but for this conviction that each additional sentence is a hint that I'm secretly pleased by the whole thing, that all along I've been struggling to acquire the coveted title of the Fan Who Tweaked... Bleah.

- DAVE LANGFORD



Cartoons by D. West





by ERIC BENTCLIFFE

Silicon, the latest convention on the U.K. fan scene, was strangely reminiscent of the late-forties/early fifties British conventions. In size, anyway. In atmosphere it was, not surprisingly, somewhat different. The principal reason for the difference being that since U.K. fandom has now got so big, the attendees cannot instantly start to relax with one another - even trufannish barriers don't come down that quickly and even the most active-fans don't know one another quite well enough to really relax together from word 'go'.

There were other differences, too. The hotel was far more luxurious than those the eofen were wont to inhabit. The nearest fandom ever got to (back then) to having an actual swimming-pool in the hotel was at the SuperManCon where the River Irwell turgidly stagnated beneath the bedroom windows. The Silicon's Imperial Hotel was a very pleasant, modern place...offering Roman Orgies as a sideline...perhaps a little big for the actual number of attendees, but just right for the expected number of con-goers. There was a little too much space between fans this year, but I'm sure that will be fully occupied next year. The rooms were far more pleasant than the spartan accommodation offered in my misspent fannish youth, but the food was not as good as it was before freezers became an essential part of hotel cuisine.

But that's a brief comparison - not a criticism. I enjoyed the weekend, and hope to make it again next year when, hopefully, the Roman Orgy can be arranged as part of the program. Meanwhile, I'll be practicing up on Bar Billiards! I'd been looking forward to a possible bar-billiard tournament since mention of a table had been made in the pre-con publicity; I enjoy a certain reputation for making impossible shots on a billiard

¹ Read "last year"

² Read "this year"

Read "this year"

table (and for missing the easy ones!), and I'd been looking forward to thrashing GannetFandom at this sport after conquering them en masse at shove h'apenny in Manchester. But they foiled me...it wasn't the sort of bar-billiards us serious barflies play. Damned table had no pockets, and it had silly little wooden pegs that Harry Bell could blow over every time I played a ball near one. It was courteous of Rob and Harry to let me get well in the lead before the heavy breathing started, and I appreciated Irene plying me with Scotch while Harry blew another peg over...but next year, Hah!

The program arranged was good; just enough for a relaxed we'll-start-another-item-when-there's-a-lull-in-the-drinking affair. The Fanzine Panel on the Saturday got off to a slow start - it was the first program item and I suspect neither the panel members or the audience knew quite what was expected of them. But livened up as it got into difficulties over terminlogoy... Sunday's pro panel went much better; primarily because the attendees were now sufficiently relaxed to throw good questions at Bob Shaw, Eddie Jones and Rog Peyton, provoking an entertaining series of scurrilous aneclotes. And the Doc Savage film suited the mood of the whole convention nicely, encouraging voiciferous audience participation. It was a goodly enough pastiche for me to get John Owen out of bed after the first reel, and one doesn't lightly awaken John from his Sunday siesta.

But as with most conventions it wasn't the program that provided the most enjoyable moments. The hotel was ideal for sitting around, comfortably, drink in hand, talking to other fen, and it was this that made the weekend such a pleasant affair and truly reminiscent of those earlier days.

The NORTH EAST WESTERN CIRCLE (a title like that <u>deserves</u> caps) helped to add to the general fannish ambience, as well, This was a bunch of be-chapped chaps and calamity-janes who invaded the hotel on the Saturday evening for a throw-another-log-cabin-on-the-fire session. Can you think of a greater incongruity than cowpokes at a science-fiction fan convention...for a while I thought I was mixed up in a STAR TREK episode!

I'd been wondering, before they appeared, why the hotel seemed to be surrounded on all sides by high-walled cemeteries. Typical of that mordant North-East wit that they should choose to hold a convention in Boot Hill... I suggested that we put up fast-draw Eddie Jones against their top gun, but couldn't find enough support for the idea.

Another incongruity was Kevan's Chinese Take-A-Way (Is there a Daithe-wampo-egg in Wales, these days, Greg?); which wasn't nearly as bad as it sounds and provided reasonable sustenance for many of the attendees. Including myself. Not as good, though, as the quite excellent 'Emperor' Chinese restaurant which the Gannets were kind enough to recommend, and which provided a fine meal for Bob, Sadie,

^{4 &}quot;this"

John Owen and myself on the Sunday. You could tell it was a good Chinese restaurant right away; we were the only 'white' people in the place and the waitress's faux pas when she mixed up Bob's meal with mine clinched it — she explained in broken English that we all looked alike to her... It wasn't just a Chinese restaurant, either — it was a meeting place for all the Chinese called Kevan. Upstairs was a huge room reminiscent of those seen in old Hollywood gangster films where the little yellow men foregathered after eating; sitting jabbering away in Cantonese — at least, Bob (after a cladestine visit to the toilet) said it was Cantonese: "You can't understand it, can you? It must be Can'tonese."

If I were GannetFandom I wouldn't be too happy about the Golden Dragon Tong meeting on my doorstep, but the, I don't suppose they can be much more of a threat than the North East Western Circle if they ever get hold of any live ammunition!

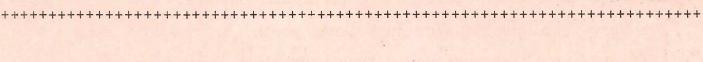
I tell you, I had a most technicolour dream the night after I got home, in which I was an inhabitant of the Barbary Coast. Bob Shaw looked great in flowing mandarin robes, though not as inscrutable as James White (James wasn't at the con in person, but his spirit must have been around). Eddie Jones was well cast as the saloon cardsharp; Rob Jackson as the sheriff; Irene, Pat Meara, and Marsha Jones were the girls of the town, and Mike Meara was an itinerant Mexican bandito who would have shot up half the town after losing all his pesos to Eddie - if U.S. Marshal Ian Williams and his Indian scout (Peter Roberts in orange buckskin!) hadn't forcibly restrained him.

Any convention that can inspire a dream like that can't be bad....

- Eric Bentcliffe

"That you studied in Paris is evident from the many medical texts in that language."

— Sherlock Holmes in the movie The 7% Solution







Ian Garbutt, Brenachoile Ladge, Loch Katrine, By Aberfoyle, Scotland

I did not 'admit' that Space:1999 "is riddled with scientific impossibilities"; my actual words used were: "One other criticism levelled at Space:1999 is its apparent lack of attention to scientific detail" (subtle difference); and as for Bob Shaw's "criticisms" of the programme: I've already commented on them in a letter to Rob Jackson so I won't reiterate the points I made here; suffice to say that I don't find 'Shavian wit' very amusing.

You seem to express a definite dislike of pro's; why? Are they not the ones who produce the material which we are fans of. I find such criticism very ironic because every fan tries his damndest to become a pro, yourself included. Besides, a good deal of pro's are real fans as you well know.

Taking the issue as a whole: I'm sorry, I just don't find anything outstanding about it. The fanzine review column only covered 4 fanzines ... and even one of those (SPECULATION) has been defunct for three years; the editorial was also a load of waffle. Peter Weston's article was, at least, about sf (hooray!) but it could have been much longer and deeper than it actually was. Why are you another one of those eds who refuses to include page numbers. It won't hurt you will it, putting a teensy weensy little number at the bottom of the page to aid us simple readers.

