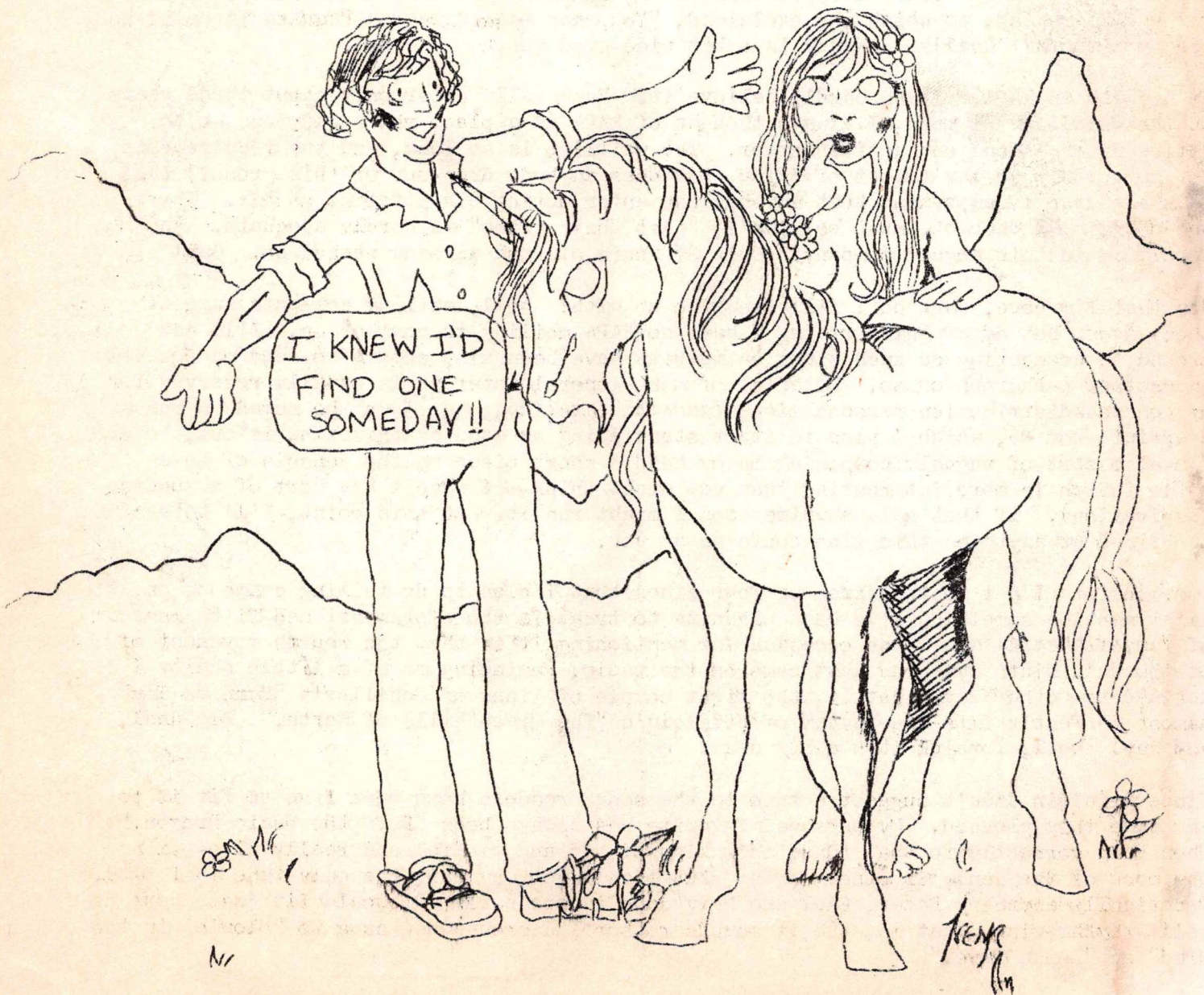


# Philistine Quarterly

A JOURNAL OF THE ARTS

Vol. 1 # 1

Collector's edition





PHILISTINE QUARTERLY  
a journal of the arts

This first issue of *Phil*, as I shall call this zine for short, is the first FAPA-only publication of Don Markstein, P.O. Box 53112, New Orleans, La. 70153 (tho it should be preceded in the mailing by the non-exclusive *Endymion* #4). This first issue of *Phil* is also Demented Turkish Dwarf Press publication #228 and AM91. Printed in Occupied CSA on some day following April Fool's Day, 1974, when this page is being typed. TSSA.

