

EDITOR: TED FAULS

kipple **II**

MARCH 1961

TED PAULS

Here, consigned to your loving care, is another issue of Kipple, "The Fanzine of Precise Writing and Offset." And, oh yes, "of Self-centered Editorials."

That was your facetiousness for today. Now on to more serious matters. For instance, it might be of interest to note that I don't need material for next issue. I actually have enough of a backlog from material submitted to #10 to fill this issue as well as another issue. The article Greg Benford promised arrived too late for this issue, but it will appear next time, and various people submitted Clerihews which will appear then, plus whatever else happens to come in between now and then. I was supposed to have an "Experiments in ESP" by Brandon for this issue, but a few days after I received the piece I got an urgent note urging me to return it, as he had just been scanning the carbon and came across a colossal mathematical error. Besides, he said, he didn't like the style... So I had a heading cut for EinESP, but no article.

Other material coming up in the future will include an article by Bob Lichtman, which he promises to have ready for the Annish, and an Experiments in ESP which Jeff Wanshel said he might do. I've asked a couple dozen other people for contributions, so who knows...?

While I'm on the subject of material, would anybody like to have a fairly regular Quotes & Notes-like column? I make a point of not writing for any fanzine other than my own, but I never seem to find enough space for Quotes & Notes. If anyone wants a column from me like the average Q&N--mostly commentary, but some quotes from various sources, perhaps a fanzine or book review every once in a while--write to me. It'll probably run about five pages per installment (though unlike Ted White, I'll not mind cutting) and I'd prefer to contribute such a column to a regular, fairly frequent fanzine. I may even be able to contribute columns to more than one fanzine, if the schedules aren't too demanding.

--Ted Pauls

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QUOTES & NOTES

ted pauls

It would seem that this installment will be concerned totally with additions to my library. It isn't that nothing comment-worthy has occurred lately, it's just that the only really important news development as of this writing--the death of Lumumba--will be dated by quite a few weeks by the time this reaches the readers. Of course, I could tell how, during a burglary, Baltimore police officers shot not one, but two innocent by-standers; but this is hardly boastful, and at any rate is of purely local interest. So as I say, this installment will be concerned with additions to my library. Like, for instance:

ONE OF THE MOST FASCINATING BOOKS I'VE READ recently is

Theo Loehsack's "Our Atmosphere". (Mentor Books, MD309, 50¢.) It isn't nearly as specialized as the title would seem to indicate, for it concerns everything connected (no matter how remotely) with our atmosphere: flight, sound, the atmosphere of other planets, mirages, birds and flying insects, the death of the sun, weather (a quite large field in itself), respiration, gas cycles, etc. This may not sound particularly fascinating--as indeed it may not be if you don't share my interest in science--but I found it to be.

The book is not really notable for the quality of the writing, though it is adequate. I get the impression that Dr. Loehsack considers writing a necessary evil, a means which is only barely justified by the end, even though the jacket-blurb notes that he is a writer of science articles. This is by no means a statement of fact, merely my impression; in the same way, I get the impression that George Gamow would rather do nothing so much as write about physics. This impression is supported by the end result: Loehsack is a dry, humorless lecturer; Gamow, a wonderfully entertaining writer.

ASIMOV REVISITED: In the stack of printed material I've read in the last month, there is a bewilderingly large amount of Asimov: From the rather uninspiring "Caves of Steel" through "I, Robot" and "The Wellsprings of Life", and a story from a Groff Conklin anthology. Two of these books, more than anything I have read previously by this author, demonstrate his power as

a writer: "The Wellsprings of Life" and "I, Robot". These two books could hardly be any different from each other in content, and there is a time lapse of twenty years between parts of "I, Robot" and "The Wellsprings of Life"--which really isn't so long, if you're a pyramid. It is difficult to judge which of these books is better--their respective subject matters are far removed, after all--and in a pinch I would be forced to say that "The Wellsprings of Life" was more interesting, but that I enjoyed "I, Robot" more. There is a fine distinction here, if you can just make it out.

"I, Robot" is a book of short stories tied together the same way as "Colonial Survey" which I blasted a couple issues ago. There are passages in smaller type between stories. These are no more coherent than Leinster's background notes, unfortunately, but they serve a different purpose. At any rate, I found myself skipping them entirely after the first two or three stories, and as it turned out, this didn't decrease my enjoyment of the stories at all. I still contend that it's rather stupid to misrepresent a book of short stories as one long novel, but in this case it was worth it. I don't quite see how Asimov did it, but the characterization is flawless, even though the stories in this book were written over a period of ten years. Not only that, but the background is also perfect, as far as I can determine. Dr. Asimov has done with nine stories what Leinster failed to do with four, and he ought to be commended for it.

"The Wellsprings of Life", on the other hand, brings to the fore Asimov-the-science-fact-writer. To a person interested in biochemistry, this book is more interesting than the science fiction, but as far as writing style is concerned, it lacks something. Even as a fact writer, Asimov is by no means as colorless as Dr. Loeb, but on the other hand, he isn't a Gamow. "Wellsprings" contains little in the way of humor or even lightness; it's very articulate and well-done, but no pronounced style of writing comes to the surface. Both books, however, are highly recommended. ("I, Robot": Signet Books, S1885, 35¢; "The Wellsprings of Life": Mentor Books, MD322, 50¢.)

I mentioned a Groff Conklin anthology a few paragraphs ago. This is "Six Great Short Science Fiction Novels", published fairly recently by Dell (#C111, 50¢). Dell is infamous in the science fiction field, due mainly to Judith Merril's "Best SF" series. On the basis of these collections and a few novels, the reputation is richly deserved--Ray Palmer could find better stuff than Mrs. Merril--but I'm afraid I'll have to disappoint some of our noisier critics by admitting that this is really a pretty decent collection of novels. In fact, one of these stories is so good that Mr. Conklin can even be forgiven for making an ass (collectively) out of fandom in his introduction. I refer to omnipresent Isaac Asimov's "Galley Slave", reprinted (replete with HLGold blurb) from Galaxy. I liked it when I first read it, and I like it now. It is possibly Asimov's best robot story, and accounts for 35¢ cents of the book price by itself. Surely the other five stories ought to be worth 3¢ apiece...? "Rule Golden" by Damon Knight is a fairly good alien contact yarn, but I disagree with his major assumption that life on earth would still exist if all carnivorous animals were destroyed. I'm no ecologist, by any means, but ecology is among my interests, and I boggle at Knight's idea that life would continue on an even keel if whole orders of animals were wiped out. The most basic of ecological concepts is that every type of animal life on earth contributes in some degree to the control of other types. Remove vast segments of animal life--all wild cats, 50¢ of all birds,

a sizable percentage of fish; in short, the carnivorous animals--and all life would be seriously effected. Every form of animal life is assisted in some respect by another (or others), and this balance would be shattered by the extermination of even so insignificant a creature as the dragonfly. (Dragonflies consume many times their weight in gnats and mosquitoes every day. Without them these annoying insects would multiply and become abundant in very little time. If you further consider the extermination of gnat-eating birds and reptiles, they would multiply virtually unchecked.) Consider, then, the situation if hundreds of species were exterminated...

Of course, Knight (through the lips of Aza-Kra, his alien) admits that some people will die before things return to normal...but some is an understatement of monolithic proportions. I wouldn't go so far as to say that all life would cease immediately, but the long-reaching effect would be the same. Among the worst of man's troubles would be the unchecked multiplying of various non-meat-eaters of the rodent family, the most dangerous of which would of course be the rat. Man may be intelligent, but the better mouse trap was built several million years ago by mother nature herself; and Damon makes no attempt to exclude the common housecat from the ranks of the animals his alien will exterminate. (Perhaps too late, I realize that I ought to have given a brief plot synopsis before launching into this diatribe. So: An alien comes to earth and, with the ultimate benefit of mankind evidently in mind, releases a gas which makes it quite essential to follow the golden rule: you hit a man, you feel the pain, and if he dies, you die. This extends to every animal above the insect level, as well as man. This isn't quite the whole plot, but it ought to suffice.)

To take another and more illustrative example, with the extermination of carnivorous animals, rabbits would be free to multiply as rabbits are wont to do. Now just how do you get rid of a plague of rabbits when the natural enemies of the rabbit are extinct and man cannot kill a rabbit without killing himself? I don't know, Mr. Knight doesn't know, and Aza-Kra is probably too busy laughing to answer.

The concept of a nuclear war would be mild by comparison to what this novel would see brought upon the human race. There wouldn't be too much of the world-overrun-by-flies that a number of scientists have visualized, because the fly has a number of natural enemies in the insect kingdom, which isn't affected. But there are harmful insects which have practically no enemies in their own class (i.e., the insect kingdom). The cricket comes to mind immediately, along with related species such as locusts and grasshoppers. As far as I know, these insects have no important enemies within the insect kingdom (a fascinating sub-ecology in its own right) but are controlled by birds. Since these insect-eating birds would cease to exist in a very short time--three days might be the maximum guess--there is no reason to doubt that in a rather short time every stalk of wheat or grain would be devoured. Even if we charitably assumed that Aza-Kra began to work his "gift" in the winter when such harmful insects were either pupae or egg, there is still reason to believe that by mid-summer all wheat and related foodstuffs would have been destroyed.

Take also the order Lepidoptera: moths and butterflies. These are controlled primarily by birds (in both larval and adult stages). To be sure, there is a beetle known as the Caterpillar Hunter, and one species of wasp lives entirely on tomato worms (larva of the Sphinx moths, also known as Tomato horn-worms). But these controls are

negligable, at best, for it is birds which contribute the most in the control of insects. To take a specific example, the Baltimore Oriole devours seventeen hairy caterpillars a minute. Considering a sleeping and resting time of 12 hours (which may be an over-estimate), this comes to 12,240 caterpillars per day per each bird! I have no figures on the number of these birds in existence, but it must be well into the tens or hundreds of thousands. Taking the purely arbitrary number of 50,000 to represent the number of Orioles, we find that collectively they destroy 612,000,000 per day ($54 \times 12241 = 61205$). I could carry this out further by multiplying this total by the number of days in the spring and summer seasons, and even this total could be multiplied again and again simply by considering species of birds other than the Oriole, but I think my point is obvious without doing that. This is what Knight proposes in "Rule Golden". It would be a beautiful world, with thousands of butterflies and moths of rainbow hues, but it would be a very dead one inasmuch as human life is concerned.

"MYTHOLOGY" is a rather general title for a book, and a rather pretentious one inasmuch as it would presume to tell everything about that subject, but if any book deserved the title, it is certainly this one by Edith Hamilton. This should certainly be part of a basic library on Greek mythology, for it is about as complete as a 325 page book could be. It is difficult to describe this book; there isn't any great awkwardness or great delicacy of style to compare, and no ecology to find fault with, so I find myself at a loss. Miss Hamilton retells all of the important myths (and some unimportant ones) in clear, concise terms. The book is liberally sprinkled with quotes from Homer, Ovid, Pindar, Hesiod, etc. Perhaps an example of the style would be of interest, even if the subject matter isn't:

"They parted, she to the palace to weep over her treachery to her father, he to the ship to send two of his comrades for the dragon's teeth. Meantime he made a trial of the ointment and at the touch of it a terrible, irresistible power entered into him and the heroes all exulted. Yet, even so, when they reached the field where the King and the Colchians were waiting, and the bulls rushed out from their lair breathing forth flames of fire, terror overcame them. But Jason withstood the fearful creatures as a great rock in the sea withstands the waves. He forced first one and then the other down on its knees and fastened the yoke upon them, while all wondered at his mighty prowess. Over the field he drove them, pressing the plow down firmly and casting the dragon's teeth into the furrows. By the time the plowing was done the crop was springing up, men bristling with arms who came rushing to attack him. Jason remember Medea's words and flung a huge stone into their midst. With that, the warriors turned upon each other and fell beneath their own spears while the furrows ran with blood. So Jason's contest was ended in victory, bitter to King AEetes."

