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EDITORIAL

BY TED
PAULS

I had debated putting my comments on Ted White's column in this issue in some sort of footnote, but on reflection decided to place them here instead. They do, after all, concern material which has appeared in this magazine--both in this issue and in past issues--which would make them of editorial nature. And if that wasn't enough, I had been looking for a subject for an editorial. So...

First, I would like to point out the great difference between the account of the picnic incident Ted White gives this issue and the original comments by Dick Lupoff in The Rumble. The picture Ted presents of "three punks who were visibly afraid of us" and who "we (Condit & White) could have taken" is considerably different from Lupoff's idea that if they had fought the three ("and who knows how many others?") a couple of fans would probably have gotten killed, even if they had won the fight. I don't quite know what to make of this, but it seems obvious that someone is over- or understating the situation. Perhaps Lupoff is exaggerating the situation in an effort to convince himself that the fans did the right thing by leaving when they did; or perhaps White (from the academic comfort of his own armchair) is understating the incident.

Nevertheless, I still maintain that if there was a rumble shaping up, there were not likely to be only three hoods; and further that under no circumstances had the assembled fans the right to endanger the life of an infant. As Lupoff points out, New York's foulest fight with clubs, knives, bottles and guns.

One more point I would like to make: Ted (and others before him) are introducing all too many broad generalizations into the discussion. Saying, for instance, that I see things "still" in stereotypes, and that I pigeon-hole a

neatly categorized "hoods" in the "wild beast--must exterminate" box. Well, it so happens that I do not think of all juvenile delinquents as the common stereotype; however, the three hoods in question seem to be excellent specimens of this stereotype, so why not think of them as such?

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Several persons have commented lately that Kipple seems to be turning from an individzine sub-type alpha into a generalzine, and to some extent this is true. This issue, for instance, besides containing page numbers and a table of contents--both of which I am told are unnecessary--contains a humorous piece by Bob Bloch which could not be called controversial by any stretch of the imagination. However, the reasons for these changes are as follows: page numbers allow continuations, thereby saving space; and a little humor balances the magazine. As long as I edit Kipple it will never be a fannish, chattery fanzine; but, it will also (I hope) never be a overly-serious, dull one.

Kipple, as Betty Kujawa and a few others have mentioned, fills a need. It is--more than simply a magazine--a place; a place where fans can discuss any subject under the sun, as well as many beyond it. Nothing is barred from the pages of this magazine, unless it gets me sued or confiscated. So far the subjects have ranged wide, though because some are picked up by the readership and some not, it might seem that there have only been three or four controversies in these pages. This is not the case. Walter Breen commented on Ashley Montagu and anthropology in #4; if another half dozen readers had followed this up, it might have reached the importance of the R&R/jd discussion.

I have not usually made a point of publicly soliciting material, preferring instead to write (and in one case telephone) those persons whom I thought might like to do something for me. This worked beautifully for a while, for I was using only one or two pieces of material per issue during the early months of this year. As I told Redd Pogos, I had too much material. However, these last two issues have just about completely deflated the pile, and if the December issue is going to run anywhere near 30 pages (which I would like), I'll need some material. Serious articles will be preferred slightly over humor, though anything which is well enough done will be considered. And in order to get the next issue out on time, I would like to have all material for that issue by November 25th.

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Perhaps this would be a good time to mention various aspects of this issue, such as the duplicate fanzine review columns. This time it was my fault, not Marion's: her column arrived on the 24th--as you recall I specified last issue that it should arrive by the 25th--but mine was written on the 22nd. You see, I haven't enough faith in my columnists. At any rate, only one fanzine is reviewed twice in this issue, and the opinions of that one--Bane--are different enough so that there will be no repetition.

VOTE "NO" ON PRESIDENT!

-----Ed Cox

Jed Pauls

ted e. white's

uffish thots

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IT ISN'T THAT I QUESTION YOUR JUDGEMENT, Ted Pauls, but I can't help wondering at anyone who puts down Miller's The Cool World, while praising The Organization Man as the best of the Mad books.

I suppose it has something to do with the judgement which equates jd hoods with wild beasts, and would slaughter them as mercilessly. There's a sense of values here which totally confounds me. In his judgement of them, Pauls places himself on the same level with the hoods, and he reveals an absolute lack of human understanding and compassion in the matter. I suppose it is because he sees things still in stereotypes; he pigeon-holes a neatly catigorized "hoods" in the "wild beast--must exterminate" box. For someone who claims to be so close to such people, Ted certainly doesn't understand any of them very well.

Let me say here and now, as my first public statement on the matter, that I was opposed to deserting the park in the first place, that I saw no evidence of more than three punks, who were visibly afraid of us, and that I think in any sort of fight we could have bested them. Both Condit and I know enough dirty fighting--the kind which maims and kills--that we could have taken the three with the half-way assistance of the others in our group.

Nevertheless, I do not see attacking people out of hand, nor do I see at all simply killing them as Pauls would like to have done (from the academic comfort of his armchair, of course). I believe in defending myself, but to defend myself by wiping out everyone who might possibly ever threaten me (or who I think might do so) would be pretty damn foolish--not to mention impossible.

I SEE BILL CONNER is still around. He came up to me at the Pittcon, and asked, "Is Ted Pauls here?" I said he wasn't, and Bill said, "I wanted to see if he'd gotten over his silly craving for 'exotics'." Thinking he meant burlesque strippers, I acted rather befuddled, and he went on to explain, "You know, the way he wants 'dark meat,' and all that--" It suddenly came to my preoccupied mind that this was the Bill Conner who'd come on so fuggheadedly in Retrograde and Kipple, and that I found him and his running mouth quite offensive. "I don't want to talk about it, and I'd prefer not to talk to you," I said, and I turned my back on him.

Bill Conner is a very confused person, and I suppose I shouldn't hold it against him, but at the same time I find little to admire in a man who so completely allows others to do his thinking for him. He says, "I cant believe that there are many white teenagers...who go for negro girls and negro features more

than white girls." I suppose he has another, better reason for the fascination southern white males develop for Negro girls?

Certainly in this city there is considerable interracial dating. At a party I attended last week in Brooklyn, there were several Negro boys with white girls, and two absolutely beautiful Negro chicks with white dates. None of them were over eighteen. The Negro girls had "Negroid" features, but I think Conner has yet to appreciate the fact that beauty can be found in more than one narrow set of ideals. These girls were, as it turned out, the most sought-after chicks at the party, and none of their competition was at all weak. (I suppose I should specify the obvious: this was not a "beatnik" party--all of the attendees were of middle and upper-middle-class homes. Sylvia and I were almost observers....)

Conner has failed to realize an important anthropological fact: there are more variations in appearance within a racial type than between racial types. For instance: Caucasians range from tall, large-framed fair-skinned Nordic types to the small, dark-skinned Southern European types. The nearly-black Arab is Caucasian, not Negro. On the other hand, investigations of variations among the pure-blooded African Negroes will show fantastic variations in bone structure, skin color, etc. In addition to the three major recognized types of race--Caucasian, Negroid, and Mongoloid--there is also the Polynesian, which appears to be its own type but confuses anthropologists. There are standards of beauty among each racial type and subtype, and these standards not only vary according to area, but also by time. Standards for beauty observe only a few broad esthetics, and allow for an incredible range of variation.

Although I do not find myself holding to all of these standards (the middle-age concept of "buxom"--fat--women does not move me, for instance), I do find most contemporary standards make sense to me. That is, I can find beauty in any type or subtype. I can also see non-stereotyped beauty (that is, among American girls I see beautiful those who would not be judged so by Hollywood standards of a decade ago--I believe Sylvia fits into this category). At any rate, I find Conner's narrow views of what can be beautiful rather offensive. They are certainly odious when he attempts to pin them on others, as some Voice of the People...

SEX IS A SUBJECT I LIKE TO DISCUSS, and Bill Conner is rapidly becoming a character I love to cuss. Still, I should be grateful to him for so many springboards to discussion in this column. (Without him, I'd be lost.)

Conner comes on with a good idea: sex is generally more enjoyable with someone you love. And then he pours on his Christian Codes of Ethics, and Much Etc., to the point where he repells me. I feel I must rebut some of his overstated points.

Like, where he says "the more madly in love one is with a woman, the better the sex relation." Conner is here fostering a myth, and one which can turn into a double-edged sword. It is hard to know where to sink my teeth into this problem, so I'll simply attack at this peripheral point and develop into the Whole Message.

The myth is that one should not have sex without love. The result of this myth is that young people desperately needing sexual outlets (the sex urge is strongest in men from 18 to 21--and it doesn't suddenly turn itself on at 18, either), if they cannot satisfy themselves with a) masturbation, b) ho-

monosexual contacts, c) some self-defeating form of sublimation, or d) sex with a woman for some reason outside love--prostitution, for instance--will instead convince themselves that the shallow infatuation they feel towards some member of the opposite sex is Love, and will marry the poor object of their affections. The result of this, a typical "teenage marriage", will usually be mental strife and a quick divorce--after both parties have been hurt.

The sex urge is a strong, primal one, like hunger. It is necessary, to provide both mental and physical balance, that one give at least token satisfaction to this urge. There has never been proven a satisfactory form of sublimation which did not contain as a result the warping of personality. This urge starts young--even infants have sexual feelings, monosexual and anal for the most part. The latent urge manifests itself in, for the most part, only curiosity, until just before puberty. At puberty it comes to demand a more direct outlet--if a male does not masturbate, he has "wet dreams." At this point the emotional development turns away from monosexuality to homosexuality, and after a brief period of this, to heterosexuality. The center of interest shifts to the genital from the anal.

Now, at this point, the need is strong for sexual outlets. There are, as I've mentioned, four open in addition to the idealistic sex-with-love. The latter is unlikely, since at that point few are old enough to love with any maturity. Masturbation is the most likely form, and the most turned-to, but it is monosexual, tends to develop selfish instincts, and usually proves basically unsatisfactory--it palls with use. Homosexuality can be exploited, but when resorted to exclusively it tends to arrest the development of its practitioners and keep them homosexuals well after they should have outgrown it. (A sidelight: many homosexuals are so simply because they find it easier; it's too much bother to try to make out with girls.) Sublimation, as I've said, just doesn't work--it simply distorts one's personality, diverts the sexual drive into unnatural channels. Psycho's Norman Bates sublimated--as he does in real life as well. That leaves heterosexual sex-without-love. It is certainly the most desirable. It may tend to breed selfishness, but so do the other methods, and they do so to a greater degree. It will lend technique and ability, and it minimizes guilt.

