

EDITORIAL

I should like to begin this editorial with an apology for the missing features, although I'm sure you'll find the remaining ones, having been greatly enlarged, of interest. Up until a few days ago, I had planned to do a Chopping Block--Marion Bradley's column not having arrived--but I was rather busy with Quotes & Notes and the pseudo-Salinger "Squiblets". Moreover, I haven't received any fanzines lately poor enough to deserve this sort of treatment. Lack of quality is usually necessary for me to write a lengthy review, although I did manage to review Void and Retrograde a few issues ago. So time wore on and I suddenly realized that even if a likely publication were to arrive, I would not have time to write a review of it--all my spare time has been consumed in a job from which I expect to make a little money to finance my fanac.

Archer Wainwright's column is also missing and I'm reasonably sure it's defunct. The first installment, as some guessed, was written by me. The original idea was to use "Wainwright" as a sort of house name, and with this in mind I wrote to several fans asking that they contribute something to Kipple, notably Dick Bergeron. When nothing materialized, I--not wishing to write another installment myself--decided to discontinue the column.

I don't think that the issue suffers particularly from those losses, because the remaining ones have been enlarged. I must say that so far the letter response to the third issue has been gratifying--barely half-way to this issue's deadline and I've seven pages of lettercolumn stenciled. The only thing that has puzzled me so far is that the lettercolumn itself draws so little comment. Walter Breen is the only writer I can think of offhand who addresses comments to last issue's letter-writers; everyone else ignores the lettercolumn and comments on other features. This is fine for the first three issues, but in this issue where the lettercolumn will be a major portion of the entire content, it may cut response. I hope not.

Note to Fanac: I am crediting both Carr and Ellik with an issue of Kipple for every Fanac I receive. Number 64, therefore, should not be my last issue, though you have it marked on the last four. Explanation, please?

--Ted Pauls

THIS IS *Kipple* 4

It is published, edited and partially written by Ted Pauls (1448 Meridene Drive, Baltimore 12, Md.) for the amusement and entertainment of a group of sub-geniuses known as "fans". Associate editors are Redd Doggs (2209 Highland Pl. NE, Minneapolis 21, Minn.), Dick Bergeron (110 Bank Street, New York 14, N.Y.), Harry Warner Jr. (423 Summit Ave., Hagerstown, Md.) and Walter Breen (311 E. 72nd Street, New York 21, N.Y.). None of these gentlemen have any duties whatsoever, nor in fact will they have any idea that they're on my staff until they read this. Either of them will be shocked if they should happen to receive letters of comment, trades, or subscriptions (3/25¢ or 10¢ per), which is what you should do if you wish to continue receiving Kipple. The number in the upper right hand corner of this block shows the number of the last issue you will receive. If that number is "4", I regret to inform you that you will not get #5. WOKL

quotes

AND

notes

CONDUCTED BY TED PAULS

RICHARD BERGERON, in Warhoon, wondered if anyone had ever pondered this question: "A single concerted attack has reduced population areas in the US to rubble, and fallout and drifting radiation are wiping out the rest of the country. The decision facing the survivors is whether the undamaged ICBMs should be activated in retaliation. And why?" Several fans commented on this question in the letter section of Warhoon and Willis quoted it in Fanac. It amazes me that none of this people--including the indefatigable Harry Warner--realized the uselessness of answering the question at all.

The question is a non-sequitur; the situation involved will never arise, simply because by the time enemy missiles destroy our cities our own will be halfway to the enemy's cities. The DEWline (Distant Early Warning radar stations stretched across northern Alaska and Canada) tracks any flying object coming over the pole. By the time an enemy missile is able to reach the boundary between the US and Canada, our own missiles will be cruising over Siberia.

MORE ON CENSORSHIP: After reading of the banning of J.D. Salinger's "Catcher in the Rye" in Retrograde, I have been keeping an eye peeled for allied material. While glancing through some back issues of NEWSWEEK, I came across a notice headlined "Going 'Crazy' in Miami?". It seems that a disgruntled parent phoned Principal Wilfred E. Rice of North Miami High School and claimed that a book her son had brought home from school--Aldous Huxley's "Brave New World"--was filthy. (Read on, Boggs--this is rich.) Her reason? The novel contained the word "erotic".

No comment I could possibly make would convey the shock I experienced when I read that an adult mind (purportedly) considered any book containing the word "erotic" to be filthy. If Boggs was speechless over a book containing "f---" being banned, please consider how he must feel now...

Then the fun began.

Not having read the novel, Principal Rice passed it and Orwell's 1984, which he also found in his classrooms, to School Superintendent Joe Hall, Ph.D (Phugheaded Dolt). Hall hadn't read either of the books, so he passed the buck along to Director of High Schools, Robert Wilson. Naturally, Wilson hadn't read them either, but after "scanning" he ordered the books banned from all eight Miami high schools. I find this incredible, even moreso that the banning of Salinger's epic because those connected with the banning had the nerve to admit that they did not read them first! The whole incident isn't worthwhile in any sense of the word. Now, I stand against censorship in any form, but I can at least understand some incidents. But when three men holding responsible positions in the educational system of a fairly large city ban a book solely on the recommendation of a telephone voice who wasn't identified to them, I am truly disgusted. The indefatigable Philip Wylie called the incident "craven and ignorant" and I can do nothing but agree with him. As I said a few issues ago, when men in such responsible positions in our educational system are so undeniably ignorant, is it any wonder the educational system itself is floundering obscenely toward the doorway to disaster?

Can the pay in the field of missiles here be matched in money?

A Raisin in the Sun

Reached in Topeka, Kansas, where he was delivering a lecture, author Aldous Huxley shook his head in amazement. "This banning," he said, "seems to me to be extraordinary, absolutely crazy."

Naturally, after the banning both books were in great demand. Said one wholesaler, "I only have a single copy left--and an employe is reading it."

