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KIPPLE: Publisher-editor Ted Pauls, 1448 Meridene Drive, Baltimore 12, Maryland. It is published on the tenth day of every month, and is available for letters of comment, contributions, trades, or as a last resort, 15¢ per issue or 2/25¢. Trades operate on a one-for-one basis, no matter what the size of the fanzine in question; this is also true of letters--one letter per one Kipple. Contributions obtain the writer the issue they appear in, plus the following issue. All sorts of material is solicited, but for one reason or another readers are warned of the uselessness of submitting fanzine reviews or party-type chatter. Otherwise, we will print anything mailable which is in at least reasonably good taste: serious articles, humor, fiction, poetries and related forms, columns, etc. The only general rule is that to be accepted, it must be good. --Ted Pauls

☒ You have a subscription which expires with issue # 11.

☒ How about writing one of your fabulous little articles for us?

☒ We are trading.

☐ You have a contribution or letter herein.

☐ Within these pages your fanzine is reviewed; no bitter retorts, please...

☐ This is your LAST issue unless we hear from you. How about a card or letter, or even filthy lucre?

A W OKLPRESS P UBLICATION _____

EDITORIAL

BY TED PAULS

The plea for material in this editorial last issue was most effective--as a matter of fact, the material is still rolling in. Ed Gorman's article, Mike Deckinger's, Redd Boggs' clerihews, an article by Phil Harrell which I had to reject...all these came in answer to my request for material, as well as a number of promises. The material situation is by no means as critical this issue as it was the last; I have enough on hand, as a matter of fact, to fill #11. Rog Ebert contributed a parody of T. S. Eliot's "The Love Song of J. Alfred Prufrock," which will be one of the most astonishingly fannish things ever published by Kipple; Boggs is going to do some more clerihews, if they jell; Peggy Sexton wants to do an article on television; I've given Greg Benford the OK on an article he wants to do; and there are two reprints--the editorial from Varioso #14, to be entitled "A Matter of Class" and some poetries from Sylvia White's FAPAZine, Mimeo. It will be the first time in a few months that I've had a backlog to work from.

This time, then, I won't devote the entire editorial to begging for material. Naturally, I'm interested in seeing material of all sorts, but there isn't any great rush. It did occur to me, however, that since I've got some leeway now, I ought to give some thought to exactly what kind of material I'd like to feature in upcoming issues. I don't like to dictate subject matter to my writers, but I don't think I'm being dictatorial by nosing it around that I would like to see, in my mailbox,

A defense of television. Surely there is someone, in all of fandom, who would rise to the fore and defend the medium?

Some "Experiments in ESP". This feature was supposed to be continued in Kipple, but I ran into a blank wall. Doesn't anyone conduct ESP experiments anymore?

All manner of articles, columns, etc. on censorship in any form. Does anyone wish to present the points in favor of banning books and movies?

And of course just because a certain subject doesn't happen to be mentioned on this list doesn't mean we aren't interested. The colophon tells what sort of material we solicit. Read it.

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Everyone has been too decent to mention it, but we've been having something of a duplication problem, what with lines disappearing from the bottoms of pages and all. This colossal blunder has been corrected as of page 32, as you may have noticed. I discovered the trouble, so obvious it eluded me for months: when I was ready to print, I'd slap the roller into position with my hand instead of gently dropping it. This caused the roller to bounce out of its cavity, bang against the stencil, and blur a few lines...

--Ted Pauls

I'd Rather Drive A Truck

BY MARION BRADLEY

FROM ANYTHING BOX 1

"I had savored the voluptuous pleasure of writing, the patient struggling with a phrase until it becomes supple and finally settles down, curled up like a tame animal, the motionless lying in wait for a word by which, in the end, one ensnares it..." --Colette; *The Vagabond*

That's one side of the picture. There's another. A fan friend once complained to the late Henry Kuttner that after eight hours in the steel factory where he worked, he could wring sweat out of his drawers; to which the writer replied that after eight hours at the typewriter he could wring not only sweat but blood from his drawers, if he wore any.

Harry Warner complained in his recent analysis of *The Barely Moving Finger*, that he hates the physical work of writing. Yet he goes on writing--copiously. I could go on quoting what writers have to say about writing all day long--"an itch you can't scratch"... "the luxury and torment of the idle"--but the fact is that those who complain most about the labor of writing tend to do the most actual keyboard pummeling.

Non-writers have a very curious impression of the writer's life. Robert Bloch wrote that he had continually to contend with the local impression that he was a chap who had a nice, soft idle life, and taking things very easy while raking in barrels of money. I myself have to face two groups of local housewives: the virtuous lasses who remark primly "I've always thought I should write, but taking care of my family simply leaves me no time"--implication, that I must necessarily neglect all my housewifely and maternal duties--and the harassed type who murmur "It's so nice you can work right there at home," a remark in which I try hard to hear wistfulness instead of sarcasm.

What exactly does a writer do? I can't answer for full-time professionals, of course, but the course of my own work runs something like this.

There's the first blissful stage where the idea hits you. You break dishes, or burn the toast in a vague sort of way, grasping at this lovely thought that has struck you. Characters and incidents are crowding in your mind; random episodes flutter in and out of focus. The face

of a woman swims out of your imagination, dark-faced and austere; a scrap of conversation between a young boy and an aging spaceman, as if listening on some party-line to the future; a view haunts you, glimpsed years ago, miles of Texas prairie enclosed by rolling fences; US MILITARY AREA--DO NOT ENTER.

It takes me between an hour and three days to come to the point where I hunt up a pencil and some narrow-ruled theme paper, and make my first rough notes: a working title, a list of characters, an estimate of the number of scenes or chapters. This I call "blocking".

The next part, too, can be sheer bliss. Curled up in a corner of the divan, after Steve sleeps, while Brad plays solitaire, I write, always in longhand; single, isolated, pivotal scenes which I call "sketches," during which time the characters come into sharp focus in my mind. These sketches, often random in sequence, are seldom more than isolated scraps of conversation and frequently are omitted from the final manuscript, just as an artist's charcoal guide-lines are rubbed from the final canvass. I tremendously enjoy writing them, nevertheless; and it is at this stage that I explore my characters and begin to feel that they are real people, fighting or working or suffering.

That's the end of the "fun" part for a long long time. Then it turns into heartbreaking, tedious ransacking. Does somebody break his leg in the course of the story? Hunt through the Encyclopedia and the small stock of medical books to find out what a broken leg looks like and what ought to be done about it, and what happens if you have to move the victim anyway. A character has to give a hypodermic injection. Oh, good God, you've never seen a hypodermic needle. Let's see--maybe the druggist, or wait--Mrs. X down the street is a diabetic; maybe she'll let you inspect her insulin set. (She did.) The automobiles are run by atomic motors. Wait a minute--how much lead sheilding would that need? Better make them electric. Unknown extra-planetary disease? Parasitic or virus? Nina's a radiologist, and she's only 23; Look now--pre-med, Medical school, interning, specialization--better make her about 30 instead. What age is a cadet when he enters the Space Academy? What does a cardiac patient's pulse feel like? What color suntan would you get from a sun with green light? How do you place a fized rope in climbing a steep mountain pitch?

But finally comes the fateful day when, having soaked up enough background, I change the typer ribbon, check my supply of cheap bond and carbon paper, roll in the first page and type the working title and the first paragraph.

Most of the previous work has been mental. Now it is sheer physical work...hard labor. If it goes badly, I do five page a day, never less. If it goes well, the top limit is anywhere; my record day's work was 96 pages--but that was back in 1952, when my son was crib-size and my husband away for the week, and the first 96 pages of a still-unpublished, but accepted novel reeled out until I fell asleep with my head on the typewriter.

It is HARD work. My rough notes and longhand sketches are often nearly illegible; piled up beside the typewriter they give me eyestrain and a headache trying to figure out what such a phrase as "little vessel for your damned Gods!" might mean in such a context. My shoulderblades get

that special ache, my eyes water from the desk lamp shining on the keys, and my four typing fingers become, first reddened, then thin-skinned, and finally so painful that each stroke sends a tiny shock of pain up my aching back. Absent-minded, I kick off my shoes and curl my toes around the rung of the ancient kitchen chair at my typewriter. I type hard but not fast, banging the keys and chewing my lip; I often discover that I am scowling, gritting my teeth or that I have bitten the inside of my mouth until it is raw and tastes of metal.

Writers seem to be execrable typists. The average fan turns out a far neater page than the average professional; rare letters from Phil Farmer reveal mis-spelled words and strikovers, Leigh Brackett uses a smudge ribbon which would appall a fan, while Marjorie Livingston, I am convinced, has not changed her typewriter ribbon in the last six years. Being no genuine pro, I confess that I can touch-type...when I think of it. However, when I am concentrating on what I am writing, rather than the mechanics of typing, my shoes go off, my feet curl around the chair, my back hums and my shoulders droop, my outer fingers curl up useless and I bang away with those four.

I write with one ear to the radio; if I turn it off and write in silence, the time slips by unheeded, and I forget to get dinner, walk the dog, or de-fur the dust-kittens under the bed. Nothing, however, can be done about the son and his friends who trail through the house so that periodically I must stop to hand out drinks or cookies, wipe a nose, tie a shoe or a sash, settle an infantine quarrel, grant or withhold permission for some desired escapade, or mop up spilt milk.

And yet there are compensations. The moments when I sit staring at a blank sheet of paper with an equally blank brain, the times when I scowl at a page of hieroglyphics, or rest my hot face against the cold closed top of the Remington, eyes shut, trying to visualize what in hell happens next...there are compensations. In payment I have those marvelous moments when the characters take over and write the story themselves. There was the night when Brad walked in to find me rocking with laughter at the typewriter and to his startled question, I gurgled "Oh, Fern just said the funniest thing!" Only in the reflection of his blank stare did I come out of the semi-trance to realize that actually, not Fern, the character in my story, but I myself had been responsible for the funny remark she had made.

And there are the evenings when, too tired to type, too conscientious to read or rest, I sit and plan the next day's work, doodling hour after hour, and scratching words into fantastic shapes while my mind turns over possibilities, rejects and selects and re-shapes their consonance with the people to whom they are happening. Worse, there are the days when the story goes marching beautifully, each sentence rolling out finely after the last...and some damned insurance salesman bangs on the door, a neighbor yoo-hoes to borrow an onion, or Steve comes in and murmurs "My tummy feels bad"--and the story flies out the window, to be painfully chased down and recaptured after the crisis has been settled.

I've been working long enough to recognize, if not to know how to deal with, the separate stages; the hair-tearing stage when I can't make the story MOVE because the characters insist on sitting around and TALKING with each other; the black despair which settles down fifty pages be-

fore the end when I am absolutely convinced that I will NEVER, NEVER finish the damned thing, and if I do I'll never sell it; equally treacherous, the floating euphoria when I am convinced that it is the most marvelous masterpiece ever, that every word has a perfection and balance which is golden and vital and integral.

When the first draft is finished, I relax a little; it's fun again. I read it over, unsatisfied but feeling that I can lick it into shape eventually. I have a pleasant feeling of having accomplished something, but not that sinking feeling of having done something irrevocable...the feeling expressed in the *Ars Poetica* as "What you have never printed you may blot/The Book you have sent forth returneth not."

Then, fortifying myself frequently with coffee heavily dosed with sugar and milk, I spread it all out on the table and start slashing it up. Pages of description are boiled down to a couple of cogent--I hope--sentences; my tape-recorder dialogue is cut in half; *said's* are eliminated and adverbs banished. Early episodes are brought into line with later developments--I eliminate early leads I didn't use after all, and make sure the hero isn't red-haired on page 12 and brown-haired on page 85. This slashing and rearranging is fun, up to a point; then it turns into a depressing conviction that the whole thing is an unholy mess--and by that time it usually is.

Then it starts being pleasurable again. Good-quality bond paper, carbon and second sheets are stocked, the spacing on the typewriter set, not to be disturbed again until the manuscript is completed, and I roll in the first page. Neatly, carefully I type out--recalling all my lessons about format and layout--the final version of the title, the by-line and that all-important first paragraph, first page. I roll it out and automatically grip the paper in the corner, slip out the carefully protruding sheets of carbon paper, throw it carefully aside, and whisk together another dagwood sandwich: bondpaper, carbon, onionskin, carbon, yellow second-sheet.

This too is gruelling physical work, but I work more slowly now. I mouth each sentence half aloud to check the balance of the phrases. The first draft is banged out to keep pace with racing thoughts, or dragged in fitful spurts to force reluctant ones; the final draft goes steadily, slowly, with frequent reaches for the dictionary to check a shade of meaning, the thesaurus to check on a synonym or to find a word more precise to my thoughts than the one I grabbed up on the first try. I am still no great shakes as a typist, but this time it's for keeps so I work meticulously...though my poor agent, who proofreads my manuscripts with green-ink slashes, probably doesn't think so!

The pack of manuscript slowly accumulates in the three typing-paper boxes lined up on the bookcase. Toward the end, at least once in every book, a cat or child upsets the whole thing and scatters a six-hundred page manuscript in triplicate over a usually-unswept floor.

During the final sustained plunge, I work literally around the clock. I get meals on time, make beds, sweep the worst dust out of the middle of the floor, get clothes washed and ironed somehow. But after hasty dishwashing in the morning, I plunge into the typewriter until ten-thirty forces me to knock off and cook lunch. I cook it, eat it, and write some more. After husband and son have been sent back to work or school.

At 3:30 I try to make the effort to knock off, wash my face and put on lipstick and a clean dress, but sometimes the hour slips by and he finds me unkempt and glassy-eyed still bent over the typewriter. Usually I go downtown about five in the afternoon, to drink a coke and stretch my legs; the sight of my blank flushed face in the drugstore mirror shocks me vaguely. I go home, cook and eat supper, play cards or read to Stevie, listen to opera records, but the moment he is sleeping I wander restlessly to the typewriter again. Only the pounding ache in my shoulderblades finally drives me to quit, vainly try to soak out the ache in the bathtub and sleep dreamlessly. This is the stage when I feel nothing at all; no creativeness, no pleasure, no distaste, nothing at all except a total numb exhaustion which probably, in a male, would be referred to as "creative impotence". This nevertheless is the compulsive stage where, as in the final stages of childbirth, I couldn't stop if I wanted to, short of sudden death. I've never tried to stop.

But I sometimes remember the image in Merritt's "Ship of Ishtar". The crew sometimes landed, in strange shores, and went on land. But after a time something, some indefinable call, drew them magnetlike back to the ship; and they sailed. Merritt may have spoken of himself. There is something magnetlike drawing me back to that baleful pack of manuscript on the bookcase, which by now I call "my incubus" or "that goddamned thing."

And then comes the last page and "THE END" and that shaken feeling that by God you've done it. I want to explode but I'm too weary to care. I sort out the last day's work, pile it up carefully and wander outside. I feel like yelling, but I only say, usually to my husband, "Well, I've finished the book."

And he says gently, vaguely, "Well, that's fine. Good."

If you think that looks anticlimatic, you should try listening to it. It is. Believe me.

Then there's proofreading, bundling it up, the letters written about it, and finally the day when it's consigned to Brad, not as husband but as Express Agent, as advance guard for all those vast and impersonal forces who must judge it, because my part--except for a neat little entry in the ledger about the price of paper, carbon and express fees--is finished. There are nudges: the day of horror when I remember the unGodly howler on page 40 which I forgot to proofread; the moody memory of how the first three pages seemed to drag even to me; the masochistic re-reading of the carbon; the depression of a rejection slip or an acerbic comment from agent or editor. And the waiting, the waiting and waiting and waiting and waiting and waiting...

But there are other moments. The delirious day when you get that check or sign that contract or see the little notice "In our next issue we present..." or the delirious wonder when you get a magazine in French or Italian or Swedish, illegible except for your own name. Those moments, rare as the moment when a climber stands atop Everest or Mont Blanc, make up for the rest: the editor who keeps a manuscript ten months and rejects it; the editor who prints your story and leaves you to whistle for your money without even legal redress--who can get blood from a turnip, and anyway they assume no responsibility for unsolicited manuscripts. The magazine which accepts your story, pays you

generously, and leaves the story to languish in the limbo of a folded magazine. The blank despair of reading "This is too controversial for us," or the sudden uncontrollable tears when a story you've carefully rewritten to editorial standards is sent back with a kind kick in the pants..."Not quite good enough yet...we're sorry."