I'm sorry Tom but the zine just isn't worth it.

((Worth what? I sent you a free copy since your name was mentioned, and if you want to stop getting Quark you can do so with hardly any effort at all. If you think it's not worth my putting it out, well, you may be right, but I think that's up to me to decide.

Directly following the actual words that you quote from your piece in MATRIX, you said: "This I find irrelevant ..." and mention Burroughs which "is riddled with scientific fallacies but no-one can deny that his books are a good read."

I think my paraphrase was dead accurate.

I notice you are a Space 1999 colonist. I've seen the show and there's no colon in the title. I agree it should have one though, since the show is so full of what is usually found in a colon.))

Pete ((Weston)) is the undisputed UK expert on RAH and my distaste of that author's more recent books (post 1960) didn't mar my enjoyment of the article - intelligent and lucid without resorting to the pseudery of most sercon writing. I've yet to read The Forever War but my interest has been surely roused. I'm surprised that Pete thinks that woman combatants is innovatory and an indication that the novel must be set in the future; perhaps with regard to Western (no pun) military thinking but acceptable in most Communist countries and we all love those Israeli dollies in uniform... The concept of space warfare has always been a hard pill for me to swallow from atechnological and economic viewpoint and no author has ever really convinced me of its possibility - this has been written about in depth by Redmond Simonsen in the wargaming zine Moves, his basic argument is that with an infinite amount of lebensraum there are no economic reasons for a faction to go to war, Cosmic Empires, feudalistic Galactic systems and exterminating aliens is all bullshit and a cop out for a writer who uses a sixth grade history book instead of his intelligence. An anti-militaristic SF book is rather like taking ale to Newcastle when we already have the whole thing sown up much better than any SF writer is likely to achieve in The Naked and the Dead and Catch 22 - although the Vietnam war has yet to produce an important novel or movie.

Most of the zines you review are unavailable to me as an excommunicated/resigned BSFA member; I didn't realise that they are now going in for knocking traditional fannish activities. The BSFA was formed primarily as a fannish "front" - a respectable cover to lure new blood into fandom - it now seems to have become a rather large fringe organisation. I had noticed certain totalitarian trends under the new regime (newspeak articles in Vector, hysterical diatribes against its critics etc.) and by disaffecting themselves with the mainstream of Fandom they are cheating their members. This is a case where the BSFA can do without UK fandom (rather than the reverse cliche); there are only about 50 of us (hard core fmz fans) and very few will want to get involved with Vector or the Council. A bloody, crying shame.

Your holding up Destination: Moon as a yardstick for good filmic SF was amusing...does no one remember the stars twinkling in space?

((Despite mistakes, the makers of Destination: Moon did try for technical accuracy, as Heinlein described in an ASF article. The writers who sent the Moon itself plunging to unknown destinations obviously don't give a damn.))

Jodie Offutt, Funny Farm, Haldeman, Kentucky, 40329, USA

I'm not sure why QUARK came to Haldeman. Since we've never met, we can't be friends. I'm not a contributor, not mentioned and certainly not a faned. (God forbid that I ever become a faned!) Perhaps an unknown (to me, anyway) U.S. agent arranged this liaison, since Q was mailed from somewhere in New Jersey. Come to think of it, a lot of things originate from Somewhere in New Jersey.

Pete Weston's Heinlein-Haldeman comparison is quite interesting. By now you know that Joe did indeed win a Hugo. A very popular winner, too. Joe, as well as his book, are very highly thought of among fans.

Mr. Heinlein--naturally--was a popular GoH. He was quite visible in Kansas City, very responsive to fans, witty in his talks, and seemed to enjoy himself thoroughly.

We are urging the Haldemans to move to Offutt, Kentucky. Would you like to live in Perryville, Kentucky? Or perhaps Perry Park?

Peter Presford, 2, Maxwell Close, Buckley, Clwyd, North Wales

Sigh! I know how you feel about these Pro-fhans. Is everyone making money out of s/f. nowdays? Or is just a rumour started by those ghastley Rhat fhans(nice old-english words that ... ghastley ..), cause they never really seem to do anything. Do they !!?!

Dave Piper, 7 Cranley Drive, Ruislip, Middlesex, HA4 6BZ, UK

Mike Glicksohn, 141 High Park Avenue, Toronto, Ontario M6P 2S3, Canada

I enjoyed the general tongue-in-cheekiness of this issue, slight though it may be in size. Whatever timewarp you got caught in, to emerge Rip Van Wrinkle-like ten years and fifteen fannish generations later, it doesn't seem to have taken too much off the edge of your words.

Enjoyed Peter Weston's comments on THE FOREVER WAR, both because I like Pete's writing and because I happen to thoroughly enjoy the book. His comments are well made, but I'd like to dispel any suggestion that the book was written as an attempt to 'refute' Heinlein. Although they are literally poles apart in personal philosophy, I know for a fact that Joe stands second to none in his admiration of Heinlein as a writer and a story-teller and if anything the book is intended as a tribute to Heinlein, a way of saying thank-you for all the stimulation and enjoyment he gave Joe. And Joe would be the first to admit that his style has been very strongly influenced by Heinlein (and Hemingway, of course.) No. the book wasn't written "to disagree with something-or-other Heinlein has said during his 30-year reign." It was written to say Thanks, out of appreciation and respect, and it dealt with a subject that Joe is eminently qualified to write about realistically. If it turned out to be the antithesis of Heinlein's book, that reflects the essential difference between the two men. But I think Joe would be very upset if readers thought he set out to shoot Heinlein's novel down, because that just wasn't the case.

Good fanzine commentary. Your droll put ons of local fandom, Silverberg, Ellison and Weston were appreciated.

"Miniscule" will likely create an entirely new generation of fans wandering around mouthing aphorisms in the hope of being immortalized on your back page! I can just see you becoming a familiar figure as you skulk through London fandom, notebook in hand, causing conversations to dry up and blow away at the mere mention of your name. Are you sure the One Tun is ready for this? They may have to operate for perry-Tun-night-is.

I'll not ask how this fanzine has a New Jersey postmark on it. Because the obvious answer is that you were Stateside and you did attend Big MAC and the next QUARK will have a conreport as devastating as the one you did for Terry ((Hughes)). Why didn't the buggar introduce us? He certainly knows that he and I are the two greatest fans of English fandom in North America. I shall chastize him severely when next our noses cross paths (which could well be if he gets as close as Buffalo.)

((I see you spell 'minuscule' the way that Norm Clarke used to tell me was wrong when I did it. Can't you Canadians get your act together? §§ Actually this issue of QUARK was supposed to have a worldcon report in it by Terry, in exchange for which I gave him mine for MOTA. This Hughes now owes a pen debt to me.))

Terry Jeeves, 230 Bannerdale Road, Sheffield Sll 9FE, UK

Many thanks for Quark, which in its 20th year has got the edge on ERG by two years - however to play fair, ERG has been a regular quarterly for all that time - no gaps, and no name changes. ((Sounds like a lot of work.))

Pete Weston's piece was excellent. However, I must admit to preferring Heinlein to Haldeman. The basic idea of such a long term and wide spread confrontation sticks in my craw right up to here - rather like Australian Abo conducting a battle with British cave men and commuting via dugout canoe.