IN ANTICIPATION OF MAN'S JOURNEY INTO OUTER SPACE, Dr. Jack A. Vernon, a 37-year-old psychologist has been experimenting with Princeton graduate students. He puts them in a tiny cubicle which measures 8 feet high, 4 feet wide, and 9 feet long, and leaves them there for as long as four days in a state of "sensory deprivation--that is, almost entirely out of touch with external stimuli." Their tomblike cell consists of only a bed, a portable food-filled icebox, a chemical toilet and air-purifying equipment. The cubicle is completely dark and completely silent. Here are some of the rather curious findings: (1) Several students who had eaten baloney sandwiches in the dark later identified them as chicken-salad. (2) Many students who had planned to do high-powered thinking on thesis problems found that after about 48 hours any sustained thinking "evaporated". (3) One student, suddenly unable to multiply 12×14 , became so upset that he had to quit the experiment. (4) Within 24 hours after release, the memory of the confinement experience had all but disappeared. "They felt," said Dr. Vernon, "as though the four days never existed--that having done nothing there was nothing to remember."

A FEW NOTES ON INSECTS might be appropriate, considering the abundance of material on that subject I have collected. Here, for instance, is an article from Life Magazine which begins with a rather questionable statement. "Through all the centuries of man's existence, insects have buzzed, darted and crawled around him, chewing up his food and houses and clothes, lacerating his skin and infecting him with diseases. Man has fought back with all his resources and ingenuity. He has swatted, sprayed, burned, bombed and gassed. But he has never been able to wipe out even one of the 10,000 varieties of insects that harass him."

To understand just what makes this statement so questionable, it would be necessary to know that most entomologists estimate there to be 10,000 varieties of insects. The writer of this article--Albert Rosenfield--, therefore, is saying in effect that all known varieties of insect harass man. This may seem a rather broad exaggeration to the uninitiated--to the Boy Entomologist is a patently absurd lie. To my mind, there are only three ways an insect can harass man: eating food, clothing or timber which is useful to him; carrying germs which can harm man; and inflicting actual physical pain. True, I know a man who claims to be highly irritated by the buzzing of bees--but he is in an unimportant minority. The fact remains that there are an incredibly large number of insects who not only are of great help to man but (1) do not eat his food, clothes or homes; (2) carry no more germs than his fellow man; and (3) are incapable of inflicting pain. A few examples of this type of insect might be in order.

Perhaps nature's greatest little sanitation worker is the Burying Beetle which keeps so well hidden that a large number of people never realize its existence. When an animal dies in the woods or fields, Burying Beetles dig under the carcass until the animal sinks below ground level and then cover it with dirt. They do this solely for food, but the fact remains that without them every dead animal would fill the woods with a horrible

stench. Soon it would be unbearable. Ah, you say, but what about your three classifications? Well, as I have already mentioned they eat only dead animal carcasses. Furthermore, they can neither bite nor sting enough to harm a man. They do carry germs, of course, but there is an important qualification that still admits them to the group of "harmless insects": the only place they can be found is under the carcasses of dead animals; one is likely to contract germs by picking up the carcass anyway, so it makes no matter.

Let us leave the realm of beetles now and take a look at order Lepidoptera, butterflies and moths. It is true, of course, that most moth larva do infinitely greater damage than good. But there are those which feed on weed and worthless trees, such as the Ailanthus Moth which, as the name implies, feeds on Ailanthus trees. Ailanthus trees do more damage than most moths: in some small towns there is a stiff fine for cultivating one. They are largely worthless and have the decidedly unfriendly habit of killing other nearby trees and plants by absorbing all available nourishment. Another helpful caterpillar is the larva of the Monarch Butterfly, commonly known as the milkweed caterpillar. Milkweed, in case you live outside its natural boundaries, is a worthless and rather unattractive weed which stinks when cut open.

Ants, of course, are ever with us on picnics. I regret to say that I have not been able to think of any purpose they might serve. Dragonflies eat gnats, mosquitos, etc.; the "ladybug" larva eats aphids; stag beetles and related beetles eat termites; much etc.

Without going on with this lecture any further, I think my point is made: all insects are not harmful or bothersome to man. A significant number actually help us considerably.

FROM "ONE TWO THREE ...INFINITY" BY GEORGE GAMOW: "One victim of overwhelming numbers was King Shirham of India, who, according to an old legend, wanted to reward his grand vizier Sissa Ben Dahir for inventing and presenting to him the game of chess. The desires of the clever vizier seemed very modest. 'Majesty,' he said kneeling in front of the king, 'give me a grain of wheat to put on the first square of this chessboard, and two grains to put on the second square, and four grains to put on the third, and eight grains to put on the fourth. And so, oh King, doubling the number for each succeeding square, give me enough grains to cover all 64 squares of the board.'

"'You do not ask for much,' oh my faithful servant," exclaimed the king, silently enjoying the thought that this liberal proposal of a gift to the inventor of the miraculous game would not cost him much of his treasure. 'Your wish will certainly be granted.' And he ordered a bag of wheat to be brought to the throne.

"But when the counting began, with 1 grain for the first square, 2 for the second, 4 for the third and so forth, the bag was emptied before the twentieth square was accounted for. More bags of wheat were brought before the king but the number of grains needed for each succeeding square increased so rapidly that it soon became clear that with all the crop of India the king could not fulfill his promise to Sissa Ben. To do so would have required 18,446,744,073,709,551,615 grains!

"Thus King Shirham found himself deep in debt to his vizier and had either to face the incessant flow of the latter's demands, or to cut his head off. We suspect he chose the latter."

"MECHANIZATION AND AUTOMATION," says the Post Office Department, "offers the only real hope for improvement in the U.S. mail service." I bring this up to relate one incident in my long and valiant fight against the Post Office. Kipple #3 was mailed out on the tenth of July; 300 miles away, in Cambridge, Jean & Andy Young moved on the 25th of July. And their copy of Kipple did not arrive in Cambridge until after the 25th. Further comments to show my astonishment are not deemed necessary...

JUVENILE DELINQUENCY IS ON THE UPSWING DEPARTMENT: William C. Kvaraceus of Boston University claims that "If present trends continue, it is likely that perhaps one boy in five will show a delinquency record by the time he reaches draft age." This prediction was based on chilling statistics: A 70% increase in juvenile court cases between 1948 and 1955--a rate four times greater than the child population growth during the same period--and a current figure of about 600,000 cases.

Of interest is one of the reasons--according to Dr. Kvaraceus--for this increase: "the growing 'bigness' of schools, which aggravates a potential delinquent's rebellion--stirred picture of himself as a nothing, or less than nothing." This is the first time I recall such a reason being suggested for the increase of delinquency among juveniles, and I must say it's a good one. As George Spencer said a couple issues ago, whereas Japanese students rebel by staging demonstrations, American students smoke and fornicate. I wonder, though, how many dozens of reasons would seem, at a casual glance, to be THE answer?