For this reason, I endorse pre-marital sex, and I think it should start around the age of fifteen. I think (idealistically) that it should be recognized, encouraged, and even regulated. I strongly doubt that this it will ever be, but perhaps things are tending in that direction.

Now then, to return to the quote I started with: While love can make a good sex experience better, it cannot turn a bad one into a good one. Among inexperienced lovers, love indeed may so cloud the issue that in an anxiety to provide sexual satisfaction for the other, one will fail completely. This promotes guilt.

Under no circumstances, however, do I want to put down the ideal sex-relationship--that which is between lovers. This is the best of all possible ways, and I'm the first to acclaim it so. I merely think it is important to realize that this is an ideal, an ideal many never reach, and one which may lead to blind strivings. This ideal leads to the idea that sex without love is nothing, and this is not so. This ideal leads directly to the idea of "romance" as so cloyingly put forward by the confessions magazines, and this concept has deceived many a young girl. This ideal may well lead to a total dissatisfaction

with a perfectly good sex life because the person involved has not attained an imaginary goal which he has been sold by such idealistic talk.

And there's that one, final cutting edge: the first time a man has intercourse with a woman, he will usually be disappointed. He has built the idea of what it will be like up in his mind to an impossible point; it can never be met with a "first time" experience. It will be worse if he is in love with the woman, for he will think it should have been that much better--and her reactions will hurt him too.

Because, as a rule I've not yet seen disproved, a woman's first experience with intercourse will usually be painful, and thoroughly disappointing to her. Until she has established standards in her own mind--private ways of sensing and recognizing the impending arrival of her orgasm, and how to mentally stimulate it--and accustomed her body to new and often initially unpleasant sensations, she is not going to enjoy intercourse. And she too may have built for herself impossible ideals of romance-rosy clouds of love.

I think that if a man knows what he is getting into, and has no false ideals or impossible goals, and if the same is true of the woman--only then will sex-with-love have much chance of initial success. Otherwise--love may perservere, and in time things may work out, but not without those early scars, the traumas of failure which can sorely test a shakey relationship.

That's my own realistic philosophy. I offer it for whomsoever may care.

"UFFISHLY?" I was rather surprised a year ago when I met B. R. Toskey and he said I wasn't really "uffish" at all. He seemed to equate "uffish" with "uppish" or somesuch. I haven't my "Alice" at hand (I loaned out my "Complete Works of Lewis Carroll" volume), so I can't quote the verse it comes from, but it has always been my impression that "uffish" meant befuddlement, or some other mock-serious, light-hearted quality. (Even if the context of its use proves me wrong, I'll stand by that as the impression I get of the word itself...) For this reason, at any rate, "Uffish Thots" have always seemed to me to be fannish thoughts, and thus the title adorning this column...

--Ted E. White

THIS MAGAZINE SUPPORTS

DICK ENEY FOR T.A.F.F.

WHY DON'T YOU?

QUOTES AND NOTES

BY TED PAULS

Daphne Buckmaster in Esprit, Volume II, Number 1:

"What I have wanted and am now, as a last resort, trying to produce myself, is something where one can read discussions, not of s-f stories as such but of the ideas behind s-f. To me the delight of s-f has always lain in its presentation of completely new points of view: new ideas about the nature of the human race and of the universe; speculations about the results of present day trends in our way of life; anything, in fact, which lifts the mind out of the dull plane of accepted conventional thought. In the early days of the London Circle at the White Horse, we used to discuss such ideas and very stimulating it was, too. Today, ideas are still discussed in some fanzines but they usually appear haphazardly among the letter columns and are lost among the general chatter. I have yet to see a magazine which exists purely as a vehicle for the exchange of ideas..."

The underlining of the last sentence is mine. I would very much like to comment on this statement because my New Trend theory expressed in Kipple #2 was based on the idea that never-before in the history of fandom had there been so many magazines which existed "purely as a vehicle for the exchange of ideas". The word I used was "controversy"; more fanzines are aimed at providing controversy than at any other time in fandom's history. Kipple is, I feel, an excellent example of this. In this issue, for instance, there are articles or columns on sex, interracial relations, extra sensory perception, missing civilizations, book reviews both science fiction and otherwise, and, if room allows, an article on magazine distribution. If Kipple was the sole example of this sort of magazine, Daphne Buckmaster could be forgiven for the oversight, since she has never received Kipple. But it is far from unique. The magazine which began the trend, Redd Boggs' Retrograde, is still going strong; Bill Donaho's Habakkuk, Rich Bergeron's Warhoon, Walter Breen's Tesseract, Dick Lupoff's Xero, Roy Tackett's Dynatron, Ruth Berman's The Neolithic, and even the new series of Speculative Review stem from this movement. Two others--George Jennings' Nomad and Bill Sarill's Retrique--have since folded, but they too were devoted to expressing ideas. This is a strong movement. A large percentage of the top fanzines in the country are to be found in this category, and on its fringes, which includes Void, and yes, even Yandro lately. (Incidentally, and lest you think me all ego, I claim no particular importance in this movement for Kipple--other than that it is the only monthly. Kipple #1 was published as a direct imitation of Retrograde #2, and with the single exception of Dynatron, it the newest of these magazines. The really important magazines in this movement are Retrograde--because it inspired the others--and Specula- ←?

CONCLUDED ON PAGE 10

FROM NANDU 21

SAPS MAILING 46

The Ninth Institution

BY NAN GERDING

In studying history, I find there is something missing; rather, I have a definite feeling that something is missing. I'm not sure what this gap is in so many words but I think perhaps it must be the institution I call "man's humanity to man." The Greeks may have developed this institution to some extent and they certainly had the basis of man's freedom and democratic thought at hand; but they had little technology as compared to the technology of today.

Today we supposedly have a high technology in the scientific institution with comparative development in the others, but the aesthetic institution seems to be undeveloped when it's laid side by side with technology. And I've seen no evidence of man's humanity to man on a large scale.

The other day I was handed a dittoed sheet re the world's religions--a listing of the different religions, numbers, etc. I was horrified. Here, in full force, is decentralization of man's humanity to man--utter chaos in an institution that should be strongly centralized and unified. It's ridiculous.

I feel more and more uneasy as I study history--the feeling that something is missing. Where is the civilization that had a high technology and a higher development of man's humanity to man? Where is the civilization that had the good sense to study man as it studied the world around it? Where is the civilization that denied emotion and escapism and knew logic and objectiveness to the point where it nurtured and developed the science of man along with the science of technology? Where is the civilization that had a human revolution along with the industrial revolution?

I have an uncomfortable feeling that such existed. But where? If on Earth, where are the evidences? So far, to my knowledge, man's knowledge of civilizations that existed goes back 8,000 years or so; recently, I think that the time span was moved back yet another few thousand years or so but it is still not the missing civilization. I wonder if it will ever be found here on Earth?

The prophecy concerning the destruction of the earth by fire is an interesting one. To me, this suggests the concept of atomic destruction. If a civilization existed with such high technological development, and I've no doubt but what it did, then complete atomic destruction could explain the non-existence of any artifacts or remains to denote such a civilization. How many thousands of years would it take for a planet to recover from such destruction? We have to assume that it was surface destruction since according to evidence the planet earth does exist.

But this still would not be the missing civilization, for with a perfected institution of man's humanity to man such destruction would not have occurred. To have such an institution (I call in the ninth institution) the race having developed it would have to be completely sane and a sane race of man would not destroy itself, nor even have the need of weapons.

I suppose the destruction could have occurred in another way--possibly a scientific experiment that went out of control; but the odds against this, with total destruction as a result, are too high. The other possibility, that of one individual, an insane mutant, who pushed the wrong button deliberately, is also too implausible, too illogical within the framework of such a civilization.

I would also rule out destruction through natural catastrophe, because natural catastrophe which would completely destroy all traces of a civilization would have to have a man-made incentive. Following this line of reasoning, I would also have to rule out such legends as Atlantis as being the missing link. The remains of Atlantis are no doubt to be found somewhere.

This leaves one other possibility--that of a civilization half sane, half insane. And the sane half quite simply took off for parts unknown, leaving the other half to its self-destruction.

So, if the remains of the missing civilization are not to be found in earth (and one would have to go clear to the earth's core to prove this) then where and when did the missing link exist?

There has been nothing new invented since the birth of Christ. This holds deep implications also and does not speak well for the generations of man in the past 2000 years. And what about the eons before the birth of Christ? Where lies the knowledge that surely existed at some time in the past? Where has it disappeared to?

I do not disclaim man today. He is at least on the road to sanity even though he may have just stepped onto that road. He has developed eight institutions to some extent and this is not to be underrated. Underneath, there is the faint stirring of revolution, the faint glimmering beginning of sanity, a shadow of eons past spreading its wings in the form of a ninth institution.

It is a moot point whether or not this shadow from the past, this throwback to a missing civilization, will develop and spread rapidly enough to cure this particular segment in time. The point in case is the actual existence of this shadow. To mix metaphors or what have you, this shadow is a fore-runner of the past and thus as I continue to study history I find myself with the feeling that something is missing; with an uneasy feeling that I am studying only a minute part of the whole and I find it quite difficult to keep my mind on 8,000 years when said mind insists upon reaching back and out into the unknown.

I am waiting for the day when present inhumanity meets humanity, either through development of itself, through the excellent lessons of history, or even possibly through contact with an alien culture with not no alien thoughts.

--Nan Gerding

QUOTES & NOTES

CONCLUDED FROM PAGE 7...