In your fmz comment, enent the fan who dislikes the Space 1999 programme, but finds it worthwhile for its special effects (I go along with him), you make a most cogent point: 'sf is too cerebral to survive translation to a visual medium'. I think you are dead right. To speak generally, any gimmick story is probably filmable - but idea stories probably not.

Dave Cockfield, 31 Durham Court, Hebburn, Tyne & Wear, NE31 1JX, UK

Pete's article on Haldeman was very good. I fully agree with what he has said about The Forever War although the rest of the book, following Hero, is in no way as insipid as he suggests. That book had me gripped from beginning to end.

I'm happy to see that it also won the Hugo but wasn't it the obvious winner? I mean to say, was the competition in the same class? Would it have done as well if it had been included with last year's contenders, THE DISPOSSESSED and FLOW MY TEARS THE POLICEMAN SAID? I think not. Nevertheless it was this year's undoubted best.

Your chatty fnz reviews were nice to read, particularly your dig at Jones regarding the great Silicon controversy. Kim Philby never had a better employer.

Gary Deindorfer, 447 Bellevue Avenue, Trenton, NJ 08618, USA

Clearly, Joe Haldeman is somebody to check up on. I had a sort of personal, one-man Heinlein revival last year. I read TIME ENOUGH FOR LOVE and somehow wished it had gone on longer. Clearly living forever and talking salty horse-sense is Heinlein's own dream. TIME ENOUGH FOR LOVE has some telling lines in it:

"Don't ever become a pessimist, Ira; a pessimist is correct oftener than an optimist, but an optimist has more fun -- and neither can top the march of events." You know, that's sho nuff true.

"Spaceships are the covered wagons of the Galaxy."

"The itch to be a world saver should not be scratched; it rarely does any good and can drastically shorten your life."

I ought to write that last quote on a postcard and send it to Jimmy Carter -- I gather he sees himself as a combination of Jesus, Huey Long, FDR, and Bob Dylan.

Along with the Lazarus Long novel, I reread the Future History stories, conveniently gathered together in a paperback. And was caught up in the sheer scope and sweep of his imagination; and realized that he is basically a humanist, an optimist about the human species, and far from being any kind of fascist that I can see. But then calling a visionary individualist like Heinlein a fascist is as far from the mark as calling Pete Seegar a Communist. Both of them are idealists with a stubborn, independent turn of mind and probably a similar derisive view of the lemming instinct; rather, the herd mentality that insists on coercive conformity in all members of the fold.

I haven't read STARSHIP TROOPERS since the early 60s. I think it is high time to read it again, alongside of Haldeman's FOREVER WAR. It should also be read in context of John Sack's classic piece of reportage, M, where he followed an infantry company from bootcamp in Fort Dix, NJ all the way to Vietnam. It is a deadly job of exposure of the war machine wrecking havoc on bodies and minds of friends and foes alike -- all the more so because it doesn't preach, it merely records what goes on around the writer's sardonic observing consciousness.

((I don't like to see the word 'fascist' applied to Heinlein, either — it's too diffuse a term to carry any meaning. But a 'humanist'? An 'idealist'? Like Pete Seegar? I croggle, Gary, I croggle.))

Tom Jones, 39 Ripplesmere, Bracknell, Berks. RG12 3QA, United Kingdom

We all know SPACE:1999 is poor scientifically but the new wavers are always telling us SF hasn't got anything to do with science. I found a couple of episodes visually stunning and interesting ideawise but most episodes were mediocre and the acting was consistently poor. But calling "drek" just gets it taken off and no more TV SF -- maybe you want that, the rest of us don't -- so let's try constructive criticism; softly, softly, catchee monkey, you know.

((Since QUARK 13 the show has come to a grinding halt, I understand. You mean I did that? With that one word in my little 150-circulation fanzine? Wow. Stand back, folks.))

Terry Carr, 11037 Broadway Terrace, Oakland CA 94611, USA

Terribly Behind. Now I don't even remember what I was going to say other than that it was wonderful to see a new issue and it all read well; I loved the title of Pete Weston's article/review. I know this isn't much of a loc, but it's more than any other fanmag editor's gotten from me for years so you might excuse me for being out of practice. I believe I hadn't gotten around to commenting on TRIODE's "last" issue when along came another one a mere decade later; how can one keep up?

Some people come up with a title that is so popular that everyone else begins to use it as their own. Like QUARK. Used by the Couch kids for their fanzine. Then used for the title of a sf original short story series edited by Delaney and someone. Now this clipping from the essential TV Guide:

RICHARD BENJAMIN stars in a half-hour comedy pilot for NBC called Quark, written by BUCK HENRY. Benjamin plays the commander of an outer-space garbage scow.

I wonder how they chose the name QUARK for a show about an outer-space garbage scow. Did you send Buck Henry a copy of your fanzine? Of course, I am not suggesting that QUARK would necessarily make one think of garbage, but....

Remember: it is illegal to send bombs to blonds.

((Hah, you are merely jealous because in Langford's _ TWLL DDU 6 you are forced to reveal, "A recent survey on 'What hould Be Done About MOTA?' resulted in 99.9% of the respondents suggesting that issues be used to wrap garbage." Nor is this the first time MOTA has had such uses. Did not Whittier write, "Of all sad words of tongue or pen, / The saddest are these: A MOTA bin."))

I trust you had a wild and adventuresome Eastercon. Here in the Home of the Brave there were at least two Easter conventions: NYC's Lunacon and Baltimore's Balticon. I didn't go to either, but I talked to rich brown who went to the latter. There were 1200 plus attendees. Paid members that is (at \$6 a head). Ted White did a fake commercial for "herbs" posing as Mr. Spock for the convention's tonight show spoof. Dan Steffan did obscene things with a Hugo award. Rich caught a cold. This has been your special capsule non-attendee convention report. Even though I did not go to Baltimore, I did manage to get stoned one night and drunk the next. The world is my whoopy cushion.

((I can only admire your martyrdom in the cause of Scienty Fiction, Terry. Not all of us would be willing to get stoned for our beliefs. §§ A British Airways strike kept me from joining my fellow outcasts at Coventry for Easter. No, I wasn't going to fly there—it's too complicated to explain in a fanzine as small as this.))

Bob Shaw, 31, Birchwood Drive, Ulverston, Cumbria, LA12 9PN, England

You owe me some money! The reason is that, as a full-time pro, I have a strict rule never to read a fanzine or do any fanac before putting in my day's stint turning out science fiction. But MOTA came in as I was having breakfast, I incautiously glanced at your Mein Con report, got hooked, spent ages reading it, and here I am writing a fan letter without having produced a single word of interstellar epic to pay the

mortgage. If you feel suitably guilty about this you can recompense me by cash, Giro cheque or an April 1943 Astounding.

Seriously, I thought I was good at the fannish nostalgia bit until I read your article. It was full of love for fandom, observation, wit, nice writing, and I think it got a deep strength from the fact that you saw the convention from two viewpoints simultaneously — the experienced old-time fan, and the neo at his first convention. The plight of a new fan attending a con for the first time interests me a lot because I recall very clearly what it was like to be on the outside of every conversation, and how wonderful and heartwarming it was when somebody I knew to be a BNF or an author took the trouble to make me part of what was going on. At conventions now I tend to be in the thick of things, but I do my level best to meet new fans every time and to make them welcome. The question your report reaised in my mind was: Is my best good enough? I'm going to fret over this for some time to come — which is a tribute to your writing.