--Ted Pauls

+ + "Any government that is big enough to give you everything you want
+ + is big enough to take everything you've got." --Anonymous

+ + "The worst-tempered people I've ever met were those who knew they
+ + were wrong." --Wilson Mizner

+ + "I write every paragraph four times: once to get my meaning down,
+ + once to put in everything I left out, once to take out everything
that seems unnecessary, and once to make the whole thing sound as if I
had only just thought of it." --Margery Allingham

+ + "Perhaps nobody has changed the course of history as much as the
+ + historians." --Franklin P. Jones

+ + "There is only a slight difference between keeping your chin up
+ + and sticking your neck out, but it's worth knowing." --Anonymous

+ + "Never sell America short. In what other country can a boy start
+ + with nothing and wind up with enough after taxes to give him a
fresh start?" --Fletcher Knebel

+ + "The genius of American industry is in building things to last
+ + twenty years and making them obsolete in two." --Anonymous

+ + "The Egyptians utilized 20% of their national potential for 20
+ + years to build the great pyramid. If we applied the same percentage
of national effort for the same time, we could put the pyramids into
orbit. I want to go on record that I am not advocating it." --Dr. Fred
Whipple

MEANING OF EVOLUTION, THE: As I said last issue in mentioning Ashley Montagu's "Man: His First Million Years", I cannot recommend a book like this to everyone. I don't think I would recommend this one even to an anthropologist; it has been cut down from original volumes nearly three times its size, and not everything is covered as well as it should be. ((Mentor Book; 50¢; recommended with reservations.))

NEW ADVENTURES OF ELLERY QUEEN, THE: Nine excellent mystery stories, including one short novel, "The Lamp of God". ((Pocket Books; 35¢; recommended.))

ONE TWO THREE ...INFINITY: George Gamow's "Facts and Speculations of Science" is a rather hefty volume (314 pages), with chapters on, among other things, "Big Numbers" and "Heredity and Genes". This illustrated volume concerns all fields of science, and Gamow handles them with both interest and wit. ((Mentor Book; 50¢; highly recommended.))

ON THE BEACH: I don't quite know what to say about this. I didn't like it: perhaps because it seems to be written too much for the Average Man; or perhaps because it's the first Shute I've read. ((Signet Book; 50¢; not recommended.))

OPUS 21: This, on the other hand, struck me as the most fabulous thing I've ever read. Philip Wylie is a genius, in my opinion, albeit a rather egotistical one. To parrot the blurb, "Superlative Wylie!" ((Giant Cardinal Edition; 50¢; very highly recommended.))

OUR TROUBLED YOUTH: Frederick Mayer, the author of this book and Professor of Humanities at the University of Redlands, combines some rather oddly fuggheaded political views with some sound views on juvenile delinquency. I think a lot less chatter and a lot more documented evidence would have made quite an improvement. ((Bantam Book; 35¢; recommended with reservations.))

PORTRAIT IN BLACK: Frankly, I wasn't able to finish this book. Author Richard Vincent bored me stiff within five pages. Perhaps I shall try again; but I doubt it. ((Bantam Book; 35¢; not recommended.))

PSYCHO: A really superlative story. After having read the book, I look forward to seeing the picture. I just hope and pray the movie version isn't too Hollywoodized. ((Crest Book; 35¢; highly recommended.))

--Ted Pauls

+ + "The poor earnest American spends his day importuned to keep to
+ + the right, to curb his dog, move to the rear, watch where he is
going, dim his lights, throw trash here, not smoke there, fasten his
seat belt, face the front, not stand in this place or park in that; he
is asked to remember the blind, the helpless and Pearl Harbor. He is
tempted with fattening foods and warned to watch his weight; he is
urged to think this and told not to think that; he is solicitously in-
vited to go into debt to pay for a car, a TV set or a vacation--and
urged to be thrifty. He is asked to consider the Jews, reminded of
Arab refugees, cautioned to be kind to minorities. And he is also asked
why he doesn't relax!" --Thomas Griffith

+ + "Some people refuse to come up to the front of a church unless es-
+ + corted by pallbearers." --Anonymous

SQUIBLET'S OF A NEO-SALINGER

With apologies to
George Spencer

BY TED PAULS

Y'know what? I had a birthday party yesterday. Fourteen years old an' my parents still have a party, f'crissake. And who gets invited? Do they invite my friends? Nah. A bunch of aunts an' uncles that I don't see but once a year. I gotta stand there while all these bags line up an' kiss me. Jeezus. Then my father says "Open your presents, Bobby." Bobby yet! For 364 days a year he calls me Bob or Robert, then alluvasudden just because all these stupid relatives are here he has to call me 'Bobby'. I mean, you'd think he'd know better. You know? But I gotta stand there in the middle of this crowd of stupid relatives opening presents an' I gotta smile an' say thank you an' all that for things I never wanted in the first place. Shirts that wouldn't fit my kid brother Charlie an' I gotta smile an' act nice an' thank 'em and Jeezus if I ever wore those things I'd look like Lord Funkleroy or whatever his name is. An' then I gotta sit there lookin' at them aunts an' uncles all day waitin' for dinner so I can sit an' look at 'em some more. I hate birthday parties. I really do.

My history teacher's a real nut. I mean, I think there's somethin' funny about him. You know what I mean? When he don't think nobody's lookin' he fools around with his pointer. You ever see Gene Woodling dryin' his hat between his legs? Well, that's what this nutty teacher does with his pointer when he don't think nobody's lookin'. An' he always walks around with his hand stuffed way down in his pocket. One day he asked me to stay after the rest of the class left an' he started talkin' about sex an' all that. Jeezus, I got outa that room as fast as I could. I mean, he's a real nut.

