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DAMN HER EYES! DEPARTMENT: The article by G. M. Carr in this issue originally appeared in Dhog, my now-defunct circulation-of-20 chatterzine, and was distinguished by a singularly unimpressive response, which can undoubtedly be blamed on Terry Carr. His "Ostracize GMC Movement" was just coming into being at the time; because of it this article was soundly ignored. I would be understandably annoyed if this were to happen a second time.

What GMCarr has or has not done to this or that fan is unimportant--at least, it has no place in Kipple. This article bears no more relation to her attacks on Willis and Busby than Charlie Chaplin's early comedies do to his personal attitudes, and I feel it should be judged on its own merits. Kipple is a discussion magazine and the actions of any writer outside its pages should have no bearing on whether that writer will be read and commented on.

WHILE ON THAT LINE OF THOUGHT, I might mention that Donald Franson, in a note of comment on issue number four, likes our discussions but not the subjects under discussion. I quote: "I don't like rehashing mundane arguments like integration, rock&roll, ad infinitum, in fanzines to the exclusion of fannishness or sf. Hell, I read fanzines to get away from this stuff. Also, fans can't do anything to settle these eternal squabbles, but they can do something about fandom itself, or sf through criticism of it, that will have some effect." Well, Don, there are already dozens of fanzines which discuss fandom or science fiction, but only a few--Retrograde and Kipple are the important ones--which discuss integration, rock&roll, juvenile sex development, education, et al. It is my considered opinion that fandom needs magazines which discuss other subjects than fandom and science fiction. Sure, science fiction brought us all together and its a wonderful form of relaxation, and hell my library is nearly 40% science fiction. But I can't help but feel that fandom would be terribly dull if everyone made it a point to discuss only fandom or science fiction. (Not to mention the fact that fandom's major controversy of the past few years has passed well beyond the laughing stock stage.)

But I would disagree when you say that Kipple argues these "mundane subjects" to the exclusion of fannishness or sf. It just isn't true. Every issue has had something in it pertaining to either fandom or science fiction. Number one contained a four-page review of Void and 1½ pages of my rebuttle to H.P.Sanderson's Apr 16 editorial; number two contained a two-page article by Ted White and a column by Marion Bradley which discussed the writing styles of various fans and her divisions of fan-friends; number three contained my "Archer Wainwright IV" column, which concerned itself with a possible new trend in fanzine publishing/editing, as well as an article by

THE EDITORIAL

BY TED PAULS

Harry Warner Jr.; number four published Bob Tucker's "The Screenwriter's Guide: Science Fiction" which was originally intended for either Playboy or The Atlantic Monthly; and in number five my own editorial discussed a fan-dream. Certainly no little amount of material on fandom and science fiction for a magazine which you claim ignores both.

R&R SECTION: The following is an excerpt from a letter to Craig Cochran which I wrote in answer to his letter (AIAHF, K5) and is mostly a clarification of my views in regard to popular music.

"I suppose I'd better be more specific as to my objections. First I would like to repeat what I said in Kipple #4: I am by no means criticizing the music, only the vocalizing. Most of the instrumental pieces are worthwhile, and some--such as 'Manhattan Spiritual' if you remember that one, 'Petit Fleau,' or the present hits 'Walk Don't Run' and 'Night Theme'--I consider very good indeed. Indeed, some R&R instrumentals have become my favorite pieces of music, even though I am primarily a New Orleans and Dixieland jazz fan. But aside from the fact that really 'wild' R&R has been known to induce a state of ecstasy which can, when impressed on a potentially unstable mind, lead to immorality, my objection lies to R&R singers. I will even agree that the jazz of the twenties also had this quality of inducing ecstasy--but the participants were not so young as they are today. Fornication is immoral no matter how old the participants are, but I consider it infinitely sadder when boys and girls of thirteen and fourteen years of age engage in illicit sexual relations.

"My second objection, as I said, is to the singers. (...) Now I am not qualified to judge whether or not a person can sing, but nearly everyone has an ability to tell whether or not a singer is on key, and I have seen no evidence that this ability is less than average in my own hearing. And in my opinion too damned much of the R&R singing is really just shouting. It is true, of course, that quite a bit of folk music and some jazz vocalizing is of a like nature--and I don't like this either.

"This is by no means to condemn all R&R singers. Connie Francis, for instance, can sing very well and the fact that I do not care for most of the pieces she sings does not change this basic truth; The Everly Brothers are also good singers, though again I do not care for most of the songs they do. I would like to stress that the singers are not entirely responsible for my dislike of vocal R&R; the song writers are at least as guilty. It is not the fault of these singers that they are made to sing the sickening love songs that are the current rage in 'slow' music; it is conceivably not even the fault of the writers, entirely, since they must write what the public wants."

And so ends that section of the letter. There was more

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KIPPLE

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Published, edited and like sometimes written by Ted Pauls, 1448 Meridene Drive, Baltimore 12, Maryland. Kipple is available for letters of comment, contributions (even on such stupid subjects as sf and fandom...), trades, or, if you absolutely must, 10¢ per issue, 3/25¢. A WOKLpress Publication which seems to be growing every issue. If this keeps up, I'll raise the subscriptions--I don't get any anyway...!

to this letter, but nothing else pertinent to the present discussion.

AS I MENTIONED ABOVE, this issue is rather large, and I would like to explain some of the reasons for this. As some of you may know, Marion Bradley's fanzine review column which appears in this issue was originally supposed to replace my The Chopping Block (unless I had a particularly comment-worthy item). The first mention of this appeared in the third issue, and at that writing I expected Marion's column within a few days. I didn't bother to write a Chopping Block for #4, and so when Marion's column failed to arrive, I had no fanzine reviews in that issue; nor did I write reviews for #5, with the same consequences. When I had finished #5, I wrote and stenciled three pages of fanzine reviews so that there would be some in this issue; shortly thereafter Marion's column arrived, but by that time it was too late to do anything but publish both in this issue. Henceforth, there will be only one fanzine review column in any given issue. I shall do nothing until the 25th of the month. If, by that time, Cryin' In The Sink hasn't arrived, I will write a Chopping Block; should the Bradley column arrive after the 25th, it will not be printed in that issue.

This alone would not have made any great difference in the size of the issue, but when you add to this the fact that The Top Shelf will be twice as long as usual to include a long book review, and that there are two (count 'em) articles in this issue, it begins to look as if this issue will go over the three-cent limit. Furthermore, all the Old Regulars such as Quotes & Notes, the editorial (which I really must find a name for; "Editorial" sounds so formal) and a letter section which could conceivably run ten pages are present this time. It begins to look as if this will exceed not only the three-cent limit but the Limit of Endurance, the Speed Limit, and any other Limits posted by duly sanctioned authorities.

Seriously, it is only fitting that the issue for October should be a large one. After all, this month marks my second year of fan publishing: my first fanzine, an abortive crudzine called Chula, was published in October 1958, and it is with some pride that I announce that I have published over 75 fanzines since then. If I had kept to a single title throughout these years, I would have made this a truly Annish-like affair. Why, with all of the pages in this issue, some material has been squeezed out. I have written a six page article on strength in the insect kingdom, detailing my experiences and experiments during 1957, when I was a Junior Entomologist of Sorts. This, unfortunately, will probably be scrapped, since I don't feel that there are enough fans on my mailing list who are interested in such things to warrant printing it. I also have a two-and-one-half page article by Bill Donaho entitled "The Great Game of Psychology" which tells in detail how to play that game. I am looking for just the right spot to print this in, but if I don't get it into print soon Bill will have forgotten he wrote it. He has nothing on Bob Bloch, however, who wrote an article for me prior to the Detention and still hasn't seen it in print! Also intended for publication soon is an article based on excerpts from a taped discussion of integration, some prose-poetry swiped from a little magazine, and a long article by yours truly on television which I mentioned long ago to Dick Bergeron. (Incidentally, I sent a request accompanied by \$a\$ to the Fan Material Pool a helluva long time ago. Off your butt, Rike!)

Contributions, however, are still solicited. I would like to see Bergeron, Boogs or Breen write something for me, and how about Uffish Thots, Ted?

--Ted Pauls

quotes

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notes

This issue I intend to use some of the shorter items I had selected for this column over the past few months, and to conserve space only sections will be paragraphed. Viz:

EDUCATION DEPARTMENT: Good Ol' Miami (well, whatever is left of it now that Donna has passed through...) seems to be ever in the headlines when it comes to incompetent management of schools. Here is a note from the local paper to the effect that Miami is conducting classes at 7:30 A.M. for subjects which cannot be fitted into the regular curriculum. These subjects include typing, and the point is that to learn one of the few useful things taught in current schools, one must sacrifice one's own time. ++ Another note from the local paper is rather dated, I'm afraid, but it is nevertheless of interest. In June of this year, the valedictorian of the graduating class of the University of Illinois refused to participate in the graduation ceremonies. He claimed that the mass graduation, replete with blaring band and long black robes, reminded him of the dark ages and that it "distorted the meaning of higher education. ++ By far the most sensible proposal for increasing the knowledge of students is year-round classes (not summerschool) operated on a volunteer basis--and I cannot stress too highly that it must be voluntary, not mandatory. Such a system has been tested in Rochester, Minnesota where it is and has been quite a success. The courses are planned primarily for gifted children or retarded children, probably because only extraordinarily intelligent or extraordinarily stupid children are the only ones who would volunteer to attend classes during 'vacation'. The range of the classes containing the gifted children is much broader, of course, since the scope of the studies needn't be governed by the lowest common denominator. I feel that this is one of the best things to happen to our educational system in quite a

while.

