

kipple 13

MAY

1961

EDITORIAL.....	2
Uninspired grotchings by Ted Pauls	
THE PLACE OF THE SCIENCE FICTION FAN IN SOCIETY.....	3
An article by Daphne Buckmaster	
QUOTES & NOTES.....	6
Ted Pauls on civil rights, baseball fuggheads, the value of editing, chromosomes, taste and censorship in television, and categorizing fans; and Rudolph Hoess, quoted from "Commandant of Auschwitz"	
A TWENTY-ONE INCH REFLECTION.....	11
Ed Gorman remembers "Rebel Without A Cause"	
HENRY.....	14
Sylvia White displays one of her vices; writing poetries	
THE INHERENT DANGERS OF A TOTAL <u>FIAWOL</u> ATTITUDE.....	15
Some new thoughts on an old subject by Bob Lichtman	
FORMULA FOR A FANZINE.....	18
Redd Boggs tells us how to publish a double-peachy fanzine like <u>Discord</u>	
CRYIN' IN THE SINK.....	25
Marion Z. Bradley reviews fanzines in what many call "the best fanzine column running"	
A SONG OF SIXPENCE.....	29
Dozens of readers from all over the world get together with the express intention of stomping the editor	

KIPPLE appears on the tenth day of every month, and is edited and published by Ted Pauls, 1448 Meridene Drive, Baltimore 12, Maryland, USA. It is available in exchange for letters of comment, fanzines (but in this case only by prior arrangement--i.e., if the "trade" space is checked on page 13), contributions, or as a last resort, the cash sum of 15¢ per issue, two for 25¢. This is the Anniversary Issue, and is not being sent free to subscribers... We have no British Agent and I don't particularly want to carry a pocket full of shillings around, so fans in the dwindling British Empire may consider issues free for letters or fanzines. CONTRIBUTIONS: By now, most of you should know what kind of material we solicit, but for the benefit of any new readers, I will repeat it. Good material of almost any kind is solicited--articles, columns, fiction, poetries, reviews--but let me stress the "good" especially where it applies to fiction. We print all sorts of oddly sercon material, so don't go away discouraged if your latest article has been rejected by the Saturday Review--try us...

World's Only Kipplers, Limited

WOKIpress

One of these days I'll learn not to try to predict the size of the next issue of Kipple. Last issue, I said that this one, number thirteen, would run 24-pages, but it is plainly much larger. I also said that if I made the issues larger than 24-pages, I'd have to fold the magazine, and for the benefit of all my Fawning Acolytes (hello out there--both of you) I suppose I should point out that this is NOT the case. I made up a sort of budget a couple months ago which told me how large a Kipple I could afford to publish month after month. Naturally, this budget was drawn up on the basis of funds which I (1) already had, or (2) was sure of getting. Obviously, in cases of this sort, no unexpected funds can be considered, simply because they are unexpected.

The day after mailing out the last issue, I found myself the benefactor of a small windfall: a rabid Oriole fan was so sure that the Birds would beat Los Angeles on opening day that he gave me odds of four-to-one on a bet. If you happen to read the sports pages of your local newspaper, you may be aware that aforementioned Birds sustained a tremendous defeat, and I gleefully collected at aforementioned odds. (If you do not read the sports

EDITORIAL
pages, you may not be aware of the fact that the Birds lost--in fact, you may not know what the Birds are. They're Baltimore's baseball team, and they lost on opening day by a 7-2 margin.) There's only one thing that worries me: I keep harking back to the dreadful thought that if the Birds had won the damned game, even at four-to-one, there probably wouldn't have even been a thirteenth issue...

So that's why this issue is a large one. And no, Virginia, Kipple isn't going to fold.

+ * + * +

At the risk of being called immodest (obviously a falsehood...), I'd like to say a few words about the material in this issue, and about the issue as a whole. It is, of course, the Anniversary Issue, and I think it only fitting that this issue should publish two of the best articles this fanzine has ever published: Redd Boggs' "Formula For A Fanzine" and Daphne Buckmaster's "The Place of the Science Fiction Fan in Society". The former is, in my opinion, the best single piece of material to appear in this fanzine in its thirteen issues; and the latter is among the most perceptive articles I've seen anywhere recently. This is immodest, but I think the immodesty is justified in this case. I consider myself exceptionally fortunate to get both these articles, especially both in the same month. By comparison, the other two articles in this issue may suffer,

BY TED PAULS

but taken by themselves, I consider myself fortunate to get them as well. Gorman's article shows more genuine feeling than I've seen in some time, and Lichtman, while covering an old subject, says some new things.

At the risk of repeating what I said in Quotes & Notes last issue, I'd like to say that this past year publishing Kipple has been one of the most enjoyable times of my life. I spent last night going through my stack of letters of comment--a stack some eight inches thick--thinking about the many friends I have made--hi, GWS! hi, Rog! hi, Rich! cheerio, Daphne!--and, regretfully, the enemies, better left unmentioned. It's been a great year, and I hope next year will be as

THE PLACE OF THE SCIENCE FICTION FAN IN SOCIETY

Speculations on the nature of other fandoms and whether any exist which are comparable to our own has taken up a lot of space in fanzines recently. Radio-fandom (or 'hamdom'), old-car fandom, detective fandom, model airplane fandom and others have been described to use by those who have had some contact with them, but the general conclusion usually is the same: that there is nothing quite the same as s-f fandom in respect of the types of people who are involved. The uniqueness of s-f fans seems to lie in the fact that their interests are broad and general--they are always ready to talk about almost any subject--while each of the other types of fan is interested only in his own hobby. Andy Young has said that it's "just plain old concentration of intellectual talent" and I think he has hit the nail in the head.

It has always seemed to me that our fandom consists of intelligent people who are at a loose end--that is, whose talents have not been fully taken up by the community; people who, because of some individual circumstances or other have not been able to go through a University and on to a responsible position in life which is the natural course for a person of high intelligence to take. It is true that we have among us a fair number of University people, both students and graduates--even doctors--but these are the exception. The students, anyway, tend to leave fandom as they become more involved in studies and later in jobs. Again, as Andy says, such people have their own societies, specialist periodicals and so on.

Few people would disagree that the one thing fans have in common is an active mind. I have yet to meet the fan who, however 'frothy' his fanzine may be; however much he emphasizes drinking, jazz or some other side aspect of fandom; cannot, in the right circumstances, argue or discuss any subject on a higher level than the average man-in-the-street can.

In fact, I would go so far as to suggest that much of the apparent irresponsibility of fans is directly due to their intelligence. Things are not so bad for the intelligent child born into the upper classes; the chances are that his parents are intelligent too or, at least, have enough money to send him to a school where his potentialities will be appreciated and encouraged. But the intelligent child born into the poorer classes is sur-

AN ARTICLE BY DAPHNE BUCKMASTER

rounded on all sides by people who think, at best, that he is rather peculiar and treat him with tolerant amusement, or, at worst, that he is "conceited", "unnatural" etc. Because he does his lessons well, he may be accused of "currying favor with the teachers"--since it is incomprehensible, apparently, to the average man that anyone could possibly enjoy learning. He has nowhere to turn for advice because even his teachers are likely to be of a lower level of intelligence than himself; the only advice he gets regarding his relationship problems with others is an incomprehending, "Why don't you just go and play like the others?" or, in the case of girls, "But don't you like dressing your dolls?"

How many of us have not been subject to one or other of such remarks as: "It's not healthy to read so much." "You're just lazy." "It's not polite to read with meals." "Books won't get you anywhere in this world." And if one does broach a personal problem, one is just brushed off with a stereotyped answer which, if one still persists, is impatiently followed by, "Oh, you think too much. What does it matter anyway?" Sufferings caused by misunderstandings with one's more insensitive schoolmates are ignored if they do not show up in the form of actual physical harm. Unless you've got some "real" damage to show in the shape of bruises and suchlike, your troubles are dismissed with "Well, it doesn't matter. It's all over now. You're not hurt." Any attempt at explanation is answered by "Oh, you will keep harping on things. It's all over."

Is it any wonder that, in the face of such treatment, the child burdened with an active mind but prevented from using it turns, like other minorities, against his community? Becomes, in fact, irresponsible? If problems must not be discussed with a view to clearing them up, but instead ignored, like sweeping the dirt under the carpet and pretending it's not there, what can he do but shrug his shoulders and go his own way. Some do not, of course. Some are either lucky enough or of strong enough character to find a way through the discouragement to a responsible position in life where their abilities can be used. Others, at the opposite end of the scale, allow themselves to be overcome and their minds to atrophy for the sake of friendship and approval.

But in between there are those who live in an uneasy truce; who learn to keep their views and thoughts to themselves but, all the time, are on the lookout for an outlet, for others of their own kind. And sooner or later they find them--in science fiction.

Science fiction is the perfect outlet for the untrained but intelligent mind. It allows unlimited scope for mental activity both in imagination and reasoning but at the same time it does not demand a great deal of discipline. The much-discussed Sense of Wonder is an experience that results from the setting free of a mind previously caged by arbitrary conventions into a universe of ideas where nothing is taken for granted; where the most fixed assumptions of one's erstwhile companions are brought out for inspection and discussion. Beliefs that one had reluctantly come to accept because the questioning of them seemed to produce incredulous horror in the hearer and the belief that one was either a crank or a criminal (plus one's natural modesty in thinking that one could not be right and everyone else wrong) are, in the s-f field, treated for what they really are: mere tribal codes and taboos. And so the first discovery of science fiction produces a joy never known before mixed with a certain amount of awe that such free ideas could have been put into print, which together we call the Sense of Wonder.

But just as the palate becomes jaded with too much good food, as sharp pain turns to dull ache with the passing of time and as pleasurable sensations need to become stronger and stronger to satisfy, so the Sense of Wonder, too, dims after a few short years; the delight of meeting one's spiritual kith and kin in the shape of fandom turns, after a while, to the question, "What shall we do with ourselves?"

At first, many fans thought it was their duty to "educate the public". By this pretentious phrase, they usually meant no more than convincing their neighbors and workmates that space travel was a possibility; that it was quite reasonable to believe that there was life on other planets; that s-f was a serious field of reading...and so on.

That idea having proved abortive, fans have answered the question, "What shall we do with ourselves?" in various ways and it is here that they have shown their differences. Their characteristic reactions have divided them into sets, the existence of which has made observers among them say that "fans have nothing in common". They have turned to drinking, jazz collecting, snogging, photography, tape-recording, fanzine-publishing and letter-writing. The first four are not a real answer to the question. They are a way of admitting "There is nothing serious we can do with ourselves so let's just have a good time." Fair enough. (Note that even the photography is not comparable with the same activity done by people who make it a serious hobby, since the photography of fandom consists solely of photographing other fans and is merely a means to an end--looking in on other fans' meetings.)

The three last named activities are all more fundamental to the nature of fans: that is, they are a means of exchanging ideas. They are a field for the active mind to work and play in and, as such, supply a continuous stream of satisfaction.