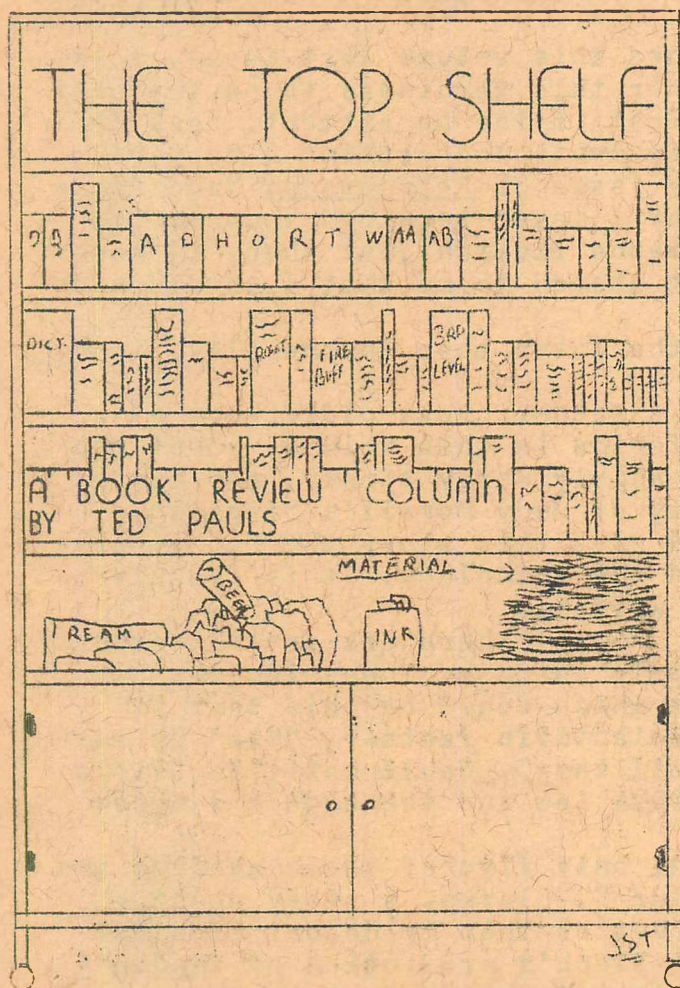
tive Review, because of the reviews of professional magazines.)

It could be argued, of course, that only a small percentage of these magazines discuss science fiction or the ideas behind science fiction; and to some extent, this would be true. After all, there is quite a bit of discussion on fandom itself, and on various mundane subjects which are completely alienated from science fiction. But--and here I think Daphne Buckmaster has erred--it is not the subjects under discussion which are important so much as the attitudes behind these discussions and the methods of discussion. If this is kept in mind, it becomes much easier to understand Mrs. Buckmaster's ideal: not the "entertaining but non-sustaining" fannish fanzine, nor the "earnest and somewhat indigestible" science fiction fanzine; but rather, a magazine which is serious without being sercon, and occasionally entertaining without necessarily being self-consciously "witty". Though they vary in individual cases, the magazines I've listed above fall into this category, at least to some extent.

The attitude is important. This column, for instance, is certainly not pertaining to science fiction or the ideas behind science fiction. Yet, it would be equally absurd to categorize it as a "fannish" column, although it discusses fannish matters in this installment. I think it adequately proves the point I'm trying to get at: that as long as the material is written with the proper attitude in mind, no matter if the subject is science fiction or fish 'n' chips, it will be fit grist for a magazine which "exists purely as a vehicle for the exchange of ideas".

I would like to add, here, that Esprit is an excellent example of this sort of magazine. This issue of Kipple is much too large already to worry about writing a complete review of this fanzine, but I would like to take a few lines in this column to acknowledge receipt of it. This present issue seems to center around ad-men and closely related subjects, though there is an 'Open Letter' to Joe Phann by Sid Birchby and various interesting short bits by the editrix. Esprit is available for letters of comment, contributions, or 1/3 (how much American is that?) per issue from Daphne Buckmaster, 8, Buchanan Street, Kirkcudbright, Scotland.

--Ted Pauls



DEATH WORLD: by Harry Harrison;
Bantam Books #A2160; 35¢

I must admit a certain fascination for stories about alien flora and fauna versus man. This, perhaps more than any other single feature, is responsible for my enjoyment of "The Legion Of Space"--this and the mighty characterization of the principal characters. "Death World", unfortunately, lacks both of these assets.

True, the book pretends to be about the alien forms of life which are dedicated to wiping out mankind on the planet Pyrrus, but this idea is not developed to any great extent. Instead the plot turns to a foolish social problem, which should have no great appeal to most readers.

Then there is the characterization. The only character not cut from thin cardboard is Kerk, the ambassador from Pyrrus who doubles as its ruler. Every other character, including Jason diAlt, the hero, is completely out-shined by him.

DON'T GET PERCONEL WITH A CHICKEN: by H. Allen Smith; Perma Book #M4177; 35¢

Quite frankly, this is an attempt to capitalize on Art Linkletter's success with books dealing with children, though instead of verbal quotes Smith collects various writings of children. Some of these are very good indeed, but most are rather uninspiring and dull. Perhaps because to an average child writing a letter is a very laborious task, these written quotes lack the spontaneity of the more on-the-spot verbal ones.

There is one fault which has been demonstrated by both Smith and Linkletter: that tendency to idolize childhood, to try to convince the reader that children are the greatest things ever, by George! I like children, and I have a particular fondness for very small, just-learning-to walk boys. But who among us can forget that pig-tailed little girl who drew her hopscotch square on your front walk, or the curly-haired little bastard who grabbed a handful of your typewriter ribbon and pulled? No, I hardly think we should worship children as Mr. Linkletter urges, and is it really necessary, Mr. Smith, to recapture that childhood? I could think of much better ways to spend a night than reading "Don't Get Perconel With A Chicken," and I would not recommend this volume to anyone who is not very tolerant of young illiterature, and not so very young editorial interruptions and simperings.

THE FANTASTIC UNIVERSE OMNIBUS: Edited by Hans Stefan Santesson; Prentice-Hall; \$3.95

At the time I mentioned this volume last issue, I had just received it. I have no idea whether this tardiness is on the part of the publishers, Santesson, or the Post Office Department. Back in May when I was in Washington, Dick Eney mentioned getting a copy of this book for review; then, in the May issue of Retrograde, Redd Boggs reviewed it. I wondered at the time why I never received a copy, although since I wasn't reading much science fiction just then, it wasn't of earth-shaking importance. Still, it seemed to me that I should have gotten a copy.

Well, I did. Eight months later than anyone else, to be sure, but...

There seems to have been a rather great difference of opinion on the merit of most of the stories in this volume. About the only thing we (meaning Boggs, Eney, possibly Harry Warner, and myself) agree upon is the sticky-sentimentality of Judy Merrill's offering, "Exile From Space". I would personally give this story the booby prize as being the least worthwhile story in the anthology. It is frankly abominable, the work of an incompetent writer.

There are several other pieces in this anthology which are nearly as poor. These include Sam Moskowitz' "The Golden Pyramid"--about which could be said that it completely ignores several important scientific facts--, "Mex" by Larry Harris, and a ghodawful horror by William C. Gault entitled "Title Fight" in which a robot ignores the First Law and the author ignores several Laws of writing.

In my opinion, only five of these stories are worth reading: "The Pacifist," by Arthur C. Clarke, a story about a wise-cracking computer which is a lot better than my description may make it sound; "A Way Of Life," Robert Bloch's prediction of fandom's place in the post-atomic future; "A Thing of Custom," by L. Sprague de Camp, which is the only story by that particular author I've ever liked; Henry Slesar's gem, "My Father, The Cat"; and a short story by Harry Harrison, "The Velvet Glove," which is in some respects superior to his novel reviewed above.

THE THIRD LEVEL: by Jack Finney; Rinehart (Book Club Edition); original price unknown.

A rather unusual collection of short stories by a fine writer, this book contains only one story which could really be called poor: "Contents of a Dead Man's Pockets." By far the best piece in the volume is "Second Chance," a time-travel tale containing the inevitable paradox, but this time in reverse, and second place would have to be awarded to "Behind The News." The latter has a plot so old that it has a fringe on top, but it is the best written piece in the book and contains the best characterization by far.

Other stories include the title story "The Third Level," which is a mildly interesting alternate-universe story; a very common, unoriginal tale called "Such Interesting Neighbors," which concerns travellers from the future trying to escape Oppression; a nice, long One Step Beyond-type story entitled "I'm Scared"; and another half dozen tales ranging from fair to very good. I note this is now out as a paper-back, but I don't know which publisher has it.

--Ted Pauls

COMIC BOOKS REVISITED:

A SHORT SYMPOSIUM

RUTH BERMAN

Eando Binder worked a lot on the Captain Marvel comics. I don't know if he (they, rather) worked on the Marvel adventures, but in every issue of Captain Marvel there would be a short story (two pages worth of small, blurred print) about the adventures of Jon Jarl, presumably pronounced John Jarl, though it ought to be Yon Yarl. Oddly enough, outside of the weaknesses of writing such short stories, they were pretty good--the stories had plenty of amusing ideas, and the characterization of Jarl was pretty good, though there was never space enough to characterize anybody else. Oh yes, the Jon Jarl stories were straight science fiction; Jarl was a member of the Space Patrol (which would probably have surprised Commander Corey no end). Besides Sivana and Kull there was a Sivana Jr., Marvel Jr.'s particular nemesis, a tall, thin lad with the Sivana face who always wore a white lab coat, white knickers, and stockings with a diamond pattern. There was also a female Sivana who showed up once in a while in the Marvel Family comics to torment Mary Marvel, and I never could quite figure out whether she was Sivana's wife or daughter. Mary Marvel was Billy Batson's sister, Mary Batson. I always liked the way Marvel and company relied solely on magic for their powers. All that tommyrot of coming from Krypton where there's a higher gravity, or being trained in the physical and scientific discipline of the Amazons has always been a thin excuse for having the magic powers

of old legends. Captain Marvel, much more sensibly, gets his powers from the old Greek gods through an old Egyptian wizard (I'll admit that has its discrepancies), and when he wants to go time-traveling, he doesn't use a time machine or fly so fast that he "breaks the time barrier"; he flies to the Rock of Eternity and jumps off into the proper time line.

TED WHITE

"The Flame" that Ted Pauls mentions was in reality The Human Torch, and the kid with him was Toro. The kid was a converted human; Torch himself was an android--one of the few to find a place in the comics. (About the only comparable character was National's Robotman.) The series was begun in the First Wave--the one directly inspired by Superman, during the 1939-41 period. It was published by Martin Goodman, who also published Marvel Science Stories. It was hardly coincidental that Torch first appeared in Marvel Comics, and that the logotype of the two "Marvel" publications were quite similar. The Submariner was invented at about the same time, and coexisted with the Human Torch. Both strips were written by a big comic book writer of the day: Mickey Spillane. (Captain America was also published by the same company; it was started slightly later, and created the War Boom of fighting patriotic heroes.)