The cover is by Nancy Mayberry, a very talented woman who can sing, play the guitar, draw and do all sorts of other groovy stuff. She may even be able to publish fanzines, if she ever learns to disengage the ribbon before typing a stencil. Anything good you see in the cover is due entirely to her talent. Its faults may be attributed to a combination of her unfamiliarity with the process (this is only the second or third time she's ever drawn anything on stencil) and my own inability to beat this ancient Rex-Rotary D-280 of mine hard enough to make it turn out good work. (Yes, I beat my mimeo. Wanna make something of it?) If you're among the 14 members and 8 waitlisters of FAPA who have met me face-to-face and still don't know who the guy on the cover is, please be advised that I scraped all the hair off my face last November. (Nancy, who had never seen my chin before, made several complimentary remarks concerning same--leading me to ask if I could stick my chin in her belly button. She's adamant--no.)

Incidentally, when I asked her for this cover, she asked me who would see it. I showed her a FAPA roster, to which she exclaimed, "You mean *Marion Zimmer Bradley* is going to see my artwork? Really?" Nancy is a bit wide-eyed yet.

So now I'm in FAPA. I can hardly believe it. Especially after only about three years on the waitlist. I mean, I always thought of FAPA as a place where old fans go to retire after a long and active career. The waitlist is so long, and the requirements for membership so lax (short of dying, how does anybody drop out of this group?) that it's a source of amazement that anybody can enter during his lifetime at all. Those who do join, I thought, must be...well, "past their prime" is hardly adequate. And here I am in this august company. Only 27 years old and already washed up. Gah!

Now that I'm here, what do I fill the zine up with? Well, mailing comments suggest themselves, but as of this writing I have no FAPA mailing to comment on. I'll get around to commenting on such zines as members have been kind enough to send me recently in another paragraph or so. Material of more general interest is usually reserved for my general-distribution personalzine, *Tandstikkerzeitung*, but I may be moved to run a preprint from #5, which I plan to start stencilling as soon as this zine is out, here. I'm also sort of vaguely composing in my head a short piece on the genesis of this title (which is more interesting than you might think--it wasn't any sort of a sudden inspiration). If that gels anytime soon I might run it. At this point, I'll be as surprised at anything this zine contains as you.

Hmm...before I get to the three or four zines that I plan to do mailing comments on, I might mention something I've been planning to treat in the aforementioned fifth issue of *Tandstikkerzeitung*. The occasion for mentioning it is that the fourth movement of Beethoven's Ninth Symphony just came on the radio, reminding me of a little oddity I noticed the other day--that is, the first couple of lines of Schiller's "Hymn to Joy" almost perfectly fits the rhythm of Heinlein's "The Green Hills of Earth." Big deal, you say. Well, I think it's a big deal.

Since Heinlein didn't suggest a tune to the song, readers have been free to fit it to any tune they pleased. My personal favorite has always been "Puff the Magic Dragon." When sung correctly to that tune, it's kind of sad and wistful and really nice--fits the mood of the song, in other words. But that's not, by far, the only tune that fits. Practically anything Peter, Paul and Mary sang in the early 60s would fit just about as well--rhythm-wise, that is, tho it sounds rather ludicrous when sung to "Blowin' in the Wind" or "Lemon Tree."

All of which is neither here nor there. What started this train of thought was, at the



1972 DeepSouthCon, George Wells proposed a contest to determine the most nauseating tune to which "The Green Hills of Earth" could be sung.

Between the DeepSouthCon and the WorldCon that year (one week's difference) several of us kicked the proposal around. Disgusting were the tunes to which we sang this fine poem, and repulsive the chopping we did on it to make it fit some of them. The title was finally copped at that little delicatessen about six blocks from Los Angeles' International Hotel by someone I've forgotten the name of, unfortunately (tho I know where he's staying right now and will send him a copy of this zine). He sang it to the Coca-Cola commercial (the one that goes "I'd like to teach the world..."). Not only does this perfectly unsuited tune fit the rhythm to a tee...but it has the added disadvantage of having the line "The cool, green hills of Earth" come right before "It's the real thing."

I ran into the originator of that deformity at the N.O. Jazz Museum a couple of weeks ago--I happened to be there visiting Faruk von Turk, a friend of mine, who's chief curator there; and he just happened to be staying in New Orleans temporarily and wandered in by sheer chance. He mentioned that he'd been in Apa-L for awhile and had spread his unholy song throughout Los Angeles. But meanwhile, more tunes were found.