SCIENCE SECTION: Good Ol' Newsweek reports in a clipping which I regret not saving that the eyes do not really see color. Edwin H. Land proved in this way that in reality the only color we 'see' is through the brain: "Land took two black-and-white slides of the same scene which differed only in that one had been photographed with a red filter and the other a green one. Then, with a projector with two lenses, Land sent red light through the red-filtered slide--and white through the other. When the images were brought together, the result was not pink, as one might have expected, but a full color picture. These experiments are only the simplest of the ones which Land introduced to indicate that the eye does not see...by responding to the wave lengths of specific colors. All it needs is two 'channels' of information about a scene. Then the eye-brain system puts together the picture we 'see'." ++ Another interesting note, this time about another and far-flung branch of science, comes from Readers Digest. It is under the heading "What One Bird Can Do" in the June 1959 issue, and goes as follows: "A house wren feeds 500 spiders and caterpillars to its young during one summer afternoon. A swallow devours 1000 leafhoppers in 12 hours. A pair of flickers consider 5000 ants a mere snack. A Baltimore oriole consumes 17 hairy caterpillars a minute. A brown thrasher can eat 6180 insects in one day." ++ An article in Family Doctor gives some interesting facts about human glands that might be of interest. Viz: "The thyroid gland in your neck produces no more than a teaspoonful of hormone in a year. But if the teaspoon is only partially filled, a newborn baby can develop into a cretin--a malformed idiot." "The adrenal glands produce only a teaspoonful of hormone in a lifetime. But let their hairline balance be upset and we are prey to a host of crippling and disabling diseases." "Our amazing endocrine glands take some part in virtually everything we do. Lift an eyelid and it was hormones that saw to it that sugar was in the blood to provide muscle power."

MISC. OR JUST FOR KICKS: I have a dictionary on my desk now, made in Germany, which contains 799 pages. It measures one inch wide by one-and-one-half inches long and weighs approximately three ounces. In the last section of this dictionary (printed before WW2) we learn some interesting facts about weights and measures and etc. 16 drams equal 1 ounce, in case you didn't know, and one quarter is equivalent to 25 pounds, except in England where it is 28 pounds. 20 grains equal 1 scruple, and 3 scruples are a drachm, whereas 2 coombs are 1 quarter, 5 quarters 1 wey, and 2 weys 1 last.

Just another public service by the makers of Kipple, the filtered mag.

--Ted Pauls

+ + "Back in 1918 I owned an automobile. One morning I drove it up in front of the Sun building and a cop came up and said, 'Hey, you can't stop here. We got new rules. We got a parking law now.' Well, I looked at him a minute and then I said, 'Nuts to that,' and got in the car and drove it around the corner and sold it. I've never owned a car since." --H. L. Mencken

+ + "A lot of people are probably girding their loins for the Convention, but I'm too old for that. I threw away my girds years ago." --Robert Bloch, in an unpublished manuscript

FANZINE REVIEWS

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THE NEOLITHIC: Ruth Berman, 5620 Edgewater Boulevard, Minneapolis 17, Minnesota; letters of comment sent four times a year (it says--I don't suppose Ruth would mind if you commented five times), trades ("all-of-ours for all-of-yours"), or five cents in postage, also four times a year; 6-10 pages.

For a fan who professes to be a Fanzine Critic, I find it rather unnervingly difficult to review or even to classify this small, frequent publication. It gives the appearance of a crudzine which should be blasted with all the invective at my command, and yet somewhere deep down in my subconscious a small, fairy voice whispers that appearances are deceiving and that The Neolithic is a wonderful magazine. So you see I am rather confused.

The material which has appeared in the three issues I am going to review--number's eight, nine, and ten--supports my first conclusion with very little in the way of an exception. Number eight leads off with a two-page editorial on the old television science fiction--Captain Video, Rocky Jones, ad nauseum--which is very well written and interesting throughout. This is unfortunately followed by a Little Magazine piece of fiction written by one Mike Swifka, who should, I think, look into the benefits of a vocation other than professional writing. Of course, it is as totally pointless as most of this sort of thing, and although I can't politely say anything good about my own "Squiblets of a Neo-Salinger" a few issues ago, they at least had a point, especially the second one which used some innocuous-in-themselves examples to show that the teacher in question was a homosexual. I point this out not totally from conceit or to prove to fandom that I am a literary genius, but to show that I am acquainted with this sort of writing and know therefore why it is supposed to be good--and why this particular example isn't good. This issue ends with a lettercolumn featuring Bruce Pelz at his usual level of high interest and George Karg, who is not a liar but sees things.

The ninth issue has two points in its favor almost immediately: an interlineation by Dick Schultz which is funny and so true to life to this inveterate salted-peanut eater that it hurts, and another interesting and well written editorial by Ruth, this time concerning the blurbs in science fiction magazines. Mike Deckinger also contributes to this issue an article which is quite possibly the best thing he has ever written, although I note that he is still making comments about the suicide of George Reeves which are, at best, in bad taste. (The newspapers also had a field day running blaring headlines on his death, of course, but this is no excuse for fans to do the same.) It is odd the amount of material which has been appearing in fanzines on television,

radio, and comic books, and if I were reviewing fanzines in the Harry Warner manner, I would waste no time in pointing out the articles on these subjects in the last two issues of Retrograde, the now-defunct Nomad, and the sixth issue of Dick Bergeron's Warhoon. Such articles are a Good Thing, for fandom needs some new subjects for discussion and this is one which hasn't been exploited too thoroughly until now.

The letter section of this issue is slightly longer and quite a bit more than slightly better, since with the inclusion of a letter of comment written by Bob Lichtman and a humorous letter by Redd Boggs, this column takes on the tone of a real letter column rather than a group of excerpts from personal letters. As you may have noticed in the fifth issue of Retrograde, Jean Young, Ted White and I observed that Boggs is a humorist; in the letter column of The Neolithic, Boggs definitely proves it. His letter here is worthy of Bloch, Tucker or any other fan-humorist you care to name. George Karg makes a feeble attempt to ruin the letter column, but my enjoyment of it is braced by Boggs ably supported by both Bob Lichtman and Bruce Pelz. The continual dickering in the letter column between George W. Karg and Eleanor E. Arnason is annoying, especially so since both participants seem to be insane to some extent.

The latest and largest issue, number ten, is probably the least interesting of the three. The editorial is still as interesting as ever, but that one-page editorial is just about the only thing in the ten-page magazine that deserves printing. Following the editorial is an abortive "story" by Roger Firestone, evidently another Little Magazine piece. I cannot claim that this piece does not have a point; in fact, a point is about all it does have. If this is, like Swifka's story, an exercise in creative writing, then I must repeat what I said in Kipple #3 about education "floundering obscenely toward the doorway to disaster". Suffice it to say that nothing in The Neolithic has changed my opinion that the only decently written "exercises in creative writing" are found in George Spencer's OMPAzines--I will freely admit that my own attempts at this sort of thing fall far short of being well written.

A John Berry story in this issue suffers because the idea is an uninteresting one, and even the fine writing of Terry cannot salvage it. Last and probably least the letter column is back to its normal self only without the interest of Pelz to save it from sheer boredom.

And there you have it. About fifty percent of the material in The Neolithic is crud that doesn't warrant printing. When you come right down to it, the only real recommendation for this magazine is the editorial and an occasionally interesting letter. Yet, as I said, a little voice continues to whisper its praises into my ear; no matter how much I have criticized it, I keep it in the special stack of fanzines reserved for such as Retrograde, Oopsla, Innuendo, Warhoon, Void, Tesseract and a few others, while fanzines containing much better material are flung uncerimoniously into a ragged stack. The only explanation I can think of for this is that Neolithic, like other magazines through the ages, is not merely a fanzine, not merely some sheets of paper with inked characters on them, but the personality of the editrix. I can feel, now, Terry Carr's dismay as he filed my very own, now-defunct Dhog under "D" in his files and discarded more worthwhile publications. He couldn't fully explain why, nor can I. But I do know that I wish The Neolithic a long and healthy life.

RETROGRADE: Redd Boggs, 2209 Highland Place, NE, Minneapolis 21, Minnesota; letters of comment, trades, but no subscriptions; 12-14 pages.

The sixth and latest issue of Retrograde is also the last of the monthly Retrogrades, according to the editorial. The next issue will appear with a different title on a different schedule--a new issue every six weeks. Although this is certainly an improvement over the schedule of the second issue, which appeared fully nine months after the initial one, it is not what I had hoped. I had fond hopes that once Retrograde was fully established it would assume a tri-weekly schedule, but such is not to be. As most of you may already know, Kipple was patterned after Retrograde--the second issue of Redd's fanzine was directly responsible for ending my annual gafia and Kipple #1 was published with five days of receiving Trog--and I felt and still feel linked with the magazine, closer to it than some that I have published.

As I told Redd in a letter, I feel that his sole given reason for the schedule change is a poor one--that letters of comment can be printed in the following issue, instead of the second issue following. Since I am also the editor of a monthly fanzine which could be expected to face the same problems, I feel qualified to question that reason. Unless there is something terribly wrong with the readers which makes them wait several weeks after receipt of an issue before commenting, most if not all of the letters should arrive in time for inclusion in the following issue. I base this statement on the fact that 90% of my letters arrive well before deadline, and I live on the east coast whereas Redd lives close to the middle of the country. Letters from fans on the west coast, which is my main problem save recalcitrant readers who refuse to comment before a week has elapsed, should therefore arrive in approximately half the time it takes them to get here. And if you'll check last issue's letter column, you will find that Kipple received letters from Ken Hedberg, Don Franson, Len Moffatt and Craig Cochran, all of the fair state of California.

The time Redd has at his disposal is a donkey of another hue, so to speak. Since he works and I don't, he obviously has less time for fan activity than I; however, I think it would be interesting if some budding mathematician were to compile a chart showing the time we both put into fanac considering these points: (1) Boggs is an excellent typist and I pound away with one finger; (2) Boggs uses a Gestetner for duplicating and I use a Tower, which means I spend about two hours to duplicate one sheet. It could also be noted that Kipple is about twice the size of Trog, but Redd justifies his margins and I don't, which should compensate for the difference in size.