The Captain perished first, and by 1950 the Submariner and Human Torch followed him. However, on the heels of a revived Captain America serial, all three were revived around 1954 or thereabouts for a short run. I suspect Ted remembers them from this period.

Ted speaks of the Green Arrow as a latecomer, but GA first appeared in More Fun Comics in the early forties. Around 1948, the entire crew of that mag was transplanted to Adventure Comics, and More Fun (a title of considerable tradition--it first appeared in the middle thirties as a 10x10 size book entitled Fun Comics, and then changed over to the new standard 7x10 size as New Fun Comics, and finally around 1938 became More Fun Comics) became a "funny animal" comic for the few remaining issues of its existence. The Green Arrow, along with Aquaman and Superboy, is one of the few survivors of that era. I don't know whether he is still published in Adventure, but he still has a space in World's Finest Comics.

The latter title was an interesting experiment conducted by National Comics. Its forerunners were the 1939 and 1940 editions of World's Fair Comics. These were 96 page comics (bear in mind that 10¢ comics then ran 64 or 68 pages counting covers) originally priced at 25¢, but overprinted (on separate stickers) to 15¢. They contained considerable World's Fair publicity, used characters (Superman, Batman, Sandman, etc.) from the regular National comics in stories centering around the Fair, and so on. The comics were so successful that in 1940 National launched World's Best Comics, a 96-page 15¢ quarterly which served to bring together a new anthology of the National characters. A contents page was included on the inside front cover, and several characters appeared on the cover together. (The anthology-concept should not be confused with the amalgamation-concept used in All-Star Comics, where different characters were put in one large story together.) With the second issue, World's Best became World's Finest, which it has been ever since. Changes included a change of schedule to bimonthly, and, several years ago, to eight times a year; a drop in the number of pages to 76, and then 68 and 52 before

changing the price down to 10¢, dropping the printed spine and including only 36 pages. About the time of the price and page decrease, Superman and Batman--who had up till then been featured in separate stories opening and closing the mag--were put in one combined story. Today the mag features only three stories: one with Superman and Batman, the other two featuring Green Arrow and Tommy Tomorrow separately.

RON ELLIK

The human fireball you mention as "The Flame" was really The Human Torch, and his young hot-headed friend was Toro. The Torch was a blond fellow in a red union suit, drawn pretty much on the physical lines of Green Arrow (whose sidekick was Speedy), and Toro was a wiry, black-haired little Robin-type who turned up after the war as a Commie agent, having been brainwashed.

Captain America, who had superhuman strength but who could be quelled by a crack on his skull (like Wonder Woman, who could be put out of commission by hitting her at the base of her skull). He carried a shield which was sometimes employed as a discus, and his young assistant was called Bucky. In reality, Cap was a school teacher and Bucky one of his students.

Green Arrow and Speedy, by the way, were featured in Detective Comics and backed up Batman and Robin along with Aquaman and Zartana the Magician. All these "detectives" had a feature in common--no guns. GA and Speedy came closest, with bows and arrows, but most of their arrows were about as deadly as the boxing-glove arrow you mentioned. I don't recall a girl ever having joined them in bygone days, but in a recent episode a Miss Arrowette popped up and left again, with the expected remark by GA that, "I don't think we've seen the last of her."

CARL BRANDON

I remember Robotman, who was at that time appearing in (I believe) Action Comics. He appeared to be the common stereotype of the robot--detachable limbs, square, boxy shape, metallic--although it was mentioned once that he was an android, not a robot. I wonder if the writers of that period knew--or cared--the difference?

One thing I liked about the DC series (where Superman appeared early in the last decade): they had variety. Besides Superman and Superboy, several other characters appeared either regularly or off and on. One--I don't recall whether it was Action or Adventure--had a western hero who rode a motorcycle instead of a horse, and I seem to recall some spy or counter-spy making irregular appearances.

As re the other characters you mentioned: I recall GA and Speedy (his ward) vividly, since they appeared in Detective Comics with my favorite of all characters, Batman. As I recall, there was also a Sartana--a magician--and Aquaman, who was probably inspired by the much earlier Submariner. Doll Man or Doll Girl I have never heard of, and believe it or not the only knowledge I have of the jungle girl, Sheena, is through a cruddy television serial. (By the way, one comic I haven't seen mentioned in Kipple is Planet Comics; art second only to the EC string (wonder how old VK's doing?) and at least readable stories.

+ + +

distribution PROBLEM

LES NIRENBERG

Ten years ago there were four distribution companies in Toronto. Today there are only two. The bulk of magazines, paperback novels and other such publications is handled by the Sinnot News Company. This company has become so large by having absorbed the titles formerly handled by the defunct companies that they have become, and are daily becoming more dictatorial. Not, fortunately, as dictatorial as the major United States distributors: in many cities in the United States retailers are told which titles they will give full cover space to and which titles they will place on the top shelf; new accounts in the States are also told that they must devote a certain amount of floor space to magazines or else. Retailers are more or less forced to bow to the demands of these companies are not handle magazines at all.

This, I feel, is one of the problems facing not only the publisher, but the retailer also. And here science fiction especially is hurt, for a number of other reasons which I will cover later. There are so many titles on the magazine racks today--due to the exit of the wholesalers and the tremendous increase in magazines in general--that the distributors have a terrific job just keeping track of them. One of the jobs of the distributor is a daily call to each rack in which he checks all magazines, taking inventory and bringing in any magazines which are sold out or low in stock. The increase in titles in the last decade has made a thorough "check-up" almost impossible. I have at this moment no less than 200 titles on my rack alone. To do a proper check-up of all magazines on the rack would be impossible, since the job would take upwards of an hour or so. The drivers who do the checking couldn't possibly cover all their accounts in one day, because most of the routes have fifty or more accounts on them. It doesn't take a mathematician to see that a thorough check of every rack every day would be quite impossible: 50 racks x 1 hour = a fifty-hour working day. To further complicate this, many racks are sloppily disarranged. As a result of this, the drivers can only do their check-up twice a week--three times if they're very lucky. And even then they can only check the weeklies and faster selling monthlies; science fiction go to hell.

I'd like to stress here that there is nothing the distributors can do about this situation, as long as there are only two of them. Four, perhaps five different distributors would spread the magazines thin enough to give them some breathing room.

With 200 titles on my rack (which measures eight feet; the minimum allowed by the distributor) I
CONCLUDED ON PAGE 20

THE MONKEY'S VIEWPOINT:

Three monkeys sat in a cocoanut tree
Discussing things as they're said to be.
Said one to the others, "Now listen, you two,
There's a certain rumor that can't be true,
That man descends from our noble race--
The very idea is a disgrace.
No monkey ever deserted his wife,
Starved her babies and ruined her life,
And you've never known a mother monk
To leave her babies with others to bunk,
Or pass them on from one to another
'Til they scarcely know who is their mother.
And another thing you'll never see--
A monk build a fence 'round a cocoanut tree
And let the cocoanuts go to waste,
Forbidding all other monks a taste;
Why, if I'd put a fence around the tree,
Starvation would force you to steal from me.
Here's another thing a monk won't do--
Go out at night and get on a stew,
Or use a gun or a club or a knife
To take some other monkey's life.
Yes, man descended--the ornery cuss--
But, brother, he didn't descend from us!"

REPRINTED FROM THE AMERICAN RATIONALIST

An Observation...

...on the Human Race

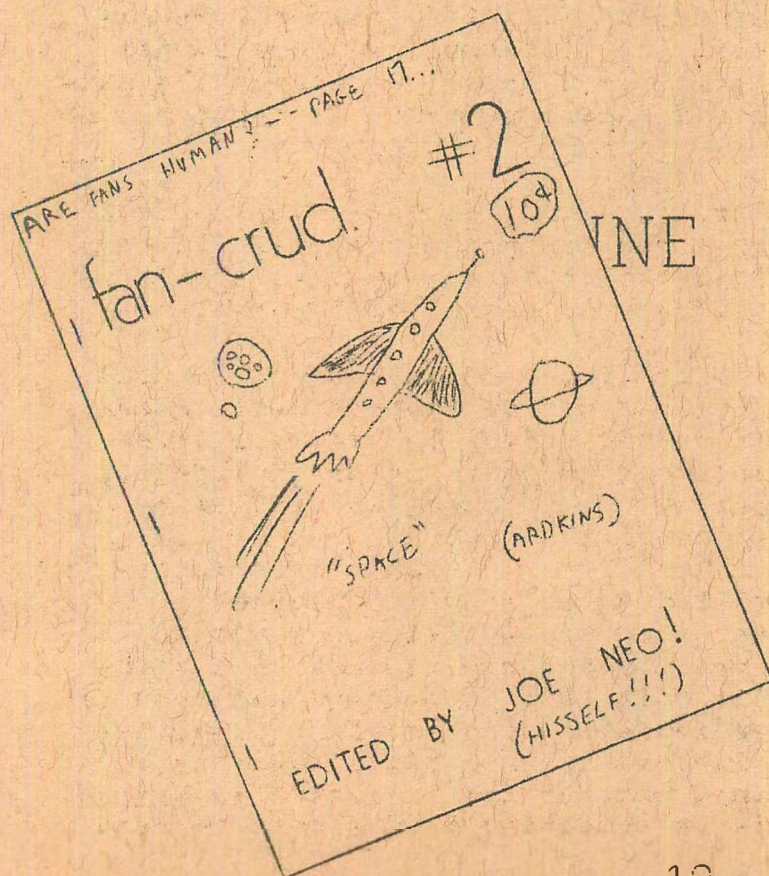
BY AN ANONYMOUS AUTHOR_____

BANE #2: Vic Ryan, 2160 Sylvan Road, Springfield, Illinois; sort of irregular-bi-monthly; 15¢ per issue, 4/50¢, or trades, letters of comment, contributions, or lettering equipment; 32 pages.

This is, I believe, the third fanzine published by Vic Ryan, and it is about average for what a fifth issue should be. Which is to say that Bane is just now emerging from the period which marks a beginning fanzine and is establishing itself in the rank of "good" magazines. This second issue contains excellent material in the form of some letter excerpts by Bob Tucker, an article by Marion Bradley on circus fandom, her other love, Nick Falasca's 'Exposé' of Harlan Ellison, and a story by Rod Frye which is very simple, nicely written, and interesting. There is also some not-so-excellent material: Editor Ryan's editorial is more a rambling column than a real editorial; Buck Coulson's book review column is more or less like a Buck Coulson fanzine review column --it's prime purpose seems to be to mention as many books as possible in as little space; Bob Lichtman has a good idea, but doesn't do too much with it; and the letter column could stand more editing. Perhaps I'd better explain this statement, since many of the letters are cut to only a few paragraphs as it stands. There is rather a great difference between editing and cutting: in "cutting" one prints only the paragraphs which would seem to be of interest; but when "editing" one also cuts within those paragraphs. It is this I think Bane's letter section needs.