When I was a young kid, I useta wish for a baby brother. You know how it is. I mean, all kids wish for a baby brother. So one day my mother got on the ball and pretty soon I got a baby brother. All this wishin' just so's I could have help cleanin' my room an' all an' guess what happens? You think he helps me? Nah. I mean, you'd think Charles (that's my baby brother only he ain't a baby no more) you'd think he would have to help out around the house. Only he don't. Instead, I gotta help him. I go to school thirty or fourty hours a day then I gotta come home and take Charles to a movie or somethin' or stay home with him while my parents go out. One day I was in the movies with a girl an' Charles an' he kept botherin' us so we started to ignore him. I mean, I know you shouldn't ignore people but christ! Every two seconds he'd want me to go buy him candy or popcorn an' I'd hafta miss half the movie to buy him somethin' to eat. So during this real mushy scene me an' this girl was kissin'. Not kissin' much, I mean, just kissin' an' Charles starts tuggin' on my arm an' I ignored him. Alluvasudden I smelled somethin' horrible and whaddaya think? Charles puked, he puked right there in the third row with all the people sittin' lookin' at the movie. I was so embarressed I didn't even move. This girl I was with sniffed a little an' looked at me an' got up an' walked out an' I didn't even try to stop her. I mean, I just wanted to die right there in the seat. What good are brothers, anyway? I hate 'em.

--Ted Pauls

*Ed Blockney
said English
had T-V for
years but*

THE SCREENWRITER'S GUIDE:—

SCIENCE FICTION BY CECIL B. DE PONG

All scientists are mad, or at least insane. They possess one beautiful, young female relative; and are engaged in secret research. This research is illegal. Their vast ignorance of the field in which they specialize causes the illegal research to produce a monster. Monsters dote on beautiful, young female relatives.

All rocketships are cigar- or bullet-shaped. They sometimes possess fins which miraculously disappear once they are space-borne. These vessels are propelled by pushing a button which causes fire and smoke to bellow from the tubes. These vessels are halted by pushing a button which causes fire and smoke to bellow from the tubes. These vessels are steered by pushing a button which causes fire and smoke to bellow from the tubes. Rocketships seldom if ever coast; they travel the entire distance to their planetary destination with bellowing tubes.

All rocketships carry stowaways who are not discovered until the vessel is in space. These stowaways are weightless, therefore no concern need be felt for the loss of precious fuel caused by lifting their bulk into space. Stowaways do not eat nor drink water, therefore their presence does not upset the predetermined rationing of stores. Stowaways do not need acceleration couches, oxygen equipment, or other paraphernalia from the property master; they may conceal themselves anywhere in the ship.

All vessels in space are subject to natural hazards called meteorites, shooting stars and comets. These objects, each about the size of a basketball, travel in trains of five or six, one behind the other. They rush through the vacuum toward the vessel in an awesome manner, emitting fire and thunder. As they near the vessel, either they (a) swerve suddenly to avoid collision, or (b) strike the hull a glancing blow which disables the steering apparatus. In the event of the latter, injury is discovered only when the pilot pushes the proper button for turning or landing. The ship will then crash on the planet which happens to be below it.

If this planet happens to be the moon, the intrepid voyagers will be captured by (a) fierce moon men, or (b) fierce moon maidens who have not seen men for two thousand years. The inhabitants of the moon know and speak English, from having listened to our radio and television programs. These inhabitants are brawling savages who are envious of Earth and its higher standards of living; it is immediately obvious that they have been listening to the wrong programs. These brawling savages plan to repair the damaged vessel, return to Earth and take over Washington.

But if the nearest planet happens to be Mars, the intrepid voyagers will be captured by (a) fierce Martian men, or (b) fierce Martian maidens who have not seen men for two thousand years. These inhabitants of Mars know and speak English, from having listened to radio and television programs. These inhabitants are brawling savages who are envious of Earth and its higher standards of living. They plan to repair the damaged vessel, return to Earth and take over Washington. (London is an acceptable substitute if the pic-

ture will be released in the international market.)

All stowaways are in sympathy with this evil plot and join forces with the savages; in return, they are offered a principality in Manhattan or Hollywood as a reward. Only heroes, aided by comic relief, are sufficiently intelligent to thwart such nefarious schemes. (The beautiful queen of the planet may be taken back to Earth, if there are no other personable females aboard ship.)

All rocketships returning to Earth carry a monster, or an egg which will hatch into a monster. Inasmuch as local authorities are helpless in such matters, the Army must be employed to destroy the alien. All monsters, when being hunted down, seek sewers, tunnels and subways as places of refuge. When denied these caves, monsters will invariably seek roller coasters in amusement parks.

Human characters must never be permitted to dispatch monsters with unquestioned finality. The closing scene must hint at a sequel.

--Rob Tucker

+ + "Nowadays, to say 'impossible' always puts you on the losing side"
+ + --Dr. Wernher von Braun

+ + "India is famous for its belly dancers. In fact, they are very
+ + proud of their belly dancers, and the competition is very keen. I remember during a price war among the night clubs of Calcutta, one club had a big neon sign out in front: 'Biggest Belly in Town--Five Cents.'

"There are many types of bellies, Indian belly-dance experts tell me. There's the long belly, the short belly, the round belly, the bias belly and the Rajaput or the belly with the fringe on top. The most famous of all the belly dancers in India is Sally Nagpur, but due to an unfortunate accident she is now retired."

+ + "Doing nothing is better than being busy doing nothing." --Lao-tse
+ +

+ + "A little learning is not a dangerous thing to one who does not
+ + mistake it for a great deal." --William Allen White

+ + "I am the man who wanted, from childhood's earliest dreams, to know
+ + what men would think in the future. And now that I believe I know I find that--save for individuals--present men cannot even reach for such ideas and concepts. Could they, the better world would be at hand and not a mere ignorant wish. It is a simple irony--an operation of the very law I learned--the law that I imagine all men will finally discover. And, while it supplies me with hope for my species, it condemns me to general incomprehensibility." --Philip Wylie

+ + "The best argument is that which seems merely an explanation."
+ + --Dale Carnegie

+ + "Science is immeasurably ahead of nature. For example, in the modern household the children are about the only things left that still have to be washed by hand." --Bill Vaughan

a song of sixpence...

WALTER DREEN Neanderthal man is not extinct. Really. I have known
311 E. 72 ST. several perfectly classical examples. One is a girl
NEW YORK 21, N.Y. student at MIT--fairly goodlooking at that, though
the heavy jaw and brow-ridges are a little disturbing at first sight--and the other is a huge but extremely gentle, soft-spoken man well known to coin fandom in Florida. Without having to become a convert to the Ashley Montagu line, one can still adhere to the notion, as I do, that there was considerable interbreeding between Neanderthal and Cro-Magnon man and probably several other contiguous races during (and after) the last glacial period.