About the material in Retrograde, little can be said. This issue begins with an excellent editorial which contains yet another example of Redd Boggs, Humorist, and ends with a longer-than-usual letter column which is extremely well-edited. In between this there is a long recreation of a radio serial by Jim Harmon, about which I can only say that it held my interest and that I was rather amazed that a person could remember so many details for so long. This material is contained in a very neat though conservatively laid out fanzine with impeccable reproduction.

--by Ted Pauls

+ + "Another item says that children lose the ability to imitate
+ + strange sounds at about age ten. I always figured that Rock-and-Rollers were older than that." --Roy Tackett, in Dynatron.

WHAT DO YOU MEAN BY

fantasy?

BY G. M. CARR

"Do I detect a slight note that you don't enjoy fantasy?" a correspondent asked me recently.

"Who, me?" I replied. "I love fantasy--it's my favorite type of literature."

But the question--in addition to surprising me--brought to mind a thought which had not previously occurred to me; ie, "What do you mean by 'fantasy'?"

The type of fantasy that appeals to me most is the kidding humor that was featured in Unknown. The chuckling anecdotes about gnomes and elves and changlings entangled in our modern world; or ordinary people projected suddenly into a fantastic fairyland, or unexpectedly endowed with magic. Next best is the matter-of-fact story which relates its other-worldly adventures without trying to build up any eerie atmosphere. Then the eerie story with atmosphere--the classic ghost story or the so-called "horror story". But the type of "fantasy" that depends for effect upon the elegance of the literary style--ala Edgar Allan Poe, or Lovecraft at his most precious--this I place at the bottom of the pile.

However, I suspect that for some people it is this very type of extravagant description and lush imagery that constitutes "fantasy", rather than the formula of the plot. They tend to regard anything which is exotic in literary style--whether etherically delicate, like some of the tales in Owen Moore's "Porcelain Magician", or heavily embroidered with descriptive detail, like Poe's "Masque of the Red Death"--as fantasy, whether the formula of the plot justifies the category or not. For instance, in my opinion the latter story, "Masque of the Red Death", has very little claim to being classed as fantasy. It describes a masquerade ball--such as may have taken place during the Medieval days when the only defense against contagion was to maintain a strict quarantine--in which one of the maskers has the bad taste to impersonate a corpse. The realism--or perhaps the contaminated garments--so affect the others that they succumb to the plague and die. Actually, the only claim this story has to being fantasy is the extravagance of the language which serves to build up a suspense which is climaxed by the suggestion of the supernatural. It is the quality of the writing rather than the simple plot which makes this a fantasy--if it does.

Because of this tendency to regard as fantasy only the more aggravated cases of purple prose, some very fine fantasies are overlooked as such. For instance, I have never seen any reference that would indicate that Robert Nathan's "But Gently Day..." is fantasy. And although his "Portrait of Jenny" is so flagrantly fantastic in plot that it could not escape being recognized, it is very seldom mentioned by fantasy fans. So with Pinckney's "Great Mischief". But these are delightful fantasies and in spite of the absense of purple prose and florid verbal embroideries, they manage to convey a haunting sense of unearthliness.

In spite of my predilection for plain, unadorned writing in my fantastic literature, so much that I much prefer August Derleth's simple little ghost stories over Lovecraft's el-

dritch horrors, etc., nevertheless there are exceptions. With typical feminine inconsistency in taste, there are some fantasies which I do not enjoy simply because of their stodgy writing.

The original question which started this article came in response to my comment that I was unable to finish reading "The Fellowship of the Ring". This fantasy, which has evoked high praise and much enthusiasm from many quarters of fandom, bored me to the point where I had to give it up. There was just no use to keep on trying to read it, when I found myself reading the same paragraph over and over again... To me, the language seemed stilted, the phraseology awkward, and the pace so slow that it wore me out long before I ever got to the action--if there was any. (There must have been, eventually, to arouse such acute appreciation among other fans, but I suppose I didn't get that far.) No clearcut picture emerged, no character showed itself. To this day I do not recall what was written, except for a dim impression of leaves and hedges and burrows in the ground, and the mental picture of a long table somewhere, spread with a farewell banquet. There was some bother about a Ring, either missing or about to be given away...but the difficulty of trying to wrench some meaning out of the verbal obscurity was greater than the interest thus generated. I gave it up. Possibly someday I might try it again--starting at the middle or in some exciting episode that might give me the impetus to carry me over the dull spots. But so far I have not felt any inclination to pursue the matter.

Another fantasy, much appreciated--apparently--in fandom is Frank Baum's "Wizard of Oz". In spite of the fantastic characters, the sprightly adventures, and the lovely concepts these books contain, I found them very dreary to read. I found a certain heaviness of style which blurred the meaning and left a distinct impression that more was being left out than was being said. (In this regard, it speaks well for the accuracy of the parody that I found this same blurry feeling of something-left-out in Carl Brandon's BNF OF IZ.)

However, it is interesting to note that both these stories concern imaginary characters rather than human beings. It may be that my lack of interest in them is due less to the stodgy character of the writing than to my inability to make a personal identification with anyone in the story. Because, certainly no one could reasonably complain over the poor writing in Lewis Carroll's "Alice in Wonderland" series which, though much appreciated as literature and as fantasies, bored me stiff. Maybe the answer is that the only fantasy I enjoy is the kind that is rooted in reality. For me, "suspension of belief" implies that there is a belief which can be suspended. In other words, I can understand and enjoy a workaday world wherein people suddenly encounter magic, ghosts, or unutterable weirdness...but Hobbits, White Rabbits, or gentlemanly frogs evoke no pleasurable response from me. Elegance of style should, in my opinion, serve merely to enhance the plot. Rich verbal imagery--no matter how excellent--which is written for its own sake rather than to convey the story, is meaningless to me.

That's what I think, but what do YOU mean by fantasy?

--G. M. Carr

+ + "When I first met Ted White, he offered me his hand, a copy of
+ + GAFIA #5, and a plate of beans. I accepted the beans." --Ted
Pauls, from an unpublished manuscript

the top shelf

A BOOK REVIEW

BY TED PAULS

EDITORS NOTE: This review, like G. M. Carr's article, originally appeared in one of my circulation-of-twenty fanzines. Unlike the aforementioned article, however, it has been enlarged and rewritten to a large extent, so that even if you read it before a lot of it will be new. This section of The Top Shelf was supposed to contain a review of J. D. Salinger's "Nine Stories", but for reasons beyond my control this was never written. --Ted Pauls

TEEN-AGE TERROR by Wenzell Brown

In my experience I have found that there are two types of books about juvenile delinquency, and that these types hold true no matter if the book is fact or fiction. The first type is an authoritative psychological textbook. In most cases it will devote a minimum of space to the actual crime or crimes committed and concern itself with the motives behind these crimes. The danger in this type of book is that it can and occasionally does make a martyr of the juvenile delinquent; a poor scared youth fighting his slum environment and crooked police officers, fighting the whole world. Perhaps this sort of thing is fairly close to reality--Larry Bourne would think so--but the stereotype does not hold true in more than, say, 65% of the cases of juvenile delinquency. If this sort of thing is carried too far, the picture of the poor, frightened, mixed-up kid--which replaces the picture, true in many cases, of the cunning, sadistic bastard--clouds the whole problem. The reverse of this is advocated by the second type of book, this one written for the general public. This book will nearly always picture the delinquent as a vicious, sadistic killer, completely disregarding the fact that this is not always true. This Type Two Book, if I may call it that, is also distinguished by several other features: gutter language, handled inexpertly; poor dialogue, which usually shows that the author hasn't been around people long enough to know how they talk; and a generally poor writing style throughout.

Happily, "Teen-Age Terror," irregardless of the sensationalistic title and the cover which depicts two teenage girls beating a third with a belt buckle, contains neither of these poor qualities. Instead, it combines the virtues of both types of book into one which is halfway between. The textbook psychology is not overused, and the central character (who is actually a different person from chapter to chapter) does not annoy the reader with too much soul-searching. On the other hand, this book does not have the usual obsession for describing criminal activities which is the mark of a Type Two Book. This is a point which I had better explain here and now, since when this review originally appeared Harry Warner Jr. was moved to comment that it would be unusual if a book about juvenile delinquency could somehow be written without describing the cri-

minal activities. Harry, and I suppose some others, misread the original statement "obsession for describing criminal activities" to say "describing criminal activities". There is a difference, and a very great one. In short, I am criticizing these Type Two Books not for describing the criminal activities, for they must be described in a book of this nature, but for placing too much emphasis on such activities. As I told Harry at the time, books which chronicle one unlawful activity after another are describing only a part of the total activities of the delinquent. No one can go through several days of living without doing at least one thing which is legal--though this type of book would have the reader believe otherwise--even if it is only passing a bank without trying to rob it. A Type Two Book concerns itself only with the illegal doings of the central character, which is just another way of making such a volume attractive to the average man-on-the-street, who after all comprises a large percentage of the book-buying public.

In "Teen-Age Terror" this sort of thing is minimized. Wenzell Brown realizes that the average juvenile delinquent spends about half of his time doing things which are quite normal for teenagers: shooting the bull with the boys, watching movies and television, going to baseball games, sleeping, eating, ad infinitum. A large portion of this book is taken up with the reasons behind juvenile delinquency, which, as I implied above, may not be as simple as the fact that the teenager in question lives in a slums.

There are, of course, certain concessions to the public. After all, no matter how dedicated an author is to his chosen work, there is always the added compensation of a little money, and to create a work which will bring in money--i.e., which will sell to more than the handful of persons studiously interested in the subject--the writer must attempt to give the public what it wants. In several places in "Teen-Age Terror," the stories are a bit too purple, a bit too filled with description to be anything more than conjecture. Several times Brown uses variations on the Harlan Ellison cliché, "savage, sullen, defiant and contemptuous." In this way, various fictional segments are woven into the fact in such a way as to partially conceal the true nature of the writing to anything less than a careful scrutiny. This is bad, of course, but at least Brown doesn't carry it as far as most of his contemporaries, who manage to make mountains of anthills in this fashion. Another concession to the public is the cover, which I mentioned before. This cannot be blamed on Brown, probably, but it must be mentioned as one of the sadder facets of this otherwise-excellent volume.