Appearance-wise, Bane is somewhat below its standard of material. The artwork, mostly unimpressive fillers, is not cut very

the CHOPPING block



FINE REVIEWS

BY TED PAULS

well, and the lettering, while neat, isn't very impressive. I think at least part of this can be attributed to the fact that Vic is working with several particularly unattractive styles of lettering. The ideas for good layout are definitely there, and I think Vic could do much better layouts with a few better guides. Certainly these layouts are far from poor.

SPACE CAGE #7: Lee Anne Tremper, 3858 Forest Grove Drive, Apt. #A-3, Indianapolis 5, Indiana; monthly; 10¢ per issue, contributions, letters of comment, or trades; 34 pages.

This isn't the sort of magazine to take fandom by storm, even though it sports absolutely impeccable reproduction, nice artwork and some of the best layouts I've seen lately. It is also not the type magazine to draw quality material, as is painfully obvious here in the sixth issue. Lee Anne brings on attractive mimeograph paper, expensive lettering guides and an obvious amount of plain, hard work to print material which should be carbon-copied on yellow second-sheets.

For instance: Dick Schultz has a piece of fiction which I managed to get half through before giving up; Mike Deckinger runs the subject of fannish comparisons into the ground in a half page--then continues on the same subject for an additional two pages; Winfield Massey thoroughly bores the reader with an overdone piece of fantasy; and the editorial at the end of the magazine is little more than an introduction. Not all can be this bad, of course. This issue also contains the second part of "Fantasy in Outline" by J. T. Crackel which is rather interesting, and some competent book reviews by the same writer. Joe Sanders contributes a humorous piece which looks like a refuge from an early EISFA ("Ice-fah!"), Hal Shapiro has an interesting note on human skin, and the letter section is well enough done.

I can't really recommend Space Cage; I could not recommend any magazine which featured fifty percent crud. Perhaps if Lee Anne cut her schedule enough to enable her to pick and choose the material for each issue, it would improve. The appearance is certainly deserving of much better material.

WARHOON #9 and SERENADE #1: Dick Bergeron, 110 Bank Street, New York 14, New York; quarterly for Warhoon, and I suppose irregular for Serenade--if it isn't a one-shot; letters or cards of comment, and I assume trades, though this isn't mentioned; 38 pages and 5 pages, respectively.

Both of these magazines are circulated through SAPS, but I believe Dick has a rather large outside circulation as well. About half of the total pages are written by the editor in his usual precise fashion. Remaining material includes articles by Gregg Galkins, L. R. Chauvenet, Dick Eney, Art Rapp and Rudy DeZan, as well as a column by John Berry and several pages of letters.

Chauvenet takes the honors this issue with his piece titled quite simply "Chauvenet on Fanzines." This article accomplishes what Harlan Ellison failed to do in his Varioso-printed article, "Quality Factor": it sets up a standard for quality fanzines which will hold true no matter what type of fanzine is meant, no matter what audience it is aimed for, no matter at what time in the future it might be read. In fact, it sets up a standard of quality for any magazine, whether that magazine is Yandro, The Saturday Review, or Vogue. This is something that should be read

by any new fan contemplating publishing a fanzine.

--Ted Pauls

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DISTRIBUTION PROBLEM... FROM PAGE 16

can't be expected to give full cover display to all magazines. In fact, the only magazines which do get full cover display are the fast-selling weeklies. Many stores send back science fiction magazines almost immediately without giving them a chance on the stands. The biggest offenders here are drug stores. Since the druggist feels he must "protect the interest of his customers" he proclaims himself censor and sends back whatever he feels like sending back. Science fiction is not the only sufferer here: Playboy, Rogue and many other mags have been sent back immediately. This type of censorship is one of the things that might have killed science fiction magazine publishing.

I feel the whole problem is in distribution and display. At the moment this is handled solely by the distributor and it's evident that they aren't handling it very well. With the great mass of titles now in distribution, though, the distributors couldn't possibly be expected to do a better job. What is there to do?

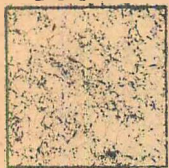
Well, Dell Publications seems to have a fairly workable idea with their paperbacks. A publisher's representative visits stores regularly (approximately once every six weeks) and makes sure that his titles are well represented and well stocked. He rearranges the display and cleans up the rack--still taking into consideration material from other companies and not hiding it under his own. In this way he makes sure that the distributor is doing a good job in checking his material and displaying it. If it isn't up to his standard he files a report to the publisher who in turn threatens to cut off the distributor if he doesn't smarten up. This type of action is hard in cities where there is only one distributor, but most cities have at least two. Publishers that have only a few titles could band together and hire representatives to take care of their lines in various cities. This might do away with this business of stacking magazines with only the bindings showing.

The bastard size of many s-f magazines also accounts for a loss in sales. The size has a lot to do with the impression on a customer. Many of them refuse to pay 35¢ for a half-size magazine when they can buy a copy of Mad for only 25¢. Too, the small size makes many of these magazines--not only science fiction, but Manhunt, Alfred Hitchcock, et al--very difficult to display. These last two titles are so popular, however, that they are well taken care of by the distributor; s-f enjoys no such favors.

Right now the Sinnot News Company charges \$1.00 per week for service, but I would be glad to pay \$2.00 if they would remove some of the crud. Maybe this would leave some room for science fiction.

--Les Nixenberg

ROBERT BLOCH PRESENTS A



DETENTION

PROLOGUE

It is very hard to write a fanzine piece in August; in fact, offhand I can think of only eleven other months which offer equal difficulties. But August is something special, because the Convention is nearing and as usual, I'm starting to prepare for the ordeal.

Even though my departure is three full weeks away (at least I hope it's three full weeks, because I planned it that way by buying a lot of whiskey and I intend to keep full as part of my preliminary training for the event) I can think of little else.

I've always envied those people who seem to make up their minds at the last minute, throw a change of clothing into a suitcase, and take off. I can't operate that way. I have to make plans. When you come right down to it, the simple matter of getting anything to fit into a suitcase baffles me. The damned bottles always take up so much space.

As an old Convention attendee (I use the term figuratively now, but it will be literal enough the day after the thing ends) I've learned to anticipate all sorts of problems. For one thing, I must remember to take a pair of slippers along. Those 18-hour days are murder on the feet, and when I finally get up to my room and kick my shoes off, I'm always cutting my toes on broken glass and sharp openers.

Then there's the matter of a fountain pen. Seems to me I've signed every last copy of "The Opener of the Way" that was ever printed, but somehow a few more always turn up at Cons, so I need a pen. If I take a good one, it will get lost. If I take a poor one, it will leak all over my clothes on the plane. If I borrow one, something will happen so that it will never be returned to its owner. What I need is a supply of ink and a long sharp fingernail. Only three weeks to find both.

Now, the matter of a necktie. I expect to wear a tie only once, at the banquet, but that's why my choice is so important. I've got to decide immediately if I'm having baked ham or prime ribs of beef--for ham I'm safer with a red tie, and for the beef I need something with brown or grey in it. I've got a lot of blue ties, but they never seem to serve anything blue at Conventions; though come to think of it, one year they had some chicken that was pretty blue.

The next step is to choose my pills. Since luggage weight limit on plane travel is forty pounds, I can't take a full six day supply; I'll have to compromise on some anemia pills, some standard vitamin concentrates (A, B₁, B₂, B₆, B₁₂, C, D, E and K, probably), a few antihistamines, some iron tonic, dexedrine, phenobarbital, maybe some nembutol, and a couple bottles of aspirin. I can always buy more on Saturday or Sunday. But I insist on leaving room for at least two shirts and an extra pair of sox. In order to save weight, I can take socks with holes in

them.

Now, what else? Cigarettes and holders? Well, holders, anyway. I can bum cigarettes, but did you ever try to mooch a cigarette-holder?

As far as I now know, I'm not on the program--but this is no guarantee. Maybe I'd better think up a few nasty insults, just in case. This is going to take time, too, because it isn't as easy as it looks. Calling Asimov a big slob and Doc Smith a dirty old man doesn't work, because everybody already knows what they are. After nine major Conventions, I'm running out of snide remarks; there aren't many insults left and not enough new people to work on. I don't even know yet if John Berry is coming--surely I could think up a few mean things to say about Berry. Oh well, wait and see. Maybe I'll finally realize my cherished dream and not have to insult anyone on the public platform; I can sit in the audience like everybody else and insult 'em under my breath.

What else? I know a lot of other people are probably girding their loins for the Convention, but I'm too old for that. I threw away my girds a couple of years ago.

Maybe I'd better take ear-plugs, too. Poul Anderson and Karen invited me to ride back with them, and they're always talking about science fiction and all that jazz; I'll wear ear-plugs and nod and they'll never notice.

One thing more. Perhaps I ought to get a membership card in the Convention. No, why be hasty? Maybe when I arrive I'll find Tucker is there and then I'll just turn around and come home, like lots of other people will. I mean, why trade a headache for an upset stomach?

On the other hand, why not? If I know anything about these affairs, it might be a good idea. So if any of you people at the convention find yourself suffering from an upset stomach, come around and see me, down in the bar. Maybe we can make a deal.

--Bob Bloch

ECLIPSE

BY BILL SARILL

"Just before the eclipse was due over Boston," says Bill Sarill, "the sky became cloudy."

A flash of light,
a circle of white
obscured by clouds,
ethereal shrouds.
The eclipse is near,
'tis coming soon--
indeed, it's here,
but where's the moon?

EXPERIMENTS

IN
ESP

BY TED PAULS

The story I am about to relate is an unusual one, and I'm not at all sure it belongs in this column. The series of occurrences I will tell about could be called coincidence-- though as many have pointed out, anything could be called coincidence. I think I will leave it up to you readers to judge whether or not this is truly a psychic adventure or merely an odd string of chance happenings.