In the end it's never the money. Even with writers who make four or ten times my modest profit, it's never the money. Any steady job pays more. Even in my case, where it provides only the thinnest jam on my husband's bread-and-butter salary, I could make more by embroidering pin-cushions or minding babies or teaching moppets to sing their scales.

I write because I must. Lengthy introspection provides no clearer answer than this; because I must.

I've come to the conclusion that when writers say they hate writing, they are telling the exact, absolute truth. It's painful, it's frustrating, it's wearisome. Nine times out of ten they'd rather drive a truck.

But there's always a tenth time when my God, how they love it. Hate writing? It's a damned lie.

There are many climbs for a single Everest.

--Marion Z. Bradley

QUOTES FROM THE QUATWHUNKERY

But damnit, Chris,
you'll fall off the
edge!//Mr. Lupoff,
I think Ninth Fan-
dom needs a symbol

like Seventh Fandom's birdbath, and I would like to suggest the birdseed-filled brassiere.//I am proud to state that I have never been seduced by a woman with birdseed in her brassiere.//Poor Cleopatra, the whole Roman army coming and all she has to serve is that damned Lipton soup.//And now that famous modern jazz artist, Progress Q. Digsby...//My kingdom, my kingdom for a salami sandwich!//It is not known whether nose-hairs have souls.//And then, by some coincidence, Magellen sailed through some straits known as the Straits of Magellen.//That must be a foreign car; I heard the horn go "Honque".//I guess they had some cannons left after all, General Pickett...//Wouldn't it be a great lark if "Bwana" meant "You pale-skinned bastard!"//Manhattan Island was originally purchased for \$24.00. A 1959 poll shows that its inhabitants now consider it to be worth at least twice that.//I came here not to praise Ceasar but to play poker.//Everything is now coming in instant packages. I hear someone has patented a powder which, when mixed with water, whips up into 40 pounds of empty packages...//The second most "in" food is undoubtedly Russian tea balls.//His main trouble is his gopher balls.//Then, offisher, I came in an' found her lying prostitute on the floor...//My cookbook recommends, for this occasion, fried turkey balls--round lumps of white meat basted with butter and fried until brown.

--Ted Pauls

THE FANAC POLL

I neglected to cast my ballot in the Fanac Poll this year for the same reason I didn't vote last year: I disagree strongly with the way the poll is run. I thought that after a number of fans voiced their objections to the vote-counting system used in the last two polls, these rules might be altered. They have not been. The poll is still set up in a way which precludes any fan editor voting for his own fanzine, any writer for his own material, any fan for himself. Did I hear someone comment that this was a Good Thing? It seems to be, on the face of it, but a little thought should suffice to convince any sceptic that this ruling makes it virtually impossible for about 50% of the fans to vote as they really feel. (This situation was worse last year when one had twenty spaces for fanzines instead of ten as on the current poll--but this small improvement doesn't alter the basic situation.)

Let's see what happens to a fan's true opinions as he tempers his voting to conform to this rule; we'll use Bill Donaho as an example. I don't think that anyone will deny that Donaho's Habakkuk deserves a place on the top ten. I haven't any idea where it may place, but for the sake of argument let us say that it is Donaho's personal opinion that Habakkuk deserves to be rated number six on the list of the top ten fanzines. Perhaps you would place it higher or lower, but this is a purely hypothetical situation. If Bill votes for Habakkuk in sixth place and Kipple in seventh, Bill's vote for his own magazine will be discounted and Kipple will move up to number six. Chalk up one sixth place vote for Kipple courtesy of Terry Carr, because Donaho didn't want it there. If it happens that Bill doesn't think Kipple deserves sixth place... well, too bad, but it's there anyway.

Suppose you don't vote for your own fanzine, knowing that the vote would not be counted anyway. You vote for Innuendo in first place, Xero in second, Habakkuk in third--and here you think briefly of your own fanzine, which you consider inferior to Habakkuk but better than Kipple; but you can't vote for it, soooo--Kipple in fourth place, Warhoon in fifth, and so on down to number ten. What has happened? You have given fourth place to a fanzine which you believe deserves fifth, fifth place to one which warrants only sixth; and if you follow this out to the end, you will find that the number ten fanzine doesn't belong on the "Top Ten" at all! Thus are opinions distorted by a rule which was

THE FANAC POLL.....

A FAN'S LIBRARY.....

I DREAM A DREAM.....

QUOTES
AND
NOTES

TED PAULS

evidently set up because of a popular misconception that no one can be objective about himself/herself. This is not the case at all, and I think it ought to be obvious that one can judge oneself; and in fact, unless you are a very egotistical person, you are far more likely to under-estimate than to over-estimate yourself.

But there is another kind of partiality which no rules have (or can) be made to cover, and which is far more prevalent: bias for or against fanzines other than those published by oneself. Had I voted on the Fanac Poll, there would have been a strong temptation to place Discord in #1 position--a position I believe Boggs will concede it doesn't deserve (though certainly it should place within the top five). There is one reason for this, entirely subjective, and yet a reason which cannot be overlooked. It is a fanzine I feel very close to. During a period when fanzines were being thrown into a corner unopened, unread, and letters from fan friends were barely being scanned, the second issue of Discord (then Retro-grade) brought me up out of the mire of gafia (if I may use such colorful terms). I was within a period of absolute gafia: I neither published nor read fanzines, wrote nor read letters. I was making plans to buy some books with the money I had marked for my annual pilgrimage to the Disclave. I wasn't the least bit interested in fandom. But I read the second issue of Retrograde--I read it three or four times that day--and then I set about doing as perfect an imitation as my limited talent and limited means would allow.

That is why I might vote Discord in- to #1 position. It may be subjective, and it may be foolishly biased. All this I readily admit. But it is impossible to overlook the fact that Boggs and his magazine are responsible for Kipple, and that Kipple is the most enjoyable thing I've ever done in or out of fandom. How can you overlook such a fact?

This is only one bias of only one fan. Multiply this by fifty or even a hundred and you should have some idea of the distortion of objective fact involved in the poll results. That's why I didn't vote; and you?

A FAN'S LIBRARY

I had intended to include last issue, as part of this column, a listing of the additions to my library during the previous month. Somehow this got squeezed out when I stencilled this column, so I'll have to list the additions for both months this issue. Les Nirenberg will object to these listings, perhaps, because I haven't been getting any free books from the motel lately (see "The Top Shelf," Kipple #4) and most of the books I actually buy seem somewhat pretentious when listed. So let us carry the pretentiousness to its extreme and begin by mentioning "The Iliad," a most enjoyable novel by a new writer named Homer something-or-other. (There now, Hal Shapiro; Ted Pauls is not totally lacking in wit...) I had shied away from this for some time, under the misapprehension that it would be difficult to read, ever since a friend mentioned that he was reading this in his high school English class and "would prefer being run over by a truck." Doubtless my friend was either considerably less intelligent than I had previously assumed, or was being forced to read an edition translated into Chinese. Because the edition I purchased a few weeks ago--translated by W.H.D. Rouse--wasn't difficult to read at all. True, a working knowledge of mythology (which I have) will help the reader, but even without this "The Iliad" is far

from difficult reading. Of course, it might be that I'd consider no-thing difficult reading after having read the Harvard Book of Galaxies at the age of nine.

There has been no lack of reading along the lines of sociology and anthropology in the last two months. In fact, one of the most interesting books I've read in months is in this category: William Graham Sumner's "Folkways". This thick--600-page--volume ought to be subtitled "1001 interesting facts," for that is just what it contains. There are 728 subheadings devoted to various subjects, discussing such things as cannibalism, incest, plutocratic effects of money, and too many more to name. Here, for instance, culled at random is a snatch of conversation between a white man and the chief of a cannibalistic tribe: "'You white's,' he said, 'will not eat crocodiles or apes, although they taste well. If you did not have so many pigs and crabs you would eat crocodiles and apes, for hunger hurts. It is all a matter of habit. When I have killed an enemy, it is better to eat him than to let him go to waste.'" Other books of this type acquired lately have been "Patterns of Culture," by Ruth Benedict, and "Human Types," by Raymond Firth. Non-fans, upon seeing such volumes on my desk, are wont to ask if I am studying for a stiff college examination, and their looks when I tell them I read this material for pleasure are wonders to behold. It had never occurred to me that a lot of people consider this HEAVY reading; I suppose one of my faults is giving everyone I meet credit for more intelligence than he or she possesses.

Among the most enjoyable fiction I have read lately is "The Fourth Galaxy Reader," and I suppose that this would be a good time to answer Larry Harris' query about why people buy magazine-anthologies. Larry contends that a real science fiction fan would have all the stories in magazine form anyway, and anyone who wasn't interested in the magazines shouldn't be interested in anthologies from them. This is true, perhaps, but a lot of fans may find themselves faced with my problem: I cannot locate issues of the magazines on the newsstands most of the time--I rarely am able to find four out of twelve issues of Analog, for example, in any given year, and only those four by canvassing a dozen or so magazine stores until I hit the right one at the right time--and I can't afford subscriptions. (Well, let's say I can't comfortably afford them without giving up something more important to me--like twenty paperbacks a month.) Naturally, then, I'm glad to see a collection come along every once in a while like this Galaxy Reader. Especially glad when it contains two stories like "The Gun Without a Bang" and Jim Harmon's "Name Your Symptom." I'll consider reviewing this at length at a later date.

While considering excellent fictional items, I ought not to overlook "The Wayward Comrade and the Commissars" by Yurii Olesha, or Alfred Hitchcock's "14 of My Favorites in Suspense." Perhaps I shouldn't mention these in the same sentence, but I'm not so sure I didn't enjoy the Hitchcock book as much if not more than the other. I found Olesha to be rather tiring about 100 pages or so, whereas I went through the 14 stories of suspense with barely a pause for refreshment. (I do almost all of my reading at night, and I always nibble while I eat--candy, pretzels, cake, etc.) Some of the stories in the volume are very good indeed, with no real clinkers in the lot. Olesha, on the other hand, seems to be better in small doses, for the shorter stories in that volume--especially "Love"--are really superb.

After persuing a few installments in the daily newspaper, I didn't think I'd particularly

care for Robert Paul Smith's "'Where Did You Go?' 'Out.' 'What Did You Do?' 'Nothing.'" I was right. The book has its moments, but not enough of them to make it worthwhile to drag through 134 pages. The book is by no means boring, but it must at least be said to be rather tiring. Perhaps this is because my own childhood isn't as far off as that of most of the 200,000 people who purchased copies of this in the original \$2.95 edition. I have a rather complete memory of many of the things Smith mentions, and as a matter of fact I could tell him a few things.

Commentary of additions to my library are going to have to be brief from here; I've consumed two pages while mentioning only about half of the recently acquired volumes. (You may wonder how, with all this reading, I find time to publish a large monthly fanzine; it's easy--I sleep three times a week at regular 57 hour intervals...)

Science fiction, first: Two of the books in this category deserve at least a page by themselves. They are "The Treasury of Science Fiction Classics" edited by Harold Kuebler, and Groff Conklin's "Omnibus of Science Fiction". Between them, these two volumes present 1254 pages of science fiction stories and plays, most of them damned good. Total cash outlay: \$1.50! Admittedly, these are Book Club editions which probably cost the seller next to nothing, I still consider that more than a fair price. In fact, I think I would have paid that price just for the play, "RUR". I have also recently read Silverberg's vague novel, "The Status Civilization," Heinlein's "Beyond This Horizon," and C. M. Kornbluth's "The Syndic." Two more scientifictional additions to my library await reading at the moment: Asimov's "Caves of Steel" and Theodore Sturgeon's collection, "E Pluribus Unicorn." They will be reported on in this column next issue, if read by then.

This morning a large package of pamphlets arrived from The Fund for the Republic, which I have been awaiting for a couple weeks. There are three pamphlets--"Religion and the Free Society," "The Churches and The Public," and "Religion and the Schools"--and two Occasional Papers: "The Relation of the Writer To Television", a symposium featuring Robert Aulthur, Rod Serling, Irve Tunick and others; and "Taste and the Censor in Television" by Charles Winick. Copies of any or all of these publications (I especially recommend the symposium) are available free from The Fund for the Republic, 60 East 42nd Street, New York 17, New York. I'm rather amazed that I've never seen this organization mentioned in fandom--their publications are fascinating. (And who do I thank for originally placing my name on the mailing list? Dick? Pete G.?)

To finish up the additions, I have also recently purchased "The Hidden Persuaders," which I read about a year ago but never bought; Norma Lorre Goodrich's "The Ancient Myths"; and "World of the Maya," by Victory W. von Hagen.

I DREAM A DREAM

Back in the fifth issue of Kipple, I re-told the story (in my editorial) of my first fan dream at that time. Evidently I had been having dreams about fans with fair frequency, but hadn't bothered to remember any of them once I had awakened. Since that time, I have had conscious memory of at least three more dreams in which fans have taken part. The latest of these is truly a fascinating study for a Freudian psychologist. The first thing I remember is sitting in a room full of people

who were chatting gayly together, though the expressions on their faces were those of unbelievable misery. Their voices were sad and blue, but they were saying things like "...so then I says to him, I says..." and everyone laughed a forced laugh every once in a while. After what seemed like fifteen or twenty minutes, I got so disgusted with the proceedings that I got up and left the room via a large, archway-type door. Outside, I found myself to be in a hotel; rooms stretched a seemingly endless distance in front of me. (Perhaps this was the famous hotel of infinite rooms and an infinite number of guests?) There was a moving belt outside the door, evidently placed there to save the hotel guests from walking the incredibly long corridor. After miles and miles I finally came to a door marked "EXIT" and stepped outside.

The outside was a helluva mess. This is the only term that completely describes the scene which met my gaze as I walked out onto the sidewalk; it was a helluva mess. A fan might be expected to dream of atomigeddon or a war of the worlds, but this was something far more terrible than that. Everything was simply being allowed to go to pot, while the inhabitants of the place (whatever "place" this was) strolled around chatting politely with each other, but with those same miserable expressions on their faces.

The scene, as I finally concentrated on it, was most dream-like. I could only see about a block in every direction; anything beyond that was blurred--not blurred like smoke or smog, but blurred like a half-erased blackboard. The streets at my feet were cluttered ankle-deep with garbage and dirt, and an occasional body half-covered with debris. I noticed just then that there weren't any automobiles or trucks or trolleys running. A couple trucks and about a dozen autos were run up onto sidewalks or lying on their sides in the middle of the street. No one seemed to care.

I was aware, suddenly, of movement behind me, and as I turned I came face to face with two men brandishing crowbars. One was immediately identifiable as Walter Breen, but the other seemed to be a composite of two or three people--among them, Terry Carr. (The composite man had Terry's dark, wavy hair, but his face was ugly and he was short and squat. In build, he was very much like a local newsdealer and as he stood there, I began to recognize other features identified with various acquaintances.) They lifted me bodily and carried me into a building on the other side of the street. I didn't struggle, for some reason, just allowed myself to be transported in this manner. We entered the building and I found myself to be in a rather large room filled with people--or rather, fans, for I recognized a rather large number of them. Ted White, however, was the only fan I recognized who was in my previous dream. Others were Dick Eney, Chauvenet, F.M. Busby, Pat Lupoff (who I wouldn't actually recognize if she hit me with a brick--when I say "recognize" I mean that I knew the names. Whether the Pat Lupoff I saw in my dream looks anything like the real Pat Lupoff, I don't know.), Wally Weber, and a few other fans. There was someone on a podium shouting, but he was evidently an unimportant character because everyone ignored him.

A dream ought to have an ending just like a story, but this one does not. The very last thing I remember is standing in that room, looking around at the faces of the assembled fans, and glancing at the idiot on the podium waving his arms and grimacing, but soundlessly. Readers may supply their own endings if they wish...

--Ted Paula

NIGHT

OF THE

AUK

Arch Obler's "Night of the Auk," presented on Sunday, December 11, 1960 as the television play of the week, left a lot to be desired as a play but was highly satisfying as poetic prose and allegory.