Mind you, I'm not by nature well suited to a job on a reception committee. Recently I got a letter from a British fan asking me for a contribution to his zine, and he said in it that he had been <u>afraid</u> to ask me in person at the convention because I looked so "sinister, mean, and broody, like an outsize Ming the Merciless". I was so taken aback that I agreed to write a piece for him, even though I really hadn't time to do it. Luckily, for me, his zine folded a week or so later, so I didn't have to keep my promise.

Thanks for sending me QUARK 13. I enjoyed Pete Weston's article, your discovery of your fannish uniqueness, and — of course — the back cover quotes. Unfortunately, I am the world's worst LoC writer, so I'm going to get back to work.

((That's really mostly a loc on MOTA 19, but as Hughes didn't print it even though I sent him a copy, I felt it my sacred obligation to use it here. What? You think it was because I wanted to bask in praise from the author of GROUND ZERO MAN? Well...maybe so, maybe so.))

Malcolm Edwards, 19 Ranmoor Gardens, Harrow, Middlesex, HAl 1UQ, U.K.

Many years ago, when I was a lad untutored in the ways of fandom and Peter Weston still had an undimmed eye and an unbent back, he introduced me to some of the great old-time fanzines whose existence to me was mere legend. There was QUARK, I remember, and SPECULATION. "We shall not gaze upon their loik again," said Peter, earnestly.

Now, when I fetch the morning mail to see what delightful new threats Barclaycard have dreamed up, what do I find but fanzines like QUARK and SPECULATION. Truly, old fans never die, although we still live in hope.

And when I look in the region of the dreaded Box, I find I received QUARK because I am a friend ... and this on the basis of a couple of alcohol-blurred encounters at Mancon and the One Tun. (Remember me, I'm the one you lurched against? Or who lurched against you.) Well,

I call that right noble of you, Mr Perry, I surely do.

Speaking of the One Tun, you weren't there last week. Unless it was you I tripped over at the bottom of the stairs. I expect you're one of these people who puts a little regional event like a Worldcon before something really important, like the first Thursday. In your absence, Peter (the aforesaid) and I scorned that rot you wrote about the One Tun. Not fans, indeed! Hah! (Mind you, we only allowed the subject the few seconds it deserved, since on the one hand I was having an interesting discussion of Gollancz marketing policy with Rog Peyton, and on the other, Peter was bemoaning his latest tributions with his anthology series, as well as the fact that everyone except him knew the winner of the SF Award of which he was one of the judges.)

Later in the evening I was talking to Colin Lester when up came George Hay. As usual a light bulb glowed fitfully in a balloon suspended over his head. He proceeded to outline his latest world-shaking scheme: a plan to transcribe science fiction stories onto fish. Colin looked at me; I looked at Colin. The odd smile may have trembled at the corner of my mouth. "No no," said George, seeing this. "There's a tremendous market for it." He carried on in his (luckily) inimitable way. After a while I asked him if he needed a specially designed typewriter carriage to wind the fish on without leaving a gooey mess. He stared at me in horror, clasped a hand to his forehead, and dashed off.

Well, it was good to see QUARK again, and I hope there will be more soon. Why don't you get Pete Weston to write a series of articles outlining the plot of every H. Beam Piper novel?

((I also heard from Lesleigh Luttrell, Alan Sandercock, DavE Romm, and Norm Clarke, who delivered his loc by hand in Virginia last February, knowing full well I would lose track of it before getting home. (Aside to Gina: Your column is due.) And of course Minnie Moore ...))

- DIY.

"The only genuinely idealistic touch in 'Destination Moon' was the scene in which the crew solemnly took possession of the moon 'in the name of the United States' and planted a flag in approved explorer tradition. This touch was in such ludicrous contrast to the realism dominating the rest of the picture that the audience laughed."

-Redd Boggs, "Destination: 1965," SPACESHIP 13, July 1951.

flattening of affect

FANAC AS A ZERO-SUM GAME PEOPLE PLAY

"What do you think of fandom nowadays, Tom? Has it changed much?"

The question was thrown at me by that well known hitchhiker John D. Berry during a quiet moment at a party in Terry Hughes's subterranean apartment. It was only a week after the worldcon in Kansas City, and everyone was a little tired, so may answer may not have got the attention it deserved. As I recall it now, I replied:

"Oh, I dunno. Seems pretty much the same to me."

I've searched eagerly through each fanzine that has arrived here since then, but none of the several fans present seems to have given this gem of wisdom the deep searching analysis it deserves. So I guess it's up to me — hang on, here we go.

I had wandered back into fandom the previous April by attending the 1976 British Eastercon at Manchester, where I met Walt Willis and Peter Roberts in quick succession. Peter said he'd been looking for me and I said very casually that I'd been over talking to Walt Willis. Then something occurred to me and I asked, "Do young British fans these days know who Walt Willis is?"

Peter laughed and cocked a hand behind one ear. "Oh, we might just have heard of him, Tom!"

It must have seemed an odd question — oh, all right then, a dumb question — but I had just remembered some of the last information I had about British fandom before I gafiated a decade before. Willis had written a column about young fans who published monthly fanzines full of amateur sf and didn't understand why fannish fanzines like HYPHEN weren't monthly and thought that the BSFA was fandom. And there had been a huge uproar in Pete Weston's sercon fanzine when Willis had offered some criticism in a fanzine review column there. Walt had gafiated in the late sixties and it didn't seem impossible that that sercon trend had obliterated his fannish fame.

But it hadn't. The folk memory of fandom is fantastic. Why, there was even one fan who professed to remember me and my fabulous fannish fanzine, QUANDRY.

Over the next few months T was impressed again and again at how much fandom had stayed the same in spite of all the changes. And never more so than a few weeks back when I received a copy of THE ENCHANTED DUPLICATOR, the famous saga of Jophan and his quest for Trufandom. as republished by Arnie Katz and rich brown with illos by Ross Chamberlain. Willis and Bob Shaw wrote and published it a quarter of a century ago and it's been reprinted every few years - even serialized in a prozine recently - so I won't summarize it. But I was struck by how little it has dated. The only part that is truly obsolete is where Jophan requires the help of the Subrs to get across the desert. As Harry Warner observes in his finally published fanhistory of the nineteenfifties. A WEALTH OF FABLE, sometime early in that decade the practice began of giving fanzines away for letters of comment. (My impression is that either Dave Mason or Curt Janke started this by labeling his fanzine "priceless," but I could easily be wrong.) For over twenty years now faneds have distributed fanzines in return for an occasional show of interest - presumably because their own rising prosperity made it not worth their while to keep track of the small amounts of money involved. Egoboo is worth more.

But even the Subrs are becoming relevant again as more and more fans produce the expensive printed fanzine with a big print run. I'm not sure whether these things are a new type of fanzine or something entirely different, and often their editors don't seem certain either. But they do require subscribers.

The question is do subscribers need them. I have subscriptions now to SFR and ALGOL and LOCUS and FOUNDATION and maybe a couple of others I can't remember off the top of my head because they haven't appeared recently (but whose editors will sail into blue conniption fits and knock an issue off my sub if I move without letting them know). But recently I received two items from Carl Bennett that got me mulling this over. First came a flyer urging its recipient not to fail to send Carl the recipient's fanzine just because Carl didn't respond with locs—he was just too busy and he would trade his fanzine to continue to receive the recipient's. This flyer had all the warm personal quality of mail from your local supermarket and I was a little surprised on noticing that it really wasn't addressed to "Occupant, 25 Locks Road..."