I should not need to add, of course, that I am by no means drawing a thick, black line between fanzines and letters on the one hand, and party-type activities on the other. Naturally the two overlap; fanzines can be frivolous and snogging sessions can be concurrent with intellectual conversations (yes, they can!). But, on the whole, verbosity seems to be the mainstay of the fannish nature and I can foresee nothing else quite taking its place. It may be that some benevolent society in the dim future will patronize the pure thinker in the same way as the rich people of old used to patronize the painter and musician; perhaps one day it will be fashionable to enjoy (or pretend to enjoy) the products of pure thought in the same way as people now enjoy (or pretend to enjoy) walking around art galleries or going to concerts. But that day, if it exists, is far off. Right now, the only thing for an active and capable mind to do is to get itself trained in some speciality and become another cog in the complex machinery we call civilization; a master cog, perhaps, but a cog just the same.

Fandom, as such, has no place in society as we know. It is a misfit; an encapsulated cell which could be cut out of the main body with no great loss to the body and, in fact, a good deal of advantage--especially to hotel managers and postmen! Let us realize our dependence on each other and enjoy ourselves while we may.

--Daphne Buckmaster

quotes

&

notes

BY TED PAULS

ONE STEP FORWARD, EIGHT STEPS BACK

Civil rights are in the local news again, but in a slightly different form than usual. A couple days after the last issue of Kipple appeared, a fully-qualified applicant was refused admission into the Grand Jurors Association of Baltimore because he happened to have the 'wrong' color skin. After what happened at the closed meeting which voted on the matter, Clarence J. Roberts, the Negro in question, may no longer wish to become a member. One woman who voiced her objection to the snub was ejected from the meeting hall before the voting--this is a rather convenient way to insure a one-way vote. A reporter who attempted to gain entrance was kicked by one of the members. He had presumably forgotten the password and left his Secret Ring with the Buck Rogers Message Compartment at home. As a couple of friends have pointed out to me, it might be best if this association met in a wooden clubhouse or behind a fence--somewhere, in short, befitting their obvious lack of maturity.

The woman who was ejected from the hall, Mrs. John B. Ramsay, has resigned from the organization and is quoted as saying: "I don't care to belong to a group that purports to be a grand jurors association, whose bylaws say all members of grand juries are eligible, and yet refuses to admit a reputable juror because of the color of his skin." Another member is said to have resigned, but no name was given.

The exact duties and reasons for the existence of this organization seem to be in doubt, incidentally. While officially the organization seeks to "follow through on the recommendations of past grand juries and attempt to get some action on them", it's major function seems to be holding dances, picnics, banquets, etc. One of these social gatherings, by the way, is held by the women's division of the association on the anniversary of the opening of the group to women. I wonder if some years in the future the Negro members will hold a picnic to celebrate the anniversary of their admission concurrent with a meeting of the organization to decide whether or not to admit a Martian? It might be fitting to

do so. I suppose there will always be some sort of racism in this civilization, because there is an emotional need for at least one group of people which the rest of the populace can consider themselves superior to.

IT CAN BE DONE IN SIXTY-ONE...MAYBE

As the baseball season rolls around again, excitement fills the air; enthusiasm runs rampant; and fuggheads come out of hiding and dominate the local scene. For this year, we are told, the Baltimore Orioles are going to be the American League champions, and possibly even the champions of the World. Flags fly, parades tie up traffic, and numerous inept vocalists sing the Oriole song.

I have been a baseball fan for most of my life, and never have I see more enthusiasm and downright stupidity at the opening of a baseball season. Mrs. Sylvia Brown Thompson, for example, went on television and said in no uncertain terms that the one and only reason the Pittsburgh Pirates were World's Champions was because of the enthusiasm in Pittsburgh. No mention of playing skill, experience, not even luck; enthusiasm was the reason. (For the edification of the uninitiated--evidently including Mrs. Thompson--I suppose I should mention that minor things like hitting, running, fielding and pitching just might help to win ball-games.) Now, I'm willing to admit that spectator enthusiasm contributes a great deal toward giving the players confidence, and it may even help them play better in some ways by making them more daring. But that's all it does. Enthusiasm cannot turn a third-rate ball club into a winner; cannot, in short, change the quality of a team.

The idiotic publicity schemes which have been hatched lately are somehow incredible, especially if this is (as many fans promise with a beer-slobbering grin) "only the beginning!" Buttons, stickers, and signs have been printed up proclaiming "IT CAN BE DONE IN 61" without the "maybe", and once in a while you can even here people shouting it from rooftops. If one lifts up the phone and dials a certain number, a seductive female voice reminds one of "our" date on the opening day of the season. There was a luncheon given in one of the largest hotels in the city on the morning the team flew into Baltimore, and one paid thirty-five dollars for oneself and eight friends to eat at a table with a baseball player. Then there was the Oriole parade, witnessed by 35,000 people. What amazes me is not that things like this are done, for such pre-season enthusiasm. No, what amazes me is that most of the people I talk to believe that it will definitely make the Orioles a pennant-winning team. The theory of the best team winning is no longer considered valid; it is now the team whose routers make the most noise that will win.

FROM "COMMANDANT OF AUSCHWITZ", BY RUDOLF HOESS:

"We discussed the ways and means of effecting the extermination. This could only be done by gassing, since it would have been absolutely impossible by shooting to dispose of the large numbers of people that were expected, and it would have placed too heavy a burden on the SS men who had to carry it out, especially because of the women and children among the victims.

"Eichmann told me about the method of killing people with exhaust gases in trucks, which had previously been used in the East. But there was no question of being able to use this for these

mass transports that were due to arrive in Auschwitz. Killing with showers of carbon monoxide while bathing, as was done with mental patients in some place in the Reich, would necessitate too many buildings, and it was also very doubtful whether the supply of gas for such a vast number of people would be available. We left the matter unresolved. Eichmann decided to try and find a gas which was in ready supply and which would not entail special installations for its use, and to inform me when he had done so. We inspected the area in order to choose a likely spot. We decided that a peasant farmstead situated in the northwest corner of what later became the third building sector at Birkenau would be the most suitable. It was isolated and screened by woods and hedges, and it was also not far from the railroad. The bodies could be placed in long, deep pits dug in the nearby meadows. We had not at that time thought of burning the corpses. We calculated that after gas proofing the premises then available, it would be possible to kill about 800 people simultaneously with a suitable gas. These figures were borne out later in practice."

THE EXPENDABLE EDITOR

Recently I became rather annoyed while reading the fifth issue of Par-section, which carried an editorial by George Willick in which he commented that editing was more or less a minor part of a fanzine becoming a good one. I don't know if George really meant this sentiment, but it was certainly implied--if not stated outright--in his comments on the Hugo awards. Basically, I agree with his contention that there ought to be Hugos for fan writing and fan illustrating, but on his reasons we don't see eye to eye. Writers and illustrators deserve credit, of course, but I resent his implication that any moron can edit a fanzine properly. 'Editing' entails more than merely typing stencils and mimeographing them, and not everyone can edit a fanzine properly. Editing is arranging material in more than simply the way it happens to be piled on the desk; editing is lending personality to your fanzine; editing is making the worth of your fanzine more than the sum of its parts; editing is taking semi-obscure passages in letters of comment and from them creating understandable and coherent comments; and editing is many more things.

I'm sure everyone can think of at least one fan-editor to whom the line "He has excellent material, but manages to do little with it" will apply. I'm sure everyone can think of at least one fanzine which looks, to quote Marion Bradley in regard to Dynatron, like "somebody's file of 'manuscripts on hand'". This is a poorly-edited magazine, and it isn't the only example of one by a long shot.

So, George, by all means give the writers and illustrators their due; but let's not forget that all the writers and illustrators are worthless without someone to bring their work together and give it meaning. This is the editor.

CHILDREN MADE TO ORDER WHILE YOU WAIT

It won't be very long, perhaps, before science will be able to help parents choose the sex of their baby in advance. Most biologists agree that the sex of a child is determined by the type of male sperm that enters the female egg. If the sperm carries a "Y" chromosome, the child will be male; if it carries an "X" chromosome, the child will be female. (The female gamete--egg cell--carries only "X" chromosomes, while the male gamete--sperm cell--may have either "X" or "Y".) This is all

well and good, but biologists have always had a hard time telling the difference between an "X" sperm and a "Y" sperm. However, Dr. Landrum B. Shettles (which oddly sounds like the sort of name Bob Leman would invent) of Columbia University reports on what may be a simple way to differentiate:

"In his laboratory Shettles spread sperm cells thinly on a glass slide, allowed them to dry, and examined them with a phase-contrast microscope--a type that makes tiny objects look like bright halos of light against a dark background, showing up details that ordinary microscopes miss. As the sperm dried, Shettles found that the heads of some looked round like doughnuts; others appeared long and boat shaped. There were no intermediate types, although the size of the sperm varied a good deal from sample to sample. Shettles speculates that the roundheads carry the male-producing Y chromosome, while the longheads carry the female-producing X chromosome. In every specimen the roundheads outnumbered the longheads, which checks with the fact that about 105 boys are born to every 100 girls.

"The identification of dried X and Y sperm should help scientists learn how to identify living sperm and later to separate them into 'males' and 'females.' Once this is done, parents can, if they want to resort to artificial insemination, decide the sex of their unborn child."

But wouldn't that take all the fun out of it?

WHAT YOU CAN'T DO ON TELEVISION

I think it was Jack Paar who remarked, in answer to a guest's comment that he was amazed at what he could say on the Tonight show, "You'd be amazed what you can't say." I don't think very many people realize the many things which can't be done on television these days, even fans who are supposed to be well-read. I was fortunate enough to read a pamphlet entitled "Taste and the Censor in Television" (single copies available free from The Fund for the Republic, 133 East 54th Street, New York 22, N.Y.), and for the benefit of those who haven't read this pamphlet, here are some examples of the regulations which are imposed on television shows.

It is not advisable, for example, to do a play in which the persecution of a member of a 'minority race' is depicted, except in cases where the minority race is Mexican or American Indian. In other words, you can show a gang of illiterate whites beating a Mexican, but not a Negro or Jew or Russian or many others. It is also not advisable to show as a criminal a member of such a race. A French bank robber is alright, but you're walking on eggs to make your bank robber speak with a Jewish accent, and a Negro bank robber is out of the question.

In Westerns, if anyone slurs his speech it cannot be the hero. Unnecessary killings should be kept to a minimum. Saloons are undesirable locations (but this isn't really a regulation, or else no one has bothered to enforce it). Chases should occur through gorges or other places with plenty of space, so that guns may be fired into the air or give the implication of being fired into the air, and not directly at actors. Though it used to be traditional for the villain to be killed at the end, it is now more desirable for him to be captured and held for a less violent justice.

It is undesirable to show gambling casinos in such a way that might excite interest in gambling. Suicide should

never be depicted as "an acceptable solution for human problems." Words like "moron, imbecile, or idiot" should never be used as general terms of derogation.