The play opened with the death of one Major Lorimer on the moon, left behind in a spot of dangerous radiation by the first Earth expedition to land there when he fails to return to the ship in time for the automatic countdown. He left the ship, against the captain's orders, to plant an American flag on the moon, claiming the satellite for the United States.

Financed largely by Associated Newspapers, the expedition includes Ronan, son of the newspaper magnate who built up the syndicate. Ronan, a pitifully egomaniac person living in the shadow of a famous father, has offered a prize to the expedition if a human being sets foot on the moon.

Other personnel include Lt. Kephardt, embittered son of a Goddard-like space pioneer whose work remained unappreciated during his lifetime; Col. Russell, military leader of the expedition; Hartman, a light-hearted, irresponsible-seeming youngster; and Dr. Brunner, a gentle, idealistic Nobel prizewinning scientist.

After young Kephardt accuses Ronan of bullying Lorimer into planting the flag on the moon in order to claim Lorimer's share of the prize money. Ronan offers to endow a scholarship in Julius Kephardt's name and offers Brunner money for a scientific institute.

Young Kephardt dies and is buried in space, after Ronan tampers with the ship's controls during a near-collision with the debris of a Russian spaceship which failed to reach the moon.

Ronan's radio broadcast announcing that Lorimer has claimed the moon for the United States sets off a Russian atomic retaliation, met by U. S. nuclear weapons, that lasts one hour. The men on

the ship turn in fury on Ronan, who is so guilt-stricken that he loses his will to live and dies.

In order that Brunner and Hartman might have enough oxygen to land on Earth and begin rebuilding, Col. Russell commits suicide by stepping out the airlock.

Despite rich doses of violence and intrigue, the plot moved like a mass of lukewarm peanut butter.

Any steady stf reader who watched "Night of the Auk" probably noticed two glaring technical deficiencies: The immense size of the ship's interior, consuming an apparently vast area by known standards and ignoring scientific weight requirements; and the utter disregard of the fact that the ship was in free fall, both in the actions of the players and the odd sight of whiskey being neatly poured into cups as a toast to the expedition.

The characters were such stereotyped stick-figures--the philosopher, rah-rah college boy, professional soldier, go-getter, and embittered intellectual--that one could feel very little empathy with them, and while the acting was competent, it seemed of a type more suitable for the stage than for television.

"Night of the Auk" was mediocre science fiction and sluggish drama, but there were enough good qualities in it to make it beautiful, emotionally-moving and thought-provoking.

The dialogue was incongruous with modern ideas of realistic speech, but it was beautiful, poetic, well-written and strongly reminiscent of the prose of Shakespeare and Christopher Fry.

Portions of Gustav Holst's orchestral suite, "The Planets," were used as background music with good effect and were a refreshing change from the indiscriminate theremin-wailings too often used for cinematic stf.

By far the most shattering scene was the bitter exchange of blame for the atomic war on Earth between Col. Russell, the soldier, and Dr. Brunner, the scientist.

"At least I did my job," accuses Russell, "but you just sat on your sanctified butt! Just what did you do? You became a damned neutralist!"

"I wept a little at the bomb," the scientist admits sadly, "then I drank a great deal, then I went into the classroom and closed the door."

Young Hartman turns on both of them. "Have you little twin gods decided that I have had it, too?" he shouts.

Brunner muses on the responsibilities of the twin gods to the remnant of the human race: "...and if they fail in that tomorrow, the earth will become the home of lizards once again...and old intellectuals who may have known a way out but let the rest of us get lost."

Later, just before his suicide, Russell says ruefully, "I never had to think much... it's so much easier to hate."

"Night of the Auk" was first-rate as a space-age morality play of the same type as "J.B." or the Don Juan in Hell scene from "Man and Superman". Not once, thank God, was that

nauseous cliché used: "There are some things which people weren't meant to know."

The "pot of message" seemed to revolve around what we do with what we know. The professional soldier often dooms the world by viewing human problems as tactical exercises; the intellectual often dooms it by withdrawing from it into the security of his academic tower; while many members of the human race doom themselves by abdicating decisions to the soldiers and scientists, settling into a comfortable puddle between the two.

"Night of the Auk" might have been a plea for love--love without the sticky pink neon aura which usually surrounds the word--as pain at the thought of needless suffering by other human beings, an empathy intense enough to get us off our collective "sanctified butts."

Despite its defects, Oboler's play rose far above the level of hackneyed romance, intellectual laziness masquerading as cracker-barrel philosophy, and half-baked general science usually offered as mass-media science fiction. In fact, the last item was entirely omitted.

--Peggy Sexton

richard
eney

IS THE MAN FOR

TAFF

VOTE FOR HIM!

MIKE DECKINGER: From the many instances of author analysis and criticism in the stf field; I think it would be fair to say that Ray Bradbury is one of the most discussed and controversial writers (in the sense of quality, rather than content) of the time. It is a rare occasion that I do not encounter some self-appointed critic degrading Mr. Bradbury, while another critic of similar background seeks to elevate the writer. Both may exchange verbal fisticuffs yet neither can adequately resolve the situation.

It might do well to indicate my stand here and now by stating that Ray is my favorite stf writer and has been so for some time. However, I shall attempt to write the following with my views based on fact rather than sentiment.

My first encounter with Ray Bradbury was in a somewhat incongruous surrounding: the pages of some old EC comics. The EC comics of the old days, now lamentedly gone, were probably the finest comic books of all time, far surpassing any others. So it was only natural that an editor should adopt a Bradbury story to his deceptively juvenile comic book format. At first I was confused by the Bradbury story. It was different, in an appealing sort of way. It affected me unlike any other comic books tales had. What I had at first assumed would be a typical, slipshod, uneven story instead seemed to carry a deeper, undefinable quality. I was puzzled, but at the same time I felt compelled to obtain more stories by this fellow Bradbury whom I had never heard of before and who could write a strangely perceptive and haunting bit of fiction even for a comic book. In the days to follow I set about unearthing stray copies of the EC comics with Bradbury stories. I ferreted out these magazines from everywhere that the uncaring store owners chose to put them. The more I read by him, the more I became impressed with his style.

The next move was to pay a visit to the local library (an act not uncommon for me, since I often frequented libraries) in order to see if this Mr. Bradbury had any books to offer. A careful check of the card catalogue disclosed the presence of a book titled "The Martian Chronicles," written by the same Mr. Bradbury I was led to believe, by the scientific title. This was probably my first encounter with hardcover "adult science fiction". It was a gratifying and rewarding experience to be able to delve through a work of literature that unleashed such an appeal for me. And it also confirmed any misgivings I might have had about becoming a Bradbury fan. I was hooked by Ray's style; irrevocably and unconditionally hooked.

As I became more and more involved in science fiction, and became acquainted with a much vaster field of writers, I never quite forgot my first feelings upon encountering Bradbury. I've read several stf writers who used similar styles; Charles Beaumont for instance, often comes close to matching the type of fiction that Ray produces. Beau-

on
DIVERGENT LITERARY

styles

mont however, still is unable to create the same sort of word-image that Bradbury is so skilled in.

I feel that Ray Bradbury is outstanding as a stf writer and even more superb as a "slick" writer; a field in which he has already made a big name for himself. He greatly enhances the surface meaning of what he writes through the mood and emotions he so skillfully evokes by the proficient use of nothing more than words. Bradbury is more than a "surface" writer; he probes beneath the outer layer of reality to uncover deeper parellels and anologies to life. I don't like science fiction stories that immediately telegraph the ending and plot. This fault invalidates the necessity for the reader to utilize any thinking and common sense in reading the story. Bradbury is not like this. What may seem to be a common-place, predictable ending at first takes on different qualities upon closer examination. One can see there is more to it. The characters that Bradbury creates, too, are memorable word images. He delves into the situations these characters are involved in, with more depth and perception than most writers. He writes with intense feeling and emotion, and strives to introduce the reader as a participant, rather than just an observer.

I might mention here that my interests in literature do not run entirely in the stf line. While it's true that most of my reading is done from that genre, I also make it a habit to keep up with other non-stf writers.

In the non-stf field, I have long been intrigued by the writings of two men, John Steinbeck most notably, and Ernest Hemingway. After close observation of these craftsmen, I've come to the conclusion that what Ray Bradbury is in the stf field, Steinbeck and Hemingway are to the non-stf field. The parallels between all three men are wide and existent, and perhaps more noticable than one would be led to expect.

Steinbeck is most noted for the manner in which he explores every shoddy, unappealing, depressing situation in true life, by injecting all the qualities of outstanding characterization into the persons he writes about. He wrote of poverty and suffering and death with such feeling and emotion that it was practically impossible not to immediately recognize the misfortune the main characters are experiencing, and sympathize with them.

With Bradbury the first thing I ever read by him was an adaptation of one of his stories--"King of the Grey Spaces, I believe--in an EC comic. With Steinbeck it was "Of Mice and Men" which deeply moved me the first time I read it, and has continued to exercise a lasting impression in future re-readings. I was thrilled by the sheer verbal impact, and the emotional power conveyed by just a few sentences. Bradbury stirred similar emotions in me. Shortly after I read the Steinbeck story, I saw the 1940 film version with Burgess Merideth as George and Lon Chaney Jr. as Lenny, both superb in roles that seemed to be written expressly for them, and this served only to emphasize the effect the story had on me. The characters were agonizingly real, the plots were brutal yet truthful, and the emotion and suffering was beautifully portrayed. Perhaps it is fortunate that none of Bradbury's stories ever received an elaborate screen treatment as did Steinbeck's, for it would require a truly gifted director to infuse the feelings of some of Ray's masterpieces into a motion picture.

The literary style of Steinbeck, as compared with Bradbury, has both its similarities and its differences. Ray writes in an easy, plain, yet catchy style. He

does not employ over-use of adjectives or flowery speech that went out with the Victorian writers. Instead, he creates moods and emotions with a simple, yet at times repetitious wording. His characters are rarely stereotypes. In Bradbury's collection "The Golden Apples of the Sun," he seemed to forsake the sf/fantasy fields in order to create simple, yet compelling character sketches. Stories like "The Big Fire" and "Invisible Boy" and others are concerned with the happenings of some person whom Ray tries to motivate through the use of words. He breathes sentimentality and often sorrow and deep compassion into what could be routine plots, and from these develop stories which are more than simply stories.

Steinbeck, too, uses compassion and understanding. He probes deeply into the mind and feelings of a person, using emotion as almost a measuring stick, to determine just what a person is. His style of writing differs from Bradbury in that he does not use, to any large degree, the simplified, easy style that Ray does. He manages descriptions, not outre, bizarre, or unusual descriptions, but ones that seem to accomplish their purpose of simply describing something, rather than serving to build up a mood as well. Moods can be conveyed by other methods besides repetitious description as other writers have found out. It is the skilled writer who realizes when he is over-using this device.

So to sum of these two writers' differences and similarities: Bradbury uses a simplified and compelling style in developing stories packed with emotion and understanding. Steinbeck has adopted a more orthodox literary manner, but puts his talent to similar use in creating stories. Most examples of their output are well written stories that portray very real characters in depressing situations, though with Bradbury there is usually a deeper meaning. Both writers, I might add, are definite craftsmen in literature.

Ernest Hemingway was mentioned briefly previously. The reason for this is the fact that I feel Hemingway's style is most similar to Bradbury's. The characters created by Steinbeck may be more like Ray's, but in the matter of styles, Hemingway's and Bradbury's seem to impinge on each other.

In my case, it took some time before I was willing to accept the true worth of Hemingway. For the longest while I had ignored all praises cast the latter's way, and instead looked upon him as being vastly over-rated by a horde of unobservant critics. I purposely neglected to approach any of his works with patience or desire, because, for some reason, I had built up in my mind a very uncomplimentary image of him and his writing. I was finally persuaded to pick up a copy of "A Farewell to Arms" after an enforced stay in bed when I had no other available reading matter handy. I read through the first pages and then immediately realized that Hemingway reminded me of Bradbury to an alarming degree. Needless to say, the background themes that Hemingway uses are dissimilar to Bradbury. Hemingway does not write about time travel or future wars or tyrannical government systems or any sort of extropolative fiction, actually. Yet stripping his stories of the background and theme, one can see that the same underlying thread of emotion and sentimentality and depth, that is present in the stories of Bradbury and Steinbeck, is also present in Hemingway. He achieves subtle but effective moods, compelling the reader to read onward.

In all three of the discussed writers we can see examples of truly distinguished works in the literary field.

--Mike Deckinger

the chopping block

A FANZINE REVIEW
COLUMN BY TED PAULS

VORPAL GLASS 1

Golden Gate Futurian Society. Editor, Karen Anderson, 3 Las Palomas, Orinda, California; 25¢ per issue, I assume contributions, but no trades; it doesn't say, but call it "irregular"; 24-pages.

This is an excellent fanzine for those of us who profess to dislike fannishness--Vorpal Glass is as totally devoid of fannishness as McCalls. This is by no means a reflection on quality, however, because the quality of the material in this first issue is above reproach. Fritz Leiber leads off with an excellent piece of free verse, possibly one of the best pieces of its type written for fanzines, and Poul Anderson's column--"Beermutterings"--is an excellent piece of work. Winston P. Sanders does an article on mythical animals and tries to show that beasts such as the Unicorn could have existed, George Scithers and Karen Anderson collaborate on a fairly good story, and the editorial rounds out the issue.

This is what has been termed an "arty" fanzine. It emphasizes weird art effects and "far-out" subjects. And as such, it is one of the very few fanzines to succeed in making this sort of thing enjoyable. The artistic effects scattered throughout the issue--such as the multi-color heading to Leiber's verse, the occasional color spot-illustrations, the lettered-in title at the bottom of every page--come off very well. In most other fanzines these effects would appear pretentious to the extreme, and it is a tribute to Karen Anderson that she can make them come off nicely.

Poul Anderson's column is the best single piece in this issue, as well as the longest. From its very na-

ture, "Beermutterings" will probably be the most important feature in every issue. In this initial installment, Poul discusses automobiles, literary criticism, and the American woman. I faunch for further installments.

Winston P. Sanders' article is the other important feature in the issue. It is interesting and well written, and, as far as my limited knowledge of the subject can judge, scientifically sound. My only regret is that Sanders didn't discuss the Minotaur legend; I would like to know if he considers it possible or even plausible, because even if one allows for exaggeration, it is still rather hard to believe the story: Queen Pasiphae, wife of Minos II, fell in love with a prize bull, and after gamboling in the fields in full view of a number of peasants, gave birth to the Minotaur, half man and half bull. I think the story itself can be dismissed as somewhat more than half bull...

There aren't many fanzines I would recommend at 1¢ per page, but I most heartily recommend Vorpai Glass.

XERO 3

Dick & Pat Lupoff, 215 East 73rd Street, New York 21, New York; contributions, trades, or letters of comment, but no subscriptions; irregular, but fairly frequent; 52-pages.

In the short space of three issues Xero has become the most looked-forward-to fanzine being published. The current issue contains three pieces of extraordinarily excellent material, and nothing whatever which falls below the standards previously set by this magazine. It is impeccably reproduced, and the art and layout are among the best in fandom. In short, it is everything a top fanzine should be.

It is hard to point to one piece in this third issue as being the best, but the choice would be between Mike Deckinger's article, "Madness and Horror," a comparative look at "Psycho" and "The Cabinet of Dr. Caligari," and Arthur Merlyn's article on Captain Video. The writer hiding behind the pseudonym of "Arthur Merlyn" is identified only as an ex-writer of the Video serials. Guesses as to his identity are solicited, and the standard Xero prize of a copy of Flying Saucers to the first correct guesser is offered. This is undoubtedly the most damnably clever way to scare off potential guessers ever conceived... At any rate, "Merlyn" writes a mildly fabulous article which has elements of everything: drama, humor, much etc. Its most important virtue is one which Dick Lupoff pointed out in Xero #2 in relation to another article: he cares for his subject, you can almost feel it. This is the prime ingredient in this article, and it is one which will make the article one you will never forget.

Deckinger's piece has this same feeling though, because unlike Merlyn, he was never connected with his subject matter, it is not as strong. Xero seems to bring out the best in its writers, but especially in Mike Deckinger. Both of his articles which have appeared in Xero have been superior to almost anything else he has written.