There are only a very few lines left to mention that this Mentor Book is MD86. I have also recently read "The Syndic", "An Essay on Morals" by Philip Wylie (Giant Cardinal Edition, #GC-93, 50¢), "A Matter of Conviction" by Evan Hunter (Giant Cardinal, #GC-94), and "The Greek Experience", a comprehensive study of Greek culture by C. M. Bowra, a Mentor Book (MD275, 50¢).

--Ted Pauls

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UFFISH THOTS

A COLUMN BY TED E. WHITE

When I picked up Kipple #10 and opened it, I expected to see an Uffish Thots column in it by me. "Where is my Uffish Thots column?" I asked myself, and I ferferishly paged through the issue.

It wasn't there.

Now, I think this is ridiculous. Only an issue ago, Pauls printed a column by me which I hadn't even submitted to him. It was made up of old letters and stuff like that. I read it all through, and it looked pretty good to me. I nodded at the sage points, of which there were of course many--in fact, more than I'd remembered writing, which threw me a bit--and chuckled over the witty lines, of which I blushingly admit there were too few. I presume Pauls edited them out. Kipple is a serious, pithy, discussion zine these days, and he doesn't care for chitter chatter...like this. (However, he knows--now--that if he edits my chitter-chatter out, he'll have to go back to old letters again.)

Well, from the way he prefaced that column, I presumed he was going to continue the practice of editing a column out of my old letters and whatnot. I envisioned a sort of mobius-strip column which would run cyclically into the never-ending future, repeating itself over and over again at decent intervals. Why, the egoboo alone would be great. I'd just sit back, never write anything, and watch the egoboo roll in.

But Pauls crossed me up. I just don't understand it. It looks like I have to go back to writing the column again. That doesn't seem fair.

And, as long as I'm on the subject, I'd like to know why nobody comments on these columns. Maybe Pauls is editing my egoboo out of his lettercol, but it is a sad fact that I've gotten precious little response for my stuff in Kipple.

Let's look at it objectively (well, as objectively as I can, while relying upon memory...): I had a column a while back (June 1960) in which I Revealed All about my feud with Rich Brown. There was hardly a word of truth in this "expos ", of course. But good ghod! The entire

life of Dissecta Membra was oriented around that feud, and here my witty (and false) summation of it went over without a ripple. (Of course, this may have been because Pauls never sent a copy to Rich Brown. I had to have the item reprinted in CRAP before he found out about it-- chuckling with glee and claiming it the 100% Ghod's Honest Truth--No Springs.)

Then there was a column I wrote, largely inspired by Bill Conner's frothings in Kipple and Retrograde, in which I first asked hypothetically what Bill's reactions would be if he knew I was 1/8th Negro? Now despite fandom's blasé pretense at liberalism, I knew from the case of Carl Brandon that fandom does react in many diverse and not always liberal ways to the news that an active fan is Negro. But I didn't see a single comment of my (apparent) revelation of tainted ancestry.

In the same column, figuring I might as well come right out and give 'em both barrels, I advocated in concise terms premartial sex for adolescents on a recognized basis. Now once again, this subject, while hardly new, was couched in sufficiently direct terms to do a little shocking in certain quarters. It certainly should have inspired a quiet hossana or two.

Nothing. I think Harry Warner mentioned it in passing.

And that last column--pure distilled wit and wisdom? Don Franson says "I liked Ted White's discussion of stf and fandom." I liked Ted White's discussion of stf and fandom!

In this very same lettercol, several fans comment on Mike Deckinger's uninspired criticism of t-v, easily the dullest subject of the year. I don't see it.

In fact, if you get right down to that, I don't see much of any real discussion of ideas in Kipple's lettercol, or anywhere else in its pages. Criticisms of Fanac Polls, yes. Discussion at tedious length of which "pithzine" is best--ghod help us--yes. And some reviews and stuff.

Now it can't be because people don't want to discuss ideas. Why, everybody and his mistress has been horraying the "discussion of ideas." And I, a jaded old faaanish fan whose fanzine has been jetisoned by rumor-mongers at the very height of its career--I have been trying to Play The Game with the stimulation of Ideas.

Foop on all of you. And particularly Ted Pauls, whom I suspect of censoring my rightful egoboo. (My address is 107 Christopher Street, NYC 14. Why don't you send your comments on Kipple to me first. I'll read my egoboo, if any, and then pass the letters along to Pauls.)

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I think I maybe have a partial solution to the question of why Kipple hasn't any of the Great Ideas of Western Man ensconsed in its pages. Half its authors don't know what they are talking about.

I mean, Ed Gorman has a literate style, but I defy anyone to prove he can organize his ideas, or even that his ideas are right. He seems to

think that stf (if I'm following him correctly) has has three, you'll pardon the term, focal point editors, whom he identifies with their magazines. He cites Gernsback, Palmer, and Gold.

Good grief. Can't the man even refer to the Don Day Index for the facts? He has Palmer introducing the Formula Story to stf in Amazing, and virtually reforming the field. I don't know what's so good about this, but it isn't true, anyway. Palmer joined Amazing in 1938. In 1936 --two years earlier--Gernsback had surrendered Wonder Stories to Ned Pines' Thrilling Group, and the mag was rechristened Thrilling Wonder Stories.

Friends, with a title like that, what kind of material do you suppose the mag printed? Right: Formula Stories. And it spawned a successful companion, Startling Stories, at the end of 1937 (dated Jan. 1938). All of this, mind you, before Palmer had even been sized up by Ziff-Davis. Likewise, I doubt like hell that Palmer had written too many million words of salable fiction before he took editorship of Amazing. It was at Amazing that he first began to really blossom as a ghost-writer.

Now, it is true that the stf field with a couple of extremely notable exceptions, was formula ridden by 1940, but I think this is much more attributable to the fact that most stf mags were then published by large pulp chains, and edited and written by the same men who produced the westerns, romance mags, and many etceteras.

Without going into this essay-length, I should like to point out that JWCJr's moment of glory was when he began pushing Astounding into its "golden era," which dated roughly from 1939 to 1943. Certainly ASF was then the stf mag, both in terms of quality and circulation. Not until Palmer introduced the Shaver Mystery to Amazing's pages five or more years later, did Amazing's circulation exceed ASF's.

So much for focal point #2.

Number three is supposed to be Gold. Well, I'll agree that Gold made Galaxy the first strong contender--in terms of quality--that ASF had ever known. But this analysis of the "strong, honest stories" Gold wanted provokes me to only a horse-laugh. The fact is, of course, that Gold was quite dissatisfied with the stories in the early Galaxy. His idea was the sort of mag it had become by 1955 to 1958. He was known to complain that writers were still sending him the sort of stories he'd used in early issues, and these he didn't want. (He never had, but at first he could get nothing "better.") Gold turned stf into an emasculated agoraphobe, a sweet, sickly mixture of unreality and distortion.

So much for Gorman. A little later on in the pages of K #10, the usually more perceptive Marion Bradley makes a ridiculous goof. She says, "Void...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?)..."

She has it backwards, of course. Void isn't even mailed out in any sort of envelope, and Sylvia's Fanzine was mailed separately. You know, with

CONCLUDED ON PAGE 17

A MATTER OF CLASS

BY
JOHN
MAGNUS

REPRINTED
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CLASS STRUGGLES have always been good for a plot or two in the science fiction context. They make excellent material for writers of the World To Be In Politics variety of social science fiction.

James E. Gunn's "egghead" series is a good example of the type that extends an actual current conflict to an extreme resolution. The ignorant populace simply burns down all the universities, and conducts a scarlet-earth scourge of all so-called "intellectuals". Another instance in which class struggle is used as a tool rather than as a center of conflict is Jack Vance's "Telek." In this story, men with telekinetic powers form a sort of aristocracy.

But closer to home, in conversations with fans, in allusions to incidents in fanzines, I have often found evidence of class animosity.

Three examples from a recent fanzine: A young, sensitive-faced lad walks into a drug store, casts his eyes over the racks of magazines, and quietly selects one titled Astounding Science Fiction. He pays for it and starts to leave. "One of the drug store cowboys grasps him rudely by the jacket," writes our fan columnist (from whom I shall take all three examples, because they are representative, well-presented, and happen to be by one of my best friends, who will have a chance to read this before I print it.)

"'Hey,' he mouths gutterally, running his sounds together, 'what kinds s--t you got there, punk?'"

After depicting a scene of laughter and other mental cruelty, our columnist continues: "'C'mon,' yells the animal, 'let's get th' little sonufabitch!'" They slam out of the drug store, after the terrified little boy. From the alley behind the drug store, sounds of flesh meeting quivering flesh are heard.

"...No, that lad wasn't me. It was a good friend of mine. He was beaten senseless by a pack of lupine trash that should have been either cremated at birth, or sent to a reformation camp to be thrashed soundly till they respected intelligence, good, honesty, and all the words they would never scribble on washroom walls."

Our same writer is later found at a movie theatre, watching the currently-popular "Them". "In one sequence," our fan friend informs us, "the entymological name for 'ant' was used. ...When it was spoken on the screen, the audience instantly burst into peals of guttural laughter. The audience threw back its heads, clutched its collective bellies, and roared at a scientific name."

The fan's reaction to this was to be "tempted to stand up and shout to the assembled idiots, 'you mindless grub-worms! You ought to be wiped off the face of the land!'"

The third and most significant example tells of "a pack of ignorant laborers (backbone of our country--in capital letters, no less--the average man) searching through the long, sterile corridors of an industrial plant for a scientist who had invented a labor-saving device..."

"The pack of them, searching through the plant--finding the scientist, a cellulose chemist--beating him unconscious and throwing him on a pile of stone to line a driveway to the parking lot, both arms broken, his jawbone smashed, blood gushing from both knees and the small punctures from the gravel pile..."

"Mad?" inquires the fan writer. "Yeah, you might say I was a little peeved. But it's nothing serious, gentle reader. Sit back and watch them lay you on your back in The Final Hole with the sounds of some tinny soap opera advertisement ringing in your ears."

"Dig the Brave New World, willya."

These illustrations are lucid and interesting. But I find the stand this fan takes on laughter and brutality nearly as shocking, and just as tragic. His sensitive-faced lad and his cellulose chemist are just as guilty as his drug-store cowboys and his average men. The movie scientist with his knowledge of Latin is less so only in degree.

The purpose of scientific language is to convey certain information more readily among a certain group, even as fan-wards are meant for fans only--and among fans they fill a special need. Now, use of a name like Formicidae in a movie is not very useful to an audience of people who have no use for the term; and if they have no use for it, we can certainly excuse them for not knowing it. As a matter of fact, no law of humor is being broken by laughing at a person who uses four syllables where one will do.

All of us laugh at situations like that. I know someone who's vocabulary wouldn't compare unfavorably with Webster's. Yet his favorite and infallible reply to a five-syllable word is "You do and you'll clean it up." The scientist can be excused from using such a word only if he has a certain species in mind, which needs further description than the word "ant" offers. In the movie, of course, the word was used as a pretty cheap way to impress people with the knowledge of the "scientist" on the screen. If some fail to be impressed...lordy, I can't blame 'em. But our columnist identifies the audience reaction with "The usual train of demented thought which leads the average clod-type down the path from misunderstanding to dislike, to fear, to threat, to hatred, to fanaticism and ridicule that has been a known and accepted evil since the Gauls invaded Europe."

Perhaps unfairly, I might paraphrase this whole sentence, replacing the "clod-type" with the underlined words: "The usual train of demented thought which leads the average snob-type down the path from misunderstanding to dislike, to fear, to threat, to hatred,

to fanaticism and ridicule has been a known and accepted evil since the Gauls invaded Europe."

For you see--the Gauls (and the Teutons, and the Huns, and the Norse, and the Turks...) had as much to fear from the sinister, ruthless, though highly civilized Romans--slaveholders and conquerors--as the Romans did from the migrating barbarians. As a matter of fact, the way this lowbrow remembers history, it was the Romans who invaded the Gauls, not vice-versa. And it was the intelligent, civilized, art-loving Romans who slaughtered the crank who said that loving your neighbor was the only way to happiness.