I would fain point out to you and Ashley Montagu, though, that as it stands the statement "brain size has little to do with intelligence in Homo Sapiens" is misleading. Brain size is not measurable with any accuracy by taking skull casts. You don't know, for instance, how much volume the ventricles (hollow regions filled with cerebrospinal fluid) occupy; and even if you could compute it, you would still know nothing about surface area of the brain, which varies with how extensive are its convolutions (gyri and sulci as Eney would quickly tell you). And it is known that in the evolutionary sequence from the australopithecines or fire-using apes up to the H. Sapiens Neanderthalensis, H. sapiens sapiens, etc., increases did occur in total brain volume, in complexity and extent of convolutions and therefore surface area, and presumably in capacity for symbolic behavior, tool-making, etc.

Anything Ashley Montagu says, though, is likely to be unreliable (save when he is quoting from more reliable authorities), because he has several terrific, overwhelming biases. He is hung up on the "Natural Superiority of Women" notion, and about race--in leaning over backwards to prove that he is as anti-fascist, anti-KKK, etc., as they come, he pulls off some particularly ludicrous boners. I do not know any anthropologists who take him seriously on either question, any more than sociologists take Sorokin seriously when that old fogey starts ranting about sex.

BOB LICHTMAN Thanks for the follow-up on the short-shorts
6137 S. CROFT AVE. scuffle in the Baltimore city council. In the
LOS ANGELES 56, CALIF. interests of fandom, I have been doing some
pointed research into this matter of shorts myself and my independant testing labratory has come to the conclusion that they are in the way of progress and will have to go.

I think you were a bit too hard on Lynn Hickman and his fanzine. Albeit JD-A is no masterwork of excellent tooled layout, but this must of necessity be sacrificed in Lynn's position. He puts the issues out between his job, his mundac, and other distractions. (As I pointed out in the body of the review, leaving out the fanzine review column, which really added nothing to the issue, would have given him enough extra time to concentrate on the appearance of the rest of the issue.) And besides, so long as the material presented is easily readable and mostly worth reading, why complain about layout? I could as easily complain that you shouldn't have started your departments in Kipple one after another.

See his 4/5/76

er in the middle of pages. (This was an experiment which didn't work out too well. As you will have noticed, this issue reverts to the more sensible layout of #1.)

I'm afraid that Redd Boggs made an inadvertent fugghead of you momentarily because of your comments on Retrograde's schedule. As you know, it is appearing monthly now. Number 3 followed number 2 by one month, and the latest word from Redd is that number 4 will be on its way very shortly; it has already been stenciled. This bodes well, I hope, for another issue of Skyhook sometime this year. (I would especially like another issue of Skyhook to appear sometime in the near future, since I have never seen one.) I'd be satisfied with monthly Retrogrades, though. You people who publish frequently and in small quantities have the best deal, so far as I'm concerned; it isn't difficult to read, comment and keep up with your publication.

LES NIRENBERG
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In a way I'm a bit sorry for saying that all zines deserve at least a half-page of review, because I've received several in the last week which I feel don't even warrant a "noted" after the title. So I think I should revise what I said in some way. In the case of regular fanzine reviews in a regularly published fanzine, comments should be at least one-half page long. If no comments are inspired by a given fanzine, is it not better to skip it rather than to write one or two lines of weak editorializing? (I quite agree.)

GEORGE SPENCER

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Thanks for another issue of Kipple. Thanks, too, for commenting on "The Rumble." I didn't see a copy, which makes commenting on the incident a bit difficult, but for what it's worth, here's my reaction. I agree with you that leaving the scene was probably wise, especially when women and children might have been injured in the fight. I disagree with your view that they "wronged themselves morally by giving into the hoods," or that they thereby "encouraged hoodlumism." As you the moral question, the difference in our views may lie in a difference of values. To think that it is morally wrong to back down from a fight which will only end in your getting your teeth knocked out is to have a rather distorted sense of honor. And surely such an outcome, which would give the toughs something to brag about, would be far more encouraging to "hoodlumism" than the rather questionable victory of having run out a group of peaceful picnicians. (I agree that it is not morally wrong to back down from a fight which you will certainly lose. In fact, I think you will find I said just that if you re-read the original note: "Obviously, this ((physical considerations)) far outweighs the puny points ((moral considerations)) in favor of fighting; how much better to back down...than lose your life!" The points I was quoting (numbered) were that of a writer in "The Rumble", not of myself, and the "this writer" referred to was the writer in that magazine, not me.)

Agreed, Sammy Davis's comment about polka-dot children was unwise. I think that the Davis-Pritt engagement is also particularly unfortunate in that the negro involved is (to my mind, at any rate) physically unattractive. I think this may be why the Davis-Britt engagement has caused much more controversy than the marriage of Eartha Kitt (is she married yet?) to a white husband. Per-

sonally, I think that white-negro matches, particularly between prominent personalities, while not inherently wrong, are extremely unwise because of social ostracism which would be inflicted upon the children.

In your reply to my letter, you bring up the question of smoking in general (I was just talking about teenagers), so perhaps I can help out a bit on that too. I'm not much of a smoker. I used to smoke, but I levelled off, and haven't taken a smoke now in a year or two. For about a year, I smoked rather heavily, and it so happens that that was the year in which I was actively engaged in being something of a college social fireball. I think that there's a great deal to be said for the notion that smoking is a social response--not entirely, of course, but largely. First, of course, there is the social pressure and the desire on the part of the non-smoker to conform, to belong. But the factor which proved to be the most important in my case was the desire to DO something while I talked. People just don't know what to do with their hands when they're at social get-togethers. If they're not holding a cigarette, they take refuge in holding a cocktail glass and munching on hors d'oeuvres.

I must agree whole-heartedly with your analysis of (the second of your three groups) the "rebels who conform to non-conformism." I seem to recall having brought up that very phrase in connection with the Beats, though it is applicable to both groups. (Perhaps the word is applicable to the self-proclaimed Beatniks, but it hardly describes the genuine Beat.) I'm not so sure, though, that it is from these rock & roll parties "that the germs of delinquency spring". That analysis over-simplifies the problem, and may even take a symptom of the disease for the causative agent.

WALTER BREEN. Kipple #3 is the best one yet, but it looks as though
311 E. 72 ST. you are starting to follow the same path as Bill
NEW YORK 21, N.Y. Donaho--thish shows every sign of turning from an
indivvidzine alpha into a genzine. All you need now
to make it a full-fledged genzine will be another column or two and
some more Harry Warner articles. And if subsequent issues continue to
improve, Kipple will make an appearance in the Fanac poll.