The use of "By God!" on television can and as led to conviction in the federal courts, as can the use of "damned" to suggest that the damnation is to come from God. The use of "hell" and "damn" is alright, because it is regarded as "strong language" but not profanity. Television stations do not carry advertisements for hard liquor, but does advertise wine and beer. Social drinking is usually kept to a minimum in plays and stories, and what little is depicted is depicted very delicately.

Spitting, nose-thumbing, and Bronx cheers are likely to be cut from any sort of television show. Many, many songs must be changed before they appear on television or even radio. (At the moment, I am listening to what I consider one of the top vocal pieces ever recorded: Billie Holiday's "Gloomy Sunday". This could not be played on television (or perhaps not even radio) because it deals with suicide.) "Ol' Man River" has seldom been sung on television without changes. Songs with the verb "to do" in the title or text used to be prohibited because they were considered suggestive. Female vocalists may sing "My Heart Belongs to Daddy" on the air, but men may not. Almost all show-tunes are changed to some extent.

Yes, Virginia, you'd be amazed what cannot be done on television...

A ROUND FAN IN A SQUARE PIGEON-HOLE

I see by Que Pasado #4 that Les Nirenberg is making noises about discussion zines and their editors again. I think I covered all of his important points in last issue's lettercolumn, but I would like to make one general comment here: I think it's about time that fans stopped trying to draw a thick line between "serious" and "fannish" fans. Les isn't the only one guilty of this, not by a long shot--I've been guilty of it myself, as a matter of fact--but he is the latest and his comments may be the ones to break the camel's back. I'm getting just a bit weary of being pigeon-holed like this (though I hasten to add that under normal circumstances, I would probably be most pleased to be put in a pigeon hole with Daphne Buckmaster). I think I can speak for Daphne and Bill Donaho as well when I say this.

I don't know what it is about fans that makes them want to categorize everyone they come into contact with, but I know that this tendency isn't always a healthy one. A few years ago everyone was divided into "fanzine fan" and "convention fan" categories. This caused a lot of bitterness and unpleasantness, with the fanzine fans (so-called) calling "confans" fuggheads, and the convention fans (also so-called) returning the compliment. That is over, thankfully, but now it seems that it will be replaced by another set of categories: "serious fans" and "faanish fans". Bill Gray started it all with his article in the second issue of Esprit. This was a fairly stupid article and an exceedingly snobbish one, which was dedicated to convincing everyone just how much better "serious fans" were than "fannish" ones. About the only thing it accomplished was to have Gray soundly slapped down by fans in both categories. That ought to have proved right then and there that fans didn't want to be pigeon-holed, but unfortunately Terry Carr got a little peeved and made a few comments which he probably wouldn't have made otherwise. In his defense, I should say that at least he had a right to be mad; but that doesn't

LOOKING BACKWARD:

A
TWENTY-ONE
INCH
REFLECTION

AN ARTICLE BY
ED GORMAN

Perhaps the impact of "Rebel Without A Cause" was limited to my own group of friends. I certainly can't say how wide-spread the near-devotion to the picture was. But at least, I can understand why, with my own group, the picture seemed so pertinent.

At that time in our collective lives we seemed to be running amiss. Some of us still are, but in 1956/1957 our rebelliousness was merely self-conscious and vain, where now it's become ingrown. For instance, the symbol of being "hip" was the garb and the mannerisms: cycle boots, duck tails, low-slung levis and lip-dangling cigarettes. One swore and laughed and walked loudly, and spat and became irreverent in every subject dealt with, especially anything "socialable" and/or organized.

Those were the years in which those traits were more or less natural. Marlon Brando had become quite a few young men's idol with his somewhat artificial portrayal of a motorcycle-gang leader in "The Wild One". Bill Haley was stimulating us all with "Rock Around the Clock" from "The Blackboard Jungle", and found his audience so receptive that they rumbled afterward.

Too, the discussion and "proof" of the ever-rising amount of juvenile delinquency reached a sickening high-water mark. I mean, you couldn't take up a paper, or read a magazine, or go to a movie without seeing something of it mentioned.

Socially, delinquency had become "popular". Otherwise normal, earnest teenagers (including myself) found a certain enchantment with the movement. The aforementioned garb was "in", as was "Daddy-o" and Elvis and finger-snapping and general hell-

raising.

This, of course, bugged everyone from ministers to moralists to self-seeking politicians. Even J. Edgar Hoover issued several epistles on the subject, displaying a grave awareness of the problem. Solutions came and solutions went. Also, vandalism and murders and rapes came-- and stayed.

So, with all this consternation arising, it was only natural that the movies would personify the various aspects of the problem, and take to task (and to the box office) every interested and uninterested observer in the land. "Quickies" rolled forth; heretofore unknowns were cast as hip, careless studs roaming the alleys for prey and sluts.

Most of these movies were the same. There was the Hero, who was only half-bad, who could get out of the gutter and climb toward a better life. And there was the heroine; she'd lost her bra somewhere in the shuffle and found that it was picked up by the most evil, but good-looking, strong, and dirty-minded bastard the script writer could conjure. And, there was of course, this bastard's usual crew of long-haired, scowling pack-rats always in wait for the hero's wrong move. The "moral" they taught was nothing more than the usual, required one. "Crime does not pay." And, to the more conservative members of the audience, the sickeningly self-righteous motto seemed not only appropriate, but also startling.

Just as westerns and mysteries and science fiction had formed the proverbial bandwagon, the "jd" pictures were having their day. Where before the titles had been "Danger At Dry Gulch", they now became "Teen-Age Marauders" or "I Was A Stinking J.D.", and some other more amusing ones (donated by Terry Butler) which I wish could see print.

There were three exceptions, two of them near-misses and one a whole success. "Rumble On the Docks" starring James Darren came close to perpetuating a feasible philosophy and explanation of delinquency, and much the same can be said for "The Blackboard Jungle". The latter, however, was budgeted much more highly, and had better actors and a more flexible script. Both of these, however, were honest in their morbidity, and striking in their dialogic conception and execution.

The only juvenile delinquent picture which had any "class" and any true value was "Rebel Without A Cause", which starred James Dean, Sal Mineo, and Natalie Wood. Long before the movie was distributed, I heard of it. I'd heard that it was adapted from a story by Irving "Amboy Dukes" Shulman and that the acting, treatment and social values were immense. Even at an age when sentiment, not cynicism seemed the True Religion, I had my doubts. It was almost impossible for me to believe that such a juvenile delinquent story could exist.

So, almost grouchingly, I went to see the thing, and emerged with a very good feeling, for it had been a picture worth seeing.

I imagine the main component of "Rebel's" success was James Dean. His mumble-shuffle manners, his moody, impulsive movements, and his blase disregard for "timing" was simultaneously moving and polished.

And as "Jim Stark", Dean portrayed his most vivid and complex charac-

ter.

But the indictment of both parents and teenagers in the movie's general theme was also superb. It has since become a cliché to blame both parents and teenagers, but this was one of its debut spots, and it was handled very well. For certainly juvenile delinquency isn't an isolated problem; it stems from other sources and is actually an anti-climax to something long passed.

One drew this from "Rebel", as one drew the contrast between Dean and Mineo. Where before the J.D. movies had cited only one sort of character--the low-down, rotten type--this movie illustrated perfectly the pathos, the neurosis of both the "normal" (extroverted) and "abnormal" (introverted) teenager. Both Dean and Mineo had problems, and both were bulked together as "delinquent". But Shulman showed how much of a separation there could be in two "similar" cases.

The flexibility and application of the philosophy presented was the movie's only shortcoming. I think Shulman drew his characters too realistically, too severely to allow much leeway. If good philosophy is universal, then "Rebel's" thesis wasn't good. But compounded with its presentation one is tempted to disagree with "good" philosophy's definition.

Like all social problems, juvenile delinquency is misrepresented by Hollywood. Usually, only the more glamorous or "plotty" aspects of it are put to celluloid.

But the single film, "Rebel Without A Cause", almost made up for it.

--Ed Gorman

____ This is the last issue of Kipple you will receive unless you write, contribute, trade, or subscribe. A postcard will probably keep you on the mailing list.

____ This is a sample copy. Want more?

☒ We trade fanzines, or at least ____ I would like to. I trade on a one-for-one basis, so keep that in mind if you semi-annual publishers should suddenly find your last issue of Kipple staring you in the face.

☒ You have a contribution or letter printed herein. Congratulations!

____ Your fanzine is reviewed herein. Send all ticking packages directly to Box 158, Rochester, Texas.

☒ You are requested to contribute a column or article.

____ I feel we are soul-mates, you sweet young thing you...

h-e-n-r-y

You go out in the morning with a smile on your face oh yes you do.
And everybody says why look theres henry trimble the good man oh yes they do.
But they dont know you oh no they dont.
They dont know that you watch that girl undressing in the apartment across the back alley do they henry oh no they dont.
Your mother called you henry my precious oh what a darling child always so obedient and good oh yes she did.
She didnt know that when you were six you stole pennies out of her purse oh no she didnt.
At work they call you henry ol buddy oh yes they do.
Would they call you henry ol buddy if they knew you slander them to the boss in order to get higher advancement for yourself oh no they wouldnt.
And your boss says henry my boy youll go far in this organization oh yes he does.
You dont tell him about those kickbacks do you henry oh no you dont.
Your wife thinks youre faithful oh yes she does.
Does she know about that "business trip" to philadelphia oh no she doesnt.
Why they all love you henry.

They may even run you for mayor.

BY SYLVIA WHITE

REPRINTED FROM
MIMEO #1

To begin, there is not one, but two different types of FIAWOL attitudes. Both of them are characterized by an extreme lack of understanding as to why other people don't share the attitude. They break down eventually if, and only if, the person holding them sees the light or becomes bored with the whole ridiculous way of life he's been following.

The first of these attitudes, and seemingly the most ridiculous to a FIJAGH type, is the notion that Science Fiction is the Only True Literature. Its adherents are many and they are not limited to the sphere of active fandom, but are found in readerships, local fan clubs of a non-fannish nature, and more rarely in fanzine fandom. Their folly lies in assuming that an escapist brand of writing, which is not Literature but sometimes approaches being literature, is really the only thing one should read any time.

They sneer at people who enjoy mundane writing of any sort, saving special brickbats and snide remarks for those who enjoy other brands of pulp fiction such as detective stories or westerns. Most often the person under this spell becomes an ardent collector. He spends endless hours roaming around in the dusty, musty aisles of a used magazine store searching for "that issue of Astounding I need to complete my set up to March 1939," or "the rare variant edi-

BOB

LICHTMAN:

THE INHERENT DANGERS OF A
TOTAL FIAWOL ATTITUDE

tion of Asimov's Foundation series books." He may often catalogue in several ways the entirety of his collection, and may even graduate into rounding up duplicates and selling them at high prices, so he can finance further rarities to complete his collection. If he is really sincere, he will read all the stuff he owns, no matter how dull it really is. More often, though, he will not. A typical conversation between two of these people will go something like this...