It is my opinion that these..."clods"...have as much to fear from the "snobs" who pretend to be so different as vice-versa.

Take the sensitive-faced lad who was beaten up for reading science fiction. I've been in similar situations without suffering such dire consequences, simply because I didn't try to set up a different set of values for myself, or set myself "above" a group of people such as the drug-store dwellers. If I'm asked (by a specimen who more closely resembles Pithecanthropus Erectus than Homo Sapiens) why I read "this s--t," I tell him "I get a kick out of the s--t." The fact that his mind hasn't learned to distinguish between different kinds of "kick," or that his style of life has no need for an hierarchy of aesthetics, in which one type of pleasure is "greater" or "higher" than another, has nothing to do with why I get a "kick" out of science fiction. I used a language common between us, and in doing so succeeded in telling him why I read ASF. That I find "deep literary and philosophical content" therein was as good as conveyed by the word "kick."

Consider the little sensitive-faced bastard. He won't speak to the drug-store cowboys in their language anymore than they'll speak to him in his. As to which language is "higher," I can only say that each usually suffices well, but that both have broken down at this point.

And what, may I ask, is "just" and "right" in this situation? The fan has idealized intelligence, and ridiculed strength. Do the heftier fellows have any less right to assert their special talents than our shy scholar? Think of the beating they take at school, six hours a day, five days a week. Constant ridicule, shame, failure. Is it their fault they're better fitted for one type of work than for another? I'd personally rather take a bloody beating every day than go through the mental torture they do.

Maybe our fan writer and his many sympathizers could shed some of their tears for the nineteen-year old illiterate in my father's machine shop, who came to me with his third broken drill in an hour with these words: "I can't do this job. I'm too dumb."

Then there's the cellulose chemist, and the chemist's employer, who have only done half their job. They have evolved a way to save labor, but have forgotten a much less important commodity: man. When an employer lays off a worker, he is depriving him of his lifesblood, and perhaps also his lifeswork. He is making him an object of shame and pity, no matter what the reason for the firing. His wife and children begin to doubt him. He begins to doubt himself. In addition he wonders where and how he'll eat. The employer is seeking his own ends (as he must), not those of humanity, just as the employee must seek his.

The fan seems to think it's nothing

for them to be thrown out of work. It's probably going to be much harder on them than on the scientist with the broken legs. Each of them has been pretty thoughtless of the other, though it is more the employer's burden than the scientist's...he was only doing his job.

The fan despises the workers for laughing, smiling, clapping each other on the back over the unconscious chemist. I do too.

I wonder if the scientist smiled when he perfected his process. I wonder if the boss slapped him on the back. I wonder if the chemist got a bonus. I imagine. Look at all the slaves they could lay off now.

To Mr. Average Workingman I say: "Mad? You might say I was a little peeved. But it's nothing serious, gentle ordinaryhumanbeing. Sit back and watch them lay you on your back in The Final Hole..." With the sound of some plastic android copulating in a plastic bed of retorts and test-tubes, doing the job of you and your wife in half the time.

And not a clod among them.

What this writer seems to hate is the ignorance, not the violence, since brutality is what he suggests as punishment for stupidity. But I can't believe we need ways to kill or hurt people who are different than us, especially when we contribute more to the difference than they. I think rather that we need new ways to learn to understand people. We need to work toward the leveling of class differences that produce different value systems, and this work should not involve, as our columnist suggests, leveling class differences by simply leveling the lower classes...into their graves.

I'll dig the Brave New World...as soon as People Like Thou and People Like They stop trying to exclude each other from the world in true barbaristic fashion. Then you'll be helping, not fighting the process of civilization in its millenia-long struggle to unite mankind.

--John L. Magnus

A FANNISH LIMERICK:

There was a young fan named Spinner
Who was, as they said, a beginner.
He miscut his stencils
With hectograph pencils,
So his fanzine was hardly a winner.

--Ted Pauls
January, 1961

BY ROG EBERT

THE FANAC

OF J. ALFRED TRUFAN

"We pray for one last fanning
At the cons that gave us birth;
Let us rest ourselves on some mouldy shelves
At the Golden Halls of Mirth."

--Rhysling, the Blind Singer of Fandom
(DAFOE #3, August 1960)

Let us fan then, you and I
When ethereal ditto spirits are blown against the sky
Like fanzines spread upon a table;
Let us fan, in certain half-deserted banquet halls,
The desperate retreats
Of restless con nights in expensive hotels
And hot dog stands with ptomine Jello:
Nights that follow in tedious arguments
Of insidious intent
To lead fen to an overwhelming question...
Oh, do not ask, 'What be it?'
Fan with me and ye shall see it.

In Seattle's room fen come and go,
Speaking of Retrograde and Yandro.

The yellow smoke that rubs its back upon doorknobs
The yellow smoke that rubs its muzzle on neoslobs,
Licked its tongue into the corners of 4½¢ stamps,
Lingered upon the pools that stand in dittos,
Let fall upon its back the tingle of bent staples,
Slipped through the lobby, made a drunken leap,
And seeing that it was a Pittcon night,
Curled once about Asimov, and could not find its other end.

And indeed there will be rhymes
For the yellow smoke that slides from nostrils,
Rubbing its back upon empty beer bottles;
There will be rhymes, there will be rhymes,
Tho Ellison won's adlib them until we're half-asleep;
And time to ship them to England, a day too late
To be placed in solemn wonder on a Londoncon slate;
Time for fanac, and time for thee,
And time for a hundred incisions
Through masters with sharpened styli
And for a hundred corflus and revisions,
Before dealing with F'APA schisms.

In Seattle's room fen come and go,
Speaking of Discord and Yandro.

And indeed there will be time
To wonder, 'Do I dare,' and 'Do I dare?'
Time to turn back and descend the stair,
Leaving Ted White standing there,
My rejected contributions mounting wanly to his chin
(They will say, 'How his beard is growing thin!')
His ego rich and modest, but asserted by a simple grin--
(They will say: 'But how his Void is growing thin!')
Do I dare
Disturb his universe?
In a quandry there is Ted
With decisions and revisions which a minute will reverse.

For I have written them all already, LoCed them all:--
Have waited evenings, mornings, afternoons,
I have measured out my life with empty mailboxes;
I hear their voices dying with a fading tape
Beneath their filksongs from another room.
So how shall I resume?

And I have known the ayes already, heard them all--
The ayes that catch you in a formulated phrase,
And when my motion is formulated, sprawling on a pen,
When I have read the motion against a wailing wall,
Seen them sadistically begin
To spit out all the but-ands of my imperfect grammar
And revise as they presume.

And I have known their arms already, known them all--
Arms that are scummed or white or bare
(And in the conlight, downed with greenish scales there!)
Is it perfume from a masquerade dress
That makes me so depressed?
Bems there are that crawl the floor, or wrap about a wall.
And should I then presume
To win the masquerade ball?

Shall I say, I have gone at dusk through narrow hallways
And watched the smoke that rises from the mimeos
Of lonely men in beanies, leaning over corflu?...

I should have been a failure as a neofan
Shuttling across the floors of silent fan-basements.

In the afternoon, the evening, they drink so peacefully!
Soothed by long draughts of Seattle beer,
Asleep...drunken...relaxed thinkers,
Sprawled on the floor, here beside you and me.

Should I, after bheer and fakefan and high prices,

Have strength to force the con to crisis?
But though I have wept and dupered, wept and contributed,
Though I have seen my fanzine (grown slightly frayed) brought
to the faned's panel upon a platter,
I am no Big Name Fan--and here's no great fanner;
I have seen the moment of BNFdom flicker,
And I have seen the bitter fanzine reviewer slash my zine, and snicker,
And, in short, I was spayed.

And it would have been worth it, after all,
After the corflu, the stencils, the mailing comments,
Among the reviewers, among small talk of you and me,
Would it have been worthwhile
To have bitten off the con committee with a smile,
To have squeezed Wally Weber into a bail
To roll toward Robert Coulson in revenge,
To say: 'I am Moomaw, come from the dead,
Come back to tell you off, I shall defend Trufan'--
If Campbell, Jr., setting a Dean device on the table,
Should say, 'That is not what I meant at all.
That is not it, at all.'

And would it have been worth it, after all,
Would it have made me a BNF,
After the cons and quotecards and fourcolor covers,
After the reviews and twenty page lettercols and patient
correspondence with bores--
And this, and so much more?--
It is impossible to print just what I mean!
But if a magic Gestetner threw the stencils into patterns
on a scream:
Would it have been worthwhile
If Campbell, Jr., throwing off his shawl, freshly Cleared,
And turning toward James Blish, should say:
'He is not with it at all,
He knows not what he means, at all.'

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No! I am not Conan, nor was meant to seem;
Am an attendant neofan, one that will exist
To swell an ego, start a zine or two,
Praise the pubbers; no doubt, an easy fool,
Deferential, glad to be used,
Politic, cautious, and fawning;
Full of interlineations, but all of them used;
At times, indeed, almost laughable--
At times, almost, a sick elephant.

I grow old...I grow old...

I shall mail my fanzines in second hand envelopes.
I shall justify my margins. Do I dare overreach?
I shall wear gaudier masquerade costumes, and walk on Bjo's feet.
I have heard folk singers improvising, each to each.

I do not think they will sing of me.

I have seen them fanning at the cons
Combing false wigs in pantomime of She
When the wind at the auctions was Moskowitz.

I have lingered in empty rooms at cons
Wreathed with smudges red and brown, cranking their fanzines
Till discouragement overtakes me, and I gafiate.

--Rog Ebert

UFFISH THOTS FROM PAGE 9

its own mailing wrapper and all of that. Why, I even commented on this fact in the Gambit which accompanied Void 22-3.

And then Pauls comes up with this assinine bit about how one cannot get "high" on water, because it has no alcohol in it. I hate to disabuse him of the notion, but excessive water-drinking (practiced, so help me, by Hydraulics) dilutes the blood, and produces a "high" much like alcohol's. It can also lead to emotional dependence--an "addiction". Of course you can also get high from straight oxygen, nutmeg, and myriad other common household items, if you really want to.

At this point my irritation has only begun to smolder. Pauls overlooks the fact that if he wants to vote Nipple #3 on the Fanac Poll, he can leave that spot blank, and the following votes will remain in order. And this argument with Donaho over whose zine rates where, and how he edits and writes and everything else under the sun, strikes me as sophmoric. But, once in this vein I could go on all night.

I'd better get back to record-reviewing. I can work it off there.

--Ted E. White

CHOOSE THE RIGHT MAN FOR THE JOB-

ENEY FOR TAFF!

VOTE FOR HIM!

BY TED PAULS

THE CHOPPING

BLOCK

WRR Vol. 3, No. 1: Otto Pfeifer, 2911 E. 60th, Seattle 5, Washington; letters of comment, contributions, trades, stamps but nothing said about money; irregular; 32-pages.

A couple issues ago I made the statement that WRR was a crudzine, and I'm unhappy to say that this latest issue does very little to change that opinion. The material, generally speaking, is just as poor, and the editorial personality fully as slaphappily sickening. The only exception is a pretty good piece of faan-fiction by John Berry; otherwise, the written content of this magazine is hardly worth a glance. Mike Deckinger contributes not one, but two pieces of faan-fiction. After due deliberation, I have decided that "What's My Fine" is the worst of the pair, but both are bad enough to make such a choice a difficult one. The ideas are not new, the writing is by no means exceptional, and the humor-content (supposedly the one essential element of "faan-fiction") simply does not exist. One of these fictional pieces concerns the Joni Cornell-Wally Weber episode mentioned in Kipple #9. This incident was absolutely done to death in the previous issue of WRR, and further accounts such as Deckinger's are merely dirt on the grave.

Donald Franson's piece isn't really worth reviewing, one way or the other. There isn't anything strikingly bad about it, but on the other hand its good qualities are undiscernable if they exist at all. It's simply a "blah" piece, a wasted page with no noticable interest, either good or bad.