That "Serious Constructive Type Postscript" on the last page of The Rumble was by Dick Lupoff. I can tell you right now that the letters have been coming in and so far they are about 2 to 1 in favor of our position; but what you published is more sensible than most of the comments we have received so far (except those from F. M. Busby), since it is based on practical knowledge of gang behavior. We weren't so much trying to convince ourselves that we were right in diving in to the hoodlums as trying to stir up a bit of controversy. What amazes us is that even one-third of the replies have insisted that "we should have fought for our rights and damn the consequences, cowards aren't worth talking to, we were letting our imaginations run away with us--if the hoods were really going to have a rumble they wouldn't have acted that way, the Futurians didn't include even one man but instead a lot of sissies" etc., etc. Some of the replies will be printed and commented on in the firstish of a forthcoming Lupoffzine.

Bill Conner: The "going-steady" pattern is less evident in the biggest cities than apparently in Chillicothe. But if you're going to oppose going-steady to promiscuity, let's at least define our terms. Most people think promiscuity means simply having many girlfriends. It seems more sensible to me to

define promiscuity simply as not caring with whom one is making out. A promiscuous person then would go from girl to girl (professional or otherwise) the way some people turn the dial on their TV sets. On the other hand, a person can play the field without being promiscuous in that sense; he is then looking for someone he can really relate to. Or perhaps (as was true in Greece and, oddly, among the polygamous Mormons) he is genuinely capable of relating to several girls at once, without experiencing any conflict among the various affairs. This pattern is almost unintelligible to some people, so strong is the monogamy tradition in Christendom, but I know from personal experience that it can be genuine and highly satisfying--and even, so help me, free of jealousy on the girls' part.

George Spencer: Good insight about why people start smoking. One frequent rationalization you hear is that it "tastes good", but that can be quickly demolished with a few questions--then the admission will come out that the kid smokes "because everybody does it" or "because it's manly". Once a person has grown up, though, he is likely to forget why he started smoking (if he ever really knew) and keep it up because it is physically unpleasant (and somewhat oddball) to break it off. Nicotine is known to be genuinely addictive (something one cannot say about either marijuana or peyote) and the difficulties most smokers encounter in giving up smoking are mild withdrawal symptoms--which get progressively worse for the first three or four days of withdrawal, then taper off.

I don't believe that fornication among your University of Md. fellow students is simply a matter of rebellion, though doubtless among some younger ones it starts that way. After all, sex is THE primordial biological Kick, and with the dying out of devout religious belief at the bigger colleges, students probably see no reason not to take advantage of the opportunity to enjoy what their elders are doing anyway. (Of course, another reason is exactly the same as one of the ones I outlined for liking popular music in my article last issue: conformism. The boy who controls himself (poor phraseology there) is likely to be laughed at by others who have not, not unlike the James T. Farrell character who was faced with the problem of either admitting his virginity or having intercourse with a girl in front of the gang.)

CARL BRANDON You may be interested to know that 20th Century Fox 213 ERGO AVE. studio has fired Mai Britt. (I hadn't seen any notice TRENTON 5, N.J. in the paper; thanks for telling me.) A spokesman for the studio added that the decision had nothing to do with her engagement to Sammy Davis Jr., and that it was no secret that her picture, "The Blue Angel", was a flop. Odd, though, that this should just now be discovered--certainly an unsuccessful picture can be recognized as such earlier than nearly two years after being released.

I think you were a little too lenient with Mike Gates, though I appreciate your desire not to give the impression that Kipple has very thin skin. Gates seems a potentially good writer, but presently a bit too preoccupied with harking back to the days of yore. As you pointed out, he thought Kipple was a general circulation fanzine--an easy mistake since magazines like Kipple and Retrograde didn't exist when he was in fandom.

You know, nothing strikes me quite so terrible as an old fan coming back into the fold with the impression that fandom owed him a living. I've noticed an influx of old fans lately, a-

mong them, of course, Dick Bergeron, who certainly does not belong in the above-mentioned category. But the majority--Hal Shapiro, Mike Gates--are largely member to this group. Especially Shapiro. Upon reading his short excerpt in Kipple #2 and his fanzine review column in WRR, I seriously wonder if there is anything he is in favor of, except himself.

BILL DONAHO

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I think you have thoroughly mixed up several things: rock 'n' roll, sex clubs, juvenile delinquency, and the decline of standards in general.

Granted, they all bear some relationship to each other, but they aren't as thoroughly intertwined as all that. First rock 'n' roll: While I certainly don't listen to it, it's not as bad as all that. In fact I would say that it is considerably better than the popular music of the forties. Professional musicians have told me that it is far easier for kids to dig rock 'n' roll and then to go on to jazz or to folk music than it was in the past. Rock 'n' roll at least has a beat, however monotonous. You realize that the things you said about rock 'n' roll were exactly the same sort of thing that was said about jazz in the twenties. (Then I can't say much for the music critics of the twenties. Because, after all, jazz has at least some artistic merit. And you'll notice that I never explicitly damned the music, but rather the vocals. My comments about the moron dragging a stick along a picket fence were in relation to one particular item, not to r&r in general--most of the instrumental sections, with a few notable exceptions, do have musical merit. Some of them approach the borderline of jazz, too. You may argue that the jazz singing of the twenties was none too good. Certainly, a lot of it--Satchmo in particular--was poor. But here's the catch: Satchmo is not billed as a vocalist; the singing is a little extra thrown in for the benefit of the connoisseur. Whereas, Bobby Darin (murderer of Way Down Yonder in NO, Mack the Knife) is billed as a singer, and he can't sing any better than Armstrong--perhaps worse.)

As for the party you describe... why in hell didn't you join in the fun, you idiot???! Certainly a life of complete sexual promiscuity is sick as well as boring, but as some psychologist or other said, "Anyone who doesn't indulge in a little promiscuity now and then is a coward." (Pardon me for breaking in here, but I think I might mention something not contained in the article because I thought it irrelevant: the reason I didn't "join in the fun" is because I had had my "fun" a few hours earlier; too much of this sort of thing is as bad as none. Okay, back to your letter:)) Also of course teenagers who are trying out a new and wonderful experience are going to want more different partners than they will after they get a little experience under their belt. Sure, sex is better with some girl you know and like, but this "Sex is only a love kick" bit is another thing we owe the puritans, damn their souls. Incidentally, I thought you had to have a date to attend such affairs? (Not necessarily; groups of boys wander in at different times during the night and it isn't necessary to have a girl with you. Ditto for groups of girls. As I hoped I had succeeded in pointing out in the original article, these get-togethers (an amazingly literal phrase) aren't the kind of parties one may be used to attending. I doubt if even 50% of the attendees were invited, much less paired.))