- Stfan #1: By the way, Joe, have you got the April 1943 Astounding? I picked up a copy of it in mint condition the other day for only 75¢. Wasn't that a good buy?
- Stfan #2: Gee, yes, I had to pay \$1.30 for mine and I'll bet yours is in better condition. Mine has a slight tear in the spine and one of these days I'll have to get a better copy.
- Stfan #1: Mine isn't perfect either, but I figure I can always find an-

other if I can find one. By the way, how did you like the story by Cartmill in that issue?

Stfan #2: Oh, I haven't read it yet, but I've indexed the issue.

Stfan #1: I haven't read it either, but I was wondering if you had.

Stfan #2: Of course not. Who has time to read all the stuff in their collection?

And so on. Pretty pathetic, isn't it?

Whether or not the stfan pulls out of this one-sided existence depends on a number of factors. Age is one of them. If the fan is still going to school and takes literature courses, required in most school systems, he will be increasingly required to read non-stf books. At first he may dislike them thoroughly, but almost inevitably, it is to be hoped, he will discover that things like "Catcher in the Rye" and "The Would-be Gentleman" are actually very fine reading. From what he learns in class about what makes a good story, he may realize that most science fiction is not good writing. From here the cure is easy and the collection is either sold or stored away.

If he's out of school and holding down a job, we can hope that he's married. If so, almost certainly his wife will eventually become impatient with his ways and issue some sort of ultimatum. Of course, if he marries a fellow collector and stfanne, he may go on in this rut forever.

Finally, he may join and become immersed in active fandom. This leads to the second category of FIAWOL types, the type from whom the term derived its name. There are quite a number of FIAWOL fannish types...there are the people who organize, officer and maintain fan clubs of various kinds, both local and national; there are the people who publish fanzines of impossible sizes and on impossible schedules, and fill them full of fannishness; there are the fanzine collectors just as in type one there were prozine and book collectors; and there are the more serious-minded fans who perform cataloging and indexing work.

At first glance, the second type of FIAWOL attitude may not seem so dangerous to the person's well-being as the first. But the danger comes when the person under this spell begins to consider fandom as an end in itself, and faaanishness, an extremely put-on viewpoint, as the only viewpoint one can hold. Fans are not people any more, they are fans who publish fanzines or who run for TAFF ("Dick Eney for Taff, bighod!") or who are BNFs (gee whiz) or who are looked up at for some reason, not for what they are but for what they've done.

These people are dangerous to themselves and their future because they seem to fail to realize that the entity of fandom, its customs, mores, and so forth, are not the be-all and end-all of fandom. They no longer publish fanzines because it's fun and entertaining, but to please other people and to contribute to Fandom's Greatness, etc.

Fandom in itself is nothing more, nothing less than a self-sustained minority group. It is populated by people, not by entities called Jophan. It has built up over the years of its existence a sort of mythology--Ghu, Roscoe, Conventions--are-where-you-go-to-get-drunk, Fully Certified Sex Fiends--and to an extent this mythology is a good thing. It gives new fans something to do, something to learn and use. But these esotericisms are not really all there is to fandom, nor are fanzines and fan clubs the only material assets fandom contains.

Fandom's real material asset is its people. Not all of them, by any means--I've already excluded the two major classes of fan-types who are overly FIAWOL. But those people who look on fandom as a place where they can meet and talk (in person or through correspondence) with other people of their type--not a fannish type, but a sort of intellectual--and who can engage in things like collecting, reading stf and fanzines, and publishing yet still maintain a detached attitude towards this end of the field, who can still consider the people who think like they do as people and not as other fan-publishers or collectors, etc.

In short, fandom really is, or should be, just a goddamned hobby. You should be able to engage in it when you want and if it gets tiring drop out for a while. A person who can do this is more a real fan than any other fannish type.

--Rob Lichtman

K

—QUOTES—&—NOTES—FROM PAGE 10—

change the fact that his comments on the subject widened the rift created by Gray. Since then, comments by Dick Lupoff, Nirenberg, and a multitude of others have widened the rift a little more. I am not innocent of this charge myself. My "Conversation With Joe Neophan" in the ninth issue of Kipple was among the only comments of the subject that attempted to be fair to both sides, but it only half succeeded in this purpose, if indeed it had any success at all. And it too pointed out differences between the two "types" of fans and further widened the rift.

This discussion has not reached the proportions of the "confan" versus "faaan" of a few years ago, and I don't think it ever will. But, as I said, it is getting just a bit annoying to be continually categorized--even if I do some of the categorizing myself. If fans must be pigeon-holed, let's separate them into groups that can't possibly have cause to sling bitter retorts back and forth. In place of this:

I--Serious Fans	II--Partly Serious Fans	III--Fannish Fans
a.intellectuals	a.intellectuals	a.faaans
b.club-organizers	b.serious faneds	b.beat-types

I recommend this:

I--Tall Fans	II--Medium Fans	III--Short Fans
a.giants	a.average types	a.midgets
b.six-footers		b.short, fat, and bald types.

Surely under such classifications, no advocate of one group could build a case against another sufficiently strong to warrant the type of attack Gray made? Let's try it, Leslie...

--Ted Pauls

FORMULA FOR A FANZINE

When I had been in fandom for ten years I anticipated that pilgrimages of young fan-editors would begin arriving at my door almost any day, begging for advice and inspiration, and I wrote and rehearsed sort of a sermon to welcome them. I have forgotten all its eloquent passages by now, but I remember that it invoked the name of F. Towner Laney, heaped invective on the memory of Don Rogers, and was full of histrionics that gave me many chances to wave my arms and shed gallons of tears. I intended, I recall, to reach down and tousle the hair of the nearest neofan during a particularly sentimental excursus, and I even considered the notion of signifying my attachment for neofans by dandling a dewy young fanne on my knee during the whole address (which ran, as I recall, about two hours and 25 minutes, not counting interruptions for applause). At the end I intended to hand out lime lollipops (for free) and sign autographs (at a modest 10¢ apiece).

All the lollipops I had stored away against the arrival of the pilgrims have turned to limestone in the basement, and all of the ink for autographs has dried to iridescent scum. Now that I have completed my second decade in fandom I have ceased to spend so much time perched on the rooftop, scanning the far horizons with my Edmund Scientific Company telescope. Frankly, long ago I gave up hope that any of the dusty pilgrims I had expected will ever plod into view. If I am destined ever to impart the wisdom I have acquired in 20 years of fan activity I will have to stop fans with my skinny hand and glittering eye outside the con-hall doors.

Indeed, after my fan-editing experiences of the past year, I'm glad that no pilgrims have appeared under my window and petitioned me to come out and counsel them. I'm sure that a neofannish voice would pipe up from the midst of the throng in earnest entreaty, "Tell us how to edit a double-peachy fanzine like Discord!"--and how could I answer him? As you all know, falsehood and equivocation are utterly foreign to my nature, and I would be forced to choke out, "Oh, my friends, don't try!" and watch consternation and horror dawn on their trusting young faces. There are some spectacles too heartrending for even the gods to endure.

It isn't that Discord is unworthy of emulation, of course. Ted Pauls and a few others have emulated it, as a matter of fact, but I attach great significance to the honest-to-Foo truth that I never identified Kipple as being inspired by my fanzine even from the first issue, and nobody would be able to do so today. Discord could be--and let us piously suppose, should be--imitated, but

it is not a task that one would wish onto a neofan with a clear conscience, and I realize better than my severest critics how far I have come from fulfilling the promise inherent in my own conception of such a fanzine. After all, one might ask how lesser mortals could hope to succeed with a Discord-type fanzine when the editor of the prototype itself falls so far short.

All the fierce controversy over discussion fanzines or "pithzines," a category in which Discord may or may not be included, has obscured the fact that Discord is a new concept in fanzines and its arrival on the scene was an event comparable with the publication of the first fan crossword puzzle back in the 1930s. As I acknowledged in the very first issue, Retrograde (now Discord) was largely inspired by the latter-day fanzines of John Magnus, particularly Rumble. But as I also pointed out, and as John himself, at least, may remember, I was quite critical of Rumble during its lifetime and tried very hard to remedy what I deemed the shortcomings of such a fanzine when I launched my own title. In all modesty I believe Discord as it finally evolved and came forth was something very different.

It is only fair to say, however, that in some respects I feel that John Magnus himself, in publishing two other fanzines, namely Varioso and Speculative Review (the latter now taken over by Dick Eney and the WSFA), probably approached the ideal I've aimed at far closer than I have to date. Both these titles were deceptively brilliant--they looked so modest and unassuming--and if there is any neofan searching for inspiration he could do no better than to obtain a few of the later issues of Varioso and let John's happy example help shape his own dreams.

Nevertheless, none of these Magnus magazines quite approached Discord, except by sheerest chance, as idea or concept, and I must emphasize that it's in these airy metaphysical heights that Discord becomes clearly something new and distinctive, not on the level of solid, russet-hued reality.

The letter writers who have pleased me most (aside from those acute enough to praise my opinions on this or that and to caress me most pleasurably for expressing them) are those few fans who have said that Discord gives the effect of being a much larger fanzine than it is. I'm not sure whether this is an aspect of the fanzine that generally strikes the consciousness or not; however, I conceive the very essence of Discord to be that it is a full-size, regular fanzine scientifically reduced in size by being packed and concentrated like white-dwarf sun-stuff into a relatively small space.

The idea for a fanzine like Discord usually appears suddenly in a clap of mental thunder, but the moment does not arrive until after a lengthy period of prayer, fasting, and brow-beating. As the original title of Discord--Retrograde --was intended to signify, I intended this fanzine to be in most respects a movement away from the large-scale "lit'ry" fanzine that Skyhook had become and may be again. Nevertheless, I was reluctant to give up the pleasures of editing a "major" fanzine for the rather doubtful egoboo--as it seemed to me--of issuing a "letter substitute." In a stroke of genius one evening, stimulated by two bottles of pop and a ginger cookie, I leaped to my feet and shouted, "I'll have my Coke and drink it too!" By this esoteric remark I meant to indicate that I intended to publish a "major" fanzine on a "minor" scale, or conversely, a "minor" fanzine on a "major" scale. I was not too clear on details--This could be left, I felt, to my less inspired, or engineery, moments

--but I suddenly realized that it might be possible to take a "regular" fanzine, strip away non-essentials, and boil it down without losing any of its basic qualities. The end-product, I decided, ought to exhibit at least five important characteristics, as follows:

1. Smallness
2. Frequency
3. Simplicity
4. Informality
5. Standardization

Still stunned and breathless from the impact of the idea itself, I hardly understood that such a fanzine might be difficult to achieve. But I knew that if such a fanzine were published it would bring in a maximum of egoboo and satisfaction from a very modest expenditure of time, energy, and money, and so I set to work producing it with a merry song on my lips.