The editorial is fully as infantile as it was last time. Pfeifer has been in fandom for years, and his co-editor, Wally Weber, has been in fandom since long before I began reading science fiction. Yet the personality evident in the editorial is reminiscent of the first issue of a neofan of the first water. Sentences run into each other and connected by commas to other separate and individual sentences, some of the most slipshod plotting of written thoughts I've ever seen...on-stencil moronisms. I have nothing against composing on stencil (after all, both this column and Quotes & Notes for this issue are written in that manner...), but to compose on stencil does not necessarily mean to write slipshodly, with no forethought. This fanzine review column could certainly be more precisely written, but I think the results are rather interesting when you consider that I am presently typing these reviews almost as fast as I could read them aloud. It is probably not possible to type faster with two fingers than I am doing at the moment, but the end result is a far cry from this excerpt from WRR's editorial: "With this ish, we hope to improve WRR quite a bit, it will still be WRR as of old, a crazy, mixed up fanzine, but we will endeavor to make it the best corniest zine published." A fanzine sat-

urated with this sort of idiotic personality, and one which prints 90% poor material besides, is not a very good fanzine.

In "The Chopping Block" in Kipple #9, I called it a crudzine. Several people disagreed with me, but not nearly as many as I had expected, which is a good sign. In that review, I said: "No one has (called the zine a poor one), so I suppose it's up to me to brave the slings and arrows of outrageous ex-Cry-letterhacks." I actually expected a booming defense of the magazine from its letterhacks, and I especially expected fifteen fans--all oddly enough young males--to jump to the defense of Bjo's article in that issue. Absolutely no one mentioned it, and for this I am really glad. It shows just how much fandom has changed in a relatively short period of time. A couple years ago, a critic daring to criticize something by Bjo would have been soundly thrashed in his lettercolumn by a large number of drooling, wide-eyed, and quite silly young males, simply because anything written by a G * I * R * L was--obviously--the ultimate distillation of literary greatness.

I'm happy that era has passed, for if anything could possibly justify Bill Gray's blast at fandom, it was the spectacle of dozens of teenage neofans utterly intoxicated with a girl whom they had probably never met--not to mention the old fans who like to think of themselves as young. Sex and stf do mix, but not in such copious quantities, and I seriously question the competency of any fan or group of fans who equate physical beauty with literary value and judge the latter in view of the former. Yet this was just what was going on. Bjo wrote a vicious (but not unfunny) attack on Terry Carr and his wife, and a few fans raised their eyebrows; while on the other side of the country, Ted White wrote a genuinely perceptive critique of Twig Illustrated and became engaged in a near shooting war. (My Ghod, I used Ted White as an example. That ought to be enough to brand me as a fawning acolyte for the next six months...) Of course, I have never thought of Ted as a sexy female, not even in my most imaginative moments, and that may have had something to do with it...

But I don't want to spend the rest of this review examining fandom's perplexities. I wish only to restate that WRR is a crudzine. As I said, a few (very few) fans disagreed, but not one of them gave me any reason to change my statement. That opinion was open to argument--in fact, all of my opinions are open to argument--but the best anyone could do was to say that (1) the editors of WRR were having fun, and (2) they were nice guys. While I've never met either editor, I am quite willing to believe that they are nice guys, and I readily concede that they are having fun; however, this does nothing to change my mind on the statement that WRR is a crudzine. Neither of these facts have any bearing on the literary worth of their magazine. Until someone can give me a genuine reason for revising my opinion of WRR, it will remain labeled as a crudzine in this column.

PANACREA #1: Henry Jordon, address unfortunately lost; letters of comment, trades, contributions, no money accepted; irregular, but (it says on the front page) "almost tri-weekly"; 26-pages.

This first issue gets off to a rather poor start by virtue of having a disposable, separate mailing wrapper which just happens to be the only page in the issue carrying Jordon's address. And, as in the case of all too few first issues, this is an address worth knowing. But a disposable mailing wrapper invites disposal, and I did... At any rate, since the mailing list

is given at 145 and the magazine is an unusually fine first issue, it probably won't be difficult to find Henry's address.

This is a New Trend zine, this time by the editor's own admission and not simply because I happen to want to call in that, and it's a fine one at that. Most of the 26 pages are written by the editor, and the writing is rather astounding for more reasons than one: first, because it is so good--Henry Jordon is an interesting and literate writer, as well as a perceptive critic; and secondly because there are none of the usual neofannish wailings which usually accompany a first issue. This in itself is commendable, and may be chalked up to the fact that Jordon is, by no means the typical neofan. He's 26, a technical writer, "happily unmarried" according to the editorial, and "prone to be cynical and unenthusiastic." Another factor contributing to the enjoyment of this personalized fanzine is the range of subjects Jordon seems to be an expert or at least semi-expert in.

With all this, it might seem as if the magazine would be rather stiff and snobbish, but I assure you that this is not the case, regardless of the impression my description may have given. After reading Panagaea from cover to cover and finding such subjects covered as sex, egyptology, the pair of house cats that inhabit and rule his apartment, paleontology, structure of esoteric prose-poem forms, The Mikado, science fiction, Carmen, the Dean Drive, insanity, Zen, infinities, et al, one is not at all impressed with any snobbishness. There are few people in fandom who could discuss Heavy Subjects at great length without giving the reader the impression that he (the writer) is trying to overpower them, but Henry succeeds. His writing style may have a lot to do with this. He writes lightly about even the heaviest subjects. (Example: "...and even as a child I thought it unfair to be forced to go to church when I didn't really, seriously believe what was being said. I don't think I'd go to please a wife, even if I married tomorrow, the most wonderful girl in the world. If there is a God, I don't think he, with infinite wisdom, would want us to lie to ourselves and others just to appease a nagging spouse. And I have always believed that if God does exist, he would want us to be truthful in all respects. It doesn't seem quite right otherwise; I certainly couldn't worship a deity who would prefer untruthful homage to truthful indifference.")

The only piece of material in the issue not credited to the editor is a three-page article on morals by "Cadamus J. Kumquat". This somehow strikes me as a pseudonym, strangely enough. It's a good article which raises at least one good point: since the "morals of the time" are determined by what the majority of the people say they want (as opposed to what they actually do), then it is not wrong to say that the term "immoral" is actually a pretty meaningless one. Kumquat (whom I suspect of being Walt Breen because of the intense, articulate style) also points out that morals differ from locality to locality. (And here again an example of Henry's writing, for he inserts: "However, I would not recommend saying, to the wife who has just caught you in the arms of your mistress, 'This is perfectly alright in New Guinea.' This is not apt to lessen the tension of your situation.")

Otherwise, the issue is entirely written by the editor. Leading off is a two-page editorial which contains the only typically-neofannish thing in the entire fanzine: a biography of the editor. Here, I'm afraid, Henry's style deserts him, for this is no better than the usual. Things pick up from this point, however, and the second piece of material is a truly ex-

Reprinted from the pamphlet
"Taste and the Censor in
Television", published by
The Fund for the Republic.

BY CHARLES WINICK

—SEX & CENSORSHIP IN TELEVISION

Studies of the program changes made by network editors suggest that alterations and deletions in scripts because of some kind of sexual content are probably more numerous than any other kind. The avoidance of sexually suggestive or obscene material is common to all media. Standardization is difficult because no objective evidence of obscenity exists; forty-one of the forty-seven states with obscenity statutes define it by non-objective adjectives like: "disgusting, filthy, indecent, immoral, improper, impure, lascivious, lewd, licentious, vulgar."

In the few cases where a court has held a work of art to be obscene, the "true test" has been the famous Victorian "Hicklin Rule"—"whether the tendency of the matter charged as obscenity is to deprave and corrupt those whose minds are open to such immoral influences..." Chief Justice Cockburn established this definition of obscenity in 1868, and it has been widely used in both England and the United States. In this country, the federal anti-obscenity statute lobbied through Congress in 1873 by Anthony Comstock has been interpreted in various ways by different courts, but it was not until the "Ulysses" case that Judges Woolsey and Hand partly repudiated the "Hicklin Rule" and emphasized the need to study the "dominant effect" of a work of art, the author's intent, the work's artistic merit, and whether the work had a libidinous effect on an average person.

In the 1957 case of bookseller Samuel Roth, the Supreme Court ruled that obscenity was "utterly without redeeming social importance" and was not covered by the First Amendment. The majority decision emphasized that the test of obscenity was whether a work appealed to the average man's prurient interest, whereas previous legal views had been that the test was whether a work could corrupt not the average man, but those most corruptible, like a youth or an abnormal adult. Previous decisions had assumed that a work might be obscene in itself, regardless of who saw it. The 1957 decision implied that any work not within the new definition of obscenity was constitutionally protected from censorship.

Several studies in social psychology have shown that the meanings perceived by people are substantially determined by the context in which the perception occurs, suggesting that it would be almost impossible to determine what is obscene in operational, social-science terms. Psychologists say that obscenity is a quality that must be experienced and cannot be localized in a work of art. The most extreme example of the viewer's seeing only what he is prepared to see is the old story about the psychiatric patient who was shown a great variety of pictures and responded to all of them by saying that they

reminded him of sex. When the psychiatrist asked him about this, he replied: "Somehow, doctor, everything reminds me of sex."

Anthropologists have compounded the difficulties by emphasizing that nothing is obscene in itself but only becomes obscene if it has been culturally defined as such. A Chinese, for example, once observed that the pronounced rhythms of Sousa's "The Stars and Stripes Forever" were "almost unbearably lascivious," while the same march has connotations of patriotism for Americans. Sir Richard Burton told a famous story about a Moslem woman who fell off a camel and whose skirts fell above her head; her husband was not perturbed because she had kept her face covered during the incident.

Almost all the legal activity concerned with censorship has dealt with the sex content of media. As a result, television has a very complicated series of legal landmarks to observe in determining what is appropriate for presentation. It would be difficult to imagine a drama on American television built around an appealing homosexual character or a prostitute. By contrast, the British Broadcasting Corporation in 1956 presented a one-hour dramatic show about a seventeen-year-old girl from the provinces who became a prostitute. Entitled "Without Love," it included scenes of the girl soliciting. England's single time zone doubtless helped make it possible to show this type of program.

It is easier to determine the areas of caution in presenting sex than to determine what aspects of sex behavior can be shown. The Select Committee of Congress on Current Pornographic Material recently advocated a "pious reserve" in dealing with sex themes, but it is well established that every attempt at sex and other censorship produces a technique of evasion as well as of administration. Actually, in television, evasion does not seem to have been developed to the degree that some motion-picture producers, for example, have reached. Sexual suggestion by innuendo is not prevalent on television. Screeners regularly cut lines that might be considered suggestive. A recent typical example is the line "A woman with your lush resources will never be either flat or broke."

The difficulties in setting any clear-cut standards in this field are apparent in trying to evaluate the program of the television star known as "The Continental." The program, which was carried at a late evening hour (11 p.m.), exploited the assumption that women are love-starved ninnies who are inadequate in relationships with men. Experienced critics have reported that "The Continental" was almost entirely concerned with making aphrodisiac comments and titillating sexual desire. It has been said that the program might have been considered obscene even under some enlightened judicial definitions of obscenity.

One of the difficulties in evaluating any television program is that the screener can edit written material but not camera angles. Editors do discuss their recommendations with directors and cameramen, and where there is forewarning, as in the later appearances of Elvis Presley, cameras can make special compensations for possibly embarrassing content. In Presley's case, he was photographed from the waist up, in order not to show any of his pelvic gyrations. But the distance and the difference between script or rehearsal and performance can be vast, as Mae West proved in a famous radio appearance of the 1930's, in which her voice was so clearly suggestive that radio fans responded with one of the few spontaneous protests in broadcasting history. In rehearsals, she had read her lines without suggestiveness.

Sex taboos differ from one medium to another, and even on different formats within one medium. In general, sex taboos are observed more closely by television, less by radio, somewhat less by the movies, and hardly at all by the legitimate stage. Some television commercials have been said to be extremely concerned with sex, and some critics have complained that stricter standards are applied to censoring sex on programs than on commercials. However, some tabloid newspapers daily carry more news of sex than the typical television station.