George Wells was the one who first sang it to "House of the Rising Sun," I believe, but I take the blame for the Munchkin Song. I'm pretty sure Ned Brooks was the one who fit it to "Joy to the World." Faruk von Turk did it to "Auld Lang Syne." Dozens of others have been sung and--mercifully--forgotten in the past couple of years.

And now...Beethoven's Ninth. Oh, where will it end?

*Fantasy Amateur #145* Of course, it's hardly the place of a brand-new member to spout off on proposals like the "veteran member" bit, but it's been my observation that it's so absurdly easy to stay in WAPA that making it even easier is really superfluous. I mean, only one contribution a year...and even that can contain outside material and doesn't even have to have first distribution in WAPA...that should take only about ten minutes a week, if that. But of course, I've never experienced the infirmities of old age, as most of y'all (I'm from the South, sub) have, so I don't know how hard it is to keep up with a ten-minute-a-week job. I think I'd best abstain on this sort of stuff for my first couple of mailings, at least, and leave the running of this apa to those who know it better. It's so totally unlike any of the dozen or so other apas in my experience. (Incidentally, this sounds a little bit like the recent Ballard retirement plan proposed facetiously--I think--in SAPS.)

*Fantasy Amateur #146* Now *this* proposal I unreservedly like. I've got the soul of a packrat--*everything* must be preserved for future generations. A FAPA Archive appeals strongly to my sense of completism. Of course, it's always nicer to have someone else do such things, but if there were any way in the world for me to help, I'd be glad to volunteer. One of the reasons I've been working so hard to assemble a complete set of SPPA mailings is just so I'll know one exists. As things stand right now, Dave Hulan and I combined would have a complete set. Or Rick Norwood and I combined. Or *possibly* Bruce Pelz and I, tho I don't know how continuous his run of the first year and a half is. I've already gone far toward determining what is in fact a complete set by compiling an index to the first 50 mailings (which I've yet to type up and run off). Yes indeed, a FAPA Archive would be a Good Thing.

I would have the Egoboo Poll ballot compared to one I've done (tho Dave is mistaken when he says I used in SAPS as well as SPPA--the SAPS Pillar Poll I ran more closely resembled the SPPA one of a year earlier) and then not get a copy with my waitlister's copy of the CO. Sigh. One of these years, by the way (not this one), I'm going to run for VP just so I can do the Egoboo Poll. I've got a couple of ideas for it that would set this hidebound bunch on its ear. If Dave and Harry Warner were trepidacious about their comparatively conservative polls...just wait till you see mine.

I might also ask why only 64 members are listed--especially since the 65th would have been me. Again--sigh.

FORD FOR PRESIDENT!



*Celephais* (Bill Evans) One of these days, I've got to do my Definitive Statement on the fantasy elements of *Mission: Impossible*. Like the fact that Greg Morris, who is black, plays the part of a white man (how else could he go traipsing through Eastern Europe without attracting attention?). Of course, this is no more fantasy than whites playing in *The Mikado*. (And less fantasy than Martin Landau covering that mouth of his with a mask.) But your comment on the "convenient expedient" of having everyone speak English reminds me of some of the convenient expedients of that show. The world of the IMF is much simpler than ours. Nations bear names like "East Asian People's Republic" (EAPR). There appear to be only five languages--English, a Romance language (which resembles Spanish vaguely, but isn't identical with it by a longshot), one weird mixture of Slavic and Teutonic (the written form of which contains an awful lot of umlauts), one Semitic, and one dialect of Chinese. Those that are written in Roman characters can be read with little difficulty by English-speaking people (for example, "gas" in the Slavic/Teutonic one is "g&sz"). There's material there for a nice article. Someday I may write it.

Speaking of headlines with double meanings, we've got a city councilman named Peter H. Beer. I think at least half of the great headlines with his name in them (every one of which I've forgotten; sorry) are intended, but never thought to ask any of the guys on the rim when I was a reporter on the local paper.

The next Great Fortune is going to be made by the inventor of no-cal beer (no relation to the councilman).

*From Sunday to Saturday* (Don Fitch) No direct comments, Don, but I enjoyed the hell out of this zine. You're into so many different things that nobody else I know is into that your zines are always an education as well as entertaining. Thanks for sending this one. (By the way, I reviewed it in the March *Nosfan*. I'm telling this to you even though you should have gotten a copy because you may not have been able to read it. It was stencilled by Nancy Mayberry before she figured out how to disengage the ribbon.)