Shortly afterwards I got an issue of Bennett's fanzine SCINTILIATION, in which he announces that a printed fanzine is just too expensive to continue trading with ordinary irregular mimeo'd fanzines and from now on everyone must pony up \$3.50 per annum or get chopped off the mailing list.

Maybe I will; then again, maybe not. SCIN isn't bad, but on the other hand I get just about all the professional printed fanzines I want already. Still, three fifty isn't much and at least Carl isn't locked into the hordes of book reviews from anyone-who-feels-like-reviewing-abook which fill the pages of some other posh printed fanmags. But he does do the interview-conducted-by-mail-and-dolled-up-to-look-conversational. Then again, the runs a column by a young pro named John Shirley who promises to out-Harlan Harlan and if he isn't always right at least stirs up things a little.

Hell, this is beginning to sound like a dialog between Geis and Alter. Thing is, whether I sub to SCIN or not, why should I continue sending Carl my fanzine? He's told me he's too busy to respond and now he can't trade with me because we're not in the same league. And I don't sell subscriptions.

By contrast, Geis sent me a copy of SFR recently with a 'T' on the mailing label. I had long since bought the issue in a book store, so I sent it to a friend. But what to do? I had never considered trading for SFR even on a one-for-one basis (which must be what he has in mind — I sure wouldn't trade all-for-all if the circumstances were reversed) because I didn't consider it a fanzine. Geis does though. In fact he insists he has a right to compete for the fanzine and fanwriter Hugos and even resents it that the FAAn awards exclude him. The fact that his circulation exceeds that of most ordinary fanzines by one or two orders of magnitude doesn't phase him — Geis maintains that any faned willing to stretch her circulation to 500 or a thousand can reach all the people who vote for the fan Hugos and thus effectively compete with him.

And — although he apparently lives off SFR and pays contributors — he claims to be an amateur because he loves publishing SFR, and if he were only after money he could make more doing something else. Paying contributors he likens to buying hamburgers for a collating party.

A pretty slippery argument, I think. The word amateur may derive from the Latin for love but I doubt that those who set up the Hugo for the amateur publication meant to disqualify only editors who disliked what they were doing.

Not that their intent matters much now. Wins by SFR, LOCUS and other semipro zines have established a precedent that renders the word meaningless. I wonder what Geis's reaction would be if some publishing chain saw a market for an sf fanmag and started one up with real dough behind it? All the same arguments Geis uses could be employed to justify its eligibility for the amateur publication Hugo — and would be, too, by the publisher's legal staff, who could probably make it stick in court. All that would be required is that the editor enjoy his job and be able to make more money doing something else, like editing pornography or brokering arms sales.

But even this puzzling new development — the successful big-circulation printed fanzine — is covered in THE ENCHANTED DUPLICATOR. See the chapter where Jophan meets the owner of the "aeroplanograph" and his victim, who warns Jophan that in the machine you can only fly over Trufandom and never land. That remains a fair description of the situation, with the difference being that the current lot of passengers are quite content not to land.

Another unchanging element in fandom is that fans like Gary Farber in FANHISTORIA are still analyzing fanhistory by the numbers, as they have been doing since before I was born. Jack Speer started all this back in 1938 and Bob Silverberg revived it in 1952 for an article in QUANDRY.

Even so, numbered fandoms probably would have been forgotten long since if Harlan Ellison and his friends hadn't proclaimed the advent of 7th Fandom before most of Sixth Fandom was out of earshot. The resulting controversy has forced subsequent fanhistorians to concentrate on deciding whether or not a fannish era folded when QUANDRY did, which remains an emotional question. If you say it didn't, aren't you denigrating Hoffman? And if you say it did, aren't you supporting Ellison?

I believe the whole problem lies in those damned ordinal numbers. Eras do not supplant one another like the acts of a play. I don't know why Speer originally numbered his eras — especially since he later wrote, "The several 'fandoms' in the sense we are considering here, correspond to such terms as 'Elizabethan', 'Puritan', 'Neoclassical', 'Rationalistic', 'Romantic', in the history of English thought" — but Silverberg seems to have persisted with them because of an analogy with Stapledon's First through Eighteenth Men which allowed him, with tongue undoubtedly in cheek, to predict the end of fandom in 2004.

So numbered fandoms are just a joke. I'd like to suggest that the next fan who feels compelled to analyze fanhistory forget the numbers and invent some meaningful names for her alleged eras. Then maybe we can remember what distinguished one from another. (Quick, now, what were the characteristics of Fourth Fandom?)

Take Sixth Fandom. Willis used to call it the Belfast-Savannah Axis, which is a good name if you remember who used to live in those cities. A better name, with due respect to Pogo and Peter Roberts, might be Possum Fandom — or even O'Possum Fandom. And Ellison 7th Fandom, which finally gave up, could be Nonpossumus.

If the numbered fandom concept ever was valid it became obsolete long ago. Willis describes such a time in his contemporary article on the 7th Fandom controversy entitled "Fandom at Sixes and Sevens" which appeared in the VEGAnnish: "Hitherto eras in fandom were rather like the civilizations in Asimov's 'Nightfall'. A fandom would rise, flourish, and then suddenly collapse in ruins. There is a period of chaos, with the survivors eking out a precarious existence in the ruins, or retiring to the Shangri-La of FAPA, until a new fandom is built up slowly and painfully from nothing." Such events could well occur when the total number of actifans was a hundred or less. (FAPA's original membership roster of 50 was intended to allow all fans to join — and did.)

But fandom is bigger now, and the gafiation of a few key fans no longer spells the end of an era. In fact the most significant difference I've been able to detect in modern fandom is due to its size.

Fandom used to resemble a tiny village, an outpost of civilization in the wilderness. The natives were savage and hostile and fans welcomed new settlers. If the newcomer was an odd sort of person, that was accepted — you had to be a little odd just to like sf.

(If you doubt this, consider what fans of that day put up with from Claude Degler simply on grounds that he was a fellow fan.)

We live in the big city now. Each of us has her own circle of friends and sticks pretty much to her own neighborhood. It's not just that we don't venture into the neighboring towns of Ufo and Drekville and Sercon much — we don't even know all the inhabitants of Trufandom. And don't want to. And couldn't if we did. At cons we seek out our own circle of friends, and of course no one gets all the fanzines nowadays. Some older fans may continue to behave as they did when the town was small and you didn't have to lock your door — but the younger ones act differently. They are streetwise, like the characters in an Ellison story: tougher and more ready to defend their friends and their turf against all comers.

(Wait a minute, I can almost hear some of you saying — what about all the feuds back in the thirties and forties that we've read so much about? Well, I think this view of those days is much exaggerated because those feuds were so well publicized; participants like Moskowitz and Laney wrote booklength accounts of them. Anyway, the New York and Los Angeles feuds took place in areas already congested with fans. And see Peter Roberts's revisionist view of Second Fandom which appears in TRUE RAT ATE, recounting fannish events which find no place in The Immortal Storm.)