This, however, is as far as the concessions go. The obscene language which has so long been identified with this sort of literary work is left out. The passages which deal with the sexual 'obligations' and 'taboos' of the delinquents are handled with amazing maturity, and the accent usually found on such passages does not exist. (I sometimes think that such passages should be clearly headed "SEXSEXSEX" for the benefit of those addled morons who buy the books solely to read these passages. It might save strain on the eyes and mind, in that the more literate passages could be skipped.)

There are three really important assets to this book. First, it does not drag, which is more than can be said for some of its contemporaries, such as Frederick Mayer's "Our Troubled Youth". Secondly, the book is variegated. Throughout the 208 pages, the general tone of the volume remains intact, and yet the stories are told in many different ways. Some take their content almost entirely from newspaper stories, and some from police reports; some are partially or to-

tally quoted from the central character (i.e., the criminal) with only a little background added by the author; one of the stories is told by a social worker; others are combinations of all these. This lends an atmosphere of compiled data rather than mere writing, and of course in comparison with the gathering of that data, the writing itself is a relatively simple thing.

The third asset I mentioned is a really important quote from one of the delinquents, and brings something out for all to see that I don't believe has been published for such a large readership before. Here is what a confirmed drug addict has to say about a solution to that problem: "There are some good books, even a good movie. But you know what? Some of these books and movies are banned. Kids in school aren't told the facts about drugs. Who's to blame for that? And there's one fact nobody will say right out in the open: when you're on the hook, you got no interest in sex. That part of your life is dead. That's one thing the kids are really scared of. Tell them that and they'll leave the junk alone."

This book is highly recommended to anyone interested in juvenile delinquency.

--Ted Pauls

THE TOP SHELF

PART II

ADDITIONS TO A FAN'S LIBRARY

Harry Warner
suggested that

I acquire books from a library so I wouldn't be forced to read crud. As he guessed, though, I have a strange compulsion to own the books I read. For this reason, I would prefer to read crud and have it in my possession than good books which are not mine. This is clear, I trust? Due to lack of space, the acquisitions will be listed here, but not commented on. Perhaps one or several will be reviewed at a later date, though in view of my promise to review "Nine Stories" by J. D. Salinger in this issue, and my failure to do so, don't count on it.

THE DEADLY LADY OF MADAGASCAR: by C. V. Terry; fiction; not recommended.

END OF A STRIPPER: by Robert Dietrich; fiction; passable writing, faulty characterization, and a cliché-ridden plot.

THE FANTASTIC UNIVERSE OMNIBUS: edited by Hans Santesson; fiction; recommended with reservations.

HEREDITY, RACE AND SOCIETY: by L. C. Dunn & Theodosius Dobzhansky; science-fact; recommended.

THE PUSHER: by Ed McPain; fiction; no different than hundreds of other murder mysteries.

REPORT ON FIVE YEARS OF ACTIVITIES: ((Parapsychology Foundation Inc., 29 West 57th St., New York 19, N.Y.)); fact--extra sensory perception, et al; recommended to those interested.

THE REPORT ON UNIDENTIFIED FLYING OBJECTS: Edward Ruppelt; supposedly fact; recommended with reservations.

VOR: James Blish; fiction; most highly recommended.

WALK WITH EVIL: Robert Wilder; fiction; blecchh!

--Ted Pauls

CRYIN' IN THE SINK

Fan-type review columns have probably been the cause of more discussion, controversy and (let's face it) unpleasantness than any other type of fannish endeavor with the exception of pornographic drawings. On the other hand, the fanzine review column, when well handled, can be a focus for the kind of discussion which should be, and seldom is, essential to fandom.

Possibly vying for the top spot in controversy among fanzine review columns, my old Cryin' In The Sink, which ran in various fanzines in the early 1950s, stirred up a virtual hornet's nest of stings and arrows, from outraged and outrageous fanzines. Among its defenders was Harlan Ellison, who always liked a good fight, and Max Keasler, who ran it because at least it stirred up comment; among the people who felt that the very existence of Cryin' In The Sink was a threat to fandom were--but let's forget about them; most of them have quit fandom by now, anyhow. It moved like a hot potato from fanzine to fanzine, picking up a new editor whenever it got too hot to hold. After Dimensions collapsed, however, the next editor in line folded his fanzine before the first issue, and I had just sold a story to F&SF anyhow, so I forgot the whole thing.

Or, let's say, I let it slip out of my mind. Because reviewing fanzines, and discussing them, has long been my major reason for staying in fandom, and if it weren't for the presence of the fanzine as an artform, and the controversies therein, I'd probably find fandom such a saltless hobby that I'd drop out forever.

Before starting up Cryin' In The Sink, series II, on the second go-round, I'd like to restate my ground rules for fanzines. First of all, I'd like to say that fanzine reviews fall into three types. The lowest of these, I think, is the "Give-the-kid-a-dame, he's-trying" type. This, of course, is the Rog Phillips Clubhouse approach, where any neofan, simply by sending a copy of his fanzine, could get kindly egoboo, encouragement and free advertising. Now, this sort of thing has its uses. If a tender young fan's first efforts are derided too loudly, he is going to get pretty soured on the whole thing. But it can't be called an art of reviewing.

The second type of fanzine review is the purely impartial, or Terry Carr/Bob Coulson type. This, I would say, aims at providing pure information about the fanzine in question; it provides names and addresses, gives a detailed listing of the contents, and sometimes a loving and faithful analysis of each item. It may be very brief, or it may be so detailed that each review occupies a whole issue of the magazine, as with Hobgoblin.

The third type is the Sam Merwin type of fanzine review, which aims at making the review column itself interesting reading, and regards the fanzines themselves as just so much grist for the columnist's mill. Of the three, this is doubtless the most fun for the reader, and for the reviewer, but it has its dangers. The reviewer may become so enamored with his own cleverness that he will sacrifice the fanzine, ruthlessly, for the glory of a witty remark at the editor's expense. If read with a grain of salt, this type of review is fun to read, and it can also

be useful. (This is also the type of book criticism one expects from a damon knight, where the reviewer is more impressed with displaying his fine qualities as a critic than he is with displaying the qualities, fine or otherwise, of the book being reviewed. It usually leaves the readership feeling that the reviewer has simply shown how very, very much better he is as a critic than the various authors involved are as authors.)

However, to make use of this sort of review column, one must read with full knowledge of the critic, and must also be able, at times, to say; "If Joe Blow thinks this book is lousy, then it ought to be the kind of thing I'm mad about--" and rush right out and buy it.

This sort of review, in short, is aimed as being read as a review --for itself, rather than for information about the various items discussed, or cussed.

Which kind of column is Cryin' In The Sink?

All, and neither. Ideally, the perfect review column (and naturally I expect Cryin' to be the perfect column, or else I'd be satisfied with reading the various imperfect ones around fandom) would contain full and complete information about all the fanzines extant; it would encourage the neofans who were just getting started; it would deliver a judicious medium of praise where needed or deserved, gently discourage the hopeless incompetents, and slap down the smarty-pants fans; and it would also discuss the contributions of the various writers. Also, and incidentally, it would be so fascinating to read that the readers would put down the fanzines themselves to read their reviews. (Not to mention that--alas--to embody all these perfections, it would run about 15 pages per each, it would appear at least bi-weekly, and the writer would have to be a combination of the wit of Burbee, the critical judgment of Jim Blish, the tact of Harry Warner and the saintly patience of Dan McPhail!)

Since it is impossible for one reviewer to meet all these specifications, or to please everybody, Cryin' In The Sink will aim at pleasing two people: Ted Pauls, the editor of this sterling publication, and myself. I expect that at times this column will annoy more people than it pleases. I can only hope that there will be times when it pleases more people than it annoys.

The actual rules are simple. Any fanzine sent to me, from this day forward, becomes fair game for being bawled over in the reviewing sink. And incidentally, if anyone has copies of the old Cryin' In The Sink columns, I'd like to borrow them. I lost all my old fanstuff during one of our moves (carefully taking the trash to our new house and burning up all my old fanzine articles and poetry, and two booklength manuscripts), and I'd like to know what all the shouting was about, back then.

+++

The current fanzine scene seems fatter than it was seven years ago. Neofans put out larger zines, published better, on better paper, more expensive duplicating equipment, and with a little more forethought. The ravages of gafia have treated the fannish giants gently. Lee Hoffman is hibernating in Fapa, the Share sisters are married or in Saps, Harlan Ellison is making a fortune writing rough-and-tough books, and Bob Bloch is reaping the much deserved rewards of notoriety in Hollywood. The Fancyclopedia, and such special jobs as Meretricious and Fanzine For Bjohn, prove that fandom can still rise to Occasions; and the new faces, as always, are as good as the old. John Berry has re-

placed Walt Willis as the one Irish wit without whom fandom cannot survive. And--for which let us raise loud hoasannas--I haven't seen a hectographed fanzine in five years!

FOUR STAR FANZINES

INNUENDO #10; Terry Carr, 1906 Grove Street, Berkeley 4, California.