You exaggerate tremendously when you compare these sex clubs to a religious sect, I think. Nor do I think there is too much correlation between

participation in these and mental sickness. There are very sick kids in some of these clubs and there are also very sick clubs, but not necessarily. Most teenage males and a large number of teenage girls jump with joy whenever they get the chance to join one. There are certainly better ways of having sex, but these aren't too bad and they're handy. I also don't think there is any necessary correlation between the petty-theivery and prostitution with sex clubs nor for that matter with r&r. Most teenagers listen to r&r--after all, it's popular--but you exaggerate the effect. I think you also exaggerate the conformism. They haven't heard better music, so they don't think it's bad.

As for the wide subject of juvenile delinquency, I don't think it can be solved as long as adult delinquency is so widespread. The difference between the standards the adults give lip service to and the way they actually live is too glaringly apparent to the kids. What with one thing and another the gap seems to be getting wider all the time. The kids think very logically, "Why should I live by this code? No one else does." So they don't.

VIC RYAN I enjoyed reading both sections of "Quotes & Notes".
2160 SYLVAN RD. As to the first: I admire your logical thinking in
SPRINGFIELD, ILL. regards the number of hoods. This seems quite rational to me, but, in the situation as I imagine it, clear, rational thinking might take a back seat to the desire to do "the right thing". As is, Fate intervened, probably for the better. (If it could have been assured that there were only three hoods, I would have been in favor of killing the bastards for the good of humanity. And when I say "killing", I mean it literally--strangle them to death. This may seem a rather inhuman attitude to take, but if such young punks are allowed to go on living they will probably end up killing someone else and that someone's life will be worth more than their own.)

I'm afraid I know nothing of the Freudian implications of smoking and care somewhat less; it's a habit which I don't have, though I compensate for it in other vices, though I certainly don't knock those who do. I do have a friend, however, who admitted smoking because it made him feel older. I asked if he at least enjoyed smoking, and he replied that it made him ill. Conformity at the expense of comfort is certainly as fuggheaded a notion as I've ever encountered. (I recall a similar incident where a boy who had never smoked before asked me if he might try one of my semi-cigars. I gave him one and he lit it, puffing wildly. As you may have anticipated, he was soon rather sick and I advised him to stop smoking it. No, he answered. I'm meeting a girl in a few minutes and I want her to see me smoking this. I left him then; he doubtless threw up eventually, and I didn't feel like staying to watch the result of his stupidity.)

Also, smoking is a reasonably good outlet for tensions; I drum my fingers at times from nervousness while someone else, under similar conditions, would smoke and others would drink. All in all I would say that you are quite broad-minded (or something) in admitting that perhaps smoking, in your case, stems from a desire to feel older. (This is an understandable psychological reaction since my physical appearance has always been that of a boy three or four years younger.) I hope you will print as many of the replies which you receive from smokers as to the whys and wherefores of their habit; or, for that matter, replies from non-smokers as to why they refrain. I can't deliver an authoritative opinion since I've never given smoking a fair test.

ROB LICHTMAN

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Received Kipple #3 the other day--are you sure you're adhering to a monthly schedule? My copy of this issue arrived only three weeks and a day after the last one. If you're tri-weekly,

why not say so? It's ever so much more impressive. Apparently I procrastinated too long this time in writing you on #2, because not only is my letter not printed but it didn't even end up in your version of the WAHF column. (Evidentially, the third issue reached you only three weeks after #2 because the second issue was late. All Kipples are mailed on the tenth of the month.)

How did you manage to acquire so many lettering guides if you are, as you once claimed, extremely limited in funds for publishing and the like? (With but one exception, all my guides are a year old--and that exception cost me 12¢, courtesy of the local Speed-O-Print dealer, a ghod man. Two of my eight guides were given to me by Dob Pavlat, and another was given to me by a non-fan friend who "borrowed" it from the school newspaper.) Perhaps you do as others in the past have done: bought up old guides from other fans at bargain prices. I would like to do this myself. Will you run this and have the readers consider it as a soft-sell advertisement? (At last word, Ted White was able to get Speed-O-Print guides 20% off.)

Your comments on the incidents described in "The Rumble" are the first comments on that particular one-shot I've seen. I quite agree with you in that they did the smartest thing they could have done by getting the hell out of there. Although the hoods no doubt thought them chicken for doing it, who particularly cares what they think? (It did occur to me, though, that it might be more to the hoods' advantage to brag that they had scared some grown men than to brag that they had beaten them. If this is the case, then Luppoff's theory that by fighting they would have furthered hoodlumism is invalid.)

There is no particular reason that people of two different races shouldn't marry other than society's unfeeling prejudice towards such action. If two people love each other that much, I don't see why people should object, but no matter how enlightened a small part of the public may be, there is always the vast majority who follow the lead of ghod knows who and object to various things because they aren't "moral" or "right" or something like that.

Archer Wainwright IV sound like Larry Stark III to me, at least in general writing style. (You do me a great compliment.) I don't quite agree with him on much of his column, though. For one thing, Psi-Phi isn't an Eighth Fandom fanzine, not so far as I'm concerned. It's just a somewhat irregular generalzine. Nor would I class SpecReview in with the other New Trend zines; its purpose is not particularly to create controversy, though of course it inadvertantly does, but merely to review the current crop of sf.

Your article on and lovely written description of that rock 'n' roll party is by far the best thing you've published in Kipple, and perhaps your other zines, too. When I read it I had all sorts of comments to make, but unfortunately I failed to make notes. I imagine that if I were making this a tape, I could take for half an hour and present examples of the type of ghastly music you mean, but... Evidentially we share the same abhorrence for the mentally sub-par. I know I would just as soon do anything, anything, than have to converse with someone so limited as most of these people who like and really dig rock 'n' roll are. Their conversations are so mundane, so reality-based that it's impossible to get anywhere in an interesting conversational attempt with them. This

is one reason I favor the company of fans and those who would be fans if they knew of the phenomenon.