This change was already well on its way when I entered fandom in the midfifties. It was at the 1954 SFCon, for instance, that a bully named Vorzimer forced another fan to eat hair cream. Vorzimer also bid up prices at the auction just for the yuk-yuk humor of seeing people pay more than they would have otherwise, and — most notably — he wrote proudly of all these actions in his conreport. Another fan stole a manuscript and also bragged about it. There was a lot of head shaking about the evils that these big cons were leading to. After all, what could you expect with six hundred to seven hundred people?

Later manifestations were the Berkeley Boondoggle of 1964 and at the same time in the U.K. the events that Pete Weston describes at length in MAYA 12/13. His column there, "Slice of Life," recounts the details of his protracted feud with a fan that I'll refer to here as Yngvi, not because he desires anonymity but because he deserves it. Weston and Yngvi were competing for the leadership of something that called itself the New Wave. (This label, by the way, only seems better than one like '7th Fandom' — calling something new just dodges the question of what makes it different. What was so new about sercon fanzines?) Willis detected a generation gap opening between this New Wave and the fandom he knew, and tried to bridge it with a fanzine review column in Weston's fanzine ZENITH.

Not bloody likely. Reviews are meaningless if they're all praise, and a bit of criticism brought howls of indignation from one faned and from the man she later married. And Yngvi, who also registered indignation at Walt's high-handed treatment of this frail flower. Probably

he didn't give a damn about her, but it gave him a grand chance to put Willis in a classic double bind. If Walt responded to his abuse in kind, Yngvi could use the ploy that Bob Shaw, in his Fansmanship Lectures, had identified as "Big Bad BNF vs Poor Little Neo" — and if he didn't, Yngvi would see that as a sign of weakness and continue.

The double bind is a psychiatric concept of R.D. Laing, who attributes schizophrenia to its use on a victim by family members. It's the old con game of heads-I-win-tails-you-lose. In fandom however half the bind is missing; since there is no emotional tie, nothing prevents the intended victim from dropping the feud. So the practitioner must perform an elaborate dance, pretending sweet reason when the victim seems fed up, only to resume an attitude of mocking defiance again as soon as the victim's hopes have been raised. Fanac with such a person is like trying to have a friendly game of cards with an apprentice cardshark: whenever you detect the palming of an ace or dealing from the bottom, there's an apology for the clumsy mistake which was of course sheerest accident and play resumes. Eventually you realize what's happening and quit the game but by this time you may have provided enough practice that the cardshark can move into the big time, where the payoff is real dough.

Yngvi was atypical, but a symptom of the change in fandom can be found in Weston's own attitude. He suggests that Willis's mistake was in offering his fanzine review column to ZENITH rather than to Yngvi's fanzine. "It would have got him into the walls of the main enemy stronghold and in a good position to whisper words of tolerance directly into ((Yngvi's)) ear," Pete writes.

So fandom isn't an activity you share with friends, for fun. It's a dangerous pastime where the trick is to work out who could harm you most and sneak into that camp with the motive of whispering disarming messages to your worst foe.

I suspect that this notion that Willis should have become a sort of fifth columnist in Yngvi's fanzine would be totally alien to Walt. Certainly it is to me.

Yet this is a consistent attitude of Pete's. When I revived QUARK last year he commented that I had been unwise to put it up against the "tough competition" represented by the top fanzines — MAYA, MOTA, TRUE RAT, WRINKLED SHREW, et al.

Competition? For what?

Egoboo, of course. Isn't that what fuels fandom? But egoboo is like friendship — a mutually rewarding experience, not a zero-sum game. I don't mean mutual backscratching; such counterfeit egoboo rings hollow to anyone who's experienced the real thing. Real egoboo is an appreciation of the best features of fannish writing, drawing or editing, which the creator can recognize because talented people know the merits of their work.

Yngvi seems to have been an exceptionally hostile person, and by all accounts remains so, but some of his basic attitudes are shared by other fans who entered fandom in the sixties or seventies. Some of the charges he made against Willis were echoed by other fans of that day and have found at least one voice to echo them now.

The voice is that of Don West, writing in WRINKLED SHREW 7. I met Don at Novacon and admire his cartoons and fanzine critiques; the latter resemble Norman Mailer's forays into the New Journalism — in fact, they're just what Mailer might write if he ever turned to fanzine reviewing. Beautiful metaphors, sustained diatribes, enviable invective, all in support of opinions that you may agree or disagree with. If you haven't seen the fanzine under discussion you can still enjoy what West has to say about it, but you'll come away knowing more about West than about the fanzine.

Don attempts to weave his reviews into a coherent essay rather than employ the traditional format of a consumer's guide. I like this, too, though of course it's not unique to West — Malcolm Edwards uses it in MAYA, with a cool analytical style, and Greg Pickersgill chats and curses his way through a pile of fanzines in STOP BREAKING DOWN each issue. I admire Edwards's talent for the precisely right phrase, which enables him to squeeze as much sense into the cramped space Rob Jackson allots him as West or Pick get into several times as many pages. Malcolm's one shortcoming, as far as I'm concerned, is his tendency to turn from addressing the reader and apostrophize a fanzine contributor as if he were writing an apa mailing comment ("how, Mike, could you say that Dick's poverty is the result of his own poor business sense?"). I've never seen anyone else complain of this common practice, but it drives me crazy. I hope you won't do it any more, Malcolm.

Much as I like Edwards, though, sometimes West is better. His analysis of the faults of VECTOR is superior to Edwards's, for instance, though admittedly Malcolm was inhibited because he preceded Chris Fowler as editor of this BSFA organ.

The problem with West is that he overdoes it. A 24-chrissake-page fanzine review column like the one in WS7 is well nigh uncommentable. There's no way to do justice to it without writing something proportionately outsize. In fact his column is really three or five or seven essays strung together and it probably would have been better all around to chop it into three or five or seven chunks and distribute them as articles to as many fanzines. The payoff in egoboo would be greater and each piece would have more impact standing on its own than as part of this amalgamation. As it is I expect that most comments will be muted by the very mass of the material (if it isn't we can expect another much delayed SHREW) and that those who do comment will seize on the part they disagree with most.

Which is just what I intend to do here. West spends three of these pages venting rage at Walt Willis, largely on the basis of Weston's MAYA column. The vehemence of the attack interests me more than any-

thing he had to say, for unfortunately there's little intellectual content in those three pages. The quotations West offers (all but one from the Weston piece) are ripped out of context and distorted, and the primary datum from which he draws his conclusions — that Willis quit fandom right after the Yngvi attack in 1964 — is just plain wrong. It is true that Walt gafiated after that event. Several years after. You might as well contend that Su Rosen drove Willis out of fandom by calling him a chiseler at the Chicon in 1952.

The one truth that West hits on — that Willis's work no longer towers quite so high above the general level of fannish writing (though that isn't quite how Don puts it) — seems to me to redound to Walt's credit. To West it proves that Willis's reputation is a sham. Willis gets no credit for having raised the level near (or as West would have it, beyond) his own. It's as if I claimed to be smarter than Newton because I mastered calculus in two semesters while it took Sir Isaac years.

Now West bears little resemblance to Yngvi, whom he astutely assesses as a "nihilist rather than an anarchist" who "had no real substitute for what he tried to destroy" and became "a fannish poltergeist who broke the furniture, played meaningless tricks and generally shocked the bourgeoisie." A sound appraisal. Yngvi never seems to have a kind word for anyone or anything. He resembles Voltaire's Signor Pococurante whom Candide thought a prodigious genius because nothing could please him.