Yes, this is dated; dated December 1959, as it happens, and this review is being written in September of 1960. But over this last year it has remained in my desk, as one of the fanzines I could not bear to throw away; and listing it at the top of the four-star fanzine list may give readers some idea of my criteria. Since I assume that most fans have seen this Innish, I shall not discuss it at length here; I'll simply say, first, that this fanzine embodies legible reproduction, a readable but not too formal makeup and layout, sufficient white space to see where one is reading (in this case it's green space), artwork which is attractive without being overly ambitious for the intractable medium of the mimeograph, and--in short--a competent and methodical, but not pretentious approach to the physical problems of reproduction, which are just as delightful in conception and painful in execution with fanzines as with biology. The liberal use of "Big Name" material, with a scattering of new talent, makes a mixture which is "fun reading"--and yet a few new writers such as Bruce Pelz give a feeling of freshness to the zine. A jaded old reader of fanzines like me gets just a little tired of seeing the same-old-reliable fanzine contributors lined up in every "good" zine; such zines also resemble a bargain basement. In addition to this, Terry always manages to be funny, sometimes hilarious, without seriously offending, annoying or hurting the feelings of any particular person; and the ability to be funny without being funny at someone else's expense is as rare in fandom as it is in The Three Stooges. If you sort of gather that I think, currently, Terry's riding high on the fanzine list--you're perfectly right. To keep this from being all un-alloyed praise, I ought to add that I am getting awfully tired of his laborious and overly faithful parodies of current Beat-type writers, and I wish he would write good Carr instead of bad J. D. Salinger or Jack Kerouac.

TESSERACT #2; Walter Dreen, 311 East 72nd St., New York 21, New York.

On an electric typewriter and what looks like a Gestetner--how opulent can a neofan get?--comes a series of offhand, witty bits at curious contrast with the typical serious-neofannish editorial and letter column. A lot of this is borderline-risque poetry and prose of the "Let's Make Mary" type, which never quite gets to raw for mixed company, but shouldn't be left around by young fans when their Grandma is inspecting their den. (It also managed--at least most of it--to be genuinely funny because of, and not in spite of, the risque element; no rare achievement for this sort of thing in fandom, or elsewhere.) If this guy ever gets over feeling like a neofan, he's going to be on top of the list.

TRIODE #17-18; Eric Bentcliffe, 47, Aldiss Street, Great Moor, Stockport, Ches. England. I once made the statement that English fanzines, when good, make the American variety appear to be the work of subhuman adolescents; adult without stuffiness, funny without malice, and clever without being labored. Or is it necessary to say that these fanzines, alone, would be sufficient reason to understand why Bentcliffe won TAFF, even though so many people voted for his op-

ponents. Triode #17 contains some hilarious accounts by John Berry of his experiments with amateur rocketry or something like that, and in #18, Mal Ashworth speculates on why he'd like to have seen the Great Fire of Rome. The series of private jokes about London fans is a little exasperating to an outsider, but then, I suppose American in-group fanzines bother the Anglofen too.

SPECULATIVE REVIEW; Richard Eney, 417 Fort Hunt Rd., Alexandria, Virginia. I am not going to write much about this; I'm just going to say that in SpecReview, Dick does for the prozines exactly what I hope to do for the fanzines, and by now you already know, in nauseating detail, what that is. Like, don't miss Dick, even if you don't dig me.

NEW FRONTIERS; Norm Metcalf, P.O. Box 35, Lowry AFB, Colorado. This is one of the imitation-prozines, professionally lithographed, and with serious material of near-professional quality, which are jeered at by faaans, fill a real need for people for people who love the stf field and are dismayed by the fannish-society approach to it, and are, with all this, such competent jobs that they have to be taken seriously at their own level. Obviously, judging this on the same standards as Innuendo would rate it very low, since it is lacking in wit, humor or the fannish personality; judging it as an imitation of In Search Of Wonder would also give it an unfair rating. But for those who are seriously interested in science fiction from a critical and impersonal angle, and for those who want to know what's going on, inside and outside of it, this is IT. Fandom, and science fiction, has a real need for at least one of these zines, as the history of Gorgon, Nekromantikön, and their successors show. And the field never supports more than one. Is the hard core of fandom as small as that--or is it, simply, that we can only take this sort of thing in very small doses. This time around, various pro and fan writers discuss why they write science fiction, Poul Anderson wonders what a real spaceship would do to the kind so lightly postulated in the average story, and an old-timer analyses differences between Then and Now. It's too soon to tell if this will grow into a gathering place for the less faaanish, or deteriorate into a boring leaning post for the sercons.

HABAKKUK; Bill Donaho, 1441 Eighth St., Berkeley 10, Calif. This is fandom's answer to both the Beats and the Squares, and provides a damn good slugging ground for both to thrash out the virtues of both attitudes, with Bill providing witty, ample hold on the editorial reins. He seems to give everybody a chance to say their piece --at length, without editorial butting-in--and yet he doesn't allow his various contributors to hold forth in such a way that the zine rides off in a million directions at once. In short, it forms a sort of formally informal symposium on the fannish approach to bigger questions on Ways of Life--outside fandom--and manages to be impartial without spinelessness, and personal without being corny. I like it. And so will everybody else who is alive from the neck up...

THREE STAR FANZINES

PSI-PHI; Bob Lichtman, 6137 S. Croft Ave., Los Angeles 56, Calif. This fanzine rates four stars and will get it if Bob ever decides there is some kid of paper except superheavy, slippery white coated stock, dimly purple-dittoed. The content is excellent in the latest

issue: editorials which are informal without being slipshod, and two of the best think-pieces ever to hit fandom, Ben Singer's explanation of Why He Would Not Kill Tucker Again (sounding like the protest of lips badly puckered by all those sour grapes), and Jack Speer's analysis of why science fiction can save the world, with which one can disagree while still admiring the logic. All in all, a fine roosting place for fans who aren't afraid of being caught thinking now and then between drinks.

RETROGRADE; Redd Boggs, 2209 Highland Place NE, Minneapolis 21, Minn.

One of those unclassifiable things which turn up, take fandom by storm and no one ever knows whether they are an individzine, a news magazine, or a serconzine. For instance, in the issue lying on my desk (#4) Redd discusses the mediocrity of Academy Award movies, lambastes Visit To A Small Planet, prints a stenafaxed exhibit from "The Secret Museum of Fankind" (postcards of historic interest) and publishes a few letters. Retrograde is beautifully Gestetnered in blue on tobacco-brindled paper. Small in size and nothing long enough to get the teeth into, but on the other hand, good to read when you don't want to plow through a lo-o-ong modern fanzine.

YANDRO; Robert & Juanita Coulson, Route #3, Wabash, Indiana. This has even broken the record set by Lee Hoffman; except for a few thoroughly boring N3F magazines, this fanzine has appeared regularly for longer than any other generalzine in fandom's history. The artwork ranges from splendid to dreadful; the editorials are offhand, telling the truthful story that the Coulsons care more about pleasing themselves and their own friends than they do about winning fannish ego-boog; and they have a pleasant miscellany of columns, articles, humorous bits, and some thoroughly rotten fan-fiction. A fanzine for people, not fans.

TWO STAR FANZINES

FEMIZINE; Ethel Lindsay, 6 Langley Avenue, Surbiton, Surrey, England.

Much clever chatter by femme fans, but no real feminine interest, and too many men hanging around admiring. It represents not femme fans talking about subjects of interest to women, but femmes showing off to a circle of presumably admiring males. A little more thought and a little less cuteness might make this a good zine, but can the serious-minded gals hang on until the cute-cute ones get sick and fall off? Typical of the silly chatter herein: "Ina Shorrocks has taken her life in her hands and presents the lowdown on her fan husband." Poof. This is the Ladies Home Journal of fandom, with overtones of True Confessions.

HOCUS; Mike Deckinger, 85 Locust Avenue, Millburn, N.J. Competent enough, but sprawly and slipshod in appearance. Despite the presence of John Berry, and Don Franson's article on how to write a Planet-type hackletter, which I hope was meant as humor, a few more issues are needed to shape this into a fanzine instead of a poor try.

FANFARONNADE; Jeff Wanshel, 6 Beverly Place, Larchmont, N.Y. Another neofan who starts off his first issue with the usual wail of "Here is another piece of crud," but has some good contributors and at least knows how to handle his mimeograph. Once he gets over apologizing all over the place, this one might start inching up

from under the rock. John Berry's account of life on a golf course would have graced any one of the top ten fanzines.

ONE STAR FANZINES

These are the fannish run-of-the-mill; the zines which are dull, tedious or so hard to read that the task croggles, or published by fans who don't quite know what they're up to yet. A few of these zines produce an occasional goody, buried in the mountains of crud, and any one of them might someday prove astonishing--I still remember the first issue of Quandry. None of them are hopeless; the hopeless ones go into the wastebasket before I have read two pages.

In this first column I'm not going to review them separately. Bruce Herstell's Esoteric would be a good zine, perhaps, for Bruce, who is 13, has a sense of humor and knows when not to use it. But he should buy or borrow a typewriter which will cut readable stencils. In the issue at hand, Don Franson has a very fine piece entitled "Hoaxmaster of Fandom". On the other hand, he puts his illustrations in the middle of the page and types around them. Ugh! Bill Plott's The Maelstrom is in some ways a top-rank fanzine, but suffers from the sloppiest format in fandom--inexcusable from anyone over fourteen. Material of all kinds is jumbled together, and poorly assembled. Yet this could be four star, with a little time and thought--the first issue was very good. It runs heavily to horror fiction reviews, including some finefilm reviews by Alan Dodd. Vic Ryan's Bane would be a better fanzine if it could be read through all the ink smudges. The headings are lettered, the layouts fancy, and, content-wise, what I could decipher looked like it might be a lot of fun. Harry Warner's article "How To Go Where You Aren't Wanted", telling how to bust in on a big name fan when he doesn't suspect you're in town, makes me feel that this zine, too, ought to be up in the top ranks with a little attention. Jack Chalker's Centaur would be mildly interesting if the stencil-cutter would learn to spell. And there is always The Sick Elephant, which I thought was a hoax until I saw a copy.

--Marion Zimmer Bradley

"We buy our rats from the Rangy, Raunchy, Rat Ranch."-- Hal Lynch

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The number in the upper right corner of this block is the number of the last issue you will receive, unless you respond in some way.

This may be the first issue of Kipple you have ever seen. In that case it is a sample copy, sent to you in hopes of a letter trade subscription contribution.