The third really excellent piece of material in this issue is Larry Harris' book review column, which concerns itself with editorializing this installment instead of reviewing. A truly excellent dissection of anthologies, followed by some comments on where he gets the ideas for his stories and books. Larry is so superior as a writer

than as a critic, that he ought to devote his columns to editorializing more often.

There is quite a bit of other material in this issue, all of it well-written and interesting. The issue leads off with a symposium on fan-clubs (not the hard strips of wood, but the organizations), composed of comments on Ray Beam's article in #2 by Don Thompson, Buck Coulson, and Russ Wolff. This is very interesting, though I don't believe it will have any real effect on fan-clubs as a whole. The comic book section of Xero--"All In Color For a Dime"--which has always been one of the most important features of the magazine, is likewise written by a number of people this issue. Jim Harmon leads off with comments which seem to be a rehash of "I Remember Comic Books"--this impression, while not entirely true, is basically correct, for Harmon uses the same characters and merely elaborates somewhat on them. The only really new portion is the telling of one of the Justice Society's stories, extremely interesting, though I suspect that an entirely written version can never equal the original drawn-&-written story, no matter what caliber of writer tells it. The next sections of AICFAD show that Ted Pauls isn't the only comics fan who makes errors. Both Ted White and Dick Lupoff devote space to correcting their previous articles. The shortest portion of the feature in this issue is also the most interesting: Otto Binder's "At Home With the Marvels". Here we have a picture of the production of the strip from the one man who can really be said to know: its writer. I only wish it were longer.

The issue ends with a nicely put together lettercolumn and an editorial by Dick, which discusses the possibility that we are currently entering Ninth Fandom. To sum it up in language that Harlan Ellison fans will immediately comprehend: like, if you don't dig Xero, baby, you just ain't been there...

A good measure of Xero's quality might be to say that it arrived on the same morning as Innuendo, and until every word of Xero had been thoroughly digested, Innuendo wasn't even opened. You can't say that about many fanzines.

PSI-PHI 7

Bob Lichtman, 6137 S. Croft Ave., Los Angeles 56, California; 10¢ for this small issue, but 25¢ for a normal issue of Psi-Phi, which is about twice as big--also trades, letters of comment, or contributions; irregular; 20-pages.

It's a shame, but Psi-Phi seems to be becoming one of those seldom-seen fanzines like Innuendo or Grue. The next issue isn't announced to appear until the summer, which while probably convenient for Bob's college work, is damnably inconvenient for people like me who like to read Psi-Phi.

This is by no means an exceptional issue of Psi-Phi--not to say, of course, that it's a bad issue. The editor consumes the first seven pages, commenting on college (the most interesting portion of that editorial), Arv Underman, and various subjects concerning Psi-Phi itself. It isn't a particularly brilliant editorial, certainly, but on the other hand it reads pleasantly enough and it's written very smoothly.

The other material in this issue is an over-long parody by Bill Meyers and Ken Seagle, a filler by Emil Greenleaf, Rog Ebert's book review column, "Reverberations," and some commentary by Bill Meyers on the subject he parodies: the filming of the

Ring Trilogy. All of this is at least "good" material, some of it deserves being called "fine," but there is an impression of something missing in this issue. After considerable thought, I have come to the conclusion that what this 7th issue of Psi-Phi lacks is a really important feature.

Every really good fanzine will be found to have one truly important feature, something which the rest of the issue seems to revolve around. There are exceptions to this rule, of course, but in most cases a fanzine lacking this important feature will strike one as too ordinary, too average. This important feature can be the best single contribution to an issue, but it need not be. The important feature in Vorpai Glass, for instance, is Poul Anderson's column. It also happens to be the best single contribution in the issue, but it could have been the most important feature without being the best. Witness Xero #3 (to confine the examples to fanzines already reviewed): its most important feature is the comic books section, "All In Color For a Dime," and yet this is not the best contribution to the issue. At least three pieces in that issue are superior to it in most respects. The fact nevertheless remains that if this section were removed, Xero would lose much of its direction, much of its purpose. This is the feature which holds the magazine together, without which it would become simply a collection of pages.

To carry the example to the fanzine you are now holding in your hands, consider what this issue of Kipple would be like without Marion Bradley's article on writing. That article is the most important feature in this issue. I also consider it the best, though it need not necessarily be that. The fact is that without this feature, Kipple #10 would be just a collection of columns, with no more unity than a collection of unstapled pages.

Psi-Phi #7 has no such important feature. It therefore makes no real impression. It contains good material, but lacks direction, purpose. Good material has no value if the magazine appears purposeless. There are fanzines which have crawled along from issue to issue without any purpose, which have managed to survive but not to live; Psi-Phi is not one of these, usually, but somehow this particular issue just doesn't have that little spark. And so I do not recommend anyone acquiring this particular issue, unless out of curiosity; I do recommend the next issue, which promises to be back to Bob's considerable standard.

FAN-TOME 1

Leslie Sample, 2735 Willingham Drive, Columbia, South Carolina; 2/15¢, intelligent letters of comment, trades or contributions; irregular; 8-pages.

Here we have what is evidently another New Trend fanzine to add to the growing stack. This particular one isn't exactly on the same qualitative level as the average NT fanzine, but one must certainly make allowances for the fact that it is a first issue published by a relatively new fan. As a matter of fact, it is the only first issue (which in this case I mean to imply "first fanzine") I've seen in quite some time. It isn't very good, but certainly it will improve if Les continues publishing. It immediately has one factor in its favor: it has the "important item" which Psi-Phi lacks, in this case an article by John Koning based on an idea of "What's wrong with fanzines?". The article doesn't say too much that is new, but it does set down the feelings of one fan in clear terms, and it succeeds equally in making one think a-

bout fanzines. This article, unfortunately, isn't notable for the correctness of its major observation: John seems to feel that if you can't make your fanzine one of the Great Ones, you shouldn't publish at all. Well, I'm always plumping for quality, but I cannot ignore the basic mathematical fact that there just isn't room in the Top Ten of fanzines for twenty different fanzines...

The editorial is intelligent and interesting, concerning racial relations and based mostly on Discord's lettercolumn discussion. The editorial is also notable for the lack of the usual first-issue neofanisms. Les uses only one short paragraph to solicit material--"most of all, ILLUSTRATIONS"; and by the looks of the cover on that first issue, he needs them badly--and doesn't bore the reader with blather about reproduction problems.

Other material includes some confessions of a neofan by Lenny Kaye which are nothing new, and some pretty poor poetry by the editor. All in all, a fairly mediocre magazine, but the editorial writing shows talent and at least it's legible.

ATTENTION ALL NEOFANS: Once again, there hasn't been sufficient space to review all the fanzines which have come my way since the last column was written. Actually, I doubt if I could have reviewed them all if I had given the entire issue over to The Chopping Block. Last issue, Marion Bradley spoke of the Month of the Jackpot, fanzine-wise. This must vary from fan to fan, for while I had received only a normal number of publications during the period she spoke of, this past month has been overflowing with fanzines.

I don't like rating systems, as it happens, but in order to expedite matters in these brief mentions, I'll rate the fanzines on a basis of 1-low to 10-high.

Warhoon #10--Dick Bergeron, 110 Bank Street, New York 14, New York; 20¢ per copy, letters or cards of comment, I assume trades, and contributions; quarterly; 42-pages. Rating: 9 +++ Dynatron #3--Roy Tackett, Route 2, Box 575, Albuquerque, New Mexico; trade, contribution, letter of comment, or 15¢ per copy; irregular; 24-pages. Rating: 5½ +++ Sex Who? #1--Jeff Wanshel, 6 Beverly Place, Larchmont, New York; 10¢ per copy, letters, fanzines (but no contributions--this is a letter-substitute, like); irregular; 18-pages. Rating: 7½ +++ Innuendo #11 (final issue)--Terry Carr, 1818 Grove Street, Berkeley 9, California; new fanzine to be published costing 25¢, contributions, no trades; irregular; 70-pages. Rating: 10 +++ Cry of the Nameless #145--FM&E Busby, 920 Third Ave., Box 92, Seattle 4, Washington; 25¢ per issue, a few trades, contributions, probably letters of comment; monthly; 62-pages. Rating: 8 +++ The Monday Evening Ghost #8--Bob Jennings, 3819 Chambers Dr., Nashville 11, Tenn.; 15¢ per copy, contributions, trades, but not for letters; six-weekly; 34-pages. Rating: 3 +++ Que Pasado? #3--Les Nirenberg, 1217 Weston Rd., Toronto 15, Ontario, Canada; 25¢ per copy, letters of comment, contributions, trades; irregular; 28-pages. Rating: 5 +++ Fanzine #1--Sylvia White, 107 Christopher St., #15, New York 14, New York; letters, contributions, trades, news, no cash; irregular; 8-pages. Rating: 7½ +++ The Vannish--Ted White, same address as his wife (I should hope so!); there are rumbles of Void getting dumped in favor of a comic-book fanzine, but otherwise you can usually get a copy for 25¢ or trades; irregular; 66-pages. Rating: 8

--Ted Pauls

JOHN W. CAMPBELL:
PROPHET?

Since John Campbell perpetrated the title-change at the Steet and Smith offices (I don't think I have to repeat the title, do I?) much discussion has been directed at his person and at his magazine. Among other things, fandom dislikes (and logically so) Campbell's who-needs-fans attitude, and the scientific follies which are now featured in the fiction content of Analog.

To me, the compatibility of fandom and JWC lies only in the premise that fandom takes a much wider view of the Campbell-originated occurrences.

Looking backward (as I seem prone to do lately) it is evident to me that three major turning points are apparent in stf's history, and that each upheaval has been personified by a single editor. Gernsback, Palmer, and Gold are the editors in mention, and all three of them, because of their magazine's and their own viewpoints, have somehow changed the course of science fiction.

But the "diversification" has not been recognized as such until a separate magazine for the "new" stories has been formed, no matter how long the "new" type of stories have been appearing in various publications.

It's difficult, though, to read through several year's worth of stf magazines and define those stories which were prototypes of the "new approach". It would be futile, also, to say that if such stories were realized by any of the three editors, the effect would have been great enough to warrant a new magazine's birth.

Therefore, how is a focal-point publication born? Well, considering, first of all that a few writers have experimented with the fresh form previous to the inception of the focal point magazine, the logical pattern would be that an editor to compile the loose-ends and to hammer out the ideas is required. But it is not a single matter of an editor being enthused with a certain story form, or realizing that a type of story is successful from the writer's viewpoint; the editor, I would imagine, must recognize both these factors over a period of time, and watch both grow until some sort of workable basis has been found. Stf still has wing-room left, and the need to extend and improve the literature was apparent; the focal-point editor's job was to separate, sort, combine, and outline what the progression would entail.

Viewing stf's magazine-history on an objective scale, it's obvious that at any given period, the most popular current form was/is being challenged. Different magazines feature different stories, different angles, and the focal point editor must either combine all these, or expell them from his workable ideas, and create something entirely new. However, as yet, this hasn't happened.

But, as an example, in Gernsback's better days, the diametrical side was issuing the formula story, complete with monsters and mound-breasted maidens. After a process of time, these stories overrode Gernsback's popularity, and left Hugo with two choices: either to publish their type of stories and remain with good circulation, or get out of the field. Gernsback was obstinate, however, and continued to publish what he felt was the "best" type of stf. Fandom's denouncement of the Gernsbackian school was not vociferous, nor was the cry of the readers very much in evidence, but the ever-rising circulation of Palmer's Amazing was proof enough that a new focal-point had arisen and was ousting the dry policy of Gernsback.

It has been claimed that Ray Palmer was a brilliant editor, a man with foresight, and an individual who led the pack. It's undeniable that Palmer was the leader, but I think his job was not so much of a prophetic one, as it was a task of utilization. Palmer had been a $\frac{1}{4}$ -to- $\frac{1}{2}$ cen a word hack. He knew the formula and the gimmick: he'd sold millions of words of it, and so was a fairly well-informed editor of the stuff. When he took over Amazing, though, the trend was already swinging. People were tired of Gernsback and his "science"; they were seeing other pulps on the stands which offered the formula story in the detective, war and love media, and had grown to expect it from science fiction. The Ziff-Davis people knew this when they hired Palmer, and they hired him because he could do something about it. I don't think, therefore, that Palmer was a man Possessed, a man with a Burning Ideal; rather he was a man who wanted some Yankee Dollars and could convert his talents as a hack into negotiable currency. His first issues, however, were focal-points, in that they entrenched the formula story into science fiction. This premise, however, is arguable. Mainly because any editor with half a mind could have done it; so it became merely a matter of who-did-it-first, with the groundwork and audience already layed out and waiting.

In other quarters, meanwhile, Theodore Sturgeon, Henry Kuttner, and later, Ray Bradbury were experimenting with new story lines and story structures.

Sturgeon's Astounding and Unknown offerings were better than those run by Palmer's staff of hacks, but they weren't, because of the popular liver-and-lust reading, strong enough to swing a great tide of readers. Astounding and Sturgeon and his fellows were read and enjoyed, but neither their basis nor follow through had been formed. Their day was to come later.

During and after the WWII days, various off-trail stories began to appear. Amazing had a rather juvenile audience, and peddled to them unquestioningly. The more mature readers, however, were more enthused by unpredictable, better-written stories. Quite a few of these showed up in various magazines, especially Astounding and Thrilling Wonder Stories. Some of the magazines gambled on Bradbury--and found their risk well re-paid. Sturgeon was creating little gems, sprinkling them throughout the field. Other writers, too, were leaning toward the "new deal," writing copy that somehow rang of little magazines. A few years later, the new angle grew so popular that even the steadiest of mainliners began to indulge. The movement was not, however, strong enough at that time. Sociology was added with a strong blend of literate writing and began to further offset the strict formula story. More and more this type of writing off-setted the action form, and more and more, the action style found itself growing obsolete, just as had Gernsback's tightly-torqued mechanization bitten the

dust.

Once more, a new figure arose. He was a Canadian, H.L. Gold, a man who had worked on magazines ranging from comic books to Thrilling Wonder, Startling and Captain Future, plus a handful of other pulps. He had also earned a fairly good name for himself in writing circles, but it was with the more off-trail story that he had achieved this name, rather than the usual pulp style. It was a combination of a new idea upon which he had experimented with himself, his infatuation with the premise that stf could be furthered, and--this being the key--his realization that a large-sized audience was his if he followed his thoughts.

Galaxy appeared, and with it, the third focal-point. It still is a popular magazine, and was even more so at its inception. The "loose" story, the honest story, and the strongly-written and humanistically-inclined piece found a well-paying berth in the Galaxy stalls. Editor Gold had achieved what he set out to achieve, for by late 1953 he had already published "The Gravy Planet" ("The Space Merchants") and "Fahrenheit 451," both seeming classics. Also, there had been innumerable shorter stories by Fredric Brown, who seemed to come into his own with Gold. Theodore Sturgeon, Alfred Coppel and many others were also creating the "new" type of story and doing quite well at it. So, for quite a while, stf seemed to have reached it's summit. After so many years of the purists jammering "Illiteracy!" stf has progressed far enough so that story potential and ideology could be combined and find a ready market.

Around 1955 the dissention began. Galaxy had become hyper self-conscious. The writing, though still varied, had become almost impotent. The ideas were worked and re-worked, and the Galaxians had begun to invent their own little cliches.

Once more the "Where-do-we-go-from-here?" attitude was expressed, and as yet, no solution or other focal-point has been made evident.

But who, right now, is shouting the loudest. Who is claiming "new deal"? John Campbell. His ideas at the moment are so vague that I doubt very much if he knows where he is going. And actually, he seems to be more enthused about the "scientific" approach than the pure literary angle of stf's progression. One thing, though, his "science fact" mania has carried over into all the other existing stf magazines except Fantastic. But as far as a definable "trend" goes, there has been none, and John Campbell has yet to promise that there will be.

Of course, Campbell could be more farsighted than I imagine, and already have considered the proposition of becoming a pseudo focal-point. And also, he may have discovered that because of the beneficial plagiarism between focal-point and its competitors, he may be the originator of something which is popular for a time, and then have one of his competitors improve on the idea and run away with his circulation. The latter is rather incredulous, however. Or at least it sounds so. But at any rate, Campbell may be considering just about anything--anything, that is, which follows his "what's-good-for-circulation-is-good-for-Analog" policy.