BILL CONNER
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I must say that I disagree with you in regard to your comments on mixed marriage. Sammy Davis Jr. is, in my humble opinion, a dim-witted fugghead; not, of course, merely because he is going to marry a white woman, but also because he is one of Frank Sinatra's lackeys and his worshipping admirer. Mr. Sinatra is undoubtedly one of the most sick minds in hollywood outside of a laughing academy. Sinatra is a sterling example of "what's wrong with our society." He is an adult delinquent; he refers to his fans as "Clydes," "squares," and "suckers." But no need to make a further indictment against "the voice." You are undoubtedly aware of all of the charming facets of Frankie's personality. As a member of Sinatra's pack of sicknicks, Sammy Davis Jr. is expected to imitate the M*A*S*T*E*R. Now I know from Air Force experience that nearly every fuggheaded negro male would like to get "some of that white stuff." This applied to more than 9 out of 10 of the negro males I came into contact with in the Air Force. (I wonder, tho, what percentage of white males would like to get "some of that black stuff." I know that there are many teenagers (like myself) who prefer exotic girls to home-grown ones any day of the week. And by exotic I mean negro, Chinese, Japanese, Israeli, Mexican, much etc.)

One of the reasons I loath the NAACP is that they seem to back the idea that negroes will always be second-class citizens until they mingle socially with whites. If the day comes that I'm forced to socialize with anybody, black or white, I'll go to some other country where the fires of freedom have not been stamped out! The NAACP is responsible for some of this male negro faunching for sex relations with white women. The whole thing is very repulsive to me. I want my children to look like me, to be of my race; this is sort of an instinctive feeling, I think. I don't see why the negroes are faunching for white women, unless they themselves believe that the negro race is inferior to the white race. I don't think that the white race is superior to any other race, and I don't mind working with people of other races, eating with them in the same resturants, or having their children go to the same schools my children go to. But I do draw the line at social contacts with them on a personal level. (These feelings are, I believe, results of earlier conditioning over which you have little or no control. Bill Donaho, Bob Lichtman, and I have been discussing these same sort of inhibitions via three-way carbon-copy letters. I (and I think they too) feel that while you now have a certain amount of control over your feelings, the early social conditioning of your parents, teachers, etc. is continuing to influence your thinking to some extent. It is hard work (as I know only too well) to destroy the accumulated years of conditioning, but I feel that it is well worth it. The first (and major) step is to begin thinking of negroes and personalities, rather than negroes.) I believe in being friendly and courteous to people of other races, just as with white people. And just as there are many, many white people I would not want to know, or have close social contact with, I would not want to make this contact with people of other races. (You see, here you are setting up different standards for different races. You say there are many white people you would not want to know: I assume your reasons are their personalities and mentality. On the other hand, you would not want to have contact with people of other races. Period. I find this attitude rather incredibly prejudiced for a fan, fans being generally acknowledged as open-minded people.)

What motives Sammy Davis Jr. has for marrying a white woman can, of course, only be guessed at. But I believe that his reasons include the desire to prove that he is able to marry a white woman. And I believe that this motive stems from the negro's frantic desire to be "just the same as a white man." I suppose that negroes, as a whole group, are no more prone to desire to conform than white people. But since this desire to conform is so great, the effect of it upon negroes is causing widespread social unrest. The basic stupidity of all too many humans is proven in the desire of the negro to cross the color line simply because the grass looks greener on the other side. Where civil rights are being denied, I am in complete sympathy with the negroes; they should have the right to vote and they should have the right to equal use of public utilities. But the government cannot, under the present constitution, pass laws to give the negroes all of the "rights" the NAACP would like to see them get. These would not be "rights" at all, but unjust privileges which would infringe upon the rights of white people. It is folly to try to bring about sweeping social changes by enacting laws to this effect. Imagine the difficulty of enforcing an "equal employment law", which applied to all business, not just civil service. The personnel problems would be terrific. Who would decide who is qualified and who isn't? It would be tremendously convenient for negro job-seekers to cry "Predjudice!"

I realize that negroes will, in some respects, be not equal to whites in the social and business world as long as legislation is not passed enforcing these things. But if this legislation were to be passed, 1984 and The Brave New World would be hideously real right here in the USA. I sympathize with the negroes, especially those who wish they had been born white--it's a nasty break. But that's the way things are, and some social conditions cannot be changed overnight merely to cater to a minority if the legislation involved would destroy the freedom of the nation!

I believe in the evolution of society, not revolution. And as a parting thought on this subject, I'll ask you a question: Would you consider marrying a negro girl? (Certainly. I think that I have succeeded in forcing out all of my above-mentioned conditioning, and if a pretty, intelligent girl were to come along that I loved--no matter what color--I would marry her.) Would you mind if your future children did? (Not if they were mentally mature enough to know what they wanted beforehand. I would not enjoy seeing a teenage (read: mentally teenage) son marry a negro girl, simply because he may in time change his mind.) I feel that as long as there are plenty of desirable white women around, I would not consider sex or marriage with a negro girl. (I wonder if you've ever dared wander within range of temptation to test that tritanium constitution?...)

AND I ALSO HEARD FROM: Hal Shapiro, who still does not like Kipple (my editorial, Ted White's column, and the excerpts from Marion Bradley's letter bored him in issue two; I wonder what will bore him this time?). I think that Redd Boggs might be interested in knowing that Hal classes Retrograde, Kipple, and Neolithic in the same category: mediocre. +++ Les Nirenberg says that the trouble with most fannish book reviews is that "they are too often concerned with the intellectual and the highbrow." Since most of my reviews were of novels on juvenile delinquency and science fiction anthologies, I would be most interested in knowing what Les considers "highbrow". He also writes in regard to my article on popular music: "As a candy store

owner I must object strongly to your reference to "candy store churches". My store is not, nor has it at any time been, a place of worship. The fact that I need a haircut has nothing to do with it. This isn't a long white robe I wear but an apron to protect my clothes from peps and root beer stains." Thank you, Les, for the ~~explanation~~ explanation... +++ Craig Cochran seems rather angry with me for writing that article on popular music. It seems he is a rock 'n' roll fan and doesn't appreciate being called stupid. The reason the letter isn't printed is because I think Craig wrote it in a moment of anger and would not enjoy having it dissected in front of an audience. +++ Dick Schultz wrote a four-page letter, mostly on the first two issues.



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