The delicate modifications made in scripts for television purposes are exemplified in the television version of the stage play "Born Yesterday," in which Billie Dawn was played by Mary Martin. Billie described why her sponsor Harry objected to her work as a chorine in the words "He likes me to get to bed early." The same line in the play read: "He likes to get to bed early." Even in the edited television version, another line, "If you don't come across, I don't come across," brought some letters of protest.

Television is becoming freer in its discussion of sexual matters with the passage of time. "Man and Superman" was a sophisticated play concerned with sex. "The Four Poster" frankly presented the relationship between a married couple over the years. "Happy Birthday" suggested that one way for a young unmarried girl to get rid of her inhibitions was to relax with a drink (it drew adverse mail). "Circle of the Day" dealt with a woman who had premartial sex relations, and with her husband who had fathered another woman's child (it did not draw any protests). In "The Letter," the heroine said of the man whom she shot that "he tried to rape me." No letters of complaint were received on this one either.

Generally speaking, sex expression appears to be one of the areas of program content where there is a comparatively close balance between audience wish and broadcaster performance.

--Charles Winick

THE CHOPPING BLOCK... FROM PAGE 20

cellent article on the Dean Drive which has to be read to be believed. The next piece of material, "The Roving Eye", is sort of a "Quptes & Notes" extended to its ultimate perfection: eleven pages of well-done, articulate commentary on a vast number of subjects, some of which I listed above. But only some. This is perhaps the most interesting eleven pages of fanzine writing to appear so far in 1961. Panagrea would be worth acquiring for this column alone, but if that weren't enough, four pages of fanzine reviews--good fanzine reviews--followed by an intelligently done, three-page critique of current science fiction and a two-page listing of the editor's favorite sf works of all time.

I don't quite see how one person can put out and write so much fine, intelligent writing every three weeks, but I'm certainly not going to complain about it. There is more food for thought in this twenty-six page magazine than in 100 pages of most other fanzines.

The appearance is quite adequate, if not spectacular: no art of any kind (save for three diagrams in the Dean Drive article), titles neatly lettered in but very formally and with little artistry; a fortunate paucity of

typos; and generally excellent duplication.

I dislike making predictions in my fanzine reviews, but I'd be willing to wager that if this fanzine continues to appear regularly with the same sort of material, it will take its place upon the top fanzines.

SPECULATIVE REVIEW #5: Dick Eney, 417 Fort Hunt Rd., Alexandria, Virginia; letters of comment, trades, or 3/25¢; irregular, unfortunately; 20-pages.

This should be one of the most interesting fanzines currently being published, but due to unfortunate delays between the time it is written and the time it appears, it is not. Prozine reviews which appear in February 1961 should not be of prozines which appeared in August 1960. I don't think it is possible to work up any interest in such reviews: the prozines I've read have been forgotten, and the ones I haven't read are no longer available. Prozine reviews ought to appear at least during the month of the magazine's cover date, and sometimes even then they are becoming dated.

Under extraordinary circumstances, a review of a science fiction work can be dated by a year or more and still be of interest. This occurs primarily in relation to books, which are usually issued more than once. Prozine reviews are seldom interesting once the magazines are off the stands. There are exceptions, of course. John Champion's review of the May 1960 issue of F&SF appeared many months after the magazine itself, but it was nevertheless of interest. This is a special case, however; Champion's review was almost entirely concerned with one story, the review ran four pages in microelite, and it was an excellently done work. Contrast this to Bill Evans' reviews in Speculative Review: they are only about a half-page long on the average, they attempt, in that space, to review all or nearly all the stories in an issue, and the writing, while adequate, is not by any means excellent. Bill's style is light, very pleasant, and fairly well oriented to the readers' taste. This is enough to write a good prozine review column, but it isn't enough to make prozine reviews interesting six months after they should have appeared.

Actually, Speculative Review isn't so much a prozine review fanzine as it once was. Perhaps it would be best to say that its material is "prozine-oriented". This issue contains a letter column, divided by subjects ala The Cult, a "Conversation Piece" which is a well-integrated, better done version of a conversation with Joe Neophan, and a short editorial. The letter column of such a fanzine should be quite an asset, and while there is certainly nothing wrong with this letter column, it is not all it should be. I dislike, first of all, the division-by-subjects letter section. I disliked it in The Cult, I dislike it in Esprit, and I dislike it here. Occasionally, there will be a subject which inspires such a large amount of comment that it seems foolish to chop it up with comments on lesser subjects, so the lettercolumn is divided by subjects. Unfortunately, this often does not work out quite as well as it should, because subjects overlap considerably.

In appearance, SpecReview is rather functional. The only art is the cover by Atom, a good cartoon, and the lettering is neat, though formal. Worth getting if it ever catches up to the current prozines, but not until, I'm afraid...

--Ted Pauls

BY MARION BRADLEY

CRYIN' IN THE SINK

A certain Big Fan of my acquaintance--Big in both Name, Body and Intelligence--recently questioned the ultimate worth of fanzine reviews, on the grounds that such reviews as are generally written can consist, perforce, only of one fan's opinion.

There are, of course, some merits to this point of view. Perhaps a valid fanzine review--or a valid review of anything whatsoever, from a new opera to a translation of Homer--should ideally contain less of opinion, and more of factual information.

Somehow I don't think so, even though I have against me no less a person than Edmund Wilson, who stacks up all reviewers into three categories: young, struggling, unsuccessful writers who revenge themselves by putting the old and successful in their proper places; old discouraged, unsuccessful writers who revenge themselves by putting the young and successful down with grimness; and people who really would rather write about something else, and use the book they are supposedly reviewing only as a takeoff point for essays of their own.

But Bill Donaho knows, as well as I do, that all writing--at least, all writing outside the pages of the Encyclopedia and the Almanac, which are not as a rule considered particularly engrossing amusements for a dull evening--consists more or less of somebody's opinion about something or other. People who object to the putting forth of opinions (by other people) are usually suffering from an overdose of humility or of arrogance, and are making the fairly common mistake--that the critical judgment of the reviewer is put forth as somehow superior to the critical judgment of the casual reader.

By no means! In general I would like to make it clear--if I could do so without sounding like Uriah Heep--that ten years of reviewing other people's work usually makes the reviewer alful damned humble, if nothing else.

And, contrary to popular opinion, the reviewer is usually happy to have his opinions and judgments contested; because if, as I firmly believe, the measure of a reviewer is his ability to stimulate thought, then even opposition is success. If I can stir someone to say "The Bradley woman is all wet because..." instead of simply "The Bradley woman is all wet," then I shall have success.

Without an umbrella, therefore, I venture into the downpour of this month's harvest.

Lying at the top of the stack is something called the Journal of the Interplanetary Exploration Society. It doesn't look like a fanzine, being bound in stiff paper and neatly printed, and having Hans Stefan Santesson listed on the editorial page; but, believe me, it is. The last time I saw it, it was a typical fugg-

head-type fanzine, complete with sloppy white paper and showthrough. This time, though the amount of money at their disposal has bought them a professional editor to set it up, and such stellar names as Lester del Rey and James Gunn to contribute genuinely splendid pieces, fugitives from the fact-article department of the prozines, the clay feet of the fugghead fanzine are still showing through. The whole thing is very, very, very serious (except for some oooh-so-cute poetry by Hannes Bok, who draws better than he writes) including an absolutely straight-faced article by Father Daniel C. Raible about whether God has created rational life on other worlds, which could have been straight out of the pages of Fate or one of the other soppy-occult-religious tomes. Alma Hill, one of the guiding lights of the NFFF, and, as convention visitors know, an unusually charming and inoffensive woman (she charmed me into editing a NFFF letterzine--ONCE!), has charmed any number of pro writers; and she recently wrote to me that possibly the pro authors could use a "protected play pen..." presumably to kick around their unsalable ideas. I think somebody ought to step on this one QUICK. Otherwise a few intelligent writers, eager to find a place for their best-beloved rejects, will lend a sort of spurious respectability to what would otherwise quickly show up as what it obviously is: a lot of fuggheads and crackpots popping up their undiscouragable heads. (Interplanetary Exploration Society, 37 Wall St., New York 5, N.Y. \$1.25 per issue.)

Yandro (Robert & Juanita Coulson, Route 3, Wabash, Indiana) is back at the old stand, with a Dave Prosser cover of uncommon attractiveness, but before you all rush out for it, I hasten to add that there are no nudes (which, for a change, is good nudes) and that the beauty lies in a couple of beautifully mass-arranged alien faces. (I also recommend to your attention, in the extremely unlikely event that you overlooked it, the Prosser cartoon on page 9--a dull-faced man sleeping while three tiny critters empty out his opened brain with ladles and spoons. These two bits of work have caused me to rearrange, in general, my attitudes toward the Prosser pencil.) Also in this issue: a bit of faan-fiction, clever for once, by Bob Tucker; who, after having spawned faan-fiction as an artform, abandoned his brain-bastard on the doorsteps of less talented fans, until the very word makes blase fanzine readers shiver. But Tucker, who does this sort of thing seldom, also does it well; I dare say there is a direct casual connection between the two--and are you listening, Mike Deckinger? Much of the rest of the issue seems to be taken up with people jumping down the throat of the Rev. C. M. Moorhead, who, we must say, seems to have opened his overlarge mouth obligingly wide for that special purpose by seriously suggesting the castration of all sex criminals.

Bhismillah (Andy Main, Bem, 5668 Gato Ave., Goleta, Calif.) has yet another squirrel cartoon on the cover, but is otherwise a fat and engaging issue...despite being half ditto, half mimeo and turned out in an unbelievable variety of colors and paper textures--somebody must have given Andy the remnants of a fire sale in a stationary store! Ted Johnstone contributes a gossip account of his wanderings from hither to yon which I managed to follow about as far as his getting fired from a fruit farm, or some such; Walter Breen contributes a few nothing-new remarks about the personal time stream of fans, which nevertheless made diverting reading and provoked a few twists in the cerebrum; and Greg Benford has a few more nasty things to say about Dallas fandom, to which most of those acquainted with the subject will add a muffled, but hearty chorus of cheers. There are also some letters, but the ditto was so dim on my

copy I couldn't read them, and from what I could decipher it's a pity; some of the youngest fans are making the most intelligent noises these days.

New statement of Official Policy: no FAPA zines, would-be-FAPA zines published by waiting listers. This will explain why Warhoon, a remarkably intelligent but uncommentable individzine published by Rich Bergeron, and Dubious, a delightfully commentable item by A.J. Budrys but far too personalized for fandom at large, are not reviewed in this column.

Zymurgy--(Richard Koogle, 5619 Revere Place, Dallas 6, Texas, and I wish fans would learn to put their addresses on the title page as well as on the mailing wrapper)--suffers from a major handicap; it reprints a short article by me which has already seen three fanzine reprints, and thus the impulse is for me to explain WHY, instead of reviewing the fanzine. Firmly squelching said impulse (but not Koogle, who didn't do it on purpose) I proceed to exclaim and shout over Art Rapp's article, "Primordial Slime", which explains in detail how to produce readable copy on a hectograph. At the risk of alienating those who yawn or snarl when I refer to fanzines of those Dark Ages of the Infinite Past, the forties and early or middle fifties, Art Rapp was one of the few to produce consistently good hecto work; and even those with more expensive methods of duplication within their reach might well learn a few things from his simple explanation of how to combine mimeo and hecto for well-colored covers. While those fans who long to put out a fanzine for a small audience, can't afford (or don't want to bother with) a mimeo, yet shun the ordinary sloppy look of a hecto, might well look into this.

Zymurgy also suffers from inexpert mimeography and slipshod freehand lettering, but it ought to improve. It doesn't suffer at all from content; I think even Greg Benford might agree, if he gave this a careful reading, that some good things can come out of Dallas. But don't quote me--yet.