Since I would rather dwell on the supernal glory of the concept than on the rather painful result, I will now proceed in my best lecture-platform manner by taking up each of these five characteristics in turn and try to show how each contributed to the conception as it formed in my mind during that eventful summer two years ago when Discord first appeared.

+

+

+

1. SMALLNESS. We live in an age of great fanzines--great not only in quality but in sheer bulk. Bill Donaho publishes a fanzine containing more than 100 pages per issue, and then casually whumps out a 40-page companion fanzine. The hundred-page one, Habakkuk, began as a letter substitute, and while this is a slightly extreme case, most letter-substitute fanzines have expanded to a size that few "regular" subscription fanzines reached regularly a decade ago. Indeed, the fanzines of today look even heftier than they are if compared with the wispy letter-substitutes characteristic of fandom only a few years ago in the wake of Rumble's success. For a long while the fan scene resembled Wall Street after a parade, with little scraps of fanzines blowing hither and thither on the vagrant winds of egoboo. But the present era of large fanzines was already well begun by the time I reached the point of understanding the significance of Magnus' pioneering experiments and of deciding to publish a small-sized fanzine of my own. (This was another good reason for calling the magazine Retrograde.)

Of the ordinary letter-substitute fanzine Jim Harmon has written, "When a magazine has the intent of being a 'mass letter' it begins to look like neither a letter nor a magazine but a throwaway advertising flyer that usually is made to conform to its seeming physical intent, especially with the uninitiated." This was exactly the sort of fanzine I was determined to avoid and my effort was designed to resemble ordinary fanzines in most details except for size.

An ordinary fanzine diminished to the size of a singlesheet might be possible, but the result would be nothing but a tour de force. My projected fanzine would have to be larger than two pages. The matter of economics had to be considered too; with third-class postal rates set at 3¢ for the first two ounces it was just as cheap to mail a 20-page fanzine as a singlesheet. But what size fan-

zine could I manage to finance and produce that would still be large enough to encompass all the essential details of a good subzine and soak maximum value from every 3¢ stamp affixed to it? After much reflection I decided to try a 10-page fanzine; admittedly I was not deriving full value from the postage, but the magazine was of manageable size and seemed to offer sufficient scope for the presentation of the sort of material I wanted to feature. However, I reckoned without the requirements of the letter department. Having settled on a policy of exchanging my fanzine for letters of comment, it seemed unfair and impolite not to publish as many of those letters as I could squeeze in, as well as wasteful of amusing reading material. To accomodate a good-sized letter section I had to boost the overall size of the issues to 14 pages. I suspect that the ideal Discord-type fanzine would contain 18 pages or perhaps an even 20. However, producing a fanzine of this size strikes me as something much closer to work than the task of putting out a 14-pager, and besides, I'm not sure but that a heftier fanzine might not draw a correspondingly heavier reader response, thus requiring additional pages for the letter section and starting the cycle anew. I intend to keep the page count at or below 14 pages.

2. FREQUENCY. John Magnus' original wispzine, the Saturday Morning Gazette ("smug"), was--as the title indicates--a weekly publication. If one has something of great moment to say in each issue, weekly publication would be a valuable asset to a fanzine; unfortunately, John's casual chatter was not enhanced in the least by reaching his audience so promptly, and it seemed probable that smug's value might be increased if sufficient time elapsed between issues to allow things to happen and opinions to crystallize.

On the other hand, of course, a small fanzine--since it is so swift and easy to prepare--can add the virtue of timeliness to its other virtues without much sweat. A frequent schedule enables the editor to comment on events while they are still current and thus provide a mirror reflecting his responses to the affairs of the day which may be an interesting and even valuable record, both to himself and to others, in the years ahead.

After much thought and a prayer or two I determined on monthly publication for my big-fanzine-in-miniature. However, after I had followed this schedule for four or five months I found myself beginning to pant even in deep slumber. No sooner had a dispatched one issue than I had to begin readying another, and there was no sweet interval of gafia to allow me to rest up and catch up on the international news. Furthermore, I discovered that letters of comment were still dribbling in by the time I wanted to begin stenciling the new issue. The six-weekly schedule which I finally adopted remedies the defects of the old system; now I have two or three weeks between issues* to recuperate from my exertions at the typewriter and the Gestetner, and aside from some overseas mail most letters of comment arrive well in advance of the day when a new issue, in the parlance of us old time fan editors, "goes to press."

-----*note-----
As strictly a side note, I (Ted Pauls) usually begin the stenciling of an issue of Kipple a week before the previous issue is mailed out. I could rest a week between issues, but then I'd only have to do more in the last three weeks. I prefer this drawn-out method to Redd's. --TPP

+ + +

3. SIMPLICITY, and 4. INFORMALITY, are parts of the same aspect, but the first term refers to the physical layout of the fanzine, and the second to the writing style used in the fanzine--and not vice versa, as some cynics might suppose. I have always admired a well-packed, efficiently arranged fanzine, and I quickly learned that to publish the sort of fanzine I envisioned I would have to make good use of every square inch of space on every page. One of the severest criticisms I had leveled at Magnus' smug as well as at other small-scale efforts such as Mike Deckinger's recent Bedlam is that a lot of space was wasted in them, whereas concentration is not only a virtue but a necessity if a small fanzine is going to be weighty enough to carry "impact" or "punch."

I even considered the wild notion of abandoning my old established policy of spacing between paragraphs, but except in a few cases and under special circumstances have retained this device as a concession to readability. For the same reason I kept the margins as wide as of old, rather than allowing them to diminish to Cry-size. But I decided to pack as much material as possible between margins, and forthwith omitted all filler-pix and issued orders to all staff artists not to submit large space-devouring headings. Through most of Discord's career I have relied heavily on the cartoons of Dick Schultz because he goodhumoredly draws them to a neat 5x3 size. Lettering is also kept as small and concentrated as possible without offending the eye.

The longer I spend in the caves of the wind, otherwise known as fandom, the more loquacious I become in my fan writings--this article itself is a fair sample. Most of my essays in recent years have been both exhaustive and exhausting, and this tendency had to be curtailed if I intended to devote my small fanzine to a variety of subjects as I planned. I decided that I would have to rely largely on work of a smaller, less ambitious scale--on offhand observations rather than detailed studies. Adopting a writing style to conform with the requirements of my new journal was not too difficult, however, for as I have pointed out to some of my correspondents I used a similar style often in the past, in my fan column "File 13," as well as the editorial section of Skyhook, despite the latter's presumed reputation of having a "literary" style. Letter writers have been perceptive in noting this style in Discord; within the space of a few days last autumn I received letters from both Virginia Blish and Jean Young remarking on the Discord writing style. Virginia declared that I had "tightened up" my style, while Jean insisted that my style was "looser" than before. Though they appear to contradict each other, I think each critic is right. Because of the limited space available I did try to write in a tighter, more concentrated style, as Virginia discerns, but I also attempted a looser, more casual style, as Jean discovers.

+ + +

5. STANDARDIZATION. I like to think of Discord as a work of art, and of course no work of art can be created on an assembly line despite some of Hollywood's pretensions. Nevertheless, along with simplifying the layouts and informalizing the writing style I decided that standardization would make the fanzine even easier to write and produce. Of course most commercial magazines, especially frequently appearing ones,

appear in highly standardized format and style, and the idea is certainly not new even in the realm of fanzines despite our far more off-hand attitude toward such matters. However, I realized immediately that I, at least, had not devoted sufficient attention to the possibilities of standardizing and systematizing operations, and I foresaw that efforts in that direction could reduce the time and drudgery of producing this new fanzine.

The major means of standardizing work on Discord was borrowed from, or at least inspired by, Time and its competitors. Their method of departmentalizing nearly all material in every issue appealed to me as an excellent means of simplifying the creative process. It is easier, I discovered, to produce fresh installments of established, recurring departments than to write a full-blown essay from scratch. This method has been so successful that out of eleven issues of Discord the only non-departmental material has been a small filler item in issue #3 and Jean Young's poem "Thaw" in #10.

My first impulse was to adopt standardized headings throughout my journal in the manner of those in commercial publications. I intended to reproduce these by Gestefax stencil and run them in burgundy color ink, cranking off sufficient copies in a single run to last for a year or more. While this gimmick would have removed the need for spending several hours every six weeks bent wearily over a hot mimeoscope, I feared that the readers might not approve. Fans are accustomed to seeing original layouts and headings each issue of nearly every fanzine. Furthermore, I discovered that for me some of the fun of fan-publishing is in the creation of new layouts and headings, even when they are kept as simple as possible.

Standardization and systematizing plays a large role in allowing me to indulge in the only luxury I have allowed myself in Discord: dummied margins. I like the neat, well-manicured appearance of even edges and decided to retain them if I could do so without allowing them to become too much of a burden. I chose a standard line-width for both my pica and my elite typewriters and adjusted the margin settings. These margins are retained at all times, so that at any time I can sit down and dummy or stencil without any fiddling or figuring line-widths or making any adjustment at all except in the ribbon control. All aspects of format, such as the indentation for paragraphs used in both pica and elite text, the setup used for quoted material, and the layout of the letter department, are standardized so that a dummy made in 1960 can still be used to stencil from, if necessary, in 1961 or--I hope!--in 1971.

Some fans seem to imagine that I produce a complete dummy copy of each Discord before I begin to stencil. Actually no dummy copies of any Gafia Press publications (aside, perhaps, from a booklet or two devoted entirely to a single disquisition) have ever existed. I dummy each item in an issue separately--each letter in the readers department, each articlette in the editorial, and often each story review in the "Reviewing Stand"--and then fit together each department and the fanzine as a whole as I stencil. Material is dummied as received or written--my own material for Discord is drafted in dummied form--and thus the drudgery is strung out in easy stages over a period of six weeks or longer.

The process of fitting together an issue from a file folder crammed with dummied copy is simplified by the fact that not only the size of each issue is standardized but the sequence of the departments is determined by long custom, and such

regular features as the masthead always appear in the same place each issue. If both departments appear in the same issue, "A Fan's Library" always appears in the magazine ahead of "Reviewing Stand," and so on. But I risk giving the impression that producing an issue of Discord is far more mechanical than it is. I hope it is only mechanical enough to minimize some of the dreadful drudgery and not enough to spoil the fun of either the editor or the readers.

+

+

+

I do not mean to claim that these five characteristics of Discord are all new to the fanzine field; of course they are not. But I hope I do not appear excessively immodest (people tell me that I am the most modest man they know) when I claim that, in combination, these five characteristics provide a formula for a fanzine that may, under close investigation, turn out to be something of a mutant. It is a formula, however, that is as difficult to follow as the one for the magical Powder of Life in "The Patchwork Girl of Oz." Note well that Kipple, for example, which Ted Pauls acknowledges was inspired by Discord, does not fit the formula in at least two important respects: it is not small and it is not simplified in layout--Kipple's headings, as various fans have pointed out, are among the most elaborate in the field. As a matter of fact, the formula is so difficult to apply that Discord itself does not fit it very smoothly. When I discern how far it deviates from my original concept, I feel very sad sometimes and it takes a dozen letters of praise to cheer me up to the point where I feel well enough to sob bitterly.