This is no defense of Campbell; I'm merely speculating, on the basis of the past, what may take place in the future. Perhaps in five years I will be writing a sequel which details the fall of Analog as the focal-point, and the rise of the newly re-distributed Planet Stories to take its place...

--Ed Gorman

fannish

CLERICHEWS

Fedora's Yocks

I suppose Alex Schomburg
May wear a Homburg;
But imagine Charles Burbee
Wearing a derby!

Infamous Promotions

The Hyborians and George Scithers
Put promoters in dithers
By insisting that Amra
Isn't meant for the camera.

Bermese

Ruth Berman
Doesn't speak German
But as for French! Why, NeoL
May soon appear in Creole!

BY REDD BOGGS

Paulsied Poltergeist

"Baltimore's got too many roofs and walls
Still intact and unscorched," thought Ted Pauls
"I guess I'd better
Go write a letter."

contributions to
this department
are solicited

by
TED
PAULS

A COLUMN
OF PROZINE
CRITICISM

the
myopic

EYE

It isn't until you try to write a monthly column of prozine criticism that you discover just how difficult it is to purchase science fiction magazines. The distribution problem has come to have quite a bit of significance to me, while before I decided to review prozines every month it was an unreal, far-removed problem. There are three stores in our neighborhood which deal in magazines and paperbacks. Yet in the last three weeks I have succeeded in locating only two science fiction magazines.

I was interested enough to look for them. I can imagine the plight of the casual reader who would read stf, but who does not care enough to make an exhaustive search of the magazine stores in his or her area. These people are just as likely to settle for a magazine or paperback of inferior quality, but one which is available to them.

Magazines aren't the only sufferers, not by a long shot. Science fiction paperbacks are being published at a fair rate, and yet only three have been available at the neighborhood drugstore--and these only in quantities of three or four copies.

"You don't seem to handle any science fiction magazines?" I said to the proprietor of a Sun Ray drugstore across the street. This was a rhetoric question, at best, since he obviously didn't--I had been standing in front of the magazine racks for five minutes, searching in every nook and crannie for some sort of stf-magazine.

He seemed puzzled as to what I meant for a moment, then his face unclouded. "Oh. We used to handle those..." (I mentally noted that in five years I had never seen any but Infinity) "...but nobody bought them so we just gave it up."

"Do people actually buy this...this literature," I forced myself to say as I nodded toward the shelf containing various hobby and health periodicals. "I've been noticing

those copies of People Today on the shelves for three weeks. Nobody seems to have bought any, so why weren't they sent back?"

He didn't seem to want to answer this question, and I didn't want to make him angry thereby stopping the conversation, so I changed the subject. "Does anyone besides me come in here asking for science fiction magazines?" I asked.

He thought for a moment. "Not that I know of. Nope, you're about the only one. If enough people started to ask for those magazines, I'd probably stock them, but..."

I tipped my hat casually, smiled, and walked out the door. Sometimes it's pretty bad, being the only abnormal person in the neighborhood.

+ + + +

Since I've only got two magazines to review, I can dwell on the separate stories and articles at more length than I did in the last installment of this column. A flip of the coin decides that the first magazine to come under the Myopic Eye this issue is the February 1961 issue of Fantasy and Science Fiction. This issue leads off with a novelet by Brian Aldiss, "Hothouse," which I enjoyed more than anything else in the issue, regardless of the vague ending and the various faults in the writing. This is probably more of a subjective opinion than anything else, for as I have mentioned before, I enjoy stories having to do with man's fight against alien flora and fauna. And "Hothouse" abounds in strange life-forms. The setting is incredibly distant into the future, and the dominant forms of life are vegetables, with only a sprinkling of insects and men making up the lower life-forms. Everything seems to be out to get everything else: in the first few pages, such creatures as the berrywhisk, nettlemoss, tigerfly, dumber, trappersnapper, termights, crocksock, thinpin, pluggyrug, and leapycreeper are introduced. This future Earth sounds like an ecologist's nightmare.

But there aren't any ecologists on Earth anymore. The only inhabitants were the tree-people, who live in the branches midway between the ground and the tree-tops, and the flymen, who actually turn out to be to the tree-people what a butterfly is to a caterpillar. The story revolves around one of the small tribes of human beings, some of whom find out that when they go to heaven, they don't die after all; they are carried to the moon (which has frozen with the earth and remains, like the mother planet, eternally in one spot in the sky) by a mile-long, bladder-shaped vegetable which makes a spider web between the earth and moon. If this sounds slightly ridiculous, it's because it is.

There are a few small faults (beside the plot as a whole) in this novelet, prime among them being that the characters are cardboard cut-outs. In most cases, as a matter of fact, the vegetable predators are more real than the humans.

Still, I liked the story, and in many ways it's the best story in the issue. The only serious competition it had was by Robert F. Young, who contributed a fairly good effort entitled "Storm Over Sodom." It's an interesting little yarn about what happens to people who think about sex all the time--they turn into jackal-like animals--but it could have been a lot better. For one thing, the effect would have been greater if the pace had moved a little faster toward the end, and the story would probably have been better if the readers hadn't been given so

many clues to what is supposed to be a surprise twist. Other material in the February issue includes a rotten, boorish pseudo-fantasy by Ron Goulart, who ought to take up steam-fitting as a vocation, a couple of interesting tales by Rosel George Brown and Theodore Thomas, a reprint/translation which I didn't read, books reviews by Al Bester, and Isaac Asimov's science column. Surely not the best of all possible prozines, but better than:

Amazing Stories for February 1961. The lead novel, A. Bertram Chandler's "When the Dream Dies," has the dubious distinction of being one of the most utterly boring pieces of stf that I've read in years. I read from page 8 to page 25 without finding a single solitary reason for the existence of this novel. There was no discernable plot at all. I kept expecting something to happen on the next page to give the story a meaning, but nothing ever did. The characters sat around talking to each other throughout those 17 pages, and the whole thing was as dull as a church social.

My faith in Cele Goldsmith is partially restored by Arthur Porges, who turns out consistently good stories, and Harold Calin, whose tale was almost a dressed-up-mundane but just barely squeezed under the wire to become science fiction. Porges' story concerns a biochemist who invents a universal cure for drug addiction--a disease which attacks and kills the poppy. He has all sorts of trouble convincing the government to use it, however, and when he finally gets fed up and releases the disease on his own, the government refuses to recognize that his virus killed the poppy. The man takes his revenge in a uniquely biochemical manner, which I won't reveal here.

Harold Calin's story is somewhat different, but the main theme of government bureaucracy is the same. This story is long, but proportionately more enjoyable when compared with the shorter offering of Arthur Porges.

From here on things get worse. There is another in a long series of reprints introduced by Sam Moskowitz--who seems to be trying to prove his contention that the Sense of Wonder is dead, by strangling it to death. If the Sense of Wonder wasn't dead when SaM started this series, it damn well will be before he relents! David R. Bunch brings back the initial feeling of complete boredom with his short story, "The Final Decision." This is the opening paragraph:

"Steel you can be rid of. Easily. You just lay it by. Metal is a fine thing to leave stacked in corners or along ditches of roads. Or melt it down. When you're THROUGH. Our new-metal alloy 'replacements'--what a fine deal...to live forever, ho!!!"

Rather than entice the reader into the story, this absurdly vague and uninteresting opening is likely to have just the reverse effect. Since it was so short, I decided to allow myself to be bored for a few pages for review purposes. The story isn't quite as bad as the opening would have you believe, but almost. If the choice was between reading "The Final Decision" and watching the Ed Sullivan Show, I might suggest the story, but otherwise...

The factual content of the issue far surpasses the fictional content in quality. The unidentified book reviewer does a pretty fair job, and Sam McClatchie's article on contraception is interesting and well-done. Maybe, in Amazing's case, it would be better to print no stf than poor stf...

--Ted Pauls

BY MARION BRADLEY

CRYIN' IN THE SINK

Back in them there days when this column started, I had a rigid classification system of dividing every fanzine up and separating them into stacks: four star, three star, two star, and one star. For Dimensions it worked wonderfully; for Kipple it's a bust.

Maybe the main reason is that Ted Pauls just cuts out the reviews of the "One Star" fanzines, on the grounds that anything that low doesn't deserve to be reviewed. Maybe because after all these years I am acquiring a sneaking suspicion that such decisions are, after all, arbitrary. Or maybe I am just tired of defending these classifications against people who think I should rate Yandro lower and something else higher.

As I said in the last installment of this column, the writing of a fanzine review changes the reviewer as much or more than it changes the readers or the reviewed. Henceforth, unless everyone screams for their restoration, the stars go back to the sky where they belong, and I shall review fanzines more or less in order of their appeal to me... though I hope I shall be as fair to the slim leaflets at the bottom of the stack as to the big eyecatchers which gravitate to the top.

Most notable this time around, obviously, is Innuendo (Terry Carr, 1818 Grove St., Berkeley 9, California). Jack Speer opens up this issue with the "Novus Ordo Fandorum," a remarkably saltless parody on the lengthy Catholic prayer--no, on checking, I discover it's a parody of Vergil, but it still opens up the issue with a remarkably bangless whimper. Sample of the heavy-handed style: "wherein gafia shall begin to cease, and all unfinished projects shall be consummated, yea, even Daugherty projects. Skylark Smith and Puck Rogers shall come back..." and that was about as far as I could follow it even for laughs. Fortunately, I managed to turn past this and get into Innuendo proper. Possibly my exaggerated enjoyment of past issues had raised my hopes too high, but this issue seems to rest on a slightly lower level than the last; and I would hazard a careful guess that Terry and Miri feel the same, for the contents page states that this will be the final issue of Innuendo, to

be replaced by their FAPazine Dark Star--and to ward off walls of despair from the hordes of fandom, I am glad to add that they will continue to distribute Dark Star to contributors and worthwhile commentators, though they will not accept trades.

Actually, for what it is, Innuendo reached its peak with the issue before this--the first fanzine which I reviewed for "Cryin' In The Sink," which I characterized as the finest possible example of what this kind of fanzine should be. Like all fashions in everything from women's clothes to automobile designs, fanzine fashions reach their peak and decline, and in the eighteen months since the last issue of Innuendo, representing the peak, we have seen the decline and are now seeing the fall of the purely fannish fanzine. For me the decline is largely unlamented; but had there been more like Innuendo, I should be inclined further to bewail their disappearance.

Not that this issue of Innuendo shows any noticable decline in vigor and wit. Terry, in his editorial, and Bill Donaho, in "Adventures in Fandom," describe in the best possible youthful-novelist manner their to-ings and fro-ings among Berkeley fandom. As someone said about the autobiography of Gypsy Rose Lee, I'll bet some of it is even true, and if it wasn't then, it is now; the bite and cogency of these two young writers make everything they detail more alive than the spineless blitherings of most of the "new" novelists that profess to reverence so highly. Frankly, I prefer this kind of thing, personalized and "fannish" as it may be, to some of the dutiful, but unexciting discussions in more "intelligent" fanzines. Also it strikes me as hopeful that Terry and Bill continue detailing these things for their personal pleasure and that of fandom, instead of tediously writing them into teenage-type Young Novels supposed to Shake The World, such as "Harrison High."

There is also the usual fan-type parody by Carl Brandon, this one a livelier-than-usual takeoff on Lovecraft, and Alva Rogers and Charles Burbee evoke the past presence of the late Fran Laney, a brace of articles which present little that is new, but which will probably please fans of post-1957 vintage who came in too late to know the Towner at his best, or worst. Ron Ellick writes a lengthy article about the history of Fanac, promising that it is the first in a long series about that publication. Let's hope he is kidding, for the present article has already told me, as the schoolgirl said about the book on penguins, considerably more than I care to know.

Another in the series representing the Decline and Fall of the Fannish Fan is Void, in three installments, from Ted White and Greg Benford, with a rider from Sylvia White (who will hate me for identifying her with her husband this way, but then, Sylvia, why do you mail them in the same envelope?) titled, unsurprisingly, Fanzine. Sylvia's contribution must regretfully be dismissed by me as unreviewable, for it consists almost exclusively of the letters sent to her, commenting on her previous zine Flafan, which I don't think I ever saw. Void does not display any sizable decline in vigor and wit, either, except that there is an undefinable feeling, all through the pages, that the editors are beginning to consider this whole thing a prime bore. And sending it out in three installments made it difficult to read and even more difficult to review, so with your kind permission we'll leave detailed comments to Ted Pauls. Regretfully.

In general, though, the decline of Void seems to stem from two things: the continent-wide speration of Benford and White, a growing discrepan-

cy between the two as Greg gets deeper into college and Ted into his professional editorial career, and a lack of finances and time to reconcile these differences at the crucial time when they could have made their differing outlooks into complimentary, and compensatory assets, instead of a liability. Where Greg will go from here in fanzines is anyone's guess (we somehow don't expect to see much more of him in fandom), and where Ted White will go depends, I should imagine, largely on his professional needs. Selfishly we hope they permit him to remain at least on the fringes of fanzinefandom; as we said last time, he is probably 8th Fandom's major contributor, if only for improving the standard of mimeograph work 100% by shaming all the incompetents.

Turning to another long-delayed treat in the fanzine world, Bob Lichtman's Psi-Phi is still dimly dittoographed, and still concerned largely with the controversy over filming the Tolkien saga, this time via an acerbic description of what Hollywood would do to desecrate it, by Bill Meyers and Ken Seagle. The far-out claims of Tolkien fans are bringing us around, full circle, to the long-gone and, we fondly hoped, forgotten days when such people as F.T. Laney proclaimed themselves "sincere acolytes of H.P. Lovecraft". Turning, with a shudder, to the meatier part of the issue, we find that Lichtman has been too busy with his first semester in college to do much more than assemble a few cartoons (one in yellow ditto which looks as if someone had simply spilled a little coffee on the paper!) and some lengthy, funny but in aggregate tiring wails about how little time he has to work on his fanzine. In the time he spent concocting that editorial, he could presumably have gathered some better material, but he deserves the one issue leniency given to all fans who semi-gaffiate on entering college. We know from the last issue that he can do better than this.

Along much the same lines, and, in fact, starring Bob Lichtman as a contributor, is a slim, clever little fanzine with the bright name of Efanescent--and the zine is just as sparkly as the title, although it, too, is published by a sincere acolyte of J.R.R. Tolkien, one Lee Thorin (319 N. 18th, Philadelphia 3, Penna.); obviously, by her merry manner, a very young girl. An inordinately large proportion of the issue was taken up by a crossword puzzle based on the Tolkien saga, which I, as a Tolkienite myself, tried to solve but found quite beyond me--the thinness of the paper made it impossible to distinguish the squares and blacked-out spots from the mere showthrough from the other side. This one seems to have gone off on a Quest of its own, however, or maybe it was just too attractive to the rest of my family, for I can no longer find the zine on my desk. Anyone who received a copy of this in the mail, and disregarded it because of the general first-issue sloppiness, is warned to cherish this one, and stay in the editor's good graces, for I would nominate Lee Thorin as "best new fanzine editor of 1961."

Xero, published by Pat and Dick Lupoff, 215 E. 73rd St., New York 21, N.Y. continues to inquire into the fandom which is growing up around old comic books; a large symposium about how fan clubs can reconcile the older fans' need for social fannishness with the neofannish desire for stf-oriented discussion centers, which says nothing new but says all the old things well; and Arthur Merlyn's reminiscences of Captain Video. I have a feeling this sort of thing could get tiresome if run too far into the ground; however, I'm not bored yet. The lettercolumn has been turned over to Pat exclusively, with a considerable improvement therein.

Yan

dro is around again, but with Juanita in college they seem to have too little time, or something, to assemble suitable material; the last issue or two seem to have been assembled from old rejects. Only the artwork is consistently up to standard. As for Mike Deckinger's story, "Revelation," I have read this before, by better writers; only artistry on a level which Mike does not yet possess gives one license to write about Biblical subjects in a deliberately iconoclastic fashion. Little boys think that a "clever" kick at religion is in itself enough to justify a story; Mike Deckinger, who is both youthful and talented, is not yet qualified to assail an anti-religious subject which taxed both Robert Graves and Bernard Shaw to the uttermost. However, I suppose he's expressing himself, and the story has therapeutical value. For those lucky enough to have missed this story, I should add that this clever little piece put forth the detailed emotions of a young girl raped by the village beggar...with the "surprising" punchline "Joseph, my beloved, a miracle has occurred..." I don't imagine this has been done over five hundred times recently.