Still West prefers him to Willis. Why? Well, it seems that Willis has no modesty — West is quite firm about this — and that single lack invalidates all of his pretended virtues and good deeds, which then vanish utterly. You may get some idea of the character of West's attack if I tell you that shortly after reading it I received a belated copy of issue 2 of GOBLIN'S GROTTO (which Ian Williams kindly sent me so I could read Pat Charnock's lovely article, "Second Generation Woman") and was flabberghasted to find a letter in it by this same Don West criticizing someone else for the fallacies of argumentum ad hominem and begging the question.

Perhaps it's significant too that that letter defends religion, because West's argument against Willis is the old one, beloved of religionists, of faith vs works. (Apparently Willis should have hid the HYPHEN light-house under a bushel, and not a glass one either.) The joker in this deck is that so armed it is quite easy to make the worse appear the better person, especially if you also have a touch of telepathy. Lieutenant Calley can come out ahead of Daniel Berrigan, or Hitler emerge superior to Churchill, if only you know that one did his good deeds for personal gain or out of vanity while the other did his bad ones from a true belief in his holy mission. (A little knowledge of history will suffice to explain why the established churches prefer this view-point.)

Of Willis's lack of modesty West has no doubts:

"Willis has about as much real modesty as a neon sign blushing red."

"Willis's every piece of writing declares: I'm not going to come right out with it — my modesty forbids — but I'm the Man, you know, and this is the Word."

"Willis long ago adopted the role of Perfect Gentleman."

What makes West so sure about Willis's lack of modesty, you may ask. (If you don't I will.) After all, it's damned unlikely that he has actually read "every piece of writing" by Willis, or even a reasonable sample. Dick Bergeron has been working on a huge anthology of it for nearly a decade now, but until it's available you have to get hold of old fanzines to read Willis's best stuff.

Both West's and Yngvi's resentments seem to have been inflamed by one statement of Walt's — that he didn't particularly like being a BNF and sometimes wished he could start over again in fandom under a pseudonym. It was this statement that Yngvi called "this falsest of false modesties," an assessment which West pronounces "entirely justifiable," displaying an omniscience which made me wonder whether those ads for Don's Astral Leauge were meant as humour after all.

To me Walt's statement seems nothing but the plain honest truth. Being a BNF of Willis's stature carries all the disadvantages of mundane celebrity with none of the rewards. You don't get interviewed on TV, don't get paid for endorsing products in ads, don't get royalties for ghostwritten books published under your name. But you do get treated as an object of adulation instead of a person; you do get status seekers wanting to be seen with you, and others not seeking you out lest they be mistaken for status seekers. In Willis's case you even have people calling you "Ghod" and then treating you accordingly — as when Walt attended one of his first British cons and found a fan prostrating himself in his path. Fortunately Chuck Harris was there and led Willis around the worshipping figure, saying, "Don't worry, Walt, it's only a false salaam."

And in Willis's case too being a Big Name Fan means not being able to participate in the give-and-take of fandom without the danger of anyone you criticize reacting with a howl of indignation and pulling the Big Bad BNF ploy. You're supposed to shut up and stand still, as befits an ornamental object.

(I suppose you're wondering how I know all this stuff about being a BNF. Well, I was one once, and it's time people knew it. It was at Mancon 5 last year. Pete Weston introduced me to Andrew Stephenson and explained that I was a BNF. "Gee, Pete," I said, "no one ever called me a BNF before." "Well, you would have been one if you had only stuck with it," Pete said tartly. My career as a BNF had lasted about 13 seconds.)

Being a BNF also leaves you open to unprovoked attacks like Yngvi's. No thought-provoking article is complete without a quote from Dr. Samuel Johnson (West's has one), and as it happens there is an ap-

propriate one that was the favorite of a writer from Don's part of England, Charlotte Bronte:

"Whenever there is exaggerated praise, every body is set against a character. They are provoked to attack it. ... By the same principle, your malice defeats itself; for your censure is too violent."

Don's censure is too violent. And there's no evidence he has any but the vaguest idea of what he's attacking. I'm not saying he would like Willis's writings if he did read them. (Especially not now.) But Willis's reputation in fandom rests solidly on a mass of high-level fannish writing, and no hatchet job can be effective if the wielder of the axe doesn't know who his victim is. West has put all his might into several savage blows — all ineffective because Willis wasn't where they happened to land.

What West misses in characterizing Willis as a perfect gentleman is that Walt is something of a destroyer of ikons himself. (I was going to write "ikon smasher," but that image is wrong; Walt's style is to approach the sacred relic with a keen eye and give it just the fatal tap that crumbles it to shards.) And where Pickersgill and Kettle, whom West rightly admires, tend to be slayers of sacred cows, Willis has more often given the single deadly thrust to that more ferocious opponent, the sacred bull. Big name fans and pros who were accustomed to adulation have snorted in rage to find Willis continuing Francis Towner Laney's controversial style of reporting realistically rather than idealistically — only to discover, too late, that they were already mortally wounded.

In fact, that line that West quotes from my Mancon report in MOTA was part of a putdown of Jerry Pournelle for his behavior at the 1962 Chicon. (Incredibly, even Pournelle wasn't above pulling the Big Bad BNF ploy on Willis.)

Let's take a look at that line and Don's reaction to it, because I think it may contain a key to the whole matter.

"Perhaps the way my sympathies lie," West writes, "is as much a matter of temperament as of reason. Willis's remark (quoted by Tom Perry in MOTA): 'I have never been able to think of anything so important that I had to shout it' arouses feelings of impatience rather than admiration. Is life to be nothing more than a politely muted mumble? An endless ennul of flaccid gentility? Not for me."

Why does West imagine that the only alternative to a shout is a mumble? A strange idea. Another British fan, John Brosnan, commented in TRUE RAT ATE on Willis's tendency to mumble — a comment I agreed with when I first read it. So much so that I wrote Kettle suggesting that Willis was promoting the sale of hearing aid; a remark that Leroy suppressed from a feeling it was in bad taste. (The only other possible reason

would be that he felt it wasn't funny, an aspersion I refuse to cast on Leroy's sense of humor.)

Yet I learned something interesting when I visited Willis in Ireland. He is quite audible there.

Now why is that? Well, I think it's for the same reason that I bump into people when shopping in London or Southampton. There's a subtle language of gestures, facial expressions and eye movements that we all learn early in life by which we communicate such things as which way we're going to walk and when we're going to talk and listen. Little things like how close people stand when conversing and how loudly they speak vary from country to country. So do the undertones of meaning that words and phrases and inflections carry. Northern Ireland is different from the rest of the United Kingdom, as any morning's headlines will testify. And I suspect that what happens when West reads Willis is that he subconsciously "hears" the words as if spoken in the voice of a class of Englishman whose use of understatement and irony may indeed connote supercilious contempt. (I've been told there are such creatures.)

There's another possibility, too. In both the Willis Mancon report and the quotations by Weston occurs the suggestion that fandom is by nature cyclic — and that it has not changed very much over the years. And Willis's best known work, which West has probably heard of if not read, recounts the stages through which a fan passes in reaching Trufandom. Don seems to be in one of those stages and thus in a position to feel (in one of my favorite Willis phrases) "something of the uncomprehending horror caterpillars must feel for butterflies."