All this will explain why I no longer anticipate the arrival of pilgrimaging fan editors. In my dreams when I was younger I imagined the reception of such dusty palmers as a happy occasion filled with the innocent laughter of little neofans and the steady tinkle of dimes as I signed my autographs to treasured copies of Skyhook #1. But now I realize that such occasions would prove painful to both sides, and I dread the sight of pilgrims who had come to me with the light of anticipation in their faces plodding homeward, watering the earth with their tears.

Even now, as I write, my eye is moist and my fingers tremble on the typer keys as I answer the imagined entreaty which I know all you little neofans would shout if you did make the pilgrimage to Minneapolis--"Tell us how to edit a double-peachy fanzine like Discord!"

Oh, my friends, don't try! Don't try!

--Redd Boggs

DICK ENEY FOR TAFF

cryin in the sink

This has been a short month on fanzines for review; the shortest I can remember since CRYIN' went into its current incarnation. A total of nine fanzines turned up in Box 158 this month; whether that means I have scared the others into gafia (heaven forbid!) or simply that in the spring a young fan's fancy turns to other things than fanzines, I'm not sure. I rather imagine it's the latter.

At the top of the stack, in more than one way, lies Fanfaronade; Jeff Wanshel, 6 Beverly Place, Larchmont, N.Y. I seldom comment on fanzine covers unless they are outstanding, one way or the other, as George Barr lithography or scrawled freehand dinosaurs; but the cover on this issue, by someone called Bernard Zuber, is an especially striking arrangement of planes and angles. It may not express anything artistic, but it is certainly decorative. Les Gerber contributes a sourly funny piece on How to Publish a First Issue, and there are two fannish parody poems, neither of which is more than mildly amusing. (Editor's Note: While Marion is far too modest to mention it, one of the fannish parody poems is her own, and it is considerably more than "mildly amusing".) The balance of the issue consists of letters (surprisingly well edited), a long but witty series of ramblings by Jeff, which he calls an editorial; actu-

FANZINE

REVIEWS

BY MARION BRADLEY

ally it is a collection of anecdotes, sidelights and thoughts proving that Wanshel, as well as being an expert publisher of other people's writing, has plenty of worthwhile opinions of his own. This issue, however, shows some signs of discouragement at the difficulty of getting sufficient good material, and he is threatening to fold Fanfaronade unless his contributors respond.

This is a common dilemma. A fine editor, and an expert publisher, especially one who displays talent on his own, meets up with it far oftener than do the crudzine publishers. His fanzine inspires long, loving letters of comment, and lengthy discus-

sions, but they seldom inspire the writing-type fans to jump to their typewriters and turn out formal articles and poems and stories. In the end, the fan with an itch to edit, rather than write, grows discouraged; he thinks, "Well, dammit, if I have to write the whole zine myself, I'll join an apa!" And another good general fanzine succumbs to the laziness of the readers, who would rather chatter with the editor than write for him.

But Fanfaronade must not be allowed to succumb to the drift, if only because of its promise. For once I am using the pages of CRYIN' for a plea: send some material to one of fandom's finest young editors. (Terror of the Neofan indeed! I am the terror of the fugghead, I hope, whether neo or oldfan; but the publishers of half a dozen fine young zines are not noticeably cursing my names so far. And to ward off any thoughts of collusion, I add that Jeff Wanshel has no notion that I am plugging his zine, and won't until he sees this column.)

For some reason I got two copies of William E. Neumann's Science Fiction Reader (2537 S. 94th Street, West Allis 19, Wisconsin). Young William (I assume, or at least hope that he is young, for such naivete would be inconceivable in anyone of normal intelligence who was over sixteen years old) has conceived the notion of (sigh all together) a Science Fiction Crusade. The idea (now here this, kiddies) is that he will publish the best science fiction in his fanzine, the kind We All Like but those Mean Old Editors Turn Down...and eventually to publish the "best and most wanted science fiction prozine on the market." He goes on emotionally: "Noble ideals? I believe that with the talent that still lies slumbering and unrewarded at the present time...we can start the great CRUSADE to accomplish some splendid aims...join in the organizing, the work, the presparation (sic) the tears and the great effort..."

Sad,
isn't it?

There's a goshwow article about how, if we write enough science fiction, we can shape the world of tomorrow. It could have come straight out of Ray Palmer. There is a gruesome-sadist type of story by (guess who?) William E. Neumann. There is a--Holy Moses!--comic strip, execrably drawn, by William E. Neumann. There is some fantasy art, mostly seminude women, by William E. Neumann. There are also two articles on Xerography and Photography by--yup. On reading this for the third time, I wonder if, in fact, it isn't a sort of satire on the fugghead fanzine and if William E. Neumann isn't some fan's relation to Alfred E. Frankly, I don't know, and I am a little afriad to find out.

Mirage (Jack Chalker, 5111 Liberty Heights Ave., Baltimore 7, Maryland) is equally sercon, but less naively and grotesquely so. It is one of the Sincere Acolyte of H.P. Lovecraft fanzines, of interest only to those who honestly wept over the downfall of Weird Tales and will root around in the most unlikely places to revive even a glimmer of their lost glories. It is well edited, with an excellent Prosser reproduction of the Horned Goat of Mendes on the cover, a good horror story by Ray Nelson, and two serious and intelligent articles on horror fiction/legends by Alan Dodd and Don Anderson, not to mention a new piece of Lovecraftiana by Dr. David H. Keller. On the minus side is an editorial attacking Mike Deckinger's Yandro story, calling him an "athiest" (sic) as if that were an insult; fanzines often descend to personalities, but it seems a little excessive to attack Mike at such length in the pages of a third fanzine, and not even on literary grounds at that. Jack Chalker publishes a good enough fanzine, on his own, that it seems

petty--to say the least--to spend a whole page attacking Buck Coulson's right to publish what he pleases. I did not like the Mike Deckinger story either, but then there is a considerable portion of the material published, in fandom's hundred or more fanzines, which does not appeal to me; I do not feel offended or insulted because my standards have not been consulted or respected in each and every manuscript which appears in print. When someone makes, in screaming capitals and violent language, the statement that "anyone with true human decency would have returned the manuscript with his vomit still on it," he is simply demonstrating a narrowness as shocking, in its own way, as the "lack of taste" he deplores in Deckinger as author and Coulson as editor. Fandom, by and large, is too broadminded a sphere for petty little squabbles of this type.

And, if this one page could somehow be expunged from the issue in question, Mirage would possibly be the month's most notable fanzine. I humbly suggest that in the future Jack Chalker should print what he likes, read what he likes, and let others do the same, okay? Mirage is too good a zine to be tarred with the mire of controversy.

No such allowance has to be made for The Twilight Zine by Jon Ravin (Box 4134, Memorial Drive, Cambridge 39, Mass.) Although controversies are many, they are all stated with the reserve and courtesy one might expect of M.I.T. students. Scientific detachment, it's a wonderful thing. One Herbert Harris, a psychiatrist, examines science fiction and tries, rather superficially I think, to explain its appeal; this is a transcript of a talk given before the MIT Science Fiction Society, and at the conclusion of the article the editor remarks, with restraint, that it was followed by a "heated" discussion. I can just imagine it. Hugo Gernsback writes of Concrete Science Fiction, and is just about as entertaining as wet cement. (He wants sf writers to patent their ideas, for gosh sakes!) Wayne Batteau contributes an article on serial universes which lost me completely between the first and second paragraph, since I am a simple soul who still counts on her fingers and takes off her shoes when we get into higher mathematics. Fritz Leiber rounds out the issue with a whale of a hilarious-serious article on the possibility of publishing a series of magazines such as Downbeat Sex, etc. As one weary of editors who plead for a "nice, upbeat ending", I can sympathize. Letters from almost everybody are also on hand, at length.

Bruce Henstell's Esoterique (815 Tigertail Road, Los Angeles 49, California) contains a transcript of a radio broadcast starring Robert Bloch, Mark Clifton, and Charles Beaumont, with Bruce as moderator. It is excellently done. The remainder of the issue is given over to slipshod editorials, scrawly cartoons, and letters cut crookedly on what must have been highly inferior stencils; evidently the young editor thought he had done enough for fandom this time around by presenting the broadcast transcript, and fumbled through the rest of the issue. He could be right, but even a diamond looks better in a good setting; a little more neatness and forethought in arrangement, twenty minutes work with a ruler, ten minutes spent cleaning the type, and lavish use of a dictionary (Bruce, I swear I am going to send you one for Christmas!) would have made this a superior fanzine instead of a near miss.

There was also an issue of Discord, which I am forbidden by editorial policy to review, since I am now a de facto associate editor of this zine. It's available from Redd Boggs, 2209 Highland Place, NE, Minneapolis 21, Minnesota, and features book and

magazine reviews, letters, and satirical commentary; it is Gestetnered, with even edges, and appears with alarming regularity. A sort of Saturday Review of Fandom and Science Fiction.

Rover (Art Hayes, RR #3, Bancroft, Ontario, Canada) is still produced with a plethora of fine material and a deficiency amounting to starvation of editing. In short, it isn't edited at all--just typed on the stencil without benefit of arrangement on page, headings, or anything else whatsoever. Added to which, the type is elite and the inking so light that it's almost impossible to read. It could be a good fanzine, but it probably won't. Why in the dickens don't the Jeff Wanshel's of fandom ever get this kind of material to play with?

Que Pasado, Les Nirenberg's Coexistence Candy Store fanzine (1217 Weston Road, Toronto 15, Ontario, Canada) is produced, as near as I can figure out, a couple of hundred miles from Rover, but it's at the other end of the galaxy in every way that matters. The repro is perfect--though the editorializing is somewhat slipshod, being composed on stencil--and the material is excellent, though offbeat for a genzine. There is poetry by Rog Ebert and Jean Young, Ted White writes about Harlan Ellison, Ruth Berman discusses the making of med--some sort of mead, I assume--and a lot more fast, witty repartee. Somehow it seems more like a refugee from one of the gafiated apaga giants or the work of an enthusiastic Cult member (I mean the fannish Cult, not the Druids or Rosicrucians, chums) than a general fanzine; but that's all to the good. It comes, this time around, with a special extra feature, a series of letters deftly spliced into a symposium on homosexuality, which is handled about as well as anything of its kind has ever been; but the one thing it isn't, is sercon.

--Marion Zimmer Bradley

EDITORIAL...CONCLUDED

enjoyable for me.