To deal with the remainder in a hurry, since none of them are particularly startling:

Fan-Tome #1, by Les Sample or somebody like that, 2735 Willingham Drive, Columbia, N.C., is a skinny little pamphlet, with an incredibly amateurish cover which almost sent the zine into the wastebasket unread. Inside are some "sensitive" teenage poetry, meant to sound raw, crude and adult by the inclusion of such words as "crotch" and "lust"; some intelligent editorial discussion of the racism currently discussed in various fanzines, and a good article by John Koning which puts forth, more or less, the idea that if you can't make your fanzine a Huge Success you shouldn't publish at all. Oh come, John! I'll defend, to the end of my life, the idea that it's better to have a hundred mediocre fanzines plus three fine ones than to have just the three fine ones.

Omtae #1 (Andy Main hem, 5668 Gato Ave., Goleta, California) was put out largely to chuckle at my hosannas over the dearth of hectographed fanzines, and is mostly a letter-substitute to Andy's friends. I mention it here because I can laugh at myself, too; and I hasten to add that if all hecto work was as good as this, I would lose my distaste for that medium; it makes Lichtman's ditto appear the inferior process.

Dynatron, from Roy Tackett, Rt. 2, Box 575, Albuquerque, New Mexico, is precise green mediocrity; a rather good story by Alan Burns, a rather good column by Ed Cox, and some unstartling news that sex and stf do mix by Art Rapp, but nothing to make you remember the zine after you put it down. The material reads like old Yandro rejects without the Coulson artwork or popularity to pep them up. Much the same thing could be said of Si-Fan (Jerry Burge, 193 Battery Pl. NE, Atlanta 7, Georgia); a lot of material which is mildly interesting, put together with mild competence, and capable of passing an otherwise empty half-hour with only mild boredom. Fanzines like this, about which there is nothing either good or bad to say, make me long for a really awful fanzine which I could pan with my worst barbs; attacking Si-Fan or Dynatron is like taking a sword to a featherbed...

Sathanas, by Richard P. Schultz, looks like much the same sort of thing, but it is put together with humor and sprightliness, and Ruth Berman, and Mike Deckinger, and Dick Bergeron. These create a piquant sandwich, though it suffers from first-issue troubles such as show-through and a page-long list of check-offs on "Why you got this fan-

zine"...for heaven's sake, Dick, don't DO that! Terry Jeeves takes us on a quick trip around the solar system...laugh, I thought I'd fall in- to the typewriter.

Last, advisedly (since I have to separate it somehow from the mediocrities), comes "The Magazine of Raw, Untamed Lust," Que Pasado, from Les Nirenberg via the Co-Existence Candy Shop, 1217 Weston Rd., Toronto 15, Ontario, Canada. In addition to the best-cut stencils since Ted White bought that damned micro elite typer, it contains a lot of sprightly stuff: Greg Benford's all-purpose Convention Report (you just fill in the names YOU want to drop), and some stuff from Boyd Raeburn, who does all too little outside FAPA, made me scream with delight. Mike Deckinger (Mike, are you in ALL the rooms?) contributes his usual story, and there is a long, fairly intelligent lettercolumn; Nirenberg weights it heavily with his own opinions, and never lets a writer finish his sentence before he cuts in with editorial comment, but after all it's his fanzine and if he chooses to interrupt people by typewriter, rather than face to face, that is at least the lesser rudeness. Personalized, but enjoyably so.

--Marion Z. Bradley

((Fanzines for review should go to Madame Bradley at Box 158, Rochester Texas.))

K

son

OF

QUOTES FROM THE QUATWHUNKERY

He was so moral that some people thought he was only fooling.//
Some of the peasants went so far as to dress up in rags.//She
thought women were as good as men, a notion that is always cropping
up here and there.//I can't read Nirenberg's fanzine--it's written
in Canadian.//...And damnit, the only one who heard my punchline
had a mouthful of beer and couldn't laugh!//It gave me a feeling
that no home was complete without a mastadon tusk.//He kissed her
with feeling. It wasn't the kiss she minded so much as the feeling.
//I thought you were talking about science fiction, until I heard
you mention Ike Asimov.//I think he learned surgery from the Aztecs.
//I accepted Jesus once, did you know that?//I can see how a name
like Franklin Terd might warp the personality...//This will not
give you any idea of elevation, and the copper oxide will make the
soup taste bad.//Show me a man who's happy and I'll show you a
discredit to the human race.//Be on your guard if he brings out
that damned Samoan fertility idol of his.//"It's all set. Joy will
make the sandwiches, Zelda will bring the coffee, Ed will get the
beer, and I'll steal the car."//My group leader doesn't understand
me.//It's not the principle of the thing, it's the money!

--George Spencer, Ted Pauls, George
Gamow, Bill Brown, Terry Carr, etc.

LETTERS

VIC RYAN
2160 SYLVAN RD.
SPRINGFIELD, ILL.

Those comments on the strong-willed youngster are infuriating--such fuggheaded youngsters. Perhaps that's why so many adolescents turn agnostic upon entering college--not only do so many brilliant students profess atheism, but it's also a question of presentation: the speaker one's age is willing to listen to your beliefs, then quietly and adequately refutes them. The adult, however, turns purple about the collar, screams something about religious decadence, and hotly denounces the questioner as morally unstable--"after all, if I believe in a supreme being, then obviously he exists and you must also believe."

Incidentally, my view of religion is very nearly yours: I just keep quiet when religious discussions spring up, not knowing positively--or actually, reasonably--which side is right and which is wrong.

I gather from Mike Deckinger's article that he considers "You Bet Your Life" to be "undull, unsilly, and unpointless"--but here I disagree, whereas I agree with most of the rest of his statements. Groucho is a silly ass who couldn't say anything funny unless it was written down for him--and then he usually muffs it trying to appear lecherous. And if any show is crooked--hell, all the contestants walk out and speak as if they had been taking sleeping courses to aid in their lines; there's little reason to believe other than, that when they are supplied with their quips, they are supplied with the questions and answers too.

BOB LICHTMAN
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LOS ANGELES 56, CALIF.

Damnit, it was Morty and Monty for a while at one time. I distinctly remember comic strips--usually the four-panel short-shorts--that featured Mickey and Morty and Monty. I wish now that I hadn't sold parts of my Disney-comic collection, because if I hadn't I would today have a record of that and could even send you, or Lupoff, or whoever doubts it, a copy of the comic strips in which it was Morty and Monty. Something that suddenly strikes me rather odd is that Mickey Mouse, and Donald Duck too, had nephews. What is odd is that at no time during the history of the comic strip can I remember discovering who the parents of these nephews were. Do you think that Minnie or Daisy were perhaps more than just girlfriends?

Ah, but there is free discussion in public schools. I'm referring not to college, where there is more than free discussion, but to the high school I went to and particularly my senior English class since this was the place where the discussion was the freest. We used to have arguments on religion, politics, social attitudes, and the like. True, most of it was inspired by books we had read or something like that, but it was entirely free. Why, the teacher even joked about offending people in class but even she joined in and made the class a lot of fun. This is the same teacher, incidentally, who as I told you last

issue allowed reports on books like 1984 and Brave New World, etc.

ART CASTILLO

507 1/2 GREENWICH ST.

SAN FRANCISCO, CALIF.

In my book "wit" is not synonymous with "faan-nishness" and "intra-group gossip" is. "Half-wit" however, may be. Frankly, who gives a damn whether Petty Blob tried to kiss Homer Slopp at the

Poopcon of 1954, or whether Roscoe Glugg read stf in the bathroom at the age of six, or whether T. Zaney pulled off a Good One on Q.T. Hackermann in the winter of '39? This sort of thing may be appropriate for the village Shopping News or the columns of the local high school newspaper, but not even the Baker Street Irregulars, probably the world's most worthless organization, ever sinks that low.

The worst that can be said of Esprit is that it is sloppy in format and strives too hard for an upholstered humorlessness, but I don't think Bill Gray was operating in a context of either snobbery or slobbery. Since Gray didn't specifically name anyone it's highly significant that the Carr-Ellick crowd should respond with such pique. If they can be accused of anything, it is chronic intellectual laziness; political timidity, an almost narcissistic in-group preoccupation, allinall, a fan(atical) clinging to a schizoid little limbo where no one ever has to take social or political initiative, where creative thinking or discourse is replaced by stale in-group jokes, endless remeniscing about equally stale literature, and colorless banalities about Hector Pimple of Carwash, Indiana, who is such a nice guy because he wipes his ass with Analog Fact Fiction. Do people want to get the impression that Terry Carr actually (sh-h-h-h!) thinks? that, maybe, he's going to start reading something of higher quality than Salinger? Then, again, surely no one wants to think that one of the highest IQ's in the business is slowly rusting from disuse? In the end, the extreme insecurity of this group and its habitual resentment against any efforts to limit the compulsive babble to a minimum in the interests of real wit and wisdom, becomes in itself a kind of inverted snobbery.

Why "mere opinionating" should necessarily be "literarily creative" seems pretty much a red herring. I assume Terry has the golden euphony of Emerson, Holmes, Morley, and The New Yorker in mind. Fussiness of style without content is reprehensible (pay attention, Innuendo!) but content does not necessarily require a polished style. Golden phrases are automatically required for a finished work of art, but it seems rather silly when all one is doing is more or less thinking things out in public and trying to learn, probe, gain insight from the brickbats and bouquets of others, in short, when it is a real discussion taking place. I suppose what Terry has in mind are some of the "fan stories" and "fan poems" which in themselves are over-extended in-group jokes which would be completely pointless to an outsider, and really not worth the trouble.

No, Ruth Berman, Thorton Wilder admits he was influenced in "The Skin of Our Teeth" by James Joyce, and Morley probably was also. That Joyce is an all-pervading bastard, isn't he?

Madame Bradley may have made an unfortunate mistake in referring to the Brain Trust behind Habakkuk as "Liberals". Intellectually, the term "liberal" has something of the comfortableness of an old shoe. It is "safe"; it implies a wholesome belief in democracy, PTA sex education, bigger and better department stores, freedom tempered by calisthenics, and Saturday Night. Well, I can't speak for Niremberg and some of the others, but I do know that Donaho, Freen, Nelson, Ellington, Scott,

Schweitzer, Rike, and me, are Radicals with a capital "R". A "liberal" is a political schizophrenic who can't make up his mind whether he wants integration or disintegration and usually winds up in favor of disintegration because the wrapper is so pretty.

In my comments about getting "high" on water--which was an obvious burlesque--you solemnly sat down and tried to analyse whether or not I meant the effects of chemical additives (when plainly I meant the purely physiological repercussions of drinking six or seven glasses of water in a row). And don't try to wiggle out of it by saying that you, too, were joking, because you know you weren't. (I suggest you stop applying the terms "obvious" and "plain" to a comment which was neither of these. Just how am I suppose to guess your meanings unless you are specific--ESP? ## I still contend, all this beating around the bush (by you) aside, that one cannot get "high" on water--if you mean by "high" what I mean by "drunk"--tipsy, blotto, kaput, inebriated, ad infinitum. Ill, most certainly, but not drunk. The state of drunkenness is in direct relation to the alcohol content of the blood, if I remember correctly, and water (in no matter what quantity) does not contain the necessary alcohol. A narcotic "high," of course, might be a different matter altogether, and perhaps one could approximate this by water-drinking; I don't know and wouldn't care to try...)

MIKE DECKINGER Carl Brandon brings up some interesting points. First, 85 LOCUST AVE. in his letter he mentions some of the "better" tv shows MILLBURN, N.J. like "...Twilight Zone, of course, and One Step Beyond; Playhouse 90's occasional excellent shows; The Show of the Month; even the various afternoon and evening movie reruns..." Well, Mr. Brandon obviously is not very discriminating, nor very observant. Granted that Twilight Zone is a fine show, I fail to see how One Step Beyond (or Alcoa Theatre) can be equated on the same level with it. Twilight Zone presents stories with characters and plots and endings (some of them pretty powerful). One Step Beyond on the other hand simply presents incidents of a fantastic nature, glibly narrated by velvet-voiced John Newland who acts as if the whole thing is a lot of nonsense, but if the sponsors are willing to go along with it, then he will too.

Playhouse 90 did present some outstanding dramas, but it hasn't been on the air for over a year, as far as I know, and there is little chance it will be revived. It's biggest fault seemed to be the constant sponsor and public pressure on it, which practically drained away any value. A good example of this was Rod Serling's "A Town Has Turned To Dust," a fine 90 minute play which, when first written, involved a racial incident in a small and bigoted southern town, but was altered to a Mexican town at the turn of the century, because the sponsors felt that Southerners might be offended. It's interesting to note that the current (written 1/17/61) offering of The Play of the Week is an original drama by Reginald Rose called "Black Monday" and concerning the first day of integration in a Southern town, which contains every "offensive" element that Playhouse 90 had to abandon.

As for movies, it is very rare that I find one worth watching. The Late Show and The Late Late Show were completely unbearable for the longest time, ressurecting old film antiques that should have remained buried, though there have been some worthwhile ones in the past few weeks. Day time films are always chopped up by the sponsors, as I mentioned in my article, and I'd rather not see them at all, then view a hitherto qual-

ity film emasculated by a film editor's mishandling. "High Noon" was certainly a good western, there can be no denying that, but there is a much better western making the rounds: "The Ox-bow Incident" made in 1945 with Henry Fonda which I think is undoubtedly the finest western ever presented. (Odd that you should bring this up, for just a few nights ago I saw "High Noon" on one of the night-time television re-run shows. It was even better than I remember it, though since I have never seen "The Ox-bow Incident," I can't argue whether it is better than that. A western, to be better than "High Noon," would have to be truly great.)

On weekends, channel 4, the local NBC outlet, has been showing foreign films, generally french or italian, of a surprisingly high quality. Since the foreign film makers are a bit freer from the prudish inhibitions that the boys in Hollywood have, these films have had a lot of sexy scenes cut out (though in the french film "The Sheep Has Five Legs" shown a few months ago, there was one very revealing shot of an exotic girl naked from the waist up with just a lei about her neck, which is astonishing for inoffending television) which detracts from the quality in most instances. The italian masterpiece "La Strada" was shown in two parts some time ago, as was Orson Wells' "Citizen Kane," which is encouraging to note. As it stands now, the only films I'd be willing to stay up in the wee hours of the morning to see over again are "Of Mice and Men," "Our Town," "The Ox-bow Incident" and one or two more. The movie situation on television is still pretty disappointing. (Based on your comments, I would probably be willing to watch "The Ox-bow Incident" late at night--there is no question of "staying up," since I'm up to two or three ayem every night anyway. I'd also watch "The Mikado" again, "War of the Worlds," Orson Wells' portrayal of the hypnotist, Calliostro (sp?), which title I forget, and maybe a couple others. Otherwise, I'd much more enjoy reading or doing layouts....)

And what's this about Hans Conreid in "The Twonky"? This is the first time I've ever heard about it--please elaborate. (I'm afraid you'll have to get that information from Carl, since I know as little about it as you do. The movie version, at least; but the story, "The Twonky," was written by Henry Kuttner in the 40's and appeared in either ASF or Unknown. It is purely fantasy with a science-fictional setting--a pretty good story, actually--and doesn't seem to me to be very conducive to filming. Of course, I may be thinking of an entirely different story.)

BILL DONAHO
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BERKELEY 10, CALIF.

For many issues I was puzzled by your editing of Kipple. You said that Kipple was a discussion zine, yet you were not editing it--at least in my opinion--very well for this purpose. The letter column is the best example of this. For one thing it was far too short. Many discussions could not develop or in some cases get started because of lack of space. This also has the result of cutting down on your mail because people tend to write less if they think they are going to wind up in the AIAHF. Also, the letters you did print were oft times not chosen with an end to keeping the ball rolling. In general you have published more of my letters of comment than Daphne Buckmaster has, but in my opinion Daphne published more significant portions. I have no clear idea of why you published the parts you did and cut others. Anyhow it has gotten to the point where if I see a comment in the letter column in Kipple that stirs a reaction in me, my first impulse is to write to the person concerned, not to you. (Yours was one of a fairly

large number of requests for a longer lettercolumn I've received recently. As you can see, these requests are being complied with. From now on (including this issue), I will endeavor to print every interesting letter which arrives, which should mean about 14-20 pages of letters in every issue. In order to do this, some other material must be left out, but if that's what the readers want, so be it. This issue, for example, there was supposed to be a conversation with Joe Neophan, an article by John Magnus, and a short article by me. These are being held over until next issue in order to print letters. Thirty-five pages of material and fifteen pages of letters seems a nice balance, I believe. I only hope now that enough readers will write to each issue to make it a worthwhile policy change.))