On March 16th of this year I was engaged in writing a letter to Dick Eney when I was notified that a major fire was burning out of control in Bladensburg, a suburb of Washington, D.C. It didn't occur to me at the time that I was notified of the fire after I had begun chatting to Dick about my experiences at fires in this city. I did not realize this fact until later. I didn't think much of this at the time, even the next day when I realized that I had been discussing fires before the one in Bladensburg was reported to me. Surely, this wasn't even important enough to deserve the title "coincidence". Some happenings a few days later changed this opinion, however.

The next letter I wrote was one to Bill Sarill five days later, on the 21st of March. I mentioned, as a prelude to some rather short comments on the first issue of Retrique, that I would write at more length if Bill would mention a subject I was interested in--and I specified fires and fire-fighting. I never got a chance to place a period at the end of that sentence. The telephone rang and when I grabbed the upstairs extension I was notified by my uncle (a retired firefighter) that there was a four-alarm fire in a church in downtown Baltimore. Two hours later I returned home with some good photographs and finished my letter to Sarill, telling him about this incident. Now I was rather interested. Twice I had mentioned fires to fans and twice there had been a fire. And not just a run-of-the-mill blaze, either. The Bladensburg fire was five alarms, and the church fire eventually became six alarms. This is considered a Major Fire, nearly a conflagration. (Although technically "conflagration" refers merely to a destructive fire, in fire-buff circles it will refer to a fire in which more than one building was involved. Therefore, to say that a fire nearly gained the classification of "conflagration" is to say that it totally destroyed the place of origin, but did not extend to other structures.)

The clincher came two days later, on March 23rd. I was looking for

*For the benefit of those fans who do not know me, I am a fire-buff-- or one who chases fire engines as a hobby. My mother was scared by a siren...

something to say in a letter to Bill Donaho and decided to relate to him the experience with Sarill. I noted that there hadn't even been a small fire while I was typing the letter, chalked the experiences with Eney and Sarill up to coincidence, and posted the letter. Three hours later there was a six alarm fire. This was more than a conflagration; it was a disaster which claimed the lives of three people. Three houses exploded and burned, hospitalizing about six people and killing a police officer at the scene. The other two died some months later after lingering in the hospital with horrible burns.

The original draft of this article was typed Sunday morning, October 30, 1960. On the afternoon of that same day, a three alarm fire in a dwelling not too far from Meridene Drive claimed the life of a two year old boy, adding another incident to this string of happenings. I wonder what will happen the day I duplicate this page--November 2nd?

+ + +

If this is not a coincidence--and I no longer think of it as such--then just what is it. A brief look at the future? I hope so. I surely hope that my subconscious desire for fires has not influenced the future in some unthought-of way. For if this is the case, I am responsible for killing four people, one of them a small child.

My earlier tongue-in-cheek theory, which I expressed to Donaho in a letter dated April 21, 1960, was that each faaan had a poltergeist type of thing, much as each child is supposed to have a fairy godmother. These poltergeists (I call them that for want of a better name) are very powerful, but they can only function when in contact with the poltergeist of another fan--which is to say that they can only function when two minds which work along the same lines come into contact. Since they are not inhibited by foolish things like time or space, the fact that Donaho had not seen my letter at the time of the fire would make no difference. By addressing comments to Donaho--even though I didn't expect him to see them for at least a week--my subconscious mind was able to get into contact with his (which is actually what I am saying when I refer to 'his' poltergeist and 'my' poltergeist) and either (a) forecast the future, or (b) influence it to such an extent that a fire would occur within minutes or hours. I like to think that we were merely forecasting that which was inevitable anyway, for I would not enjoy feeling responsible for four deaths. But if this is the case, then there is still the element of coincidence: why was I writing to fans at the particular times that there were going to be fires?

As much as I hate to consider the idea, the theory that I (for the fans I was in contact with cannot be expected to share the blame) influenced the future is the most likely of all. I can only console myself with the idea that these fires could have been much worse: what if there had been a party in one of the houses which exploded? Suppose thirty or forty children had been in one of those houses when the accumulated gas was touched off?

I welcome alternate theories for these occurrences. I would like nothing better than to hear a plausible one.

--Ted Pauls

MARION BRADLEY TELLS
WHY SHE IS

cryin'
in
the
sink

FANZINE

REVIEWS

OUT OF THE GENERAL GRIST of fanzines this time comes a final issue of Femizine from Ethel Lindsay, throwing in the towel and folding the zine. This causes me to cast a brief backward glance at the sad fate of other femme-slanted fanzines. My own abortive Vampire Society, an Eo-fandom contribution called Black Flames and starring such famous early femfans as Tigrina, and the brave efforts made by Juanita Wellons--now Coulson--and Marian Cox to keep the Fanettes alive were among them.

I think all these magazines were doomed before they started, because the average female, in fandom, is NOT interested in the exclusive society of women. Elinor Busby and I have been kicking this thought around; in a gathering of fans and their wives, including some female fans, the femfans will be gathered with the fans, while all the mundane wives will collect in a little group and talk about clothes and kids. Sometimes, out of courtesy and politeness, or inability to get away, the femfans will be snagged in the group of mundane wives, and bored sick.

A femfan-zine might sound like a good idea, if it were slanted exclusively at the mundane wives who feel left out while their husband-fans, and the real femfans, were gathered together. But the femfan, typically, resents any attempt to segregate her into a little group talking

girl-talk.

There have been many successful fanzines edited by women, and successfully bringing across that elusive thing called the woman's angle. The most successful which come to mind at the moment were Lee Hoffman's Quandry (which so successfully brought across the woman's angle that most fans thought Lee was male...?) and the Hodgepodge published by Marie-Louise and Nancy Share. In the various apazines, women have been wholly successful on an unsegregated basis. But every fanzine founded specifically for the purpose of giving the women their say has failed--because the articulate and intelligent women in fandom don't WANT to be associated with an all-woman fanzine, and resist the idea strenuously.

There is a possibly apocryphal little story about the well-loved, but nonfannish wife of a very well-known fan, who sat in sad solitude while her husband and his fan cronies were having a ball. Presently an equally well-known fannish couple came in--one of those couples where both husband and wife are fans. "Oh, wonderful!" cried the delighted mundane wife. "Womanfolks!" The femfan drew herself up in annoyance and retorted "I am not womanfolks!" Whereupon she joined

the fans and the mundane wife, offended, was as lonely as ever. Having been in the same predicament as the femfan, I see her point--and it's a problem without solution. But it explains why Femizine gave up the fight.

FOUR STAR FANZINES

ESPRIT: Daphne Buckmaster, 8 Buchanan Street, Kirkcudbright, Scotland.

Now this is more like it; and from this first issue, it reminds me sharply of the above-mentioned Hodgepodge. Daphne has stated her aims clearly--a desire for intelligent "conversations" and thought. The loose format of this first issue makes it look like a letterzine, which is how it will probably turn out. And despite some vagueness, so far, about what direction this will take, it takes a sizable lead over many of the fanzines around today. If Daphne can take a firm editorial grip on the directions her contributors want to fire away, this could fill a still-empty place in the fannish scene.

BASTION: Eric Bentcliffe, 47 Aldiss Street, Stockport, Cheshire, England. A beautiful multicolor cover by Eddie Jones covers up some entertaining chatter by a group of Anglofans on everything under the sun. Bentcliffe gives some hints on how to correspond by tape without boring your audience into a coma, Sid Birchby does a hilarious piece on old European University songs (they sure don't resemble the kind college students sing in the States) and Mike Moorcock, in yet another reverberation from Earl Kemp, tries to analyse what's wrong with s-f these days. Since Great Britain doesn't have the distribution to blame it on, this was a welcome New Angle. There is also some cute-cute satire which doesn't quite come off, and some allegedly fannish fiction with which, I think, we could all do without in unlimited quantities. Nevertheless, refreshing and stimulating.

YANDRO: Robert & Juanita Coulson, Route #3, Wabash, Indiana. This steady perennial leaps into the top echelon for #93, mostly because of a George Barr cover which is, beyond doubt, the most beautiful thing ever produced by the overworked Coulson mimeograph. Also for an unusually fine article by a newcomer to fandom, Peggy Sexton, on the military thesis behind the much-discussed Heinlein "Starship Troopers." There is also some heavy handed humor via the Count von Leibfraumilch, who should drown in it, and the diverting spectacle of two people, both of whom profess to dislike convention reports, each writing one. One tends to take Yandro, as it turns up month after month with almost numbing regularity, for granted; an issue like this one makes the steady reader sit up, bug his eyes and read the last few over again with more attention.

THREE STAR FANZINES

BANE: Vic Ryan, 2160 Sylvan Rd., Springfield, Illinois. Still a newcomer to the field, Vic has mastered his mimeograph sufficiently to give legibility with #2, and he has started to edit, rather than just assemble, his material. The editorial is simple, personalized and pleasing, with no neofannish howls, though he does devote some space to the vicissitudes of an editor. Vic has snared BNF Bob Tucker to do a hilarious/serious column about the troubles he and Bloch are having with editors and movie-makers. Buck Coulson's book review column is neither self-consciously "literary" or overly slipshod, but is just a-

bout what a review column ought to be. Vic has, so far, been lucky with his contributors; the material in this issue would grace any top fanzine. He deserves to be, for he handles them well and with a little more experience will produce one of the top fanzines.

DYNATRON: Roy Tackett, 412 Elderberry Drive, Laurel Bay, S. C. Except for the cover--a crude and childish sketch of a dinosaur, which makes the fanzine look like the worst of neofannish efforts--this could be a top-rater. Editorial chatter skips here and there in a manner reminiscent of Redd Boggs' defunct "Twippledop", but manages to be provocative. Rog Ebert contributes some mildly disturbing poetry, as usual, and Mike Deckinger manages to find a New Angle for the fanfiction story--"A Day With Rain" hasn't been bettered since the early days of Seventh Fandom. It's too soon to tell what Roy will do with this one, but it has all the ingredients, including a full compliment of thoughtful controversy in the lettercolumn.

TWO STAR FANZINES

NEOLITHIC: Ruth Berman, 5620 Edgewater Blvd., Minneapolis 17, Minn.

A thin, badly mimeographed and casually-put-together piece of work, from the angle of editorship; yet the fascinating offbeat personality of this zine keeps it out of the dog house. In this issue, the creation of the Professor Challenger Society is announced--a sort of rebel-yeast Baker Street Irregulars--and Ruth slipshodly narrates part of her Pittcon report. This zine is exasperating because it has so much promise and so little performance; I always read it faithfully, but it definitely isn't everyone's cup of tea, and it isn't fannish at all--which could be a compliment. Definitely limited interest, for the whimsy-loving circle.