+ * + * +

A QUIZ FOR THE SIMPLE-MINDED:

It suddenly occurred to me that in thirteen issues, never once had Kipple run a quiz. This abominable situation must be altered if I am to compete with Amazing Stories for my readership. So here, in all seriousness, I present a minor quiz to test your knowledge of True Literature (stf and fantasy) and Horror Movies. First series of correct answers receives my sympathy:

1. What stf/horror movie used "Beautiful Dreamer" as its theme?
2. "Winston Smith" is the central character of what stf work?
3. What was the name of Boucher's "Complete Werewolf"?
4. Name the lead story in the June 1951 Astounding?
5. Who was the original Tarzan of the motion picture screen?
6. Giant _____ are depicted in the motion picture "Them". (Fill in the word.)
7. Who wrote "VOR"?

--Ted Pauls

A SONG OF *sixpence*

ED GORMAN

242 10th STREET, NW
CEDAR RAPIDS, IOWA

The more I consider your self-criticism premise perpetrated in your comments on the Fanac Poll, the more I doubt its worth. Certainly, in isolated cases, and freak examples, creators have been able to judge their own work, and pretty well judge its worth. But--even conceding to you the fact that most people underestimate their work--I wonder how many other people are able to do this. Self-criticism in the form of a letter to a friend, or in other dealings is understandable. One has the option there. Personally, I'd much rather take an apathetic look at my own work. I wrote it in enjoyment, for the enjoyment of others--but there is no way in which I can decide whether or not the others in the audience are enjoying it. The same holds true, even more so, with voting. Granted that the true worth of the Fanac Poll is dubious, I nonetheless couldn't excuse my vanity for voting for itself. Simply because I am fairly intelligent, and can be clinical in my thoughts, I don't think I'm qualified to put down my name on the top ten no matter how strongly I feel about my fanzine's merit. What thoughts and delights I create with are usually lost in personal translation, therefore the pure entertainment which I so avidly set down is oft-times missed completely by my readers. Therefore, what I am judging myself on is usually disregarded by the others. An example of this is an article I did recently; it concerned second-hand bookstores and their proprietors. In it, I sentimentalized an old lady and an old man. But how many people will be able to understand what I really think? And even if I did think the article was good (which I don't, believe me; it was a twenty-minute, one-draft thing) I couldn't honestly vote for it, because what I'd be voting for would be something completely different than at least half the audience.

Mike Deckinger's "Divergent Literary Styles" was the most banal thing I've yet read in Kipple. I hate criticizing Mike in this manner, because I know damned well he can do better, but I'm afraid I have to. The article says nothing, actually, which couldn't be summed up in two or three topic sentences. The analogies between Bradbury and Hemingway are self-evident, and the comparison that these three write "basically the same" is absurd. By this reasoning, anyone who writes well is the same as any other great writer. Writing "well" to Mike seems the common denominator, and content and subject matter seem to take on trivial overtones--the whole thing was just too much to swallow.

Peggy Sexton's review was adequate and interesting, even though I've never seen the play in mention. I do recall Arch Obler's old radio scripts, and I know from an enchanting sentiment that quite a few of them were horror or fantasy in nature, compounded with the "Gang-busters" type dialogue and characters. I also remember reading about Obler the man, and of how he was one of the highest paid and most prolific radio writers of all time. Just the mention of his name trips off quite a few memories, and since most of them are as crude and petty as these, I'd better drop the subject.

MIKE BECKER
5828 CONWAY RD.
BETHESDA 14, MD.

After spending several English periods arguing over what, precisely, Eliot meant in "Prufrock", my joy at opening Kipple #11 to "J. Alfred Trufan" can well be imagined. Perhaps I'd have enjoyed it a good bit less if I had been in a more critical mood at the time, but as it was I was delighted with the takeoff.

Not at all so with "Sex & Censorship in Television." That, for one, I think was exceedingly poorly written and organized, and seemed to wander vaguely over the subject as if the writer had sat down to write the article as soon as the idea struck him, without doing any appreciable amount of research or even organization, and then published his first draft. (Most of that is because what I printed was only part of a 35-page pamphlet and was never intended to be a complete article in itself. If you read the entire pamphlet (and I suggest that anyone interested in censorship get ahold of a copy), you will find it well-organized and fairly well written throughout.)

The logic, too, is fuzzy at best. The whole thing is full of non-sequiturs like "...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," to pick only one example.

Finally, Winick's conclusion that "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" is not only not adequately backed up by him in the article, but is also simply not true. The few individual lines Winick has quoted are an example. Better ones can be drawn from the whole scripts of many current shows, which--even though they may occasionally include a risqué line or so--are written roughly on the level of children's (or at best "young adult's") books as far as the awareness of the existence of sex is concerned. Although occasionally a classic play or other work, because of its fame, will get through without extensive bowdlerizing (e.g., "Don Giovanni," "Man and Superman," etc.), original works are generally heavily censored. And there has never been any question of presenting on television even the milder of many recent stage plays, to say nothing of something on the order of "Glass Menagerie" or "Dark at the Top of the Stairs," despite the fact that there are certainly people who would be happier to see those than the fifth re-run of the movie of "You Can't Take It With You". Television programs' sex content is generally cut to the level at which not even the inevitable prudes and cranks find anything to object to; if this is what Winick means by "audience wish," his conclusion is valid; otherwise it is senseless.

Magnus's reprint was as usual with him good and much fun to read. I do disagree strongly with him on one point, though: although obviously it should be unnecessary for the "clods" to speak,

act, and generally imitate the "intellectuals," it should be necessary for neither to disguise opinions or even alter the manner of their expression to avoid a beating, unless the alteration is required by common civility. The boy in the example had quite obviously been brought up to believe that a reply like that Magnus suggested--"I get a kick out of the s--t."--would be evil, immoral, and probably fattening: there was no reason in the world that he should have been beaten up and insulted for being afraid of the "clods", as he obviously was. Other than this--and I may be misunderstanding Magnus' position; I'm certainly exaggerating it a bit--I agree completely with John.

DAPHNE BUCKMASTER
8 BUCHANAN STREET
KIRKCUDBRIGHT, SCOTLAND

You are infuriating throwing away Henry Jordan's address! I hope you'll print it next issue if you get hold of it. One thing that annoyed me in your review of Panacrea was this: You say (I'm summing up a paragraph) that he's not the usual type of neofan, is 26, a technical writer and writes well on a range of subjects. You then add (and this is what annoys me), "With all this, it might seem as if the magazine would be rather stiff and snobbish..." Hells Belles why? I'm getting a bit tired of the implication (not always from you, of course) that anyone who isn't juvenile must be snobbish and dull. It's this sort of remark that makes people like Bill Gray think the things they do. I'm surprised at you, since you put out an adult-type fanzine yourself; the fact of your adding "I assure you it isn't" (after the last quoted sentence) makes no difference. You've already implied that the assumption was there in your mind. (By now you will have heard that Panacrea (and Henry Jordan) is non-existent. This explains, I trust, this reference to its snobbishness: since the fanzine never existed, reviewing it was equivalent to describing a mental impression and a vague one at that. My mental picture gave the impression of snobbishness. But there was a great difference between the impression of Panacrea as I saw it and the impression I was able to convey in print. I thought, originally, that reviewing a completely non-existent fanzine would be easy, but I was wrong. It was twice as hard as reviewing an existent one. While I could picture every detail of the magazine in my mind, it wasn't the same as having it on the desk beside me. I found a great inability to put my impression into words. It was almost like being asked to sit down at a typewriter and describe the smells and sounds of summer. Certainly as vague if not as varied. You have no idea the number of things I was not able to put into print properly that I felt about it.)

I was surprised at your remark "I never write for any fanzine but my own." I can't help wondering what your reason is. Not lack of time, obviously, and you spoke as though it were on principle. (There are a number of reasons for this. First, I recall the advice Dick Bergeron gave to me when I first began publishing Kipple: "Channel all of your fannish energies into one outlet and you'll find it much more enjoyable." This has been proven over the past year. Too, I usually find myself incapable of writing specifically for another fanzine. I tear up half-finished articles, make false starts, and generally waste time doing nothing. When I decide to write something for Kipple on the other hand, I never start an article or column or review that I don't finish. (Of course, most of my work for Kipple is done on-stencil, and I can't afford to tear up stencils and so I make sure that whatever I'm working on at the moment is done well--as well as I'm able, at least--the first time.) And there is one more reason, a slightly conceited one: on those rare occasions when I write

something I feel is worthwhile, I want to publish myself because I want to see it in print within weeks rather than months. If I send it to another fanzine, there is also a chance that fanzine may fold and I'd never see the piece again. The future of Kipple is reasonably sure.))

HARRY WARNER JR. Quotes & Notes would be better reading if you hadn't
423 SUMMIT AVE. jumped it. This is the most annoying thing about your
HAGERSTOWN, MD. format. I think you once said that you put a full

page of an item in the back of the magazine so you can start off the next item on the right side of the open magazine, but I can't imagine that this adds anything to the format, certainly not as much as it harms the piece which you have to stop reading in mid-sentence to find the continuation. (I don't want to waste the space to explain this at length again, but briefly: a two page item should not be on facing pages (as say, for example, 6-7) but instead on the same sheet (i.e., 5-6, or 7-8). Also, I usually continue Quotes & Notes because at the time I start running off pages, I'm still writing it. By continuing it, I am able to write it up until the last minute (and therefore get notes on current events, etc. in print fairly early) without slowing up the duplicating of the first part of the issue. Does that help explain?))

The summary of Kipple's history is a good idea, the sort of thing that fanzines ought to do more often for the benefit of historians of the future as well as the concrete evidence provided of the accomplishments of a year. But I can't imagine what you were trying to say about your typewriter, "one more space to the line than elite, one less than pica." It looks as if elite had been fixed with correction fluid, so you can't blame a failure to proofread the sentence. (What I intended to say, of course, was that this typewriter had one more character to the line than pica, one less than elite, not the reverse. I must have done it correctly the first time, then used corflu and "corrected" it wrong.))

I prefer Greg Benford when he's writing about Texas fandom. Generalizations of this type are about as useful as listings of fanzines or prozines followed by the statement that the reviewer liked this issue and thought that one was dull.

Marion's column is particularly coherent this time, I say with a feeling of pride because she has adopted a system similar to that which I used in my Opsla review column. But your praise of Marion for never missing a deadline stirred an old memory in me. Didn't you begin your own review column or revive it because Marion's column didn't come one issue? Maybe you just got nervous and wrote one of your own because hers barely squeezed in under the deadline, but I seem to remember it the other way. (Well, it wasn't actually like that. When I first asked Marion for the column, the whole thing was very tentative. She had happened to mention in a letter that what she really wanted to do was a fanzine review column, but nobody wanted one. I wrote back that Kipple would be glad to print her review column, and waited. I waited several months before it finally arrived, but her column didn't "miss the deadline" because I had never imposed one. It wasn't late, because I wasn't depending on its arrival at all. I had casually mentioned in a return letter that Kipple would print the column, but I didn't know whether or not she'd take me up on it. The first installment arrived in late September after I had already revived my column, and both were printed in the October issue. After receiving the first installment, I set a definite deadline. She hasn't missed it yet (I repeat), not even by one

day. Incidentally, Marion's column arrived this morning, with this note: "Easy--I respect your deadlines because you respect them yourself!!")