Well, as I said, this puzzled me. I didn't write to you about it because I didn't know how to bring the subject up without accusing you of incompetence, which I certainly didn't believe. Then Terry wrote his comments in Fanac about discussion zines and Redd Boggs wrote to him and said that he didn't much care for discussions either and that Discord was not a discussion zine. Redd is primarily interested in getting his own opinions into print and after he has done so loses interest in discussing the matter. If he prints letters discussing his views it is because he finds them interesting and not to have a discussion going. ((It sounds to me as if someone has done away with Boggs recently and taken his place, for this does not sound like Our Redd Boggs. Confirmation, Redd?))

This is what you are doing too, although you have never verbalized it and may not even be aware of it as some of the material you publish--like "The Effects of Nuclear Weapons"--does seem to be designed to start discussions. Now you seem to have a hybrid between an individual zine and a discussion zine which misses being too effective as either. I think you should either lengthen the letter column (cutting some of the other material if necessary) or stick more closely to the Boggs approach--probably the latter in your case as you are, as you have said, imitating the Boggs approach. ((I think Boggs would be the first to applaud the fact that while Kipple was begun as an imitation of Retrograde, I do not blindly follow his lead at all times. Actually, most of our disagreement along these lines is caused by my misuse of terminology such as "discussion zine". In reality, Kipple is an "idea zine" or even a "think-piece zine". It was never intended as a discussion zine, ala Habakkuk, though I called it that on occasion. Even with the extended letter column, it will not become a discussionzine in the sense I think you are using the term, because the most important part of Kipple is still the front of the zine, the article-column part.))

However, I even find fault in your personal opinionating. Redd always gives his opinions on pithy or interesting things. You don't. You are apt to spend some time discussing some silly little paperback which you weren't too interested in yourself. If you are interested or concerned about something you can communicate this to your readers, but if you are not interested you can't expect your readers to be either. ((You're nitpicking, Bill, when you mention that I devote time to silly little paperbacks that I'm not interested in. In 238 pages comprising the nine issues of Kipple previous to this one, I spent exactly four pages reviewing cruddy pb's. Surely you can find something to criticize which isn't so insignificant as to be ridiculous...))

I very much disagree with your fanzine review approach. Anything you publish should be designed for all your readers

or at least a large fraction of them. If you are writing for the fanzine editor, send him a letter. He will appreciate it as being a more personal gesture and more tactful. By printing reviews with this orientation you are not pleasing the individual editor and you are frequently boring the rest of your readers. ((Two points: (1)--All of the editor's whose fanzines I've reviewed who have written to me have been pleased with the reviews. This includes Ruth Berman, Mike Deckinger, Dick Lupoff and Vic Ryan. (2)--You are the only fan to claim my reviews are boring; even my hardbitten detractors haven't gone that far... I respect your opinions, but you must realize that you are only about 1% of the total readership. If as many as 10% of the readers called my reviews boring, I might be inclined to cast a critical glance at them, but I'm afraid one opinion doesn't weigh much against many.)) And as I said before, many of the fanzines which you go into in such detail just aren't worth it. Just because you can find things to analyse and say about them doesn't make the things worth putting down on paper for other fans to read. After all, if you are putting out an individual zine which reflects your personality, doing this sort of thing is a big mistake. Like, who is interested in all this stuff? It's only too easy to go on to "Who is interested in Ted Pauls?" Communicate your personality, yes, your opinions, yes, but things which are important about your personality and opinions which matter to you. Boggs does it that way. ((I do not blindly follow his lead...etc.))

As I wrote to Cry, I don't think this pith and piffle nonsense has much meaning. Does anyone seriously claim that comic books are of any more significance than frothy fannish chatter? ((Not me.)) Balloney. It's just a question of a difference of interests--and some people, yourself included, seem to be able to like both sorts of things. ((Sure, I can like frothy chatter--if it's done well enough, as for instance the riot report in Habakkuk. What I despise are the two-page party reports that used to abound in fanzines and which said only "I had fun." ("So then I went over and sat with Joe and Robbie and Rog and Honey came over for a while with Fritz and we spoke to Terry and Miri and Bill and then off to dinner with Poul and Karen and Djinn and then later that night Hiram Superfan seduced Innocence P. Youngfemme and...") Some of the least interesting phlotsam I have ever seen (in or out of fandom) falls into this category.))

I can't understand your classification of pith-zines, much less your ranking of them. Speculative Review belongs in a category by itself; it doesn't have enough in common with the others to be discussed at the same time. I like both The Neolithic and Que Pasado, but would class them as pure personality zines and as fannish as Void or Hyphen, but not as good of course. If Cry and Yandro hadn't been so long on the scene, but were new zines like the others, they could lay claim to belonging to this category also. ((My definition of a pith-zine is one which contains material more substantial than fannish chatter (though perhaps not better), a fanzine which offers something a bit more lasting than just momentary enjoyment; in short, a fanzine which discusses ideas instead of people. Fannish chatter is fun--I would never deny that--but it can be read Monday and forgotten by Tuesday. A pithzine presents material (even humorous material) which provokes the reader to think about what he has just read instead of forgetting it. Is this definition specific enough for you, Bill?))

But your ranking has me really puzzled. I assume that you made it up before receiving Xero #3 ((Correct.)) which has me even more puzzled as to why Xero rated so high. I

suspect you give far greater importance than I do to superfluities like appearance and polish--not that layout, reproduction and style aren't important, but they are very far down as compared to contents. The list following your order and omitting the ones which I don't think belong in the category and also omitting my own Habakkuk is: Discord, Xero, Kipple, Warhoon, Tesseract, Esprit and Dynatron. I would rank them: Tesseract, Discord, Warhoon--then a big gap and--Kipple, Dynatron, Xero and Esprit. (Ye Gods and little fishes! How can you conceivably rate Tesseract above Discord, Xero, Warhoon or Kipple! Even if one is very charitable and concedes that the material in Tesseract matches that of the other four fanzines, one is still left with the annoying fact that Walter's fanzine hasn't appeared in nearly a year. One might even suppose that it is defunct. And even if you want to disregard the matter of frequency, there are a couple of other points: where, in Tesseract, is there any material to compare with some of the best from Xero and Kipple? Where is the articulate editorial personality to match Rich Bergeron's? Where the writing genius of Boggs? I like Walt Breen and I like Tesseract, and I believe that if Tesseract were to become a monthly or bi-monthly fanzine with more outside contributions, it would shortly be more than a match for Kipple or Xero or Warhoon or Discord; but in its present state, with a cloudy, SAPS-oriented past and an uncertain future, its comparison with those fanzines is absurd. And I won't even bother to comment on Dynatron's place in your listing--I'm afraid the comparison you would force me to make would insult editor Roy Tackett.)

I might not put Tesseract at the top because it only had two issues, but you put Xero up near the top and it only had two issues. I might also rate Warhoon over Discord and Dynatron over Kipple. (M.Z. Bradley: "Dynatron...precise green mediocrity..." While Marion's opinion isn't of any more value than yours, this at least shows that there is more than one opinion on the matter.) Also, the third issue of Xero which I just received would cause me to move Xero up to the head of the second rank.

Just what standards are you judging fanzines by? Which are the most important of things standards? How much more important? (These are difficult questions to answer, for more than one reason. A complete examination and explanation of my ratings for pithzines as set forth in Kipple #9 would take several pages. Briefly, however: Written content is the most important single feature in a fanzine (whether a genzine, individzine, letter substitute, etc.)--this, to me, includes subject matter, writing style, grammar and such things; the second most important consideration is appearance. While it is quite true that impeccable crud is still crud, it is true by the same token that an illegible piece of material is worthless, no matter how good it may be. Appearance also includes layout, stencilling, artwork, etc. In my opinion, this is almost as important as written content. I feel no desire to read an incompetently produced fanzine, even if it contains Bloch, Boggs, and Tucker. What good are writings of these men if you can't read the typing?

(The next most important thing is the competency of the editor, his objectives, and the personality he gives to the fanzine. Those are the important considerations; I don't think I've left anything out. Sometimes a fault can be over-shadowed by the sheer power of another quality (such as layout by writing excellence, writing quality by personality, etc.), but in most cases a fanzine, to be good, must have all these qualities to one extent or another. This is easy to explain, but the measuring of the extent to which a fanzine is

better than another fanzine is neither easy to explain or easy to do. My ratings for New Trend zines, therefore, are greatly variable: one exceptionally good or exceptionally poor issue of any one of those fanzines might move it five or six places "up" or "down" the list.

(As a closing note, I might add that frequency is not important at all in my estimates of the fanzines you mention, aside from the obvious fact that an excellent monthly is better than an excellent bi-monthly. This last is something that is, of course, taken for granted, as much as saying "Reading a good book every week is better than reading a good book every month.")

To get back to your fanzine reviews for a moment, I find the statement you quoted ("...and Dick's article (and beginning of a series on comic books) on Captain Marvel is a delight to read.") very meaningful. It means I shall probably enjoy the article. This is particularly true after one gets to know a reviewer's point of view, as a regular reader will know Buck Coulson's, for instance. It is possible to write two paragraphs of analysis on such things as that Captain Marvel article and not communicate much of anything, particularly if the reader hasn't read the article, which is the point of view you seem to take in your reviews. (I think you should have considered this paragraph for a couple moments before you wrote it, because it contains the most incorrect observation in the letter: that you will find meaningful Lee Tremper's comment, "...a delight to read". There are perhaps three or four cases in our entire sphere where one fan knows another so well that this comment would have meaning; it might have meaning to Marion Bradley if Redd Boggs wrote it; it might have meaning to Ron Ellick if Terry Carr wrote it. But I'm positive that you don't know Lee Tremper that well. In fact, you may know me better than her; you've met me, at least, and you've been reading my letters and fanzines for a couple of years. And yet, do you really think that if I found something a "delight to read" that you'd "probably enjoy" it? What about "The Firemen's Record"? I can state in all honesty that I found this book a delight to read, but I doubt very much if you'd enjoy it. Even if you were as interested in fires as in comics, I doubt if you would enjoy that volume--it pertains to the Baltimore city fires mostly, and is partially written in an incredibly stiff and lifeless style. ("And there was on this day 23 January 1852 a fire which did destroy..." etc, etc.))

Like, man if you don't interest your readers, why publish? Of course, if you try to interest all your readers, you wind up pleasing none of them. Things that really interest people always annoy or bore someone else.

(The letter below was written just nine days after Bill's first one, and is partially in answer to a note I sent him but is still of interest to the readership.)

I must say that your letter surprised me very much. I can't think of anything that I said to cause such a reaction in you. You must have misunderstood me, probably due to sloppy writing on my part. (I was annoyed, not only at you but at a number of other people who professed to like a longer letter column at the expense of cutting down on material. This reaction must have caused me to write a note without thinking. I can't remember exactly what I said, but it was probably harsher than what I meant.)

In the first place you must know that I like both

you and Kipple. Even if you didn't, surely my expressed attitude about fanzine reviews would indicate that I wouldn't bother writing to you if I didn't. And of course my views are my personal opinion--just as your views are your personal opinion--and in fact I liberally laced my remarks with "I think's" and the equivilents. I also probably said such things as "I think you should" but certainly I was not telling you how to run your fanzine, but telling you why I don't like it more. And though I said I would like Kipple better if it were either more-like a personal-opinion type zine like Discord or a discussion-zine (which it isn't really), I did rate Kipple higher than some of the pure varieties.

I like Kipple because you communicate your personality very well and because you communicate interesting opinions and reactions. I would like it better if you didn't spend so much space opinionating about basically uninteresting material. Boggs writes about uninteresting things occasionally, but when he does he makes his reaction to them amusing, such as the bit about Elizabeth Taylor in the current Discord. ((Your greatest error in these letters so far has been in not clarifying that by "uninteresting things" you mean that they are uninteresting to you. Very seldom will every reader like any one item in Kipple. Buck Coulson isn't interesting in comic books, for example; Castillo doesn't enjoy the prozine reviews; Brandon didn't like the "Conversation"; Greg Benford wasn't interested in the fiction. These are specific examples, to be sure, but I think the same holds true on a larger scale.))

No matter how intelligent it may be, a straightforward analysis of anything cannot be more interesting than the original material. You often waste your keen insight and analytical ability on crud, particularly in your fanzine reviews, but elsewhere too.

I don't like the terms "pith" and "piffle". In the first place, their connotations stir up unfortunate reactions in many people. Besides this, I don't see that pith is necessarily superior to piffle. It all depends upon the point of view. Also if the terms were used correctly, I think that Speculative Review is the only pithzine around. It is a gross misuse of the term to apply it to any material on comic books. And I liked the comic books articles...

I don't see the justice of your calling my opinions and rankings of the New Trend zines "biased" and "fuggheaded," not unless you equate biased and fuggheaded opinions with opinions different from Ted Pauls'. And I don't think you do. ((I don't recall using the term "fuggheaded" in my note, but if I did I am truly sorry--I must have been more annoyed than I thought. One would have to be a complete ass to think of your ratings as "fuggheaded", though I do think they were biased. I can't think of any objective reason for rating Tesseract #1...))

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I have yet to appear in the lettercolumn of Kipple, but I can't complain about the excerpts you print. You manage to retain the sense without distortion, even if you don't always understand it yourself. I said MZB was a current fan, not a new fan; you mean there's no distinction? A current fan is one who is currently active; quite a difference from an old fan who merely reviews the current crop as his only activity, comparing them to zines from his heyday of fandom, generally in an unfavorable light. But all these references to old fanzines, which to the majority of the readers of Cry-in' In The Sink don't have any meaning, is just as bad as comparing new

prozines to old; worse, because there is a fair chance the new fan may have or be able to easily obtain the old prozines, but not the fanzines. At least Mrs. Bradley is less old-fannish this time. In fact, the paragraph about the point of diminishing returns shows she understands the problem of rwatching the audience, although she still talks about Skyhook and fanzines of five years ago as if we should all remember and nod our heads in agreement.

Passing over six dozen items about old comic books and the like, I can say something about the science-fictional content of Kipple. In fact, I had better do so, since I complained about its lack before, and I half-suspect that you are just waiting for a loud non-reaction to justify removing it from your pages entirely. (Not at all. I enjoy writing the prozine review column immensely, and I'd probably continue it even if no one at all took notice.) So I'll say I liked Ted White's discussion of stf and fandom, and your own reviews of books and prozines. I too dislike the inserts connecting up short stories into novels in paperbacks. Someone said this was a necessity to fool readers into thinking they are novels, which readers like, and not collections of short stories, which readers don't like; another of the lies which publishers seem to think are necessary for life, like saying science fiction is not science fiction in order to sell it, instead of boosting science fiction to increase sales. (In is my experience that just the opposite is true, at least among the intellectually unimpressive portion of my acquaintances: a person would rather read five or six short stories at one time instead of a novel, presumably on the assumption that one reads more this way. There is one good reason for reading short stories, though. One can get engrossed in a novel and either spend longer reading than one had planned or break off somewhere in the middle. I had this experience about a year ago with Wylie's "Opus 21". I began reading it 2:30 ayem, supposedly to read a chapter or two and then retire. But once I began reading it I could not stop until I had reached the end, and the breathtaking sight of a Maryland sunrise found me on page 325, still reading. I finished the book, ate a light breakfast, and went to bed....)