Jeff Wanshel's Sez Who (6 Beverly Place, Larchmont, New York) calls itself a "Fuzzlehead Press Publication" and consists mostly of fanzine reviews, meant to appease those who traded fanzines for a zine he hasn't published yet; but Jeff's fresh eye and perceptiveness make this zine refreshing to read and interesting to watch; we suggest you line up at the right for the next issue of whatever he publishes.

Sam, edited by Steve Stiles, 1809 Second Ave., New York 28, N.Y., is almost too skinny to be included in this list, and I don't know if you could call it a fanzine. But it has something, because I started reading it and squealing out loud with laughter right in the Rochester Post Office. From the lurching beastie on the first page to the sloppy end of page six--and that's all there is--I stood right there in the post office and read it from cover to cover. Mike Deckinger on the Can Opener, alone, was enough to cause four convulsions. And somebody called Ron Gilmore has something about "skinny heads." We may very well have another Bob Leman on our hands. Is this a review, or just a reaction? I still go into spasms of hysteria when I look at the zine; so it must, as I say, have something. I suggest you write for a copy and find out what.

At the opposite end of the scale is The Twilight Zine, the Journal of the Massachusetts Institute of Technology Science Fiction Society. (Jon Ravin, Box 4134, 420 Memorial Drive, Cambridge 39, Mass.; free to members and contributors, not for sale.) The masthead reads "We're not fans, we just read the

stuff", and judging by the inside, they do. The text of a speech by Hugo Gernsback, a fascinating article by Fritz Leiber, and a piece by Hal Clement provide the serious backbone for unusually interesting tossed-around commentaries on almost everything, by almost everybody. There is some damned funny poetry, some even funnier fiction, and in general it sounds like what it is; a group of science fiction lovers having fun in public. No in-group jokes, no fannish doings, and, for a wonder, no whitherings about whether science fiction has a future or what will happen to fans if it does or it doesn't. They grant that science fiction was and is, and go on from there--and that approach gets pretty darned refreshing these days.

Solar Sphere (Phil Harrell, 2632 Vincent Ave., Norfolk 9, Virginia) is in rather blurry hectograph, and could use some better material and a little more punctuation. Phil leans heavily on printing "mood pieces" which, not bad in themselves, leave most readers with a "So what?" feeling unless they know the writer; and clings to some NFFF-isms such as the persistant use of the term "LoC" for "Letter of Comment" which never fails to make my teeth crawl, or do I mean set my skin on edge? In the letter column, too, the editor's comments are set off with such indistinct markings that it's impossible to tell whether the writer of the letter, or the editor, is talking--if ever I begin a Crusade in the pages of "Cryin'", it will be for fanzine editors to isolate their answers to letters at the END of the letter in question. After a good first issue, Phil has dropped back to indistinctness, probably because of a shortage of material and un-sureness about where to get anymore; this points up a problem which John Koning brought up in Dafoe not long ago. Is it better to publish infrequently and well, even if your audience forgets you in the meantime, or keep doggedly forging along, in spite of slaps and snarls from critics, until you build up your own following and small circle of reliable contributors? For once I have no opinion on the matter; both can be occasionally successful. But the building process can be both tedious and hearthbreaking, and many good fanzine publishers, or potentially good ones, fall by the wayside from the unwillingness of worthwhile fanzine writers to trust their work to an unknown publisher. With, we must add, good reason as a rule. But we would like to found a Be Kind to Young Fanzine Editors Week, during which EVERY fanzine writer contributed something to one new zine.

And in the end, CadenZa, by Charles Wells, 190 Elm Street, Oberlin, Ohio. The zine contains scraps and bits of the old Charles Wells, who, a few years ago, published one of the better fanzines around: Fiendetta. But the eight pages represent so thin a slice that we'd like to see more. There is a hilarious piece of fan fiction, which, we shrewdly suspect, is aimed slightly below and to the left of the beltbuckles of the new group of comic-book fans, culminating with a punch-line about "Winnie the Pooh fandom". (We have a horrible feeling that it might be just around the corner, at that.) There is an article on William Blake, far less stuffy than it sounds, and some unusually eye-catching interlineations. We like, and hope there will be more to appreciate next time.

--Marion Z. Bradley

((Fanzines for review should be sent to Bcx
158, Rochester, Texas. They may even be
reviewed...))

MIKE BECKER
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Appropos your comments on short reviews: I think you are somewhat too strongly against them. Granted, that for a person who is unable to become familiar with the reviewer, such reviews have little or no value; if, however, the short reviews appear regularly and the reviewer is consistent, the reader--though he may not agree with the reviewer--can relate the reviewer's attitude to his own, and judge whether or not to hunt up a book on this basis. I found I could do this very well and fairly easily with Boucher's reviews. Though I would often disagree with his opinions (well, actually not so often as that), I could almost always tell from his comments whether or not I would like a given book. (The advantage of a long review is that anyone, whether or not he knows the reviewer's attitudes or as ever seen his reviews, can form a fairly accurate judgement of the subject under review.)

The Damon Knight review also seems to me to often have value. At times--something well demon-

A *song* OF SIXPENCE

strated in "In Search of Wonder"--he does simply show off his wit at the expense of the book; his reviews in F&SF, however, and a number of his analytical--as opposed to critical--reviews in "In Search of Wonder" are almost all anyone could want: detailed, objective, and well supported with examples. From the book, to pick a pair, those of Heinlein and Asimov.

On the subject of television, I'd like to add a fairly hearty "Amen" to Carl Brandon's comments in #9. I hate to have to defend the thing, since I frankly haven't seen anything since November; from what I remember, though, and from what I've heard and read, though semi-mindless watching will produce, as a rule, little worth looking at even to waste time, a little care in looking will produce amazing results. To list some of my old favorites: Lenny Bernstein's Sunday show; NBC Opera (which had, last year, a good "Fidelio" and an excellent "Giulio"); Play of the Week, Month, or what-have-you; and, though I've not seen it, I would imagine An Age of Kings would be in the same category. There are of course occasional excellent dramas put on, and a number of the fairly regular dramatic shows have a surprisingly high average quality. All in all, particularly considering the expense of production and the consequent temptation to aim at the stupidest market (as, judging from most of the commercials I've seen, only the very stupidest would ever be tempted to buy most of the products advertised), television is doing remarkably well as a medium. It is, I assure you, better on the whole than European t-v--or, at least, French-variety. European t-v, which, though it has a number of excellent broadcasts (generally live) of plays, operas, and concerts, falls as a rule flat on its face in attempting to disseminate news or entertain. It has, for one thing, a fixed conception that one should never allow five minutes to pass without interviewing someone; and when, at a play, they can't find anyone in the theatre other than a stagehand to interview, the interview can become strangely tiring. Likewise hardly stimulating is

their idea of the best way to fill up three or four idle minutes that may come between programs: they focus the camera on a clock on the wall, and let the viewers watch the second hand go around. (What about British television? I've heard some nice things about the BBC, but no one has ever really tried to explain what it's like. Logically, a person who has seen both British and American television would be the one to do so, but this category is rather limited. Anyone?)

DAPHNE BUCKMASTER
8 BUCHANAN STREET
KIRKCUDDRIGHT, SCOTLAND

I was bewildered by your statement "A fannish fan needn't be a fanzine or ayjay fan any more than a serious fan must be a con-going fan". I agree with the general sense of what you mean

--namely that fans can't be classified--but the assumptions behind it are quite the opposite from what I have usually seen. I had always thought that--if anything--it was the ayjay fan who was considered to be the thoughtful, retiring type while the con-going party-going extrovert type were the 'fannish' ones! (I see what you mean, but my idea when I wrote that statement was that those fans generally looked upon as "faaans"--the advocates of esoteric in-group material--were editors and publishers of fanzines more often than not. On the other hand, club-fans (more than con-fans) are generally acknowledged as sercon, rules-of-order types--at least over here. LASFS is an exception to the rule, probably, but it's the only exception which comes to mind.) But that's not important. The whole situation that's arisen has bewildered me, especially the offence taken by Terry Carr. I'm not too familiar with US zines but from the little I have seen of his writings, I had classed Terry as one of the more serious types. As an example, there was his recent article in Cry where he prophesized the state of fandom in the next five years--an article which was obviously the result of a good deal of knowledge and thought. And there was that other one about Sloane; and more which I can't recall offhand. Why then should Terry have identified himself with the people Bill spoke against? (I can't answer this question for Terry, of course, but perhaps I ought to mention that "the people Bill (Gray) spoke against" was such a poorly defined-by-stereotype group that almost no one could be blamed for taking offence. ##And to add a note here unconnected with your letter: Bill Donaho wrote to me about Terry's recent columns "attacking discussion zines with side blows at you and me" (i.e., Pauls and Donaho). Now, I never discourage criticism of any kind--certainly I ought to be able to take it as well as dish it out--but I think it's only common decency to send someone you've attacked a copy of the attack. People keep writing to me about Terry's columns as if I'd seen them--and I haven't. I'd appreciate copies or at least outlines of what was said.)

I can only suppose that really the main cause of the unfortunate effect of Bill's article was that he wasn't specific enough. In fact, he wasn't specific at all. And when criticism--of no matter what--is put in vague terms, it is only to be expected that people will read into it whatever they want. I was at fault for not foreseeing that. When I accepted the article, my own interpretation of it was that Bill was referring to the more unpleasant antics which are classed under the heading 'fannish'. (Here follows a rehash of some of the more despicable events in fandom in the last couple years, which I will leave out, with your permission. Daphne continues with:)) Could anyone call these antics other than adolescent? And if you answer that only the minority do these things--which is true--than what are we left with that is specifically and exclusively 'fannish'? Having a good time? Allnight parties? Getting

drunk? None of those things are fannish, as such. There's no human being in the world who doesn't like having a good time, etc. So what are we left with? Bill Donaho has defined fans as "verbally-oriented introverts"; in other words, "they think a lot and they talk a lot." And that's the best definition I've seen yet. At least, it agrees with my own experience. (Marian Cox once defined it as follows: "Science fiction fan--a device for moving quantities of hot air.") To put it another way, the only characteristic I've found in fans that isn't also to a large extent in other people is their willingness to entertain and discuss ideas that are outside those normally taught. Don't misunderstand me--I'm not suggesting that all fans are great thinkers. But they do have minds that are still open to some extent--otherwise they wouldn't have paid attention, however briefly, to stf.

I applaud your stated desire to be objective in fanzine reviewing but then you contradict yourself by pointing out that almost everything is subjective anyway. And there's no need for you to say that your writing is inferior to Marion's; it's just different, that's all. Sometimes I think too much is made of so-called "creative writing"--it has a purpose to serve but then so does the more factual, objective type. The creative writer is apt to think that no thought is required to be objective; that it's easy. They forget that it requires a definite effort of discipline. However, as regards your admission that you leave out "I feel" etc., I should be inclined to disagree; where you are stating things that are a matter of opinion, it is likely to give an air of being dogmatic unless you include these phrases.

Redd Boggs, criticizing "The Monkey's Viewpoint", suggests that "the fences are there, visible or not." Although not about monkeys, there is confirmation for this idea in Dr. Konrad Lorenz' book "Man Meets Dog" where he says (p.93 Pan version), "The leg-lifting of a dog has a very definite meaning, which is, paradoxically, exactly the same as that of a nightingale's song: it means the marking of the territory, warning off all intruders by telling them as clearly as their senses can perceive it that they are trespassing on ground owned by somebody else. Nearly all mammals mark their territory by means of a scent... A well-trained dog will abstain from this 'marking of territory' in his own home...but if a strange dog, or worse still a well-known and detested enemy, should once cross the threshold however fleetingly, then these inhibitions are at once dispelled...this clean housetrained dog goes round the whole building lifting his leg against one piece of furniture after another."

Why does Redd say that it is beyond doubt that British fans have a higher IQ than U.S. ones? It would be truer to say that you have more very young fans over there, and it is extremely difficult for anyone, in my opinion, to tell the difference between lack of knowledge and normal adolescent behavior on the one hand and low IQ on the other. Especially merely on paper. Older people often seem more intelligent merely because they have more experience; one can "learn the ropes" on a mental level just as one can in the more everyday sense of that phrase. In other words, while I think my friends here all have a high IQ, I question the assumption that U.S. fans have a lower one.