For the final irony of West's column is that it proceeds from the discussion of Willis to apply much the same sort of showbiz "what have you done for me lately" standards to Greg Pickersgill's recent work. In 1970, West says, Pick and Leroy Kettle revolutionized fandom with their fanzine FOULER, which "disposed of all the taboos, inhibitions and selfcensorship that had existed before. No longer was it a case of 'You can't say that!' Now you could. Every faned under the age of thirty owes something to Pickersgill and Kettle. ... It's something of a tribute to the revolution they brought about that those early writings—which at the time of publication must have had the impact of something wholly new and extraordinary—ro; seem to be nothing exceptional." But now—now Pickersgill is "in some danger of becoming less and less relevant to the fannish scene. He's stuck in a rut. ...his own success is catching up with him. ... Stasis means decline, sooner or later. Either fandom is a process of continual change and revolution or it is nothing more than what some would have it be: a retreat for aging hobbyists, a refuge for cheap status seekers and for inadequate personalities craving the comfort of approved mediocrity."

Several grandiloquent paragraphs roll on from there — stuff about mountains to be climbed, houses to be built, enormous important problems



to be solved through the magic of Stefnal Type Thinking, and — yes! — sense of wonder. Don has misplaced his, apparently, and would the finder please return, along with his youth, virginity and belief in Father Christmas, which are likely to be found in the same vicinity.

Don says fans "dodge too many difficult questions." I think he's dodging some himself. Why does he retreat into these murky metaphors at just this point? Why malign alternative viewpoints with meaningless derogatory adjectives? (If you're not an aging hobbyist, you're an aging something else. Ain't nobody getting any younger.)

To me no better proof could exist that we're not climbing a mountain at all, but going around in a circle on the Vico Road. For this feeling that sciencefiction and fandom cannot be merely enjoyable but must also be important has evidenced itself before — in the Gernsback Delu-

sion, Michelism, New Fandom, N3F, FIAWOL, the Cosmic Circle, Fans Are Slans, the Crusade to Cleanup Fandom, WSFA, and the Heidelberg Opposition, to name a few. West doesn't specify just what the goal of the crusade is — apparently it's up to Pickersgill to do that — but ghod is it important, so we've all got to charge ahead, clime that mountain, upwards and onwards, excelsior!

So it's no wonder that elsewhere in this essay West urges the "throwing out of all the old rubbish that impedes advance." Timebinding means remembering that we've seen these landmarks somewhere before. And that means we're not likely to march along toward the Great Goal with the same iron discipline. We might sit down and relax and get to know each other, swap stories and fanzines, and generally just have a good time. We might even glance over some old obsolete fanzines — produced before the great revolution — and find them not so bad after all. Someone might even have a copy of THE ENCHANTED DUPLICATOR and leafing through it find (say in chapter 4 or 11 or 14) someone with a sharp resemblance to the current Maximum Leader, that guy who's screaming for everyone to get up off their asses and get a move on toward the New Tomorrow. Yes, and someone might laugh.

THE THIRD WORD

I had to scan through old issues of this fanzine to find out what I used to call the traditional second editorial, and that's it. I think it's a bit of future slang from some Bloch story. §§ Midway through running off this issue I got a letter from Don West assuring me I need not feel hypocritical if I criticize him while using his cartoons. That's good. §§ The caption on the cover is a direct quote, so don't all of you write telling me about the extra apostrophe. The staff of QUARK knows quite well that there's not supposed to be any apostrophe in "James Joyce's". Every physics prof who explains the origin of Gell-Mann's term gets it wrong though -or at least every one until an article in Scientific American recently. You're so smart, then tell me what the birds are that make the noise. They're not ducks, they're §§ Further to Terry Hughes's question about the outer space garbage scow named Quark, in German the word means curds or cream cheese and is used figura = tively for rubbish or nonsense. Thought I'd mention that before Peter Roberts did, though perhaps it would have been smarter not to in hopes he might loc. (This whole business of fanediting is coming back to me now, in spurts.) §§ I was preparing to write a panegyric on a duplicator so smart it can count (my previous experience was with a handfed ABDick) when I noticed that the hundreds pointer kept clicking over into the neighborhood of 8000 when I wasn't looking. Apparently the damn thing wants to go into competition with Geis and cop a Hugo. Not while I'm cranking and collating, sweetie. Back to your corner. §§ The materials from this issue come from all over the world-well, England, America and Denmark, anyway. Got the stencil cement courtesy of Terry Hughes and picked up the stencil film kit in Copenhagen, ordering it at the Gestetner office there with lots of clever sign language. When they finally brought the right thing I like to cried as I handed over the Danish kroner equivalent of £8 (MOMS inclusive), for the box said MADE IN ENGLAND BY GESTETNER LONDON. And I thought me some bitter vengeful thoughts about the Portsmouth office supplier who'd sold me the duper and who still hadn't filled my six-month-old order for a film kit. In England they probably cost around three quid-four tops. §§ In Denmark also I met Carsten Schipler and friends for a pleasant evening of fanyak over an exquisite Danish meal. Carsten edits WIZARD, a thrice-yearly international fannish fanzine available for news, selected trades, or 3/10Dkr in Europe or 3/20Dkr airmail US and overseas. (£1 = 10Dkr and \$1.72 = £1. You figure it out.) His address? Oh, yeah-Morbærhaven 5/91, DK-2620 Albertslund, Denmark. JERRY JACKS should appear in the minuscule credits. §§ stencil cut Sunday 24 April 1977. Loc now for next ish. QUARK comes from Tom Perry, Nº 25, Locks Road, Locks Heath, SO3 6NS, United Kingdom of Great Britain and Northern Íreland-but send surface mail from US to PO Box 6, Lake Mohegan, NY 10547, USA. All contents copyright 1977 on behalf of contributors, except Terry Hughes.



minuscule

that's the finger that went through the paper ... with a title like twll ddu it has to be frequent or nobody would ever remember how to spell the damn thing ... sbd3 made me feel like some japanese soldier of ww2 who emerges from the jungle only to find the war still on ... the fannish quantum theory states that bombarding a fan with fanzines will eventually jerk him into a higher energy state from which he can only descend by emitting a fanzine of his own ... i'm sure everyone will read the conreport first just to see if their name has been dropped, and if so, in what ... kyle went on to say that the presentation of a tankard with a gnome on it would remind him in the future that he had once been presented with a tankard with a gnome on it ... no peas for the wicked, rob ... i suggest a compromise: we let the concorde land in new york but not take off ... when you're the fastest gun, you don't pull against ploughboys ... i want the glass that has the hamburgers on the bottom ... as tolkien would say. you must "grok" it ... he's vicious, you know; he could have savaged my kneecaps before i could have done anything ... there was much talk about sex and creative uses of human orifices and stuff that shocked thousands, thrilled hundreds and made sense to four ... after a certain specified time the particles of fanac collapse into a state of degenerate matter like brosnan ... not the korean war again—that's carrying nostalgia a little too far ... now i know why you walk like you do ... photography will be limited to those with cameras

STU BRONSTEIN COLLEEN BROWN ART
BUCHWAJD GRAHAM CHARNOCK HARLAN ELLISON TERRY HUGHES LUCILLE HUTCHINSON DAVE LANGFORD 2 ALIX ANNE PERRY
ALAN SANDERCOCK JILL TWEEDIE SIMONE
WALSH D.WEST PETE WESTON & WILLIS