9

- FILLER DEPARTMENT:

- A casual per-
- sual of the Baltimore City Tele-
- phone Directory brings to light
- the following interesting facts:
- there are six John Berry's in the
- city, fifteen Charles Harris', and
- a mere three Walt Willis'. On the
- other hand, there are three Harry
- Warner's, two Ruth Berman's, one
- George W. Spencer, and various and
- assorted names such as: Theodore
- White (1), James Harmon (2), R.P.
- Coulson (1), and Ed Cox (1).--TPP

BY TED PAULS AND BOB PAVLAT

EXPERIMENTS IN ESP

Some of you may remember that I once published an issue of a fanzine titled "Experiments in ESP". This article--which might be only the first in a series if the reaction of the readers is favorable--is meant to continue the theories expressed in that fanzine. The reason that fanzine was terminated was because of a comment by Harry Warner Jr. to the effect that "I have been monkeying with this sort of thing myself lately, though in an entirely different manner." This

comment was picked up by the local newspapers during the poltergeist incident, and attributed to me, not Harry, with disastrous results in the form of comments that I was "using my mental powers to destroy, instead of helping the human race." (I would like to make it perfectly clear that I am blaming Harry for nothing--my file copies of Fanjack, where this comment appeared, were stolen by a light-fingered reporter.)

So until now this subject has not reappeared in my magazines. But as a prelude to presenting a few sets of results from the ordinary card test (hold a card face down, jot down your impression of it, then turn the card over and note the correct suit and value), I would like to restate my earlier theory--supported by Lee Hoffman--that better results may be obtained while in a state of near-exhaustion. Lee, incidentally, amended this to read "near-exhaustion or drunken stupor." Since heavy drinking is a vice I don't have, I can give no definite proof of this one way or the other; however, I think I can prove my own theory satisfactorily. The following sets of results were done at 3:00 AM and 3:00 PM, respectively, and the great difference is obvious without further comment at this time.

3:00 AM			3:00 PM		
<u>Guess</u>	<u>Card</u>	<u>Correct</u>	<u>Guess</u>	<u>Card</u>	<u>Correct</u>
AC	2H	-	2S	QH	-
5D	JC	-	JS	5H	-
4H	KH	suit	AS	10D	-
7C	JD	-	2D	6C	-
7C	9C	suit	KH	AC	-
7C	8S	-	JC	4S	-
QH	4H	suit	JD	7H	-
4C	7S	-	10D	5S	-
9D	QC	-	7H	8S	-
7H	9H	suit	5S	3H	-
4S	4C	value	2H	10H	suit
10D	9S	-	5H	4D	-
2H	2D	value	KD	AH	-
6S	2S	suit	6D	7D	suit
QD	QD	both	9H	KC	-
5H	6H	suit	4D	QS	-
AS	AH	value	10S	10C	value
7C	QH	-	7D	QC	-
6S	KD	-	4C	AD	-
3S	7C	-	7C	10S	-
10H	10D	value	JH	7C	-

<u>Guess</u>	<u>Card</u>	<u>Correct</u>	<u>Guess</u>	<u>Card</u>	<u>Correct</u>
5S	5S	both	QH	9C	-
8H	7D	-	KC	5C	suit
2S	AD	-	QC	2H	-
JS	KS	suit	KS	JH	-
4D	5H	-	7S	KS	suit
3H	3S	value	3S	2C	-
JD	QS	-	8S	4C	-
JC	JS	value	2C	KD	-
6D	3H	-	9D	8D	suit
5C	6C	suit	8H	AS	-
6S	6S	both	8C	9D	-
10H	AS	-	AC	3D	-
KH	6D	-	5C	2D	-
5C	4S	-	6C	KH	-
2H	2C	value	4S	6S	suit
9S	10H	-	3D	8C	-
10S	10C	value	6S	7S	suit
AD	JH	-	6H	JC	-
4S	4D	value	8D	6D	suit
9D	8D	suit	10H	2S	-
5C	7H	-	7D	JS	-
JH	10S	-	4C	JD	-
KH	3D	-	OS	4H	-
AD	AC	value	AD	QD	suit
KH	3C	-	7C	6H	-
6S	8H	-	JH	3C	-
5S	2D	-	QH	8H	suit
QH	5C	-	4C	3S	-
8S	8C	value	3C	9S	-
5D	KC	-	AH	9H	suit

 --Ted Pauls

I sat down one evening to see what kind of a blindfold card-sorting job I could do. And ordinary deck of cards, backs up, and the problem is to sort them into two piles--reds and blacks. I've long since forgotten the score on that first test, but of the forty or so cards I sorted out, I managed to get only one red card in the pile of "blacks" and two black cards into the pile of "reds"--or something very close to that. This probably should have given me a nifty little sense of achievement or something. It didn't. It scared me. Despite some interest in ESP, and a belief that it does exist and has been demonstrated, I'm not ready for it. Maybe I read too many Baldy stories, but whatever the reason I found myself not at all pleased with a positive run. It took a little effort to force myself to repeat the test, and I breathed a little sigh of relief when each pile turned up with an almost equal mixture of reds and blacks. I've tried once since, again with about the results you'd expect from chance, and I'm reasonably convinced that even if I was an adept I'd continue to get chance results. I don't want it to work, and if there was any faculty (and there need not be, for that first run could easily have been the results of chance) I've turned said faculty off--or am using it to come up with results that do please me.

--Bob Pavlat

LEN MOFFATT 10202 BELCHER DOWNY, CALIF. I'm surprised that Bill Donaho thinks that R&R is considerably better than the popular music of the forties. Come on, Bill, you're just saying that to bug guys like me who enjoyed Tommy Dorsey, Benny Goodman, Glen Miller, Artie Shaw, etc. during their high school and war years--and who still like to play those old records. Saying that R&R "at least has a beat" is to imply that the bands of the forties lacked one, which of course is a ridiculous idea. They also had a few other things, like melody, originality, and some mighty fine arrangers. It takes more than a beat--steady, monotonous, or otherwise--to make an entertaining tune. I've never been a "cultist" when it comes to music, be it popular, classic, country, western or what have you, and I will be the first to admit that a lot of poor tunes and poor bands and poor singers have been billed as Big Names ever since the beginning of music as an expression and an entertainment. When I start to gripe nowadays about some nauseous "popular" tune, be it R&R or a strained-voice ballad on the sickness of love, I try to remember that older folks during the days of my youth thought that the swing era was "wild, disgusting" and like that. In other words, I can understand why the kids of today dig R&R and no-voice singers: they are growing up on it, and have no choice, and of course it is (to them) exciting and hip and goshwow, just as Glenn Miller arrangements were great stuff to us, and dig that crazy Krupa on the drums... But in comparing the current popular music with previous popular music it doesn't take a trained musician to see the difference, and to know that R&R is a dead end type of music, generally lacking in the qualities or values that should be in any good music.

I must also disagree with Bill when he says that R&R is needed to make it easier for kids to "go on" to jazz and/or folk music. It is easy to "go on" to any kind of music--if one is exposed to it, and permits oneself to take an interest. What I fear, I suppose, is that R&R is so hypnotic in its effect, and so limited in its possibilities for development, that some of the kids may be permanently tied to its thumping strings, and never "go on" to other, better musical enjoyment.

I see that fandom is still getting its occasional person afflicted with the disease of bigotry. Conner's letter was well-answered by you, I thought, but having been through this thing with others (in and out of fandom) I doubt if any logical, reasoned arguments will convince the sick ones that they are sick. I don't know what the treatment should be, except time, and the hope that they will learn by experience that the old race bugaboos are stupid and silly. Teaching this in school is fine, but if the parents at home poo-poo the teachings, nothing but confusion is gained, save for the few kids who develop a mind of their own at an early age and learn to think and reason out the obvious for themselves.

a song
OF SIXPENCE...

AS SUNG BY THE READERS

DICK BERGERON
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NEW YORK 14, N. Y.

The careful manner in which even the most trivial subjects are written in Kipple gives the impression that you must be quite a level headed person. But the unconsulted editorial appointment of Warner, Boggs, Breen and myself hardly seems a sober action. If we all follow our histories of editorial independence, you'll soon find Kipple charging off in five different directions. For instance, I've already followed your example of editorial leadership by announcing a healthy subscription rate for the magazine payable directly to Walter Breen. And Lee Hoffman submitted an article on "The Golden Age of FAPA" which I've returned with a hint that a treatise on the economic plight implicit in the Republican administration's grain program would be more in order. I like the free-wheeling way Kipple is operated--this should make for more fun than N3F-1952--and I can't wait to see what action the others have taken.

Seriously, though, I'm flattered by your reckless behavior and somewhat interested in that penned-in number "8" on the front page. Does this mean that my staff position isn't permanent, as say a tombstone, and could expire by that issue if I don't comment or something? I'm not going to worry about it, though it is rather high-handed treatment to accord an Associate Editor.

TED WHITE #15

I think a lot of people would debate with you over the quality of Armstrong's singing. Personally, I have difficulty appreciating any kind of singing which has words--almost all lyrics written for music are banal, and even when not, repeated listening quickly turns them into a bore--but I can appreciate in a theoretical, intellectual fashion the quality of a given singer. Armstrong was not, actually, a "jazz singer of the twenties," although he did a little vocalizing and scatting then. But it was not the tone qualities of his voice so much as the phrasing and musical ideas he used which were appreciated --much as I can dig Dizzy Gillespie scatting on "The Champ," because I dig that he is still "playing his horn" in effect. The "jazz singers of the twenties" can be divided into two groups: the real jazz singers who were actually blues singers (in addition to the many female Smiths I think Jack Teagarden deserves mention), and the many beery-voiced nightclub singers (recently eulogized in film and tv) whose only claim to "jazz" fame was that anyone and everyone could and did lay claim to the word "jazz" for their music. It was then the "sell" word. (This fact has so confused GMCarr that she steadfastly believes that Paul Whiteman played the only real jazz--a classic case of brainwashing; today her counterpart believes that any tune with a plink-plink-plink piano is Rock & Roll, even though very little R&R exists anymore.)