RUTH BERMAN
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Oh, but Art Castillo, The Baker Street Irregulars do sink "that low." Statement of position: I think the BSI are quite the opposite of "most worthless," and I think that "Faanishness" is potentially as good as discussion. I would call the BSI worthwhile be-

cause of the opportunity to examine another era (the Victorian) deeply, the continual satire of too-serious, heavily foot-noted articles, and the fun (after all, FIJAGH) for people who like Holmes. Incidentally, where do you get the information to make sweeping statements about the BSI? I have a file of the BSJ which is nearly complete, and I don't recall seeing your name in it anywhere whether as a contributor, letter-writer, or attendee at a few Scion meetings. However, to get back to the original point, the BSI do indulge in "fannishness." One of the funniest BSI writings is "The Murder at Murray Hill," which is nothing more nor less than the BSI equivalent of a piece of good faan-fiction.

And, speaking of Holmes, I though Redd Boggs' Clerihews (or Sherlocutions, as we call them in the BSI) were excellent (after all, one was about ME), but I would like to point out one minor flaw: the Clerihew, strictly speaking, should be a four-line verse in which the first line is composed solely of someone's name.

Here now! I probably know enough statistics to figure it out exactly, but partial differentials are calling for me to come and differ with them, so: I can't believe that the distortions on the Fanac Poll caused by one's being unable to vote for oneself make any significant difference. So you don't vote for Kipple and thus chunk Habbakkuk and a bunch of others up? Bill Donaho doesn't vote for Habbakkuk, thus chunking Kipple and a bunch of others up. Net displacement is minimal. The personal bias votes probably cancel out, too--you chunk up Discord, Rich Brown chunks up Cry. And if the personal bias votes don't cancel out, I should think that a fanzine which is "something special" to that many people has something special worth an award.

ART CASTILLO
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Apart from the ethics of quoting a section clearly marked DNQ, the term "high" refers to "intoxication" and "intoxication" refers to any bodily condition of intense excitation or stress, not necessarily produced by alcoholic liquids. (4"Excitation"? Would you like to bite down on that foot by applying the term "high" to the feeling of excitation (your meaning) one experiences immediately preceeding and in the early stages of intercourse? And incidentally, my dictionary (Webster New Practical) defines high in the sense you mean it only as: "Arrogant, boastful; elated, hilarious".4) By peyotals, the term "high" is used as a synonym for "going up". Moreover my usage of the term was already established by the references to aspirin and spices, neither of which contains alcohol. (4I suppose I should mention here, for the benefit of those who don't know me, that I do not quote DNQ sections of letters without permission. In that same letter, Art said: "(()) means DNQ, but I'll let you exercise your own judgement as to the final abridgements."4))

MARION BRADLEY
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ROCHESTER, TEXAS

The word is separate, not seperate. Use your own dictionary, if you don't believe me. Once is a misprint; twice is a mistake; five times is a misconception. When I spell it right, and you "correct" it wrong, it irks me. It shouldn't but it does. Like, what is that thing on your desk FOR? For that matter, what is that thing on your neck for? Just to keep your ears seperated to full stereo sound? (4The humor in this will only be effective if you (readers and Marion) have read slowly enough to observe that I misspelled "separated". This time, I did it purpose-ly.4))

Carl Brandon: I did not know Legion of the Dead was going to be re-printed, or I would have asked Ted for a chance to do some rewriting. Redd and I, for our joint fanzine Ugly Bird, decided to write a story, and we agreed it was to be composed on stencil; that I was to start it, and Redd to finish it. So I started off on stencil, goofs and all...but Redd cheated; he admitted he couldn't think on stencil, so he rough-drafted, then polished off his version, which is perhaps one reason why it is better written. However, I freely admit Redd, in his own field, is a better writer and stylist than I. The ability to sell to pulp magazines does not necessarily make anyone a good writer. It only proves that they have the ability to tell a story without boring the editor or the large audience which wants entertainment without overmuch thought. Also, Redd has been writing, though on a polished-amateur level, almost ten years longer than I--he's ten years older!

JEFF WANSHEL
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LARCHMONT, N. Y.

The cover was nicely formed and shaded, but the bird, unfortunately, threw everything merrily out of kilter. Who drew it? The fact is unmentioned. (If you want to know who drew a cover on the tenth issue, I'm afraid you'll have to describe it to me so I can check. All of them were different. This isn't a new idea, by any means, but I have as much fun with it as anyone in the past. You'd be amazed at the number of people who think all the covers are like theirs...))

I, for one, don't see how you could like "The Fourth Galaxy Reader"; it was going to be blasted in my review column, but I rejected the reviews. At any rate, Harmon's "Name Your Symptom" was merely an inferior rehash of Knight's "The Analogues." Same plot, with variations, and a pulled ending. (I don't recall ever having read "The Analogues," which possibly explains why I liked Harmon's story: the idea was new to me. But I still think the story was nicely done and was one of the best in the anthology. The best story was "The Gun Without a Bang," at least in my opinion.)

The poorest item in the issue is the Sexton review. A television review, I believe, should be written with the impression in mind that the reader has not seen the item being reviewed. I suppose Peggy's was written that way, but the result is remarkably muddled and undecipherable. I didn't see the play; and I'm damned if I can figure out what went on plot-wise from the review. It sounds like a rather hackneyed bit, and then she brings in phrases like "beautiful, emotionally moving and thought provoking" with what seems to be a miserable plot.

"The Chopping Block" is a good review column with an excellent title. I like your type of reviews. Incidentally, my reviews were considerably shorter than a page apiece, yet you gave Sez Who? a "7½" rating. Explain, please? (As I mentioned several times in the past, not everyone needs a page to really dig down and evaluate a fanzine (or book or etc.). I can't write passable reviews unless I have unlimited space, most other fans can't...but you are one of those who needs very little space to dissect a fanzine. The rating for Sez Who? was on the basis of its impeccable appearance, unpretentiousness (most all-review zines seem as pretentious as a Little Literary Review), and most of all, your perceptive analysis of the fanzines you reviewed.)

Castillo is very amusing. If I did not know better I would think him a dead-pan comic, instead of a hopeless fugghead. Poor Trina; such a waste. I'm sure Carr, if he wants to, can utterly destroy Castillo's arguments. What

makes Castillo think that merely expressing your Opinions (for I am sure that Terry has his opinions) makes you so Noble and Above The Crowd? I agree with Terry; creative writing, even chitterchatter, is worth more than this.

"No matter how intelligent it may be, a straightforward analysis of anything cannot be more interesting than the original material." I consider this the most faulty statement in Donaho's letter, for many times I have seen an analysis of a piece of crud two to three times as interesting as the material analyzed. There are some novels which I could not stand, but I have considered the reviews much more absorbing. You see this quite often in fandom--some fanzine reviews, for instance. Why, for Ghod sakes, is an absorbing analysis uninteresting? So what if it concerns crud? If the analysis is good, what difference does it make? I don't see your line of reasoning, Bill.

Bob

Lichtman: If I may say so, Kipple has the best layout in fandom. It is always consistently original and pleasing; and if only the continuations were dropped, and the paper color varied, it would be absolutely perfect.

under 2
GREG BENFORD
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I know why people think your books on "Patterns of Culture" etc. are heavy reading...because they are. That is, they are usually (to me) dull recitations of facts. I cannot arouse any interest at all in primitive societies as long as the writer cannot SAY something in the line of theory about the culture as a whole. Most social sciences are this way, and until someone finds a really comprehensive viewpoint which will explain rather than enumerate, social sciences will remain dull to me. (If you aren't interested in the subject, then naturally a book which is rather more than "The Book of Spaceships" will not interest you. Politics is my Field of Complete Ignorance. The simplest political science volume would bore me stiff in minutes. I therefore consider any pol. sci. book to be heavy reading, even though it might actually be no more difficult within its own field than some of the books I consider light reading are within their fields.)

I thought, at first, that Marion was going to try something rarely achieved in fandom--a review of the field from the viewpoint of a single train or flow of events, and a demonstration of a trend in the most prominent fanzines. However, after three fanzines she bogged down a little, and never finished. However, I think most of what she said (or implied at least) is false. Far from the decline of fannish fanzines, I think we're seeing the rise of them. The New Trend fanzines are going great guns (and I'll bet Habakkuk, which is the most outstanding of the New Trend, will place in the top five--and quite possibly #1 or #2--in the Fanac Poll) but there are a huge number of fannish zines that remain. The trouble is that Carr, White, etc. have been active for quite some time, and were at the head of the revival of fandom around 1958. After this amount of time they have to slow down, and since they were not only the most active but also the best fans of the last few years, when they fade it seems as though quite a bit has been lost. But I don't think it's so. I can only speak for Void (and only one third of it at that), but I know that we have no plans of quitting, and are looking forward to the eventual return of Willis as one of the highlights of our 7th Annish. (Throughout the history of fandom, it has been the case that when the top fans and top fanzines (or most of them) fall by the wayside and are replaced by other fans and others fanzines with different outlooks, a new fandom is

created. I see no reason why this should not hold true in this case. As Dick Lupoff has pointed out, a new fandom has shaped up. Though I disagree with Dick as to the number of this fandom, and the point of its beginning, I do agree that the rise of the pith-zine (or idea-zine, or discussion zine, or think-piece zine, or any other appropriate name you care to give it) heralded a new fandom. A little thought should suffice to convince anyone of this. For the time being, the faanish fan and faanish fanzine are relegated to second place in the forefront of fandom. The results of the Fanac Poll will undoubtedly bear out this statement: Donaho reports that as of February 4, Habakkuk (undeniably a New Trend fanzine) is well ahead in the Poll. And a number of fans have been sending me lists of the votes they cast. If the 'ballots' I have are representative of the total number, there should be about four New Trend fanzines in the Top Ten, and perhaps a total of nine in the Top Twenty. This still seems a majority, but it isn't when you consider that about another five of the Top Twenty will be either (a) unclassifiable fanzines (Yandro, Gay, Shaggy, etc.) or (b) special interest fanzines (Amra, New Frontiers).

(Stop and think for a moment, Greg: how many good faanish fanzines were published in 1960? Void, of course, and Hypnen and Innuendo and...yeah, Void and Hypnen and Inn. I can't think of another good faanish fanzine published during that year. There may have been another, but I'm damned if I can think of one. Contrast this to the New Trend zines. Not everyone agrees with my ratings, but certainly no one can deny that Discoard and Habakkuk and Xero and Warhoon and, yes, even Kipple are good fanzines. (I'm quite conceited, really--and here I can see Art Castillo sagely nodding his left head.) If this many of the good fanzines which can be efficiently categorized are of a certain attitude or outlook (i.e., provoking thought), then certainly fandom as a whole is influenced to some extent. No one can deny that fandom is different--vastly different--than it was three years ago. Surely this is a sign of a new fandom?)

Your lettercol this time is better, but I find this oververboisity on the New Trend somewhat disheartening. I wish you would bring back some good topics that stimulate discussion, as Brandon says, such as racism and sex. (My motto for what to print and grate about (if I had one) would probably be "Disagreement is better than silence." The New Trend causes a lot of comment, so I keep presenting opinions on it. Sex, alas, does not seem to. A few issues ago (a few as in "more than five"), Bill Conner presented a rather fuggheaded view of pre-marital sex. Exactly three people--Ted White, Walt Breen, and Bill Donaho--commented on it. Ted White's comments were in the form of a column (see pages 7-8), and only two people commented on that. An editorial of mine in the sixth issue dealing partially with sex had even more incredible results: A cheering throng of one (Marion Bradley) commented on it. ## As for the discussion of racism, there is nothing left to say. The discussion raged for several issues, consuming large portions of the fourth, fifth and sixth issues. It died. Everything which could be said was said, and there is nothing to add. ## I have no control over the subjects which are discussed in Kipple, other than killing a discussion when it becomes boring (examples: comic books). My writers and myself introduce dozens of ideas every issue; barely one or two survive into later issues. The Rumble incident is one such. It began as a half-page squib in the Q&N section of the third issue, and lasted until the eighth issue in one form or another. Others never go beyond the issue of their initial appearance. In Q&N in issue #8, I devoted the entire column to inci-

dents of religious censorship and hypocrisy in a Baltimore school. I was reasonably sure this would be picked up by the readers, but it was not. Last issue, to continue with more examples, I printed Art Castillo's comments on "faanish fandom". These should have caused quite a reaction, but at this writing (March 5), only two people have bothered to mention it.