Don Fitch's analogy between television and Broadway shows is incorrect in several ways. You pay for the television programs, whether you like them or not, while you can decide for yourself whether you want to pay for the play productions. You can normally choose the date on which you want to watch a good play, since its run will normally last a few weeks, sometimes several years, while the rare things on television that are worth watching are one-shots that rarely get repeated at all, after first production. Television isn't "designed to give pleasure to a large number of people," it is designed to make a profit for advertising agencies, performers, stations and sponsors, that's all.

On the power of an item to start a discussion, don't you think that the material which is written and published with this stated intention often fails to obtain comment because everyone assumes that the other fellow will comment on it? (Yes, a good point. This particular fate befell an article of yours--"So Big"--not once, but twice.) The little side remarks that everyone immediately starts to write letters about may obtain so much attention because the readers believe that surely nobody else will take notice of such an inconspicuous sentence.

STEVE STILES

1809 SECOND AVE. It would seem that so far I'm the only teenage fan
NEW YORK 28, N.Y. who hasn't been called a communist; this deplorable situation came about because of the dual (not counting fandom) cliques I find myself emeshed in. One, the beer-and-cough-medicine set, just doesn't give a damn. And the other set consists of my fellow students who are, I suspect, pseudo-intellectuals; although they have briefcases all seem to be addicted to carrying the works of Orwell, King, Wassermann, Dostoyevsky, etc. under their arms in conspicuous positions like badges of identification. I've never seen them reading those books, but...

As for the Radio Free Europe ad, I believe that it's the real article; the only hitch is that it was probably taken thirty years ago, and the school was probably an isolated experiment. The thing that particularly bugs me is the "Do you want your kids to forget God?" bit--it seems to me that our materialistic attitudes have done a helluva lot more toward that end. I do have sympathies for Radio Free Europe, though. It seems to me that the Russian masses ought to hear a little about the competition, and the Soviets have been radioing in their own little messages, too. And mainly, it's one of the few commercials not designed to make the allmighty buck.

As for your comments in Sid Coleman's letter, I'll have to disagree with a few of your points. I do believe that mankind could exterminate a species. Adolph Eichmann seems to have almost proved the possibility of such a concept, and people are much harder to eliminate, due to organization, etc. (Eichmann did not destroy a species, nor did he come close. He was responsible for killing six million Jews, but this is only about 50% of the total number of European Jews. There are many additional millions in the United States and Canada, which of course the Third Reich weren't able to get their hands on. Also, what makes you think that people are harder to exterminate than animals? Organization and intelligence will hinder the attempted extermination of any race of human beings, true, but man lacks the natural protection of animals:

the ability to react swiftly in an unusual situation, and the ability to reproduce faster. Most animals have the latter--all have the former. There are also several less important advantages (speed, natural camouflage, etc.) but these are the important ones.)

I don't believe that the human race would cease to exist because of the upset of the balance of nature. True, they'd have a helluva time, and areas like India, South America, and Asia would probably depopulate. However, in areas of higher agricultural levels, livestock, etc. exist under fixed, artificial conditions, and therefore not completely dictated by the whims of environment. And of course the development of synthetic foods is inevitable as main diet; it has to be since (natural) food supplies advance in arithmetic proportions while the world population advances in geometric ones.

EDDIE BRYANT
ROUTE 2
WHEATLAND, WYOMING

My TV tastes seem to conform with yours. I watch "Twilight Zone" regularly, and wish that "Alcoa Presents" and the newer "Way Out" would appear on the one and only channel that we pick up here in Wheatland. For what it's worth, I'll pass on the bit of information about TZ that appeared in both Newsweek and TV Guide: "Twilight Zone" will be expanded to an hour long show next season, provided that Serling can finish enough scripts in time. My hope is that having a lot more time to work in, Serling will bring the show up from its present level of "good" to the level of "excellent" it upheld in its first year on the air.

You know, it might actually be dangerous for you to make light of the San Francisco "riots." The John Birch Society seems to be gaining a lot of support and this sort of hyper-McCarthyism may actually go a lot farther and last a lot longer than the early fifties McCarthy witch hunts. On the other hand, maybe the whole mess will just fizzle out tomorrow. It's too early to tell. I missed seeing "Operation Abolition" when it was shown in Wheatland a week ago, and I wish that I hadn't. Now I'll have to go on just reading other people's impressions of the extent that the HUAC falsified the issue. (I can't see why the government doesn't do something about the JBS. Robert Kennedy seems to feel that if you ignore it, it will go away; he has said nearly these words in interviews. But it doesn't seem to be going away; in fact, it may be growing stronger. You'd think that people would learn from error. Can it be that everyone has forgotten the fanatics that grouped around McCarthy, and are willing to let the same sort of thing happen again?)

BUCK COULSON
ROUTE 3
WABASH, INDIANA

Biting retorts to Marion's column, you say, direct to Pauls. Okay; my retort isn't particularly biting, but I want to register an objection to her classification of sincere acolyte fanzines. Amra, she says, has an appeal limited strictly to readers and students of adventure fantasy. I Palantir, she says, will become a genuine delight for Tolkien fans.

Actually, I suppose that I do enjoy adventure fantasy, but I heartily dislike the Conan-Tarzan-superhero school of adventure fantasy that Amra espouses. I don't like any of the breed--I don't even like Fafhrd and the Gray Mouser, though I will read the stories, which is more than I'll do for any more Conan. I've mentioned this before; I've even mentioned it in Amra. Despite all this, Amra is my favorite fanzine. Similarly, I yield to no one in my overwhelming admiration for Tolkien, and my major reaction to I Palantir was that it was slightly dull.

It's possible that this only proves that I'm contrary, but I think it proves that Marion's generalizations were a bit too sweeping. The fact that a fanzine is devoted to discussions of dull subjects (dull to the specific reader, that is) doesn't mean that the discussions themselves need be dull.

DICK BERGERON
110 BANK STREET
NEW YORK 14, N.Y.

I'm sorry to see you dropping your fanzine reviews. Won't you please reconsider or start doing them for some frequent publication like Neolithic? I think you should at least keep the column going. They aimed for a standard that more fanzine review columns should try to attain. (If Marion should ever miss an issue, I'd probably do fanzine reviews for that particular issue, but otherwise I doubt if TCB will be revived. Of course, if Kipple ever attains 52-pages again, I'd write an installment every issue.)

I enjoy Marion Bradley's fanzine reviews very much and inasmuch as Ted Pauls had been covering the other front adequately had decided to bear up under the policy she outlined in Kipple 11 that supposedly excluded Warhoon: "no FAPA zines, would-be FAPA zines published by waiting listers." But now that you, Ted, have announced the abandonment of your column it looks like Warhoon won't be reviewed in Kipple any longer; unless someone can persuade Marion to change her mind.

For one thing, Warhoon is not a FAPA zine--a fact one might have reasonably expected the official editor of that association to have noticed--or a would-be FAPA zine. It's a SAPSazine that's available to anyone interested enough to comment, trade, or subscribe. If the purpose of her column is to tip off readers having similar tastes that an item has come along that they might or might not enjoy, it seems pointless not to indicate the worth of a generally available publication merely because it happens to be an apazine.

I can see the point of not commenting on fanzines that are only circulated in apas, since not being generally available it makes little sense to publicize them, but I do think there should be room in her column to express opinions on fanzines like Grue, Skyhook, Dark Star and Warhoon.

+ * + * +

AND I ALSO HEARD FROM

Due to space limitations, a rather large number of interesting comments were left out. Many of these will be printed next issue, but many, unfortunately, will not. Whether your letters see print or not, I assure you that I read them, enjoy them, and sometimes heed them.

GEORGE SPENCER wrote a postcard, promised a letter next issue, and said "I see Deckinger is teed off of TV again. I wonder, though, if he isn't pulling our legs a bit. He has such a low opinion of TV fare, yet his descriptions of "Surfside 6" and other shows indicate that he watches them." +++ DAPHNE BUCKMASTER will most definitely appear next issue. She comments on Benford's article, Baltimorese, television, and Leslie Nirenberg's opinion of Esprit. +++ JEFF WANSHEL writes a letter precisely right for the AIAHF column: short, complete comments. Magnus' article, he thought, was the best piece of material in either 11 or 12, Ebert's clerihews were good, as were the letters. Jeff says that he's never heard Ted White have a good word for anybody except his fanzine (Void) and Walt Willis--there now, that ought to get a reaction. (Jeff said that no one ever disputed what he said in letters of comment, and

I'm trying to disprove him.) +++
MIKE DECKINGER wrote a long letter about television, but it was one of those letters which had to be printed intact or not at all--in this case, not at all. +++ DICK BERGERON did some covers on photo-electric stencils which never arrived. He offers now to do some more. It's a pity this offer wasn't made six months ago, Dick, because now that issues will only run 24-pages, I won't want to consume a whole page on a cover. Thanks for the thought, anyway. +++ LEN MOEFATT was too rushed to write a long letter of comment, due to sickness (Anna underwent an appendectomy, Fanac...), but says he'll try to write one soon. +++ CHESTER DAVIS (who isn't a fan) says he was confused by Marion's fanzine reviews, the editorial, and Ebert's Clerihews; but thoroughly enjoyed the section of Quotes & Notes devoted to the "riot" and Benford's piece. +++ LENNY KAYE says of Benford's article: "Mankind needs religion, as it gives us something to rely on in certain times of need. Without religion, our society would become decadent and fall into ruin." He also notes that he's going to write an article for me. +++ ED GORMAN is preparing a book review column, and it may appear in Kipple. +++ CRAIG COCHRAN got a quarter from the Good Fairy and used it to subscribe to Kipple. Did it cost you a molar or an incisor? +++ CARL BRANDON has always managed to get his letters in the letter column up until now, but in this case he waited too long to write. His letter didn't arrive until May 8th. Anyway, he thought Quotes & Notes was better than the normal one, liked Benford's article, and the letters. +++ WALTER BREEN wrote a long letter which will appear next issue, even though part of it is on #11. +++ BOB COULSON mentions that as of May 3rd, only three people commented at any length on my review which appeared in Yandro. +++ And last but not least, CAL DEMMON commented on communists and 102% Americans. *** Thanks to all who wrote, and Happy May Day!

KIPPLE

TED PAULS

1448 Meridene Drive
Baltimore 12, Maryland
U. S. A.



TO

DICK BERGERON
110 Bank Street
New York 14, New York

PRINTED MATTER ONLY
RETURN POSTAGE GUARENTIED
MAY BE OPENED FOR POSTAL
INSPECTION

Dick Eney for Taff
Washington in '63
Willis in '62

&

Get Completely Well, Anna!