Certainly Bobby Darin is nobody's R&R singer. He sings a hot, immature Frank Sinatra, as both he and Frankie are well aware. Again, good voice is less important than timing, phrasing, enthusiasm, and the various other communicable emotions. Darin is not selling songs or singing; he's selling personality. I can't stand him, but I'd never say he was a bad popular singer; he exemplifies the best of that category.

Speaking of mixed marriages, I'd forgotten how unusual this is in the uncivilized portions of the United States (Chillicothe, Ohio, for instance), but many of my friends have either girl-friends, mistresses or a wife of another race. I'm afraid I will shock Bill Conner by saying that most of my non-fan friends are Negro, many of them

musicians. But in addition to Negro men and white girls, I know an equal number of white men and Negro girls. As far as I am concerned, were I not already married, I might well become married to a Negro, Chinese or some such girl without worrying unduly about it. In fact it was once my ambition to marry an Indian girl. Unfortunately, I've never met any.

Conner bugs me. He bugged me in Retrograde and he bugs me here. His neo-American "I-want-my-freedom" cry is typical of the outraged southerner. He objects not to the fact that he might be forced to "socialize" with a Negro (how can you force such a thing?) but that the Negro might be allowed on such a plane that socialization would be possible. His statement that "The NAACP is responsible for some of this male Negro faunching for sex relations with white women," is at the same time absurd and hilarious. I mean, if one organization is not keyed in that direction, it is the NAACP.

Let's get it straight

Such "faunching" does exist, largely in the poorer areas among the less educated Negroes. Why? Largely because of white conditioning. For a Negro man who is in a subservient position to claim a white woman is an act of defiance and proof of "equality." ("See, yo' woman profers me! Whadda ya think o' that, White Man?") Likewise, white men have made this "faunching" a deadly sin--that which is forbidden without apparent cause is usually lusted after, if for no other reason; a law of human nature. Finally, the white man has tried to shape the esthetics and ideals of those around him to conform with his own: white men prefer white women to Negro women as a rule, and usually claim a greater beauty for various "classic" white-occidental features. (Personally, I've seen much more beautiful and voluptuous bodies on Negro women than on Caucasians...) The Negro grows up in a society which advertises certain values as ideal, and he too believes in them; he comes to think only white women can be beautiful, and since he desires a beautiful woman (all men do), he is forced to seek a white woman. This last piece of conditioning strikes the educated (educated in western-white thought and esthetics) Negro as or more strongly than the other two.

Your replies to Conner are generally well-put. I wonder what he'd think about me if he knew I was one-eighth Negro...?

HARRY WARNER JR. After all this time, I'd better confine comments 423 SUMMIT AVE. largely to the fifth Kipple. The only thing that HAGERSTOWN, MD. sticks in my memory about the fourth issue is the stuff on Negroes and would you want your daughter to marry one? What I can't understand is all this concern over marriages between the races from individuals who think such marriages are a bad thing; given that premise, all cases of Negroes and whites living together without the formality of marriage would be still worse, because of legal entanglement and the double handicap of illegitimacy and prejudice that would afflict the children coming out of wedlock. Yet we never hear any impassioned speeches or read any flaming articles that by George, something must be done about this awful mingling of the races, in the case of the common law marriages. I think this indicates the fact that it's simply fear that lies back of almost all the prejudice against Negroes and most other minority groups today: the white man's fear that the stronger, more virile, quite possibly more intelligent basic characteristics of the Negro will take his women and his possessions and his job. The white man has seen the Negro in a couple hundred years advance from sheer savagery in Africa to a

to a position in this country in which he can compete on equal terms with the white men in most lines of endeavor, and I think it's quite possible that in another hundred years or so the Negro will have become the leader in most phases of American life. The awful screams of anguish that go up from some people at the thought of this prospect sound just like the wails and predictions of doom that were resounding around the turn of the century when some radicals were saying that women should be allowed to hold any job which their strength allowed and vote and go unchaperoned on the streets.

Maybe I'm different from other people, but the satisfaction that I get out of coffee can be duplicated by any other warm liquid in an equal quantity whose taste isn't objectionable: tea, soup or bouillion, for instance. In cases where I suddenly felt the urgent need for something warm in my stomach and didn't have access to a source of anything better, I've even imbibed a cup of warm water and the effect on my physical sensations was about the same, even though I think warm water tastes horrible.

REDD BOGGS Kipple continues to be one of the most interesting fanzines around, and I enjoyed issue #5 as much as any issue so far. I note that it contains 18 pages, something I didn't realize until I counted them. Kipple reads fast, and is so well integrated in personality, that it seems much shorter.

Although I enjoyed Jim Harmon's famous article on comic books, I don't suffer from any nostalgia for comic books myself. I believe it highly unlikely that I ever spent a single dime on comic books for myself, though I once or twice bought a couple back issues locally for Harmon Himself and his collection. Comic books didn't come in till I was already ruined for life by the pulp magazines, and the only ones I ever read were those my younger brothers and sisters bought and left around the livingroom.

Most interesting part of your discussion of comic books was the passage about the "unusual arrows" used by the Green Arrow. I can guess vaguely at the design and function of some of these arrows such as the teargas arrow, but I'm at a loss to divine either design or function of "the boxing glove arrow." I hardly dare guess wildly enough to suggest that it was an arrow with a boxing glove for a head. But what would such an arrow be for? (It was used rather commonly in the strip for knocking out criminals by long distance. The head of the arrow was indeed a regulation-sized boxing glove, and as a boy I used to wonder continually whether or not there was a wooden "fist" concealed under the glove.) The boomerang arrow sounds like a wonderful idea. The Green Arrow was a fool to use such an arrow to capture criminals and save America from her enemies and all that when he could have made a million bucks selling the boomerang arrow to archery hobbyists who are plagued with the "it fell to earth I know not where" complaint.

Your fannish dream was fascinating. I've had a number of dreams about fans I have never met, some of them almost as amusing as this one you describe, but I'm a little reluctant to talk about them because various people see such dark Freudian significance in them. For instance, a recent dream in which I was trying to teach a w.k. fanne how to fly my Piper Cub. But as for your dream, I'm afraid it was a case of mistaken identity; it wasn't me that Terry Carr ran down and killed. I don't know whether the description is accurate as to the shape of my face or

lips or the quality of my skin, but my glasses aren't decorative, I don't wear any ring at all, and I have never smoked a pipe in my life. Of course, these things could change: I intend to obtain new glasses soon, and they may qualify as "decorative"; maybe someday I'll wear a ring or smoke a pipe. But I am fairly sure I'll never have curly blond hair. My hair, though somewhat curly, is a loud shade (they tell me) of red. About the most characteristic detail you mention is the "conservatively patterned shirt open at the neck." That sounds like me all right, and I guess that's what fooled Jim Caughran into thinking that unlucky pedestrian was me.

I don't remember reading the novel "Tobacco Road," but I did read the play once. Judging from that I don't believe the kids missed much or rather would miss much if it were removed from the list of recommended reading. However, the point is not so much whether this book or others "scorned by parents" have "immoral aspects," but whether a couple bubbleheads have the right to dictate what should be given to school children to read. Of course there's also the important point whether "immoral aspects" in a book are Bad for kids even if the book does not have any particular literary qualities otherwise. The Miami incident is actually a victory for free press and free speech: such book burners are so absurd that their acts subject censors and book burners everywhere to ridicule and contempt. And that's Good!

George Spencer's comments on the reasons the teenagers cling to rock & roll and such horrible music are probably right on target. Much as I dislike r&r "music," I must say that I approve of it exactly because it is a sign of rebellion, potentially healthy in a conformist society. (Unfortunately, r&r has become so popular that it is now a part of that "conformist society," and there is such a pressure among the teenagers to conform to the majority way of life that the only rebellion nowadays is against r&r....) And for certain the adult world can blame itself to a large extent for the lack of musical taste among teenagers.

It would be interesting to learn what filled Bill Conner so full of hot air about racism and L*O*V*E. Amazing stuff.

Betty Kujawa's brand of juvenile delinquency sounds so innocent that it's almost as bucolic as the merry pranks of Tom Rover. I remember 1941. While of course traffic wasn't as heavy as it is now, and perhaps the cars weren't as powerful as they are today, the highways were still crowded enough where I lived and the cars were powerful enough in my neighborhood to make playing games with automobiles no less dangerous than it is today. I hasten to add that I'm not condemning Betty's "stunts," which I'm sure were indeed relatively innocent. And anyway I think a certain amount of such stuff is healthy; a suburbanite, middleclass variety of conformity is just as frightening as the allegedly rising wave of juvenile delinquency. Roy Tackett (and you, evidently) advocates getting tough with juvenile hoodlums--shooting first and asking questions later (which to me is just as alarming as the spectacle of children playing "chicken" with highpowered hotrods on a city street, and for the same reason: innocent people can get hurt or killed)--but you can't stamp out the evils of our society as easily when you're fighting hot air in a PTA meeting or political rally or advertising agency. As long as we've got this type of society we'll have kids raising hell. Juvenile gang warfare appalls me as much as anybody--but dare I say, I approve of the principle of revolt and anarchy even if I don't approve of the form it takes?

Tackett claims that New York City has had "a spectacular lack of success" in trying

to deal with the delinquency problem as a "social problem," and he feels that Denver and San Francisco are handling the problem better by "getting tough" with juvenile hoodlums. Well now. The only way to cure the problem for good is to get at the roots of it, even though obviously your "success"--if any--is not going to show up so quickly or so obviously. It may show up best twenty or thirty years from now, not today or tomorrow. Natch, a city has got to crack down on a wave of "muggings, assaults, and what have you"--and obviously NYC hasn't fore sworn meeting violence with violence in specific cases--but the mere fact that "things suddenly become extremely quiet" in a city is no sign that the problem is solved. That's the way things are just before a storm. Drive the juveniles' resentment underground--and give them something legitimate to resent--and the fury will eventually break loose in even more virulent forms. Cops that shoot first and ask questions later are asking for trouble just as much as kids who steal cars and mug elderly pensioners on dark streets. Such cops deserve broken heads too.