((As I say, I have no control over the subjects discussed in Kipple. I start the ball rolling--it's up to the readers after that. The discussion of New Trend zines has caused a lot of comment, albeit critical comment. Still, critical comment is better than none. And why don't you, instead of merely saying you don't like the "over-verbosity" on the subject, say (to parrot Marion Bradley) "Ted Pauls is all wet because..."?))

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Naturally I was interested in your comments on my letter, but I wonder how many other people are going to be interested in our discussion? I would guess very few. ((I think that as long as we refrain from repeating the same statements over and over again, it will continue to be of some interest. After all, it's hard to find two people in fandom who disagree on so much and are willing to verbalize their disagreement without getting nasty about it. But the important thing is to introduce new subjects for discussion while still clarifying the basic points. For instance, in your next letter you might give your opinions on sex relations between cougars and ocelots...))

I tend to exaggerate and was too hard on your fanzine reviews. Not all, perhaps not even half of your reviews were of worthless zines. I did violently disagree with a statement of policy about your reviews that you made in an early Kipple, to the effect that you reviewed bad fanzines because you found more to say about them. Of course, a review of a bad fanzine can be interesting as (1) an example of a type, or (2) giving the reader a sort of a gestalt, "Oh, so that's why I never liked that fanzine." ((I haven't bothered referring through all my back issues to find it, but I distinctly remember making such a statement. This isn't really untrue, but then again it isn't a complete statement. What I should have said (and what I probably intended) was that an extremely good fanzine or an extremely bad fanzine is more conducive to review than an ordinary (i.e., "good, but not outstanding") fanzine. In other words, a fanzine with some strong impression--whether that impression is "Goshwow, this is great!" or "Good Ghod, what a mess!"--is more conducive to review than one with no strong impression.))

I disagree with you in several places, but mostly it would be just splitting hairs to go into it. However, as re Lee Anne Tremper's fanzine reviews, I would like to quibble that an intelligent person reviewing a fanzine is not going to say "so and so is a delight" if he knows or suspects that this thing is a delight to him because of specialized interest. ((But Bill, Lee Anne is an intelligent person, she did say "so and so was a delight" and it was a specialized interest.)) It is of course largely irrelevant to your argument that I have met Lee Anne several times and have known her for years, since I certainly don't know her well enough to know her specialized interests.

I do find one large area of disagreement. I think you very much underate letters and also editorials. There is no reason per se why a formal article is superior to a letter. The letter may be better thought-out or more logical and is quite free-

quently more interesting; many times indeed a letter could be printed as a formal article and no one would know the difference.

In judging a letter, article or any other means of communication, I think these five things are primary: (1) Does the writer know what he is talking about? (2) Does he have something to say? (3) Is it worth saying? (4) Has he organized his material so that his information or thought is readily available? And (5) does he communicate to his readers? As long as he meets these conditions his form can be informal or even frivolous and it makes no difference. What he is saying is the most important thing; after that comes how well he writes. Formality of structure should not enter into the question at all.

It is an exaggeration to say that if someone submitted a good formal article to Kipple you would accept it and print it, but if he submitted the identical material as a letter you would either cut it heavily or not print it at all, but I think you tend in this direction. And I think that if quite good material is presented to you in informal, "chatty" guise, you would reject it because of the form, not because of the content. I strongly disagree with this position. (I don't quite know how to comment on a portion of your letter which disagrees with a position I DO NOT hold, at least not to the extent you seem to feel. I don't reject good material because of its form. The key word in that statement is "good". In the past I have rejected "chatty" material, but only because it wasn't good enough--not because it was "chatty". Your own article falls into this category. As I believe I mentioned when I wrote you, I liked the idea but the presentation wasn't very good. The article jumped back and forth from thought to thought in an incoherent, confusing manner. I also rejected a "chatty" piece by F.M. Bushy. More properly, it was a satire of a nostalgic gum-card/comic-books article. It was a vague satire--not really worthwhile as a satire--and not coherent enough to pass for an actual article. I don't print pseudo-Playboy nostalgia-pieces. ## I try to be fair as to the material I accept, though there are some types of material which I just don't want. I've noted in a couple colophons that convention and trip reports, party chatter, etc. are not solicited, for instance. But even at that, I would not say that I favor serious material anymore than I (as the editor of a serious fanzine) have a right to. Humor is fine, but there is more than one type of humor. There is even more than one type of con-report-type humor. Some of the newer readers may not realize that in #7 I published a piece of humor by Bob Bloch which actually was as chattery, as informal, as whacky as anything published in a so-called "fanzine". The difference was that it was done well--it was that one in one-hundred that is well-written and worth reading. But anyone who can't write it as well as Bloch might as well save us both the trouble of submitting fluffy chatter. ## I suppose this whole paragraph could actually have been stated in one sentence: I will not print poorly written material (except as letters) no matter what subject it concerns, and I especially won't print poorly written gossip.)

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A Defense of Television: I'll be surprised if you get much response to that particular topic. Frankly, I sort of like some aspects of the medium. Once in a very long while a really good show is presented, without the crass and annoying inserted commercials for this or that antiseptic. And then there are the sparse handful of good regularly scheduled shows.

My favorite amongst these is, as you might guess, NTA's Play of the Week. Out here, this airs at 8pm every Thursday evening on an independent channel--the same channel that carries Tom Duggan. Last Thursday's presentation was particularly worthwhile. Through the magic medium of the little screen, as TV Guide writers are wont to say in flowery terms, someone (I didn't catch just who) managed to do a brilliant adaptation of Don Marquis' "archy and mehitabel" series.

Really, it was quite something. Local fandom seemed to go for it quite well. I wasn't there, but I heard that right after the LASFS meeting opened at 8pm last Thursday, even before the minutes were read, there was a motion to postpone the meeting proper until after the Play of the Week was over. Unfortunately, I understand, it was defeated by a margin of three. However, some people just didn't bother to come to the meeting. Ted Johnstone, current Secretary of the club, who by all accounts should have been there, was firmly implanted in front of his television set, out in the wilds of South Pasadena, and didn't emerge until 10pm on the dot. Same with me.

I tell you, if you didn't see it, you really missed something. I don't intend to go into an extended review here, but I must say that the highlight of the show was Tammy Grimes as mehitabel. My Roscoe, but that young lady is a good, a powerful actress! And what a terrific voice: sexy as hell, but not enough to overpower one completely. She has the ideal face for playing the mehitabel part, too; sort of rougish, yet in a way gentle and understanding. Eddie Bracken was superb as archy, and some actor whose name I disremember did a fine job as a tomcat whose name also slips my mind. This is one show I fervently hope is rerun this summer! If you missed it now, see it then. (You seem to get the Plays of the Week quite a while after they appear in Baltimore (at 3pm Sunday). "archy and mehitabel" appeared here about five months ago. And, yes, Tammy Grimes was great as mehitabel. ("Life is just one damned litter after another!") Since the shows seem to air earlier out here, which puts me in a position to give you some advance tips, I might mention that "The House of Bernarda Alba" is well worth watching. It appeared here about a month ago, and if "archy" is any guide, you should get it sometime in late April. Watch for it, and also the poem "Five in the Afternoon" which is (or was, here) read in conjunction with the play. Both are the work of a Spanish playwright who is so great that I've forgotten his name. ## And to close these comments, have you seen Jean Paul Sartre's play (aired here about four months ago), title disremembered, which concerned a power struggle in a satellite country?)

Another fairly good show of stfnal interest was The Steel Hour's presentation of "Flower's for Algernon", which, according to the Los Angeles Mirror-News, is "the Daniel Keyes story which won the O. Henry 'Hugo' award for best in science fiction." Well, the Mirror-News aside, the workmanship on this presentation was pretty good, a cut above the usual Steel Hour line of tripe in sugar coating. Possibly the only fault I could find was the over-emphasis of the sex interest between Charlie Gordon and his teacher, but then one must expect this sort of thing, musn't one? Another possible weakness was the thought offered at the end of the telescript that possibly Gordon could, by concentrated attempt, become smart again. The story in the original was not nearly so moralistic. However, the upbeat ending was probably to be expected.

Other fairly good shows include Rod Serling's often good, sometimes only fair Twilight Zone series, and I have a

great partiality for the comedy situation series "Angel". Unfortunately, this is aired out here the same time as Play of the Week, and usually I miss one of them. It all depends on what the play for any given week is. Probably everyone will not share my affection for the show, Angel, but I rather like it. Probably four and a half years of French influences me, though; also Annie Fargé is ever so much like my French teacher last semester.

I haven't really defended television, have I, in what is really just a rambling discourse on favorite shows. Much of the medium is totally indefensible, as far as I'm concerned, though from an EntertainmentForTheMasses viewpoint it's probably passable. I refer to half-hour "dramas," quiz shows of all kinds, including the unfunny and sometimes sickening Groucho Marx (and his brothers Zeppo, Harpo, and Karl), panel shows without a point, and like that. Also commercials that holler and shout, and advertise products that no one really needs as if they were essential. Also...but I'm sure you have your own list. ((Yeah: "Everything-is-either-black-or-white" dramas, long hours of rock 'n' roll (The Buddy Deane Show), commercials in the middle of The Mikado, Eddie Bracken doing peanut-butter commercials, Ted Mack and his Amateur Hour, much etc.))

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As I am leaving town tonight, I have time only for a few brief, general comments this issue. I would like to answer Mike Deckinger's question as re The Twonky, however. You (Ted) are right in that it is a story by Henry Kuttner, but not at all when you say that it isn't conducive to filming. Actually, considering the obvious lack of proper funds available in the making of this picture, it was done rather well. I believe (but I'm not sure) that it was made in 1954. It was filmed as a pure fantasy. The Twonky was a sort of censorship machine built into a television cabinet. The budget on the picture was evidently about \$14.69, so most of the effects were pretty poor. But the players were given about as much freedom as you can get in the movies: I had the distinct impression that Hans Conreid was given an outline of his part and told to improvise as he went along. The artistic effects, and the relaxed acting made the movie worth seeing, if only as an experiment. The effects, as I say, were pretty poor: while The Twonky moved, heavy wires were used with almost no attempt to cover them up, etc.

The tenth issue of Kipple, all in all, was an excellent one, marred only by Ed Gorman's article and those damned one-line, rated fanzine reviews of yours. I don't like to get mean about it, but you really ought to either (1) stop blasting them, or (2) stop using them. I suspect your critical integrity when you blast in other people what you yourself do. ((But the rated fanzines weren't really "reviewed"--I just mentioned them. I have no objection to one-line mentions of fanzines (when they are necessary because of limited space or time). I object to the term "review" being applied to such mentions.))

You know, it just occurred to me that your "important piece of material" as outlined in the Chopping Block this issue may not even be necessary to Kipple. The material which really makes an issue what it is are your reviews. I won't say an issue would not be enjoyable without The Chopping Block, The Myopic Eye, or Quotes & Notes, but it would not be an issue of Kipple without those pieces of material.

. fini .

THERE WILL BE no extended "And I Also Heard From" column this issue because there are still letters coming in and I couldn't include everybody unless I waited to stencil this on the tenth. Anyway, thanks to these people who also wrote--Buck Coulson, Rog Ebert, Phil Harrell, Sid Coleman (who sent a dollar wrapped in a piece of paper with two words typed on it: "Kipple me."), Les Nirenberg, Walt Breen, and any others whose letters come in later. Some will be printed next time.



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