*The Devil's Work* (Norm Metcalf) The Big Con Problem is sort of like a situation in *The Wizard of Id* a few years back. Herald 1--"Sire, the moat monsters are starving!" King--"Oh, my goodness!" Herald 2--"Sire, the peasants are dying of thirst!" King--"There may be a way out of this yet." So many problems cancel one another out. All we have to do is take Jerry Pournelle up on his generous offer to organize a SFWA boycott of the WorldCon unless pros are paid to attend.

I'm a great fan of Powers' work in sf of the 50s and early 60s--but his realistic work, e.g., the covers of the first printings of the Ballantine Tarzan novels--leaves me cold. He just can't draw human beings.

*The Alien Critic* (Dick Geis) I'm aware, of course, that this didn't go through FAPA-- but thanks for keeping me on your mailing list even tho I haven't sent you a zine in trade since August (tho you'll of course have gotten *stikker* #5 by now...I hope). I've been meaning to LoC, but for reasons that are not known to me, I find it less bothersome to publish fanzines than to write letters. Hence a mailing comment--just like a LoC except that it appears in my fanzine instead of yours (and is perhaps a little bit shorter).

I haven't read the novel version of *The Protector* yet, but when I read the novelet in *Galaxy*, I thought it was perfectly obvious that "Phssthpok" was pronounced "Pisspot."

You say that graphics and cool layouts aren't important, and as far as I'm concerned you're absolutely right. I'm word-oriented too. In fact, I'm a regular word freak--I love words, their sounds, what's inside of them, what can be done with them... But there are other viewpoints. I have it third-hand from a paperback cover artist that publishers insist on a certain formula for the covers to gothic novels. The girl must be young and lovely, of course, and she must be fleeing from some sort of a 19th-century (or earlier) structure. This structure must have exactly one window lit. Not two and not three, and it mustn't be completely dark. One window must be lit; no more and no less. Of course, it's not unusual for publishers to insist on formulas for covers--but the reason they insist on this



Dick Geis (cont.) particular formula is kind of galling. It seems that books with one window on the cover lit sell as much as 60% better than those with two or none at all. Look on the stands and you'll see that almost without exception, paperback gothics follow that exact formula (tho I'm told the market has been so well glutted with that type that others are starting to sell). It's kind of disgusting that so great a percentage of the reading public is illiterate.

Hrm...this also seems to apply to your comment after Charles Platt's letter.

"Write as you feel and your work will be appreciated by all who feel as you do." Elbert Hubbard. Good motto for a fanzine.

I'm not much of a reader of biographies. If fewer of them started out with the struggling young family of rural America, with the all-American boy growing up amid all the rigors accruing thereto, and with the father, perhaps, disappearing when the kid is about 9...in other words, if more of them skipped the parts that could be anybody and got right down to the nitty-gritty of telling me why I should want to read about this clown...I might read more.

Feeling as I do about them, I figure that if I like one, there could possibly be something to it. Such an one is *Elbert Hubbard of East Aurora*, by Felix Shay. But it's less a biography than a character sketch, which is perhaps why I enjoyed it so much.

Elbert Hubbard was an interesting old coot. He retired from business in his 30s (because he'd made all the money he wanted) and became a fan publisher. His personalzine, *The Philistine*, began publication in 1895 and quickly achieved a circulation in six figures. Later on, he started a genzine, *The Fra*, and a specialty zine entitled *Little Journeys*.

(It was *The Philistine* that inspired the title of this zine, incidentally. Once I'd decided on the basic word I wanted, I went through a large number of variations before settling on *Philistine Quarterly*. I like the sound of it, especially when coupled with the subtitle *a journal of the arts*. It would be even better if there were the merest chance in the world that FAPA would increase its frequency to bimonthly, so I could smear "Now! Six times a year!" across the cover without changing the title.)

I first became aware of Elbert Hubbard about a year ago, when a whole big bunch of his fanzines turned up at the annual New Orleans Philharmonic Symphony Book Fair. I wanted to buy them but couldn't afford that many at a quarter apiece and wasn't going to break up the set by buying part of it. Fortunately, Faruk von Turk took an interest and bought the lot of them, so I can read from them now and again. They're damn good. Of course, the term "fanzine" wasn't in use back when he was publishing, but I know a fanzine when I see one.