BOB LICHTMAN
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LOS ANGELES 56, CALIF.

I have seen comic books in the six or seven years since I was goshwow over them, though I haven't bought any myself. Through the kindness of Bruce Pelz, Comicbook Collector, I have glanced over some of the current crop. Remember the little Chinese fellow, Chop-Chop, who used to be one of Blackhawk's gang? He used to be a short, dumpy guy, the perfect stereotype of a comicbook Chinese person. He is now slim, trim, with but very little Oriental characteristics. He looks like a Japanese college student... The stories are even more hack than the ones I remember, if possible. Captain Marvel no longer exists; as I recall, he stopped appearing shortly before I left comic books for the first time, which was during Quandry's heyday. Green Arrow I haven't seen, if indeed it still exists, but I remember it with much nostalgia, as I do most of the others you mentioned. I have no recollection of a Doll Man or Doll Girl, but I do remember several characters you didn't mention: Plastic Man, Tommy Tomorrow, Aqua Man. (I remember the first and the last, though I've no recollection of Tommy Tomorrow. I also recall The Submariner, The Spectre, Wonder Woman, Kaanga, Sheena, and a character who recited "formulas" for his various powers--Johnny--something comes to mind as the name of this reporter-turned-hero. ## I also remember Donald Duck, Gladstone Gander, Grandma Duck, Scrooge McDuck, Daisy, Huey, Louie, Dewey, The Beagle Boys, Glittering Goldie, Gyro Gearloose, Flintheart Glomgold, and Longhorn Tallgrass, all from the various Donald Duck comics. Ah yes, I was a great fan of D. Duck.)

The other night on the little screen I saw Shirley Temple in "The Land Of Oz". Anyone in the audience who complacently accepted this mangled version of the original story, please pay attention. After seeing the play, I indignantly pulled down that Oz book from its penultimate resting place deep in a dark closet, and completely re-read it. The television version more or less follows the story, true enough, but things are warped all out of perspective. For instance, Nikidik wasn't the major character he is in the tv version; in the book he is merely the sorcerer that Mombi, the witch, visited to get the Powder of Life, amongst other things. The army that invaded the Emerald City was not his army, but rather an army composed of the women of Oz, who, led by the feminine general Jinjur, wanted to take over the city so that they could loot it of the emeralds to wear themselves. The tv play also leaves out several in-

teresting characters and scenes. For instance, when the group of Tip, Scarecrow, Woodman, et al are going to the land of the Quadlings, Glinda's territory, riding in the Gump, they overshot Oz entirely in the book and landed on a mountainside in the Outside World. Here they found themselves in a nest of Jackdaws, ferocious birds who gave them quite a hard time. Also, the tv play omits one of the most memorable characters in the book: the Highly-Magnified, Thoroughly-Educated Wogglebug. This giant insect is a constant source of atrocious puns, much to the dismay of his fellow travellers. For instance, when he mounts the back of the Sawhorse, he comments on the fact that his doing so makes the two of them a "horse-and-buggy".

I can't agree with Spencer that all educators are just here to police and regulate students' interests and endeavors. I will, however, go along with him in his statement that people are becoming mentally fat. Students especially, I would say. An English teacher illustrated this creeping conformity-at-all-costs adequately the other day. He said that last year he had arranged for a student in one of his classes to express a certain opinion on a subject to be discussed that day. When he asked the rest of the class if they agreed, almost all of them did. So then the next time he had that class, a student expressed exactly the opposite opinion on the same subject. Once again he asked the rest of the class for their viewpoints, and all but a few agreed with the student voicing the opinion. Strange. I'd say we should concentrate on these few people who differed in each case. (Suppose, though, that it was found that the same students disagreed with the majority in both cases...?)

BILL DONAHO
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BERKELEY 10, CALIF.

I think Bill Conner misread my letter extensively; he attributes several attitudes to me that I certainly do not have. For one thing, I was very specific about stating that sex without love is not nearly so satisfying as sex with love. This does not mean, however, that sex without love is not enjoyable. It is quite possible to have very positive feelings of like and respect for a girl that fall short of "love", but which can form the basis of very fine relationship.

I'm not really sure from reading his letter whether Conner is advocating complete chastity until marriage, or whether he thinks that sex before marriage is alright as long as one realizes it is degraded. I suspect the former, but it is not clear.

Why chastity? Unless for religious reasons? Certainly people are responsible for the children they create, but we do have contraceptives. There are much better reasons against chastity-until-marriage. For one thing, repression of the sex drive until the middle twenties or so makes it impossible to have a completely free, creative sex act afterwards. The repressions are built-in by that time and they interfere mightily.

Just in passing I might mention that this code of morals that Conner identifies with Christianity actually antedates Christianity by a good deal. In fact, it goes back to the beginning of patriarchal society. Men have no fatherhood instinct; it must be culturally conditioned in them. Their identification of themselves with their children and a desire to see their children inherit their goods is the beginning of it all. Naturally this means no extra-martial sex and no pre-martial sex for women so they don't get into the habit. This cuts down the number of available women

for free sex and so limits a man's sex life too, although the double standard has always been a bulwark of our culture. Women go along with this because in them--evidently--the motherhood instinct is stronger than the sex instinct and in our society there is no way to get a man to support her and her children except to be damn sure they are his children too. In societies in which some other male besides the father is responsible for the upbringing of the children, the double standard is unknown and women have just as much sexual freedom as men. Contraception and emancipation of women are gradually breaking down the double standard in our culture, but it still has a long way to crumble.

RON ELLIK Your boyhood ideals have gone to hell in a wheel-
2315 DWIGHT WAY barrow, friend. The Marvel Family is long gone, but
BERKELEY 4, CALIF. many of the old favorites are enjoying a terrifying
 rebirth to satiate what seems to be a growing re-
quest for comic books. And so to try to bring you up to date:

To the best of my knowledge, Batman has not changed in ten years except to pick up Bat-Imp (a Mr. Mxyztplk of his own) and Bat-Hound, and to begin a series speculating on what will happen when Bruce Wayne reaches middle age, and Dick Grayson becomes Batman II, with Wayne's son (by Batwoman, naturally...) becoming Robin II. ++ Superman, too, has not changed noticeably, although the circus troupe following on his heels is somewhat more than appalling. Naturally, you remember Superboy. Well, there's also his Super-Hound, Krypto. Then, there's Superman's sadly distant love, Lori the Mermaid. And from Krypton recently has come a cousin of Kal-El (Supe's real name), who has taken an identity as an orphan on Earth and is secretly Supergirl--but she doesn't work in public, and nobody except Superman knows she exists. Then there's Superman-Bizarro, a mounstorous creature created by focusing an awry duplicating ray on the Man of Steel, and of course there's Lois-Bizarro, Supergirl-Bizarro, Superbaby-Bizarro, Krypto-Bizarro, and on and on and on. (What, no Mr. Mxyztplk-Bizarro...?) ++ In Lois Lane Comics there have appeared two installments speculating on the future when Superman finally marries Lois. Yes, you're right--it's a Super Love Lorn Column. Worse than the old Wonder Woman Comics. ++ The Justice Society of America, my favorite of the WWII comics, has reappeared slightly transformed. They were always undergoing a change, but I remember them very distinctly when the Roll Call included Green Lantern, the Flash, Wonder Woman, Black Canary, the mighty Atom, Hawkman, Dr. Midnight, and Johnny Thunder. Also, Superman was an honorary member, and he showed up once in a while.

Nowadays, the JSA is called the Justice League of America and includes GL, Flash (changed--now he wears a red union suit allaway up and over his head instead of the Mercury helmet, and Winkyn, Blinkyn and Nod are nowhere to be found), Wonder Woman (unchanged), Superman (a full member), Batman (also a full member--but Robin doesn't show up, J'onn J'onz (a Martian detective who can't stand flame, like Superman can't take Kryptonite), Snapper Carr (a kid even less talented than Johnny Thunder), and maybe a few others. (The response to my article has been so great that the next issue of Kipple will feature a symposium on comic books as remembered by Ron Ellick, Ruth Berman, Ted White and maybe a few others. Most of these comments will be from letters, though Ted White's portion will be edited from a column which will also appear next issue. ++ I suppose that with all this, Kipple #7 will be even larger than this issue, and that I'll eventually burn out...))

AND I ALSO HEARD FROM:

Don Franson, whose note is commented on in the editorial of this issue, claims that my article on insects in #4 bugged him (ghaaa! they're comin' outa the walls!), and asks why I didn't credit the Tucker article as a reprint. Because, Don, it wasn't. ++ Mike Becker writes that "you are everyday in every way getting better and better." I suppose this could be paraphrased to read "bigger and bigger"... ++ George C. Willick assures himself this issue by writing a two page letter which may appear next issue. ++ Dick Schultz subscribes. ++ Vic Ryan says he liked #5 better than #4 despite the lack of outside contributions in #5. This could be construed as meaning that I write better than Tucker --down, boy! I said "could be". Vic also notes that he remembers Donald Duck, as do I, and thinks Ken Hedberg's interlineation in the last issue sums up the whole Conner vs Everybody argument. ++ Dick Eney was one of the many to point out that the character I remember as "The Flame" was in reality "The Human Torch. ++ And last but certainly not least, Ruth Berman writes in re comic books, and also wonders why, in my dream chronicled last issue, I gave Redd Boggs blond hair?

FROM:
Ted Pauls
1448 Meridene Drive
Baltimore 12, Maryland

*our
forgetful
authors
(Pauls)*



TO: Dick Bergeron
110 Bank Street
New York 14, New York

*Redd on Nixon
(d'W tell you how
I'm going to do it)
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