I think the real reason there are so few prozine reviews in fanzines is the schedule of the fanzines themselves. The Cry reviews were about the only ones that were reasonably current. While reviews of old prozines may be interesting, they can't very well inspire the fans to go out and buy the magazines, which have been off the stands for several months or more. I enjoyed the Cry reviews for this reason and find Speculative Review less interesting by far. I tried some reviews myself, but couldn't keep them up. However, Cry printed them promptly, and I couldn't have sent them to any other fanzine and had them printed within any reasonable time after the prozine's publication. I don't think it is practicle for anyone but the editor or a close neighbor to do reviews of prozines, unless both the reviewer and the fanzine's schedule are reliable. (It wouldn't have to be monthly, just reliable.) But assuming that most fans are not interested in stf just because there are few prozine reviewers is an unwarranted assumption.

I agree on the excellence of Alex Schomburg, but offer a better example: the February Amazing. (That cover didn't strike me as being as good as the example of Schomburg's talent I gave. It's a rather interesting painting--again with the use of colors for effect--not bad, of course, but not as good in my opinion. The use of colors this time seemed (to my eyes) to create a rather dull, unpolished effect within the ship. I usually think of spaceships as having shiny,

smooth, metallic interior fixtures. The coloring of the metal on that cover remained me of this typewriter, as did the implied texture. And the pastel tanks (oxygen tanks?) added to this effect.)) "Card Trick" was a good psi story, and a good story. It could be recommended as a good introduction to psi stories--if then psi would be put in its proper place as just one idea among many in stf.

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"The Chopping Block" was extremely good this issue, though I cannot vouch for the validity of your criticisms. Of the three fanzines you reviewed at length, I have seen only Space Cage. I'll trust your judgement and keep away from WRR, and I'm not so sure I'd want Esoterique even after your complimentary comments. Your short reviews were too perfect. That is, they were such good imitations of the school of reviewing that we both seem to loath, they were stupid. I hope you'll abandon this method of making the page come out evenly; I'd rather read a filler.

And then we come to the symposium. I don't suppose I can make too many complimentary remarks about this, since I'm a part of it, but I wouldn't compliment it anyway. Ellison's letter was very interesting, but as for the rest I have only one comment: I hope the comic books discussion is dead for a while. (Ten years might be best...) I enjoy long articles such as appear in Xero or your own "Phantom Blot" article, but these letters where people (myself included, unfortunately) keep going over the same points again and again...eech.

I applaud your reprinting of "Legion of the Dead." This was truly a fine piece of fiction, considering the limitations inherent in writing a story this short. (Characterization and background, for example. The former was magnificent for such a short piece, but the background only fair.) I note that while you say the story was written round-robin style by Marion and Redd, you don't say who wrote which part starting where. My perception of a change in writing style is probably only average, but I'd be willing to wager that one writer left and another took over at "The stasis field was like a swirling tide against him, but Rogan..." and so on. (You are correct.) Based on the fact that Marion Bradley is a professional writer and ought therefore to be the better fiction writer of the two, I am positive that Mrs. Bradley wrote the last two pages and Boggs the first two. The writing of the last two pages is noticeably superior, at least to my eye. (As a matter of fact, it was just the reverse: Marion wrote the first two pages and Redd the last two...arghh! No matter how it may sound, I did NOT intend the pun.))

I beg you, almost on bended knees, not to start a Gum Card Symposium. Let's get back to the Good Old Subjects in Kipple, like racism and sex.

LEN MOFFATT
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I hate to step on a reasonably amusing line, but I must insist that I am (1) not meek, and (2) not a paper-box maker. I am mild-mannered (I'm told), but them as has seen me "aroused" know that meekness is not one of my virtues. (Whassamatta, don't you wanna inherit the earth?) I have assisted in the manufacture of paper-boxes, but that was six or seven years ago. Since then I have been working as a correspondent in the sales office of a paper-box factory. Like, I don't make 'em now; I help sell 'em and keep 'em sold.

I wouldn't call WRR a crudzine, but then I use a different definition of crud than you do. A mag that features or

specializes in the publishing of non-constructive criticism (being nasty for the sake of being nasty, or a mag that prints lousy material but brags that it has the best material--now those would be crudzines to me. WRR makes no pretense at being anything other than what it is--a strictly hobby funzine. The fun isn't always the most amusing, but its whacky atmosphere does produce enough humor to make it worth reading each issue. Sure, it could use "shazzening up" (more attention to layout, typing, etc.) but this can be said for many a fanzine, and WRR at least has Weber and Cox writing for it, both of whom tend to tickle my funnybone with their unorthodox approach to things. (I suppose everyone has a slightly different definition of the term "crudzine". I consider any fanzine which does not show some improvement in quality within, say, the first five issues of its existence a crudzine; any fanzine which publishes consistently worthless material, and has an editor who cannot realize this; and any fanzine which is so dull as to make no impression on its audience, as say Twig.)

Esoterique comes closer to being a crudzine, but only because of the obvious reasons: (1) need for improvement in reproduction, typing, layout, lettering, etc.; (2) need for a greater variety of material; and of course (3) need for maturity on the part of its editors. Knowing Bruce and Bill, I'm sure that all these needs will be filled, if they stick with it long enough. The first two listed could be taken care of by their very next issue, and as the lads grow older, the third need will take care of itself. But even now I wouldn't call it a crudzine, outright, as the editors are willing to see their goofs, and considering the razzing they take at LASFS, they are doing very well indeed. I mean, they are TRYING, and have no illusions about themselves or their mag.

As you may have guessed, there is no movie version of "Slan," nor is one in production--to the best of my knowledge. (Tricky Ol' Len Moffatt, you fooled me completely. The first I knew of the hoax was when Mike Deckinger told me, in a letter of a couple weeks ago.) The purpose of the "review" was to satirize the "Hollywood approach" to stf movie making, based on what they have done, and what they might very well do to a classic like "Slan". I thought I had made the cast of players ridiculous enough to forestall anyone assuming that the movie was actually made, but now I'm curious to see how many readers thought I was reviewing an actual film.

Harlan's list of "suggestive" items delt with just one issue of one comic book, but I think as long a list could be made from the daily and sunday comic strips that are admitted to nearly every home throughout the land, without censorship, or any kind of butting in by the authorities. In these we see the male and female form outlined (including nipples and pubic bulges), skimpy bathing suits and underwear being worn by men, women, boys, and girls of all ages, and of course all kinds of violence, leers, and so on. A striking example used to appear fairly often in--of all places--"Bringing Up Father". Maggie, with her homely face and lush figure, used to be silhouetted against a window or door-frame, the light revealing shapely legs and buttocks through her tight-fitting dress. She usually stood with her legs apart too, not exactly a graceful pose but reminiscent of burlesque dancers who spread their legs to give more freedom to their bumps and grinds. Other comic strips featured (and still feature) beach and bathroom scenes with the women and men in scanty attire. Now I have no objection to this stuff, mind you, but it seems silly for comic books to be banned by the do-gooders; pointless, in fact, when the same sort of thing has been appearing in

the daily and sunday papers for years and years, and still is. I believe that if a kid is raised right, he or she doesn't need censorship to protect hiser young mind, and that the sooner they know ALL the facts of life, the better.

You asked about B.C. I assume the title stands for Before Christ as in the calender. It's a daily strip out here, about "cavemen" (and women), full of anachronisms. The latter are on purpose for the sake of satire. I'll try to remember to enclose a couple of samples from our daily paper. ((But you didn't, Len...)) Sometimes it's bellylaughable, sometimes only mildly funny, and sometimes the gag doesn't quite come off, but like Pogo, etc. it is worth following.

It is chilling to read about what could happen to L.A. and environs (or any other large city) in the event of an atomic attack. Even without such articles it isn't hard for me to visualize what it would be like, having seen Nagasaki in October-November 1945. All I have to do is multiply. It is possible to have underground bomb shelters installed in your back yard for a fairly reasonable price (and I suppose on time-payment plans, just like any other necessity or luxury in this day and age), but the ones I've heard or read about just do not seem adequate to me. I really don't think it is worth the time, effort or expense unless one can afford to spend thousands of dollars to obtain a Sure Survival Set-up. A self-contained, self-operating underground retreat should be capable of supporting life for years--and one would have to adapt to living constantly underground with no hope of coming topside for a long time--but the ones you can buy now (that is, the ones the average working man can afford) are apparently good only for a few days, or weeks at the most. I'd rather get rubbed out immediately then somehow survive for a few days underground and then HAVE to come topside to breathe or find food, only to die a slower death once I did leave my underground hole.

As I said years ago (in a FAPA discussion shortly after WWII), the only place to hide is in some wilderness spot, far away from manufacturing and military areas. And even there one might not be safe, if the attack was sufficiently thorough. I don't take the attitude that if you ignore it, it will go away, but the only constructive thing that can be done has to be done by the top-level boys: our leaders in all the countries of the world. We can let them know what we think, and hope for the best, but as for personal survival plans I can only take the "cross that bridge when we get to it" attitude. I'm not wealthy enough to have a super-duper shelter built for me and my family and friends, nor do I have the money to move to a presumably safe area, as such areas do not provide much in the way of daily survival. Farming and hunting, maybe, and not always that. There are too many attractions and interests in this area for me and mine, so I may as well enjoy them as long as possible, and hope that world leaders will hold off starting the final war because they know it will be final. Of course, there's always the chance that some idiot may goof up, press the wrong button, and start the war without actual orders from his superiors, but then again, an earthquake and fire might destroy all of the L.A. area tomorrow. The latter is just as possible as the former, and I'd prefer the latter, of course, as there are more chances for survival in an earthquake than in atomic war, but still both are quite disastrous to say the least. As long as we are living in this area, we must be willing to face the risk of either catastrophe, as we must face all the risks involved in living on this old world.

Getting back to a lighter subject, I wonder how long it will be before Kipple or one of the "discussion zines" starts a discussion of "Tijuana Comic Books," as they were called out here. We've covered old radio shows, comic books and strips, gum cards, Orphan Annie decoder pins, etc.--all "relics" of our more youthful days--and it seems to me that those little "dirty" cartoon books might be next in line. I haven't seen one of those books for years. In fact, it seems to me that I saw more of them in circulation during my grade school days than in later life. This seems a paradox to me, as I was raised (and went to school) in a tiny Pennsylvania hicktown, not even big enough to have its own Post Office; rural route delivery and all. A number of different titles were circulated...Maggie & Jiggs, Popeye, Wimpy, Olive Oyle (and to make up for Olive's boneyess, a lush wench who seduced Wimpy from his hamburger-snaffing), Mutt & Jeff, etc. (I recall an aging lecher and a french maid who always seemed to wind up in the bathtub together.) I thought at the time that these "dirty books" were drawn by the same artists who did the legitimate strips, for the drawing style of each strip were copied exactly. The only difference, of course, was the blatant display of nudity and the exaggeration of reproductive organs. These were passed around in school, to be ogled behind geography books, snicker, snicker. My belief that the obscene books were drawn by the actual creators of Popeye, etc. was quite disillusioning to me, for I was raised as a good, clean, Christian lad--but I sneaked looks at the books, anyway, always remembering to pray for forgiveness afterwards. As I say, I haven't seen any of 'em for years. There were a couple going the rounds out at the plant several years ago, but these were not based on comic strip characters. (Possibly the same things as I mentioned above.) That is, they were in the small, vest-pocket-sized, dirty comic book format, but the characters were original, drawn in the realistic school (as in the action and adventure strips). However, they all had the same old plot. Boy meets girl, boy has girl, boy has girl again, and again, and again...The "staying power" of these characters in porno pieces never ceases to amaze me. Talk about fantastic fiction.

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Allow me to criticize your layout, if I may. I am getting a little bugged at having to turn umpteen pages to find the conclusion of various articles and the like. For instance, in this

issue there was no reason for you to continue Ruth Berman's article when you could just have put it on the next page. You've done this before, in previous issues, and I've not complained, but now I am complaining and would like some sort of logical explanation for this haphazard continuation of material. (Gladly. Laying out a fanzine is more difficult than it may look from the outside, as you ought to know. All of my layouts are done for either the "left" or "right" side of the fanzine--i.e., the odd or even numbered pages. It is determined, thus, just what side the piece of material in question will start on. In this case in point, the layout of Ruth's article was planned for an even numbered page, and the heading for The Chopping Block was planned for an odd numbered one. Furthermore, I try to spread my own material fairly evenly through the outside contributions, so that you usually have one piece by me for every two pieces contributed by someone else; or, if there isn't too much in the way of outside contributions, one for one. To type Ruth's article complete on those pages--besides it being poor layout to have a two-page piece of two facing pages--would have meant to put The Chopping Block elsewhere in the issue, possibly to be replaced on page 8 by The Myopic Eye. Rather than go to all this trou-

ble, I simply continued the article to another page.~)

There is a case for both long and short fanzine reviews, Ted. In your case, considering the audience you must reach with Kipple, other than fairly long, involved reviews would be out of order. Your audience presumably gets all the fanzines you review--I know I do, mostly (The Bug Eye was the exception)--and they wouldn't bother reading your reviews unless you did go off on tangents. Your "reviews" are really more than the name implies; they are commentaries on ways and means of fanzine publishing. For instance, the first four paragraphs of your review of Henstell's mag. was really more a short article than a fanzine review. Incidentally, I'll agree with you that WRR "isn't a very good fanzine." However, allow me to point out that it was never intended to be. Otto has never made any pretense at quality; all he wants to do is try to amuse his readers with the material he presents. If you don't happen to like the Pfeifer and Weber viewpoint, you won't care for WRR. There are some things in the magazine, particularly the lettercolumn, that gag me, but I wouldn't miss the mag, if only for Weber's column. I consider Weber to be a Good Writer, like.

The prozine review column is an interesting addition. In fact, I like the whole idea. It offers a middle ground between the occasional prozine reviews one finds in various fanzines and the prozine-review-mag, Speculative Review, which often tends to bog one down in its depth. Your comments about "hundreds of fans who just don't care about stf" should give me a guilt complex, but somehow it doesn't. I do keep up with a couple of favorite authors, and I read most of each issue of F&SF, but beyond that I just haven't the time. Nor do I think much stf is all that good. So...

AND I ALSO HEARD FROM

It may seem rather incredible after fifteen pages of letters, but this column is destined to include more letters than ever before. Some few of these letters will be printed next issue--notably Daphne Buckmaster. PHIL HARRELL wrote a fairly long letter, but it wasn't very meaty. He thought Spencer was brilliant, like the round-robin story, the article by Ruth Berman, The Chopping Block, and most everything else. RANDY SCOTT sent money for two issues, evidently because of the Yandro review, which has been rather effective as to raising my mailing list by a dozen or so. MIKE DOMINA also sent money, as did FRED GALVIN. KEN HEDBERG noted that he placed Kipple #4 on the Fanac Poll. ED GORMAN promised to write, but never did. DAPHNE BUCKMASTER sent two airletters, the second of which arrived this morning and the first of which has not yet arrived... Her comments will appear next issue. REDD BOGGS hadn't managed to completely read Kipple at the time he submitted his clerihews, but he liked what he read. ANDY MAIN pootsarcs me, asks me to keep him on the mailing list, and promises to write when he has the time. PEGGY SEXTON said that #8 (which she was commenting on at the time) was up to my usual high standard--I just can't resist printing bits like this... ROY TACKETT was left out of two issues in a row with the same letter. This may be a record. DICK LUPOFF enjoys Kipple, explains how his fannish time is divided, and says he will try to live up to my "extremely kind" review of Xero. JACK CHALKER sends a short note, likes Kipple quite a bit, and notes that his fanzine will appear under a new title--Mirage. DON FITCH says he is a bright young neofan,

and proves it by sending along a bright, young dollar bill. CARL BRANDON sends along a contribution to the "Experiments in ESP" column, concerning guessing the numbers on dominoes...fascinating. ROG EBERT got tired of waiting for me to send him Kipple, broke down and subscribed. GREG BENFORD may appear next issue, but I doubt it. He also liked the Spencer article, the atomic radiation article, Marion's column, mucho etc. FELICE ROLFE commented on the seventh issue, fergawdsake! J RAN-
DOLPH COX heard about Kipple from Ruth Berman, is evidently a comic-book fan. And BILL DONAHO wrote yet another letter, this one mainly telling me not to print the early Fanas Poil results he sent. Perhaps we have arrived, like: letters and cards from 29 people this issue...

FROM:
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TO: DICK BERGERON
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*Ted Pauls name
20 in editorial*

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and, as a parting word, I would like to ask you to vote for RICHARD ENEY for Taff, even though he doesn't comment on my fanzines.