It's surprising, you know, that I know of Hubbard only through a few chance contacts. He seems to have been quite a prominent writer, publisher, businessman and God alone knows what else around the turn of the century. I'd heard of his best known work, *A Message to Garcia*--of course--but I'd somehow escaped hearing of the author. A check of the local public library turns up no less than three books written about him and dozens by him. The ones by him, particularly, are often breathtakingly beautiful--not surprising, since he owned the print shop and was fond of beautiful books (one of the Hubbard books in the NOPL, by the way, is copy no. 680 of 1000, signed by the author, with gilt edges...and a garish cardboard-and-cloth binding added sometime in the past 75 years by some anonymous pig working for the library). He hobnobbed with presidents, says this book, and he put East Aurora, New York, on the map.

Hubbard's career in fan publishing came to an end on May 7, 1915, when the *Lusitania* went down. There was talk years later among his followers that the ship had been sunk just to get him, and I don't even know if the talkers were serious. His son, Bert, attempted to continue his work, but never seemed to catch on that nobody can do someone else's fanzine.

A very nice book, this is. Interesting and quite readable. Also crammed with illustra-



tions by no less a personage than W.W. Denslow and containing art by other luminaries too (including a Buster Brown illo by Richard F. Outcault that can't be had elsewhere). And the ending... Jesus! Lost at sea with the *Lusitania*. How romantic can you get?

"The true driver of the quill is a virtuous person," sayeth Fra Elbertus (as Hubbard was sometimes called). "He wears his hair long in token that he does not sleep with his head in the lap of Delilah." Those of you who are young enough to remember when you had hair may take heart from that.

At an impromptu gathering of fans recently, I happened to have a stack of newsstand purchases and a few people were looking at them. My brand-new copy of *Yield*, the new Wizard of Id book, got rather well thumbed before I even saw the inside of it. That didn't bother me, but something else did. That was the smirk on one face when the owner noticed a copy of *Walt Disney Showcase #21* in with a bunch of other comic books. That particular issue featured "Li'l Bad Wolf and the Three Little Pigs." It needs no defense, of course, but let me defend it anyway.

"Li'l Bad Wolf" is one of my favorite Disney strips. Donald Duck is good when Carl Barks does him, but fair to poor the rest of the time. The rest are good sometimes and bad sometimes. But this one is good almost all the time, regardless of who does the writing and artwork--and tho I've recognized a number of different styles on the strip, I don't know a name to attach to most of them.

Your typical Disney situation strip--your typical funny animal strip of any kind, in fact--is pretty much like any other. You've got an adult protagonist with nephews and a girl friend and like that. Some of them have different personalities, like Donald Duck with his temper, Mickey Mouse with his All-American Nice Guy image, Bucky Bug with his penchant for running off and doing things out of the ordinary, and like that. There are also incidental differences--Bucky Bug has no nephews. But as a rule, they're just situation comedies with people who happen to look like animals, and their quality depends on the talent of the guy handling them.

But Li'l Bad Wolf is different--very different.

Here's this kid, see. Kind of cloddish--dumb and unpopular. But somewhat lovable in an obtuse sort of way. Never does anything bad. Always kind and helpful. He'd be a good Boy Scout type--in fact, I recall one or two times when he did join the Boy Scouts.

He only has three friends in all the world. And his father wants to eat them.

This kid is in a real quandary. Being a good boy, he can't oppose his father too directly, but gee whiz, Pop (in a voice not unlike that of Junior on *The Life of Riley*), they're my *friends!*

It made a great series for years and years, with hardly a clinker in my entire collection (which includes the first appearance of the strip in the mid-40s [in which the pigs don't appear--they joined the cast later] and maybe 75% of the ones thereafter. I already have all four of the stories reprinted here, but I shelled out 20¢ (the price of current comics--and they're going up again!) for it anyway. I'm just lending my small support to any reappearance of the strip. Maybe it'll have fantastic sales and be revived with new stories and all. I'd like that.

So here I am at the end of my first FAPazine. I could use the space left to give a capsule description of myself, but that's sort of hackneyed--I've done it a dozen times already (and besides, I'd rather let my writing speak for itself). I suppose, then, you expect me to fill up the space telling you I have nothing to fill up the space with, in one of those incredibly long runon sentences you see at the ends of fanzines.

Surprise. (This ending stolen shamelessly from Alan Hutchinson.)