CILN: Ed Gorman, 242 10th St. NW, Cedar Rapids, Iowa. This is number two, but it displays many first issue blues; and it gets two stars, when it probably deserves only one, for being a gallant try. Dave Courtland does a mildly interesting article on the vintage years of Amazing Stories, for those who like that sort of thing; Mike Deckinger tries unsuccessfully to use his obvious talents in putting together a column; there is more ho-hum whithering about the death of science fiction; and the letter and review sections are sloppy enough to have come out of the NFFF. Verdict so far: a yawn and a question mark.

ONE STAR FANZINES

MEMORITOR: Art Hayes, R.D. #3, Bancroft, Ontario, Canada. A leadoff article by an "anonymous pro" to fanzines editors inquires "Have you done any editing lately?" Obviously, Art missed the whole point of this article, for "editing" is just what Memoritor needs, and needs desperately. Issue after issue roles around, more regularly than any fanzine except Fanac and Yandro, crammed with material desperately in need of an editor. Art's editorial efforts are limited to typing it all on stencil; if one article finishes up two inches from the bottom of the page, right there at the bottom of the page is where he starts in typing up the next article, story or poem. Think-pieces,

CONCLUDED PAGE 29

A FAN story

BY RON ELLIK

LET ME DESCRIBE, in pithy detail, a few hours from the life of a fan--a member of fandom--from the Golden Years of 1950-53. Just so I can speak accurately, let's pick the end of that era--say, November of 1953--and let the fan be me.

This fan has just spent the first hours of daylight on a Saturday cutting stencils with a spanking new Underwood portable. The stencils are Vellam film stencils, but he threw away the films and cursed the dropped o's because he didn't know any better.

He has compiled, over the past weeks, approximately thirty cut stencils, with holes for artwork. Now that they are finished, he spends another hour painfully copying the artwork onto stencil with a ball-point pen, an ABDick ball stylus, an old drawing plate, and no mimeoscope--using the dining room table for a background. It looked it, too.

The magazine (which will remain nameless) is complete. A quick phone call reassures him that Balint is indeed at home and expecting him, so he loads the stencils and two pounds of ink into the apple box which rides on the L-rack of his bicycle and pedals ten miles across the city to Golden Avenue. On the way, he stops in downtown Long Beach and buys, with his last cent, five or six reams of cheap paper.

He and Balint spend the entire afternoon, and much of the evening, coaxing 125 copies of lousy reproduction from L'il Damnit, a \$25 Montgomery Ward mimeograph which turned out letter-perfect copy most of the time, but not for Balint's young friend. The paper had to be hand-fed, and pre-counted; also, L'il Damnit was a closed-cylinder mimeo which was inked by painting the drum with a 1" paint brush dipped in ink. Evenness of repro depended on skill with the brush.

When the mimeographing (which sometimes required two or three Saturdays spent in this manner) was over, or at least suspended, this young fan would bicycle home again, sometimes very late at night. It was a cold trip, and tiring.

If --I mean when--the magazine was completed, this young fan would spend most of a day assembling it off the two beds in his and his brother's room. He would spend another day addressing copies. On a third day he would spend every cent he could scrape up for about a hundred 3¢ stamps, because his 20-pound paper ran over the 2¢ limit. Then he would mail it out, and wait for letters and reviews. Those letters (and subscriptions) and reviews would come in, I assure you, and they would

help him with the third issue.

Now, to jump six years into the future: I spent last month (and part of this) sorting my fanzine collection. In the process, I ran across my incomplete file of a 1953-54 fanzine which featured reprints of fan-fiction. Some of the above incidents ran through my head, and I felt a twinge of nostalgia. Under the influence of that nostalgia, I opened the second issue of that fanzine of yester-year.

You wouldn't believe it. Nostalgia couldn't help; lying to myself couldn't help; blinking my eyes and flipping the pages fast couldn't help; nothing could drive from my mind the impossibly blunt conviction that I was holding in my hands the biggest pile of unadulterated crap I had ever seen.

--Ron Ellik



CRYIN' IN THE SINK...

CONCLUDED FROM PAGE 27

fiction, poetry, NFFF business, news notes, and too much other stuff to detail, are all jumbled together helter-skelter, and such mis-spellings as "truely" "Valkerie" and "Beatnick" can be found on every page. This sort of thing can be excused in a neofan, but Art has been around for years and years and never improves at all. The crying shame of it is this: most of his material is good, and he evidently spends a lot of time and trouble and care on it; but only on the physical presentation, getting it down on stencil and legibly mimeographed. A little thought about arrangement, orderliness (for instance, in this issue at hand, four bits of NFFF business are jumbled in pages and pages apart, instead of being together in a section of their own), and judicious blue-pencilling, would make this a notable zine in its own way, which is definitely sercon.

THE SOUTHERN FAN: The Official Organ of the Southern Fandom Group. Jerry Burge, 1707 Piper Circle SE, Atlanta, Georgia. All southern fans, alas, are not budding Lynn Hickmans. Sloppily mimeographed on the thinnest of white paper, so that a fan with double-jointed eyes could read both sides of the page at once, this one sets a lot of dead-serious requirements for becoming a member of the SFG and wonders why every fan in the South isn't beseiging their mailbox with pleas to be admitted. We could tell them, but why spoil their fun? This sort of thing might be interesting for those who are nostalgic for those days in the fifth grade when we got together on a rainy day, formed a Big Important Club and spent hours and hours drawing up lengthy codes of rules and admission requirements and deciding when to hold meetings and--well, presumably all the readers were once in the fifth grade. We expect it of fifth-graders. Seeing presumably late-teenage fans doing it makes me snicker unkindly.

--Marion Zimmer Bradley

A SONG OF SIXPENCE

F. M. BUSBY G. M. Carr's subject is not so much "What Do You Mean By Fantasy?" as "Which Types of Fantasy Do You Like?" After pointing out a few items which (apparently) are not generally listed as fantasy but which do fit the category, and putting down "Masque of the Red Death" as a mundane bit dressed up in purple prose (I think she's right), Mrs. Carr then abdicates the question of "what is fantasy" to explain what she herself likes and dislikes, and why. I agree with the writer in enjoying the Unknown-type stories, and in being turned off by the likes of Lovecraft. I disagree in that I enjoy Tolkien, the Oz Books, and Alice. The Moore, Nathan and Pinckney items are new to me.

I don't know how many others found the first book of Tolkien's Ring Trilogy slow. On my first reading, I did a lot of skimming on that part (and had to go back and look up a couple of crucial points later in the action). A couple years later, with no urgency on the plotline, I read that first part and enjoyed it.

But "What Do You Mean By Fantasy?" is the question. Roughly, I'd class as fantasy all stories strongly depending on the supernatural, the inexplicable, the known-to-be-nonexistent, where no "scientific" explanation or even arbitrary label is attempted. Traditional vampires are of fantasy; vampires whose condition is the result of a glandular imbalance are not. Stories of "for-real" ghosts are fantasy; stories in which a supposed ghost-manifestation is rationally explained, are not. Psi used to be fantasy and was written-up as such; it's now speculative s-f. But my personal preference is to keep even the furthest-out pseudo-science under the s-f label rather than that of fantasy.

I vote for further ESP-result articles. Ted, since psi is not under conscious control, results should be better in the exhausted state when conscious systematic thought-processes won't be holding such a tight grip on the "random choice" attempts. With a 52 card deck, pure chance should give you 13 correct choices of suit, and 4 of value--which means one correct suit-and-value. At 3pm you had negative results, whereas at 3am you were highly-positive for value but just about the same for suit. I think that Bob Pavlat's reaction would be common to most of us--except that possibly most of us "turn it off" before ever allowing ourselves to be startled as Bob was.

CRAIG COCHRAN My brother, a senior in high school, is now reading "1984". I believe that this, and also "Brave
467 W. 1st ST. New World," is required reading. Oddest of all is
SCOTTSDALE, ARIZONA that "Grapes of Wrath" is among the books on a
list given out by my English teacher and I'm only a freshman! My neighbor told me that the book was one of the dirtiest she has read. This must prove that censorship is practically non-existent here. Banning of books really disturbs me and I feel lucky to live in a state with little of it. (This English teacher did, however, mention that there

was one book upon the list which we should stay away from, though she wouldn't mention the title so that everyone wouldn't rush out and buy it. I assume that this book must be "Grapes of Wrath"; all of the others sound pretty gentle.)

GEORGE SPENCER I don't have a copy of the last Kipple in front of me, so I don't recall precisely what I said in CHEVY CHASE 15, MD. regard to education. But I must have over-stated my view, since I evidently gave Bob Lichtman the idea that I think "all educators are just here to police and regulate students' interests and endeavors." (For the benefit of some of you newcomers, George said in Kipple #5: "We seem to have come to the pass where our teachers have the function, not of inspiring and liberating the students' intellectual curiosity, but of policing and regulating the students' interests and endeavors.") What I mean to say, of course, is that there is a certain dangerous tendency in this direction. Education is something about which I am concerned, so any sign of a negative trend (such as your book-banning episodes, Ted) bothers me. If I really thought so little of the teaching profession, I wouldn't be planning to go into it myself.

I certainly admire some of the views which you sort of manage to sneak into your editorials and elsewhere without really developing them. For example, you casually mention that Charlie Chaplin's movies and his personal attitudes should be judged separately. This sort of attitude is absolutely essential to good criticism, yet all too few people have it. I have argued with people on this very point after hearing them sneer at Chaplin's comedy because of what they happen to know (usually very little) about his private life. I know a number of people who refuse to see a picture which features stars like Ingrid Bergman or Robert Mitchum. And I heard recently of a group of motion picture projectionists (or some-such) which refused to have anything to do with a picture featuring Van Johnson or William Holden, just because they live in Switzerland to escape paying the killing income tax on their earnings. That's unpatriotic, said the group. Whaddaya gonna do?

MIKE DECKINGER I like some good music; but I don't consider rock 'n' roll to be good music, or even music. Most of it is 85 LOCUST AVE. the degenerate wailings of an uncertain adolescent MILLBURN, N. J. who can't decide whether he's singing a song or dancing. Most of it repells me with almost physical force. Naturally, there are exceptions; Bobby Darin usually comes up with something worthwhile. His current "Artificial Flowers" is an excellent example of the way I feel a good song should be done, and if it wasn't for the monotone interjection at the end I'd like it even more. Unfortunately, several New York radio stations have banned it, saying it's "nothing more than an exaggerated sick joke, ridiculing childhood, religion, and death." (It isn't, of course, in case any readers happen not to have heard this particular piece. I loathe "Artificial Flowers", as it happens, but no one could truthfully claim a valid reason for banning it.) In my opinion, the most fuggheaded R&R song was the recent atrocity "Teen Angel". Up to now I had assumed it was sung by a male Negro but from various reports I've heard, it's sung by a female, which is even worse. This intimates of course that the singer is a lesbian, pining over the death of another girl who was turned to jello in a train crash.

The only kind of music I'm really interested in is sound

track albums from motion pictures, and some Broadway shows. And by motion pictures I do not mean musical comedies alone. Excellent scores have been written for non-musicals as well, such as Ernest Gold's tunes for "On The Beach" and Bernard Herrman's music for "Psycho". The idea of individual music to go with the film and gain some recognition was pioneered with "The Third Man" and the haunting zither accompaniment.

Some letter writer writing to a national magazine proposed that we should crack down on the jd's by lining them up before a suitable audience, exposing their bare backsides, and giving them all a hearty spanking. The pain would really not be too great, but the humilliation for them for be unbearable, and it seems that this solution might be worth trying out. I can't think of anything that would be feared more than an ordeal like that.

MARION BRADLEY I consider it infinitely sad when kids of 13 or 14 en-
BOX 158 gage in illicit sexual relations, but infinitely sad-
ROCHESTER, TEXAS der when they engage in them licitly--I mean, to me
 the saddest spectacle on earth is the marriage of a
girl 13 or 14, a by no means uncommon occurrence here. If it came to a
choice, as a mother or as a social philosopher, I'd absolutely prefer
them to experiment on their own, without going solemnly and getting a
license first, as so many 14-year-old-girls and 16-year-old-boys seem
to do these days. Oh, I can see the point--they start dating at 11 or
12, and go steady to the point where the pressure is probably unbe-
lievable, and having had our society's taboos rammed into them from in-
fancy, what else is there to do? European teenagers, I think, are for-
tunate in that their parents don't push them into association with the
opposite sex many years before marriage is a social possibility. (In
France--among other European countries--girls are married quite young,
and often when walking through a park in Paris in the spring you will
see mothers and children who look like baby-sitters and children.)
(In England, for instance, NO person under 16 can contract a legal mar-
riage. This means that if a girl under 16 becomes pregnant, the baby
is unavoidably illegitimate; but it also means that a teenager cannot
obligate herself for life because of an immature decision.)

Another
sad result of too-early dating is that, especially in small towns, the
girl of 16 and 17 is in the highest possible competitive market: the
boy of 18 or 19 is probably married and the boys in her own class are
dating the 13 and 14 year olds. If a girl doesn't marry before she
gets out of high school, the up-coming young men may (1) go away to
college and find a wife there, (2) go away to a town where there are
more jobs and find a wife there, or (3) date the new crop of 15 year
olds. So they hurry to grab a boy before he graduates from high
school.

And of course a lot of "late bloomers"--the kids who are still,
really, children at 11 or 12, and normally don't get interested in the
opposite sex until 15 or 16--are at a horrible disadvantage. If they
have parents eager to push them into a dating mill, they are really in
trouble. Even Kinsey admitted, too, that this age was the age when it
was normal for girls to have crushes on girls and boys on boys, but
while this passed unnoticed in the thirties and forties--when dating
started at 16 or so--it becomes painful when the normal age for begin-
ning the dating process is 12 years old. I know one teenage boy who
ran away in desperation and married at 15 because, as he confessed, he
was scared silly by the fear that he was a "pervert"--because, at the

liked. (The December issue of Kipple--#8--should really be a treat for those among the readership who are comic-book fans. There'll be two articles on comic books by me--a review of the current issues of Action, Superman, World's Finest, and Batman; and an article on Mickey Mouse, Donald Duck, etc. inspired by Joe Sanders' comment in the second issue of Xero. Also in that issue will appear the original article which was responsible for the current discussions--Jim Harmon's "I Remember Comic Books" from Peon. No doubt less than half of my readership remembers/has ever seen that, and though I ordinarily don't like to reprint material (unless the circulation was extremely limited, as say Nan Gerding's article in this issue), I'll make an exception in this case.)

Cryin' In The Sink might prove to be very interesting. It resembles to a certain extent the fanzine review column in the later issues of Startling that carried fanzine reviews. However, I can't say I'm entirely against the type of review column that Rog Phillips ran in The Clubhouse.

RUTH BERMAN

5620 EDGEWATER BLVD.
MINNEAPOLIS 17, MINN.

As to the question "What do you mean by fantasy?", there is only one answer that will cover all cases. It's the same one as in the case of science fiction: "It's what we mean when we point to it." Of course, many people point to things as fantasy which other people would claim to be non-fantasy. Generally speaking, I think most fantasies are covered by the answer, "A story involving an impossibility." That is, of course, an impossibility which the author intended to be there.

Using that as a working definition, on to the article. I don't think that the criticism of the "so called 'horror story'" is valid. All fantasies "(depend) for effect upon the elegance of the literary style" one way or the other. Elegant literary style is the use of the precise word to fit the situation, and the precise style. One particular sort of style, the wordy, alliterative Poe cum Lovecraft style, has come to be thought of as equivalent to an "elegant style" because the word-choosing is so obvious. Many people dislike this style. Just why I'm not sure, because I do like it. G. M. Carr is right, of course, that many people tend to use that style as a proof of fantasy--and that it is not a proof. (One important reason why so many people dislike this sort of style is that unless one has a rather large vocabulary some of the words and phrases will be incomprehensible, and therefore slow down the reading or detract from it. And another thing I've noticed--more in Lovecraft than Poe--is a tendency to wander off at various angles from the story to tender long paragraphs describing things which aren't relevant to the story. Other writers than Lovecraft have done this too, of course. George Allan England, for instance, in "The Thing From Outside" (or wouldn't you classify that as fantasy?), devotes quite a bit of space to describing a number of things which have no bearing on the story: a lumber shack, the current of a river, et al. Basically, this is simply padding, and it harms the story far more than it helps. ## But all the foregoing aside, I think G. M. Carr's major weakness is in her typical grandmotherish outlook. She admitted that her favorite fantasies were "chuckling anecdotes" about people "projected suddenly into a fantastic fairyland" or elves, gnomes and changlings entangled in our modern world. In other words, Unknown-type humor-fantasy. I loath this type of fantasy, as it happens--some of the sickest, most revolting stories I have ever read fall into this category--but even if I enjoyed

it I would have to concede that it was written for an audience with limited ability for imagination.))

However, I think she is wrong in saying that absence of that style causes many fantasies to be overlooked. I do not, for instance, see how she can call *But Gently Day* a fantasy. The main part of the story, the love affair, is not a fantasy in any way. The lovers are from different centuries, time travel seems to have taken place, and to that extent the story is a fantasy. But the fantasy element is eliminated when it is revealed to be a dream. Or does G. M. Carr call it a fantasy because it is based on the assumption that dead men can dream, for a little while? Of course, many fantasies are revealed to be dreams. But in those cases, the fantastic was an integral part of the plot.

AND I ALSO HEARD FROM

Terry Carr says that Kipple is interesting, literate, and thought-provoking, and that my layouts are extremely well done--and makes me wish more people would notice the damned layouts. He also says, in regard to the banning of "*Catcher in the Rye*": "Damn it, that's one of the best books written in this century, I think (several of our friends agree with our rule of thumb that everybody should read it at least once a year)...there's more practical education in one reading of *CitR* than in a whole semester of Home Economics or Senior Goals or whatever they call such fluff high school course back your way." ++ Mike Becker postcards that since there are over 450,000 species of insects, there must be close to a million varieties. However, I did some checking of my own after making such a horrible understatement back in Kipple #4, and I've found that there are well over 600,000 species of insects--250,000 species of beetle, alone. ++ Walter Breen was about the only person to correctly decipher most of the anagrams in #5--or at least the only one to admit doing so--for which he wins the Tin Star of Perseverance. Walt also notes that he agrees with Ted White on the merits of "*The Cool World*", and makes a couple comments to various letter writers. ++ Len Moffat would have been printed, except that his letter on #5 arrived 11 days after #6 was mailed. He says, among other things, that my writing nostalgically about comic books makes "jokers of my age group feel old." I wonder how he'll react to the article coming up in the next issue which refers back to 1945 as if it were 1045? ++ Dick Elsberry sounds like an old fan turned sour when he observes that Kipple was "interesting, but lacking in the old wazoo of Opus", notes that very few people know he is in California (now 83 people know it), and comments a bit on Phillip Wylie. ++ Betty Kujawa was one of the people squeezed out strictly by time--at the time I'm typing this page, it is the night of November 9th and this issue is due in the mails on the 10th. Betty comments that she liked just about everything (now there's an easy to please reader...), and comments that she liked the Shirley Temple version of *The World of Oz*. ++ Les Nirenberg seems rather bit; says that Marion Bradley's column was pompous and irritating, Experiments in Esp was pretty nothing, and says he doesn't like people who publish things like *Additions To A Fan's Library* to show how intelligent they are. Les seems to be taking his own advice as quoted in Hocus #15... ++ Walter Breen, again, this time on #6. He says that maybe my indecision about The Neolithic is due to personal impressions of Ruth Berman, throws orchids to Cryin' In The Sink, tells Dick Bergeron that no subscriptions for Kipple have yet arrived prob-

ably due to his change of address, and comments at length on the Esp feature. ++ Bill Donaho also notes that I have a top-notch fanzine reviewer in Marion Bradley, and says that he is preparing a 115 page issue of Habakkuk. ++ Greg Benford liked #6 very much, claims Marion is a great asset, and asked if I noticed the "give the kid a dame" typo in her column. I not only noticed it, but I put it there to see how many readers would catch it. Few did... ++ And Bob Lichtman says that #6 was an excellent and readable fanzine throughout and that Marion's review column is one of the most meaty he's seen in a long time. ** Many thanks to all who wrote, and I'm sorry there wasn't enough space to print more of your letters. Next issue will present a longer lettercolumn and will try to include most of the letters which arrive instead of barely half. Write again...

KIPPLE

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